

# LUCIFER

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## OCCULTISM VERSUS THE OCCULT ARTS.

“I oft have heard, but ne'er believed till now,  
There are, who can by potent magic spells  
Bend to their crooked purpose Nature's laws.”

—MILTON.

**I**N this month's "Correspondence" several letters testify to the strong impression produced on some minds by our last month's article "Practical Occultism." Such letters go far to prove and strengthen two logical conclusions.

(a.) There are more well-educated and thoughtful men who believe in the existence of Occultism and Magic (the two differing vastly) than the modern materialist dreams of; and—

(b.) That most of the believers (comprising many theosophists) have no definite idea of the nature of Occultism and confuse it with the Occult sciences in general, the "Black art" included.

Their representations of the powers it confers upon man, and of the means to be used to acquire them are as varied as they are fanciful. Some imagine that a master in the art, to show the way, is all that is needed to become a Zanoni. Others, that one has but to cross the Canal of Suez and go to India to bloom forth as a Roger Bacon or even a Count St. Germain. Many take for their ideal Margrave with his ever-renewing youth, and care little for the soul as the price paid for it. Not a few, mistaking "Witch-of-Endorism" pure and simple, for Occultism—"through the yawning Earth from Stygian gloom, call up the meagre ghost to walks of light," and want, on the strength of this feat, to be regarded as full blown Adepts. "Ceremonial Magic" according to the rules mockingly laid down by Eliphas Levi, is another imagined *alter-ego* of the philosophy of the Arhats of old. In short, the prisms through which Occultism appears, to those innocent of the philosophy, are as multicoloured and varied as human fancy can make them.

Will these candidates to Wisdom and Power feel very indignant if told the plain truth? It is not only useful, but it has now become *necessary* to disabuse most of them and before it is too late. This truth may be said in a few words: There are not in the West half-a-dozen among the fervent hundreds who call themselves "Occultists," who have even an approximately correct idea of the nature of the Science they seek to master. With a few exceptions, they are all on the highway to Sorcery. Let them restore some order in the chaos that reigns in their minds, before they protest against this statement. Let them first learn the true relation in which the Occult Sciences stand to Occultism, and the difference between the two, and then feel wrathful if they still think themselves right. Meanwhile, let them learn that Occultism differs from Magic and other secret Sciences as the glorious sun does from a rush-light, as the immutable and immortal Spirit of Man—the reflection of the absolute, causeless and unknowable ALL—differs from the mortal clay—the human body.

In our highly civilized West, where modern languages have been formed, and words coined, in the wake of ideas and thoughts—as happened with every tongue—the more the latter became materialized in the cold atmosphere of Western selfishness and its incessant chase after the goods of this world, the less was there any need felt for the production of new terms to express that which was tacitly regarded as absolute and exploded "superstition." Such words could answer only to ideas which a cultured man was scarcely supposed to harbour in his mind. "Magic," a synonym for jugglery; "Sorcery," an equivalent for crass ignorance; and "Occultism," the sorry relic of crack-brained, mediæval Fire-philosophers, of the Jacob Boëhmes and the St. Martins, are expressions believed more than amply sufficient to cover the whole field of "thimble-rigging." They are terms of contempt, and used generally only in reference to the dross and residues of the dark ages and its preceding aeons of paganism. Therefore have we no terms in the English tongue to define and shade the difference between such abnormal powers, or the sciences that lead to the acquisition of them, with the nicety possible in the Eastern languages—pre-eminently the Sanskrit. What do the words "miracle" and "enchantment" (words identical in meaning after all, as both express the idea of producing wonderful things by *breaking the laws of nature (!!)* as explained by the accepted authorities) convey to the minds of those who hear, or who pronounce them? A Christian—*breaking* "of the laws of nature," notwithstanding—while believing firmly in the *miracles*, because said to have been produced by God through Moses, will either scout the enchantments performed by Pharaoh's magicians, or attribute them to the devil. It is the latter whom our pious enemies connect with Occultism, while their impious foes, the infidels, laugh at Moses, Magicians, and Occultists, and would blush to give one serious thought to such "supersti-

tions." This, because there is no term in existence to show the difference ; no words to express the lights and shadows and draw the line of demarcation between the sublime and the true, the absurd and the ridiculous. The latter are the theological interpretations which teach the "breaking of the laws of Nature" by man, God, or devil ; the former—the *scientific* "miracles" and enchantments of Moses and the Magicians *in accordance with natural laws*, both having been learned in all the Wisdom of the Sanctuaries, which were the "Royal Societies" of those days—and in true OCCULTISM. This last word is certainly misleading, translated as it stands from the compound word *Gupta-Vidya*, "Secret Knowledge." But the knowledge of what? Some of the Sanskrit terms may help us.

There are four (out of the many other) names of the various kinds of Esoteric Knowledge or Sciences given, even in the exoteric Purānas. There is (1) *Yajna-Vidya*,\* knowledge of the occult powers awakened in Nature by the performance of certain religious ceremonies and rites. (2) *Mahavidya*, the "great knowledge" the magic of the Kabalists and of the *Tantrika* worship, often Sorcery of the worst description. (3.) *Guhya-Vidya*, knowledge of the mystic powers residing in Sound (Ether), hence in the Mantras (chanted prayers or incantations) and depending on the rhythm and melody used ; in other words a magical performance based on Knowledge of the Forces of Nature and their correlation ; and (4.) *ATMA-VIDYA*, a term which is translated simply "Knowledge of the Soul," *true Wisdom* by the Orientalists, but which means far more.

This last is the only kind of Occultism that any theosophist who admires "Light on the Path," and who would be wise and unselfish, ought to strive after. All the rest is some branch of the "Occult Sciences," *i.e.*, arts based on the knowledge of the ultimate essence of all things in the Kingdoms of Nature—such as minerals, plants and animals—hence of things pertaining to the realm of *material* nature, however invisible that essence may be, and howsoever much it has hitherto eluded the grasp of Science. Alchemy, Astrology, Occult Physiology, Chiromancy, exist in Nature and the *exact* Sciences—perhaps so called, because they are found in this age of paradoxical philosophies the reverse—have already discovered not a few of the

\* "The *Yajna*," say the Brahmans, "exists from eternity, for it proceeded forth from the Supreme One . . . in whom it lay dormant from 'no beginning.' It is the key to the TRIVIDYA, the thrice sacred science contained in the Rīg verses, which teaches the Yagus or sacrificial mysteries. 'The *Yajna*' exists as an invisible thing at all times ; it is like the latent power of electricity in an electrifying machine, requiring only the operation of a suitable apparatus in order to be elicited. It is supposed to extend from the *Ahavanīya* or sacrificial fire to the heavens, forming a bridge or ladder by means of which the sacrificer can communicate with the world of gods and spirits, and even ascend when alive to their abodes."—Martin Hauge's *Aitareya Brahmana*.

"This *Yajna* is again one of the forms of the Akāsa ; and the mystic word calling it into existence and pronounced mentally by the initiated Priest is the *Lost Word* receiving impulse through WILL-POWER."—"Isis Unveiled," Vol. I. Intr. See *Aitareya Brahmana*, Hauge.

secrets of the above *arts*. But clairvoyance, symbolised in India as the "Eye of Siva," called in Japan, "Infinite Vision," is *not* Hypnotism, the illegitimate son of Mesmerism, and is not to be acquired by such arts. All the others may be mastered and results obtained, whether good, bad, or indifferent; but *Atma-Vidya* sets small value on them. It includes them all and may even use them occasionally, but it does so after purifying them of their dross, for beneficent purposes, and taking care to deprive them of every element of selfish motive. Let us explain: Any man or woman can set himself or herself to study one or all of the above specified "Occult Arts" without any great previous preparation, and even without adopting any too restraining mode of life. One could even dispense with any lofty standard of morality. In the last case, of course, ten to one the student would blossom into a very decent kind of sorcerer, and tumble down headlong into black magic. But what can this matter? The *Voodoos* and the *Dugpas* eat, drink and are merry over hecatombs of victims of their infernal arts. And so do the amiable gentlemen vivisectionists and the *diploma-ed* "Hypnotizers" of the Faculties of Medicine; the only difference between the two classes being that the *Voodoos* and *Dugpas* are *conscious*, and the Charcot-Richet crew *unconscious*, Sorcerers. Thus, since both have to reap the fruits of their labours and achievements in the black art, the Western practitioners should not have the punishment and reputation without the profits and enjoyments they may get therefrom. For we say it again, *hypnotism* and *vivisection* as practised in such schools, are *Sorcery* pure and simple, *minus* a knowledge that the *Voodoos* and *Dugpas* enjoy, and which no Charcot-Richet can procure for himself in fifty years of hard study and experimental observation. Let then those who will dabble in magic, whether they understand its nature or not, but who find the rules imposed upon students too hard, and who, therefore, lay *Atma Vidya* or Occultism aside—go without it. Let them become magicians by all means, even though they do become *Voodoos* and *Dugpas* for the next ten incarnations.

But the interest of our readers will probably centre on those who are invincibly attracted towards the "Occult," yet who neither realise the true nature of what they aspire towards, nor have they become passion-proof, far less truly unselfish.

How about these unfortunates, we shall be asked, who are thus rent in twain by conflicting forces? For it has been said too often to need repetition, and the fact itself is patent to any observer, that when once the desire for Occultism has really awakened in a man's heart, there remains for him no hope of peace, no place of rest and comfort in all the world. He is driven out into the wild and desolate spaces of life by an ever-gnawing unrest he cannot quell. His heart is too full of passion and selfish desire to permit him to pass the Golden Gate; he cannot find rest or peace in ordinary life. Must he then inevitably fall into

sorcery and black magic, and through many incarnations heap up for himself a terrible Karma? Is there no other road for him?

Indeed there is, we answer. Let him aspire to no higher than he feels able to accomplish. Let him not take a burden upon himself too heavy for him to carry. Without ever becoming a "Mahatma," a Buddha or a Great Saint, let him study the philosophy and the "Science of Soul," and he can become one of the modest benefactors of humanity, without any "superhuman" powers. *Siddhis* (or the Arhat powers) are only for those who are able to "lead the life," to comply with the terrible sacrifices required for such a training, and to comply with them *to the very letter*. Let them know at once and remember always, that *true Occultism or Theosophy* is the "Great Renunciation of SELF," unconditionally and absolutely, in thought as in action. It is ALTRUISM, and it throws him who practises it out of calculation of the ranks of the living altogether. "Not for himself, but for the world, he lives," as soon as he has pledged himself to the work. Much is forgiven during the first years of probation. But, no sooner is he "accepted" than his personality must disappear, and he has to become *a mere beneficent force in Nature*. There are two poles for him after that, two paths, and no midward place of rest. He has either to ascend laboriously, step by step, often through numerous incarnations and *no Devachanic break*, the golden ladder leading to Mahatmaship (the *Arhat* or *Bodhisatva* condition), or—he will let himself slide down the ladder at the first false step, and roll down into *Dugpaship*. . . .

All this is either unknown or left out of sight altogether. Indeed, one who is able to follow the silent evolution of the preliminary aspirations of the candidates, often finds strange ideas quietly taking possession of their minds. There are those whose reasoning powers have been so distorted by foreign influences that they imagine that animal passions can be so sublimated and elevated that their fury, force, and fire can, so to speak, be turned inwards; that they can be stored and shut up in one's breast, until their energy is, not expanded, but turned toward higher and more holy purposes: namely, *until their collective and unexpanded strength enables their possessor to enter the true Sanctuary of the Soul* and stand therein in the presence of the *Master—the HIGHER SELF!* For this purpose they will not struggle with their passions nor slay them. They will simply, by a strong effort of will put down the fierce flames and keep them at bay within their natures, allowing the fire to smoulder under a thin layer of ashes. They submit joyfully to the torture of the Spartan boy who allowed the fox to devour his entrails rather than part with it. Oh, poor blind visionaries!

As well hope that a band of drunken chimney-sweeps, hot and greasy from their work, may be shut up in a Sanctuary hung with pure white linen, and that instead of soiling and turning it by their presence

into a heap of dirty shreds, they will become masters in and of the sacred recess, and finally emerge from it as immaculate as that recess. Why not imagine that a dozen of skunks imprisoned in the pure atmosphere of a *Dgon-pa* (a monastery) can issue out of it impregnated with all the perfumes of the incenses used? . . . Strange aberration of the human mind. Can it be so? Let us argue.

The "Master" in the Sanctuary of our souls is "the Higher Self"—the divine spirit whose consciousness is based upon and derived solely (at any rate during the mortal life of the man in whom it is captive) from the Mind, which we have agreed to call the *Human Soul* (the "Spiritual Soul" being the vehicle of the Spirit). In its turn the former (the *personal* or human soul) is a compound in its highest form, of spiritual aspirations, volitions, and divine love; and in its lower aspect, of animal desires and terrestrial passions imparted to it by its associations with its vehicle, the seat of all these. It thus stands as a link and a medium between the animal nature of man which its higher reason seeks to subdue, and his divine spiritual nature to which it gravitates, whenever it has the upper hand in its struggle with the *inner animal*. The latter is the instinctual "animal Soul" and is the hotbed of those passions, which, as just shown, are lulled instead of being killed, and locked up in their breasts by some imprudent enthusiasts. Do they still hope to turn thereby the muddy stream of the animal sewer into the crystalline waters of life? And where, on what neutral ground can they be imprisoned so as not to affect man? The fierce passions of love and lust are still alive and they are allowed to still remain in the place of their birth—*that same animal soul*; for both the higher and the lower portions of the "Human Soul" or Mind reject such inmates, though they cannot avoid being tainted with them as neighbours. The "Higher Self" or Spirit is as unable to assimilate such feelings as water to get mixed with oil or unclean liquid tallow. It is thus the mind alone, the sole link and medium between the man of earth and the Higher Self—that is the only sufferer, and which is in the incessant danger of being dragged down by those passions that may be re-awakened at any moment, and perish in the abyss of matter. And how can it ever attune itself to the divine harmony of the highest Principle, when that harmony is destroyed by the mere presence, within the Sanctuary in preparation, of such animal passions? How can harmony prevail and conquer, when the soul is stained and distracted with the turmoil of passions and the terrestrial desires of the bodily senses, or even of the "Astral man"?

For this "Astral"—the shadowy "double" (in the animal as in man) is not the companion of the *divine Ego* but of the *earthly body*. It is the link between the personal SELF, the lower consciousness of *Manas* and the Body, and is the vehicle of *transitory, not of immortal life*. Like the shadow projected by man, it follows his movements and impulses slavishly and mechanically, and leans therefore to matter without ever

ascending to Spirit. It is only when the power of the passions is dead altogether, and when they have been crushed and annihilated in the retort of an unflinching will; when not only all the lusts and longings of the flesh are dead, but also the recognition of the personal Self is killed out and the "astral" has been reduced in consequence to a cipher, that the Union with the "Higher Self" can take place. Then when the "Astral" reflects only the conquered man, the still living but no more the longing, selfish personality, then the brilliant *Angoëides*, the divine SELF, can vibrate in conscious harmony with both the poles of the human Entity—the man of matter purified, and the ever pure Spiritual Soul—and stand in the presence of the MASTER SELF, the Christos of the mystic Gnostic, blended, merged into, and one with IT for ever.\*

How then can it be thought possible for a man to enter the "straight gate" of occultism when his daily and hourly thoughts are bound up with worldly things, desires of possession and power, with lust, ambition and duties, which, however honourable, are still of the earth earthy? Even the love for wife and family—the purest as the most unselfish of human affections—is a barrier to *real* occultism. For whether we take as an example the holy love of a mother for her child, or that of a husband for his wife, even in these feelings, when analyzed to the very bottom, and thoroughly sifted, there is still *selfishness* in the first, and an *égoïsme à deux* in the second instance. What mother would not sacrifice without a moment's hesitation hundreds and thousands of lives for that of the child of her heart? and what lover or true husband would not break the happiness of every other man and woman around him to satisfy the desire of one whom he loves? This is but natural, we shall be told. Quite so; in the light of the code of human affections; less so, in that of divine universal love. For, while the heart is full of thoughts for a little group of *selves*, near and dear to us, how shall the rest of mankind fare in our souls? What percentage of love and care will there remain to bestow on the "great orphan"? And how shall the "still small voice" make itself heard in a soul entirely occupied with its own privileged tenants? What room is there left for the needs of Humanity *en bloc* to impress themselves upon, or even receive a speedy response? And yet, he who would profit by the wisdom of the universal mind, has to reach it through *the whole of Humanity* without distinction of race, complexion, religion or social status. It is *altruism*, not *ego-ism* even in its most legal and noble conception, that can lead the unit to merge its little Self in the Universal Selves. It is to *these* needs and to this work that the true disciple of true Occultism has to devote himself, if he would obtain *theo-sophy*, divine Wisdom and Knowledge.

The aspirant has to choose absolutely between the life of the world

\* Those who would feel inclined to see three *Egos* in one man will show themselves unable to perceive the metaphysical meaning. Man is a trinity composed of Body, Soul and Spirit; but *man* is nevertheless *one* and is surely not his body. It is the latter which is the property, the transitory clothing of the man. The three "Egos" are MAN in his three aspects on the astral, intellectual or psychic, and the Spiritual planes, or states.

and the life of Occultism. It is useless and vain to endeavour to unite the two, for no one can serve two masters and satisfy both. No one can serve his body and the higher Soul, and do his family duty and his universal duty, without depriving either one or the other of its rights; for he will either lend his ear to the "still small voice" and fail to hear the cries of his little ones, or, he will listen but to the wants of the latter and remain deaf to the voice of Humanity. It would be a ceaseless, a maddening struggle for almost any married man, who would pursue *true* practical Occultism, instead of its *theoretical* philosophy. For he would find himself ever hesitating between the voice of the impersonal divine love of Humanity, and that of the personal, terrestrial love. And this could only lead him to fail in one or the other, or perhaps in both his duties. Worse than this. For, *whoever indulges after having pledged himself to OCCULTISM in the gratification of a terrestrial love or lust*, must feel an almost immediate result; that of being irresistibly dragged from the impersonal divine state down to the lower plane of matter. Sensual, or even mental self-gratification, involves the immediate loss of the powers of spiritual discernment; the voice of the MASTER can no longer be distinguished from that of one's passions *or even that of a Dugpa*; the right from wrong; sound morality from mere casuistry. The Dead Sea fruit assumes the most glorious mystic appearance, only to turn to ashes on the lips, and to gall in the heart resulting in:—

"Depth ever deepening, darkness darkening still;  
Folly for wisdom, guilt for innocence;  
Anguish for rapture, and for hope despair."

And once being mistaken and having acted on their mistakes, most men shrink from realising their error, and thus descend deeper and deeper into the mire. And, although it is the intention that decides primarily whether *white* or *black* magic is exercised, yet the results even of involuntary, unconscious sorcery cannot fail to be productive of bad, Karma. Enough has been said to show that *sorcery is any kind of evil influence exercised upon other persons, who suffer, or make other persons suffer, in consequence*. Karma is a heavy stone splashed in the quiet waters of Life; and it must produce ever widening circles of ripples, carried wider and wider, almost *ad infinitum*. Such causes produced have to call forth effects, and these are evidenced in the just laws of Retribution.

Much of this may be avoided if people will only abstain from rushing into practices neither the nature nor importance of which they understand. No one is expected to carry a burden beyond his strength and powers. There are "natural-born magicians"; Mystics and Occultists by birth, and by right of direct inheritance from a series of incarnations and aeons of suffering and failures. These are passion-proof, so to say. No fires of earthly origin can fan into a flame any of



their senses or desires ; no human voice can find response in their souls, except the great cry of Humanity. These only may be certain of success. But they can be met only far and wide, and they pass through the narrow gates of Occultism because they carry no personal luggage of human transitory sentiments along with them. They have got rid of the feeling of the lower personality, paralyzed thereby the "astral" animal, and the golden, but narrow gate is thrown open before them. Not so with those who have to carry yet for several incarnations the burden of sins committed in previous lives, and even in their present existence. For such, unless they proceed with great caution, the golden gate of Wisdom may get transformed into the wide gate and the broad way "that leadeth unto destruction," and therefore "many be they that enter in thereby." This is the Gate of the Occult arts, practised for selfish motives and in the absence of the restraining and beneficent influence of ATMA-VIDYA. We are in the Kali Yuga and its fatal influence is a thousand-fold more powerful in the West than it is in the East ; hence the easy preys made by the Powers of the Age of Darkness in this cyclic struggle, and the many delusions under which the world is now labouring. One of these is the relative facility with which men fancy they can get at the "Gate" and cross the threshold of Occultism without any great sacrifice. It is the dream of most Theosophists, one inspired by desire for Power and personal selfishness, and it is not such feelings that can ever lead them to the coveted goal. For, as well said by one believed to have sacrificed himself for Humanity—"narrow is the gate and straightened the way that leadeth unto life" eternal, and therefore "few be they that find it." So straight indeed, that at the bare mention of some of the preliminary difficulties the affrighted Western candidates turn back and retreat with a shudder . . . . .

Let them stop here and attempt no more in their great weakness. For if, while turning their backs on the narrow gate, they are dragged by their desire for the Occult one step in the direction of the broad and more inviting Gates of that golden mystery which glitters in the light of illusion, woe to them ! It can lead only to Dugpa-ship, and they will be sure to find themselves very soon landed on that *Via Fatale* of the *Inferno*, over whose portal Dante read the words:—

*"Per me si va nella citta dolente  
Per me si va nell'eterno dolore  
Per me si va tra la perduta gente. . . . ."*

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Superstition renders a man a fool, and scepticism makes him mad.

—FIELDING.

I would rather dwell in the dim fog of superstition than in air rarefied to nothing by the air-pump of unbelief ; in which the panting breast expires, vainly and convulsively gasping for breath.—RICHTER.

## BIRD AND BUTTERFLY.\*

A scrap of Theosophical Folk Lore of the Extreme Orient, rendered from the *Sinico-Nihonese* vernacular original of *Itsusaichosan no Inaka Zoshi no Suzumi Cho no Henkwa*, by C. PFOUNDERS † (*Omoie Tetzunostzuke*).



BIRD accosted a butterfly, saying: "Resplendent though your appearance now is, with gorgeous outspread wings, fluttering amongst the bright-hued, perfumed flowers, just consider the fact that, it is not so very many days that have passed away since you were a lowly, creeping thing, aimlessly crawling along, in your tortuous way, amongst the weeds of the field, growing somewhat, but changing a little, powerless to roam afar, as we now do, although in time you were capable of clinging to the stalks of herbs, and then clambering up till you became a chrysalis, and then developed into a beautiful butterfly vain of the brilliant wings that enable you to flit about the blossoms, revelling in their perfumes, enjoying their lovely coloured petals, and regaling yourself on their nectar. Compare the luxuriousness and freedom of your present existence, with the ignoble and miserable past. Meditate well upon this lesson on the vanities and frivolities of this transitory existence.

"As regards myself," continued the bird, "I am but a tiny bird, 'tis true. I have legs and also wings, and, like you, can roam afar at pleasure, or alight at will and rest.

"Alas! though, has it not been said, from time immemorial, that when the winter season approaches, the waters of the ocean will overwhelm such as I, and be destroyed, as a bird, but reincarnated as a humble cockle, heedless of stormy winds and waves. ‡

"Observe a cockle, it is without eyes or nose, hands or feet; it carries a shell to protect its frail body. True that it possesses a tongue that it may protrude, but it cannot taste food with it. It can only roll about in the waters at their mercy, or burrow in the sands of the sea-shore, upon which it may be tossed by the surf, in the chilly winter.

"Alas! to think of this. Oh! had I never been born otherwise than as a cockle, I should ever feel and think only as such, oblivious of a better state, a happier existence. As a cockle, I would have ever been conscious only of the ebb and flow of tides, over the sands in which I

\* NOTE BY TRANSLATOR.—This story is a characteristic example of a very numerous class of folk tale, in which natural objects, inanimate and animate, have the faculties of reason and speech attributed to them, forming a vehicle for the illustration of the abstruse teachings of ancient wisdom, and modern adaptations thereof, especially as regards psychological subjects. Oriental-Indian Sanskrit and Pali, &c.), passing further eastward and becoming incorporated with the indigenous (Cultus, have been preserved to us, although obliterated in the land of their origin.

† Member Royal United Service Institution. Corresponding Member, Geographical Society, Tokio (Yedo), Japan.

‡ This is in reference to the Legend about the punishment of birds that devour insects, and are condemned to lowlier existences in expiation of the great sin of destroying any living thing, as such might embody the spirit to be again reincarnated, of some former being of higher existence, perhaps human.

grovelled, growing fat or lean, as the season and the tides affected me, the lowly, grosser, simpler needs of a cockle's life, unconscious of and indifferent to all else. But having been once born a bird, accustomed to soar over hills, and fly amongst the trees of the forest, flit about the trees and gardens, joyous and free, thus condemned to such a future state, what is there for me to do? And why should I be humbled by being transformed into such an abject creature, whilst you, a butterfly, have been exalted from so mean and despicable an origin?

