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IS THEOSOPHY A RELIGION?

“Religion is the best armour that man
can have, but it is the worst cloak.”

BUNYAN.

IT is no exaggeration to say that there never was—during the present century, at any rate—a movement, social or religious, so terribly, nay, so absurdly misunderstood, or more blundered about than THEOSOPHY—whether regarded theoretically as a code of ethics, or practically, in its objective expression, *i.e.*, the Society known by that name.

Year after year, and day after day had our officers and members to interrupt people speaking of the theosophical movement by putting in more or less emphatic protests against theosophy, being referred to as a “religion,” and the Theosophical Society as a kind of church or religious body. Still worse, it is as often spoken of as a “new sect”! Is it a stubborn prejudice, an error, or both? The latter, most likely. The most narrow-minded and even notoriously unfair people are still in need of a plausible pretext, of a peg on which to hang their little uncharitable remarks and innocently-uttered slanders. And what peg is more solid for that purpose, more convenient than an “ism” or a “sect.” The great majority would be very sorry to be disabused and finally forced to accept the fact that theosophy is neither. The name suits them, and they pretend to be unaware of its falseness. But there are others, also, many more or less friendly people, who labour sincerely under the same delusion. To these, we say: Surely the world has been hitherto sufficiently cursed with the intellectual extinguishers known as dogmatic creeds, without having inflicted upon it a new form of faith! Too many already wear their faith, truly, as Shakespeare puts it, “but as the fashion of his hat,” ever changing “with the next block.” Moreover, the very *raison d’être* of the Theosophical Society was, from its beginning, to utter a loud protest and lead an open warfare against dogma or any belief based upon blind faith.

It may sound odd and paradoxical, but it is true to say that, hitherto, the most apt workers in practical theosophy, its most devoted members were those recruited from the ranks of agnostics and even of materialists. No genuine, no sincere searcher after truth can ever be found among the *blind* believers in the "Divine Word," let the latter be claimed to come from Allâh, Brahmâ or Jehovah, or their respective Kurân, Purâna and Bible. For :

"Faith is not *reason's* labour, but repose."

He who believes his own religion on faith, will regard that of every other man as a lie, and hate it on that same faith. Moreover, unless it fetters reason and entirely blinds our perceptions of anything outside our own particular faith, the latter is no faith at all, but a temporary belief, the delusion we labour under, at some particular time of life. Moreover, "faith without principles is but a flattering phrase for wilful positiveness or fanatical bodily sensations," in Coleridge's clever definition.

What, then, is Theosophy, and how may it be defined in its latest presentation in this closing portion of the XIXth century?

Theosophy, we say, is not *a* Religion.

Yet there are, as every one knows, certain beliefs, philosophical, religious and scientific, which have become so closely associated in recent years with the word "Theosophy" that they have come to be taken by the general public for theosophy itself. Moreover, we shall be told these beliefs have been put forward, explained and defended by those very Founders who have declared that Theosophy is *not* a Religion. What is then the explanation of this *apparent* contradiction? How can a certain body of beliefs and teachings, an elaborate doctrine, in fact, be labelled "Theosophy" and be tacitly accepted as "Theosophical" by nine tenths of the members of the T. S., if Theosophy is not a Religion?—we are asked.

To explain this is the purpose of the present protest.

It is perhaps necessary, first of all, to say, that the assertion that "Theosophy is not *a* Religion," by no means excludes the fact that "Theosophy *is* Religion" itself. A Religion in the true and only correct sense, is a bond uniting men together—not a particular set of dogmas and beliefs. Now Religion, *per se*, in its widest meaning is that which binds not only *all* MEN, but also *all* BEINGS and all *things* in the entire Universe into one grand whole. This is our theosophical definition of religion; but the same definition changes again with every creed and country, and no two Christians even regard it alike. We find this in more than one eminent author. Thus Carlyle defined the Protestant Religion in his day, with a remarkable prophetic eye to this ever-growing feeling in our present day, as :

"For the most part a wise, prudential feeling, grounded on mere calculation; a matter, as all others now are, of expediency and utility; whereby some smaller *quantum* of earthly enjoyment may be exchanged for a far larger *quantum* of celestial enjoyment. Thus religion, too, is profit, a working for wages; not reverence, but vulgar hope or fear."

In her turn Mrs. Stowe, whether consciously or otherwise, seemed to have had Roman Catholicism rather than Protestantism in her mind, when saying of her heroine that:

"Religion she looked upon in the light of a ticket (with the correct number of indulgences bought and paid for), which, being once purchased and snugly laid away in a pocket-book, is to be produced at the celestial gate, and thus secure admission to heaven. . . ."

But to Theosophists (the genuine Theosophists are here meant) who accept no mediation by proxy, no salvation through innocent blood shed, nor would they think of "working for wages" in the *One Universal* religion, the only definition they could subscribe to and accept in full is one given by Miller. How truly and theosophically he describes it, by showing that

". . . true Religion
Is always mild, propitious and humble;
Plays not *the tyrant*, plants *no faith in blood*,
Nor bears destruction on her chariot wheels;
But stoops to polish, succour and redress,
And *builds her grandeur on the public good.*"

The above is a correct definition of what true theosophy *is*, or ought to be. (Among the creeds Buddhism alone is such a true heart-binding and men-binding philosophy, because it is not a dogmatic religion.) In this respect, as it is the duty and task of every genuine theosophist to accept and carry out these principles, Theosophy *is* RELIGION, and the Society its one Universal Church; the temple of Solomon's wisdom,* in building which "there was neither hammer, nor axe, *nor* any tool of iron heard in the house while it was building" (1. Kings, vi.); for this "temple" is made by no human hand, nor built in any locality on earth—but, verily, is raised only in the inner sanctuary of man's heart wherein reigns alone the awakened soul.

Thus Theosophy is not *a* Religion, we say, but RELIGION itself, the one bond of unity, which is so universal and all-embracing that no man, as no speck—from gods and mortals down to animals, the blade of grass

* Whose 700 wives and 300 concubines, by the bye, are merely the personations of man's attributes, feelings, passions and his various occult powers: the Kabalistic numbers 7 and 3 showing it plainly. Solomon himself, moreover, being, simply, the emblem of *Sor.*—the "Solar Initiate" or the Christ-Sun, is a variant of the Indian "Vikartana" (the Sun) shorn of his beams by Viswakarma, his Hierophant-Initiator, who thus shears the *Chrestos*-candidate for initiation of his golden radiance and crowns him with a dark, blackened auréole—the "crown of thorns." (See the "Secret Doctrine" for full explanation.) Solomon was never a living man. As described in *Kings*, his life and works are an allegory on the trials and glory of Initiation.

and atom—can be outside of its light. Therefore, any organization or body of that name must necessarily be a UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

Were it otherwise, Theosophy would be but a word added to hundreds other such words as high sounding as they are pretentious and empty. Viewed as a philosophy, Theosophy in its practical work is the alembic of the Mediæval alchemist. It transmutes the apparently base metal of every ritualistic and dogmatic creed (Christianity included) into the gold of fact and truth, and thus truly produces a universal panacea for the ills of mankind. This is why, when applying for admission into the Theosophical Society, no one is asked what religion he belongs to, nor what his deistic views may be. These views are his own personal property and have nought to do with the Society. Because Theosophy can be practised by Christian or Heathen, Jew or Gentile, by Agnostic or Materialist, or even an Atheist, provided that none of these is a bigoted fanatic, who refuses to recognise as his brother any man or woman outside his own special creed or belief. Count Leo N. Tolstoy does not believe in the Bible, the Church, or the divinity of Christ ; and yet no Christian surpasses him in the practical bearing out of the principles alleged to have been preached on the Mount. And these principles are those of Theosophy ; not because they were uttered by the Christian Christ, but because they are universal ethics, and were preached by Buddha and Confucius, Krishna, and all the great Sages, thousands of years before the Sermon on the Mount was written. Hence, once that we live up to such theosophy, it becomes a universal *panacea* indeed, for it heals the wounds inflicted by the gross asperities of the Church "isms" on the sensitive soul of every naturally religious man. How many of these, forcibly thrust out by the reactive impulse of disappointment from the narrow area of blind belief into the ranks of arid disbelief, have been brought back to hopeful aspiration by simply joining our Brotherhood—yea, imperfect as it is.

If, as an offset to this, we are reminded that several prominent members have left the Society disappointed in theosophy as they had been in other associations, this cannot dismay us in the least. For with a very, *very few* exceptions, in the early stage of the T. S.'s activities when some left because they did not find mysticism practised in the General Body as *they* understood it, or because "the leaders lacked Spirituality," were "untheosophical, hence, untrue to the rules," you see, the majority left because most of them were either half-hearted or too self-opinionated—a church and infallible dogma in themselves. Some broke away, again, under very shallow pretexts indeed, such, for instance, as "because Christianity (to say Churchianity, or *siam* Christianity, would be more just) was too roughly handled in our magazines"—just as if other fanatical religions were ever treated any better or upheld ! Thus, all those who left have done well to leave, and have never been regretted.

Furthermore, there is this also to be added: the number of those who left can hardly be compared with the number of those who found everything they had hoped for in Theosophy. Its doctrines, if seriously studied, call forth, by stimulating one's reasoning powers and awakening the *inner* in the animal man, every hitherto dormant power for good in us, and also the perception of the true and the real, as opposed to the false and the unreal. Tearing off with no uncertain hand the thick veil of dead-letter with which every old religious scriptures were cloaked, scientific Theosophy, learned in the cunning symbolism of the ages, reveals to the scoffer at old wisdom the origin of the world's faiths and sciences. It opens new vistas beyond the old horizons of crystallized, motionless and despotic faiths; and turning blind belief into a reasoned knowledge founded on mathematical laws—the only *exact* science—it demonstrates to him under profounder and more philosophical aspects the existence of that which, repelled by the grossness of its dead-letter form, he had long since abandoned as a nursery tale. It gives a clear and well-defined object, an ideal to live for, to every sincere man or woman belonging to whatever station in Society and of whatever culture and degree of intellect. Practical Theosophy is not *one* Science, but embraces every science in life, moral and physical. It may, in short, be justly regarded as the universal "coach," a tutor of world-wide knowledge and experience, and of an erudition which not only assists and guides his pupils toward a successful examination for every scientific or moral service in earthly life, but fits them for *the lives* to come, if those pupils will only study the universe and its mysteries *within themselves*, instead of studying them through the spectacles of orthodox science and religions.

And let no reader misunderstand these statements. It is Theosophy *per se*, not any individual member of the Society or even Theosophist, on whose behalf such a universal omniscience is claimed. The two—Theosophy and the Theosophical Society—as a vessel and the *olla podrida* it contains, must not be confounded. One is, as an ideal, *divine* Wisdom, perfection itself; the other a poor, imperfect thing, trying to run *under*, if not *within*, its shadow on Earth. No man is perfect; why, then, should any member of the T. S. be expected to be a paragon of every human virtue? And why should the whole organization be criticized and blamed for the faults, whether real or imaginary, of some of its "Fellows," or even its Leaders? Never was the Society, as a concrete body, free from blame or sin—*errare humanum est*—nor were any of its members. Hence, it is rather those members—most of whom will not be led by theosophy, that ought to be blamed. Theosophy is the soul of its Society; the latter the gross and imperfect body of the former. Hence, those modern Solomons who *will* sit in the Judgment Seat and talk of that they know nothing about, are invited before they slander theosophy or any theosophists to first get acquainted with both,

instead of ignorantly calling one a "farrago of insane beliefs" and the other a "sect of impostors and lunatics."

Regardless of this, Theosophy is spoken of by friends and foes as a religion when not a *sect*. Let us see how the special beliefs which have become associated with the word have come to stand in that position, and how it is that they have so good a right to it that none of the leaders of the Society have ever thought of disavowing their doctrines.

We have said that we believed in the absolute unity of nature. Unity implies the possibility for a unit on one plane, to come into contact with another unit on or from another plane. We believe in it.

The just published "Secret Doctrine" will show what were the ideas of all antiquity with regard to the *primeval instructors* of primitive man and his three earlier races. The genesis of that WISDOM-RELIGION, in which all theosophists believe, dates from that period. So-called "Occultism," or rather Esoteric Science, has to be traced in its origin to those Beings who, led by Karma, have incarnated in our humanity, and thus struck the key-note of that secret Science which countless generations of subsequent adepts have expanded since then in every age, while they checked its doctrines by personal observation and experience. The bulk of this knowledge—which no man is able to possess in its fulness—constitutes that which we now call Theosophy or "divine knowledge." Beings from other and higher worlds may have it entire; we can have it only approximately.

Thus, unity of everything in the universe implies and justifies our belief in the existence of a knowledge at once scientific, philosophical and religious, showing the necessity and actuality of the connection of man and all things in the universe with each other; which knowledge, therefore, becomes essentially RELIGION, and must be called in its integrity and universality by the distinctive name of WISDOM-RELIGION.

It is from this WISDOM-RELIGION that all the various individual "Religions" (erroneously so called) have sprung, forming in their turn offshoots and branches, and also all the minor creeds, based upon and always originated through some personal experience in psychology. Every such religion, or religious offshoot, be it considered orthodox or heretical, wise or foolish, started originally as a clear and unadulterated stream from the Mother-Source. The fact that each became in time polluted with purely human speculations and even inventions, due to interested motives, does not prevent any from having been pure in its early beginnings. There are those creeds—we shall not call them religions—which have now been overlaid with the human element out of all recognition; others just showing signs of early decay; not one that escaped the hand of time. But each and all are of divine, because natural and true origin; aye—Mazdeism, Brahmanism, Buddhism as much as Christianity. It is the

dogmas and human element in the latter which led directly to modern Spiritualism.

Of course, there will be an outcry from both sides, if we say that modern Spiritualism *per se*, cleansed of the unhealthy speculations which were based on the dicta of two little girls and their very unreliable "Spirits"—is, nevertheless, far more true and philosophical than any church dogma. *Carnalised* Spiritualism is now reaping its Karma. Its primitive *innovators*, the said "two little girls" from Rochester, the Mecca of modern Spiritualism, have grown up and turned into old women since the first raps produced by them have opened wide ajar the gates between this and the other world. It is on their "innocent" testimony that the elaborate scheme of a sidereal Summer-land, with its active astral population of "Spirits," ever on the wing between their "Silent Land" and our very loud-mouthed, gossiping earth—has been started and worked out. And now the two female Mahommeds of Modern Spiritualism have turned self-apostates and play false to the "philosophy" they have created, and have gone over to the enemy. They expose and denounce *practical* Spiritualism as the humbug of the ages. Spiritualists—(save a handful of fair exceptions)—have rejoiced and sided with *our* enemies and slanderers, when these, *who had never been Theosophists*, played us false and showed the cloven foot denouncing the Founders of the Theosophical Society as frauds and impostors. Shall the Theosophists laugh in their turn now that the original "revealers" of Spiritualism have become its "revilers"? Never! for the phenomena of Spiritualism are facts, and the treachery of the "Fox girls" only makes us feel new pity for all mediums, and confirms, before the whole world, our constant declaration that no medium can be relied upon. No true theosophist will ever laugh, or far less rejoice, at the discomfiture even of an opponent. The reason for it is simple:—

Because we know that beings from other, higher worlds do confabulate with some elect mortals now as ever; though now far more rarely than in the days of old, as mankind becomes with every civilized generation worse in every respect.

Theosophy—owing, in truth, to the *levée in arms* of all the Spiritualists of Europe and America at the first words uttered against the idea that every communicating *intelligence* is necessarily the Spirit of some ex-mortal from this earth—has not said its last word about Spiritualism and "Spirits." It may one day. Meanwhile, an humble servant of theosophy, the Editor, declares once more her belief in Beings, grander, wiser, nobler than any *personal* God, who are beyond any "Spirits of the dead," Saints, or winged Angels, who, nevertheless, *do* condescend in all and every age to occasionally overshadow rare sensitives—often entirely unconnected with Church, Spiritualism or even Theosophy. And believing in high and holy Spiritual Beings, she must also believe in the existence of their opposites—lower "spirits," good, bad and indifferent.

Therefore does she believe in spiritualism and its phenomena, some of which are so repugnant to her.

This, as a casual remark and a digression, just to show that Theosophy includes Spiritualism—as it should be, not as it is—among its sciences, based on knowledge and the experience of countless ages. There is not a religion worthy of the name which has been started otherwise than in consequence of such *visits* from Beings on the higher planes.

Thus were born all prehistoric, as well as all the historic religions, Mazdeism and Brahmanism, Buddhism and Christianity, Judaism, Gnosticism and Mahomedanism; in short every more or less successful "ism." All are true at the bottom, and all are false on their surface. The Revealer, the artist who impressed a portion of the Truth on the brain of the Seer, was in every instance a true artist, who gave out genuine truths; but the instrument proved also, in every instance, to be *only a man*. Invite Rubinstein and ask him to play a sonata of Beethoven on a piano left to *self-tuning*, one half of the keys of which are in chronic paralysis, while the wires hang loose; then see whether, the genius of the artist notwithstanding, you will be able to recognize the sonata. The moral of the *fabula* is that a man—let him be the greatest of mediums or natural Seers—is but a man; and man left to his own devices and speculations *must* be out of tune with absolute truth, while even picking up some of its crumbs. For Man is but a *fallen* Angel, a god within, but having an animal brain in his head, more subject to cold and wine fumes while in company with other men on Earth, than to the faultless reception of divine revelations.

Hence the multi-coloured dogmas of the churches. Hence also the thousand and one "philosophies" so-called, (some contradictory, theosophical theories included); and the variegated "Sciences" and schemes, Spiritual, Mental, Christian and Secular; Sectarianism and bigotry, and especially the personal vanity and self-opinionatedness of almost every "Innovator" since the mediæval ages. These have all darkened and hidden the very existence of TRUTH—the common root of all. Will our critics imagine that we exclude theosophical teachings from this nomenclature? Not at all. And though the esoteric doctrines which our Society has been and is expounding, are not *mental* or *spiritual* impressions from some "unknown, *from above*," but the fruit of teachings given to us by living men, still, except that which was dictated and written out by those Masters of Wisdom themselves, these doctrines may be in many cases as incomplete and faulty as any of our foes would desire it. The "Secret Doctrine"—a work which gives out all that can be given out during this century, is an attempt to lay bare *in part* the common foundation and inheritance of all—great and small religious and philosophical schemes. It was found indispensable to tear away all this mass of concreted misconceptions and prejudice which now hides the parent

trunk of (a) all the great world-religions ; (b) of the smaller sects ; and (c) of Theosophy as it stands now—however veiled the great Truth, by ourselves and our limited knowledge. The crust of error is thick, laid on by whatever hand ; and because we *personally* have tried to remove some of it, the effort became the standing reproach against all theosophical writers and even the Society. Few among our friends and readers have failed to characterize our attempt to expose error in the *Theosophist* and *Lucifer* as “very uncharitable attacks on Christianity,” “untheosophical assaults,” &c., &c. Yet these are necessary, nay, indispensable, if we wish to plough up at least *approximate* truths. We have to lay things bare, and are ready to suffer for it—as usual. It is vain to promise to *give* truth, and then leave it mingled with error out of mere faint-heartedness. That the result of such policy could only muddy the stream of facts is shown plainly. After twelve years of incessant labour and struggle with enemies from the four quarters of the globe, notwithstanding our four theosophical monthly journals—the *Theosophist*, *Path*, *Lucifer*, and the French *Lotus*—our wish-washy, tame protests in them, our timid declarations, our “masterly policy of inactivity,” and playing at hide-and-seek in the shadow of dreary metaphysics, have only led to Theosophy being seriously regarded as a religious SECT. For the hundredth time we are told—“What good is Theosophy doing?” and “See what good the Churches are doing”!

Nevertheless, it is an averred fact that mankind is not a whit better in morality, and in some respects ten times worse now, than it ever was in the days of Paganism. Moreover, for the last half century, from that period when Freethought and Science got the best of the Churches—Christianity is yearly losing far more adherents among the cultured classes than it gains proselytes in the lower *strata*, the scum of Heathendom. On the other hand, Theosophy has brought back from Materialism and blank despair to belief (based on logic and evidence) in man's *divine* Self, and the immortality of the latter, more than one of those whom the Church has lost through dogma, exaction of faith and tyranny. And, if it is proven that Theosophy saves one man only in a thousand of those the Church has lost, is not the former a far higher factor for good than all the missionaries put together?

Theosophy, as repeatedly declared in print and *viva voce* by its members and officers, proceeds on diametrically opposite lines to those which are trodden by the Church ; and Theosophy rejects the methods of Science, since her inductive methods can only lead to crass materialism. Yet, *de facto*, Theosophy claims to be both “RELIGION” and “SCIENCE,” for theosophy is the essence of both. It is for the sake and love of the two divine abstractions—*i.e.*, theosophical religion and science, that its Society has become the volunteer *scavenger* of both orthodox religion and modern science ; as also the relentless Nemesis of those who have degraded the two noble truths to their own ends and purposes, and then

divorced each violently from the other, though the two are and *must be one*. To prove this is also one of our objects in the present paper.