"This contrasted inequality arouses most sad thoughts that move me to weeping beyond all power of restraint."

The butterfly, which had patiently listened to all the bird had said, then replied :

"There is no cause why you should grieve, nor is there any reason in our repining, or reproaching each other. Have not all things a similar origin?—that you should be assigned such a fate, or I transformed to my present state, is not of our own will. Although from a lowly, crawling thing I have become a butterfly, I have no knowledge of the change, nor do I remember anything of my previous life, no reminiscences of the time when I was but a creeping thing. When, however, I reflect upon what you have said about my prior existence, I cannot but perceive now that then I must have felt, and acted, and thought, only as a caterpillar, and not as I do now, as a butterfly.

"It is related of a venerable sage of olden time, that he dreamed of being a butterfly, fluttering about utterly unconscious of his human existence, but when the dream faded away, he returned to the consciousness of his own existence. Now let me ask, did the ancient sage dream he was a butterfly, or did a butterfly dream it was a human being; which was the dreamer? Such, indeed, was the wise one's reasoning.

"When you, little bird, become transformed, in the winter season, from a bird to be a cockle, you will be unconscious of the changes of the elements, of the heavens, clouds, winds, and will have no anxieties; you will be beneath the waters. All former existence will be forgotten to you then; you will be as if wrapt in slumber, or as one who is intoxicated. When a cockle, you will think and feel only as a cockle—the feelings of a sparrow will be unknown, susceptible only to the wintry chill amidst the waters. When the body is transformed, the spirit also is re-incarnated, to suit the changed conditions of the new corporeal state. With a sparrow's form you have a sparrow's soul, with a cockle, you will have a cockle's soul.

"In olden time there was an aged person who lay sick unto death; and a priest approached, and commenced reciting the prayers for the dying, but the aged one opened his eyes, looked surprised, and spoke thus to the priest, who was thereby greatly astonished: 'Myriads of things originated in nothingness, and unto nothingness will all things return. The teachings of an existence prolonged hereafter, were all false doctrine.' (*i.e.* Of transmigration, re-incarnation, and transformation.)

"The priest in reply, said: 'Ten thousand to one though the chances may be that it is so (*i.e.* immortality), therefore would it not be best to prepare for any eventualities, and offer up prayers.'

"The aged one expressed dissent, and said: 'For example, even were I convinced that my spirit would be re-incarnated, yet would I have no anxiety. Can you remember when you yet rested in your mother's womb, or have you any recollection of your birth? And what were your thoughts and feelings then?'

"Now the priest became exasperated at his own inability to adequately reply to the venerable one's arguments, but declared, 'that no one could recall such experiences,' not even the aged person himself.

"The venerable one then retorted that most assuredly he had no such remembrances, therefore, if we cannot recall such very recent experiences of the present existence, how can it be possible to be conscious of long previous existences? Therefore, we must accept as conclusive the fact that transformations of the body, and transmigrations or re-incarnations of the soul occur, be it insect, animal, or human; according to the corporeal conditions of existence, so will be the spiritual embodiment the previous existence a blank in the memory of the succeeding state, will be but as a dream, the others also but as dreams.

"The unknown future should not be so foolishly permitted to disturb the tranquillity of the soul now, when the duty was alone to think of death, and to expire—thus to attain in its entirety, bliss, absorption into the divine essence; spiritual, Karma, Nirvana.

"The priest, incompetent to continue the argument, now departed, leaving the aged one to die in peace unmolested further.

"Besides," continued the butterfly, still addressing the little bird, "are there not herbs that are changed into living things, grasses that decay and become fireflies? and consider whether such things have any consciousness of a former existence. What misdeeds have they been guilty of in former existence, to be still condemned to a continuance thereof in some other form, for what can they be held accountable?"

"No, it is not so; for the great principles of nature do but combine giving form and life to all things, speech or silence, rest or movement are all thereby equally attainable. Whenever enduring æthereal spirit departs from its corporeal environment, then there is death to the body, whilst the substance retains the spirit there may be joy, or sorrow, love, or hatred, all the good or evil passions and senses; but with death *all* vanish. There is no reason that aught should remain.

"Fire will burn, if supplied with fuel; but when all the fuel is consumed the fire expires of itself, even the smoke and heat soon cease to exist. The fire is extinguished for lack of fuel; but whence does it go?"

"If you take metal and stone, and strike one upon the other, you produce fire, which you may utilise; but is this the self-same fire that has become concealed in the metal and the stone? Meditate deeply upon all this, for no language can elucidate it."

Hereupon the sparrow, angered at the ability of the butterfly, and unequal to the argument, pounced down upon the butterfly and destroyed it; then a hawk, that had been watching, sailed down on the little bird, killed and devoured it. Where are these now? Of the bird, but a few soiled and torn feathers remain; of the butterfly, mutilated wings, their glorious colours obliterated. And their souls, to where have they betaken themselves? Where, indeed!!

## THE SRADDHA.\*

**T**HIS ceremony belongs to no one race or creed, for it is the link between the races, and the common matrix of their creeds ; it transcends all other branches in importance, and exceeds them in difficulty. It cannot be dealt with as history, or as metaphysics, for both are born from it ; in the mysteries of life and love its spring is hidden, and is not to be found unless sought for there. As on entering a sacred grove, here also we must deposit the profane vestment of opinion, nor would this (if practicable) be all, we must surrender for a time our judgment as well, and give up our wisdom, as our folly ; for a clear eye will not give you to know man as if he were a crystal or a plant ; the eye to see him by is the soul. Seek to know as a child seeks to know, and you will be able to judge as a man ought to judge ; for this, speculativeness must give place to reverence, knowledge to ignorance, science to superstition.

That this appeal is not misplaced, nor the awe with which I approach the subject groundless, appears in this, that no writer in any age or country has handled it. Connected as it is, no less with the actual government of India than with the interpretation of the monuments of Egypt—interwoven as it is with the institutes and laws of all the great states of antiquity, and followed by one half of the present human family—this neglect is only to be attributed to an incompatibility of assimilation between its nature and our ideas. A splendid task remains yet to be undertaken ; when accomplished, the world of letters and of laws will learn that it itself had once an ancestry of heart. I presume not to handle such weighty matters, but yet from the field may pluck some ears of grain for present use.

The duty of the primitive child to the parent extended to every service that could be rendered, to every sacrifice that could be made. The most menial offices had to be fulfilled, and life itself had to be surrendered, if necessary, for the parent's well-being, or, as we see in the cases of Abraham and Jephtha, at his desire. This relationship did not close with life ; it was the part of the son to "serve his parents dead as he had served them living," a service accomplished through their notion of death, which enabled him still to perform

\* "Sradha" is a Brahmanical rite, of which there are several kinds. Gautama describes seven kinds of each of the three sorts of Sradha, generally translated as "devotional rites to the *manes* of one's progenitors. Manu speaks of four varieties—the offering of food to the Viswadhara (gods, collectively, *mystic* deities), to spirits, to departed ancestors and to guests II., 86. But Gautama specifies them as offerings to progenitors, on certain eight days of the fortnight, at the full and change of the moon, to Sradhas generally, and to the *manes* on the full moon of four different months. It is a very occult rite involving various mystic results.—[Ed.]

equally his twofold duty of doing reverence and providing food. A touching scene is related by some African traveller of an Abyssinian woman placing a morsel of bread in the mouth of her dead child, the most artless expression of grief and desire, in presence of the mystery of death while startling and new. The spirit had fled naked and helpless, into cold space ; it was not dead—it could not die ; reasoning was not wanted, it returned nightly in visions and in dreams. Like despotism, materialism is modern ; like liberty, spiritualism is ancient ; not that of the metaphysician, but of the child. The ghost must want sustenance, it must require clothing ; who but its kin on earth could furnish it ? but by what way could it be reached ? Where was the messenger ?

This longing is universal, the methods employed to gratify it are dissimilar. In the grosser mythologies, death itself was used as a vehicle, and animals, attendants, or wives were entombed with the corpse, or poisoned, or left to perish by hunger ; but here another process was employed. A reversed flame has always been the symbol of death ; but the to us the production of flame is not less a mystery than death itself. It suggests imagery for life, for soul, for faith, for genius.

Light springing from darkness—flame flowing out of cold matter, incessantly flying from earth to heaven, ascending, as it were, to its native sky, and seeming to carry up with it the substance upon which it feeds—of the nature of the stars assigned as the abode of the departed, to whose flight, as to that of the ancestors, the pathless air was no obstacle ; this was the vehicle. To flame, then offerings were consigned as the messenger of the Gods.

The Rig Veda opens with this passage, which, as containing the elementary part of faith, is recited before reading the Sacred Books.

“ I praise divine fire, primevally consecrated, the efficient performer of a solemn ceremony, the chief agent of a sacrifice.”

The Hindus have a ritual which may have been, like our own, subjected to interpolation, but of which the frame-work is older than any writings or institutes. There we find fire personified thus :

“ Fire, approach to taste (my offering), thou, who art praised for the *gift of oblations*. Sit down on this grass, thou, who art the *complete performer* of the solemn sacrifice.”

Why it is praised and invoked, this passage shows :

“ Accept these offerings ; carry them to the ancestors. Thou knowest thy office,” or “ thy way.”

It was not ordinary fire that was employed, but a flame obtained in that manner which philosophers have imagined to have first conferred on man the knowledge and possession of this wonderful element—the friction of the branches of trees.\* This is the “ *Primevally* consecrated

\* The *Svastika*, by means of which *celestial* fire was obtained. A stick used for this purpose and called *matha* and *pramatha* (suggestive of Prometheus, indeed !) from the prefix *pra* giving the idea of *forcing* the fire to descend, added to that contained in the verb *mathami*—“ to produce by friction.” The oldest rite in India, much speculated upon, but very little understood.—[Ed.]

fire." Such are the words of the Vedas. What is implied in "Primevally," save that the process was used by all before their dispersion or their schisms? and so we find it amongst Buddhists or Brahmins, Arians or Chinese, Romans or Mexicans. Humboldt, describing the process employed by the latter people to relight the sacred fire, when at the close of every 52nd year they had extinguished it, employs the very terms of the Puranas in prescribing to the Hindus the form of the same ceremony. A block of wood, five inches cube, hollowed into a cup, is drilled with a spindle of itself till it flames; a consecrated tree is used for this purpose—the Sami or Soma (moon-plant), thence entitled *Arani*, or "mother of fire." Here was surely no idea of fire as an element, but solely as a sacrificer; and, whether as to the primitiveness of the process, or object, or universality and uniformity of the practice, it is impossible to ascend higher; here we have reached the fountain-head, not of this rite, but of ritual.

The Romans had but one fire for the whole state continually burning, and whence sacrificial flame was distributed; but the Brahmin or Alhan, and, indeed, all the "twice born" who kept "consecrated hearths," had the sacred fire produced for each. It was made on his investment with the sacrificial cord, it supplied the fire for all sacred offices during life, lit his funeral pyre, with which it became extinct.

As actually practised, the Sraddha has, in the first instance, to restore to the spirit the organs destroyed by cremation. The ceremonies used for this end occupy the period of mourning; the spirit has then to be elevated to the sphere and placed in the rank of the former ancestors. This operation is not concluded till the end of a year, and in and by the performance of multiplied solemn acts, but always consisting in the offering of sustenance. But it did not suffice to commit the offering to the flame; the assurance was required that it had been received; besides the ancestors were to be no less honoured than fed; they needed a banqueting hall, no less than a banquet. There was then no temple, no grave or tomb; a place had still to be fixed upon, and to it they had to be *brought down*. In this great dexterity and profound science were required; for the ancestors, needy and dependent, were also haughty and punctilious. If the scenes, circumstances, thoughts, words, motions of the sacrificers and attendants were satisfactory and pleasing, then, on being invited by "race and name," they came and took their places according to their rank, on small cushions made of folded blades of grass. It was a scene of grave, solemn, and of affectionate family meeting, not one of grief and tumult. "Unwillingly do the manes taste the tears and rheum shed by their kinsmen; then do not wail, but diligently perform the obsequies of the dead!"

"By the Hindu ritual," says Macpherson, "six ancestors only were called upon by name, but amongst the hill tribes, all the ancestors are called upon. The worship of deceased ancestors is a striking and

important feature of the Khond religion. The more distinguished fathers of the tribe, of its branches, or of its sub-divisions, are all remembered by the priests, their sanctity growing with the remoteness of the period of their deaths, and they are invoked in endless array after the gods. . . . They are propitiated upon every occasion of public worship whatever; and it is said that a perfectly accomplished priest takes between three and four hours to recite his roll of beads."

The Institutes of Manu and the Vedas limit the "calling by name" to the three ancestors. These gradations mark the relative antiquity of the Vedas, the ritual, and the practices of the hill tribes. The knowledge of these names thus became a mystery, affording to the Sacerdotal class material for the establishment of power and influence. Here is the explanation of the calling on the *names* of gods, etc.; of the potency attributed in the Greek mysteries to the utterance of certain names, some of which could stop the moon in her course, some the sun, some disturb the order of nature, and shake the universe. These names were not Greek, but Barbarian; and the knowledge of them constituted the mystery. Now for the scene of this festival. We stand in an age when nothing of what is ancient had as yet existence; when nothing had become consecrated by time; when the tide of tradition had not yet commenced to roll; when each process, if new, had reference to its purpose, and had its key either in extant ideas or prevailing circumstances; how, then, consecrate a spot, when all earth was alike? How choose a direction? Yet they did consecrate a spot, and it was by drawing geometrical lines, derived from the motions of the earth and the heavenly bodies; on these lines, first used to place altars, were temples subsequently raised, so uniformly in all succeeding time, and throughout every region of the earth, that it has not entered into the mind of man to inquire into the motive, or to think even of the fact. The process may be seen practised to-day as originally devised, by every Brahmin who prepares the scene for a Sradha; he commences by drawing the figure of the cross.\*

The ancestors having attended and taken their seats, they are furnished with water to drink, with water for purification, with water for bathing. They are also clothed. The food is then presented (through the fire), and they are thus addressed:—

"Ancestors rejoice! take your respective shares, and be strong as bulls."

Nor was it from any portion of the hand that they would accept their food; it had to be presented by the part between the thumb and the forefinger, which afterwards, in Chiromancy, was known as "the line of life," and which, consequently, was designated *Pitriya*.

After they have fed, the performer of the sacrifices dismisses them

\* Spirit and Matter, also the symbols of the male and female lines, or the vertical and the horizontal.—[ED.]



with the same honours with which they had been received, and thus addresses them :—

“Fathers, to whom food belongs, guard our food, and the other things offered by us ; venerable and immortal as ye are, and conversant with holy truths ; quaff the sweet essence, be cheerful, and depart contented by the paths which the gods travel.”

According to the Institutes of Manu, the first offerings specified are “grains, the *natural product of the earth.*” If this be the commonest of things, it is the first fruits of human toil, and consequently the first of human offerings.

Next to these come “vegetables, rice, clarified butter, the milk of cows, and food made from it ; but flesh is particularly agreeable to them, especially that of the long-eared white goat.” \*

The cow is not mentioned by the Hindu lawgiver, but that it had been anciently sacrificed, the name of the yearly Sraddha shows ; and still a cow, after having been consecrated as a victim, is liberated in their honour.

Honey and milk are specified as their food of predilection ; but, “whatever suitable food is presented with pure faith, and with the enunciation of *name or race* to ancestors, at an obsequial oblation becomes food to them.”

These different aliments supplied to the ancestors satisfaction of various degrees of intensity and duration ; their gratification depended, however, not only on the quality of the offering, but also on the appositeness of the occasion. The malignant spirits being always at war among the stars with the beneficent ones, seeking to disturb the order of nature and thereby to destroy the progeny of men, the successful accomplishment of the various phases of the Heavenly Host had to be celebrated as triumphs, on which the ancestors, as parties concerned, had to be congratulated : such as the new moon, the 15th of the moon’s wane, the new year, solar and lunar eclipses, certain lunations of the dark fortnights, the solstices, and when the sun is in Aries.

The following is the song of the Pitris, heard by Ikshwaku, the son of Manu, in the groves of Kalápa (skirts of the Himalaya) :—

“Those of our descendants shall follow a righteous path, who shall reverently present us with cakes at Gaya. May he be born in our race who shall give us, on the thirteenth of Bhádrapada and Mágda, milk, honey, and clarified butter. There are two classes of rites ; those performed by the offering of the cake, and those by the libation of water. The last class in the failure of males could be performed by females ; the others by daughters’ sons, and their sons, and also by the ‘prince who inherits the deceased’s property.’”

The ceremony, however, did not solely consist in feeding the

\* Now animals are not often sacrificed in India ; only occasionally the goat, to *Kali*, the blood-thirsty consort of Siva—and in a very few temples.—[ED.]

ancestors; their honour required the distribution of food to the living, and chiefly to the indigent and destitute; it was equally furnished to animals and men. Thus the connection of the living child with the dead parent was used to inculcate practices of charity.

This support could only be received from those who were bound by affinity to offer it. Deprived of it, they were emaciated with want, and disturbed with sorrow. Some wild, indefinite, and supernatural torments—some incomprehensible fate—fell upon them and awaited, them; and they “blasted with their sighs” the mansions of those who refused them their rites. Whoever was guilty of this dereliction was exposed to the most terrible punishments on earth, being, *ipso facto*, excommunicated, and so cut off from his fellow-men that his touch polluted, and the very sight of him defiled the eye.

The Pitris had, however, effectual means of control over their descendants. If they could blast and curse, they could also bless and cause to fructify. To them entreaty was made for success in every enterprise, and acknowledgments offered in return for good fortune. Vows were paid to them for fame, wealth, power, length of days, or increase of happiness. They are applied to as *intercessors*, both for men on earth and for departed spirits, and they stood in the relation to men of saints and of gods, linked to them by the ties of blood, so that each race of mortals on earth, became part of a dynasty in heaven; the gods were not brought down to the level of the Pitris; but these were raised to the rank of divinities. As fire was worshipped as their messenger, so was the moon as their abode.\*

“May this oblation to fire, which conveys offerings to the manes, be efficacious.”

“May this oblation to the moon, wherein the progenitors of mankind abide, be efficacious.”

The gods are introduced into the ceremonies of the Pitris, not these into those of the gods. “Two cushions are placed, one on each side of the altar, for the gods, and six for the ancestors before it.”

Of the twelve species of Sraddha,† one (the tenth) is “Sraddha, in honour of deities.” Another (the ninth) is preparatory to any solemn rite, and considered a part of it. The two last are as *propitiatory for a journey*, or to *sanctify a meal of flesh*. In fact, the Sraddha serves all the purposes of religion; and the rites to the gods and the ancestors were so assimilated as to be performed in common. But the line between duty to the ancestors, consisting in the furnishing of food, and

\* This has a very occult meaning, however. There are seven classes of Pitris enumerated in the Purānas—but only three classes are composed of the progenitors (from *pitar* father) of primeval man; one class creates the *form* of man—*nay*, is, or rather becomes, that form (or physical man) itself; the other two are the creators of our souls and minds. It is a very complicated tenet—but the Pitris are surely not the “Spirits” of the dead, as believed by some spiritualists.—[ED.]

† See foot-note 1 on the first page. Manu speaks of four only, and Gautama of seven. Twelve species are enumerated only in Nirṇaya Sindhu, by Kamalakara (see *Asiat. Researches*, Vol. VII. §), a work on religious ceremonies. But all these are exoteric and later rites.

duty to the gods by a virtuous life, is altogether effaced by a remarkable notion that the Pitris were fed by the moon's light, which accounted for the changes in that luminary ; and when the reservoir was exhausted it had to be replenished by the good deeds of men ; so that the nightly changes of the sky, in connection with their ancestral reverence, became an unceasing incitement to a good life ; and the sustenance of the manes depended no less on obedience than on sacrifice.

Unless by this transition, how, indeed, could the notion of sustaining the gods by sacrifice have ever arisen ? \* The original conception of the Divinity must, by universal consent, have been that of an incorporeal and all-powerful Creator ; that it was so in Brahminism there is no doubt. If then we have the Maker of the Universe suffering from emaciation, attenuated by hunger, and begging for the minutest portion of sacrificial butter, even if no bigger than a pistachio nut (the afflicting condition of Indra, at the time of that Buddhistic reform), it was that the distinction between gods and ancestors had been lost. †

There were thus originally two thoughts in the breast of man ; the one an incorporeal faith, directed to the Creator, the other a ceremonial love, devoted to the ancestors. As the one lost its distinctness, the other acquired intensity, and when, if I may so say, an external religion arose, the spirit of the former invested itself in the mantle of the latter. The beatitude of the manes in Heaven being dependent on their descendants on earth, the latter were bound, above all things, to take care that their line should not be interrupted. Three duties were imposed ; the one in respect to the wise, the second in respect to the gods, the third in respect to the ancestors. The first was performed by the study of the Vedas the second by sacrifice, the third by begetting a male child. The first could only have been imposed after the composition of the Vedas, and consisted in the knowledge of duties ; the second was performed at once to the gods and the ancestors, and had been performed to the ancestors before the gods ; so that, in fact, the whole duty of the Hindu was summed up in service to the ancestors, which insured that first object of primeval legislation—the peopling of the earth. Hence, that inordinate desire still maintained in all eastern countries for offspring ; hence also the female infanticide so prevalent amongst the hill tribes, as they imagine that their chances of male offspring are thereby increased. The same practice, though otherwise explained, existed in Sparta.

\* Because esoteric teaching maintains that the Pitris are the " primeval human race, the fathers and progenitors of later men, who developed into the present physical man."

† It was lost indeed, and long before the day of Gautama Buddha, who tried to restore Brahminism to its original purity but—failed, and had to separate the two religious systems. The " Pitris " is a generic and collective name, and man has other progenitors more exalted and spiritual. *Manu* says (iii. 284), " The wise (the Initiated Adepts) call our fathers Vasus, our paternal grandfathers, Rudras ; our paternal great grandfathers, Adityas ; agreeably to a text of the Vedas," these three classes have a direct reference in Esotericism (a) to the creators of man in his three chief aspects (or principles), and (b) to the three primeval and serial races of men who preceded the first physical and perfect Race, which the Eastern Occultists call the Atlanteans.

The childless condition carrying such consequences, provision was made for supplying the deficiencies of nature by a legal process, which we translate "adoption." It will, however, be seen at a glance that this relationship had in their system nothing in common with our word.

The purpose was to engraft on the old stock a new shoot, which had, therefore, not only to be completely united to the one, but entirely dissevered from the other. As in the same operation with trees, the main branch could not be taken, and the sprout to be available required to be young.

The eldest son of a house could not become an adopted child, whatever the poverty or distress of the natural father, whatever the wealth and the power of the adopting one, because his duty was that of the continuation of his own line. The younger son—the object of adoption—could not be taken after his habits were formed, or his affections fixed; as an old branch will not serve for a graft. He had to be taken before his fifth year. The ceremony was a sacrament, named *Hom*, or Joy, and apparently connected with the Tree of Life (*Hom*). From that hour the child knows no father but his adopted one; *passes the barrier of Caste*; and succeeds of right to his property. This is required to confirm the adoption, for otherwise he cannot offer to him the *Sraddha* after his death.

Amongst us, the childless possessor of wealth is incapacitated from disposing of it in a manner which would secure to him even that amount of respect and affection which we still associate with parental and filial ties; and consequently we would imagine that by rendering final the disposal of the property, he would lose those services and that consideration which we look to obtain by uncertainty of expectation. By this process, as well as by the concurrent habits and feelings, all these ends are attained, and fortune enables man to supply the niggardliness of nature, securing at once a son to himself and a line of succession to his house.

Shall we treat such a system as rude? Shall we brand it as superstitious? Shall we hold it to have its origin in accident and caprice? Here there may be superstition, but it has been handled with wisdom, and applied with art. In the earliest of laws are anticipated the last conclusions of science; in the first of societies are excluded the principal causes of the breaking up of states. Instituted prior to caste, it has overruled even its authority. Other legislations have *reckoned* the family the unit of the state; this *establishes* it. Other systems have looked to preventing public crimes; this to the nurturing of domestic affections. It may well be imagined how incomprehensible was such a system to Western conquerors—what difficulties it occasioned them when they sought to do right—what facilities it afforded them when they intended to do wrong! It may well be imagined how, in the one case and in the other, the whole of a people could be sickened with disgust, or

aroused to indignation, by acts which presented to the dispassionate or conscientious observer or judge at home no character of offence.

Of this we have an instance in the case of the late Raja of Sattara, the deprivation of whose property vitiated his adoption and consequently according to his belief and that of his fellow-countrymen, consigned his soul to eternal damnation. The adopted son was placed in the same predicament, being cut off from both stocks. This was the great wrong which he suffered ; which all India felt, which no man in England could, comprehend, and which, from the incompatibility of ideas, no one belonging to the one country could render intelligible to the people of the other.

Had it happened under a Hindu government, the case would have been provided for ; in the event of succession by the prince, for confiscation is wholly prohibited by their law, he was bound to appoint the proper officer to perform in his name the Sradhha, and could only hold the property on that condition. No doubt under the Mussulman system, as it always conformed to existing usages, provision had been made for similar contingencies ; an Eastern people could not be ignorant of usage, far less contemptuous of it ; and though Islam has put an end to the ancestral oblation, the professors of that creed retained its impress in all their ideas, and in many of their customs.

ANDREW T. SIBBALD.

(*To be continued.*)



AT SUNSET.

OH hills empurpled 'neath the sunset's gold  
 What marvellous chord of colour greets to-night  
 The echoing music of yon star-strewn height !  
 And thrills my soul as tho' mine own love told  
 Some tear-sweet story of days weird and old,  
 When life's dim path grew fair with jubilant light  
 From the clear eyes of gods, who in men's sight  
 Ope'd heaven's great gates to soaring hearts and bold !

Surely this eve my yearning spirit hath trod  
 The unseen steps of that soul-wroughten stair  
 Whereon sense dies like some wind-scattered rose,  
 For thro' life's passionate wailings swift there grows  
 The dominant music of an answered prayer,  
 And my strest heart falls at the feet of God !

EVELYN PYNE.

## PREVISIONS OF LATER LIFE.

## I.

I MUST begin by saying that I left Scotland when 11 years old and went to live in Morocco. I had been in Spain, but never in Switzerland or any other European country. Having outgrown my strength, I was delicate and suffered from pains in the head and the eyes. I therefore could not read, but used to lie in my room alone for long hours during the day, as well as awake during night. I generally lay with closed eyes and used to see visions when awake, and vision-dreams in sleep.

Here is one.

I fancied myself in front of an old abbey house with church attached. In front of one wing was a fountain unlike any I had ever seen before, and so in my dream I looked and wondered. It was in a garden, and to the left there was an avenue of poplar trees going down to a sheet of water, which I thought was the sea. With me, by my side, was a tall, fair, handsome boy of 17. I did not know who he was but thought it quite natural that he should be with me.

Presently there came out of the other wing of the house, an oldish lady, with a handsome face, smiling, bowing, and talking French to us. She was a dwarf, her figure crooked and distorted, and her arms frightfully long. She came and unlocked the door opposite the fountain and led us into and over the apartments. Behind one of the doors of the dining-room stood an old harpsichord, a key of which I happened to touch in passing. It made a jangle, upon which the old lady in a very excited manner begged me to desist and not do so again.

In my dream I felt as though this was *my* house.

Presently, a long hay-cart came rattling down the slope which led to the Abbey on the inland side, and in it were children of various ages, and with them an elderly man with a gentle, nice face. I had the feeling that they *all belonged to me*, but in what relation we stood to each other, I was puzzled to know. We were very busy arranging and fussing about, when suddenly I awoke. . . .

I was 16 years old when I had this dream.

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I had long ceased to remember this vision of my girlhood, when it so happened that I had to take my children to the South of France. I was then 43 years old. After passing a year in France we thought of going to Switzerland, and I took my fair, tall son of 17 with me to look for a suitable house. I was told of the Abbey of St. Sulpice on the Lake, and went there. The moment I saw the fountain in the garden

the tall poplars, and the house, the dream of my youth flashed back upon my memory, and I said to my son :

“ I will take this house, for I saw it years ago in a vision, and know it.”

Of course the boy thought it all “ imagination.” So, to convince him, I told him that if it was *the house of my dream*, the lady to whom it belonged would come out of the other wing (as described in the first part of my narrative), and that I would take him through a dark stone entrance and up some stone stairs to a long ante-room. There we would turn to the left and go into a room, behind the door of which we would find an old harpsichord, that I would touch a key, and what would be the result. All this happened exactly as I knew it would, and as I had seen twenty-seven years before.

Shortly after this, we all came to live at Morges. The only conveyance we could find to hold us all, children and bundles, was a long hay-cart in which some straw was thrown to sit upon. Away we drove to St. Sulpice, and down we came in the rattling cart along the hill slope from the village to the Abbey, just as, so many years before, I had seen my husband and children arrive.

## II.

Again when I left Switzerland, I was looking out for a country house in Herefordshire, and I came to one I knew at once, as one of my “ Homes ” in dreamland, when between 16 and 17. I knew the dark oak staircase, &c., and my way about the house. In this vision I had seen the same people as in the Switzerland vision, only they were rather older, and I had seen in the garden my mother and a sister. All this happened exactly as I had seen it.

Whilst young, about the same age, I saw another “ Home.” *It* has been my last home, the family country house of my husband’s father, to which he afterwards succeeded.

I saw in my dream a likeness of myself, but quite grown up, standing on the first landing of the oak staircase dressed in soft India white muslin, watching a baby boy in white frock crawling up the stairs. I also saw an old high clock in the hall below the stairs. *I was looking on* at this picture, and wondered who this girl was, so like me, and yet too much like a mother, so I concluded it was my own mother I saw (who at 40 looked like a girl of 25). When I came to my father-in-law’s house with my little boy I was about 23, and I wore soft muslins in the hot summer days—the house I saw was exact.

And now that I am seventy years of age, those dreams are as fresh in my memory as a scene of yesterday.

E. C. H. C.

## ACQUIRED HABITS.

**I**N attempting to deal with problems which, only find their solution worked out to the full on planes and in terms incomprehensible to our ordinary senses, it would seem possible that illustrations drawn from the science of physiology should serve to explain these problems somewhat more fully than those illustrations which are drawn from physical science alone. Physiology is at least the science of life, and though, when pressed, we must admit that we know very little indeed of the main factors which lie behind the phenomena of life ; and that, with all the means of research which we possess, we know nothing of even the physical forces *in themselves*, but only study their manifestations and correlations, yet we may, at all events, argue from the little we do know, and attempt to correct our conclusions by comparison with the analogies which we can draw from every science. The principle involved in the "as above, so below," is shown to be true in all departments of science, and has formed a most valuable means of verifying the results obtained by pushing a theory to its legitimate conclusion. Thus by correcting the phenomena of vital force by those of physical, we may arrive at many more or less just conclusions. Therefore, it is probable that by proceeding a step further, and drawing analogies from physiology, we may form an idea of what, for want of a better term, may be called the life of morality, and the forces whereby it is governed. By the term moral, I do not mean to convey any idea of that which underlies what is ordinarily known as morality, but a very much wider idea than that, namely, the force which really lies at the base of and inspires all our *motives* of action. Of course these are indirectly also at the root of our physical and what may be called our animate life, in which we men are in contact with the life of animals ; but at present we need not endeavour to make a distinction between man and the animals, which are endowed with the physical and animate life force, but in whom the moral life is entirely latent, save in the case of a very few of the higher species, such as dogs and elephants. Though, even in these cases, it may be argued with good show of reason that this "moral life" of the higher animals is the result of education.

Now in man and animal alike there are great nervous centres which govern the vital phenomena, and hence, as a consequence, the physical phenomena of life. These centres, as they are called, are formed by collections of nerve cells, which occupy a very fairly defined area. They are found in the brain and the spinal cord for the most part, and to a lesser degree in the great vital organs themselves. Further, there is



what is known as the sympathetic system of nerves, with its closely meshed network of nerves and ganglia, which lies outside, but in front of, the vertebral column, the whole length of the body; this system is closely connected in its whole extent with the brain and spinal cord, and the branches therefrom, which are known as the cerebro-spinal system of nerves. Again to some extent the control of the nerves lies with the Will of any man, and the actions which result are termed "voluntary," but a very large majority of the processes and functions of the animal body are what are called "Reflex." These "Reflex" processes for the most part take place thus:—An impression is made on what are called the nerves of sensation; these conduct a stimulus to one of the nerve centres above mentioned, and from this centre the stimulus is reflected along a motor nerve, and the action or function ensues. Thus the sensation is "reflected" into motion independently of the consciousness of the individual. Perhaps the best example of a limited reflection is in the case of the eye, when, in response to the stimulus of light, the iris alone, of all the muscles in the body, moves. Now all reflex actions are essentially involuntary, although they in great part admit of being controlled, modified, and prevented by the will. They, most of them, are directed for the preservation of the well-being of the body, and markedly show how the nerve centres combine and arrange in order the action of the muscles, so that they may unite for this common end. Among "Reflex" actions there is a large class called "Secondary," which require for their first performance, and for many subsequent performances, an effort of the will more or less intense, but which, by constant repetition, are habitually and almost mechanically performed, and in many cases almost without the intervention of consciousness and volition: such are reading, writing, and walking. This capacity of the nervous system, which consists in "organising conscious actions into more or less unconscious ones," is that which makes education and training possible. It is by "association" of the reflex actions frequently repeated in a definite order that these actions come to take on a species of "automatism." To such an extent is this carried that we are all familiar with instances of persons, when in the somnambular condition, writing and playing the piano in a state of complete unconsciousness to physical surroundings.

In fact "automatism" is a very important point in the argument. It is employed by physiologists to indicate the origination in nervous centres of impulses and their conduction from those centres independently of the reception of a stimulus from another part. And in this sense it is not possible in the present state of physiological knowledge to say what actions are "automatic." But the nearest examples are certainly the functions of respiration and the rhythmic action of the heart, which will be considered later on. Suffice it at present that it is a very important point that actions, which are distinctly reflex at the beginning, may be

organised into unconscious actions which have a very strong character about them of automatism, and that the two above-mentioned functions are those which are at the foundation of all vital phenomena, and hence, by the passage of time and by education, would necessarily most nearly approach to being automatic.

We may now consider the sympathetic system of nerves. This system of nerves at first sight appears to be anatomically too complex to be understood. In reality, however, it is much more simple in arrangement than the cerebro-spinal, and its complexity is due to the manner in which each part is linked to the neighbouring and distant parts and to the cerebro-spinal system as well. When dissected out it is found that the essential parts of this system consist of a ganglion, or nerve centre, and two nerves—afferent and efferent—leading to this centre, and from it to one of the organs. Thus the sympathetic system is made up of an enormous number of small systems, and the whole are united into the greatest complexity. But there is one essential difference between the two systems. In the case of the cerebro-spinal system, the majority of the actions taking place under its guidance are voluntary actions; in the case of the sympathetic system not only do the majority of actions take place without a voluntary effort, but they are never controlled by the mind save under the strong excitement or depressing influence of some passion; or secondarily, through some “voluntary movement” with which the involuntary region of the body is “associated.” But in this latter case the action is really involuntary. Thus, in exceptional instances only does the mind control the action of the sympathetic nerves, and then only under undue excitement or depression; while for the most part the various centres of the sympathetic system, and also of the spinal cord, are reflex centres, which, subject to the “inhibiting action” of the brain, or more highly-organised centre, possess an independent action of their own that, aided by custom, habit, and frequency of use, almost amounts to automatism.

In the consideration of automatism we find that there is a nervous region of very great importance situated at the top of the spinal cord and immediately below the brain, and which, roughly speaking, is just within the skull about an inch behind a line drawn horizontally through the lobe of the ear. This region is so important that it has been experimentally found that the entire brain and spinal cord with this sole exception may be removed and still the heart will continue to beat and the animal will go on breathing. But when this region is injured, death ensues at once. Now the most important of the functions of the Medulla Oblongata, as the region in question is called, is that of respiration, and this one function may serve as the type of automatic actions, although there is some dispute about it. Like all the functions which are necessary to life it is essentially involuntary, but its action is also, to some extent, under the control of the will, for other-

wise man would be unable to speak or to sing. It is argued that the act is a reflex one owing to the stimulation of nervous fibres which are distributed to the lungs; on the other hand it is stated that respiration takes place by direct stimulation of the Medulla Oblongata by the increasingly venous condition of the blood. Probably both functions exist, but the nerves leading from the lungs to the "respiratory centre" may be cut or may be paralysed by chloroform, and still the complicated muscular movements which constitute respiration take place in an orderly manner. As said above, respiration can to some extent be controlled by the will, and the breath can be "held" for a varying length of time which increases with practice. But the need of breath eventually overcomes the strongest opposition, and even the most determined attempts to commit suicide in this manner have failed. Still there is no doubt that by practice persons have increased the time during which they can hold their breath, as in certain well-authenticated cases of suspended animation, which have occurred in various parts of the world and especially in India, and thus there is shown to be a power which may be exercised in control of the natural automatism of the body and which, so far as the bodily frame is concerned, is independent of it. Were this not the case the instances of sudden death which occur through shock, and without injury to any part of the body, would be impossible, for there is no reason why the functions of respiration and of the heart should be interfered with, and the body would go on breathing and the heart beating under the stimulus of the Medulla Oblongata.

Thus, then, it is this "organizing conscious actions into more or less unconscious ones," but which may still be under the control of some force that we may call the will, which is of the highest importance to the occultist, as will be seen later on. Speaking in terms of planes it enables a man to do two or perhaps more things at the same time. Starting an original impulse to walk from point to point, a man may take the necessary steps with no other guidance than the reflected sensations of one step to make another, and during the time occupied his mind may be engaged on matters of a totally different character. But waiving these considerations and the assumption that the brain is physically a registering "organ of mind" it is evident that to a considerable extent the brain has the control of the body.

To those who have studied metaphysics the term "personality" is a very familiar one. In reference to the present subject it would seem to stand to the "higher self" in very much the same relation as the body does to the brain—or rather to the brain only as the organ of mind; that is to say that the personality is, on the moral plane referred to previously, the outer covering, more or less gross, of the real man within—the higher self. This latter is the gradually increasing product of ages and is added to by the "personality" only when it carries out the spiritual aspirations which arise beyond, but which are communicated to the

personality by the higher self. Consequently we may compare the actions dictated by the personality to those physical ones which are governed by the lower reflex centres and which have no concern whatever with the brain.

And this brings into prominence a curious fact in physiology and pathology that if either a nerve centre or nerve leading from that centre be stimulated without the impulse passing *to and through* that centre, the actions which result are tumultuous and disordered. This fact has a very important bearing by analogy on those actions which are dictated, reflexly or not, by the "personality" only, for, as regards the higher self or brain, they are found tumultuous and disorderly and are, as a rule, not "directed with a view to the welfare of the organism," and more especially of other organisms. It would be impossible to enter on an elaborate analysis of what the personality really is—and as tedious as if one were in these pages to enter on a detailed description of the minute anatomy of the brain and spinal cord. Man is a compound, in his personality, of "desires, passions, interests, modes of thinking and feeling, opinions, prejudices, judgments of others, likings and dislikings, affections, and ambitions, public and private." For the most part this personality constitutes the horizon of man, and identifies him with this narrowed circle of interests. In other words he becomes exceedingly "Selfish." Of course the circle is very frequently enlarged, as in the case of family, of a society, of a church, or a state, and other individuals esteem men in proportion as their circle enlarges. Now the enlargement of the circle to and beyond these limits is a process of extreme difficulty, and especially when the circle is enlarged beyond these limits. But there is also another element which has to be eliminated—the thought of Self must not enter into the consideration at all. That is to say that the personality as a source of motive must be entirely eliminated and destroyed; and this is the process which occupies ages and is accompanied by such pain and suffering that it can only be faced by the aid of a consciousness of the higher self, and that this work is the only work worth doing. It is not very difficult to understand why this should be so difficult, and why it should take ages to accomplish, for we have to remember that it is the accentuation of personality against personality—the competition to live—which is at the base of all our modern education. In every age the strong man has kept his citadel against all comers until a stronger than he came, and the question is whether he can find a deeper and greater source of strength. To some extent that has been found, for "union is strength"; and the only problem has been amidst the clashing of personalities to make union possible. The parallel in physiology is seen in the difficulty, only obviated by long practice, experienced by divers in holding their breath. Murder will out, respiration will recommence and the educated personality reasserts itself, as

the body insists upon the breath it is accustomed to have. But again it is possible for man to lay aside the limitations of his personality and merge his living interests with those of the world in which other personalities have an equal right and share. He can force himself to no longer feel separate from them, and to live in companionship with that which in them is beyond their personalities—their individualities, their Higher Selves. But this is a process which needs an enormous strength of will and an application to which most men are unequal. The ordinary senses have to be stilled and quieted before—if one may misapply a term—the sense of the higher self comes into play, and the divine companionship of the higher self is felt and realised. Thus then the analogy of physiology is maintained: the bodily functions are reflexly fulfilled, and by long education, in some cases, automatically, but are subject, in proportion as another education has trained the mind and will, to the brain. Equally so on the moral plane, the desires and tendencies of the personality act more or less reflexly and automatically without other control. But in proportion as the limitations of Self have been transcended, so also is the extent of the power increased which controls the personality. The brain in one case, the higher self in the other, being trained and educated to send down impulses sufficient to control the physiological needs of the animal mechanism, or the desires of the personality.

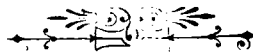
But a further and yet more interesting problem now presents itself for discussion. We have seen that it is rational to conclude that conscious acts are by education organized into unconscious, and that the two functions most important to the physiological health of the body, viz. : respiration and the action of the heart, have been rendered automatic and independent almost of any voluntary conscious effort, although this control may be, in some instances, recovered. Consequently, by analogy, the control on the moral plane may be vested in the higher self as against the personality, by an effort to unite the consciousness with that higher self. That is, the higher self, or brain, will be able to control the physiological personality, or a higher centre dominate a lower. But a still further point would seem to consist in this. Why should it not be possible to make of the higher self a reflex centre, and finally an automatic one, which shall control the personality absolutely. On the physiological analogy it would certainly seem reasonable that this should be so. Let the personality send up a suggestion for action to the reflex centre, which may be in or below the level of the higher self, as is the case in the relative positions of the cerebral hemispheres and the Medulla Oblongata. Supposing that the motor point be in the higher self, it would only seem natural that the corresponding motion excited by the suggestion of the personality will either be in accord with the higher self, and be accomplished, or will be nullified. If, however, the motor point be below the higher self, then the communication must be handed on

in order that the higher self shall have the control, and the personality not allowed to exercise sway.

Finally, however, the real importance of the argument does not rest with the higher self, but with the spiritual life beyond ; or, as "Light on the Path" states it, "the life beyond individuality."

Let us grant for the moment that it is possible for the consciousness to be identified with the higher self, and that the personality as militating against that better part of man, and consequently interfering with "the life beyond individuality," is entirely subjected and controlled by a centre of force, certainly reflex, and, if possible, automatic, which is vested in the higher self. What, then, is the consequence? The personality as a source of separateness is done away with, and only used as an instrument in the same way that the physical body uses a finger. The real life is centred in the higher self, which maintains an automatic action over the personality, and prevents it from becoming a source of mischief. The force which is vested in the higher self or individuality, is derived from that united Spirit of Life which is beyond individuality, and the man is left free to concentrate his attention and aspirations on that Spirit of Life, and draw more and more of its influence through his higher self into the world around him. Just as the physiological needs of the body are controlled by an unconscious, involuntary mechanism, so the personality becomes a conquered instrument, used for ends greater than it knows of. Man, as man, is no longer swayed by his changing and temporary desires, and has reached the happy "Waters of Oblivion."

A. I. R.



#### SOUND WAVES.

|   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>OFF in the middle night<br/>The soul attuned can hear<br/>A sound as of singing voices<br/>Seeming now far, now near.</p>                      | <p>And the sounds heard on Earth<br/>are but echoes<br/>Of the wondrous waves of song<br/>That roll through the Kali Yuga<br/>Perennial, sweet and strong.</p> |
| <p>Then, when with roused attention<br/>Their nature he tries to seize,<br/>Gone are the sounds celestial<br/>Which his inner ear did please.</p> | <p>And blest are the ears that hear them,<br/>They at last begin to ope<br/>The hidden gateway to Heaven<br/>That leads to Eternal Hope.</p>                   |
| <p>Those are the songs sidereal<br/>Which ever are ringing bright,<br/>Blending with waves of colour<br/>In the Pitris' Astral light ;</p>        | <p>Which again shall lead the true Chela<br/>To fruition for ever and aye,<br/>Emancipation from Karma<br/>In Nirvana's endless day !</p>                      |

ROGER HALL.

## MARY MERIVALE'S FIRST WORDS TO HER DISCIPLES.

MARY MERIVALE having become convinced that in renunciation of personal joy by the happy few, lies alone the possibility of redemption for the miserable many, has left her husband and home to follow in the old way, lightened by the new science, the footsteps of Buddha and Christ.

## I.

## SHE ADDRESSES A BODY OF SOCIALISTS.

“ The present 'tis we strive for, and to-day  
 Work, wrestle, vanquish, triumph, preach, and pray !  
 The deed that lieth nearest do it well,  
 From small mean seed behold, can any tell  
 The glory of the flower that shall spring ?  
 Lo heaven lies hidden in the smallest thing  
 That gladdens earth, and makes hard life more fair  
 To some forgotten brother toiling there !  
 Go forth undoubting, each in his own way,  
 Tell the new Gospel of the grand To-day,  
 That never soul however low or mean  
 Shall sigh again, ' perchance it might have been  
 Had my path lain like his adown the vale,  
 'Mid the red roses, where the nightingale  
 Makes life step to sweet music, while mine ran  
 Across sharp rocks, where the stern hills began  
 To darken and to dream, and where the sea  
 Hurl'd all her salt waves scornfully at me !'  
 Tell the glad tidings that the starting-place,  
 Where souls must stand to run life's myriad race,  
 Shall be for all the same, the very same,  
 Tho' this a king's, and that a pauper's name  
 Bear scornful or downcast—twin-brethren they  
 To whom the Master shall at even pay  
 Due guerdon for due work, nor yield as now  
 To one a crown, to one shame-branded brow,  
 Tho' both be equal in the slothful sin  
 Of eating bread their vile hands would not win !  
 Lift up your voices, hide not any more  
 The glad new truth ye treasure, let your store  
 Fill all the circuit of the world to-day ! ”

Then spake one quickly, "tell me this I pray  
How shall we men, poor, nameless, powerless  
Win might to lift the burden that doth press  
Our brothers to the earth? Will not the gold  
Heaped up thro' years by treasons manifold,  
The gold that gives so little, yet hath might  
To blind men's eyes, and darken God's fair light,  
Will it not conjure million fettered hands  
To slay the preachers, for who understands  
The good we strive for?" "God!" she answered low  
"The mighty spirit of life, whose rede ye know  
Hath sought you out against your heart's desire,  
And set your faces toward that intense fire  
Where all of *self* lies dead! We count not cost;  
Who ever wrought aught worthy save he lost  
All care but for his quest? Dream not that we  
Shall march on softly to Equality!  
No! we must suffer, yea, perchance to death,  
And yet some spirit within my being saith,  
Tho' gold were piled up high as Himalay  
To bar our path, yet would God carve a way!  
And tho' all principalities and powers  
Stand 'gainst our gospel, triumph shall be ours!"  
"Yet who will listen? Mad the world will call  
The love that burns on steadfastly for all;  
And if they prison us, what profit then  
Of our fair tidings win those blinded men?"  
"Shall not your very fetters testify  
The truth for which ye suffer? Tho' ye die,  
Yea, tho' all human tongues grow still and mute  
Some slim bird-sister, or some brother-brute,  
From out their faithful hearts would win a way  
To preach the message that ye bear to-day! . . .  
Have faith, my brother, love and sacrifice  
Are greater than aught else, and they suffice  
To break all barriers, to cast down all pride:  
Have ye forgotten how the dear Christ died?  
Our leader, and our love, the Socialist  
Whose steps we follow thro' no incense-mist  
Of creed, or church, or dogma, deftly wove,  
But in the fresh air of mere human love!  
Go forth! Behold he leads you, calm and fair  
Where brave hearts cluster he is ever there,  
Immortal in sweet thought, and sweeter deed  
Even as poem from a mere thought seed."



And while we marvelled, on our heads she laid  
 Her slim white hands, and said, "be not afraid ;  
 Your path is hard, yet is mine harder still,  
 Be strong to-day, that future days may fill  
 Life's cup with sweet new wine, and now farewell,  
 When we shall meet again I scarce can tell,  
 But if ye need me your strest thought will guide  
 Me servant of God's servants to your side."

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HOW THAT DISCIPLE BEGAN TO FOLLOW MARY  
 MERIVALE.

II.

ONE OF THE SOCIALISTS AFTER HER ADDRESS BECOMES HER  
 FAITHFUL DISCIPLE.