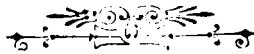
The modern Materialist insists on an impassable chasm between the two, pointing out that the "Conflict between Religion and Science" has ended in the triumph of the latter and the defeat of the first. The modern Theosophist refuses to see, on the contrary, any such chasm at all. If it is claimed by both Church and Science that each of them pursues the truth and *nothing but the truth*, then either one of them is mistaken, and accepts falsehood for truth, or both. Any other impediment to their reconciliation must be set down as purely *factitious*. Truth is one, even if sought for or pursued at two different ends. Therefore, Theosophy claims to reconcile the two foes. It premises by saying that the *true* spiritual and primitive Christian religion is, as much as the other great and still older philosophies that preceded it—the *light of Truth*—"the life and the light of men."

But so is the *true* light of Science. Therefore, darkened as the former is now by dogmas examined through glasses smoked with the superstitions artificially produced by the Churches, this light can hardly penetrate and meet its sister ray in a science, equally as cobwebbed by paradoxes and the materialistic sophistries of the age. The teachings of the two are incompatible, and cannot agree so long as both Religious philosophy and the Science of physical and external (in philosophy, *false*) nature, insist upon the infallibility of their respective "will-o'-the-wisps." The two lights, having their beams of equal length in the matter of false deductions, can but extinguish each other and produce still worse darkness. Yet, they can be reconciled on the condition that both shall clean their houses, one from the human dross of the ages, the other from the hideous excrescence of modern materialism and atheism. And as both decline, the most meritorious and best thing to do is precisely what Theosophy alone can and *will* do: *i.e.*, point out to the innocents caught by the glue of the two waylayers—verily two dragons of old, one devouring the intellects, the other the souls of men—that their supposed chasm is but an optical delusion; that, far from being one, it is but an immense garbage mound respectively erected by the two foes, as a fortification against mutual attacks.

Thus, if theosophy does no more than point out and seriously draw the attention of the world to the fact that the *supposed* disagreement between religion and science is conditioned, on the one hand by the intelligent materialists rightly kicking against absurd human dogmas, and on the other by blind fanatics and interested churchmen who, instead of defending the souls of mankind, fight simply tooth and nail for their personal bread and butter and authority—why, even then, theosophy will prove itself the saviour of mankind.

And now we have shown, it is hoped, what real Theosophy is, and what are its adherents. One is divine Science and a code of Ethics so

sublime that no theosophist is capable of doing it justice; the others weak but sincere men. Why, then, should Theosophy ever be judged by the personal shortcomings of any leader or member of our 150 branches? One may work for it to the best of his ability, yet never raise himself to the height of his call and aspiration. This is his or her misfortune, never the fault of Theosophy, or even of the body at large. Its Founders claim no other merit than that of having set the first theosophical wheel rolling. If judged at all they must be judged by the work they have done, not by what friends may think or enemies say of them. There is no room for *personalities* in a work like ours; and all must be ready, as the Founders are, if needs be, for the car of Jaggenâth to crush them *individually for the good of all*. It is only in the days of the dim Future, when death will have laid his cold hand on the luckless Founders and stop thereby their activity, that their respective merits and demerits, their good and bad acts and deeds, and their theosophical work will have to be weighed on the Balance of Posterity. Then only, after the two scales with their contrasted loads have been brought to an equipoise, and the character of the net result left over has become evident to all in its full and intrinsic value, then only shall the nature of the verdict passed be determined with anything like justice. At present, except in India, those results are too scattered over the face of the earth, too much limited to a handful of individuals to be easily judged. Now, these results can hardly be perceived, much less heard of amid the din and clamour made by our teeming enemies, and their ready imitators—the indifferent. Yet however small, if once proved good, even now every man who has at heart the moral progress of humanity, owes his thankfulness to Theosophy for those results. And as Theosophy was revived and brought before the world, *viâ* its unworthy servants, the “Founders,” if their work was useful, it alone must be their vindicator, regardless of the present state of their balance in the petty cash accounts of Karma, wherein social “respectabilities” are entered up.



NOTICE.



WITH the December Number of LUCIFER will commence the publication of a Serial Story entitled “THE SPEAKING IMAGE OF OOROOR,” by Dr. Franz Hartmann, Author of “Paracelsus,” “Magic White and Black,” “Jehoshua,” etc., etc. To those acquainted with this gifted and versatile writer, further recommendation of his new story is unnecessary.

WAITING.

I STAND and wait on this wind-smitten shore,
Which many wrecks have strewn with plenteous store
Of wood, and stone, and hapless broken things,
Whereof mine hand hath striven to fashion wings ;

Strong wings to cleave the heavy darkened air,
And swift as light my yearning spirit bear
Unto that garden, liliated, green, and cool,
Where my Love waiteth, calm and beautiful.

But, ah ! the hope that set my hands to toil !
And ah ! the wroughten feathers that should foil
The envious distance ! . . . When I sought to fly
My false wings failed me, fluttering aimlessly.

Then, swift I cast them to the cold, grey sea,
And watched them slowly drift away from me ;
"Go ye where He hath gone !" I madly cried,
"I yield Love scorn for scorn !" and angry-eyed

Once more I sought from wreckage round my feet
To carve some treasure, and yon winding street
Whereby the little village skirts the foam,
I built despairing for my spirit's home.

Look where I set each small house, carven fair,
With wreathed gables, that the sharp sea air
Might stain and colour in its wondrous way,
And note each flowerful garden, where the spray

Drifted like snow, till fragrance more intense
Than slow-swung censor, brimmed with frankincense,
It drew from my pale roses, and I said,
"Now were I full content, tho' Love were dead !"

E'en as I spoke a strong, fierce wind sprang high,
 And hideous, angry clouds strode thro' the sky ;
 While like wan flakes of moonlight, white and sweet,
 The wailing sea-gulls cowered to my feet.

Swooning with fear, my faint heart spake to me,
 " What hast thou done ? Because Love smiteth thee,
 " And hideth for a season his fair face,
 " Hast thou lost memory of His olden grace,

" Whereby thy life grew sweet as Paradise ?
 " And where thy look fell angels met thine eyes ?
 " Know, graceless one, His hand but leadeth thee
 " Thro' bitter wind, and cruel, angry sea ! "

Ah me, that day ! If Love led me or no,
 Hard was the path o'er which my feet must go !
 And when night fell, lo ! merest wreckage there,
 Lay my carved houses, and my gardens fair !

For bruised soul, wings and house for resting place
 Of sick, sad heart athirst for his blest face,
 Wrecked . . broken . . hopeless . . shelterless I stand,
 And grope 'mid darkness for Love's guiding hand. . .

One day, perchance speeding with eager feet,
 Flame-shod, flame-pinioned, down the winding street,
 Thro' my life's ruins comes a messenger
 Whom Love hath sent for guide and comforter.

Here must I wait beside the wailing sea,
 Whereon the cruel winds moan bitterly,
 Hardly the wreckage of my heart's lost home,
 Athirst and weary till the Lightener come.

EVELYN PYNE.



THE FUNCTION OF ATTENTION IN PERSONAL DEVELOPMENT.

TRUE study of any branch of knowledge consists in giving the matter of that branch such repetitions of *attentive* consideration that it at length becomes an integral part of the domain of the consciousness, and can at any time, under any correlated stimulus, be made use of by automatic mental action.

True Study of an Art consists, primarily, in the *attentive* repetitions of the action of the physiological organs, involved in the productions of that Art, until that action becomes automatic, and is as well and so naturally performed as any original reflex physiological function.

In these definitions the word qualifying the necessary processes is the adjective *attentive*, denoting the presence of *attention* in the operation. Without this word the definitions would not merely be imperfect, they would be essentially incorrect and misleading.

Only in the quality of being *attentive* can the reiterated consideration and the reiterated action, respectively, result in the *possession*, on the one hand, of a new realm of knowledge, or, on the other hand, of a new area of power.

What is the *nature and manner of expression* of this supreme quality Attention?

An appreciative intellectual grasp of the answer to this question and a realisation of the function of its subject in the processes of human personal evolution, should be recognised as fundamental elements in the knowledge and understanding of the true educationist, be he teacher or not.

The word Attention is used largely, but loosely, in educational employments, yet we have no other word with which, habitually, to express that *attitude of the consciousness* which, in any study or acquisition of power, is absolutely and continuously demanded, in order to ensure intrinsic results. The term *concentration* is more literally correct in this relation, but concentration has, with most persons, too limited and too special an application to render it available for ordinary use instead of Attention.

Yet the Attention we are discussing, the attention of all knowledge-acquiring processes, may perhaps be better understood and realized if it is regarded as *Concentrated Attention*.

Attention is that condition or attitude of consciousness in which its rays are *steadily and unintermittently centred* upon the thing being done or the subject of study. This may be presented to the consciousness

by one or more of the special senses, or it may already be a content of the mind ; the special element in the attitude being *the intentness with which the consciousness operates*. This intentness of gaze must proceed to such a degree that all other sensible or mental objects, except *the one*, become excluded from its range.

In the effort to do this—to *maintain* concentrated attention, the Will of the individual is brought into play, and its function in the process may be compared to that played by a burning-glass held between the sun and the surface of an object. If it is intended that the sun's rays shall produce, through the burning-glass, a definite and observable effect, the glass must be held in such a relation to the object that the rays of light converge upon *one spot*. This spot, or focus, then receives the whole force of the rays that pass through the glass ; it alone, of all the surrounding surface, is brought out into relief and operated upon. In like manner the Will, in sustaining attention, focuses the rays of the consciousness, with all their inherent dynamic forces, upon one circumscribed area, physiological, mental, or moral, as the case may be, wherein lies the work to be done.

Thus we see that Attention is intentness of Mental Vision, concentrated and maintained by action of the Will. It is not a separate function or property of the mind, like perception, imagination, reason, &c., as some psychologists might lead us to suppose, but *a mode of action*,—the true mode of the Will's action. In other words it is the *definite, efficient expression of the Volition or Will-force* of the individual.

The functions perception, conception, imagination, &c., are *instruments* of the Ego for operating upon the phenomenal world and upon mental appropriations of that world ; when one or more of these thus operates with all its force, undiverted from its employment by any surrounding object, then Attention is exhibited.

Will is the manifestation or action of the *real human Ego* ; Attention designates the mode in which that manifestation is functionally exhibited, and by which alone permanent results are produced.

In relation to the psychological realm in which Attention is a feature, we may formulate the following scheme. This scheme may serve to make the general bearings of the subject clearer and to more definitely indicate the part played by Attention in all psychological phenomena.

The <i>source</i> of mental movement	arises in	Emotion	=	the desire to know.
The <i>direction</i> of the movement	lies with	Reason	=	how and what to know.
The <i>machinery</i> of the movement	is provided by	The mental activities (Perception, etc.)	=	the means by which the knowledge is gained.

The *maintaining force* of the movement resides in the

Will = the mode by which
(the Energy of the Ego). continuity of operation is ensured.

The efficient relation of the two last groups of factors to each other, and their joint relation to the object under study, are expressed by our term Attention. The Will holds the mental activities employed *rigidly and persistently* to their work.

The Ego, through Volition, can only establish relations with objects external to itself *through the mental activities*, Perception, Conception, Judgment, Imagination, &c., and to effect this, the latter must be maintained in operation in a direct line between the Ego, represented by Volition, and the object to be studied; just as the gun of the sportsman must be held with exact precision longitudinally between his eye and the object he desires to hit. If the gun be allowed to deviate in the least degree from the exact line of vision, the sportsman misses his object, so, also, if Perception, or Conception, or Judgment, or Imagination, whichever of these activities or faculties is in use, is permitted to lose its *direct* bearing upon the work in hand absolute failure of purpose ensues. In this illustration the steady maintenance of the gun in precise position is a parallel to the psychological action of Attention.

When we grasp the full bearing of the truths here pointed out, we cannot fail to perceive the significant relation which the mental attitude of Attention holds to *all* educational processes and employments, nor can we assign it too prominent a position in laying down true and efficient methods of culture. Let Volition, the Mental Activities, the Light of Reason, the Physiological System of nerves and muscles, and vast mines of possible knowledge, all be provided; what intrinsic and permanent result can be accomplished amongst them if the manner in which they are used does not include Attention?

Modern Education fails, as evident to all thoughtful observers of human life, very largely because of its neglect to maintain this essential factor of personal evolution in its due place. The desultoriness, aimlessness and mental commonplaceness of the general adult life around us, spring from this omission.

Modern Education, in its multitude of subjects, in its haste in passing from one subject to another, and in its lack of precise aim, exhibits *desultoriness* in employment of time and faculty.

Desultoriness is the antithesis of Systematic Attention.

Modern Education rules over an area from which nothing new arises as the fruit of *its* fostering care, it brings no new thing into being from out its world of chaos.

This results from its desultoriness of method and action.

The Human Will is, however, a natural *creator* when it operates through *Concentrated Attention*, but education fails in its true mission as a stimulus

and guide to individual creative force, because of this unreasonable neglect of a fundamental principle.

Every area of acquired skill is a new creation ; it has a real, patent existence and is an object of possession and use in the world of human life, which did not exist previous to its evolution by the personal Will operating through the mental activities upon a physiological chaos.

To prevent possible confusion of thought in tracing out the subject, it may be remarked here that there is a mental attitude to which the term, Attention is commonly applied. This may be termed Passive Attention.

Passive Attention rules the consciousness when one listens to an eloquent speech or interesting lecture.

In such instances the Will is in abeyance, the consciousness being probably held entranced by forces which the Occultist might term *Mantramic*.

Passive attention also rules when the mind follows an absorbing train of thought. But this form is not that demanded for personal growth ; educationally it is of slight value and without necessary relation to our subject.

Attention plays its necessary part in each one of the realms or planes of life to which the human individual belongs :—

1. On the physical plane ;—in the physiological realm of the special senses and the nervous and muscular systems. Conscious action under its rule in this realm results in *skill*, the basis not only of all art and artistic performance, but of every nicely adapted movement of the human limbs and frame for practical purpose or for the display of agility and gracefulness.

2. On the mental plane ;—in the psychological realm of concepts comparisons, judgments, deductions, speculations and ideals. On this plane intellectual energy under the control of Attention, creates logical systematic and consecutive forms of thought, true panoramic fields of vision out of detached intellectual details, and new emotional forms of power and beauty.

3. On the moral plane ;—in the spiritual realm of supreme truths, vital principles, gropings after the Infinite, the laws of human relationships, and the application of all these to the entire conduct of the personal life. In this supreme area the moral sentiments and spiritual aspirations after perfection of life, concentrate their attention upon *definite details* of personal thought and behaviour, the production of grace of spirit, reliability of disposition, agreement of conduct with principle, altruism in all its effective forms, and the development of a personal influence ever tending towards the evolution of a vitalizing social harmony.

In the evolution of personal life, when the object of its action is an area or detail of any one of these realms, Attention may be termed

specific, and when the control of the adopted *purpose of existence as a whole* is maintained through its means, establishing an efficient and well-ordered unity amongst the many divisions and details of that purpose, then we may designate Attention as *supreme*.

"Genius" has been defined as "an infinite capacity for *taking pains*." The expression "taking pains" is merely a synonym for "close attention to *minute details*." "Close attention to details" takes each brick of which the "mansion for all lovely forms,"—the structure of personal knowledge, capacity and ability, is to be built, and carefully places it in *its due position, cementing it there at once*. The structure so put together is substantial, capacious, beautiful, and efficient.

This structure, the result of infinite pains long continued, is that which the world wonders at and worships and calls Genius. Nearly all men, if first guided and supported along the toilsome track and afterwards urged along it by pressure of their own Wills, might develop some form of power and skill which would elevate them considerably towards that height from which Genius looks down, and thus render the ordinary world much less commonplace, monotonous and unskilful than it is at present. To sum up:—

Concentrated Attention is the expression of the Will, and Will is the central, animating force proceeding from the Ego. Will, operating under the condition of Attention upon the chaos of its attendant world, and co-ordinating the energies, forces and movements of that world, converts it into a realm of form, power, and purpose, centreing around the Ego.

This constitutes Personal Evolution resulting at length in a perfected Individuality, the *creation of its own Will*.

I.



LIFE.

What is our life? . . . A beetling precipice
 O'er which we stagger thro' a moonless night,
 And mutely grope for landmarks, craving light
 Which should reveal hid treasure that we miss ;
 Yet know not if the dark be prejudice
 Of faithless eye, or lack of grasping sense
 To solve the end, made dim by inference
 Of wingless reason. . . . We clasp close and kiss
 A shadow meeting us, and yet I wis
 Are struck atwain, with bleeding, maddened hands,
 That strain out wildly towards th' imagined lands
 Where light dwells always, and where life is bliss . . .
 Alas, we reach them not ! . . . Yet have no fear,
 Love leads when we are blind, and Love is here !

EVELYN PYNE

ACCURSED!

II.

(Continued from the October Number.)

MANY years had elapsed. After the bombardment of Sevastopol, after all the horrors of the war, the national and personal losses, the tears and sufferings of all Russia, the empire had once more resurrected to life; and shaking off the nightmare of the Past, it had sufficient time to begin a new life, and to realize that this war had been for our greater glory, not for our moral death. The Reform of 1861 had entirely transformed the broad face of the Russian Empire. Nevertheless, the entirely groundless forebodings, utterly unjustified by the course of events, with regard to *possible* rebellions and dangers arising out of the dissatisfaction of hard-shelled serf-proprietors—had not quite disappeared from the public mind, when I happened to read in the newspapers the account of a bloody act of reprisal resorted to by the peasants belonging to the property of Countess Sedminska, against her land-agent. Our old friend, Pan Matzevitch, it seems, liberation of the serfs notwithstanding, had attempted *quand même* to pursue his despotic and barbarous rule with the ex-serfs, and had paid dearly for his past crimes. The peasants had executed Lynch-law, murdered him, and reduced to chips the house wherein he had lived and tortured them for over twenty years under the all-powerful command of his high-born *châtelaine* and protectress.

“And where was *she* meanwhile?” I involuntarily wondered, after reading the terrible account. “Had not she even attempted to save from death her faithful servant and confederate?” About two years later I learnt that the old Countess was now living abroad, having left her castle some years earlier. She had avoided being present at the event of the emancipation of her peasants, whom she feared—not without good and abundant reasons. Such was my personal conclusion. As to the newspaper reports, which had brought once more to my recollection that antipathetical personality, they said nothing of the true reason of her expatriation; but, on the contrary, praised and glorified the great virtues and generosity of the “Polish Countess and millionaire.” She was now endowing with unstinting hand schools and churches, near Cannes or Meran, or some such foreign resort, so well-beloved by our Russian boyars. “Seeking to atone for her sins!” I thought again; “wants to feed the French and the Italian beggars, as a penance for having starved her own Russian peasants.” . . . Perchance she is now openly converted to Roman Catholicism. But no! The Countess

Sedminska did not believe so implicitly as all that in God and her own soul, to thus change, for the sake of the salvation of the latter, her faith to the evident detriment of her terrestrial interests. She knew too well for that the value of her Russian income. Secretly, she of course preferred Roman Catholicism. She found it more agreeable for her personal relations with cultured, sweet-spoken *ksionds* and reverends, who expatiated to her in the choicest French dialect upon the charms and profits of the Pope's "Indulgences," than the uncouth Russian confessors, totally unfit for an elegant drawing-room. But, on the whole, she was quite indifferent to any faith or religious question. At any rate, such she remained till a short time before her death; when suddenly and most unexpectedly she threw herself headlong into the wildest bigotry and fanaticism. So much I learnt, at any rate, after her death, when I came quite accidentally across her kinsman and my friend, Korzanof, the officer who had married her niece. That meeting was very original. It struck me forcibly at the time and remained impressed on my memory for many reasons, the least of which was its association with a vivid and beautiful picture.

It was on a lovely and sunny afternoon on the Mediterranean, in Gaëta. He was travelling in Europe *en grand seigneur*, to satisfy a whim of his wife and his fifteen-year-old daughter—the despot of both her parents; I, as an idle and aimless tourist, attracted less by the gorgeous scenery of the place than by the military fame—still very loud in those days—of the fortifications to which the Neapolitan Queen was indebted for her decoration of our Russian St. George's Cross. . . .

We met, as I said, quite accidentally on the terrace of an hotel covered, as every respectable Italian *trattoria* generally is, with a wealth of ivy, vines, and climbing roses, and at first passed each other without either of us recognising an old friend. It was by his voice that I knew him, when I heard him addressing in Russian a tall and very pretty girl, who moved under the marble steps of the terrace among an exuberant jungle of jasmine and tuberose. On both sides of the terrace the picturesque shores of the gulf, bending in the shape of a horseshoe, stretched out far away decked with pretty vine-covered villas and studded with poor fishermen's huts. On our right arose the fortress and harbour with its wealth of chimneys, masts and sails. In the distance, behind the fort, an old monastery, and nearer on our side the mass of dark green bowers, of orange, lemon, and almond trees, laden with their golden fruits, bunches of grapes hanging everywhere, high and low, fastened by their flexible, climbing stalks wherever there was anything to fasten upon. The air was one glowing mass of light and sunbeams, whose waves vibrated in the hot atmosphere, full of colours and perfumes. Right before us stretched the blue expanse of the sea, sparkling and undulating in the southern sun like liquid topazes and sapphires, rolling its golden ripples further and further away; until meeting on the

furthest edge of the horizon with the azure, cloudless sky, both finally merged into each other, to form one opalescent vapoury wall, upon the face of which small fishermen's boats appeared and reappeared, one moment lost in the radiant light, then suddenly emerging on the shining white surface with their white sails and dark masts vigorously marked upon the dazzling screen. . . . It was in the midst of such Southern, fairy-like scenery that we two Northerners met ; and, once the mutual recognition made, like two genuine Russian bears, we pawed each other, and fell upon each other's neck, clasped in a warm and tight embrace after almost twenty years' separation. Korzanof introduced me to his daughter, and made me renew my acquaintance with his wife, still handsome, though rather too fat now for a model beauty. She recognised me immediately, declaring that I was hardly changed at all. I assured her, with the most graceful and innocent smile I could put on, of the same.

"Just as he ever was!" she went on, exclaiming, "The same Ivan Nikolaevitch as sixteen years ago. . . . it seems sixteen days hardly. Who would have thought of meeting *you* here!"

"Yes," I said, "and a lovely land this is to meet in. . . . plenty of warmth and light. . . . a little different from our Northern country. It is not fair, in us, however, to complain of our climate. . . . Have you visited, since your marriage, your aunt, or her castle?"

"O yes! . . . Didn't you know that both she and my cousin, the Princess Tcherterinska had died? I have become sole heir to all the property of my aunt Sedminska. . . ."

"Indeed! Receive my best congratulations. . . . I am glad for your sake. In that case you must sometimes pass the summer in the palace of Rujano Lyass?"

"Oh no, Heaven forbid! Rujano-Lyass is now sold for some factory or foundry. We even avoid visiting my husband's property, as it is too near the dreadful old castle. . . ."

"Hum! . . . Yes, friend," coughed Korzanof, eagerly interrupting his wife ; "it is indeed a disagreeable neighbourhood. We would have never approached that terrible house even if we had not had the luck to get rid of it. . . . Hang it! I am glad it was burnt to ashes."

"Burnt! That superb palace? Impossible! But you must have lost with it a whole fortune!"

"We do not regret it!" eagerly put in the wife ; but her husband interrupted her once more :

"If you only knew what happened there!" he exclaimed, and suddenly stopped. He had perceived his daughter approaching us with a large bouquet of flowers.

I saw the parents exchange a rapid and suggestive glance, and hastened to chance the conversation.

Very luckily for my curiosity, the daughter had come to remind her

mother of a projected boat excursion to the monastery. Under the shallow pretext of rheumatism, the father got leave to remain at home, of which I felt very glad.

"Come, mamma, make haste!" exclaimed the petted child. "This gentleman will be kind enough to keep papa company. . . . won't you?" she asked me with a pretty girlish smile.

I hastened to consent, feeling extremely curious to hear from my friend further particulars about the mysterious burning of the castle.

The two ladies left, and we two men remained alone on the terrace. Here, under the sunny sky of Italy, in the shadow of orange and pomegranate trees, with the accompaniment of a far away tarantella and laughter, and the songs of the merry children of the South, with glasses of Moscow tea before us, I listened to the narrative of my friend: a narrative so weird and fantastic, that I was at first disinclined to believe in its actuality; until . . . well, until just such a *strange event*, as mentioned at the opening of this true tale of mine, came to prove to me its veracity and actual occurrence.

These are the main facts, as briefly given to me by Korzanof.

About three years before, soon after the terrible murder of Matzevitch, the Countess Sedminska was taken ill, and died. She expired in terrible tortures after an unheard-of agony which lasted for over a year. Most of her friends believed she had gone mad. Korzanof and his wife were of this opinion until they got convinced *through personal experience* that the visions which, as she complained, tormented her night and day were no fictions, but a terrible reality. . . . Long before her last illness, the countess had suddenly become attacked with *insomnia*; nay, she had entirely lost the power of sleeping. For whole nights she used to walk about her vast rooms like a forlorn shadow, and very soon her servants came to remark that her behaviour was becoming very extraordinary. She seemed to be ever seeing an invisible *presence* near her. Cautiously moving about, stopping with sudden starts and horror painted in her eyes, she was, moreover, frequently overheard talking loudly to some one, whom no one could perceive but herself. Her monologues were angry, the tones of her voice getting at times full of disgust and fury, while on other occasions they became full of terror and supplication. . . . She had called the best physicians to her help, and tried every remedy, visiting for that purpose every metropolis and watering-place of Europe, but had nowhere found either relief, or even simple rest.

Strange to say, it was not the doctors who believed or insinuated that she was becoming mad, but she herself who tried to persuade the physicians of her growing insanity. During the last months, her eccentricities and violence had reached such a pitch that no hotel or lodging-house would have her, notwithstanding the fabulous rents offered to them, while no servants would remain with her at any price. There came a day, finally, after her physicians had almost concluded to take

her to a lunatic asylum, when suddenly she became calm and declared that she was going to start on that same day, on her return journey to Russia. On the eve of her departure, her maids had watched and seen her through the keyhole going through a whole pantomime, while quite alone in her bedroom. Hitherto she had almost knocked them off their feet by claiming night and day their incessant presence and attendance upon her, in the hope, perhaps, that a third party might put a stop to her habitual hallucinations. But she became very soon convinced that it was of no use, as she was the only one to perceive certain manifestations. These became only the more menacing for the presence of a third person. Henceforth, the Countess clamoured no more after someone to keep constant watch near her; and then it was that her maids and footmen, who were now watching to gratify their own curiosity, once saw the extraordinary scene that took place in the bedroom of their wretched mistress. They testified that during one of such *fits*, the countess commenced by becoming angry with some invisible person in her room; then, getting furious, she violently stamped her feet, made threatening gestures, as if she were repelling some unseen assailant; after which a regular fight took place—"with empty air," as the witnesses expressed it—the proud old lady clutching *at space*, pushing it off, with every sign of something resisting her, and then falling down as if an invisible opponent had overpowered and conquered her at last!

. . . After this she usually went through a whole scene of strangulation, becoming black and blue in the face, with her tongue protruding from the mouth and her eyes starting from their sockets, looking as though she was almost choked. Usually, this weird pantomime concluded by her humbling herself abjectly before her "imagined" adversary. Going down on her knees, she used to begin a scene of supplication, first imploring and then solemnly pledging herself to some promise. This ended by her watching with terror someone leaving the room and finally disappearing. On the morning following one of such performances, she ordered the servants to prepare everything for their departure, and a week later she was back in her castle.

At first she seemed to get relief in Rujano Lyass. Even sleep, which had almost forgotten her, returned during the first days, acting beneficently on the nerves of the miserable old woman. Masses were daily said for the repose of the soul of her murdered land-agent; a marble cross with a crucifix on it was placed over his tomb, and a magnificent railing surrounded his last resting-place. His two children received each 50,000 roubles, and she gave a large sum of money for the local *kostiol* (Roman Catholic Church) for perpetual masses, so that the name of the victim should be mentioned daily in it during the service, for ever and all times to come. In short, everything that money could do, was done to honour and perpetuate the memory of the infamous Pan Matzevitch; far more was done, in fact, for him than had

ever been done for her own daughter, when that young and hapless princess died in 1854, soon after leaving Rujano Lyass.

It became plain to all that the chief disturber of her peace and nightly rest was that same ex-confederate of hers. People began to talk openly of this. It was whispered that those most meritorious efforts of the old Countess to quiet and propitiate his sinful soul had been evidently crowned with success, since the high-born *Pani* Sedminska had now ceased to be troubled at nights. But this happy state did not last very long. Suddenly she began to ail again, took to her bed, and new visions seemed to pursue her. To these were now added hitherto unheard-of phenomenal manifestations.

Before that, she used to be the only one to see and hear the presence and the discourses of her invisible tormentors. But now things changed.

In that enormous empty ancestral castle of hers things so terrible began now to occur daily, and almost hourly, that every man, woman, and child deserted it, leaving her quite alone. Unfortunately for her, the days of serfdom had passed, never to return again; the Countess could not keep servants against their will. The result of this was, that as the large house became gradually emptied of its living inmates, it received tenants of another kind: it became, in short, overcrowded with *beings* so far visible to herself alone, but *audible*, on the other hand, to many. Indeed, visitors, servants, and even casual passers-by, gentry as well as peasants, often became terrified eye-witnesses to the most extraordinary and inexplicable manifestations. Illuminations and fires would suddenly light up at the midnight hour in reception-rooms shut up for years, and that were now never entered by anyone. On certain nights the illumination lasted so long, and was so brilliant, that the neighbours remained under the impression that the Countess Sedminska had once more opened her house to visitors, and was giving balls and festivals as in the days of old. At other times, meteor-like flames suddenly appeared in the house and, traversing the long suite of the inhabited rooms, disappeared as suddenly and as mysteriously as they had come. The heavy, securely-locked and bolted gates of the main entrance were often seen flung open, as by some invisible porter; this was followed by the heavy rumbling of wheels on the avenue, of carriages as invisible as the rest, after which the hall and other doors leading to the reception rooms opened of themselves, as if to receive a host of guests. Then, from the modest ground floor where, having entirely abandoned the rest of her splendid domain, the invalid *châtelaine* had taken up her abode, the inmates began to hear quite plainly the noise of doors opened and shut, the loud clicking of locks, and the moving of the heavy furniture. On such occasions, to the shuffling of numerous footsteps and the noise made over the aching head of the unfortunate invalid, were added such unearthly howlings, sobbing, laughter, cries, and the stamping of hundreds of feet, that the servants fled from her rooms in irrepressible

terror. They could be prevailed to stop only by being paid fabulous wages ; and even then, they had to be changed weekly. Gradually, these manifestations, striking with fear the rare visitors to Rujano Lyass, began to take place not only at a distance, but in their very presence, thus passing from the realm of possible hallucination and superstitious fear, into that of fearful reality—objective and visible to all. For hours all the door-knobs of the apartment occupied by the dying Countess used to turn of themselves with loud grinding noises, threatening to break into pieces without any visible cause ; windows were flung open simultaneously ; the creaking noise of footsteps and the rustling of clothes was heard, and the *audible* presence of invisible and numerous *somebodies* was added to that of the living visitors, during the day, as well as during entire nights. Books were moved and opened, and their pages turned by unseen hands. Then, as a terrible climax to all this, people began to meet daily in the house on their passage—*strangers*. Mistaken at first for living beings, they were known for what they were, only when they disappeared on the spot, and after several persons had seen one and the same thing over and over again.

It was then that the Countess Sedminska threw herself headlong into the darkest and most fanatical asceticism. It was then only that, deserted by all, and thus left in the power of her mysterious persecutors—harmless even if visible, to everyone else, and endowed only with regard to the lady of the Manor alone, with the terrible power of not only frightening, but actually of bodily torturing her at their own sweet pleasure—it was then, it appears, that she bethought herself of a God, who could, perhaps, protect her. Then the castle was filled with priests, and holy sacraments, and holy water. From morn till night ceremonies of exorcism took place, and masses for the repose of the souls of various individuals, dead and long forgotten, were daily chanted. Nor would the Countess have ever thought of any of them, in truth, had they not themselves forcibly brought their *personalities* to her recollections. But alas, nothing proved to be of the slightest use ! Quite the reverse. For the more the titled victim prayed and fasted, the bolder, as if to spite her, were these weird manifestations. So bold and impudent had this deviltry at last become, that it was with dread and fear that the Russian priest (the same meek Father Wassiliy, whom we all knew) had to start daily from his humble home on the way to the haunted castle. For thither was he now summoned, often twice a day, by her who had all her life deemed it foolish and superstitious to turn to the prayers of the Russian orthodox church. But it was not for himself the good priest feared, but lest the sacred objects he was carrying with him should be desecrated in this doomed abode of sin. He had a right to dread such an emergency ; for, to the knowledge of all, and agreeably to her own confessions, such like desecrations had happened. She had summoned him, she said, as a last resort, in the hope that his prayers and holy water might keep at bay her tormentors, *those who made*

prayer impossible to her, do what she might. No lamp could ever be made to burn before the crucifix and images; hardly lit, the lights were extinguished with ominous sounds—as though water and sand were thrown over them. No sooner did she touch her prayer book or bible, than the pages began turning of themselves with vertiginous rapidity in her hands, a strong current blowing from the four quarters to change into a regular whirlwind, limited, strange to say, to a small area of space around her, and affecting no one and nothing else in the room. The holy volume was usually snatched and torn away from her hands. At other times, a thick mist would arise between her and the pages, if she wanted to read by day; and if in the evening, then no sooner did she stretch out her hand to reach the bible than all the lights in the house would go out as if by magic.

“I cannot pray!” she repeatedly answered in despair, to all the admonitions made by the priest. “I cannot, do you not understand? *I want*, and I cannot! *They do not allow me to*. . . . What can I do? Advise me! . . .”

What could the simple-hearted Father Wassiliy advise, or say to her? He felt himself awed and quite helpless amidst this terrible flood of purely demoniacal obsession.

“She was indeed a martyr, during the last few months of her life,” remarked Korzanof in concluding his strange story. “A genuine martyr, indeed! You know, I did not like her. All of us knew she was a wicked woman, with more than one crime on her conscience; but I feel sure that the suffering of the latter part of her life has atoned for many of her great sins. It was impossible to see, without pitying her. . . . As ill luck would have it, we had, on that particular and last year of her life, to visit our property, which is near hers, as you know. She sent for us immediately; thus, *nolens volens*, we had to visit and—stay with her. . . . But such visits, old man, were indeed feats, on our part, to be wondered at; feats, not only Christian, but truly heroic. . . .”

“How so? Have you also seen ghosts and marvels, then?”

“Ask rather what were the marvels we have *not* seen. Whenever I come to think of it now, all that terrible past seems to me a hallucination, a hideous nightmare. Nor would I have failed to convince myself in the end that it was a dream and no more, had I not witnesses beside me, who saw and heard the same as I did.”

“Your wife? Has she heard and seen things, also?”

“She did, and more; *she saw and recognised*. . . .”

“Whom? and what can you mean?”

“The truth. Do you recollect the woman found dead at the gate of the park, with a knife in her hand?”

“The young wet-nurse? . . . Of course I do. . . . Well, and did your wife see her too?”

“With her own eyes, old man! She met her at the end of the great

passage near the rooms of the chamber-maids, at twilight ; and, needing a servant girl for something, she called her. The woman turned round and stood before my wife the living image of what she had been ! Just the same as Sasha had known and remembered her. But after so many years she might have failed to recognise her, had it not been for her face distorted with suffering, and the long knife she was pressing to her breast. . . .”

“The knife ? . . . God save us . . . a knife beyond the grave ! Why, Alexandra Vladimirovna must have surely dreamt it. . . .”

“Dreamt it ? No she has not. *The woman with the knife* was too often seen, and by too many, wandering about the castle before, and after that vision. She was among the most frequent mysterious visitors of our unfortunate aunt . . . and then, why should my wife have dreamt it ? She had known her during life, but had not seen her, as you and I did, lying dead under the wall of the park ; and she had only heard the legend about the knife she was armed with later, and had never paid attention to it. But meeting her face to face in the passage, she recognised her at a glance and—remembered. . . We had a mass said for her and a fine cross placed over her grave.”

“Well, and how did *that* work ? Has she finally found rest ?” I queried, not without some doubt in my mind as to the reasonableness of my query and of the conversation in general.

“I do not know. Perhaps. The “*wet nurse*” was hardly met with, in the castle after that ; but my wife was so frightened that she took to her bed for several days. I was at an utter loss to know what to do. She would not remain in the castle, and she would not leave without me ; meanwhile, the old woman was evidently approaching her end, and it was impossible to leave her alone. She implored and adjured us by everything holy to us not to desert her ! Lucky it was that our daughter had remained with her uncle at Moscow, so that she knows nothing to this day of the horrors that took place. . . . We told her nothing.”

“Very wise, too. And does this devilry still go on ? Ah, but I remember now, you said that the palace of Rujano Lyass had been burnt down ? . . . But how, and why should such a gigantic mass of stone and marble burn down at all ?”

“Just so ; and there was a new mystery, and another marvel, to boot. Mark well, that after her death the mansion stood uninhabited, every door and window in it being securely closed and nailed. Not a soul within ! not even a gate-keeper, as none would stop there for any amount of money. How did it burn ? Who could have set fire to the four corners of such an immense stone building ? All these questions are so many problems to us to this day. Anyhow, my wife and I felt overjoyed when it did burn down. For, we had been already contemplating either to take it to pieces or to sell it ; but so long as it preserved its imposing appearance, and remained the palace of palaces of the whole

province, we had not the heart to pull it down. We felt ashamed to sell that old family heirloom to the Jews. . . . But once it had become a mass of ruins, and that its walls, burnt to cinders, was all that remained of it, why should any of us regret it? Besides this, we received a very considerable sum of money even for the ruins. Thank God, our daughter is no beggar, anyhow, and she is an heiress, with or without the palace of Rujano Lyass!" concluded Korzanof, with a smile of satisfaction on his blooming face.

We remained silent. My friend was evidently drifted away from the memory of the past by the ambitious pictures rising in his loving fancy with regard to the future of his only and dearly beloved child; I, occupied with reflections about the wonders that I had just heard, and the new and magnificent panorama offered to us just then, by the glory of the setting sun. . . .

VERA JELIHOVSKY.

(To be concluded in the next Number.)



THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL.

THE vision of Christ that thou dost see
 Is my vision's greatest enemy.
 Thine is the friend of all mankind ;
 Mine speaks in parables to the blind.
 Thine loves the same world that mine hates ;
 Thy heaven-doors are my hell-gates.
 Socrates taught what Meletus
 Loathed as a nation's bitterest curse ;
 And Caiaphas was, in his own mind,
 A benefactor to mankind.
 Both read the Bible day and night ;
 But thou read'st black where I read white.

WILLIAM BLAKE'S "Poetical Works,"
 Aldine Edition, p. 144.

A BUDDHIST PRINCE'S VIEW OF THE UNIVERSE AND
THE NATURE OF MAN.*

BROTHERS, allow me to converse with you about my own conviction relating to the Universe and the Nature of Man, or rather about what I understand from the truths taught by our beloved, merciful and omniscient LORD BUDDHA, to whom we all owe our morality in present lives, and our destiny in future.

The Lord taught us that all things, both known and unknown, are without exception, subject to the law of impermanency or changeableness ; and that man's cause of re-birth is no other than his own ignorance of nature, together with his good or evil actions in life, which will make him reap sweet or sour fruit in his future existence. What the Lord has taught us is, that what will remain permanent and everlasting are Akasa and Nirvana.

The former means the Universe, which I understand to comprise all matter, force, and space ; and if this idea be correct, of course, all the heavenly bodies are also included in this term. This Akasa (or Universe) although it is self-existing, absolute, infinite, universal, and perfect, without beginning and without end, is yet subject to the immutable law of changes.† According to my own opinion, I think that all the heavenly bodies are but the inhabitants of infinite space ; just in the same manner as we, ourselves, are the inhabitants of this earth. The difference, I suppose, being only in the scale of construction and perfection both physically and psychically. If this belief is reasonable, I then infer that the heavenly bodies are born in something the same manner as ourselves : that is, by virtue of existing species. The factor of this virtue is, I understand, the force of attraction inherent in the molecules of matter, either dormant or active ; because we all know that we move, work, and do all actions by the forces which are inherent in our bodies ; and not by the mere lifeless matter which constitutes our physical systems.

This important idea being understood, I will go on further to suppose that if this solar system of ours, which includes the sun, the moon, and planets, were to be destroyed, or die out by efflux of time, the matter which constitutes their bodies will naturally decay and be turned into elements, while their forces become dormant ; just as in the case with ourselves, our bodies when we die will be turned into the elements out of

* This letter was sent by His Royal Highness the Prince of Siam to the *Theosophist*, where it appears simultaneously with its publication here.—[ED.]