THEN passed she from us, but I followed still  
 Thro' the dim woodland, till across the hill  
 Her soft eyes sought the sea : some Might had riven  
 My very soul atwain. . . . ah, unforgiven,  
 Scorned, loathed, spurned, hated, I had done the same !  
 The dog-love mine, heedless of sin or shame,  
 That follows till it falls, and as it dies  
 Seeks solace only from its master's eyes. . . . .  
 There lay the ocean at her very feet  
 All ruddy in the sunset, and with sweet  
 Low voice that thrilled the silence, and afar  
 'Mid the flushed sky-field rose one cold white star ;  
 And lo her steadfast glimmering face was wet  
 With bitter falling tears (they haunt me yet !)  
 I knew not then her story, I but knew  
 A leader had arisen strong, and true,  
 A woman sweet and brave, whose sex was set  
 But as a higher star than men reached yet.  
 A woman in all gentleness, a man  
 In all high daring, since the world began  
 The second Christ to show what life might be  
 Laid on the altar of eternity !  
 Such tidings had gone forth, ere her clear face  
 Lightened the darkness of our dwelling place ;  
 That she had yielded home, and peace, and rest,  
 And love that dreams on lover's loving breast,  
 And quiet happiness, and peaceful days,  
 And sheltered path amid the world's hot ways,  
 We well might guess : a Socialist I wis

Knows little of love's lore save only this. . . . .  
 'Twas just that mystic time 'twixt day and night  
 When life stands still and dreams, and fingers light  
 Of dim thought-spirits rising, touch the brow,  
 And stir the hair, and half unknowing how  
 We lay our burden down, and sink beside,  
 And drift away to lands dream-glorified. . . . .  
 'Twas just that mystic time when with some thrill  
 Of imminent parting hearts draw nearer still,  
 And yearning eyes seek answer, and stretched hands  
 Grasp hands more closely, and the invisible strands  
 Of life that sunlight severed, night hath strained  
 A-close for deeper music . . . . . the light waned  
 Swifter and swifter, till I half could see  
 The little golden feet that flit and flee,  
 And as the stars sprang after them, athwart  
 The shadowy sky, my halting tongue had caught  
 Their speechless language, and my heart grew hot  
 And swift I spake, "Dear lady scorn me not ;  
 Let me be as a dog that follows still  
 Carest or chidden ; bend me to your will  
 As 'twere some garment that the wind can stay,  
 Yet when the sun comes you fling swift away :  
 Let me be as a staff you lean upon  
 When roads are rough, and love's soft hands are gone.  
 Perchance your crown is thorn-wove, and it sears  
 The tender brow beneath ; perchance the years  
 Have sudden reached gaunt hands and left you bare  
 Yet sweet my lady, heed, for everywhere  
 Love heals all wounds, makes fair all barrenness,  
 And tho' life's husk be bitter, none the less  
 It holds sweet fruit beneath an evil rind,  
 Tho' oft we miss it when our eyes are blind  
 With scalding tears : oh, honoured one, and dear,  
 Let me be as your shadow always near."  
 Then turned she, and the radiance of her look  
 Read my thrilled soul, as 'twere an open book ;  
 And her soft voice, brimful of half-shed tears,  
 Spake slowly : " Dare you follow thro' all years  
 My path thro' fire and torture, or the stress  
 To set gold corn in the untilled wilderness ?  
 Dare you resign all pleasure, yea, all strife,  
 For personal joy, to make fair other's life ?  
 Dare you, indeed, be as a dog to me ?  
 Perchance, you scarcely grasp the sanctity

Of the dog-nature, proud man oft is fain  
 To scoff at what his ignorant disdain  
 Hath called the 'lower creatures,' tho' they be  
 Higher and holier far . . . . humanity  
 The crowned humanity we strive for, sets  
 No carven rules, no arrogant alphabets,  
 No arbitrary sway of word or speech  
 Between the heaven its highest souls can reach  
 And that its lower creatures climb to still  
 By true heart-culture, and by steadfast will !  
*Low*, if you choose, lower or higher all  
 Make up the chain that circles what we call  
 Humanity, God, Heaven, Eternity. . . . .  
 Think not these words bear sense alone to ye ;  
 Difference, perchance, what two souls are at one ?  
 But brothers are we all beneath the sun !  
 The tiny ant speaks in its chosen way ;  
 Perchance, the very thoughts we hold to-day  
 The swift bee ponders as he leans above  
 The clover blossoms, and the tender dove " . . . .  
 A sob caught her soft voice, I marvelled why ;  
 " Cooes of the brotherhood that by-and-bye  
 Will fill the world : while the dog *lives* our creed  
 To love and serve, to follow with no heed  
 Of weary feet, or panting, painful breath,  
 Where his Lord leads, he follows unto death !  
 Yea, looking with no prejudice or pride,  
 We well might judge our Master Christ had died  
 And lived for these same creatures, and not man ;  
 So true they are and tender, thro' the span  
 Of narrowed life their tyrant stern allows. . . . .  
 Ah sisters, brothers, horses, dogs, and cows,  
 The time is coming when you too shall be  
 Part of a purified humanity !  
 Too high to scorn, too mighty to oppress,  
 Where none is greater, and where none is less,  
 But all fulfil their tasks of head, or hand,  
 And all are happy, for all understand  
 No toil is mean, no labour maketh low,  
 And *gentleman* means one who liveth so !  
 When the true servant, horse, or dog, or cow,  
 His labour ended, shall not be as now  
 Slaughtered ! . . . Ah God, that man can be so base,  
 And yet stand boldly with his arrogant face  
 Beneath the scornful shining of thy sun,

Nor fear to live where such foul deeds are done !  
 The torrent of her speech swept over me  
 Even as the tide sweeps where the pebbles be,  
 And lights with glamour of its liquid fire  
 A ruby here, and there a proud sapphire,  
 Till the dull strand that seemed so cold and brown  
 Burns with fair jewels that would shame a crown ;  
 So, in my mind, 'mid the poor commonplace  
 That level life had writ, sprang forth a grace  
 Of tender knowledge all unguessed 'till then,  
 And myriad loving deeds rushed to my ken  
 Of horse, or dog, or little singing-bird,  
 That sweeten our sad hearts without a word :  
 " I spake too hastily, yet will I strain  
 To reach the dog-heart ! " " Brother, not in vain  
 The weakest struggle, once the soul hath seen  
 The glory of the truth ; no ' might have been '   
 Shall dim our day, think only what may be ;  
 Sighing o'er *time* we lose eternity !  
 You saw my tears but now, think not they fell  
 Because I doubted, no, my soul knows well  
 I could not choose ; when God calls, who dare ; stay  
 Even to seek our own heart's heart, or pray  
 Beside our dying soul ? . . . Yet will thought run  
 When falls the night, and the day's deeds are done,  
 To a small homestead set beside the sea,  
 Where one is waiting whose heart calls to me,  
 Yet whom I may not serve, because my task  
 Is set amid the crowd, and he would ask  
 The silent hermitage where we twain past  
 Those happy childish days that may not last :  
 Dream not that I repent me of the vow  
 My childish lips unknowing swore ; allow  
 Scant space in your thrilled heart for pity of me,  
 I need it not ; to-morrow I shall be  
 Far hence across the hills, in yonder town  
 Where yester-morn the great church tottered down,  
 And many lives were wrecked, when dynamite  
 Sprang thro' the darkness of the evil night."  
 " And where you go I follow," answered I.  
 " 'Tis well," she said, " the first gleam in the sky  
 Must see our feet set in that dusty road  
 That leads all life at last to home and God."

EVELYN PYNE.

(*To be continued.*)

## THE BLOSSOM AND THE FRUIT.

THE TRUE STORY OF A MAGICIAN.

*(Continued.)*

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BY MABEL COLLINS.

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## CHAPTER XXII.

IT was broad daylight when they had again reached the gateway of the cottage. Amyot had not been able to drive rapidly, for the movement of the rough cart was not easy, and he was afraid of Fleta's being too weak to bear it. She fainted several times during the journey, and at last fell into a deep swoon, from which she could not be awakened. Father Amyot lifted her from the cart when at last they had reached their temporary shelter, and carried her in his arms up the path and between the yew trees. He placed her very gently on some rugs upon the ground, and put a cushion beneath her head. Then hastily he took the horse and cart into the rough shed which served for stables, gave the horse a feed, and then hurried back to the house. He applied no restoratives to Fleta, as another person would have done. He knelt down beside her, after a long and earnest look at her face, and took her hands in his. Almost immediately he rose again, with an abrupt, heavy sigh.

"She will be very ill," he said aloud. "I wonder if she is to live? It seems hardly possible now. But what is to be, is to be."

He went into the inner room and opened one of the hidden cupboards, from which Fleta had taken her materials for the rite which she had gone through there. Slowly, and with much thought, Amyot took out certain phials, from each of which he dropped a few drops into a curious square glass. When the mixture was made a very faint smoke and a scarcely perceptible perfume rose from it. He held it in his hand and looked at it, as if in doubt, for some minutes.

"Dare I give it her?" he said, speaking aloud to himself. He had acquired this habit in his monastic life in the city, where he dwelled in a far more isolated manner than he did when in the remote monasteries, or indeed under any other circumstances.

"Dare I give it her? Is it my province to decide whether she is to live and face this terrible fate she has brought on herself? I cannot do it. This is a decision she alone may make. May she make it rightly?"

He poured the precious drops from the glass upon the ashes of the

hearth. A bright light, almost a flame, vividly blue, leaped up for an instant and was gone. Amyot replaced the glass, closed the door of its keeping-place, and went slowly back to where Fleta lay.

Certainly she appeared now like one dead. No faintest tinge of colour was on her face or lips, no faintest sign of breathing showed. He put his hand on her pulse. It was still.

"She alone must decide," he said in a low tone, in a voice of intense pain. It was if he found himself compelled to face the fact that she might choose to die, and as if that thought were agony.

"And yet," he said suddenly, "why should I doubt that she will live? She, who is always ready for action and never stays for rest or for pleasure? Of course she will wish to live—fool that I am! Why do I not help her?"

And after turning to look at the white, statuesque face, he moved quickly again into the further room, evidently with the intention of once more mixing the medicine which he had flung on the ashes.

But before he had time to move more than a step or two across the floor he heard a sound at the doorway of the cottage. He paused and looked back. A figure stood there—tall, wrapped in a long travelling cloak, and with a wide hat on which almost concealed the face. But Amyot recognised the outline of the form, and immediately made a profound obeisance.

"I have already mixed the potion once and then threw it away, thinking it too great a task for me to take upon me, to deal with her for life or death. Yet now I have thought that she is certainly determined to live, and I was about to mix it again and give it her. Shall I do so, Ivan?"

"No," was the answer, "not now. Come, and we will watch beside her. She has enemies we may save her from."

Ivan put off his hat and cloak, and showed himself in a plain monk's dress. His face bore marks of illness, of pain and anxiety, which were not on it when Hilary saw him at the monastery in the forest. They were new, too, since Amyot had seen him last.

"You are tired, my master," said Amyot. "Let me get you food."

"Not now," repeated Ivan. "We must guard her. I have come a great distance in order to be by her side."

All through the long morning they sat beside Fleta's body, with gaze fixed intently on her, without moving, without speaking. Probably neither of them was conscious of time, whether it passed quickly or slowly. It was just noon when Ivan moved. He rose suddenly and yet very quietly, and touched Amyot. Together they went slowly out through the sheltered doorway into the sunshine.

"She will live," said Ivan. "I know that now. Do not you?"

"Yes," said Amyot. "But I have never doubted it since I thought seriously for a moment. At first I was blinded by my distress."

"Let us break our fast out here in the air," said Ivan. "We commenced our watch at nine this morning; we will begin it at nine to-night. Before midnight her soul must have passed on, or returned."

He began to walk to and fro up and down the pathway to the cottage. Amyot seemed to take the post of servitor as a matter of course. He accomplished his tasks with the same austere earnestness with which he undertook anything he had to do. Nothing trivial seemed to be any trouble to him, or subject for thought or discussion. While he moved to and fro his soul appeared to be as remote and as buried in ecstasy as when he lay on the altar steps of the city cathedral. In a very short time a table stood on the grass and a white cloth was spread on it; and coffee and bread and fruits were placed ready. A passer-by who might have looked into the cottage garden would only have seen two poor monks, and would have guessed that they were being hospitably entertained by the cottager. The meal did not take long; neither spoke, for it seemed as if each had too much thought within his mind to have time to spare for expressing any of it. And yet perhaps this silence was only a return to monastic habits which came naturally when these two found themselves sitting at table together. For they had been reared side by side; and when Amyot called Ivan "my master" it sounded very beautifully from his lips. It had in it all the profound reverence due to a superior; but the expressive "mine" added an affectionateness which could only be shown from an elder to a younger man.

All through the long bright day Fleta lay like a corpse, just as Amyot had first placed her. She was never left alone for more than a few minutes; either Ivan or Amyot came and sat beside her. At last the evening came. At nine o'clock the two took their places one on each side of her. It was a strange vigil, for all was so perfectly still and silent that it seemed only like watching beside the dead; and yet there was a purpose in it which religious watchers beside the dead know not of. Whether Fleta had lived or died this watch would have been observed. When the body has only just loosed hold of the spirit it is in these hours that danger is at hand.

Until eleven o'clock there was no sound or movement; the group might have been cut in marble. But then Ivan stirred slightly, and placed one hand on Amyot's arm. The priest looked up quickly, and was about to speak; but instantly his gaze became rivetted and he gazed in silence.

Behind Fleta's head hung a deep, dark shadow, which from moment to moment seemed more clearly to take some form upon it. There were different figures shaping themselves out of its vague substance. At last three outlines were clearly seen. Fleta herself, pale, grey, ghost-like; and beside her Otto—strong, dark, powerful. Amyot started when he recognised the other face; it was Hilary's. He stood there, dark, and

strong as Otto ; and Fleta's pale shape rose like a dim flame between them, wavering a little to and fro, as if from want of strength.

"Why is she so weak?" asked Amyot in a piteous whisper.

"Do you not know?" said Ivan. "Because this is her shade, her animal soul. She is compelled to rouse that into life in order to speak to these two so that they will understand. For they live in the world of shades, while she lives in the world of light."

At this moment the form of Fleta became suddenly stronger and more clear ; and Amyot heard her voice, quite clearly, yet with a peculiar remoteness and distance about the sound. The words came slowly too as if she were not sure of her strength.

"I summoned you," she said, "I summoned you both, that you should speak to me face to face before we go on into a new chapter of life. Can you remember, you two, that long ago when first you loved me as men love on earth? When first this soul, this human life, awoke to consciousness? Do you remember, beneath those wild apricot trees, how passion and desire and selfish purposes over-mastered us each and all? Yes, even I ; for though in me the animal soul was even then dominated by the growing power of the divine spirit in me, yet selfishness, a love [of myself before all created things, prompted me when I killed the man who first desired to win my love for himself. I have expiated that sin ; and by its force I won the power by which I work now. The chains that unite us were forged then, in those old savage days ; they unite us even now. But now they must change and alter, or be broken for ever. I have suffered through ages for you both ; suffered until this very hour. But now I have a right to be free. I have a right to be free, not from you, because your companionship is precious to me, but from your love, your human love, which kills and destroys the divine life in you and fetters it in me. Otto, you know that in my last effort for you I called upon myself the anger of this animal soul which now represents you here and assumes your shape ; I drove it from you and left you free to pass on purified into other lives. Is this thing to follow me through my life and madden me by memories of your cruel love? Otto, from your place of quiet I call you ; come, kill this thing and free me ! Let me remember you as one who had gentleness for me, not that devouring thing which men call love."

A profound silence followed this speech, and the two who watched saw the figure of Otto waver and grow fainter. At last it flung itself on Fleta, as if to catch her in an embrace ; but the movement was only like that of a flickering flame, and as Fleta stood motionless, gazing intently on the quivering form, an unutterably sad and terrible cry sounded on the air, and the thing had vanished. Ivan drew a long, deep breath as of intense relief. Fleta stood as statue-like in her shadow form as in that unconscious body which lay upon the floor, until Hilary approached nearer and touched her.



She immediately turned to him, and again her voice was audible, now with a sweet tone in it which had not been there before, and a strangely mournful tone also.

"Hilary!" she said, "listen to me. I ask of you, as I have asked of Otto, death in your present shape. I have been asking it of you all this lifetime, since I have known you as Hilary. Do you not know that your love is a burden to me, and that it scorches your own spirit, and makes it blind and helpless? Free yourself from it, Hilary! Know me for what I am, no longer a woman to be loved, as of old, but a disciple of the light—one who is striving to pass on to a larger life. It is time you came and stood beside me; you are ready for it, but for this blind passion which still makes your eyes dim. Come, Hilary, let this savage self of yours die, and pass back into the nature from which it rose. You have used it, learned from it, experienced it to the full. You lie asleep now, in your bed at home; I see your body much more clearly than this shade which stands before me. Be as courageous as Otto, who has conquered. His spirit is in a place of quiet, till the swift moment comes when he will wake to a new life of work, unhampered by that shade just now destroyed. Your spirit stands back and lets the shade be king. Come to me in your divine self and be my friend and companion; do this now, and banish for ever this shade with hungering eyes. Then, when you wake in the dawn, the disorder of your mind and the fever of your soul will have passed away. You will love me no less, Hilary; but it will be a love that will help instead of paralysing you. We have used the blossom, Hilary; it has come to its full flower; its petals are ready to fall. It is time now to see the fruit! Come, Hilary, I must pass on! Come with me——"

The shadows changed and melted suddenly away. In their place came new and confused forms, which by degrees shaped themselves into a room. Then Amyot saw that the figure of Hilary Estanol lay in it, locked in sleep. But suddenly he started from that sleep, and Amyot heard his voice, as if from an immense distance, cry out: "Fleta, did you call me? I am coming—I am coming!"

And Hilary sprang from his bed and hastily began to dress.

"She has failed," said Ivan mournfully. "Poor child, she must carry her burden yet further." The darkness closed in round them; the lights and shadows all had died away.

A faint, fluttering sigh reminded them of the dead Fleta, who lay so helplessly. Was life returning to her? Ivan rose and struck a light, and bearing a taper in his hand came and stooped over her. Yes, she was stirring a little; a faint flickering of her eyelids ended suddenly in their opening wide, and her glorious eyes looked straight into Ivan's. The vacant, dim glance changed instantly into one of rapt adoration and deep delight. Stooping over her he could hear the faint whisper that came from the white lips.

"Ivan! Ivan! You will help me!"

He rose, gave the light into Amyot's hand, and passed out through the porch into the darkness of the night. Here, he stood still, in the cool air, deeply thinking.

"This then is why she failed just now with Hilary! This then is why she failed in her initiation! Not pride, not self-consciousness, not anything a mask would hide, but simply because she leans on me because she looks on me as a god. Poor child, how bitter must her failure have been! The fearless, resolute soul, to face the awful White Brotherhood before the time! What can I do? Her suffering must yet be bitter; for she spoke truth when she said that with her the time for the blossom-life of pleasure is over. It is the hour for the divine fruit to shape itself. And neither nature nor super-nature can be stayed by any man's hand, nor any spirit's prayer or command."

His head bowed, his thoughts deeply at work, he went away in the darkness and wandered far into the forest. And Fleta, the frail, broken, worn-out body of Fleta, lay, after that first moment of joy, in such pain and weakness that delirium soon came and blotted out all knowledge and all thought.

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### CHAPTER XXIII.

FLETA awoke to consciousness again to find herself lying on the cottage floor; her head had slipped from the pillow placed for it and was upon the flags. Probably the extreme discomfort of her position had helped to rouse her. She tried to lift herself, but found she was too weak. With great difficulty she raised her head to the cushion. Then she looked round the room, in a dim wonder. Brilliant sunshine came in through the small window and the half-open door. The air that reached her was soft and pleasant. In a feeble contentment she looked at the sunlight playing on the floor. A profound, child-like happiness filled her soul. She desired nothing, knew nothing, thought of nothing. But the brain refused to remain inactive; the first stir of its machinery brought to her recollection the horrors of the battle-field—dim, confused, unintelligible, but horrible. She cried aloud in a strange shrill voice—at first incoherently, making no definite sound. Then she called Amyot's name, over and over again. But there was no answer; no one came; she was alone. She ceased to cry out, and shut her eyes from sheer weakness.

But memory proved too strong for her. The recollection of the last awful episode came back to her mind, and instantly she opened her eyes to learn the truth. Had it all been a nightmare, that fire, that blood? No; it had all been real, for her right arm lay beside her, scorched, maimed, blasted, hideous to look on; and the stain of blood was on it and on her dress. This last fact seemed to fill her with horror more

than anything else ; staring with fixed eyes at the blood, she tried to raise herself. It was a long time before she could succeed, and when at last she was on her feet it was only to totter to a chair and sink down again. The change of position at first brought the fierce overwhelming consciousness of weakness, and nothing more. But afterwards it seemed to restore her more to herself ; in a few moments she had begun to realise her position.

She sat there on a straight wooden cottage chair, against the wall ; her figure was half in the sunshine and half in the shade. Who would have recognised in this broken, wan-faced, maimed woman the splendid young queen ?—she who had been so royal in the consciousness of her own inner power.

She looked down at her disfigured arm.

“ This could not have happened had I not failed in my trial,” she murmured.

“ Ah ! Fleta, poor soul,” she murmured, a moment later ; “ how sick and weak thou art. Have you lost the secret of power, of youth, of immortality ? Is it gone ? Is all gone because of that failure ? ”

She sat more upright, and seemed as if summoning her own strength ; the fierce determination on her face took from it all softness, all delicacy. No one had ever seen her look like this, even in her most resolute moments. It was the face of a soul struggling for life, of a strangled thing striving for breath. Then, quickly, the look altered ; softened and grew stronger, both. She raised herself from her chair and stood upright, as if vigour had begun to return to her body. And so it was. She moved across the room, slowly, but resolutely, and without wavering. She went into the inner room and approached the secret cupboard. And now she herself proceeded to mix that draught which Amyot had prepared for her and cast away after it was ready. She had no hesitation or doubt ; she drank it after a long look into it, and some words murmured faintly under her breath.

Courage, fire, vitality came to her from that draught. She stood still, letting the blood surge up and colour her cheeks and fire her brain.

“ I am alive again,” she said to herself ; “ now I must act. I must accomplish the purification.”

She looked about her for her peasant's cloak, and presently found it thrown upon a chair in the outer room. It was unstained, and when put on covered the disorder of her dress. She drew it about her as well as she could, not yet being used to have but one arm and hand. There was a hood attached to it, and this she drew over her head. As she did so something fell out and fluttered to the floor ; a paper, folded. She stooped to pick it up, and opened it. There was nothing inscribed on it but a star ; no writing of any sort. Fleta trembled a little as she looked at it.

“ They watch me, then ! ” she said to herself ; “ the awful brotherhood

watch me. Who has been here? Who has left this? It was not Amyot, for he does not know the sign that burns in its midst. The White Brotherhood! Cold abstractions, men no longer!" She began to walk to and fro in the narrow cottage-room while she spoke, holding the paper before her. "Human no longer! It withers my soul to think of them. Yet to become one of them, to be like them, is my only hope. Passion, life, humanity, these are the fires of death for me. I have no home but in the White Brotherhood."

She stopped abruptly; folded the paper again and placed it within her dress, and seemed to immediately become rapt again in the object she had had in view before finding it. She stepped towards the porch and out beneath the yew-trees. Here she paused a moment, closely scrutinising the trunks of the trees one after the other. On one she found some marks cut in the bark which appeared to be what she was in search of; for after studying them very carefully and murmuring to herself as she did so, she hastily walked down the path, into the road, and then left it again as soon as possible by striking across some wild land. Evidently she knew what direction to follow quite clearly; but as evidently she had never trodden the way before. For sometimes she was much perplexed to find the crossing over swollen streams, though always after much search she reached a place where it was easy to pass over. Sometimes she found herself near houses, apparently to her great annoyance, for she would make a circuit round to avoid them, and then return to her direct path. At last she entered the forest, following the track of a stream which struck straight into it. It was not easy to follow the water-course for the brushwood which grew along its side, and overhung it; but she persevered in keeping close to it, even in its windings, so that now it was evidently her guide.

The afternoon wore away while her long walk lasted. The sun had set, and it was grey twilight outside the forest; within its shadow it was dark as night. Fleta followed the gleam of the water as it caught rays of light here and there. At last something shone darkly before her like a black pearl. She uttered a cry of delight and thankfulness. It was a wide deep pool, surrounded closely by forest trees which grew to the very edge. But it was large enough to have room to reflect the sky. And it was still, as if it were a pool of death. But to Fleta it seemed to mean life. She pressed eagerly on till she reached its very brink. Then she threw her cloak aside, and after that her dress. Her dress she washed in the water wherever it was stained, rubbing it as well as she could with her one hand. The effort was useless; and finding it so she rolled up the dress and flung it away among the brushwood. She stood now like a ghost, in a fine white linen robe which she had worn under her riding habit; it was richly bordered at all its edges with needlework. The peasant's dress cast off, the figure was that of the young queen again, clothed in purple and fine linen. This dress was unstained, as she

found to her great pleasure ; she took it off and laid it with her cloak, and then completely undressed. A moment later, and a gleaming shape flung itself into the deep waters. Her long hair lay spread on the surface. Fleta was a remarkable swimmer, one who loved the water ; and often when living in the Garden House which had been her home she spent hours of the summer nights swimming in a lake which was in its grounds. But now she had but one arm to use. Yet she was so well practised, and so accustomed to the water, that she was able to keep herself afloat and guide herself hither and thither ; though she could not strike out boldly for the midst of the pond nor dive as she would have done otherwise. A long time she remained in ; when at last she returned to the shore there was a smile of strange contentment on her face. She wrung out her dripping hair, and dressed herself quickly. Drawing her long cloak over the white linen dress she instantly set out on her return journey. She walked easily and lightly now, seeming impervious to cold, and insensible to the clinging damp of her hair.