† A contradiction. A thing cannot be absolute and still subject to change. What H. R. H. means to say, we suppose, is that space or the abstract universe (Akasa) is infinite and immutable ; but that this universe is subject to changes in its periodical manifestations.—[ED.]

which we are made. When such an event occurs, according to my own conviction, all the other systems of heavenly bodies existing in space, will naturally, by virtue of their affinities to this system, form out of the molecules of matter and dormant forces a new system to supply the vacancy. And this process, of course, is done entirely by mutual attractions or forces.*

Now we come to the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and to these again I suppose that the same law applies that, by virtue of the living species, new beings are made up by the attractions of their affinities from the remains of those which have died long before.† Thus from heavenly bodies down to animals and vegetables, the same principle of reproduction is going on round and round without end. When one has lived long enough and died or changed away the substance of its body, by virtue of the forces or attractions of the rest, the dead one or the changed matter and dormant force is brought to life again ; and so on the existence is kept up by mutual dependence. But in such a process of reproduction or of attraction, we must not forget that, in the course of time the forms and properties of all bodies, both heavenly and earthly, are undergoing a series of unknowable changes. Now I will pass from materialism into the abstract, and in doing so, I must summarize what I have before mentioned—when I say there are forces or attractions inherent in all matter or molecules of matter either dormant or active I also say that we move, work, and do all our actions by the forces that are inherent in our bodies, and not by the mere lifeless matter which constitutes our physical bodies. By this conviction we can, therefore, plainly see that the important factors in all bodies are only their forces or attractions while physical matter is but of secondary importance.

Let me now proceed further to a more complex and critical part of nature than that regarding which we have spoken—that is to say, the soul of man and his succession of re-births. The soul is conceived by many people as an immortal entity in man, which governs his body in life ; but how at his death it leaves him, either to be re-born or to live with an imaginary god, is beyond my comprehension. What I call a soul is nothing but the active force or attraction in man which, when he dies, must die with him.‡

* This is certainly not orthodox *esoteric* Buddhism. But it comes very near to our *esoteric* philosophy or "Budhism" (Wisdom religion) taught by our Lord secretly to his elect Arbats.—[ED.]

† This is *precisely* the doctrine taught (See "Secret Doctrine" Vol. II.) with regard to the animal world, of which all the bodies of *mammals* have been formed out of the cast off atoms of various man-kinds which preceded ours. Animals were "created" later than Adam and brought to him to be named (*Vide*, Chap.ii., *Genesis*). In the Purānas, it is the various Rishis who are the reputed parents of divers animals and even of birds and amphibious monsters.

‡ This is too materialistic—we fear. The "Soul" is certainly not immortal, but the ETERNAL KARMIC EGO, *that* which re-incarnates, *is*. This is *esoteric* philosophy, of course, not orthodox Buddhism.

Reader, because of my thinking thus:—I hope you will not take me for an unbeliever in the verified laws of re-birth and of Karma, but hear me patiently, and you will see that I am a true Buddhist. I believe that our souls in this life are but the results of attractions or volitions created through ignorance of nature, by dead men at the time they were dying, and not the souls of the dead that are within our bodies. In short, I believe that we are but the images or representatives of their good or evil characters during life, taken by a process of natural photography. If this belief can be granted as being reasonable, I infer further that the power of volition or attraction in man is as inconceivably great as that in nature itself, that is to say, man has power to exercise mentally, more or less, his attraction over the forces of beings; that he can form out of such forces any imaginary picture of his thoughts, or put them in motion in somewhat the same manner as he does physical objects. But so long as he lives, the pictures of his thought, or the forces that he has put into motion, will be imperfect, so that they cannot take a re-birth.

This is owing to the exercise of volition being not exhaustive, or to his neutralizing it by turning his attention to other matters. The process, however, takes place very decidedly and effectually at the time he is dying, no matter whether he is sensible or not—his mere habits being quite sufficient for the work. In proof of this fact the modern science of mesmerism stands as witness. Although I am not personally acquainted with this science, yet I sincerely believe that it is an undoubted fact. Now, taking for granted my conviction is correct, I may explain further how a dying man takes his re-birth. I believe that in the case of an ordinary man, *i.e.*, a man who is full of passions and inclinations it may be for this earthly life, to continue his existence, or it may be to cease for ever from existence; in short, who has all kinds of yearning desires which assert his psychical force or volition at the time he is dying, perhaps so strongly that they form an exact picture of his thought in the molecules of dormant forces of long dead beings that may be present in the air, and the once dead spirit, thus coming into motion again, is taken up, in obedience to the law of force, by a living person who possesses a similar disposition to the dying man himself.

To speak briefly, I believe that the dying man asserts his volition or transmits the picture of his good or bad character to the spirit or dormant force of long dead beings, and when the latter becomes thus charged with motion, it is taken up by the attraction of a living person. As a comparison for illustration, when an artist paints his own likeness, the materials which he uses for colours are not made from material parts of his body, but from ordinary materials outside; so the process of re-birth is effected by a dying man through the assertion of his thinking habits; from the elements outside; just as the phonograph is effected by the motions of the voice. The process of re-birth, however,

takes place at death only, because then the exertion of physical thought, being exhaustive, is quite fixed for ever, and the connecting links of active attraction cease to generate from the body. Just as if the earth's attraction ceased, the moon, its attending satellite, must inevitably be displaced from its course.

Thus goes on the great wheel of Sansara, without beginning and without end, until one is wise enough, and has acquired in his habits the non-inclination to put to motion, or to assert his psychical image on the element or dormant spirits of long dead beings, when he is completely free from that whirling wheel of nature, and attains the blessed state of NIRVANA, the only everlasting abode of happiness in subjective existence. This explanation will be found to agree with the teachings of our enlightened LORD BUDDHA, particularly in his denial of the existence of a soul, such as is generally believed to exist. And from this belief we are able to infer that there is no such soul in man as will leave him when he dies, either for the purpose of taking a re-birth, or to live with God; or that it can move of its own accord or under any influence of the laws of nature. For if there is actually a soul like this, there can never exist NIRVANA. As I have already mentioned, our LORD has taught us that the only things that can exist for ever are the Akasa and Nirvana. And this Akasa, according to what I understand, must include all matter, force and space. Now if there exists an objective NIRVANA,* it must also be included in the Akasa, because the latter is including even space, and if there is NIRVANA just as there is Akasa, the former must naturally be either matter or space, otherwise a moving soul cannot live in it. Now, you will see that there can be no such NIRVANA in which a soul can live to enjoy an everlasting happiness, because if there be such, it must be within the Akasa, and the soul in it therefore, according to the law of changes or Karma, must inevitably take a re-birth again. The true subjective NIRVANA is just the reverse of the objective Akasa, as heaven, or hell, is the reverse of our objective earth. It is true that to go to heaven or hell it requires a supposed soul or a psychical image to impress on the dormant spirits, in order that it may be taken up by the attraction of a deva or a hellish being according to circumstances; but then, heaven or hell is included in the Akasa, because the earth itself is but a speck of the Universe, and consequently the beings in it are still subject to natural changes. While in the case of NIRVANA there needs no supposed soul, or any picture of thought whatever, as NIRVANA itself is but nothingness, therefore it requires a free, pure, innocent soul of nothingness to live in it. If any one should ask, "If NIRVANA is nothingness, what good is there in craving for it?" I must then ask the inquirer whether he really enjoys constant

* No "objective Nirvana" can exist in Nature. Nirvana is a *state*, not a mode of visible objectiveness, nor a locality. Nirvana, as Nagasena said to the king, IS—but does not exist.—[ED.]

changes, or whether he likes the sorrows and sufferings attending life both physically and mentally.

This is a sufficient answer as to why wise men wish for the attainment of NIRVANA.

Just a few more words about the non-existence of a soul which survives death. Suppose any one holds that there is such soul in man, I must then ask him courteously whether he knows, or can guess, out of what such a soul is evolved. The answer may probably be that it is made from matter, or force, or space, or a combination of all these, or one or two of these without the other; or perhaps that God made it out of nothing. Now the reader will see that this answer means that in course of time, a day will come when all the souls which are made out of the substances enumerated will all enter NIRVANA, or else ascend to heaven somewhere outside the Universe, and no more beings will exist; nay, even all the heavenly bodies or space itself will exist no more, because then all matter or force, and even space which forms the Universe, are all used up. What will then be the aspect of the empty Universe? This is the reason why I am unable to believe that an immortal soul exists.*

I must now go back to the objects we call inanimate, which includes all the heavenly bodies and the whole of nature with the exception of animals. These again are, according to the law of force, subject to a nearly similar process of re-birth. The only difference is that which arises from the fact that the animate and the inanimate differ in their construction and mode of existence. To explain the process I must repeat again something of what I have said with regard to man; that the dying body asserts powerfully though ignorantly its inclinations or its attractive forces as its habit may dictate when in health, so that if in the case of a heavenly body the nebulous matter or the elements of long dead heavenly bodies become charged with action, by the aid of attractions from all other heavenly bodies, these gradually assume the form and property of the dying body, as in the case of re-birth with man, Thus goes on the process of Akasa, whirling its great wheel round and round with myriads of imaginable and unimaginable changes.

All I have said will, I hope, be found in harmony with the teachings of our enlightened LORD as well as with the belief in spiritualism,† mesmerism, and all other natural powers by which phenomena are produced

* His Royal Highness is evidently unacquainted with esoteric philosophy. The latter believes neither in a God who fabricates souls out of nothing, nor that there is such a thing as any place "outside" the Universe, since the Universe is infinite and limitless. But we must also demur to the idea that SPACE can ever be "used up," whether during Manvantara (or life cycle) or during *pralaya*, the period of absolute Rest, when SPACE remains the same, *i.e.*, eternal, immutable, as it ever was, and as it will ever be, since abstract SPACE is but another name for the absolute ALL.

† This is to be doubted, as belief in spiritualism presupposes belief in the survival of the soul and that H.H. denies such a soul in man. Not being sure of what is meant by soul here, however, the Editor leaves this an open question.

by man. And you will see at a glance that there cannot exist a personal or intelligent God who is supposed to be the Guardian of the Universe, for the system of all the natures I have enumerated is so perfectly complete in itself, that by virtue of the mutual dependence of matter, force and space, the system is able to keep up its self-existence for ever, without requiring any beginning from God at all. Brothers, we also see that all things which form the Universe, from the heavenly bodies down to ourselves, are nothing different in nature, and what we glorify as a reality of happiness or what we hate as an actual sorrow in life, is in truth no other than nothingness. The worlds, stars, vegetables, animals, and all things which we take to be different, are nothing but the results of changing operations of matter, forces and space, which form the Universe.

Brothers, we now plainly see that nothing material or immaterial, either in our bodies or our minds, can be a soul that will survive death ; our true souls and selves that will take re-birth are simply the good or bad actions done in life. So then, Brothers, while we are as yet but on the threshold of NIRVANA, let us strive to cultivate an universal love, which will undoubtedly tend to good actions, the only tools with which we can paint our perfect likenesses at death.*

In conclusion, I may mention that my conjecture is in perfect harmony with the principles of nature.

1. That all natures exist in pairs, or opposites.
2. That all natures act and exist only by mutual dependence.
3. That no nature can ever produce something out of nothing.
4. That all natures act on objects in succession.
5. That all natures seek to unite with their affinities.

All these rules apply to physiology as well as psychology.

* KARMA, TANHA and SKANDHAS, are the almighty trinity in one, and the cause of our re-births. The illustration of painting our own present likeness at death, and that likeness becoming the future personality is very poetical and graphic, but we claim it as an occult teaching. What H.R.H. means to infer, as we understand it, is this, At the solemn moment of death no man can fail to see himself under his true colours, and no self-deception is of any use to him any longer. Thence the following thing happens. As at the instant of drowning man sees marshalled past his mind's eye the whole of his life, with all its events, effects and causes, to the minutest details, so at the moment of death, he sees himself in all his moral nakedness, unadorned by either human flattery or self-adulation, and, as he is ; hence, *as he*, or rather, as his astral double combined with his *Kama* principle—*shall be*. For the vices, defects and especially the passions of the preceding life become, through certain laws of affinity and transference, the germs of the future potentialities in the *animal* soul (*Kama rupa*), hence of its dependent, the astral double (*linga sharira*)—at a subsequent birth. It is the *personality* alone which changes ; the real reincarnating principle, the EGO, remains always the same ; and it is its KARMA that guides the idiosyncracies and prominent moral traits of the *old* "personality" that was (and that the EGO knew not how to control), to re-appear in the *new* man that will be. These traits and passions pursue and fasten on the yet plastic third and fourth principles of the child, and—unless the EGO struggles and conquers—they will develop with tenfold intensity and lead the adult man to his destruction. For it is they who are the tools and weapons of the Karmic LAW OF RETRIBUTION. Thus, the Prince says very truly that our good and bad actions "are the only tools with which we paint our likenesses at death," for the *new* man is invariably the son and progeny of the old man that was.—[ED.]

Now, Brothers, for want of time, I must close my article here, and if you take pleasure in my conjectures or the truths that I make out, I shall be very pleased to converse with you further in another article, on subjects relating to the law of Karma, heaven, hell, causes of fate and chance, and other matters of interest.

I do not intend to mislead any one by my article, but I ask you to consider it only as the statement of my own convictions in relation to the teachings of our Blessed LORD. If you will be good enough to criticize my belief I shall be exceedingly obliged.

I avail myself of the opportunity of wishing you all, Brothers, a long life, happiness and prosperity.

CHANDRDHAT CHUDHATHAR,
Prince of Siam.



THE NEW SIGN.

The day of the Cross is over !
The somberous Western sky
Is swept by a mighty sign
From nadir to zenith high.

It trembles in flitting light
Where Earth, in her furthest swing,
Hung th' pall of man's darkest night
On th' Universe's outmost ring.

But now, from that bound retreating
Toward th' Infinite Central One,
We see, 'gainst the dark we're leaving,
The sign of the Hidden Sun.

Its figure no man may utter ;
But all who have seen its light
Are stars in the pallid dawning
Of Humanity's passing night.

In th' hour when th' life-wave rolled
Through the mystical Gate of Man
That shadow,* athwart the sea,
The reign of the Cross began.

Its sceptre, from that far time,
Through Æons and Kalpas untold,
Swayed th' tides of that ocean sublime—
The "Great Deep" of force manifold.

But now lies the might of The Cross
In Kali-Yug's deep purple grave,
And th' sign of the Hidden Sun
Shapes the course of the worlds and the wave.

MARY FRANCES WIGHT, F.T.S.

* The shadow of the Gate.

WAS HE MAD?

I.

“THE senses,” said the Professor as we were sitting over the fire one evening, “the senses are of course our only messengers from the world of existence. They five are the only travellers on whose accounts we have to rely for our information concerning the Isness of the Universe. And they five are each acquainted with a different aspect of the Universe. Just as different facts and observations impress variously different voyagers to new lands, so each of these our five messengers comes to us rendering his own peculiar version. If there had been one less of these messengers, we should have had a very different notion of things. Now the most important of the senses is of course——”

“The sense of Sight,” I interposed.

“Certainly not,” he said. “No, the most important undoubtedly is the sense of Touch. Not only because all the senses are but modes or forms of the sensation of touch, but for other reasons. The sense of Sight is the sense of Touch awakened by the impinging of a wave of ether, just as hearing is the Touch of a wave of air. Taste and Smell too are the results of Touch in the glands and tissues and nerves of the body itself. But the importance—the super-importance of Touch is more manifest when we consider that by it we become aware of the three dimensions of matter. I am speaking of Touch in its ordinary sense now, apart from its operation in Sight, Hearing, Taste and Smell. Were it possible to imagine ourselves bereft of the power of touch while retaining our other senses, we should imagine ourselves in a condition in which we could not possibly have any evidence of such a thing as we now call thickness. It would not enter into our experience, nor consequently into our imagination.”

“Stay a moment,” said I, “surely you are going a little too far. I follow you when you say it would not enter into our experience—at least, I think I follow you, though it is exceedingly difficult to clear one’s mind of this notion of the three dimensions of space, after being from the dawn of consciousness accustomed to it. It is, I say, very difficult to imagine oneself without it. You might as well try to rid your mind of the idea of time, and then conjecture what manner of ideas would then remain in the mind. It cannot be done without long and deep thought. But even granting that you are right and that all our ideas of perspective and of the trinal dimensions of matter are not due to the stereoscopic effect of our binocular vision, but that they accompany that stereoscopic effect as associations of the results of experiments in the sense of touch,

I am still at a loss to understand how that can preclude imagination from picturing to itself so extremely simple a condition of matter as a cube—nay I can hardly think imagination could avoid falling into the idea, for space itself must needs have three dimensions—no more and no less—to fill it.”

“We had better stop there,” said the Professor, as I was just about to explain myself at further length, “as you are already slipping into a good many fallacies. Let us look at this matter a little more closely before our ideas become more complicated and therefore confused. You do not see why imagination cannot picture things which are not stored in memory by experience. This is your fundamental fallacy. A very little thought would show you clearly that imagination can only combine and arrange in fresh forms the materials which it finds in the memory. Can you imagine a colour not in the solar spectrum ? Peacock-blue ! Why surely all the shades of which this compound colour is made up exist in the rainbow. No ; I say, tell me if you can picture in your mind a new tint altogether—a simple colour not compounded of nor resembling any tint you ever saw ? You cannot ? No, certainly not. Of course not. Not because there are no such colours, for it happens there are, but because there are none in your memory. A man, blind from his birth, cannot imagine either light or colour because they are not in his experience. The fact that imagination arranges and does not originate thoughts—analyses, synthesises, classifies, sub-divides, re-combines and so forth, the various materials in the storehouse of the memory, but creates them not, is well known to every beginner in philosophy—it is almost an axiomatic doctrine.”

“This is true enough,” I said, as I felt myself getting wedged into a corner, though I thought I could still see a loophole of exit. “But you cannot deny that many things have been imagined which have never had any existence in experience at all, or how could a novelist or a dramatist originate such characters as a Hamlet or a Touchstone or even a Pickwick or a Sam Weller ?”

I saw the absurdity of my remark as I spoke. How often has it happened to me that the very utterance of a false argument seems to invoke the spirit of its refutation. Especially has this been the case in my talks with the Professor. Often enough when I have laid before him difficulties which I have puzzled over all my life, the solution has burst forth upon me while I spoke—like a lightning flash darting across the cloud of my doubt. I fancy it must be that the explanation is so uppermost in the Professor’s mind that its “sphere,” as he calls it, extends into my understanding even before he utters it forth in language. And on this very occasion, I felt my argument answered by a silent forerunner of the Professor’s reply.

“Surely,” he said, “these very instances that you quote are as good witnesses as could be selected for the truth of what I was just saying.

Shakespeare and Dickens were above their fellows in these two things—that they observed better and could put their observations more aptly into language than others.”

But still I was unwilling to allow myself completely vanquished.

“But how about Shakespeare’s Julius Cæsar?” I said. “You cannot pretend that he observed the doings of a man who died centuries before?”

“Why not?” replied the professor, and in a moment I again felt within me the mysterious precursor of his reproof.

“Can we not observe the dead,” he continued, “when we have their lives and actions before us in black and white? Can we not——”

“Enough!” I cried. “You are right, and my whole interruption was uncalled for. Proceed. You were telling me, and I see it now, that but for the power of touch we should not, even in imagination, conceive of a third dimension.”

“No, we should not,” he said. “I am glad that is quite clear, because that is the fundamental statement on which rests all that I am about to remark. If, indeed, some one among us, or some man in past times, or some being of superior intelligence, were to give us an account of a third dimension of space, which with our four senses (supposing we had only four) we could not of ourselves have discovered, we should still find ourselves unable to attach any very clear meaning to his words. We should but be like men, blind from their birth, listening to an account of the wonders of light. We could take it on faith, and if we had reasons for giving credit to the revealer of this unknown and unimaginable dimension of matter, we should probably do well to trust him for this declaration of a third dimension, although we should not be able to understand. It would be faith—not knowledge. Now what I want to arrive at is this:—If the addition of one sense provides us with such a different aspect of the whole universe, is it not a little more than probable that, were yet another superimposed upon the five, we should have an altogether fresh view compared with which the cube itself would be but a superficies?”

“Now,” said I, “you are beyond my depth. That is a thing I cannot at all comprehend. The cube fills up all space as it seems to me, and compare it with what you will, it cannot appear to be a superficies.”

“I see,” he remarked, in a tone of evident disappointment, “that you have missed the purport of all that I have been trying to say.”

He was wrong, for I saw more than I pretended to see. But I disliked metaphysical theories about a possible fourth dimension, and did not wish to drift off into surmisings about the Unknowable, a course which has always seemed to me unscientific and unprogressive.

“How can I put it to you in a clearer light?” he added presently, after pausing for a while and looking intently into the fire. “Look here,” he

exclaimed, as though he had suddenly found the key to my understanding "Do you believe that there is a Spiritual World?"

"Yes," I said slowly, wondering into what corner this admission would drive me. "Yes, I don't think physical phenomena are at all explicable without some sort of postulated metaphysical."

"Good expression," he said in a satisfied way, which made me think I had really said a clever thing. "You think," he continued, "that a spiritual world exists, but of its nature you know nothing."

"Exactly," I answered.

"Well, what is the difference between believing in a spiritual world—a postulated metaphysical, as you neatly express it—and in believing that the three dimensions are not the all in all of being?"

I paused, feeling confused and uncertain and hardly knowing where we were. "Do you mean," I said hesitatingly, "that a spiritual world and a fourth dimension are identical?"

"Why not?" asked the Professor, with extraordinary emphasis and earnestness.

"What a strange fancy!" I said, "but it pleases me, I must confess; and though the idea is so new to me that I cannot on the moment pronounce any definite opinion upon it, yet certainly I think I have never heard any theory of spiritual existence that seems more possible and more reasonable. The notion is nevertheless enshrouded in vague clouds of doubt which prevent me from accepting it at once, but it is full of suggestions of its own truth."

"Think it over," said the Professor, looking at me steadfastly as he rose to take his departure, "and if when I next call you are confirmed in the opinion, I shall make you my confidant for strange disclosures," and with a firm grasp of the hand he bade me good night and left.

For more than an hour after he departed, I sat over the dying embers of the fire reflecting deeply upon this singular idea; and the more I thought it out the more reasonable and the more possible it appeared, and something made me feel it must be true.

II.

It was two weeks before the Professor and I again found an occasion for a quiet chat alone, though we met once a few days after at the house of a friend. It was a singular fact, which I had often noted with surprise, that the Professor would never enter into a philosophic vein of talk except when we were alone together. We frequently met socially, but no matter how small and select the circle, he would never rise above the most common-place conversation in the presence of a third person. In-

deed, he would always appear a man with very little to say for himself, for it was his maxim that people should argue on general matters only occasionally, on political matters very rarely, and on religious matters never. So that with these three channels of converse barred, and philosophy vanished, there was little opportunity left for him to show the real depth and fertility of his intellectual nature. If anyone introduced any abstruse subject, he would promptly and skilfully turn the drift of conversation, and edge off the deeper question as though it were something too sacred to be allowed in the social circle. To me, of course, who knew him more intimately, he was a very different being; in fact, I might say I knew, or seemed to know two Professors—one the learned metaphysician, and the other the easy-going, inoffensive *sine quâ non* of certain dinner-parties. I once asked him—the metaphysical one, I mean of course—why he kept up this dual nature, and allowed himself to be so needlessly under-estimated by all except myself.

“I have a purpose to serve,” he answered, “in making you my Elisha, and the real fact is that I have no special desire for unnecessary confinement in a mad-house, which might be my lot were I to say publicly some things that I know. Of course, I might guard my most advanced and difficult utterances, but when certain mysteries are daily present to me, it is not easy in speaking of them, to keep within bounds, and I should run the risk of my supposed insanity being certified by the infallible decrees of orthodox medical science. Even if I were not actually made to suffer physical restraint, there is little doubt I should be branded as a harmless lunatic, a consummation I naturally object to, not only personally, but because it would be a serious blow to my mission in the world.”

This reply it was that first roused my suspicions, not, indeed, as to the Professor's sanity, for I knew him too well not to be fully convinced that his mental faculties were of the highest order, but as to what his “mission” might be, and I began to fancy he had some discovery or secret with which he was thinking of entrusting me. And I was not altogether wrong.

On the 7th of November, 1886, just a fortnight after the conversation narrated in the first chapter, I was again with him alone, sitting as before over my fire. It was about eleven o'clock at night, and after a rather dreary pause, he again referred to his anxiety that the world should not be permitted to ridicule and misjudge his advanced notions.

“Now, candidly,” he said, “what do you yourself suppose an ordinary business man would think of such a conversation as our's of about a fortnight ago?”

“I should expect him to smile, and put us down as two rather over-inoculated patients of M. Pasteur,” I said.

“Good,” answered he, laughing. “That is to say, they would suppose that we had taken into our systems such a lot of his hellish virus that we had gone stark, staring mad.”

"That puts it more plainly still," said I. "We should no doubt be reckoned mad—harmless madmen. In fact, it was but the other day I was speaking to a friend of mine—one of the shrewdest men I know, and he began talking about the very matter that we were speaking of—a possible fourth dimension of space. How such a subject crept up in our conversation I forget, but I know his remark was that he always considered that a man who could believe in such damned nonsense as that must have a tile loose."

The Professor turned impatiently in his chair, and gave the fire a vigorous and vindictive dig with the poker.

"The shrewdest man you know!" he exclaimed sarcastically. "And you—what did you say to this shrewdest man?"

"Well, I hardly knew what I ought to say. I could not find courage to confess that I was at least half a believer in this very folly that he was deriding. Moreover, I felt that I knew so little about the matter that I certainly could not give any lucid reason for the half-faith that I held; and therefore, though I blush to say it, I gave way to a strong temptation which beset me to change the subject, and no doubt my friend believes at this moment that I have as much contempt as he for such wild notions."

"There is no need to blush because you carried out the scriptural precept not to cast your pearls before swine," said the Professor. "Your shrewd man was not the kind of man to be able to comprehend the possibility of anything existing which could not be made manifest to his five senses. Because his five fingers each touched one point of the great universe, there was no room for a sixth point. That would be his style of logic! What end, then, could be served by talking to such a man of things which were as far beyond the scope of his mind as heaven is above earth. Your silence was commendable. But enough of him. Let us now have a little serious talk. I have some remarkable disclosures to make to you if I find you in a due state of receptivity—as I have reason to suppose I shall find."

What could he mean, I wondered.

Presently he went on: "I have made up my mind," he said, "to show you some very wonderful experiments which I cannot demonstrate to the world at large, simply because, like your 'shrewd' friend, people would only think me mad, and would not believe even if I showed them the experiments before their own eyes. For the generality of men do not believe a thing because it is shown to be true, unless it is 'orthodox'—unless 'any of the rulers' have believed in it, and, above all, unless it is what they want to believe. But first of all you must make up your mind that nothing which I am about to show you shall alarm you, however strange and unusual it may be. And now look here . . ."

CHARLES E. BENHAM.

(To be continued.)

LETTERS ON MAGIC AND ALCHEMY.

INTRODUCTION.

THE term "occult" is applied to certain things which are beyond the power of being perceived by the external physical senses and which can be known only in a higher than the ordinary state of consciousness. To those who are able to enter that superior consciousness in which the spiritual faculties are opened, these things will cease to be "occult"; but to those who are deficient in that power, and especially to those who deny the possibility of any higher perceptive faculty than that of the external senses, the inner mysteries of Nature will be incomprehensible, and the reading of books on metaphysics and occultism will perhaps have no other effect than to disorder their imagination. The inner mysteries of the "Temple" cannot be unveiled; it is the observer himself who must remove the veil that hangs before his eyes; there is no other key to the understanding of Nature than the power of understanding itself.

Logical argumentation and inductive or deductive reasoning are good enough as far as they go, but they are only crutches for those who cannot walk on their own legs; they are means by which those who cannot see certain things may form a more or less correct opinion as to how these things would look if they were able to see them; they are the aids of speculative science, but they do not convey real knowledge, for real knowledge is the direct perception and understanding of a truth as it is and not merely as what it is said or imagined to be.

Real knowledge is therefore not obtained by mere theoretical speculation but it is the result of *experience*, and as a person without well-developed external senses can have only an incomplete experience in regard to external and sensual things; likewise he who is unconscious of the things of the spirit can have no real knowledge of spiritual truths; nor can he who is in possession of real self-knowledge communicate it to another who has no such experience; for however true a thing may be to him who knows, it will be only a matter of opinion or belief to those who have not had the same kind of experience.

It is therefore exceedingly difficult to speak in a comprehensive manner about things in regard to which the majority of mankind have only very vague opinions, and even the terms which must be employed to express thoughts on occult subjects differ widely in their meaning according to the intellectual or spiritual standpoint of the reader. No sooner is a new term applied to signify some spiritual power, it is immediately travestied and misapplied to external things by those who have not the least conception that such powers exist. Thus the word

"Faith," which originally meant "spiritual knowledge," is now universally misapplied for "belief" or "creed"; "attraction" is called "love," while, in fact, it is only the reaction of love; "begging," *i.e.* the requests for the gratification of selfish desires, is called "prayer," which in its true sense means the aspiration of the soul for the highest, implying entire forgetting of self; "magic," or the exercise of spiritual powers for a *wise* purpose, is misnamed "witchcraft," &c., &c.

Terms are misleading unless they are properly understood, and to avoid as much as possible such an unfortunate misunderstanding, it will be necessary to preface the following articles by giving an exact definition of some of the terms used therein :

God.—The infinite, unlimited, unconditioned, omnipresent and unmanifested *Absolute*; the intellectually incomprehensible, fundamental and universal *Cause* of all that exists, in which all exists and in which we all are, and live, and have our being.

Substance.—The universal invisible essence of which all visible and invisible forms are made; whether in its transcendental aspect as "Mind-substance" or the matter which gives shape to thoughts; or in its more gross, dense and material aspect, where its outward appearance becomes manifest to the external senses and in which state it is usually called "Matter."

Power.—A state of Substance in which it manifests activity. This activity may manifest itself in various forms and on various planes of existence. It may act without or with relative consciousness. As there is only one fundamental Substance, there is only one fundamental Power, and the two are only two aspects or modes of manifestation of the eternal unmanifested One called God.

Will.—The fundamental and original Power from which all other forces and activities in the universe spring. Every imaginable power or force, from relatively unconscious motion up to self-conscious spiritual love, is therefore nothing else but a certain mode of manifestation of Will, and all the different terms applied to these forces, such as "life," "light," "sound," "electricity," "heat," &c., merely signify the various aspects and modes of manifestation of that one fundamental power called the Will; in the same sense as all imaginable substances, from relatively unconscious granite rock up to self-conscious spirit forms, are only various shapes of one fundamental original substance which assumes various qualities in its various forms of manifestation, according to the nature of its internally acting Will.

Imagination.—The creative power of Deity, acting in Nature as a whole, or in individual beings, which governs the construction of form according to a certain pre-conceived plan or pre-existing idea. The Imagination like the Will, may act with or without relative consciousness, and be exercised with or without any voluntary conscious effort. The growth of a tree is the result of the image of the future tree existing uncon-

ssciously within the imagination of the seed, and being gradually rendered objective by the internally acting and relatively unconscious will having been stimulated into action by influences coming from external surroundings. There are many things existing in man's imagination; but he is not conscious of all of them at one given moment of time.

Thought.—The exercise of the power by which the images in the mind come to the consciousness of the latter. Man creates no ideas; he merely grasps the ideas which are already existing and whose images are reflected in his mind as in a mirror, and by the act of thinking he combines or resolves them and puts them into new shapes. The lower animals perceive only the images which are reflected in their minds without any effort on their part; but man has the power to rise by his will into the higher region of ideas, and to select and grasp ideas according to his choice.

Spirit.—Will and Imagination united into one, and acting undividedly in the same direction and for the same purpose. The will, by identifying itself with a thought, invests the latter with a spiritual power; the imagination uniting itself with the will guides the latter, and thus a spiritual and self-conscious power may be made to act as far as thought can travel, or as far as the will can reach.

Consciousness.—Certain states, resulting from the action of the Will upon the Imagination. There can be no absolute unconsciousness in the universe, for all things are the products of an activity which is eternal and therefore self-existent and self-conscious, even if it is without any relative consciousness in regard to any existing form. External things may come to man's external consciousness by means of his external perceptions; but spiritual and "invisible" things come to his inner consciousness by means of the emotions and sensations produced within the sphere of his Mind.

Ether.—The universal but invisible element of "Matter" in its aspect as non-molecular substance.

It seems almost unnecessary to reiterate the statement that all the above explained terms are not intended to represent these things as being essentially different from each other; they only refer to different aspects or forms of manifestation of the eternal One for which there is no name and no definition. He who spiritually knows of the One will find the doctrines of Occultism easy enough to be understood; he who is incapable to spiritually recognize the Unity of the All, will get lost in the labyrinth of the multiplicity of external phenomena, and however experienced and learned he may be in the classification of such phenomena and in giving to them the names adopted by science, he will necessarily remain ignorant of the Cause of all things, without the knowledge of which nothing can truly be known. Therefore the ancient Rosicrucians said that he who knows many things knows very little, while he who knows only One—knows all.

The requirements of human language have made it necessary to give separate names to the various kinds of manifestations produced by the absolute One, and from this circumstance arises the illusion which makes it appear in the eyes of the ignorant as if these things were different from each other, not merely in their external appearance but in their essential nature. If we were permitted to speak correctly we would have to say in speaking of a *Man*, a *Horse*, a *Stone*: That of which we intellectually know nothing, and for which we have no appropriate name, having manifested itself to our external consciousness in the form of what we have chosen to call a "man," a "horse," a "stone," &c. Instead of speaking about Life, Light, Sound, &c., we would perhaps have to say: "Those vibrations of the universal Ether of Space, which are invisible and intangible to our senses, but which, by acting upon certain *media* and under certain conditions, produce within our external consciousness the phenomena which we call "life," "light," "sound," etc. Such a roundabout way of speaking would be more philosophical: but it is doubtful whether it would be more comprehensible and practicable for use. Language is, after all, only an aid and not a substitute for the exchange of thought. Minds who are in harmony with each other will have no great difficulty in understanding each others thoughts, even without the use of a great many words, while those who are in disharmony with each other will only increase their misunderstanding by using a great many words. External language like any other external thing, can only be relatively true; absolute truth is self-evident to those who can see it, and requires no human testimony or certificates. Every assertion requiring logical proof is therefore true or false according to the aspect under which the object is seen; a circle seen from the plane in which it exists, is only a straight line with two ends and a middle part; seen from above or below it is a circle without any end; looked at sideways, it is an ellipsoid and if one half of it is invisible it may appear to be a parabole. All external science, however true it may be in one way, is false in another, and all dogmatic assertions prove nothing but the vanity of him from whom they originate; for there is no one who knows absolute Truth except He who is Himself the Life, the Way and the Truth, the self-conscious divine Spirit in Man.

Under such circumstances it would perhaps be wisest to be silent and to say nothing at all, and if we nevertheless attempt to speak about things belonging to the interior realm of Nature, it is not for the purpose that our views should be regarded as being intended to give any new revelations; but merely as furnishing food for thought and as an aid by which the Truth which exists within the inner consciousness of the reader may come nearer to his intellectual understanding. To those who have already found the truth, we have nothing to say.

I.

THE UNITY OF "MATTER."

A GREAT deal has been written about the question: "What is Matter and what is Mind?" Scientific and philosophical dissertations have been written without very much elucidating the subject, the usual answer having resulted in: "Mind is no matter, and matter never mind." Nevertheless, the answer seems plain; for "Matter" and "Mind" are undoubtedly two terms signifying two different aspects or modes of motion of the eternal *One*. This truth is clear to the spiritual perception of those who can see with the eye of Reason, and they require no further proof; but even to those who are accustomed to reason only from the plane of external observation, the Unity of the All and the consequent identity of Matter and Mind is a fact which gradually forces itself upon their scientific attention.

The scientific and religious world seems to be gradually rising out of the profundity of its ignorance. Some 288 years ago Giordano Bruno was burned alive as a heretic for having proclaimed the fact that there is only one God and consequently only one Substance in the universe, and now the same truth is believed in by some of the greatest luminaries of science. Professor Suess, in his inaugural address as *rector magnificus* of the university of Vienna in 1888, publicly expressed his belief in the Unity of the All, even in the stronghold of Roman Catholicism, without being burned or even challenged by the followers of orthodoxy. Having called the attention of his hearers to the newest discoveries of science made by means of the spectroscope, by which the identity of material substances existing upon the various planets and stars is proved, and having mentioned the important discoveries of Mendelejeff, which go to show that there is a scale of harmony of chemical substances resembling that of colour and sound, he spoke the following memorable words: "As the dawn precedes the sunrise, likewise all great discoveries are preceded by a foreboding of their coming. To-day the Unity of all Substance is instinctively felt to be a truth, but the united labour of all nations will soon discover the way to prove it intellectually to be so."

This old and nevertheless ever new truth that the All is only One, and that the great variety of forms in Nature is merely a variety of forms and not of essential being, is the fundamental basis in the pursuit of occult study. It begins to be universally recognised, and yet its full importance is seen only by few. It is the most sublime idea which can be grasped by the human mind, and the consequences of its recognition reach far beyond the limits of time into Infinity. Cornelius Agrippa says: "The One completely penetrates every other number; it is the common measure, the foundation and origin of all numbers. It is unchangeable and excludes multiplicity. Multiplied with itself it is its own product; it cannot be divided into parts but every division produces

a multiplication, *i.e.*, it produces units, of which none is larger or smaller than the original unit and of which every part is the whole. It is the beginning and end of all things, but it has itself neither a beginning nor an end. All things originate from the One, and all tends towards unity in the end ; all that *exists* finds its true *being* in the One, and those who seek for salvation in the One must get rid of their multiplicity and return to the One."

There can only be one Love, one Life, one Power, one Wisdom, one Truth, one Substance, one God, although each of them may become manifest in an endless number of forms, and all these terms merely represent various aspects of the One, whose name consists of one letter.

The One is self existent and self sufficient, and therefore eternal and not subject to change. It will forever be intellectually incomprehensible, because the intellect is only one of the many forms of its manifestations and a part cannot comprehend the whole. A scientific examination can therefore have nothing to do with qualities of the absolute One, it can only deal with its manifestations. As soon as the One begins to manifest itself, it steps out of the sphere of pure being and a duality comes into existence. Formerly it was only Cause ; now it is Cause and Effect and as every Action produces a Reaction, it becomes at once a Trinity of Cause, Action and Reaction the incomprehensible mathematical point ; extending in three dimensions, assumes the aspect of a triangle constituted of *Matter* and *Motion* and *Space*.

Space represents Causality, it is unchangeable ; Matter and Motion manifest themselves in a great many ways. There are forms of matter or Substance in the mineral, vegetable and animal Kingdoms ; there are substantial forms in the realm of the Elementals and in the Kingdom of gods. There are forms of Motion, from unconscious motion up to conscious thought, and still higher up to the action of the self-conscious Spirit ; but Space remains always the same, and there can be no other but a three-dimensional Space ; for "Space" represents Form, and *Three* is the number of Form. A form with more or less than three dimensions is unthinkable, and can have no existence for us.

To recapitulate, we have therefore the *Unity* of the *Cause* ; the *Duality* of the form of its manifestation, and the *Trinity* of the *Effect*. Within the eternal absolute One, Matter and Motion, Will and Ideation are one ; but as soon as they manifest themselves they appear as a duality, producing a trinity, the child, in which the qualities of the Father and Mother find their united representation.

ZENO.

(To be continued.)

WAGNER'S GOSPEL.*

WHAT a grand example Nature yields to the artist, the scientist, and the workman! She is never satisfied with her work, but continually varies the detail, and alters the type, lest by any chance there should exist better means to a given end than she has yet made manifest. She is continually trying experiments; here an extra petal, there a crimson spot; here a longer hair, there a shorter ear; here she broadens the curve of a bay, there she develops a strip of low-lying land; here she builds up a mountain, there she lowers a precipice; and, over all this practical work, she throws the artistic glamour—the sculptor's grace of outline, the painter's sweetness of color—and with her mighty hands draws music from everything; from the waves as they fret the shore, from the clouds as they fall in rippling showers, from the rhythmic swing of the wind-blown branches, from the waving of the grass and the corn, from the cadences of falling water, and the soft murmuring of the rivers and little streamlets; yea, even from the fresh young leaves as they smite cymbal-wise together in the laughing spring weather. Now and again she feels the necessity of expressing this universal music in concrete form, and then she develops the artist, as, in the flower-world she would develop from the old pink-flowered variety a crimson rose, with an added fragrance, a sweeter grace, a more subtle charm, to indicate the greatest perfection a flower-life could at that time attain to, and be to the flowers a representative-rose. And so all ages have had their representative men. In every age one man's mind stands out broadly, as a type of what his time could do, and think, and dream, and suffer; in his work is enshrined its deepest philosophy, holiest religion, highest poetry, and truest science; and to this man it has fallen, his sight being clearer, his soul broader, his intellect swifter, and more subtle than his contemporaries', to rebuke their sins, ridicule their follies, strengthen their combats, brighten their ideal aims, and lift them one step nearer that perfected humanity which he feels, rather than sees, lightening the dim distance of futurity.