It was nearly midnight when she regained the cottage.

She looked anxiously at the moon a moment before she entered.

"It is not too late !" she said.

Quickly entering, she closed and barred the door behind her. The moonlight shed a long direct ray across the room through the small window. Fleta threw aside her cloak, and knelt down directly within this ray.

"Come !" she said aloud. "Come, thou that art myself, I myself, my own supreme being. Come, I demand to speak with you that are myself, to know the meaning of my life, to know what path to take !"

The moon-ray appeared to shape itself ; Fleta looked up. A form no more materialised than the moonlight, stood over her. It was herself—yes, her own face, her own dark hair. Who that has once achieved this terrible moment can again be as other men? Fleta looked—yes ; it was her own face, but how cold, how white, how implacable ! Her own dark hair, but bright with gleaming roses. Words came.

"Ask me not to speak with you, for you are still in the mud of earth while I am crowned with flowers."

Fleta uttered a strange cry, hardly articulate, and then fell forward, insensible. She lay a long while like this, directly in the moon-ray, its white gleam on her face. Then consciousness came back to her, and she began at once to speak, talking with herself.

"How dare I summon that starry spirit which I degraded and dragged back from the very door of initiation ? No wonder that my own shame has prostrated me like this. But I have learned much in this dark hour of unconsciousness—yes, Fleta, you have learned, now profit. Chain that lofty, flower-crowned part of yourself to the maimed and ignorant Fleta of earth ! How ? By doing her will. She is more heroic, more terrible, more severe, than any other master could be. I have seen my

master's face soften with pity—but this one is implacable. I am bound to her from now—I obey her.

“What was it she showed me? What was it I saw, and heard, and learned? That I, Fleta, the Fleta of earth, am not free, and cannot enter the gate of the initiates. And till I can do so, she stands at the gate waiting for me, waiting to become one with me—and then her crown will be mine.

“Her crown! At what a cost! To tear the last human feeling from my soul.

“Yes, my master, the scales are fallen from my eyes. I know why I am desolate, why you have left me utterly alone. I have loved you, I have worshipped you, only as a disciple [may love his master, still it has been love, longing, leaning, hunger for your grand presence and your fine and spirit-stirring thought. Life had no savour and no meaning without the superb and delicate perfume of your presence to gladden it. All this is over. I will yield to it no longer, for I desire it not, neither do you desire it. That it burns in my veins still—yes—burns—makes it the more necessary that it shall be conquered. I will be alone henceforward, and look for no help or comfort save in myself.”

She rose to her feet as she uttered the last words, and drew herself up to her full height. Her bearing was erect, as though no weariness or sickness had ever befallen her; yet she looked very sadly at the arm which hung withered at her side.

“How weak I was to fear that thing! How is it that I did not have more confidence in my own power? Well, be it so; I must bear the mark of my cowardice.”

The cottage was still utterly deserted save for herself. It was very lonely; she had tasted no food for a long time. Yet she seemed indifferent to the discomfort and solitude of her position. She walked across the room, and in doing so, recognised that she had exhausted all her strength in the strange struggles and efforts she had gone through. She went to the cupboard and again mixed a vitalizing draught. That taken, her power returned; a faint colour came into her face; she looked like the Fleta of the palace, the young queen full of strength; only that there was a new intensity in her face, something which greatly altered its expression. She returned to the larger room and began to pace up and down, thinking very earnestly as she did so.

“Your Master Ivan—if you must go saving souls save his—you'll have to go to hell's door to find him!” She murmured these words of Etrenella's over and over again to herself. Presently she stood quite still, looking through the narrow window at the quiet scene without, but not seeing it. She was absorbed in internal questioning.

“How could I be so blinded as to believe her, that witch, that traitress?” she exclaimed aloud at last. “What made me wish to go to her? Was I actually blinded by love? O! how ready I was to

brave the terrors of hell's door. Fool! to be so readily deceived. Insane pride that could prompt me to believe such folly. Of my master there is no need to ask pardon, for my mad thoughts could not injure him; but I ask pardon of the Divine humanity, the White Brotherhood, that I could have dreamed that one who is a part of its divinity could fall from that noble place——

“How is it that I have purified my thoughts and heart, so that now I see my folly? What have I done to get this light?”

“I understand. I have begun my work. I have saved Otto from himself. But there were two for me to bring with me to the gateway. Who is the other? Hilary! He with whom I have failed so many times? He whose touch is like death to me from the memories of dead loves it brings? Ah! Fleta! Yes, you are still in the mud of earth. Come, be brave and go to work! The blossom has fallen and is decaying; its over-sweet scent sickens and disgusts me. I must look for the fruit.”

Her whole manner suddenly changed now. She busied herself in coiling up her long hair, and finding her cloak to wrap herself in. Then, for the first time during the ordeals she had been passing through, she thought of food. She found bread and fruit in the little pantry, and of this ate almost hungrily. Then she drew her cloak round her, and leaving the cottage, closed the door behind her.

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#### CHAPTER XXIV.

WHAT a long and terrible journey was that on which Fleta entered! The horse and cart had gone from the stable; she had no money with which to obtain any sort of conveyance. But she had a number of valuable rings on her fingers, and round her neck was a string of uncut jewels of all kinds, a favourite necklace of hers from its barbaric simplicity. She wore it always under her dress in order to carry about with her a little locket which held in it some treasured possession of hers. When she reached a large village she succeeded in disposing of one of her rings for a twentieth of its value, and with the money she purchased a complete peasant's costume. Thus dressed, and wrapped in her cloak with its hood drawn close over her face, she could walk along the roads without exciting much comment. She bought food as she went, for she found her strength very insufficient for the task before her; but she could not bring herself to sleep or rest beneath any roof, and walked on by night as well as by day. She went a long distance out of her course in order to avoid the battle field, the scene of her great fault, when her longing to find Ivan and the rapt thought of saving him from some great danger, had caused her to forget the task she was then engaged in and so sacrifice the army and the king. It seemed as if she dared not tax her strength by passing through the scene of such associations. At last she

reached a large town where there were jewellers to whom she could offer the stones of her necklace for sale. They were of great value, being part of the crown jewels of her own country. She sold three of these for a mere nothing, considering what the jewels were; but it was a fortune to her, for it was enough money for her to travel all the rest of the way in coach or carriage. She professed to have found the stones on the battlefield, for the jeweller, looking at her peasant's dress and her carefully concealed face, seemed very suspicious of her. Lest his curiosity should prompt him to have her watched, she hastily engaged a carriage at the nearest inn, and left the town, scarcely pausing to taste food.

That evening she drove through the city where for one day she had reigned as queen, and which she had left triumphantly at the head of her army. It was desolated; the shops closed, the streets empty, signs of mourning everywhere. Fleta shrank back into her carriage white and horror-stricken. This was her work! For a moment it seemed as if remorse would sweep over her and prostrate her utterly. But she fought the feeling with a fierce courage.

"I will not regret the past," she cried aloud. "I have to redeem it."

And now she passed over the road which she had last driven over when with Hilary and the young Duchess and that other nameless thing she had entered the city. Her blood grew cold at the memory. Why had she let Hilary kill that creature of the devil? Surely she could have kept it far from her, by her own strength, had she not already begun to fall. It must have been so. Her atmosphere must have lost its purity before that thing could have approached her so closely; her soul had not cognisance of its strength when she could let Hilary be her defender. She sat thinking of these strange things and striving to learn the meaning of the past. They were heavy lessons that she learned in these memories, and her face blanched to a more deadly white as she thought of them.

At last she saw the towers and gleaming roofs of her own city, her native home. She dismissed her carriage some distance before the gates. She wished to enter altogether unobserved. It was dusk, and by drawing her hood close over her face she succeeded in passing through the streets without attracting any attention, though here she was so well known that she feared even her walk and bearing would be recognised. She soon reached the long and wide main street, close to the cathedral. Here all was bright; it was as gay as ever, perhaps gayer, for all who feared war and its terrors and preferred the pleasures of life had hurried here from Otto's city at the first note of disaster. It was thronged with carriages; evidently there was some great excitement on hand. Many of the ladies were still shopping; coming from flower shops with bouquets, from milliners and jewellers, on all kinds of business intent. Fleta knew them nearly all by sight; a faint amusement rose within her as she passed on through the crowd, a mere unnoticed peasant. How



different it used to be when she walked down this street. As she wandered on, looking hither and thither for the face she wanted, she drew near her father's palace and saw at once what was the event of the night. The whole palace was illuminated and *en fête*; evidently there was to be a state dinner and a ball afterwards. A thought came quickly into Fleta's mind. Hilary would certainly be at the ball; she too would be there. Without thought of fatigue, or of distance, she immediately turned her steps on to the road leading out of the city to her own dear garden house. She had rested so far in the carriage that she could walk this distance without any trouble. She found the house, as she expected, quite deserted. Oh, how sweet was the familiar fragrant scent of the garden! It seemed as though she had passed through a lifetime of experience since she had last been here. And so, indeed, she had. It made no difference to her that the house was shuttered and barred, for she had a secret mode of entrance to her laboratory which she could always use. In a few moments she stood within it, and paused awhile in the darkness to enjoy the faint lingering perfume of the incense. A sense of power came upon her as she stood here.

"O, if I am recovering my lost place!" she exclaimed to herself. "If my powers return to me! But I must not think of this; I must go on with my work."

She easily found her way in the dark, for the place was so perfectly familiar. In a few moments she had struck a light, and then she lit the large hanging lamp which made the whole room brilliant. The empty incense-vessel stood beneath it. She looked at this a moment longingly, then turned away with a sigh. "I may not," she murmured. She quickly set herself to the task she had in hand. A large deep cupboard, almost as big as a room, was in one of the thick walls. She opened this and carried in a light. It was all hung with dresses; not ordinary dresses, but more such as one sees in the property-room of a theatre, only that all of them were of the most rich character except in cases where this was contrary to their style. She took out first a white robe, one that she had worn when Hilary had come to her at the garden house, and when, finding her in the garden, he had thought how like a priestess she looked, blinded though he was by love. It was in fact the dress of a priestess of an ancient order long since supposed to be dead.

Before the great mirror in the laboratory she performed a careful toilette. All travel stains disappeared, she restored to her skin, by perfumed waters, a delicate freshness, she brushed out her hair, and coiled it round her head like a crown. She dressed herself in the white robe, and fastened it at the throat with a very old clasp, which she took from a locked casket. As she did so a flame leaped into her eyes, a light came into her face. "Yes, I am that one again, I have her fire and her courage; I am the priestess of the desolate woods, looking to the first dawn-ray for my guidance, not to any human intelligence. So be it. I

am as strong in that personality as in the Princess Fleta's; let me take and use the strong courage of that pure nature worship. Let me dedicate myself to it anew, but also with a new intelligence. I cannot again be taught by the spirits of the air and water, but I can be as indifferent to man as I was then. Come, with your strength, my past self of the solitary woodland altar!"

So saying, she moved away from the mirror, and, as she went, broke into a low, monotonous chant. Monotonous—yes! But how full of magic. It made the blood in her own veins grow fiery.

From the great cupboard she took out another dress; that of the old fortune-teller, which she had worn when she first met Hilary. With the large cloak and hood she completely concealed her white dress; and she masked her face so as only to show her eyes, which looked the more marvellously brilliant when thus isolated.

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## CHAPTER XXV.

TWO hours later she presented herself at the door of the palace. The dinner was over, and guests were crowding in to the ball. It was not a masque, as on the occasion when she wore this dress before, so that she had to resort to a more complicated plan of obtaining entrance.

She knew all the servants who stood at the wide doorway and on the great oaken staircase. She chose one out and walked straight up to him.

"Tell the king," she said, "that I wish to speak to him."

The man looked at the crooked figure of the old gipsy, and laughed. "Not to-night," he answered.

"Yes, to-night," she said, and she looked straight at him with her wonderful eyes. The smile faded off his face, and he answered seriously:

"It is impossible, indeed," he said. "Come in the morning."

"I wish to go into the ball-room," said Fleta. "I will amuse the guests if his Majesty pleases."

The servant shook his head.

"Not to-night," he repeated; "the people are too grand."

"I'll tell them tales of themselves that will make them stare!" said Fleta, with a curious laugh that made the servant look wonderingly at her.

"You mustn't stand here," he said, as a new group of guests arrived at the door. The old gipsy's red cloak made her a conspicuous figure. She curtsied deeply as a tall, handsome lady passed her.

"You will have your wish, Duchesse," she said in a low voice; "but not as you would like it. Your husband will lose all he has at the cards to-night, and stab himself before he leaves the tables."

The lady stopped, stared at her with wide-open, horror-struck eyes, and then hurried away, speechless and white.

"Come, you must go," said the servant, rather roughly. "This will never do."

Fleta quickly hurried after the lady she had spoken to, and put her hand on her dress.

"If you will help me," she said, "I can help you. You play to-night and let me sit near you; and you shall win more than your husband loses."

"Impossible!" said the Duchess. "How can I do it?"

"Tell the king I would speak with him. I have news of his daughter. She is found."

The Duchess looked at her for a moment; then the terror left her face and she burst out laughing.

"A bad shot, my good woman," she said. "I think I will manage without your help to-night."

Fleta stood back against the wall, silent and amazed. The servant again came and said she must go. She drew a ring from her finger and held it out to him.

"Take this to the king," she said, "and tell him its bearer wishes to enter the ball-room."

The servant hesitated, looked at the ring, and was evidently struck by its value and beauty. He turned and went up the wide stairway. It was quite a quarter of an hour before he returned. Fleta remained motionless, where he had left her.

"Come," he said, "the king says you are to enter."

The bent figure of the old, red-cloaked woman went up the flower-decked staircase and entered among the throng of courtiers and splendidly-dressed women. Everybody stared at her; immediately they supposed it was some surprise of the king's, to give an added amusement to the night. A lady who was standing by him said so, as she saw the quaint figure approaching. The king turned hastily. He was troubled and anxious to know who it was carried this ring, which was his daughter's and had belonged to her mother.

"I understood this was a masque to-night, your Majesty," said Fleta, in a very low voice, as she approached him. "That is why I wear this dress. Let me pass as a fortune-teller and amuse some of your guests. Presently I will tell you my errand."

"As you please," said the King, seeing no better way out of the situation. "You shall have the little gold boudoir and hold your reception there."

"Give me back the ring," said Fleta, in the same low voice. He hesitated, evidently uncertain what to do. She put out her left hand from under the cloak, and held it towards him as if to take the ring. He started violently, and uttered a sort of suppressed cry. It was a

hand that no one could mistake, having once seen it ; and he knew the rings on the fingers. He dropped the ring he held into the open palm of this hand at which he gazed so strangely. Fleta hastily drew it under her cloak ; she could not understand his manner, and it was time to put an end to the situation, which was beginning to attract attention.

In the same moment everything was explained to her. For there, on the other side of the King, just approaching him, she saw herself, beautiful, triumphant, radiant, dressed with the greatest splendour and shining with diamonds. Instantly she saw it all, realised everything, and marvelled at her recent blindness. This was Adine.

And the man beside her, the handsomest man in the whole room young, tall, with his face alight with love and pride ; the man on whom Adine leaned, resting the tip of her gloved fingers on his arm ? It was Hilary Estanol.

The group of which the king was the centre was standing just at the entrance to the ball-room. At this moment some exquisite waltz music began, and Fleta saw these two figures pass away down the room, the first, and for some moments the only, couple dancing. Together they moved marvellously, like shapes in a vision of rhythmic movement. Fleta looked after them, and then turned quickly away.

"Myself, and not myself," she thought. But her thoughts were quickly stayed by the words she heard around her.

"What a sight !" said some one close by her. "The Princess always seemed to me mad, but I never thought she could do this. Imagine her refusing to wear a widow's dress, or even to stay quietly in her rooms, just because the king Otto's body has not been found, though there are two or three officers here to-night who saw him fall. It is disgraceful ; I cannot understand how the king allows it."

"Oh, he never had any influence over her," said some one else. "She is a witch, and he is obliged to let her do as she chooses. But to flaunt her love affair with Hilary Estanol before everyone's eyes at such a time as this is in execrable taste."

A great deal more was said, but she could not stay to hear it. Some one was showing her the way into the little gold boudoir. Here she sat down alone, thankful for even a moment's peace. She took off her mask, and, leaning her head on her hand, tried to think. But in a moment there was a sound at the door. She hastily put on her mask. Two or three court ladies came, one after the other, and then some of the courtiers. Everyone went out startled and white. Each had not only been alarmed by the gipsy's knowledge, but had received some severe words. Presently there was a little pause, some laughter ; then the doorway opened wide, to show Hilary and Adine standing together there. Fleta fixed her eyes on the image of herself, never even glancing at Hilary. The door closed, and Adine advanced into the room alone.

She seemed disinclined to do so, and the smile died away from her lips. Fleta threw off the mask and cloak and rose to her feet, a terrible look on her face. Thus they stood opposite each other for a moment of silence. Then Fleta spoke, in a cold, stern voice :

“You have betrayed my trust, and this masquerade must come to an end. I do not need you any longer.”

Adine shivered and turned very pale.

“I thought you were dead,” she said stupidly, as if she could think of no other words to say. Fleta flung a look of scorn at her.

“As if I should die while you live!” she said. “It is enough that you have had these days and nights to use my power and name and make both dark with. Go, now ; it is full time. And you go for ever. You will never take my place again. You cannot return to the convent ; you have no claim there now. Go back to your home with the peasants.”

Adine uttered a sharp cry of pain, and staggered back as if struck. But she said nothing. All power appeared to have left her.

“There is no time to lose,” said Fleta after a moment’s silence. “You have done wrong and I have to make it right. Come, throw aside my likeness, throw off that dress, put away the mad follies which have been turning your brain and making your soul too great for you !”

As she spoke Adine stepped back and sank into a chair. A kind of stupor seemed upon her, a helplessness. Yet she obeyed Fleta in a mechanical way that was piteous, she drew the jewels out of her hair, unclasped the diamonds from her neck ; with slow fingers began to unfasten the gorgeous dress she wore. Fleta watched her steadily, without relaxing her gaze. The strangest thing in the whole scene, could there have been any on-looker to appreciate it, was that the likeness between the two grew momentarily less. As Adine obeyed she seemed to alter visibly. She stooped forward so that her stature appeared to be lessened ; her eyes narrowed and contracted ; her mouth lost its firmness, and the lower lip took on a droop that changed her whole face. No one could have mistaken her now for Fleta, though the shape and colouring of the two women was still the same. But from one the spirit had gone, while in the other it was stronger. Fleta had never looked so powerful, so completely herself, as at this moment. All her courage and confidence had returned to her in the moment she discovered the urgent need of action.

She approached Adine and stood close to her. “What are you doing ?” cried out Adine at last, in a voice choked by distress and fear.

“I am reading your sins,” said Fleta. “I see very plainly that unless I can blot those sins out you will have the death of a struggling soul to answer for. You!—that are not strong enough to answer for yourself. How dared you play with Hilary Estanol ? Do you not know that he

is a chosen one, not like the other men you meet? Could you not have been content with making my name a shame to me and a thing for men to laugh at, without tampering with one chosen by the great Brotherhood? You knew he was chosen—you saw him there in the forest. Traitor! Ingrate! You are capable of nothing but to be a tool—you cannot grow a spirit within your vicious body. Go—it is not I who condemn you, but the Brotherhood. You have betrayed the trust placed in you—you must suffer for it.”

Fleta ceased speaking, and the room was quite still. Adine leaned back in her chair and uttered no word. Fleta herself was buried in profound thought; she stood like a statue, her eyes fixed on some terrible thing which was in reality visible only to her mind.

Again she saw her own crime acting through the folly of someone weaker than herself. “For these wild hours of infatuation,” she murmured at last, in a kind of whisper, “how much have I to pay! Fool! Because the actual image of my master had come before my eyes and blinded them to all else—because I had let that witch pour maddeningly sweet poison into my soul, and make me dream my master needed me—only for a little while—only a little while was I mad enough to let the dream darken my sight—yet in that time an army is crushed, a king is sacrificed, and now it is I myself, that part of me which I had impressed on this poor ignorant girl that has forgotten all that is good and remembered pleasure only. I have much to do!—and I have to do it alone. I have no master now. How is it possible I should have, I that have thus sacrificed his confidence? Oh, Fleta, Fleta, be quick to learn the horrid lesson, the first that must be conquered. Learn that there can never again be for you man or woman to love or lean on Quick! not even yourself—only your aspiration!”

She spoke out loud now, and vehemently. As she uttered the last word she went to the door, opened it but an inch, and said to the person nearest it that the Princess wished for the king to come to her at once. In two or three minutes her father pushed open the door and entered. Fleta quickly closed and locked it. The king stood amazed, looking in silence from one figure to the other. Both were transformed, and the situation was inexplicable.

*(To be continued.)*



## THEOSOPHY AND MODERN SOCIALISM. .

BY A SOCIALIST STUDENT OF THEOSOPHY.

*(Conclusion.)*

**B**UT if it is true that the Socialist movement, in its practical effects, is confined for the present to the material domain, that its first victories would be in that domain, and that its present supporters for the most part do not look beyond it, I cannot concede that there is nothing in Socialism to command the attention of Theosophists from higher points of view. The movement to my mind is simply part of the great evolutionary current which is bringing back the true Golden Age, the age in which Humanity and Divinity, Love and Wisdom, will once more be united as they have never been within historical times. Economic Socialism I look upon simply as the necessary form which precedes, and foreshadows, the substance. The man cannot become a complete man until he has first become a complete human animal ; the divine spark has no temple yet to occupy. Neither can society at large in any nation or world become a true spiritualised organism until it has first evolved the form necessary for the development of something like what Mr. Bax has termed a corporate consciousness. If the present capitalistic *régime*, with its seething warrens of human misery, will come to be regarded by posterity as Laurence Grönlund describes it, as the teething period of society, the next, or collectivist *régime*, will doubtless correspond with the school. Its individual members having been run for a generation or two into the same educational mould, and class distinctions and antipathies having died a natural death (their social and economic roots being destroyed), society will acquire the cohesion of a well-ordered family, and the next step, under communism, to complete fraternity and solidarity, will be a comparatively easy one. It will be for society the zenith of sensual, æsthetic, and other purely human pleasures, as youth is for the individual. But the potentialities of the higher life will already have been realised by many, and *all* will be growing ripe for self-revelation of the higher truths.\* I look forward to a time when it will be just as exceptional to find an individual destitute of that *auto-gnōsis* which may become the instrument of psychic regeneration and development, as it is now to find one born both deaf and blind, and thus incapable of intellectual development by educational processes. The social commonwealths of the future will act first as physical and intellectual, then

\* To prevent all misapprehension, the writer wishes to say that he has not himself embraced the higher life, and lays no claim to any higher intuition than is possible for those to have who like himself are living both in the world and of it.

as psychical and spiritual, forcing-houses for humanity. I do not mean to say that any evolution or revolution of the social structure will change the sum total of experiences, painful and pleasurable, for each individual, but that in the existence or existences which he passes under the coming *régime*, the liberties and opportunities for experience of all kinds being enormously multiplied, he will be *ripened* at a much faster rate; also that the difference between the average and the extremes of individual conditions will be very much reduced. If I am right in this forecast I may truly maintain that Socialism, although itself but part of the evolutionary current now prevailing, does and will act as the precursor of *supra*-evolutionary progress, and is calculated to "raise the intellectual and instinctive moral standard of the whole community to such an extent that all will, in the next generation after the Social Revolution, be amenable to the truths of Theosophy."

Roughly my idea as to materialistic and utilitarian tendencies, is that these will, under the social commonwealth, *burn themselves out*. The grosser forms of luxury, which have flourished so easily under modern capitalistic and ancient slave-owning communities, will be almost impossible in a state of society in which idle and parasitical classes are abolished. Industry and social equality will not be fruitful soil for such vices. On the other hand free scope will be given to the development of the more social luxuries, and especially to the arts. Great reforms will, no doubt, be introduced at an early period in the physical education of children, and in the ordinary personal habits of all the citizens. These reforms, partly individual, partly collective, in their initiation, will of themselves tend to extinguish many of the vicious (that is to say anti-natural) impulses of the present generation. But vice and sin are, in many respects, merely relative terms to knowledge. To whom much is given, from him much will be expected; and there may be quite as much evil in one age, in relation to its opportunities, as in another.

I do not assert that the above represents the general view taken by Socialist thinkers of the future evolution of Society and its individual components. Few care to look so far ahead; nor, indeed, would it be profitable or advisable for those who do to utter their ideas broadcast among mixed audiences, or to publish them in the militant Socialist organs. As Socialists, they address themselves to the mass of their average-thinking fellow-citizens, and find it a sufficiently hard task to impress the latter with these fundamental economic truths upon the acceptance of which the most necessary, immediate, work of the movement depends. But I do assert that the chief writers and expounders of the different schools of Modern Socialism agree in looking forward to future results far transcending the economic domain. No student of the question who has attended lectures of the educational class delivered by the leaders of the English Socialist groups, or who has acquainted



himself with the higher views and aspirations published in the text books, and in English, French, or German papers and magazines,\* will deny this. The economic revolution is, to the more serious thinkers in the movement, merely a stepping-stone to the physical, intellectual and moral regeneration of man and society.