It has been said, "Art interprets Nature to man"; but we may go further, and say, "Art interprets God to man." Art renders visible the divine beneath its material veil, gathers into a focus all those scattered rays of light which fall athwart the darkened chamber of life, and shows that the many-hued prism of existence is but one white radiance of glory set in the dawn of eternity. It is to the artist then we must look for this representative mind; the priest anointed by God himself to make his ways known unto us; and though a Buddha may

* By EVELYN PYNE, Author of "A Dream of the Gironde," "The Poet in May," etc.

shine out through all ages by the exceptional beauty of his life until that life affects us with the mystery of a living poem, or a tangible strain of music, vibrating on the air-waves of humanity for ever, yet, for the most part, we need our lessons in concrete form, that form which is beauty, and which Dante tells us "*che l'universo a dio fa somigliante.*" A poem, a picture, a statue, and lastly, and perhaps most powerfully, a tone-drama, reveal us to ourselves; strike responsive but dormant chords in our nature, and bring those vague spiritual visitations hovering around us from cradle to the grave into direct communication with the spiritual in us, without which they are too liable to "fly forgotten like a dream," and thus fail to re-act on that life they hallow, and glorify. It has always been the task of the greatest minds, those who "knowing most, the most believe," to protest against the unbelief of their Age, whether that unbelief takes the form of word-refining and credulity, or the rougher, but more honest, absolute denial of spiritual power at all: "*nier est facile, it s'agit d'expliquer,*" says Figuiet, and whether we are able to explain or not, the negation of some spiritual power beyond us, yet with whom we at rare intervals hold communion, tends to narrow our humanity and lessen its glory. And so we find these representative men set at intervals on the ladder of life to mark the height attained; thus in the record of past ages humanity rose as high as Plato, or as Shakspeare, and in the future it will be seen that in this nineteenth century Wagner marks our progress; humanity rose as high as Wagner. In speaking of Wagner and his teaching, we wish it clearly understood that we shall examine his work from no scientific standpoint, whether his method be true or false to the received theories of composition; whether he fulfils or disobeys the laws of harmony, as laid down by the old Masters, or carries out the axiom of Novalis "*Nur seinen eignen Gesetzen soll der mensch gehorchen.*" All these questions are of no value to our present enquiry; we simply seek to determine his value as a teacher to that great multitude to whom all such questions are as sealed volumes, yet who are none the less influenced by their results. We contend that Art must not be judged by its power over the few priests, but by its broad influence on the many, its effects on the people as shown in thought, life and conduct. It must penetrate, like Jesus, to the poor and the sinning, and raise, purify, and elevate them. The art that inspires a school is great possibly, but it is only in its first phase of development. By-and-bye it will leave its narrow bounds, and spring, and spread, and influence the world, or it will dwindle away and die out of knowledge, and sight. "But," it will be asked, "since all Art must begin by inspiring a school, that is, must at first be confined to a few, how distinguish the true from the false—the Art that shall live from the Art that shall die?" By examining its teaching: if we find *that* based on some universal truth of our nature, and not merely shrouding

a passing phase of sentiment in fantastic garb to catch attention, we may feel sure *that* Art will live. Opposition will but strengthen it, and abuse fall from it like rain from the gleaming wings of the eagle. And these universal truths are ideas of the Infinite, gathered from the contemplation of the finite shadows; in other words, they are the recognition of the One in the many:

“The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven’s light for ever shines, earth’s shadows fly;”

the search amidst the ever-changing flux of *becoming*, for the eternal *is*, the true *being*: and to bring this abstract idea into concrete form is the mission of art! It recognises the fact that life, in itself, has no present; it is but a hopeless glance into the twilight of the past, or the darkness of the future; but it also recognises as the reverse of this changeful life, the steadfastness of eternal being; where neither past nor future exist, but the present is all in all, and it strives to find the connecting link between the human and divine, and finds it in what has been taught under a great variety of names with one and the same meaning: “Love,” “God,” “inspiration,” “ecstasy,” “self-annihilation,” “reason,” “innate ideas”—numberless are the terms, but the signification is one—we will call it “Love,” as the word, hallowed by the Christian teaching and elevated to a crowned supremacy by Shelley expresses better to our minds the almost infinite variety contained in the one expression. Not by ignoring the human, not by denying the divine, neither by asceticism nor sensualism will the truth be reached: with a slight variation of Plato’s beautiful myth, we might say the chariot of the soul has two winged horses, the divine and human, and a charioteer called Love, who, if he will, can drive them safely to the end; but woe to him if in his enthusiasm for the divine he neglects the human, and does not insist that the two draw equally. If the one stumble or the other grow restive, the chariot is overturned and ruined. Wise is the charioteer and faithful who knows that on mutual help and support depends the safety of his car, and so cherishes both! So much for the necessary basis of art; we have now to consider the distinguishing characteristic of the artist. We shall find this to be an universal sympathy, boundless in its stretch, all-embracing in its love. This universal sympathy produces a sensitiveness alive to the smallest influences, whether of nature, art, humanity or God; a sensitiveness not only responding to purely outward influences, but being played upon by and echoing internal impressions, emotions and ideal passions; a sensitiveness which, from its finely-strung nerves, can imagine or create what others never really comprehend or know; and this creation is merely the excess of sympathy which makes possible the exchange of emotion between the soul of the creator (the artist) and something *outside* his mind, yet by the power of sympathy inextricably linked *to* his

mind. How does he create? By calling out of chaos, order; out of darkness, light; in short, by sympathy with the hidden possibilities lying coiled up in the matter his soul touches and breathes life into. An artist must see with the hundred eyes of Argus, and hear with world-wide ears; nothing is so small, common, or unclean but to him it can suggest grandeur, rarity, purity! He creates from a word, an object; and describes it so graphically that though his bodily eyes may never have beheld it yet his mental ones note every shade, every tint, every tone; thus it is not infrequent to find poets describing minutely things they have never seen, so that they enable others to behold, and realise what, to them, is purely a sympathetic intuition of the possibility lying dormant in Matter.

An artist like Prospero has only to wave his wand, and behold, the reign of magic has begun! A word, conjures up an object; a perfume, a passion, and, it may be, unknown to himself, he reveals truths of which he believed himself unconscious. The very teaching the language of his art expresses may be unintelligible to him; he may be merely the vehicle for the revelation, as the wind, unknowing its mission, carries the seeds of future forests on its careless wings, or the electric flash is chained for human enlightenment as it swiftly flits through the air. He will require no teaching *per se*, either of joy or suffering, for he will hear in himself the depths of personally unfelt sorrow, as well as the crowned heights of personally untasted joy; his soul will be like a perfect instrument from which the lightest touch draws music, now sad, now mirthful, now passionate, but music always, that is, truth—truth to somebody; not perhaps truth to us who criticise, and from the narrowness of our minds call only what we ourselves experience truth; but truth, nevertheless, a deeper truth than we can grasp, unless with it we grasp all Nature. Language in common life seems an unmusical thing enough; a poor, broken-to-harness drudge, with very little beauty or charm left; but note the change when, under the sympathetic hands of the poet, language, leaving the beaten track of commonplace, soars above to the heights of poetry, grand, ennobled, beautiful; the common words fall into chains of jewelled sound, caress the ear, woo the air into their likeness, and behold, the despised drudge is a fair queen, full of grace, cleaving the blue encircling air with a thousand shadows of beauty, interlacing curves of unimaginable tenderness! A block of stone appears to have little might to move or inspire; but, behold, under the sympathetic hands of the sculptor it springs forth an Apollo, a S. John, an Aphrodité. The artist in both cases recognised, by the power of sympathy, the possibility hidden in the despised surroundings, and drew it forth. It is from the very depth and grasp of this sympathy, that we find so many artists leading solitary lives; the world around them whirls onwards, fearful, and avoiding all great emotions; hiding as much as possible, even from itself, the power latent in its soul, and

and only venturing on the dead level of small thoughts, small aims, small pleasures, which lead to content. This world can never either plunge or mount into the regions familiar to the artist, and so he leaves it, in his highest moods, behind him, and soaring beyond its view, loses sight of the phantoms it pursues so eagerly, yea, loses his own identity, which becomes merged in the universal, and thus the highest triumphs of art are gained, and the shadows of Deity falling softly round the artist, wake his nature to active response, until the truth revealed to his soul takes objective manifestation at his hands! We have thus seen that the basis of art must be a comprehension of the possibilities in life, seen from its two sides, divine and human, and the basis of the artist's nature, an universal sympathy, to comprehend and render these possibilities in concrete form. . . . In this age, when one Master teaches an eternal sleep to be the only possible or desirable ending to "life's fitful fever," and another scoffs at all spiritual communication; that is to say, all those feelings and dim experiences which cannot be directly reduced to material sources, as the results of ignorance or incipient madness; it is full time our representative mind should stand forth and say aloud that all may hear. And, behold! he stands amongst us, a crowned king of art, the art that belongs, *par excellence*, to this nineteenth century; music, that socialistic art, which is as easily understood and enjoyed by the beggar as the king, and even finds an echo in the breasts of those humbler creatures to whose narrowed powers we arrogantly deny the light of reason: music, to whose magic we plead, whenever we wish to move mightily the human heart, to inspire it for noble deeds or pure emotions. Do not our soldiers march to battle, spurred on by music's voice? Are not our religious services dependent on music for the greater portion of their force and influence? Is not our most perfect enjoyment (the opera) derived from music? And, even in the legitimate drama itself, is it not music whose influence is invoked to soften and prepare the mind for the reception of the deep emotions unfolded by the play it is witnessing? Shakespere's love of music runs like a sweet melody through all his writings; and Carlyle thus expresses its power: "The meaning of song goes deep. Who is there that, in logical words, can express the effect music has on us? A kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us, for a moment, gaze into that." And Shelley, in most musical words, tells of music's might over his mind:

"The cope of heaven seems rent and cloven
 By the enchantment of thy strain,
 And on my shoulders wings are woven,
 To follow its sublime career
 Beyond the mighty moons that wane
 Upon the verge of Nature's utmost sphere,
 'Till the world's shadowy walls are past and disappear."

And from the edge of that Infinite, to which music has led him, Wagner turns and interprets the life around: he brimmed with its passion, pale with its yearning, with the undying thirst of the age for certainty, for perfect knowledge—that age which would rather choose to deny the existence of spiritual power than confess it beyond its comprehension, and with passionate zeal seeks to elevate humanity into a religion, yet flings it down into the abyss of Nothingness and oblivion—that age which, with frantic ardour, preaches Socialism as a creed, yet fulfills it by striving to rob its brothers, and will not, or cannot, comprehend.

“ Your Fourier's failed,
Because not poets enough to understand
That life develops from within.”

Wagner stands forth, priest of the gospel, revealed in music, and preaches mightily and clearly to all of us; with boundless sympathy for the hopeless struggles and diverse aims of his age, yet clear sight and never-failing grasp of the haven where our storm-tossed barks may ride safely after life's perilous voyage. . . .

The mind of man has conceived, and the voice of man uttered, three gospels, the gospel of hatred and defiance, the gospel of Negation, the gospel of love, and the depths of a man's intellect may be gauged and the worth of his doctrine proved by the gospel he preaches. Some minds receive all three at different stages of their growth; some, as Voltaire and Byron, never grow beyond the first, and can only teach us to tear the mask of beauty from ugliness and to bury our dead, though with much wailing and gnashing of teeth; some, as Mill and Schopenhauer, remain always true to the gospel of Negation, and their teaching also has great value, inasmuch as it inculcates that calm severity of thought which will utterly deny rather than half believe; but our true prophets, our veritable masters, are those who, whether from heavenly radiance of Nature or hard toil of heart, have cut their way through the “everlasting No” to the glory and brightness of the “everlasting Yea!” Such minds, piercing below the frippery of popular belief or denial, and setting at its true value the mythology in which an Age has woven the tinted weeds it gathers on the shore of eternity, and the prismatic shells flung there by the receding waters of Time, speak not to one nation or for one Age; but to all nations and for eternity! Such are Shakespeare, the poet-philosopher; Shelley, the sweet singer; and Wagner the prophet. Shelley indeed, only reached the land “where music, and moonlight and feeling are one” after much beating of breast, and breaking of pinion against the darkened bars of life's prison house; but Wagner was native there from the first, sweet strains of spiritual music, and star-like radiance shone through, and showed the bars were but imaginary barriers, mere shadowy clouds between spirit and matter;

and so, with the perpetual passing of angels, life's rhythmic dance sweeps on, the infinitely great and the infinitely little united in the wondrous mosaic of being:

“Stille

Ruhn oben die Sterne

Und unten die Gräber.”

If we consider his works, we shall find their texts are all taken from the Gospel of Love. Love he teaches, divine or human, is the one unconquerable, all-saving power. Love the redeemer, as in “Der Fliegende Holländer;” Love the pardoner, as in “Tannhäuser;” Love the revealer, as in “Lohengrin;” Love the conqueror, as in the “Ring der Nibelungen”; but there is a continual growth of power, in grasp and expression of the truth taught, from the love that pities to the love that pardons, of the two first dramas, and from faith in possible to the full flood of actual love, sweeping on resistless and boundless as the divinity whose shadow and symbol it is, of the two latter. No poet (we speak advisedly, for Wagner claims to be a poet, and is one, if piercing to the very heart of life and revealing the essential beneath the external constitute a poet), no poet, save Shakespere and Shelley, has so completely realised a “disembodied joy,” and in this his Art aids him mightily; and when by his magic he holds up to the human the mirror of itself, deeply shadowed and fringed with the spiritual, whence all “disembodied joys” are born, yea, interwoven with it so deftly that to draw the silver thread of inter-penetrant deity frays the web of life into meaningless strands, our spirits float on in “music’s most serene dominions,” through the air of earth, starless, and tremulous with sighs, until we reach the shining tablelands beyond. Let us briefly consider the “motif,” and treatment of “Tannhäuser” and “Lohengrin,” prefacing our remarks by repeating our leading axioms in this discussion: Art should be individual only so far as the individual typifies the universal; directly Art ceases to perceive the whole in the part, it fails in its mission. . . . “Tannhäuser” opens with the solemn strains of the Pilgrim Song, a holy phrase of great power and beauty, in which is woven the sweet music of earnest prayer and the deep harmony of devotional yearnings; this changes to the wild unearthly music of the Venus-Berg, in which all Nature takes part with desire and passion. You hear in this wondrous witch-song the joy of the awakening earth on a spring morning, the flowers flushing beneath the sun, the fresh young leaves smiting their little hands together in rapture and praise, the cool plashing of slowly flowing rivers, lily-garlanded; the whisper of the wind amid the reeds and tall irises; the tender lisp of the little streams, the full glory of the bird-chorus and the music of the human, of the young man, and maiden rejoicing in their beauty and brimmed with the joy of life. The whole tone of this witch-song is one glad cry, “How fair is life! let us kiss her lips, and drain to the dregs the cup she offers, filled with a sweet strong wine-

There is no soul! there is no future! Drink! enjoy!" Yet, even as this wild frenzy of passionate life possesses the listening air, we hear the sad refrain—we hear the wail of the sea-bird, half lost in the dash of the hopeless wave on an iron-bound shore; the shriek of the wind-tortured trees on dark stormy nights, when everything is hidden in thick blackness, and only weird cries tell of the work of devastation. The roar of the avalanche as it sweeps on, heedless of the anguish it causes, slaying, and to slay; and so the pilgrim-song and the witch-music shadow forth the strife of the human and the divine, and the drama of the individual life begins. Tannhäuser has sought the forbidden presence of Venus; the goddess who gives man the swift, wild joys of passion has wooed him from the holy land of song; yet plunged in these bodily pleasures, he is not happy, and at last, calling on Mary, tears away, and finds himself free again. He goes to Rome, but is denied pardon; so-called religion curses him; so-called friendship would slay; only Love, as typified in the sweet, saintly Elizabeth, remains faithful. She watches and prays; but Tannhäuser, stung to madness by the Pope's haughty answer to his plea for pardon, "Sooner shall this staff blossom than thou be pardoned!" strives to find the home of Venus once more. Again the witch-music sounds in his ears, again the old magic begins to tinge everything in his sight, when the name of Elizabeth strikes on his shattered hearing, and, like a spell, recalls him to his better self, and he struggles away from the sensual glamour that is fast stealing away his senses. A solemn chant fills the air, and behold a mournful procession, bearing the dead body of Elizabeth! while slowly advancing across the hills march a body of pilgrims from Rome, bearing the joyful tidings that the Pope's staff has blossomed! Tannhäuser's sin is pardoned! Falling on his knees by the dead Elizabeth, he loses life, to be in death redeemed by the Love which was stronger than either!

Let us now turn to "Lohengrin." It opens with a picture of cloud-land, a summer-day scene; blue stretches of sky, flecked and furrowed by faint fleecy snow-wreaths of cloud, the air is nearly still, tremulous only with light wind voices, that whisper tidings of the coming glory to the listening trees; but lo! as we watch the azure depths above, not clouds, but angels are there, and what we thought the voices of the wind is but the flutter of their snowy pinions making low music to the rhythm of their flight as they bear the mystic cup of life across the world, chanting the solemn Grail-Song, that unuttered music to which life is set. Then the picture changes; we are carried into the thick of material life, from the glow of spirit to the darkness of Matter. Wrong and suffering abound here, as peace and joy there; but still patient endurance, truth, and courage can reach the serene comforters; the spiritual leans down, the material strains upward, and in the light of love finds salvation and joy. But woe to that reckless one who, not content with deep draughts of the mystic cup, must analyse and separate the elixir to find its

component parts! It is the fate of Tantalus again, and the rash soul must thirst, and the rash heart hunger in vain! So Elsa, not content with the mysterious joy, the half-unknown blessings, seeks to reduce it to an ordinary gift, to certify whence it came and whither it goes, and at the instant it has left her, leaving, indeed, the calm of reason and philosophy (the brother), but never the rapture of religion, the faith in the presence of the uncomprehended (the lover), which makes the beauty and magic of life. . . . We have briefly analysed these two, but the same fundamental truth is the ground-work of all Wagner's dramas; while in the "Nibelungen" even the very gods themselves are powerless against the might of the Supreme Love! Thus he teaches us the grandest lesson the mind of man is capable of receiving, not by ignoring the human with its needs and weaknesses; not by denying the divine, but by showing how the human may rise beyond itself into the light above, by fulfilment of its conditions, and loving strife towards the dawn; as the seed is laid in the earth, and rises to the glad sunlight, flushing to a fair flower, not by proud rejection of its lowly resting-place, but by patient development of the germ of life in its heart! He teaches us to recognise the *one* in the many, in a new and sweeter sense than the old masters taught, the sense of an eternal ever-present spirit that moulds the human many into the divine one, and that eternal Spirit is "Love"; not blind necessity, not iron fate, not stern justice not an avenging deity, but "Love," a spirit that has its dwelling-place in the meanest, and, it may be faintly, it may be powerfully, according to the material it works in, moulds that meanest into some faint likeness of its own eternal beauty. To Wagner all life is holy, and worthy of reverence; we soar with him to heaven, we descend to Hell, we rest in Purgatory, we roam the earth as surely as if with Dante and Virgil we had indeed accomplished the momentous journey. Fairyland opens her silvern gates to us; elves dance in the moonlight; the world of soulless spirits, good and evil, floats round us in the air, and, like Prospero, we command their attendance and ministry or dismiss them with a wave of our magic wand.