An ideal of "Brotherhood" which "begins and ends in physical existence," is certainly not a fair description of the Socialists' ideal. Indeed, the very words employed carry the refutation of their intended application. When we are speaking of persons allied for some purely material and either bad or indifferently-moral object, such as the construction of a road, the consumption of a dinner, stock exchange "operations," house-breaking, robbery, and swindling, political party victories, and the spoils of office, we may call them "bands," "gangs," "syndicates," "groups," or "parties," &c., but we should not think of calling them "brotherhoods," unless in the jocular and ironical sense. Socialism, on the contrary, like Theosophy and the higher religions, creates such bonds of spiritual intimacy between its disciples as demand warmer and closer terms, like "brotherhood," "comradeship," and "solidarity." Socialism, when completely grasped, rises in the hearts of its disciples to the rank of a religion, and thus justifies the half-mystic naturalism of some of its poetry and oratory. Socialists may already be said to constitute a great Universal Church, *minus* dogmas and priestcraft—undesirable appendages which, let us hope, we may never be cursed with!

I cannot refrain from quoting here a few sentences from the end of the twelfth chapter of Grönlund's "Co-operative Commonwealth," which shows how near to the Theosophic knowledge even an agnostic

\* Let me take this opportunity of naming a few short works, pamphlets, and periodicals, treating the Socialist question from other aspects besides that of simple economic justice.

*Text-Books, &c.* :—

Hyndman and Morris's "Summary of the Principles of Socialism." (Modern Press, 13, Paternoster Row.)

Grönlund's "Co-operative Commonwealth." English Edition, by G. Bernard Shaw. (Modern Press.)

Edward Carpenter's "England's Ideal." (Swan, Sonnenschein & Co.)

Edward Carpenter's "Towards Democracy."

Maurice Adams's "Ethics of Social Reform."

Krapotkin's "Appeal to the Young." (Modern Press.)

W. Morris's "Art and Socialism." (Reeves, 185, Fleet Street.)

*Periodicals* :—

"The Commonweal." Weekly. Revolutionary Collectivism and Communism. (Socialist League Offices, 13, Farringdon Road.)

"Freedom." Monthly. Communistic-Anarchism. (Leaflet Press, 19, Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane.)

"To-Day." Monthly. Socialism in general. (Reeves, 185, Fleet Street, E.C.)

"The Christian Socialist." Monthly. (Reeves, 185, Fleet Street.)

"Brotherhood." Monthly. (Reeves, 185, Fleet Street.)

"La Revue Socialiste." Monthly. Socialism in general. (B. Malon, 8, Rue des Martyrs, Paris.)

The above are all short and low-priced.

Socialist can be carried in his speculations. Discussing the religion of the New Order, he says, "The thought of being alive somewhere a thousand years hence is so pleasant, and life—bounded by the cradle and the grave—so futile, that mankind will probably cling to their belief in immortality, possibly reconciling it with their intelligence by setting up some distinction between personal identity and the memory of the transitory circumstances of our physical life, and holding that the former persists with alternate consciousness and oblivion, as in this life, whilst the latter vanishes. The religion of the future is likely, in our opinion, to be a form of belief in a Will of the Universe. Our own nature suggests this; evolution illustrates it; and all existing forms of thought have in common the conception of a Supreme Will as Providence for humanity, though not for the individual, entering into vital relations with the individual only through humanity as the mediator, and commanding the interdependence of mankind. Religion may thus be elevated from a narrow personal relation between the individual and his maker into a social relation between humanity and its destiny."

The attitude of Socialism towards the various religions existing in different countries, whether orthodox "State" religions, or unorthodox or "Dissenting," is one of supreme tolerance. State subvention and protection to any form of religion would of course be withdrawn by the Social Commonwealth, but religious persecution of any kind would be equally conspicuous by its absence. Ecclesiastical corporations would probably not be allowed to occupy land or to pursue industries under any different conditions than those which were permitted to other corporations; but this would be the only form of restriction to which religious sects would be subjected. Thus Mormonism and unpopular and even charlatanesque creeds might be allowed greater liberty than in America or any other "civilized" State under the Old Order. The influence of the State under the New Order would be positive rather than negative or restrictive. "The Eternal No," would not be heard so incessantly as it is now. The sphere of the State would be confined, so far as possible, to the administration (or rather regulation\*) of the business of the country, and the education of the young. The latter would, no doubt, include a great deal more than it does at present; the physical, æsthetic and moral (in the sense of *social*) education of the children, would be provided for quite as carefully as the purely intellectual. At the same time, as the object of such education would be to produce, or rather assist Nature in producing, healthy, helpful and self-respecting men and women—good citizens of this world—and not to instil any doctrines as to past or future existences, or duties

\* The direct administration of the various departments of production, distribution, exchange (except with foreign countries), locomotion &c., would probably be left, in a populous country like Great Britain, partly in the hands of democratically constituted trade corporations, partly in those of provincial, county, and communal administrations.

having special reference thereto, it would be purely secular in its character. The *basis* of morality would not be defined either as religious or as utilitarian. Morality itself, or, as some would prefer to term it, *sociality*, would be instilled into the minds and hearts of the children very much as in the "well-bred" families of to-day notions of honour and "gentlemanly" or "lady-like" conduct are instilled; notions and sentiments which probably exercise quite as important influences for good or evil on the morals of the present generation, among the "upper" or privileged classes, as any religious principles. Social honour, social solidarity, and finally human solidarity, would replace family honour, "clannishness," and patriotism. Social life would replace in importance, without necessarily destroying, family life.

This social life of the co-operative commonwealth of the future will by no means entail the dull uniformity of habits and character which some, who have been frightened by the bugbear of *equality*, imagine. Artificial equality is, of course, neither possible nor desirable. The constituent elements of the new society, ethnological, religious, intellectual, and otherwise, will necessarily remain as varied and unequal—for a generation or so, at any rate—as they are now; but they will be better assorted, better synthesized and harmonized. Imperfect types, intellectual or psychical, and crude beliefs, will not be crushed out under the New Order; but they will simply die a natural death like bed-sores on a convalescent patient. The object of Socialists, as distinguished from Absolutists and pseudo-Socialists, like Bismarck and some of our legislators at home, is to give Nature a free hand, or rather, having studied her tendencies, to assist and co-operate with her; that of the Absolutists and Authoritarians is either to imprison and "suppress" her, or, by way of variety, to put her in harness and lash her forward along a road which she had no intention of taking. Some of these Absolutists call themselves Revolutionists, but the revolution which they would prepare is one which Nature would resent and revenge herself upon by kicking over the traces in a bloody reaction. Such revolutionists are far from numerous in the ranks of modern Socialism; when found, they generally turn out to be *agents provocateurs*.

The genuine Social Revolutionist leaves the dangerous and immoral weapons of compulsion, provocation and suppression to the enemy—the weapons he advocates are political and economic liberty and education. Compulsion and suppression he would only apply to the idlers, the thieves, the violent, and the dissolute—those ill-favoured products of a chaotic and corrupt civilization. These he would coerce only so far as necessary for the safety and welfare of the rest. If the Social Revolution cannot be effected without violence, that will be, not because Socialists try to force the changes they wish to realize upon Society before it is ripe for them, but because the class or party in power, in its own selfish determination to suppress them, takes the initiative in violence

This leads me to say a few words about Mr. Harbottle's objection that we Socialists have such "an innate hatred of domination," coupled with the astounding assertion that "we are prepared to substitute for the *existing* domination of *intelligence* (the italics are mine), that of mere numbers." The latter assertion I hardly care to reply seriously to. Anyone who knows how, even in the most democratic countries of the present *régime*, like France and America, the poor candidate is handicapped, however intelligent, will agree with me that the field of popular selection is virtually limited to such intelligence as is coupled with wealth. Now such intelligence is not necessarily of the highest order—often quite the contrary. Socialists, at any rate, mistrust it very much as a "dominating" force in politics. Moreover, Mr. Harbottle is perfectly correct in the first part of his statement—Socialists *have* "an innate hatred" of "domination" of *any* kind. The only authority which they agree to recognise is that of the freely-elected official or administrator during his term of office, or until dismissed. The present direct electoral methods, by which one man may be chosen by ten or twenty thousand to "represent" them in an assembly several hundred miles off, would not be followed. Bourgeois Parliamentarism will die with the transitional civilisation which has produced it. The Social Commonwealth will be both an aristocracy and a democracy in the best sense of those words—the people will select the best men and women for the time being, and according to their own collective judgment, to administer their business, and will pay them fairly for their work; but will take good care that they do not become their masters. Domination, indeed strictly speaking, will be impossible under any ideal Socialist *régime*, whether Collectivist or Anarchist. But when from this premise, viz., our hatred of domination, Mr. Harbottle argues that no Socialist could accept a "spiritual hierarchy," he is quite beside the mark. A spiritual hierarchy, so long as it remains that, and becomes nothing less, cannot possibly become a domination, for it is only submitted to *voluntarily*, by persons who have made up their minds to the divine character of its authority; nor is this submission enforced by physical or spiritual threats. A papacy is, of course, quite a different thing, but I presume Mr. Harbottle does not suggest that Theosophists must subject themselves to such an institution. If so, I fear I am still far from becoming a perfect Theosophist. For the rest, as I have said already, citizens of the Social Commonwealth will be every bit as free to submit themselves to whatever spiritual control their consciences dictate, as in the freest of the "free countries" of capitalism.

Of all the movements of the present day to which thinking minds are being attracted in large numbers, Socialism is probably that which exercises the most educative and expansive effect on the character, both moral and intellectual. Of course I am placing Theosophy outside the reckoning; it is a study for which very few minds are at present

matured. But Socialism, in breaking down the barriers of prejudice and of class or intellectual conventionalisms will, in this way, if in no other, prepare many for that further revolution in thought, and in the aspirations of the soul, which is implied by the term Theosophy. I maintain as I have suggested—without attempting to argue it out—that Socialism will be found by those who study it impartially to be part, if not the most important part *for the present*, of the general pantheistic movement, which will culminate in the regeneration (in the highest sense of the word) of humanity at large on this planet. I do not read "Light on the Path" in the exclusive and dogmatic sense in which Mr. Harbottle construes (as it seems to me) a certain passage in it, although there is no book that I have ever read which brings conviction of *so much* truth to me in so small a material compass. After all no faith can be higher than the truth, and if I have succeeded in this very imperfect and I fear ill-connected and correlated series of articles, in putting others in the way of getting at more of it than they would have done otherwise, regarding the relation of Modern Socialism to Theosophy, and in dispelling some errors regarding the former, I shall not have written them in vain.

J. BRAILSFORD BRIGHT.

#### MISSIONARY FABLES.

(From the *Ceylon "Sarasavisandaresa."*)

THE annexed is an extract from a letter from an esteemed friend of mine in America, and I shall be glad if you will give it a corner in your journal, and thus show its readers the gross falsehoods which the missionaries publish in their country.—Yours fraternally,

AGMADP.

"Last evening Miss D. went to hear a missionary, G. W. Leitch, from Ceylon. She came home quite indignant at some statements made—*e. g.*, that high caste people were eager to sell their daughters for wives to white missionaries—that high caste people alone become converts (or mostly so)—that no serpent was killed because women were supposed to inhabit the lower animals when they died, unless they were docile and obedient wives (when they might be fortunate enough to be men in the next birth), so if a serpent was killed the murderer might be killing his mother. It is nonsensical; the 'poor heathen' are held up to us in all the horrors of every conceivable degradation *ad nauseam*.

"Leitch also made a statement that in the east cocoanuts grow plentifully and they would kill any one in falling on them. So God in his great goodness had arranged matters so that the cocoanuts would fall in the night in order that the lives of the people might be safe. Query—If God was so careful of the lives of his poor heathen could he not have given them a knowledge which would save them from all the darkness the missionaries pretend to rescue them from? Oh! consistency, thou art a jewel."

[This is not at all an exaggerated instance of the absurd romancing in which returned missionaries are perpetually indulging in Europe and America. The truth would be much too tame a story to tell, so they are compelled to embellish it profusely to make it suit the taste of their patrons. If the real state of affairs in "heathen" countries were more widely known, and if the miserable failure of the foreign missions were once thoroughly realised in Europe, the guineas of the pious old women would not flow quite so rapidly into the missionary coffers. The missionaries call their deity a god of truth, though the history which they put before us does not always show him exactly in that light; but apparently his followers are allowed a good deal of latitude in the way of "travellers' tales," when the falsehood is told for a holy object!—Ed. *Sarasavisandaresa.*]

## DETACHMENT.

THE Buddhist doctrine of detachment from all earthly desires as a necessary means to the attainment of the eternal state, is to many otherwise right-thinking minds, a great stumbling block. "What!" they argue with what seems to them incontrovertible force, "must all the kindly feelings and sweet relationship of life be left behind? Is the equanimity of the Yogi an advance on the Christian's devoted attachment to his family and friends—the Yogi, who is described as regarding 'with equal eyes, friends and enemies, kinsmen and aliens, yea good and evil men'?" If the higher life you speak of with such awe-struck admiration, is only to be reached by such a path, it does not appeal to our feelings as a higher life at all! And looking at it even from a lower point of view, why were we placed in this world at all, and surrounded by all the good things we possess, if we were not to accept and enjoy them with loving and thankful hearts?"

The last question, it must be admitted, could not be put by anyone who had studied, even in a partial manner, the elementary truths put forward by the Occult Philosophy. It represents a blameless "religious" attitude of mind, but so restricted—if only in failing to recognise that there are millions to whom the postulated "possession of good things" is not applicable—that until the questioner attains a wider horizon, and realizes as a "burning question" the necessity of recognition of the homogeneity of life, and the really deep though doubtless unconscious selfishness of *his* "loving and thankful heart for the good things *he* possesses," no words addressed to him would be likely to "carry home."

But in this paper it is proposed to deal with those higher attractions which are truly recognised as the humanizing influences in life. If it can be shewn that the major premiss is false, the disproof of the minor will follow as a logical necessity.

Humanizing influences they certainly are—the love which the child begins by feeling for his kin—the attractions towards responsive souls which come to us through life as the solitary drops of nectar in an alternately tasteless and bitter cup. It is these things which lift us above the mere life of the senses which we share with the animals, and which make us truly human. But if these things were destined for ever to satisfy the heart of man, he might rightly think that he had reached the limit of his tether. Doubtless, there are some to whom the earthly loves offer more or less perfect satisfaction—so far they have reached their goal—for them the trumpet has not sounded the advance—let them enjoy the earthly bliss by all means—they are the dwellers

in the plains of content, and they may dwell there for many life-times, but some day they will feel impelled to scale the mountains, meantime there is no need to darken their lives by anticipation of the deep draughts of misery awaiting them in some future life, when their illusive bliss has worn itself out, and their souls have begun to develope eyes to see.

Nature is an infinitely slow teacher—if denied satisfaction on one side we turn to it on another—the man who has made a total wreck of himself so far as the world is concerned, may still find consolation in the sympathy of a loved one. It is the old story of trying to satisfy the eternal hunger “on the husks that the swine do eat,” and many a time do we return to the well-known food, before we finally recognise its unsatisfying nature. But the deep draughts of misery in the continued failure to achieve satisfaction, even from the sweet human love which is certainly the highest embodiment of earthly things, must eventually bear its fruit, and the soul will develope eyes to see.

So far we have only followed the progress of the advancing soul, we would now show that such progress must necessarily lead to the detachment from all earthly desires. This will best be done by the analysis of the process along the ray of one particular quality or virtue. While Perfection is a unity in which all noble qualities or virtues are merged in one, it must be admitted that the aspirant who attains cannot be deficient in any. Let us then take—say courage.

What man and still less what woman could say with truth that no earthly catastrophe could shake the firm equilibrium of their soul? that neither bodily torture, nor the evocation of the awful beings of the unseen universe, could ever assail their spirit with fear? But courage “in excelsis” will have to be attained by all who tread the upward path—by women who, rightly or wrongly, are generally considered to be of a more timorous nature—as well as by men.

Courage is supposed to find its type among the kingdoms of animal life, in the Lion. And the men who in these days bear off the palm, as being the brave ones of the race, are very closely allied by nature to this king of the beasts. But surely the more admirable courage is that from which the brutal element, which has a natural love of strife, is more or less eliminated—say the Philosopher of studious habits, to whom all strife is an abhorrence, but who has the will-power so developed that he can nerve himself to do his duty in the face of danger. It only requires a further extension of this thought, and we have the martyr who for an idea will embrace death. In his case, not only is the love of strife and its concomitant hatred of his enemies entirely eliminated, but in their place has arisen a Godlike beneficence towards all mankind—his enemies included—witness the crippled Epictetus speaking well of his master who had tortured and maimed him. Witness the martyred Stephen, who saw not the figures of his stoners but only the heavens opening

above him, and whose dying words were "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge."

But can it be imagined that lives so lit with the flame of divine fire could be dominated by any of the attractions which we know under the name of earthly desires? Could they have reached the heights they did had not such desires and the satisfactions they lead to been laid aside as valueless?

Epictetus, with godlike fortitude, suffering neither good nor evil fortune to disturb the perfect serenity of his soul, and obtaining touch thereby of the one Eternal life which lies behind the senses and the brain-evolved thoughts of man, and Stephen in glowing language uttering his death-earning speech before the Jewish Synagogue, are alike examples of the power that comes when the things of this world—aye the sweetest loves in it—have failed to satisfy, and the soul has developed eyes to see the hidden glories of the unseen universe.

And it must be remembered that these lights of saintship (with the martyrdom which comes as episode to a few) are but steps in the progress. Steps not so very far removed from us because we can understand and appreciate the thoughts that lead there and the results that are the outcome; but the steps beyond are hidden from our view where the last shreds of the tattered Humanity are cast off, and the glorified soul blossoms with the attributes of Deity.

In following the soul's advance it must always be borne in mind that no single mode of stating the question will formulate the whole truth, for in the interaction of the qualities of man's nature, causes are effects and effects are causes. It has been shown above that in the development of true courage the earthly desires must have ceased to operate, but it may be stated with still greater force, and with equal truth, that until the man has begun to fix his thought on the Eternal, or in other words to detach himself from earthly desires, no spark of this true courage can shew itself. The brute instincts of man, whose natural field is physical strife, may produce prodigies of valour on the mundane plane which, however, one glimmer of consciousness on the psychic plane might convert into abject fear. But in the sinking of the self, and in the steadfast straining towards the Eternal Thought, we have a true basis for the construction of a true courage which shall go on conquering and to conquer, and which can forge a key to unlock the very gates of Hell.

When stated in this way it would indeed seem that this higher courage is different, not merely in degree but in kind, from the courage which man shares with the beasts, and that these combative instincts of the animal, which are at least noteworthy characteristics of the lower courage, are included in the earthly desires and passions, which must, at all events, be begun to be put aside, before the Path can be entered upon or even recognised.



This view of courage will probably not meet with ready acceptance by numbers who worship the energetic animal courage of man. It is only a minority who have developed the capacity to think a subject out, and such is the hurry and superficiality of our life that few even of these take the trouble to do so. The majority accept with easy thoughtlessness, and repeat with glad familiarity, the prejudiced utterances of those around them. But truth lives not by the number of her votaries!

If we now turn to Love—that much abused word on this material earth—it must be acknowledged that our earthly loves only shine with the bright lustre they do, because they obtain some faint reflex of the heavenly glory, for it is in the development of our sympathetic nature that we reach the highest of the purely human characteristics, and are ready to take the next leap upwards towards the divine, and this leap must surely be in the direction of more diffused sympathy, until all are embraced within its fold.

It is a fallacy to suppose that love achieves greater concentration by being confined in its operation to one nation, or one family, or one individual. It is the exclusion of other nations, other families, and other individuals, which gives the apparent intensity, and this is accentuated in proportion as *hate of those excluded* enters the arena. True love is a ray of the Divine which *must* be all embracing in its attributes. Any curtailment of its sphere is not a concentration but a degradation—a ceasing to be what it ought to be in reality, until when the nadir is reached in the sordid likings and lusts of the ordinary man—the animal, human creature—the Divine ray is almost extinguished, and yet, strange to say, the same word love is used to designate these feelings!

The love and sympathy in which all shall be embraced is often represented under the term Universal Brotherhood. It has been the object aimed at by all high religions, but the term is liable to misinterpretations. Equality of physical or mental conditions is an impossibility in a world governed by the law of Karma, with its far reaching ramifications. This Brotherhood *can* only exist on the highest plane—the plane of pure spirit. Put in religious language it is union *in God* that has to be aimed at—the love and pity of the God within us that has to be achieved.

But it is a degradation of thought for one moment to associate the love here spoken of with any of the limited and selfish human loves we know. Family affection, friendship, patriotism, all must have been left below with the human physical heart and brain of the terrestrial man. On these serene heights no ties can be recognised save the tie that binds the one to the All.

Under the symbol of islands separated by the sea, Matthew Arnold pictures the isolation of the embodied soul—the following verses of the poem breath out the sigh for union.

“ But when the moon their hollows lights,  
 And they are swept by balms of spring,  
 And in their glens, on starry nights,  
 The nightingales divinely sing ;  
 And lovely notes, from shore to shore,  
 Across the sounds and channels pour.”

“ Oh ! then a longing like despair.  
 Is to their farthest caverns sent ;  
 For surely once, they feel, we were  
 Parts of a simple continent ;  
 Now round us spreads the watery plain,  
 Oh might our marges meet again ! ”

The words addressed to the mixed multitude who thronged round the great moral teacher in Judea nearly nineteen centuries ago, “ If thou lovest not thy brother whom thou hast seen, how canst thou love God whom thou hast not seen ? ” may with advantage still be used as a text in addressing the bigoted sectarians, and the sordid self-seekers of to-day ; but other words are wanted for the hungerers after the spiritual manna, for the seekers of the hidden light. Let us take them from the same inspired lips. “ If any man cometh unto me, and hateth not his own father and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple.” With reservations as to the true interpretation of the word “ hate ” being what modern custom has made it, here is the key note struck again. Sacrifice must culminate in renunciation. Until the whole man, with his affections and desires has been crucified and laid in the tomb, the resurrection of the perfected man—the Christ—cannot take place. Then the island’s cry of isolation will be stilled, then the soul’s deep longing for union will be satisfied.

In this paper it has been attempted to shew from an ordinary worldly point of view, the reasonableness of the necessity for “ detachment,” but to many minds, the terse statement of irreconcilable difference between the path of Karma, and the path of Liberation, given in the “ Discourse of Buddha,” with which I propose to conclude, will appear to deal with the matter in a truer, and therefore a more convincing, way. The discourse is rendered in English verse by Edwin Arnold. It was an answer to a question put by a priest. “ Master, which is life’s chief good ? ” It is a long quotation, but no short extract would give the full meaning. The following is the poem almost “ in extenso.”

“ Shadows are good when the high sun is flaming,  
 From wheresoe’er they fall ;  
 Some take their rest beneath the holy temple,  
 Some by the prison-wall.

"The King's gilt palace-roof shuts out the sunshine,  
So doth the dyer's shed !  
Which is the chiefest shade of all these shadows?"  
"They are alike!" one said.

"So is it," quoth he, "with all shows of living ;  
As shadows fall, they fall !  
Rest under, if ye must, but question not  
Which is the best of all.

"Yet, some trees in the forest wave with fragrance  
Of fruit and bloom o'erhead ;  
And some are evil, bearing fruitless branches,  
Whence poisonous air is spread.

"Therefore, though all be false, seek, if ye must,  
Right shelter from life's heat.  
Lo ! those do well who toil for wife and child  
Threading the burning street;!

"Good is it helping kindred ! good to dwell  
Blameless and just to all ;  
Good to give alms, with good-will in the heart,  
Albeit the store be small !

"Good to speak sweet and gentle words, to be  
Merciful, patient, mild ;  
To hear the Law, and keep it, leading days  
Innocent, undefiled.

"These be chief goods—for evil by its like  
Ends not, nor hate by hate ;  
By love hate ceaseth ; by well-doing ill ;  
By knowledge life's sad state.

"But see where soars an eagle ! mark those wings  
Which cleave the blue, cool skies !  
What shadow needeth yon proud Lord of Air  
To shield his fearless eyes ?

"Rise from this life ; lift upon pinions bold  
Hearts free and great as his ;  
The eagle seeks no shadow, nor the wise  
Greater or lesser bliss !"

!PILGRIM



Men must love the truth before they thoroughly believe it.—SOUTH

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.

—MILTON

People frequently reject great truths, not so much for want of evidence as  
for want of an inclination to search for it.—GILPIN.

## FINGER-POSTS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

*There is but ONE final Truth, and this Truth is—Eternal. There leads therefore but one way to it, and this way was, is, and ever will be, the same.*

**T**HIS way has in all ages stood free and open to him, who sought it earnestly—and in all ages the unerring guide has stood ready!

This is a fact well-known to the "True Theosophist." In the Yajur Veda it is said:—

"... And whoever in this wise understands the parshi \* *which is in the sun*, becometh great and shining as the sun; having crossed the ocean of ignorance he reaches the shore and becomes happy; and beside this way there is none other by which that shore can be reached." (Oupheh 'hat Bark'heh Saukt.)

And in the same Veda it is further written:—

"This *parshi* which fills the whole world remains thus:—*Within the heart* which lies in the breast, it has its abode."

Of the units of time which lie between the origin of the Vedas and the XVIIth Century, our "waking consciousness" (the illusionary product of our reminiscences drawn from the outer world of appearances—*Sthula Sarira*) can form no conception—it can feel of it only the dread of the incomprehensible.

And yet, from that time the Way has ever been shown in the same manner—and I could fill volumes with quotations proving this. But it may well be of great interest for enquirers in this domain, to learn how the Brothers of the Rosy Cross taught the finding of this Way.

I will recapitulate their *Instructions* word for word, because they treat of the individual phases and appearances through which the "Seeker" has to pass—which "He who knows" among my readers will at once recognise in spite of their allegorical garb and mediæval modes of expression—and further, because this detailed exposition may give some "Light:" to the "initiated" Freemason.

The *Instructions* date from the year 1675, and begin with a letter of warning against the effort to obtain wealth and power by easy ways. This letter states that the Brothers R. C. "impelled by the Spirit of God" have already in various languages pointed out the Way—that, however, they had been misunderstood by "the Masses," who had fancied that they "desired to teach the art of making gold by alchemical means," while the secret must be attained in quite another manner and thro' the efforts of each individual," and so on.

Then begins the practical teaching, the "Showing of the Way":—

\* *Parshi*—the image in the pupil of the eye—that ONE Being which appears under the mask of innumerable forms.

"*In medio terrae*—or in the centre of the world—lies a mountain which is great and small, it is mild and soft and also excessively stony and hard, it is near to each one, but by the council of God it becomes invisible ; in that mountain lie hidden the greatest treasures such as the whole world could not purchase.

" It is, however (through the Devil's envy, who allway hindereth God's honour and Man's happiness), surrounded and guarded by many fierce animals and plundering birds, which make the Way dangerous—which already is very difficult. Therefore, and also because the time is not yet come, this Way could be neither sought nor found, which yet must be found by those who are worthy, but only through each man's own labour and diligence.

" To this mountain ye shall go on a night when it is longest and darkest and ye shall make yourselves fit and ready thereto by heartfelt prayer—and ye shall ask of no man concerning the Way wherein the mountain is to be found or met with, but ye shall follow with confidence the Ductor (guide) who will be found with ye and will join himself to ye by the way, though ye shall not know him ; he will bring you to the mountain when all is still and dark.

" But ye must be prepared with a manly and heroic spirit, so that ye recoil not in terror from before that which meets you : yet have ye no need therefore of a bodily sword or other weapons—pray only ever and earnestly—and repeat after Him the words which He will say unto you.

" Lions also, Dragons and other frightful creatures will arise furiously against ye, but have no fear, neither look ye back nor desire to return, for your leader (guide) who hath led ye thither will not suffer any harm to come to ye.

" But the treasure is not yet discovered, though of a truth it is near unto ye.

" Soon a great earthquake will follow the wind which will level utterly all that the wind had left over.

" But stand ye not back !

" After the earthquake will follow a fierce fire, which will utterly consume all earthly matter and lay bare the treasure, but ye will not yet be able to see it—but after all this and towards morning it will become right still and lovely, and soon ye will see the *morning star* arise and the red dawn break, and ye will perceive the great treasure."

. . . . .

" Be ye joyful and comforted, and aye careful—rely not on yourselves, but upon your guide . . . . doing nothing without him and without his knowledge ; for he will be your guide, if ye desire it of him, and he will truly tell ye where our assembly is to be found and will teach you concerning our ordering, and will accompany ye until time shall

fully reveal all things, and shall take away the kingdom from the Lion and alter the course of the world—

“O happy worthy Brothers in our united Unity—God preserve ye!”  
E. D. F. O. C. R. senior.

Thus ran the Instructions:—

The reader will have found the connection with the quotation from the Veda; but if not, I will point out that the “Sun” therein referred to, as also the “Centro in medio terrae” of the Instructions, is to be understood in the sense of the microcosmos.

The “Theosophical Society” has taken up the thread again\* at its original source, behind the summits covered with eternal snow and the moon-lit steppes of Thibet.

The “Seeker” who seizes this thread finds therewith the same Way to Eternal Truth—for “other than this there is no way.”! (Veda.)

The efforts after true Light begin to concentrate themselves in a new focus; † Work will unite with Knowledge, whose offspring will be Wisdom from the Source of the Ages, might from the eternal Power—Theosophy.

But I, too, must lay the tribute of my veneration before that being who, glowing with lofty endeavour, holds high the torch and forms the Pharos for the trembling barks which, from out of the darkest night, steer towards the Light.

To her I give the greeting of the old Brothers R. C.  
“God preserve thee in our united Unity!”

KARL \* \* \*

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According to Professor Lauteo “History of the Rosicrucians,” the Rosicrucians departed to India at the beginning of the XVIII. century.

The “Blavatsky Lodge of the Theosophical Society.”



#### FROM A LAMRIM COMPENDIUM, by TZON-KHA-PA.

*Arguments, from the consideration why Buddha's teachings should be explained on three planes; i.e., intended alike for the lowest, the mean or middle, and the highest capacities, since each man must believe according to his mental qualifications.*

1. Men of vulgar capacities must believe, that there is a (personal) God, and a future life, and that they shall earn therein the fruits of their work in this, their earthly life.
2. Those who have an average intellectual capacity, besides admitting the former position, must know, that every compound thing is perishable, that there is no reality in things; that every sin is pain, and that deliverance from pain or bodily existence is bliss.
3. Those of the highest capacities must know, in addition to the above-enumerated dogmas, that from the lowest form to the Supreme Soul, nothing is existent by itself. Neither can it be said that it will continue always (eternally) or cease absolutely, but that everything exists by a dependent or casual concatenation.

With respect to practice, those of vulgar capacity are content with the exercise of belief (blind faith) and the practice of the ten virtues (Ten Commandments). Those of average intellectuality, besides believing, by reason endeavour to excel in morality and wisdom. Those of the highest capacities, besides the former virtues, will exercise the six transcendental virtues (practical Occultism).

## THE CRUCIFIXION OF MAN.

"Prometheus is the impersonated representative of Idea, or of the same power as Jove, but contemplated as independent, and not immersed in the product, — as law minus the productive energy."  
—S. T. COLERIDGE.

"In abstracten wie im konkreten Monismus ist es Gott selbst, der als absolutes Subject in den eingeschränkten Subjecten das Weltleid trägt, wobei er sich dann auf den Satz berufen kann: Volenti non fit injuria."  
—VON HARTMANN.

"I know that I hung on a wind-rocked tree, nine whole nights with a spear wounded, and to Odin offered,—myself to myself,—on that tree of which no one knows from what root it springs."  
—Odin's Rune-Song, "EDDA."

Like Odin, the High One, I, Man—  
Am offered up on the tree—  
Sacrificed—  
Myself to Myself,  
An Ideal to Myself that Ideal,  
And there hang I yet, windswept  
in the forest of Time ;  
And shall hang long æons  
in agony—  
Sorrow unspeakable !

Like Prometheus  
Chained to the rock,  
Sun-pierced on Kavkas,  
The Vulture feeds on my heart,  
Myself gnawing myself  
With sorrow unspeakable.

I am Jesus the gentle and lowly  
Hanging high on Calvary hill,  
Pierced by the spear and the thorn,  
Pierced in the heart and the brain,  
For three long days—three nights—  
three æons  
In sorrow unspeakable.

*LUCIFER.*

And Odin gazing sun-like  
O'er earth and o'er sea  
said

“ it will pass ” :

and

Prometheus shrieked to the Vulture

“ Ai ! Ai ! lo ! I am free,  
What art thou ?

The evil Gods they shall pass  
With their deeds,

And with Zeus the tyrant  
be hurled down the Abyss,  
Stricken by Fate

Master of Gods and of Men.

Ai ! Ai !

And Jesus the last and the best

said

“ Forgive them, they know not their deeds,

“ Lo ! Knowledge shall come

and

“ The Comforter.”

But all three are one,

I myself offered a sacrifice even to myself

Mystery unspeakable ;

Ah ! when shall the end come !

Ah, When ?

And the Spirit—the Comforter

said

“ True ! all these three are one

But I, God, am that

One ;

I bear the World—Sorrow—

Self conscious in it,

Woe is me !

Suffering until the end

When the World shall return

Whence it came—

down the abyss,

And I shall be all in all,

And ye in me

Where Time and Space are not,

but

Where Love is.



Prometheus, the grandest "Idea" in Grecian Mythology, represents the "Nous Agonistes"—the divine part of the human soul—that firespark brought down by Prometheus from Heaven—and breathed into man—individualized in Man, which slowly—gradually—but surely, through and by means of agonizing conflicts with the lower Titanic earth nature, raises itself out of the lower material world into the ideal—invisible. The lower nature is represented by the tyrannic—arbitrary Zeus, the "Nomos" or law of the phenomenal world perceived by the senses, (*Jupiter est quodcumque videt*). Prometheus, the New or re-born Soul, baptized in fire = spirit, is that which is the opposite of Zeus—the invisible—the unseen—the noumenal—working in the ideal world, the delights of which it is not given to the mere animal human mind to conceive.

This promethean-soul of man come down from heaven can only be freed from the earth-chains and the Time-Vulture by the destruction of Zeus, (that is, his transformation—transfiguration into the higher form) the phenomenal world, and by its elevation to a higher power, that of the ideal, the only real.

Prometheus is moreover the revolt of the enlightened Soul against all false—popular—sacerdotal—established—hierarchical forms of religion, those religions which seek for personal salvation, founded on egoism, instead of general universal good and the salvation of all sentient beings.

Prometheus is the Grecian form of the Atman of the Vedanta—the true ego, set free from incarnations in the masks (personæ) of personality and the torture wheel of Necessity and Fate, and admitted into its rest and home in the universal—immanent Cosmic Spirit, escaped from the sorrows of the world of Creation. Prometheus is the ideal "Nomos" or Law in the soul itself, the "Conscious law—the King of Kings," the God "seated in the heaven of the heart."

In the Agonies of this "Nous Agonistes"—the birth agonies of the race and of each individual there must ever be that Crucifixion of the ideal man represented by Odin—Prometheus—Christ; but after the Cross comes the transfiguration, in which these words of Prometheus are fulfilled,

" By myriad pangs and woes  
Bound down, *thus* shall I 'scape these bonds."

Schelling (1st Vol. p. 81) has a fine passage as to the myths of Prometheus and Pandora.

" Here (the myth of Pandora) the aspirations of Mankind for higher things are represented as the actual cause of human misery. In the words of Hesiod, ' Epimetheus, befooled by the charms of Pandora, accepted her destructive gifts—gifts of the Immortals—and thereby brought misery and destruction to the human race.' And Prometheus, who desired to raise the race, formed by himself to a resemblance to the Gods, suffers, chained to the rock, all the sufferings of man since

he cherished in his bosom the desire of a higher freedom and knowledge. Here, on his rock, he represents, in his own person, the whole human race. The Vulture who gnaws his liver, which ever grows again, is an image of that eternal uneasiness and restless desire for higher things, which so tortures all mortals.'"

In the account of the Crucifixion of Jesus, he is represented as receiving five wounds; may not these wounds have an esoteric-symbolical meaning? Man's senses by which he perceives the phenomenal world are five, and may not these wounds on the cross ending in the death of the person (mask of the higher man), signify the death of all low, earthly desires having their origin in these five senses, and the consequent coming to life in a purer and higher sphere now totally inconceivable to us, all our concepts being derived from those earth senses? Nailing the feet takes away the power of moving towards any object of earth desire, as that of the hands, the organs of acquisition—now, too, generally of greed—derives us of the power of seizing the objects of our acquisitiveness; the wound in the side kills the heart, that is all the desires of earth, and wakens us into the Nirvana of Buddhism.

The cross itself, to which the whole man was attached, is a well-known phallic emblem, representing the strongest form of human-earth sensuality; and that is a very symbol on which to crucify the man to death. (*Vide* Editors' Note I, at the end of this article.)

It is remarkable that in this legend Prometheus is represented as crowned with the Agnus-Castus plant (lugos), the leaves of which formed the Crown of the Victors in the "Agonia" of the Olympic games; Christ in his Victorious Agony was crowned with the thorny akanthus. This Agnus-Castus plant was used also in the fête of the Thesmophoria, in honour of Demeter—the law—"nomos"—bringer, whose priestesses slept on its leaves as encouraging chaste desires. In Christian times this custom survived among Nuns, who used to drink a water distilled from its leaves, and Monks used knives with handles made of its wood with the same intention of encouraging chastity.

Chaucer, in his beautiful poem, "The Flower and the Leaf," makes the Queen of the ladies of the leaf—those consecrated to spiritual love—carry branches of Agnus-Castus in her hand, and singing:

"Suse le foyle, devers moi—  
Mon joly cuer est endormy."

Her heart was asleep to earth, but entranced in Heaven.

If it should be thought impious to attribute the expression of sorrow to the divine Being, it may be remarked that the Kabbala records an old tradition relating to the Schechinah (the female—mother—brooding element in God) in which she utters the following complaint for the evil in the world, and for the separation of the primal united dual elements in humanity.

"Woe to me, I have driven away my children, and woe unto the children that they have been driven from the table of their Father." —See "*Sympneumata*."

And did not Jesus, the Christ—the divine Man—an incarnation of the Spirit and type of the next phase of human evolution, cry out in the bitterness of his agony, “Father, why hast thou forsaken me?” (*Vide* Editors’ Notes that follow, Note 2.)

Inspired Mr. Pulsford, in his work “*Morgenröthe*,” which contains so many intimations of the new epoch of the coming Golden Age, says:—

“God having clothed Himself with the sorrows of creation, it must come to pass that the whole creation shall be filled and clothed with His glory. None of the present anomalies of creation will survive under this glory. It is not enough to say He suffers with us; we are taught rather to say that ‘we suffer with Him.’\* He is suffering at any rate, so long as any creature suffers. To bear the sufferings of all that suffer is a Love-necessity with Him. He cannot deliver Himself from bearing griefs and carrying sorrows, so long as there are any to be borne or carried by his sons and daughters. The First Cause must be present in all effects; not as one looking on, but as One within, bearing all.” —“*Morgenröthe*,” p. 110.

“The vanity, strife and misery of disordered nature have long afflicted us; but the glory of God’s perfect goodness is about to be revealed in the New order of Man, and of Nature.” —“*Morgenröthe*,” p. 111.

“Like Prometheus bound to a rock the impersonal Spirit is chained to a personality until the consciousness of his herculean power awakes in him, and bursting his chain he becomes again free.” —“*Magic*,” by DR. HARTMANN.

“Der ætherische Hauch der Götter, der Funk des Prometheus ist, nach den ältesten Mythen, Princip des höhern Lebens im Menschen.” —SCHELLING, 1st Band, p. 78.

That is:—

“The ethereal breath of the Gods—the promethean fire spark is, according to the most ancient myths, the principle of the higher life in men.”

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#### EDITORS’ NOTES.

1. This is one of the many semi-esoteric or mystical interpretations of the *symbolical and allegorical drama*, which has been grafted and grown upon Christendom in its dead letter sense only—the “dead letter that killeth.”

One of the *seven esoteric meanings* implied in the mystery of Crucifixion by the mystic inventors of the system—the original elaboration and adoption of which dates back into the night of time and the establishment of the MYSTERIES—is discovered in the geometrical symbols containing the history of the evolution of man. The Hebrews, whose prophet Moses was learned in the Wisdom of Egypt, and who adopted their numerical system from the Phœnicians, and later from the Gentiles from whom they borrowed most of their Kabalistic Mysticism, adapted most ingeniously the Cosmic and anthropological symbols of the “heathen” nations to their peculiar *secret* records. If

\* And why “He” and not IT? Has Deity a sex? Most extraordinary custom even in monotheists—Conceit of Men, who mirror their male element in their Deity when they do not degrade the Unknown to the ridiculous and the absurd by seeking to address and speak of it as “Woman” in some cases, as “male-female,” or “Father-Mother,” in others, thus making of an impersonal absolute PRINCIPLE—a huge HERMAPHRODITE!—[ED.]

Christian sacerdotalism has lost the key of it to-day, the early compilers of the Christian Mysteries were well versed in Esoteric philosophy, and used it dexterously. Thus they took the word *awh* (one of the Hebrew word forms for MAN) and used it in conjunction with that of *Shāndh* "lunar year" so mystically connected with the name of Jehovah, the supposed "father" of Jesus, and embosomed the mystic idea in an astronomical value and formula.

The original idea of "Man Crucified" in Space belongs certainly to the ancient Hindus, and Muir shows it in his "Hindu Pantheon" in the engraving that represents Wittoba—a form of Vishnu. Plato adopted it in his decussated Cross in Space, the X, "the Second God who impressed himself on the Universe in the form of the Cross"; Krishna is likewise shown "crucified." (See Dr. Lundy's *Monumental Christianity*, fig. 72.) Again it is repeated in the Old Testament in the queer injunction of *crucifying men* before the Lord, *the Sun*—which is no prophecy at all, but has a direct phallic significance. Says § II. of the most suggestive work on the Kabalistic meanings now extant—"The Hebrew-Egyptian Mystery":—

"In symbol, the nails of the cross have for the shape of the heads thereof a solid pyramid, and a tapering square obeliscal shaft, or phallic emblem, for the nail. Taking the position of the *three* nails in the Man's extremities and on the cross, they form or mark a *triangle* in shape, one nail being at each corner of the triangle. The wounds or *stigmata*, in the extremities are necessarily *four*, designative of the *square*. . . . The *three* nails with the *three* wounds are in number 6, which denotes the 6 faces of the cube *unfolded* (which make the cross or man-form, or 7, counting three horizontal and four vertical bars) on which the man is placed; and this in turn points to the circular measure transferred on to the edges of the cube. The *one* wound of the feet separates into *two* when the feet are separated, making *three* together *for all*, and *four* when separated, or 7 in all—another *most holy* (and *with the Jews*) feminine base number."

Thus, while the phallic or sexual meaning of the "Crucifixion Nails" is proven by the geometrical and numerical reading, its mystical meaning is indicated by the short remarks upon it, as given above in its connection with, and bearing upon, Prometheus. He is another victim, for he is crucified on the Cross of Love, on the rock of human passions, a sacrifice to his devotion to the cause of the spiritual element in Humanity.

2. The now dogmatically accepted words, so dramatic for being uttered at the crucial hour, are of a later date than generally supposed. Verse 46 in the xxviiith chapter of Matthew stands now distorted by the unscrupulous editors of the Greek texts of the Evangel. *Eli, Eli, Lama Sabachtani*—never meant "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" but meant, indeed, originally, the reverse. They are the

Sacramental words used at the final initiation in old Egypt, as elsewhere, during the Mystery of the *putting to death of Chrestos in the mortal body with its animal passions*, and the resurrection of the Spiritual Man as an enlightened Christos in a frame now purified (the "second birth" of Paul, the "twice-born" or the Initiates of the Brahmans, etc., etc.) These words were addressed to the Initiate's "Higher Self" the Divine Spirit in him (let it be called Christ, Buddha, Chrishna, or by whatever name), at the moment when the rays of the morning Sun poured forth on the entranced body of the candidate and were supposed to recall him to life, or his *new rebirth*. They were addressed to the Spiritual Sun *within*, not to a Sun *without*, and ought to read, had they not been distorted for dogmatic purposes :

"MY GOD, MY GOD HOW THOU DOST GLORIFY ME!"

This is well proven now in the work above quoted. Says the author :—

"Of course our versions are taken from the original Greek MSS. (the reason why we have no original Hebrew Manuscripts concerning these occurrences being, because the enigmas in Hebrew would betray themselves on comparison with the sources of their derivation, the Old Testament). The Greek Manuscripts, without exception, give these words as—

*'*Ἠλί Ἠλί λαμὰ σαβαχθανί.*'*

"They are *Hebrew words*, rendered into the *Greek*, and in Hebrew are as follows :—

אלי אלי למה עזבתני :

. . . . or 'My God, my God, why has Thou forsaken me?' as their proper translation. . . . Such is the interpretation given of them in the Scripture. Now the words will not bear this interpretation *and it is a false rendering*. The true meaning is. . . . 'My God, my God, how thou dost glorify me!' But even more, for while *lama* is *why*, or *how*, as a verbal, it connects the idea of *to dazzle*, or adverbially, it could run '*how dazzlingly*' and so on. To the unwary reader this interpretation is enforced and made to answer, as it were, to the fulfilment of a prophetic utterance, by a marginal reference to the *first* verse of the *twenty-second* Psalm, which reads (in Hebrew) :—

אלי אלי למה עזבתני :

as to which the reference is correct, and the interpretation sound and good, *but with an utterly different word*. The words are :—

*Eli, Eli, lamah azabtha-ni*

(and not) *Eli, Eli, Lama Sabachthani.*

No wit of man, however scholarly, can save this passage from *falseness of rendering* on its face ; and as such, it becomes a most terrible blow upon the proper first-face sacredness of the recital."—(*Hebrew Egyptian Mystery*," p. 300.)

But no blow is strong enough to kill out the viper of *blind* faith, cowardly reverence for established beliefs and custom, and that selfish, conceited element in civilized man which makes him prefer *a lie* that is his own to a universal truth, the common property of all—the *inferior races* of the “heathen” included.

Let the reader who doubts the statement consult the Hebrew originals before he denies. Let him turn to some most suggestive Egyptian *bas reliefs*. One especially from the temple of Philoe, represents a *scene of initiation*. Two Gods-Hierophants, one with the head of a hawk (the Sun), the other *ibis*-headed (Mercury, Thoth, the god of Wisdom and secret learning, the assessor of Osiris-Sun), are standing over the body of a candidate just initiated. They are in the act of pouring on his head a double stream of water (the water of life and new *birth*), which stream is interlaced in the shape of a cross and full of small ansated crosses. This is allegorical of the awakening of the candidate (now an Initiate) when the beams of the morning sun (Osiris) strike the crown of his head (*his entranced body being placed three days earlier on its wooden tau, so as to receive the rays*). Then appeared the Hierophants-Initiators and the sacramental words were pronounced, visibly, to the Sun-Osiris, addressed in reality to the Spirit Sun within, enlightening the newly-born man. Let the reader meditate on the connection of the Sun with the Cross in both its generative and spiritually regenerative capacities—from the highest antiquity. Let him examine the tomb of Beit-Oualy, in the reign of Ramses II., and find on it the crosses in every shape and position. Again, the same on the throne of that sovereign, and finally on a fragment from the Hall of the ancestors of Totmes III., preserved in the National Library of Paris, and which represents the adoration of Bakhan-Alenré.

In this extraordinary sculpture and painting one sees the disc of the Sun beaming upon an ansated cross placed upon a cross of which those of the Calvary were perfect copies. The ancient papyri mention these as the “hard couches of those who were in (spiritual) travail, the *act of giving birth to themselves*.” A quantity of such cruciform “couches” on which the candidate, thrown into a dead trance at the end of his supreme initiation, was placed and secured, were found in the underground halls of the Egyptian temples after their destruction. The worthy, ignorant Fathers of the Cyril and Theophilus types used them freely, believing they had been brought and concealed there by some new converts. Alone Origen, and after him Clemens Alexandrinus, and other ex-initiates, knew better. *But they preferred to keep silent.*

The Occultist, however, ought to ever bear in mind the words said by Ammian, that if “Truth is violated by falsehood,” it may be and is “*equally outraged by silence.*”

## Reviews

### THE BATTLE OF BELIEF.

This is the heading of Mr. Gladstone's paper in the *Nineteenth Century Review* of this month, which he devotes to criticising and attempting to refute the arguments of Mrs. Humphry Ward on Christianity in her new book called "Robert Elsmere," and which has made such a sensation in the world and in the Church that it has already reached a fourth edition. Mr. Gladstone admits that the aim of Mrs. Ward (in her hero Robert Elsmere, a noble clergyman) is to preserve intact *the moral and spiritual results of Christianity*.

But Mr. Gladstone maintains that that is not enough alone, without the Homousian dogma or creed is also accepted, which requires the World to believe that *Jesus is truly God*.

The battle between Mr. Gladstone and Robert Elsmere is one of Authority versus Reason: Romanism, versus Protestantism: Orthodoxy, versus Heterodoxy: The Church, versus The Scriptures: The Letter, versus The Spirit. Mr. Gladstone comes forward as the Advocate for the supremacy of Authority, Romanism, of Orthodoxy, of the Church and of the Letter, in opposition to Robert Elsmere who advocates the supremacy of Reason, Protestantism, Heterodoxy, the Scriptures and the Spirit.