Wagner, like Shakspeare, rejects nothing as too small or mean, and fears nothing, as too high for his purpose; he has just as perfect comprehension and sympathy (in the sense we have defined) for ugliness, as beauty; passion as Law, Hell as Heaven; and, what is far rarer and more precious, he has a perfect comprehension of the regions between the two extremes, where the one imperceptibly melts into the other; the knight on his steed, the minstrel with his inspired song, the shepherd piping amid the hills, the steersman at his post, the pilgrims with their holy chant, the maidens at their spinning, the pure and wronged princess, the dauntless champion of the grail, the tender, loving, self-sacrificing maiden, the jealous, unscrupulous woman, the true-hearted knight, the world-weary Dutchman, the fierce warrior who preferred hell with his

beloved to heaven without her, are all equally life-like, all have the same intense humanity and passionate vitality of existence. His dramas carry us into the very heart of life, with its sharply defined contrasts and conflicting interests, and there is such a wonderful air of reality about his music; people do not there die to a sentimental cavatina, or express their despair in an elegantly cadenced aria! No, the music is changeful as life itself; where, in reality, speech would rise to the grand and poetical, there we have phrases of sweet, and grand, and pathetic melody; where, in life, the human strains above itself, and becomes god-like in its tragic despair and strife, there the music swells upwards in superhuman grandeur, or sinks down in superhuman gloom; but where mean ideas, mean actions, or common-place speech would exist in life, there we find scant melody, rude phrases, hurried utterances; truly this man has swept away empirical laws, as the giant pursuing his way in the morning sunlight sweeps away the cobwebs that bar his path and passes on with a smile! Wagner (like Shakspeare) writing for all ages, cannot be comprehended fully in one; as it takes innumerable years to ripen humanity to the vintage of a mind like Shakspeare's or Wagner's, so it takes innumerable years to educate mankind to their flavour, but as slow passing time goes on, each moment casts a fairer gleam of light on their pages, and the deep truths enshrined there grow slowly clearer and clearer, until humanity sees (as they did) that the solid wall it had been vainly beating its breast against was but the morning mist, which the sun of progress is melting away. The age sneers when a prophet tells his visions; it continually

. . . "culls simples,

With a broad clown's back turned broadly to the glory of the stars."

but none the less is the prophet constrained to speak; it is as true now, as of old, that the prophet may not speak of himself, but a power that is above him puts words into his mouth, and though he would curse the ingratitude of the world, yet is he bound to bless by the sacred gift that is alive in his soul! Wagner proudly styles his dramas "Music of the future," yet they breathe the very spirit of the present, when even art seems seized with that frantic thirst for perfect knowledge, and unceasingly strives for the completed circle, the fully rounded disc, and is ready to sacrifice her own beautiful existence to give life to an art that shall be greater, purer, more perfect than herself; an art which shall, from the renouncement of individual development by all its branches, rise to a grand unity, partaking indeed of the charm of painting, poetry, music and sculpture, but belonging exclusively to none of them. Such an art we find shadowed forth in these dramas, and the future historian of the nineteenth century will find, if he wishes to grasp that intangible spirit that colours every action and every thought of the age, he must go to Wagner's music, breathe its fragrance, comprehend its sense, and then

the bare, historical facts will take quite other faces for him, and be quite otherwise comprehensible, and his history will be not a dry record of cut-and-dried actions, meaningless to a succeeding age, with different thoughts and aims, but, like the plays of Shakspeare, and the music-dramas of Wagner, a gorgeous, many-hued woof, in which the bitter-sweet of life is inextricably blended, each delicate feeling, each original action, whether good or evil, lending its color and shade, and each dimly-felt intuition, its gleam to the whole, so that it stands forth, glittering and glowing, yet black in its folds, tear-stained at its edges, with flower-like borders and perfumed fringes, amid which skulls grin and nettles and nightshade mingle. Wagner has preached his gospel well, with no faltering tone, no halting speech, and if it is not fully understood in these days, we should remember, the deeper the water the longer the nets necessary to dredge for its treasures. Any eye can perceive the pebbles hidden in a shallow, brawling stream, but where do the coral and pearl come from? There, or the deep, still ocean? His teaching, as graven in gleaming letters, on his works, his actions, and probably, his thoughts, seem condensed into "We are spirits, my brothers, and akin to God! Around us the spirit-world hovers; hold out your hands, and you may reach it; open your hearts, and it will fill them with truth and love, and lift them into the light; shut them, and you fall into the starless darkness of material life, made glorious by no dreams, but iron-barred from your kindred, and voiceless, save from your sighs. We seek the completed circle, and behold it is the spiritual alone that can round life's rainbow of passion and anguish into it! You cannot *see* with your minds, but you can, if you will, *perceive* with your souls, though the curtain of death be drawn across, and a river of tears rolls between!" and in that perception lies the secret of life, and in the expression of that perception the secret of art.

EVELYN PYNE.



A BEGINNER'S SORROWS.

REAPING the fruit of rightly-spent lives, some of those now living started this new stage of their existence with a decided preponderance of the Higher over the Lower Self. The same law, working reversely, is the cause that others have started with as decided a preponderance of the Lower over the Higher Self. The former is a born "saint"; the latter, a born brute. Yet are both *men*; and the saint may embrutalize himself, the brute, sanctify. Only in either case it must be at the cost of terrible effort, downward or upward as the case may be. The one may crucify the flesh, and rise again in the resurrection of life; the other may do what Bunyan meant when he wrote of some who "fight their way to hell over the Cross of Christ."

But in the average man—such as you and I, reader—the two Selves co-exist (so to speak) in a state of more or less unstable equilibrium. Neither can be given the governance except at the price of much bitterness—whether of shame and remorse, or of unsatisfied cravings which die very slowly. The struggle may not be so severe as in the first-named exceptional cases, but it is quite severe enough. It is a long time before the upward path (not to speak further of the other) grows smooth to the feet. At the outset, it seems generally as if difficulty only led to difficulty, and the aspirant feels entangled in a maze from which there seems no outlet.

How? In this way, for one:—

Moved by a ray of Light which pierces through the fog of the material and touches his innermost spirit, and which may be coloured with the hue of the creed-window through which it comes, or pure from the fount of the Absolute, one of us—one of the average class—dares to aspire. And he learns and feels that the first step is to master the Lower Self. He cannot withdraw from the world; he has to mix with his fellows in business and social relations, to do his daily work, to come into contact with low and mephitic influences. He finds the task arduous beyond expectation; he fails repeatedly; but the Light fascinates him and he rises again and struggles on. He begins with the coarsest aspect of the Lower, and after a prolonged conflict succeeds at last in reducing to control the fleshly appetites. He is master of his body as once he never dreamed of being. But the work is barely begun. Semi-physical tendencies, semi-sensuous proclivities, await him beyond the grossly material; and beyond them again are lying in ambush what theologians call the purely "spiritual" evils. But the Light shines, and he fights on. He wars now, daily, hourly, with such subtle foes as conceit, vanity, love of applause, censoriousness, envy,

contempt, and a hundred others, each with a hundred ramifications and sub-ramifications, all mutually interlacing like jungle underwood. And as if this were not enough, he discovers a new source of sorrow.

He has struggled to live in a wise silence; it seems to him that he has simply become sullen. In abstaining from the faults and follies of those around him, he is alarmed to find himself in danger of growing morose. Though the centre has shifted from one region to another, he finds it is still in the Lower Self. Avoiding Scylla, behold Charybdis! How to cease to have anything in common with the gross amusements and frivolous occupations of his fellows, and yet to retain quick and vivid sympathies towards them, is a problem found increasingly difficult of solution.

At last it dawns—as flashes—on him. He had always taken for granted that he loved his kind; the “Enthusiasm of Humanity” had long been a favourite theme of his. And he is sorely disquieted to find—now that the tumult of the senses is somewhat hushed—that it is not the silver tone of Love which is heard in his heart. “Heart? *have* I a heart?” he is tempted to ask, despondingly. If he could only *love* his fellow-men! if he could only go out towards them with an ebbless tide of sympathy and affection! Then there would be no danger of his un-humanizing while seeking to develop himself. While grave and silent, abstemious and self-restrained, he would yet be tender and gentle, quick to respond, swift to help. But how can Love be compelled? how can he *will* himself to love?

Is this your case, reader? Be comforted. Listen, and think. Life is Love; the Higher Self is Life; therefore, *the Higher Self is Love*. Do not be discouraged; only persevere. As the Lower Self is ever more and more subordinated, the Higher Self *will* rise, though, perhaps, gradually, imperceptibly, as a Northern sunrise. But it *will* rise. And as the Higher Self comes more and more into the field, there will come gentleness and tenderness and unutterable, self-annihilating Love. It is only a question of time. Have faith, and have patience.

And in the meantime, to the best of your ability act, speak, and even (so far as is possible) think as you would act, speak, and think if you *did* feel as you long to feel. There will be no hypocrisy in this. The engineer who cut a deep, wide channel in the dry rock is no hypocrite, although the result of his labour is the skeleton of a river without its soul; for he is only making a course along which the waters *will* run, presently. So with you. Cut deep and wide the channel, though your heart seems as dry as the Sahara. For sometime you will reach a point where a few more strokes—and lo! either by tiny but ever-growing tricklings, or in one glad mighty rush, the waters come, and learning what it is to *Live*, you shall learn what it is to *Love*.

ERNEST HAWTHORN.

FROM THE EAST OF TIME.

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

(Continued from the October Number.)

I SAT musing upon the glory of the dawn till gradually the light cast lavish by the hand of the rising sun flooded the world with its fulness and banished every shadow that sought to linger on the lawn.

And then the evil of my inner self rose up to contradict the truth of the beauty given to the fields, and to cry out, "It is *not* day—it is *not* day—for all is dark!"

I must write. When *it* rises within me as it is rising now there is but one way to escape—constant, unremitting work. God knows whether I should write at all were it not for the misery within me. God knows. For me, I think I should dream my life away—even as the Lotus-eaters of the olden time—dreaming one's own dreams and intoxicated with the beauty of their unending scenes.

But *you* who read were not born to dream—nor was I—though the loveliness of what is throbs through my every vein and calls upon my soul to weep with its own joy and pain.

I must write—write anything—so only that I write on.

There are some hours still which must be spent before I shall meet her on the lawn. For two days I have met her so—the first to greet her for the day!

* * * * *

I cannot chase it from me. It *will* return—the knowledge and the recollection of the truth.

I have yielded. All the beauty that was without has gone. I may not recall thee, Onora, for at thy name a thousand echoes reverberate within my brain, and bound and rebound, as it were, from crag to crag till in the distance they die away in a myriad of mingled sounds afar in some gloomy vale whose end I cannot see.

I have yielded. I allow my thoughts to dwell upon themselves, and evil shades to haunt me and remain with me now.

My youth is no longer mine!

Why have I written? Why do I write? Why do I not even now cast my poor works into the flames that this spirit which has come upon me shall not come?

I cannot think—and yet—

How can the future look back upon the past? How can he, in a future age, have read of my life which is not yet complete? Is my whole path mapped out for me to trudge woodenly? How else can this thing be? Let me cast my works into the fire—everything—everything. My escretoire will be rid of the result of years of toil—yes—yes—a mad longing fills me, a fearful impulse which I know is defiance of my God. This man has my biography—five hundred years in future time—he reads of my life—of these works—five hundred years after they are written by me, and he communicates to me through the centuries that he has so read!

And because he has read he comes to me to steal all the beauty of my life—to take from me half my youth—to share my love—and to be with me for ever as my self and as a part (the greater part) of me who am become his thing!

And I, who look forwards, not back—I, who look into future time, and read of that accursed book—I, who see that by my own works I cast into the future what recoils to damn me even now. I, who write and am fated to write—I stand up now and I say that as that book *is* written and has been read five hundred years in future time, so it shall not be written and shall not be read, for I defy my Creator and the hand that holds within it these undefined laws of space, and I care not if I pass into the fires of Hell!

I defy the Spirit from the East of time.

• • • • •

A great iron hand seems to clasp my soul and give it strength. My resolve is well nigh accomplished. My escretoire is empty. Everything which I have written lies there—in that heap—where these words shall lie in a moment or two's time.

The pen which I love I use for the last time. Could my hand wither now it would be well, yet it writes as though with a terrible fascination found in the last words which it shall put upon the page. I am as one frenzied, for a devil has taken possession of me, and I say that what *is* shall not be!

Everything—to my shortest poem—lies upon that heap. A light—yes, a light—God, I cannot see!—a light—a light—

• • • • •

I have seized it, and now cast away my pen.

• • • • •

I seem to have recovered from a long swoon. Where am I? It is bright day.

And what is that which I see still written as it were upon the wall?
“Thy published works. What of them?”

• • • • •

All has come back to me. The light must have fallen from my hand. There is a great pile of papers lying before me unburnt.

I am dizzy as though faint with a struggle which I cannot remember to have fought.

Ah! I understand it now. Destiny cannot be opposed.

* * * * *
Onora is upon the lawn.

PART II.

THE day has passed away.

It has been my custom for years to seek to examine the intricacies of my own brain. "Man, know thyself!" has been to me as a motto possessing in three words the wisdom of man. And I did know myself and now know little, for a new spirit has entered into me which divides and yet does not divide, which is mine and yet not mine.

It is as though my love—my passions—my poetic longing—my every thought—nay the merest shadow of a thought—were intensified so that I can scarcely bear to think or to exist; whilst yet, strangest of all, the very intensity of all that is within me seems as a division—as not my own—but as the robbery of half my youth!

How can I describe my own brain, when it is saturated at once with its doubled intensity and with the pain which tells me that I have lost—not gained.

Scent might be poured upon the fragrant rose. Would the flower then, in the vast intoxication which might come upon it, realise that the beauty of what had been was not?

And I am even as the rose—and every impulse within me as the airs that exhale, and these are absorbed in the greater power—the scent which has given yet taken away.

Ah! the simile is feeble to describe my soul!

I have pondered much before I sat down to write the lines. I have cast my inner eye back upon what has been, and I have prayed upon my knees for forgiveness for that hideous madness which came upon me—leading me—me, the mortal thing—the child of a vast destiny—to defy my Creator and my God!

I would have burnt my works! I would have sought to destroy those things which, speaking through the time to come, shall die of themselves, in order that I might prove to my own poor self the lie of what has been and what is!

It was the thought of man—of man at once maddened with the evil of his own thought and the horror of its simple execution—when suddenly, whilst the light was in my hand, the full consciousness of what I was about to do may have flashed upon me as I fell backwards in a swoon.

And now I understand. How could *I* defy the illimitable laws of Time—how stand before my God to disobey His will?

I had forgotten that which I had myself written hours before. On that moment I would have acted to destroy a present that the future might not be—and I forgot that the future is, has been, and will be.

To me who live now something of the future time must have been—then why not all?—for this Spirit *has* communicated to me from thence—and *having been*, how could I say—“It shall never be!”

I, who am a creature of an intellect which cannot grasp the truth of what I know and write, would have said “I destroy what will be”—and would have forgotten that what will be—*is*.

The East of Time. Who shall penetrate its vastness? Who shall comprehend that it exists? Alas! I am faint and weary, and cannot see through the night, for the knowledge of the Everlasting and of the truer sight is not yet mine.

Five hundred years in future time!—and the Spirit which has come from thence speaks no longer of that time to me, for it has come back—back—back—to share with me my life.

And it is as though it were as yet unborn—and still is, for the Spirit existeth always though it is not seen.

I am but a man living and breathing as you and all your fellows, yet I am cut apart from you. I strive to understand; but my thoughts are weak, though something of the truth I see.

And it seems to me that in that hour when this man who lives five hundred years in future time cast himself back as a thing unborn into my life—and when the mesmeric circle binding him with me was at length complete—that he, passing from the future to my time, descended from knowledge to oblivion, from light to dark.

So the Spirit which has come upon me is as a silent thing, because of itself it *has not yet been born* and cannot speak of the future time—until the mesmeric circle is relaxed.

And I, who am enchained by this strange descended spirit know this—that the mesmeric circle may never be relaxed because *I* have not that power—and because the spirit from the East of Time has lost it as it has lost all which has not yet been.

You know my name—you have read a truer description of me than I could give you now—a description which came from the East of Time. I have gazed long in my glass to read its truth. But there is much that you do not know—much that I have still to write.

To write! Yes, I shall write all—everything—for by this means I seem to escape from myself, or, shall I rather say, to grow myself once more and pass into my peaceful Author state. Ah! I can write but little now, for my art, poor as it was, seems to have narrowed itself down and I write not as I always wrote, for I am an altered man. My last work is but half complete—now I cannot finish it, for the atmosphere of my thoughts

is altered so that by some strange contrast in what is still to write with what is done I should spoil the work I undertook.

Can you realise the unspoken pain of the man whose genius leaves him? Heaven only knows if I have aught of genius yet; if so, it is as though it were gone for ever, for I recognise it no more. Sadness has descended as an eagle wing ever stretched open above me, and my heart which knew joy in the beauties around me seems to see them not.

And I pray to the Great God that sometimes—be it only a moment, he may release my soul and give me the truer things that I have known.

Whilst I live I shall strive against despair.

I have been filled with vague wonderings as to what is, and what is not.

I see before me a life where hope has vanished, for my earthly joys are sapped by the constant recollection that unit as I am upon this earthly sphere I am restrained from wandering from the set path of my destiny; and it is as though every action were now no longer my own but had passed into the hands of Fate.

Can you obtain a glimpse of the misery that lies prone before me, like a dead thing upon which I must trample, though I shudder in the act?

The time which is to be exists now, and I whose life has not been lived am dead and gone. I cannot understand; only my life has been finished, and *is* finished ages ago, and written down in these books far in the East of Time.

These books! There was but one—the second volume—strange chance! had been lost, and I do not yet know of the life which lies before me any more than did that spirit which has come to learn its course in present time, and which exists within me now. Only this I know, or this, at least, I seem to know—that if my whole existence has been written of in a later day, so that those who live five hundred years in future time have read, so it must be that I have no will—that I must follow the path of destiny—that I am powerless to turn from it—that my best thoughts and my truest deeds, equally with my worst belong not to me, and do not arise within me, but are sent by a higher power, and something of despair creeps upon me, for I am too weak, too human to trust my God!

* * * * *

A great wave of emotion surges up within me. God is too just—such cannot be. My path in life is my own to tread. I refuse to become a fatalist. I will not yield to the insidious beliefs that would force themselves upon me. I cannot understand Time—how, then, can I understand or know that my life is so laid out?

I refuse my soul the belief it seems to crave. I *will* be free—I shall lead my own life—it is mine—mine only.

Have I forgotten, then, the spirit from the East of Time?

Why do I remember now?

* * * * * * *

It is strange I cannot now take my pen in hand or calmly sit down to reason out a single thought, as was my wont, without loosening the gates of my soul, whence demons issue and clamour with one another in futile strife!

Now that my passion has spent itself in part, I can see more clearly, and I think that I must endeavour to avoid the thoughts that point towards what will be, and that I must rather strive to fall back upon memory than to dwell upon the future time!

Let me tell you of my past.

Of my boyhood you may care to learn little, and I who look back upon my earlier years with a great thankfulness that they are past, shall not dwell upon them long. Even now the vague fears of my fellows—of everything—the unnatural desire to hide myself away, to die if it might be, forces itself back upon me. I was not as other boys, and my temperament consorted ill with the rudeness of school life. All was new, all was hard, and no hope of better things filled my boyish heart. I could see no future which was not bound up in the dreary routine of class on class, for my imagination had not awakened within me, and my own fears stilled the consciousness of a weakness which has later been my only hope—my only strength.

Ah! do not envy the poet's life. Mine, at least, was not one for envy. Could you look back, as I can, upon the days gone by; could you mark, as I can, the development by shock on shock of the saddened manhood that at last found its way through the clouds, I think you would say with me, "Thank God, these days have gone!"

And even now, as the years creep over me, I look back with something of horror at the days that lie ever increasing behind me, and a sense of thankfulness only fills me when I remember that they are gone.

School became a thing of the past, and my eyes opened somewhat to the reality of the world around me under the course of a University career.

There I commenced to write. At first with a vague wonder as to what came from me, then with a timid fear to put *myself* upon the page, and after many days with the truer knowledge that the poet must show his heart.

I have never ceased to write since then. For what else do I live? Ah! I believed but yesterday that a future lay before me—and now——

Now I see with a different sight; what is man's ambition—what do I gain, what have I gained in the little reputation which is already mine. Is it not but a poor thing to strive for if in the ages to come all shall have died away, as has been written from the East of Time—all—all my works dead—all that I have written, all that I shall write, all

passed away into oblivion, and a single volume only of my biography shall be found in the world five hundred years in after time!

And yet I shall never cease to write.

It was at college that I made the acquaintance of Frank Marston. He became my closest friend. Together we studied, and together spent our vacations, and together we started to visit the continental towns. These, at least, were happy days.

I can recall, almost as though I still lived them o'er, the days of that, dear summer three years ago.

I can recall, if I do not weary you with memory, one of those dear evenings in Berlin. Frank had wandered away from me as I sat amongst the trees in that solitude which I love—near the happy crowd, and yet alone. You know the Zoologischer Garten of Berlin; do you know the spot I mean? The sound of the music came borne to me across the water, and the setting sun cast its glories of light and shade of gold and grey, upon the peaceful scene, and the music borne upon the balmy air lulled my senses into a deep rest, and sadness fell upon my soul. Something brings back to me the poor lines I wrote amidst the beauty of that scene—something brings back the sadness which must interline with its holiness and with its unspeakable longing such hours as these.

Scented airs would gently waft me,
 Waft me where—where could they waft—
 To what summer more entrancing
 Where the wind shall breathe more soft?

Where is borne upon the evening,
 So lingeringly, so rare,
 Dulcet music intertwining
 With the cadence in the air?

Here—the moments passing by me
 Seem to fall with golden sound,
 As might leaves from autumn branches
 Fall quivering to the ground.

Yet there is a thirst within me
 That I cannot—cannot—slake
 In the beauty that is sleeping
 On the surface of the lake.