But the proper arena for such a gigantic battle as this, which affects the belief of all men in Europe and America equally alike, is the pulpit of the Church. For the issue which is raised by both parties is the same, viz., the great question which Pilate asked of Jesus, in the Judgment Hall of Jerusalem, "What is truth?" which the world is still waiting to hear answered.

The parties on both sides profess to be anxious for the glory of God alone, and for the triumph of what is good, pure, and true.

And Cardinal Wiseman has said that in the history of religions there are *two great principles* in action which combat for supremacy, "Private Judgment and Authority." And in this awful duel an arena should be afforded by the Church for the combatants. As it is necessary for the very life of "*the Church*" that this warfare should be carried on.

Mr. Gladstone has come forward as the Champion of Authority in the *Nineteenth Century Review*, but we are not all able to obtain admission into that Review. Yet, as an ordained minister of the Church of England, to preach the truth of Christ Crucified, I ought to have a right to be heard in the pulpits of the National Church.

And as the brother, in Christ, of the Arch-heretic St. Paul, I ask the rulers of the Church for a pulpit in which to plead as the advocate of Reason, and (what is called) Heterodoxy, but which I (with St. Paul) maintain to be Christianity and Protestantism, as opposed to Romanism.

"Is there not a Cause?" (1 Samuel xvii., 29.)

REV. T. G. HEADLEY.

Manor House, Petersham, S.W.

## THE MYSTERY OF A TURKISH BATH.

By RITA, Author of "Dame Durden."

This is one of that class of shilling volumes which have become of late so popular under the name of "Thrillers." But the tale told here by Rita stands out in several respects from among the general mass of such books. To begin with, the English, if conversational, is still good, and neither the characters of the story nor their surroundings are exaggerated or overdrawn.

It is said that Occultism is fashionable at present. This seems strange; for "Theosophy"—that form of "Occultism" best known to Londoners, was the fashion three seasons ago, and was supposed to have died a natural death before æstheticism departed this life and was wept over by its devotees. But, apparently, Occultism and Theosophy have many lives, or else they never died at all; for once more they are in vogue, and everybody talks about those mysteries of the unseen world of which they are, as a rule, profoundly ignorant. It is a proof of this present taste for all the wonderful things supposed to be included under the word occult, that the popular novelists, each in turn, display to us what they apprehend of them.

It must be admitted that the hot room of a Turkish Bath would seem at first sight a strange place for the opening of a story in which the mystical and Theosophical play the principal part. Strange to say too "Rita's" knowledge of her subject is accurate as far as it goes, and none of her personages commit any of those absurd blunders or indulge in the ridiculous language which for most writers represents the "Occult." That "Rita" should give to her public an insight into these matters is an excellent augury. Not only is her power over her readers sufficient to claim attention, but also she has really studied and thought before putting pen to paper. She will, therefore, do real good by her work, as she will not only fascinate those who appreciate her story-telling faculty, but educate them.

The interest and curiosity of the reader are aroused by the very first page, and one feels sure that the "Bath scenes," must have been studied from life. Of course there is a slight tone of *persiflage* running through these pages, but it would really be very hard to decide whether it is the world in general and its self-conceited ignorance that the author is laughing at, or whether it is the Mystics and Theosophists whom that same world is pleased to set down as "mad."

There is an element of humour too in the tale which saves it from extravagance and leaves a pleasant flavour in the reader's mind.

It would not be fair to the author to reveal her plot, and this precludes any discussion of several interesting questions connected with the story. The novelette is cordially recommended to any one who wants to wile away a pleasant hour. Moreover the reader will be certainly a degree wiser when rising from its perusal than before, for he cannot fail to understand a little better what sort of thing this much abused "Theosophy" is.

## ROSES AND THORNS.

By CHARLES W. HECKETHORN, Author of "Secret Societies," and Translator of the "Frithiof Saga."

The interesting part of Mr. Heckethorn's volume is the poem called "The Antidote," which treats of the mystic philosophy of Jacob Boehme. Of the



rest of the book the less said the better; for the versification is halting and unmusical, and completely fails to do justice to the thought.

Thus, even though out of all systems of philosophy,

“ Which do perplex the seeker after truth,”

the author gives preference to the theosophy of Jacob Boehme—one of the greatest theosophists of past centuries, indeed—this fact only makes us the more regret that the author has chosen to write in verse. For he says :—

“ I once thought very highly of gymnosophy,  
Though only n unchastened, ardent youth,  
But now I mean to cling unto theosophy,  
Which makes the road to Heaven straight and smooth;  
For 'midst the ills of life, what thought so soothing,  
But that, at last, we go back to the Nothing? ” (1)

Passing then straight to Jacob Boehme and leaving aside all questions of poetry and expression, it is interesting to note the effect which the study of that great Seer has produced on the author's mind.

Mr. Heckethorn identifies Boehme's “ Three *First* Properties of Nature ” with the “ Three Mothers ” of Goethe's *Faust*. He is quite right, but might have added that the idea, and even its form, are much older than Boehme. Hermes speaks of the *Tres Matres*—Light, Heat, and Electricity\*—who showed to him the mysterious progress of work in Nature; and the “ Three Mothers ” were much talked about by the oldest Rosicrucians, who certainly did not derive their knowledge from Boehme.

Many a student of Nature's mysteries would echo the author's words :—

“ How much might quickly be achieved by Science,  
How many a truth-concealing veil she'd rend,  
Would she on Behmen's teaching place reliance,  
And boldly to that vantage ground ascend,  
Whence no more “ mystery ” shall fling defiance  
Against her objects and her labour's end,  
Where she shall find the key, which critics bothers,  
The Devil gave to Faust, to find the Mothers.”

He would cordially agree, too, with the following :—

“ For bodies never die but in appearance,  
For Life is Light's inseverable inherence,  
And since all *ens* is only light, compacted,  
All creatures, plants and stones, the mundane whole,  
Have fire within them, *ergo* have a soul.”

Further on, the writer expounds tersely enough the “ seven ” principles much talked of in mystic literature, which Boehme gives in a form worth quoting.

The First, Second and Third “ properties ” are Matter, Form, and Life, the Fourth is Light, or the Soul, then :—

“ As property the third from painful glow,  
Transfigured in the fifth, is light unbound,  
The second's grinding, hissing, groans of woe  
Turn, in the sixth, to soft, harmonious sound,  
Whilst in the seventh, life set free, does flow  
Into the first one's dark and hellish ground.”

The author has evidently read and, what is more, understood Boehme, which is a rare thing in this age of beclouded materialism, and bespeaks a degree of mental truthfulness not to be met with in every drawing-room.

\* With the Kabalists, “ the Three Mothers ” in Sepher Yezirah are Air, Water and Fire. They are EMeS, or *WOM*.

## Correspondence.

## A PUZZLE IN "ESOTERIC BUDDHISM."

To the Editors of LUCIFER.

SINCE the two Editors repeatedly assert their willingness in their great impartiality to publish even "personal remarks" upon themselves (*Vide Luc. No. 6, p. 432*), I avail myself of the opportunity. Having read "Esoteric Buddhism" with much interest and general approval of the main drift of its teachings, I am anxious, with your kind permission, to formulate an objection to some points in Mr. Sinnetts' view of Evolution which have completely staggered my friends and myself. They appear to upset once and for all the explanation of the origin of man propounded by that popular author. Mr. Sinnett has, however, so uniformly expressed his willingness to answer honest criticism that I may, perhaps, hope for his assistance in solving this difficulty. Meanwhile, despite my favourable bias towards Theosophy, I must, perforce, express my conviction that one aspect of the Esoteric Doctrine—*supposing of course that Mr. Sinnett is to be regarded as absolutely authoritative on the point*—is opposed to Science. The point is one of fundamental importance as will be readily recognised by all—except, perhaps, by some too . . . well, too admiring Theosophists.

In "Esoteric Buddhism" we are confronted with a general acceptance of Darwinism. Physical Man, in particular, is said to have been evolved from ape ancestors.

"Man, says the Darwinian, *was once an ape*. Quite true. But the ape known(?) to the Darwinian will not change from generation to generation till the tail disappears and the hands turn into feet and so on . . . if we go back far enough we come to a period at which there were no human forms ready developed on earth. *When spiritual monads, travelling on the earliest or lowest human level, were thus beginning to come round (the Planetary chain to this globe) their onward pressure in a world containing none but animal forms provoked the improvement of the highest of these into the required form—the much talked of missing link.*"—("Esoteric Buddhism," 5th ed. pp. 42-3.)

And again :—

"The mineral kingdom will no more develop the vegetable kingdom . . . until it receives an impulse from without than *the Earth was able to develop man from the ape* till it received an impulse from without." Ibid. p. 48.

The theory here broached is to the effect that the development of the ape into man was brought about by the incarnation of Human Egos from the last planet in the septenary chain of globes. I may here remark that in referring to our supposed animal progenitors as the apes "known" to the Darwinian, Mr. Sinnett exceeds in audacity the boldest Evolutionist. For this hypothetical creature is not known at all, being conspicuous by its absence from any deposits yet explored. This, however, is a minor point. The real indictment to which I have been leading up is to follow.

We are told that occultists divide the term of Human existence on this planet into seven great Race Periods. At the present time the 5th of these races, the Aryan, is in the ascendant, while the 4th is still represented by teeming

populaces. The 3rd is almost extinct. Now on page 64 of "Esoteric Buddhism" we are told regarding the 4th Race men that:—

*"In the Eocene Age even in its very first part, the great cycle of the 4th Race Men, the Atlanteans had already reached its highest point."*

Here, then, is a distinct landmark in the Esoteric Chronology pointed out to us. Summarizing these data we find ourselves confronted with the following propositions:

- (1.) Humanity was developed physically from apes.
- (2.) The 4th Race reached its prime at the *commencement* of the Eocene Age of Geology.
- (3.) The *three first Races* (1st, 2nd, and 3rd) must therefore have antedated the Eocene Age by an enormous extent of time, even if we allow a much shorter period for their development than for the 4th and 5th. The 1st race, in fact, must have preceded the Tertiary Period by several millions of years.
- (4.) This *pre-Tertiary 1st Race* was therefore derived from a *still earlier ape stock*.

At this point the fabric of theory collapses. Is it necessary to say that Science has been *unable to find a trace of an anthropoid ape previous even to the relatively late Miocene Age?* Now the Eocene precede the Miocene rocks, and the 1st Race, as already shown, must have antedated even the era of the Eocene; it must have stretched far back into that dim and distant past when the chalk cliffs of the Secondary period were deposited! How then can Mr. Sinnett claim his view of Human Evolution as merely "complementary" to Darwin's, when he binds himself to a chronology compared with the duration of which the Evolutionist one sinks into insignificance? Palaeontologists unanimously refuse to admit the existence of the higher apes previous to the Tertiary Period, and Darwin would have smiled at the notion. As a matter of fact, only the *very lowest* mammals had made their appearance before the Eocene strata were formed. This is the view of the Science to which Mr. Sinnett invites us to bow with due reverence. Apparently he has been unconsciously nursing a viper in his bosom, for the same Science now "turns and strikes him." I ask, **HOW THEN WAS THE 1ST RACE EVOLVED FROM APES AEONS OF YEARS BEFORE SUCH APES EXISTED?** If Mr. Sinnett will kindly return a satisfactory answer to this query, he will have largely contributed to relieve the intellectual difficulties in the way of—

AN AGNOSTIC STUDENT OF THEOSOPHY.

April 20th, Aberdeen.

**EDITORS' NOTE**—The above letter is an arraignment either of the Esoteric Doctrine or of its expounders. Now the doctrine itself is unassailable, though its expounders may often make mistakes in their presentation of it; particularly when, as in the case of the author of "Esoteric Buddhism," the writer was only very partially informed upon the subjects he treats of.

Leaving the author of "Esoteric Buddhism" to answer the criticism for himself, one of the editors of LUCIFER, as a person indirectly concerned with the production of the said work, begs the privilege of saying a few words upon the subject. It was as a special favour to herself that the teachings contained in Mr. Sinnett's volume were first begun; she was the only one of the party concerned

with these studies who had received for a series of years instruction in them. Therefore no one can know better than herself what was, or was not, meant in such or another tenet of this particular doctrine.

Our correspondent should bear in mind therefore, that :

(a.) At the time of the publication of "Esoteric Buddhism" (*Budhism\** would be more correct) the available Occult data were comparatively scanty in its author's hands. Otherwise, he would not have seemed to derive man from the ape—a theory absurd and *impossible* in the sight of the MASTERS.

(b.) Only a tentative effort was being cautiously made to test the readiness of the public to assimilate the elements of Esoteric philosophy.

For Mr. Sinnett was left largely to his own resources and speculations and very naturally followed the bend of his own mind, which, though greatly favouring esoteric philosophy, was, nevertheless, decidedly biassed by modern science. Consequently, the revelations then broached were purposely designed to rather afford a bird's-eye view of the doctrine than to render a detailed treatment of any special problem possible. The teachings were not given at first with the object of publication. No regular systematic teaching was ever contemplated, nor could it be so given to a layman; therefore that teaching consisted of detached bits of information in the shape of answers in private letters to questions offered upon most varied subjects, on Cosmogony and Psychology, Theogony and Anthropology, and so on. Moreover, more queries were left without any reply and full explanation refused—as the latter belong to the mysteries of Eastern Initiation—than there were problems solved. This has, subsequently, proved a very wise policy. It is not at this stage of absolute materialism on the one hand, of cautious agnosticism on the other, and of fluctuating uncertainty as regards almost every individual speculation among the most eminent men of Science, that *the full* revelation of the archaic scheme of anthropology would be advisable. In the days of Pythagoras the heliocentric system was a mystery taught only in the silence and secrecy of the inner Temples; and Socrates was put to death for divulging it, under the inspiration of his DAIMON. Now-a-day, the revealers of systems which clash with religion or science are not put to physical death, but they are slowly tortured to their dying hour with open calumny and secret persecutions, when ridicule proves to be of no avail. Thus, a full statement of even an abridged and hardly defined "Esoteric Buddhism" would do more harm than good. Only *certain portions* of it can be given, and they will be given very soon.

Nevertheless, as our critic readily admits, all these difficulties notwithstanding, Mr. Sinnett has produced a most interesting and valuable work. That, in his too exaggerated respect and admiration for modern science, he seems to have somewhat materialized the teachings is what every metaphysician will admit.

\* *Budhism* would mean "Wisdom," from *Budha* "a sage," "a wise man," and the *imperative verb* "*Budhyadhwan*" "Know," and *Buddhism* is the religious philosophy of Gautama, the Buddha. As Dr. H. H. Wilson very truly remarks in his translation of Vishnu Purana, "Much erroneous speculation has originated in confounding Budha, the son of Soma (the Moon) and the regent of the planet Mercury—he who knows 'the intelligent,'—with Buddha, any deified (?) mortal, or 'he by whom truth is known,' or as individually applicable, Gautama or Sakya, Son of the Raja Suddho-dana. The two characters have nothing in common; and the names are identical, only when one or other is misspelt." "*Budhism*" has preceded *Buddhism* by long ages and is pre-Vedic.

But it is also true, that the writer of "Esoteric Buddhism" would be the last man to claim any more "authoritative character" for his book, than what is given to it by the few verbatim quotations from the teachings of a Master, more particularly when treating of such moot questions as that of Evolution. The point on which his critic lays such stress—the incompatibility of the statements made in his work as to the origin of Man on this planet—certainly invalidates Mr. Sinnett's attempted reconciliation (if it is such) of the Darwinian and Esoteric Schemes of human evolution. But at this every true Theosophist, who expects no recognition of the truths he believes in at present, but feels sure of their subsequent triumph at a future day, can only rejoice. Scientific theories or rather *conjectures* are really too materialistic to be reconciled with "*Esoteric Buddhism.*"

As the whole problem, however, is one of great complexity it would be out of the question to do any justice to it in the space of a brief note. The "Budhism" of the archaic, *prehistoric* ages is not a subject that can be disposed of in a single little volume. Suffice it to say that the larger portion of the coming "Secret Doctrine" is devoted to the elucidation of the true esoteric views as to Man's origin and social development—hardly mentioned in *Esoteric Buddhism.* And to this source we must be permitted to refer the inquirer.

#### PRACTICAL OCCULTISM.

"In a very interesting article in last month's number entitled 'Practical Occultism' it is stated that from the moment a 'Master' begins to teach a 'chela' he takes on himself all the sins of that chela in connection with the occult sciences until the moment when initiation makes the chela a master and responsible in his turn.

"For the Western mind, steeped as it has been for generations in 'Individualism,' it is very difficult to recognise the justice and consequently the truth of this statement, and it is very much to be desired that some further explanation should be given for a fact which some few may feel intuitively but for which they are quite unable to give any logical reason." S. E.

EDITORS' REPLY. The best logical reason for it is the fact that even in common daily life, parents, nurses, tutors and instructors are generally held responsible for the habits and future ethics of a child. The little unfortunate wretch who is trained by his parents to pick pockets in the streets is not responsible for the sin, but the effects of it fall heavily on those who have impressed on his mind that it was the right thing to do. Let us hope that the Western Mind, although being "steeped in Individualism," has not become so dulled thereby as not to perceive that there would be neither logic nor justice were it otherwise. And if the moulders of the plastic mind of the yet unreasoning child must be held responsible, in this world of effects, for his sins of omission and commission during his childhood and for the effects produced by their early training in after life, how much more the "Spiritual Guru"? The latter taking the student by the hand leads him into, and introduces him to a world entirely unknown to the pupil. For this world is that of the invisible but ever potent CAUSALITY, the subtle, yet never-breaking thread that is the

action, agent and power of Karma, and Karma itself in the field of divine mind. Once acquainted with this no adept can any longer plead ignorance in the event of even an action, good and meritorious in its *motive*, producing evil as its result; since acquaintance with this mysterious realm gives the means to the Occultist of foreseeing the two paths opening before every premeditated as unpremeditated action, and thus puts him in a position to know with certainty what will be the results in one or the other case. So long then, as the pupil acts upon this principle, but is too ignorant to be sure of his vision and powers of discrimination, is it not natural that it is the *guide* who should be responsible for the sins of him whom he has led into those dangerous regions?

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#### WHY DO ANIMALS SUFFER?

*Q.* Is it possible for me who love the animals to learn how to get more power than I have to help them in their sufferings?

*A.* Genuine unselfish LOVE combined with WILL, is a "power" in itself. They who love animals ought to show that affection in a more efficient way than by covering their pets with ribbons and sending them to howl and scratch at the prize exhibitions.

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*Q.* Why do the noblest animals suffer so much at the hands of men? I need not enlarge or try to explain this question. Cities are torture places for the animals who can be turned to any account for use or amusement by man! and these are always the most noble.

*A.* In the *Sutras*, or the Aphorisms of the *Karma-pa*, a sect which is an offshoot of the great Gelukpa (yellow caps) sect in Tibet, and whose name bespeaks its tenets—"the believers in the efficacy of Karma," (action, or good works)—an Upasaka inquires of his Master, why the fate of the poor animals had so changed of late? Never was an animal killed or treated unkindly in the vicinity of Buddhist or other temples in China, in days of old, while now, they are slaughtered and freely sold at the markets of various cities, etc. The answer is suggestive:—

. . . "Lay not nature under the accusation of this unparalleled injustice. Do not seek in vain for Karmic effects to explain the cruelty, for the *Tenbrel Chugnyi* (causal connection, *Nidāna*) shall teach thee none. It is the unwelcome advent of the Peling (Christian foreigner), whose three fierce gods refused to provide for the protection of the weak and *little ones* (animals), that is answerable for the ceaseless and heartrending sufferings of our dumb companions." . . .

The answer to the above query is here in a nutshell. It may be useful, if once more disagreeable, to some religionists to be told that the blame for this universal suffering falls entirely upon our Western religion and early education. Every philosophical Eastern system, every religion and sect in antiquity—the Brahmanical, Egyptian, Chinese and finally, the purest as the noblest of all the existing systems of ethics, Buddhism—inculcates kindness and protection to every living creature, from animal and bird down to the creeping thing and

even the reptile. Alone, our Western religion stands in its isolation, as a monument of the most gigantic *human* selfishness ever evolved by human brain, without one word in favour of, or for the protection of the poor animal. Quite the reverse. For theology, underlining a sentence in the Jehovistic chapter of "Creation," interprets it as a proof that animals, as all the rest, were created for man! *Ergo*—sport has become one of the *noblest* amusements of the upper ten. Hence—poor innocent birds wounded, tortured and killed every autumn by the million, all over the Christian countries, for man's recreation. Hence also, unkindness, often cold-blooded cruelty, during the youth of horse and bullock, brutal indifference to its fate when age has rendered it unfit for work, and ingratitude after years of hard labour for, and in the service of man. In whatever country the European steps in, there begins the slaughter of the animals and their useless decimation.

"Has the prisoner ever killed *for his pleasure* animals?" inquired a Buddhist Judge at a border town in China, *infected* with pious European Churchmen and missionaries, of a man accused of having murdered his sister. And having been answered in the affirmative, as the prisoner had been a servant in the employ of a Russian colonel, "a mighty hunter before the Lord," the Judge had no need of any other evidence and the murderer was found "guilty"—justly, as his subsequent confession proved.

Is Christianity or even the Christian layman to be blamed for it? Neither. It is the pernicious system of theology, long centuries of theocracy, and the ferocious, ever-increasing selfishness in the Western civilized countries. What *can* we do?

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#### LOGICAL DEDUCTIONS.

Dr. Hartmann uses very poor logic in his "Logical Deductions," (see LUCIFER, page 93, issue of April 15th.) He says "a cause can exist without producing an effect"; I am no logician, but that is a "self-evident" absurdity. Until it has produced an effect, it is not a cause. If he argues in that way, it would be equally true to say that an effect can exist without a cause, for the cause may have ceased to exist as soon as the effect is produced.

Yours faithfully,

ALFRED WILSON.

[The author of "Logical Deductions" being at present in America, he cannot reply. But there is no doubt that the mistake is due rather to his imperfect knowledge of English, than to any false idea in his philosophical views. The incongruity is too apparent, and must be due to an oversight.—ED.]

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#### IS THERE NO HOPE?

I think, after reading the conditions necessary for Occult study given in the April number of LUCIFER, that it would be as well for the readers of this magazine to give up all hopes of becoming Occultists. In Britain, except inside a monastery, I hardly think it possible that such conditions could ever be realised. In my future capacity of medical doctor (if the gods are so benign)

the eighth condition would be quite exclusive ; this is most unfortunate, as it seems to me that the study of Occultism is peculiarly essential for a successful practice of the medical profession.\*

I have the following question to ask you, and will be glad to be favoured with a reply through the medium of LUCIFER. Is it possible to study Occultism in Britain ?

Before concluding, I feel compelled to inform you that, I admire your magazine as a scientific production, and that I really and truly classify it along with the "Imitation of Christ" among my text books of religion.

Yours,

Marischall College, Aberdeen.

DAVID CRICHTON.

[EDITORS' REPLY.—This is a too pessimistic view to entertain. One may study with profit the Occult Sciences without rushing into the higher Occultism. In the case of our correspondent especially, and in his future capacity of medical doctor, "the Occult knowledge of simples and minerals, and the curative powers of certain things in Nature, is far more important and useful than metaphysical and psychological Occultism or *Theophany*. And this he can do better by studying and trying to understand Paracelsus and the two Van Helmonts, than by assimilating Patanjali and the methods of Taraka Raja Yoga.

It *is* possible to study "Occultism" (the Occult sciences or arts is more correct) in Britain, as on any other point of the globe ; though owing to the tremendously adverse conditions created by the intense selfishness that prevails in the country, and a magnetism which is repellant to a free manifestation of Spirituality—solitude is the best condition for study. See Editorial in this issue.]

#### WHO ARE THE EURASIANS ?

As you expressly invite correspondence with regard to subjects connected with our work, Theosophy, I beg to ask of you *Who are the Eurasians* mentioned at p. 147 of LUCIFER for April, and what are their tenets or practices ? as I never heard of these before and have been consulting all my books on Hindoo religions, but *cannot* find any notice of them, at least under the name of Eurasians.

Fraternally yours,

G. OUSELEY, F.T.S.

[EDITORS' NOTE.—They are the Euro(pean)asians, or half Europeans by the fathers and Asiatics—Hindus or Mussulmen—on the maternal side. They are called Eurasians in India, where they number over 1,000,000, and are also referred to as "half-castes," etc. They are Christians, of course, and many of them are very intelligent, cultured and respectable people. Nevertheless, they are as kindly snubbed by the Anglo-Indians as are the "heathen" natives—the "niggers" of India—themselves, and more ; perhaps because they are the living witnesses to the practical and high morality imported into the country together with the Gospel of Christ and the 7th commandment of the Decalogue. It has to be confessed, however, that the "snubbing" has an excuse. It must be rather annoying to the cultured Englishmen, to be continually confronted with their incarnated sins.]

\* By "successful practice" I mean, successful to everybody concerned.