Ah! although I feel a glory
 Surely fallen from on high,
 It would seem as though inwoven
 With some Angel's tearful sigh.

Ah, to me peace is inseparably connected with the beautiful and the sad!

Three days later, in Dresden, a town dear to me because its quiet loveliness harmonizes with all that is good within me—the bad news came. My father was seriously ill. My trip, almost at the outset, came abruptly to an end.

So Frank was left alone to complete his summer tour, and I returned home—too late!

He died before my arrival home, leaving me an orphan in circumstances of poverty which came as a revelation to me; to work for my daily bread.

I do not know if I have anything of pride in my nature, for I accepted my uncle's offer to provide for me, and I have lived since as his dependant, in a position at which my whole being revolts at times—for *the sake of my art*.

I have not seen Frank Marston for more than a year. He is wealthy, and he is one to whom the excitement of travel seems to have become a necessity, and he is only now returning from the far, far East.

And of my career since my father's death?—it has been quiet and studious, and yet I cannot study for my memory is a useless thing. It sometimes seems to me that all my powers of thought are absorbed in the one channel which leads me to imagine a beauty which cannot exist upon earth and to create that fiction which is my chief delight.

And yet I write so uselessly that at times I despair. Are my works good or bad? I cannot tell. As yet my poor fame, *which is to be*, as the spirit from the East of Time has said, is as nothing, and the best of what has come to me and gone from me to the page lies still within my escritoire.

Thus has been my life—a life spent latterly amongst my own thoughts and in the solitude of the dear country, which I love—here at Varnley Hall—my uncle's home.

* * * * *

It is written in those lines of my biography which come to me from the future time, before the mesmeric circle was complete:

“He had now entered upon his twenty-sixth year, and it was in this year that he fell in love.”

How strange it is that the truth should thus come back to me.

Four days ago I met Onora Mayne. Who is she? She is the *one* in all the world for me. I can understand that change which is spoken of as falling upon my life at this time, but it has a dual, not a single cause, though all lies with Onora Mayne.

I who have never loved, now love with a madness which might of itself divert the current of my every thought. This alone might cause the change; but there is the other truth—the greater truth—that in meeting Onora Mayne I awakened to youth, and that from

this my biographer writes into the East of Time, and the man living there and reading of my youth and of Onora Mayne seeks to come back to steal from me that which he himself does not possess, and sends his spirit into my spirit to wreck my life, it may be, with the vague truth now prone before me, and to take from me the greater part of every joy—ay, even of my love. Is not this enough to turn my life, as the course of the strong river may be turned, to flood and devastate the fields?

Onora Mayne came into my quiet life! Beautiful creation! how can I aspire to such as thee? Yet sometimes the fairest maid stoops to gather the poorest flower that blooms beneath the hedge.

It is not strange to me that we never met in the days which have been—when I remember what my life has been and what yours.

Already there is an unseen sympathy between us, the sympathy of soul for soul, and yet to-day, when that horrible night had passed away, and when I greeted you on the lawn, I fancied there was some change in you as there was a change in me.

But the change in you was of another kind to mine, for I loved you with a devotion ten times intensified, and you seemed more cold than yesterday. But I remembered later that my mind may by recollection have exaggerated your friendliness, and that the increased depth of my love for you took away in its very expectation of increased sympathy from the warmth of your manner to me.

I know that you like me, and I know, too—alas! that you are too free, too trusting, to have dreamt that I have thought of love.

I think you rather look on me as a harmless thing, as one so buried in the beauty of his own thoughts—do *you* think them beautiful, Onora Mayne?—that he could not love.

Is your heart, Onora, cold to me? I love you as man never loved, and still I fear.

* * * * *

I fell away into a vain dream as to what might be. I am unable to concentrate my thoughts. I cannot understand how my mind wanders away, not as in the old time, and how I write intermittently as I never used to do.

And every thought leads me to dwell on the future time, to think of what will be, not of what has been, as though the Spirit which came from the East of Time would ever strive to lead me thither, and as though I of the present refused to turn to unknown things and struggled to dwell upon the past.

An awful thought occurs to me. What if I am doomed to have another existence in the East of Time—what if this man whose Spirit has come back to me is but myself, as it were re-born—born after passing from a life of sorrow, born again through perfect forgetfulness, and there

doomed to recoil upon myself in the old time to make my life as an unending cycle, an earthly Hell!

What have I done, my God, to deserve such punishment as this!

* * * * *

I have passed through agony such as surely few men know.

It seemed to me that that which descended through Time, sought to return to the East, yet knew not how. And the struggling of the spirit tore me asunder, and I could not move, and yet I seemed to fight against the spirit of the future time, as though I felt that my own soul were so linked with it that these two must pass *together if at all* into the East of Time.

And now I am weak, and in my weakness peace has for a moment come upon me, and I know that the Present still is.

* * * * *

CHARLES HANNAN.

(*To be continued.*)



THE DUBLIN LODGE T. S.

The DUBLIN LODGE has now arranged for the holding of meetings at its new rooms, No. 16, Charlemont Mall, every Thursday, at 8 p.m., and the members will be glad to welcome on these evenings any friends interested in the work of the Society.

With a view to the promotion by the regular study and discussion of Theosophical tenets, a Research Section has lately been started, the subjects at present under consideration being (1) Light on the Path, (2) Karma, (3) Elementaries and Elemental Spirits, and (4) the Relations of Man to Nature.

The Lodge is desirous of opening communications with all interested in the Theosophical Movement throughout Ireland, and for the better furtherance of this object a corresponding section has been organised with a nominal subscription, arrangements having been made to secure to each member a regular supply of Theosophical literature.

The library of the Lodge being at present scarcely adequate to meet the increasing demands for Theosophical literature in Ireland, the council would feel grateful for any donations in the shape of books, pamphlets, &c., from their friends in other countries, Light on the Path, and works of a similar nature being particularly needed.

Correspondence.

"ESOTERIC BUDDHISM" AND THE "SECRET DOCTRINE."

IN reference to various remarks concerning "Esoteric Buddhism" which appear in the course of your new work, "The Secret Doctrine," I beg to call your attention to some passages on the same subject which appeared on former occasions in the *Theosophist* at a time when that magazine was edited by yourself.

In the *Secret Doctrine* you speak of *Esoteric Buddhism* as a work with "a very unfortunate title," and in reference to a passage in my preface, emphasising the novelty for European readers of the teachings then given out, you say the error must have crept in through inadvertence. In the last number of LUCIFER you discuss the same point in a note appended to a correspondent's letter. Permit me to remind you of an editorial note, evidently from your own pen, in the February *Theosophist*, 1884. This is in reply to an objection raised by Mr. W. Q. Judge that nearly all the leading ideas of the doctrine embodied in "Esoteric Buddhism" are to be found in the *Bhagavad Gita*. You wrote:—

"We do not believe our American brother is justified in his remarks. The knowledge given out in *Esoteric Buddhism* is most decidedly given out for the first time, inasmuch as the allegories that lie scattered in the Hindu sacred literature are now for the first time clearly explained to the world of the profane.* Since the birth of the Theosophical Society and the publication of *Isis*, it is being repeated daily that all the esoteric wisdom of the ages lies concealed in the Vedas, the Upanishads and *Bhagavad Gita*; yet unto the day of the first appearance of *Esoteric Buddhism*, and for long centuries back, these doctrines remained a sealed letter to all but a few initiated Brahmins who had always kept the spirit of it to themselves."

* The author of the "Secret Doctrine" begs to suggest that she never denied to the doctrines expounded by Mr. Sinnett the privilege of having been clearly "EXPLAINED," for the first time, in *print*, in "Esot. Buddhism." All she asserts is, that it is not for the first time that they were given out to a European, and by the latter to other Europeans. Between "publishing" and "giving out" there is a decided difference; an admirable *peg*, at any rate, for our common enemies to hang their captious cavils upon. It is not the writer of the "Secret Doctrine," moreover, who was the first to put such a natural interpretation upon the sentence used by our esteemed friend and correspondent, but, verily, sundry critics *outside* of, as also *within* the Theosophical Society. It is no personal question between Mr. Sinnett and H. P. Blavatsky, but between these two individuals on the one hand and their critics on the other; the former being both in duty bound—as theosophists and believers in the esoteric teaching—to defend the Sacred Doctrine from side attacks—*viâ* its expounders.—[ED.]

Thus, if I erred in my statement about the doctrine having been unknown previously to Europeans, I erred in very good company—your own. Your note goes on to say that certainly the teachings of “Esoteric Buddhism” lie concealed in the Bhagavad Gita, “but” you say :

“What of that? Of what good to W. Q. Judge or any other is the diamond that lies concealed deep underground? Of course everyone knows that there is not a gem now sparkling in a jewellery shop but pre-existed and lay concealed since its formation, for ages, within the bowels of the earth. Yet surely he who got it first from its finder, and cut and polished it, may be permitted to say that this particular diamond is given out for the first time to the world.” *

In regard to my “unfortunate title,” which was (as you know, I think) approved when first proposed without any question arising as to the two “d’s”—you say in the *Secret Doctrine* :

“It has enabled our enemies to find an effective weapon against Theosophy because, as an eminent Pali scholar very pointedly expressed it, there was in the volume named neither esotericism nor Buddhism.”

It happens that you discussed the same criticism in an article in the *Theosophist* for November, 1883. Your text on that occasion was an article in the *St. James' Gazette*, which you attributed to Dr. Rhys Davids, and you wrote :

“But before the Orientalists are able to prove that the doctrines, as taught in Mr. Sinnett’s exposition are “not Buddhism, esoteric nor exoteric,” they will have to make away with the thousands of Brahminical Adwaita and other Vedantin writings—the works of Sankaracharya in particular—from which it can be proved that precisely the same doctrines are taught in those works esoterically.”

You spoke, in the course of the article, of the very remark you now find to be “very pointed,” † as “such a spiteful and profitless criticism” to attribute it to the pen of the great Pali scholar.

* This proves, firstly, that the desire to defend, in print, a friend and co-worker *quand même*, even when he is not entirely right, is always injudicious; and secondly, that experience comes with age. “The good advocate not onely hears, but examines his case, and pincheth the cause where he fears it is founded”—Fuller teaches. We proved no “good advocate,” and now bear our *Karma* for it; from an “advocate” we have become a “defendant.”—[ED.]

† So we say now. Not a word of what we wrote *then* do we repudiate here; and the “Secret Doctrine” proves it. But this does not clash at all with the fact that, once made public, no doctrine can be referred to any longer as “esoteric.” The esoteric tenets revealed—both in “Esoteric Buddhism” and the “Secret Doctrine” have become *exoteric* now. Nor does a remark cease to be “spiteful” for being “very pointed,” *e.g.*, most of Carlyle’s remarks. A few years ago, at a time when our doctrines were hardly delineated and the Orientalists knew nothing of them, any such premature discussion and criticism were “profitless.” But now, when these doctrines have spread throughout the whole world, unless we call things by their true names, and admit our mistakes (for it was one, to spell “Budhism,” *Buddhism*—a mistake, moreover, distinctly attri-

The propriety of the title given to my book was discussed in an article in the *Theosophist* for June, 1884, when an editorial note was appended, in the course of which the writer said :

“The name given to Mr. Sinnett’s book will not be misleading or objectionable when the close identity between the doctrines therein expounded and those of the ancient Rishis of India is clearly perceived.” *

These extracts seem to show that the unfavourable view of *Esoteric Buddhism* now presented to the readers of the *Secret Doctrine* can only have been developed in your mind within a comparatively recent period.† Satisfied with the assurance conveyed to me—as explained in the preface to the sixth edition—by the reverend teacher from whom its substance was derived—that the book was a sound and trustworthy presentation of his teachings as a whole, that would never have to be remodelled or apologised for,‡ I have been content, hitherto, to leave unnoticed every

buted *to ourselves*, “theosophists of India,” *vide* page xviii. Vol. I of the “*Secret Doctrine*,” and *not at all to Mr. Sinnett*), our critics will have an undeniable right to charge us with sailing under *false* colours. Nothing more fatal to our cause could ever happen. If we would be regarded as *theosophists*, we have to protect THEOSOPHY; we have to defend our colours before we think of defending our own petty personality and *amour propre*, and should be ever ready to sacrifice ourselves. And this is what we have tried to do in the *Introduction* to the “*Secret Doctrine*.” Poor is that standard-bearer who shields his body from the bullets of the enemy with the sacred banner entrusted to him!—[ED.]

* The Rishis having nought to do with “Buddhism,” the religion of Gautama Buddha, this question shows plainly that the mistake involved in the double “d” had not yet struck the writer as forcibly as it has done later.—[ED.]

† This is an error. What we say now in the “*Secret Doctrine*” is what we *knew*, but kept silent upon ever since the *first year* of the publication of “*Esoteric Doctrine*”; though we confess we have not realised the importance of the mistake as fully from the beginning as we do now. It is the number of criticisms received in private letters and for publication in LUCIFER, from friends as well as from foes, that forced us to see the question in its true light. Had they (the criticisms) been directed only against us *personally* (Mr. Sinnett and H. P. Blavatsky) they would have been left entirely unnoticed. But as all such had a direct bearing upon the doctrines taught—some persisting in calling them *Buddhism*, pure and simple, and others charging them with being a *new-fangled doctrine* invented by ourselves and fathered upon Buddhism—the danger became imminent, and a public explanation was absolutely necessary. Moreover, the impression that it was a very materialistic teaching—“*Esoteric Buddhism*” being accused of upholding the Darwinian hypothesis—spread from the Indian and Vedantin to almost all the European theosophists. This had to be refuted, and—we do so in the “*Secret Doctrine*.”—[ED.]

‡ No one has ever dreamt of denying that “*Esoteric Buddhism*” was a “trustworthy presentation” of the Master’s teachings *as a whole*. That which is asserted is simply that some *personal* speculations of its author were faulty,

other criticism that it has called forth. I have known all along that it contained errors which initiates would detect, but by the time any student might be in a position to appreciate these he would be independent of its guidance, and till then he could not be embarrassed* by them. Now, however, I regret to find that the *Secret Doctrine* is not merely concerned to expand and develop the earlier teaching—a task which I should be the first to recognise could be performed by no one more efficiently than by yourself—but paves the way for its expositions by remarks on *Esoteric Buddhism* which are not in the nature of fresh revelations concerning what are, doubtless, its many shortcomings, but are in the nature of disparagements † which you have, on former occasions rebuked others for putting forward.

You say—in objecting to my title—“the esoteric truths presented in Mr. Sinnett’s work had ceased to be esoteric from the moment they were made public.” Is not that an odd objection to appear on the first page of a book called “The *Secret Doctrine*.” Has the doctrine ceased to deserve that designation from the date at which your own book appeared? ‡

and led to erroneous conclusions, (a) on account of their incompleteness, and (b) because of the evident anxiety to reconcile them with modern *physical* science, instead of metaphysical philosophy. Very likely errors, emanating from a desire diametrically opposite, will be found in the “*Secret Doctrine*.” Why should any of us—aye, even the most learned in occult lore among theosophists—pose for infallibility? Let us humbly admit with Socrates that “all we know is, that *we know nothing*”; at any rate nothing in comparison to what we have still to learn.—[Ed.]

* Not “embarrassed,” but *misled*—and it is precisely this which has happened.—[Ed.]

† We demur to the expression. No “disparagement” whatever is meant, but simply an attempt is made to make certain tenets taught in our respective works more clear. Without such explanations, the statements made by both authors would be unavoidably denounced as contradictory. The general public rarely goes to the trouble of sifting such difficult metaphysical questions to the bottom, but judges on appearance. We have to acquaint first the reader with all the sides and aspects of a teaching before we allow him to accept or even to see in one of such a *dogma*.—[Ed.]

‡ It *has*, most unquestionably, if logic deserves its name. Our correspondent would have hardly made this query, intended as a hit and a satire, had he paid attention to what is said on pages xvii—xviii (the first and the second) of the *Introduction* to the “*Second Doctrine*,” namely—“*Esoteric Buddhism*” was an excellent work with a very unfortunate title, though *it meant no more* than does the title of this work, the “*Secret Doctrine*”; which means, if anything, that no more than “*Esoteric Buddhism*” are those portions of the “*Secret Doctrine*” now explained in our volumes *any longer “secret”*—since *they are divulged*. We appeal to logicians and literary critics for a decision.—[Ed.]

These questions however are all of minor importance, though it puzzles me to understand why your view of them should have been so diametrically reversed from what it was a few years ago.* I might hardly have written this letter at all, but for a passage in the *Secret Doctrine* referring to *Esoteric Buddhism* that occurs on page 169. There you suggest that my own attempt to explain planetary evolution fails for want of being sufficiently metaphysical, and you quote a phrase from me—"on pure metaphysics of that sort we are not now engaged"—in connexion with a passage from one of the letters of instruction I received when the book was under preparation. "In such case," you say, "as the Teacher remarks in a letter to him: 'Why this preaching of our doctrines, all this uphill work and swimming in *adversum flumen*?' " Any reader will imagine that the passage quoted from the letter had reference to the passage quoted from the book.† Nothing can be further from the fact. My remark about not being "*then*" concerned with "pure metaphysics" had a limited and specific application, and on the next page I see that I have dealt with that period before the earliest manifestations of Nature on the plane of the senses, when the work of evolution going on was concerned "with the elemental forces that underlie the phenomena of Nature so visible now and perceptible to the senses of Man."

From time to time, amongst criticisms of *Esoteric Buddhism* that have appeared to me misdirected, I have heard this charge—that I have not appreciated the great doctrine metaphysically, that I have materialised its conceptions. I do not think I have ever before put pen to paper to combat this idea, though it has always struck me as curiously erroneous; but when language from yourself seems to fortify the impression I refer to, it is high time for me to explain, at any rate, my own attitude of mind.‡

* *Vide Supra* notes: the reasons are now explained.—[ED.]

† This remark of the Master was made in a general not in any specific application. But what of that?—[ED.]

‡ Once more we beg to assure our friend and colleague, Mr. Sinnett, that in saying what is said in the "Secret Doctrine" we did not for one moment contemplate the remarks as expressive of our *own personal objections*—seeing we know our correspondent's ideas too well to have any. They were addressed to and directed against our benevolent critics: especially those who, with an impartiality most admirable, though worthy of a better fate, try to hit us both, and *through* us to upset the Esoteric Doctrine. Has not the latter been proclaimed by a number of well-wishers as an invention of H. P. Blavatsky's? Did not even an admirably clever and learned man—the late W. C. King—claim, in his "Gnostics and their Remains," to have "reasons for suspecting that the sibyl of 'Esoteric Buddhism' (*i.e.* your humble servant) drew her first notions from the analysis of the *Inner man* (to wit our seven principles) as set forth in my (his) first edition"! This — because the most philo-

The charge of materialising the doctrine seems to me to arise entirely from the fact that I have partially succeeded in making some parts of it intelligible. The disposition to regard vagueness of exposition as equivalent to spirituality of thought is very widely spread; and multitudes of people are unaccustomed to respect any phraseology that they find themselves enabled to understand. Unused to realise a thought with precision of imaginative insight, they fancy if it is presented vividly to the mind that it must have lost caste in the realms of idealism. They are used to regarding a brick as something with a definite shape and purpose, and an idea as a Protean shadow. Give the idea a specific plan in Nature, and it will seem to them materialised, even if concerned with conditions of life as remote from materiality as Devachanic emotion.

The succession of Cause and Effect seems itself materialised—in the mental atmosphere I am discussing—if it is represented, in its most interesting aspect, as forcing its way from one plane of nature to another.

For readers of this temperament *Esoteric Buddhism* may be materialistic; but as I venture to believe that it has been a bridge which has conducted many, and may bear many more, across the chasm which divides the interests and materialism of this life, from the realms of spiritual aspiration beyond, I have not yet seen reason to regret the mould in which it was cast, even though some of those who have used it in their time now despise its materialistic construction.* It would load your paper too heavily if I quoted passages to show how constantly I really emphasised the non-material aspects of its teaching; but I may perhaps be allowed one from the closing sentences of the chapter on “the universe,” in which I say:—“It”—the doctrine of the Esoteric Wisdom—“stoops to materialism, as it were to link its methods with the logic of that system, and ascends to the highest realms of Idealism to embrace and expound the most exalted aspiration of spirit.”

The truth of the whole matter is admirably expressed in a comprehensive sentence at the end of a long article on “The Metaphysical Basis of Esoteric Buddhism,” which appeared in the *Theosophist* for

sophical Gnostic works, especially the doctrines of Valentinus and Marcus—are full of our archaic esoteric ideas. Forsooth, it is high time that the defendant, *also*, should “rise and explain” her attitude in the “Secret Doctrine,” regardless of any one’s (even her own) personality!—[ED.]

* No one we know of “despises,” but many, on the other hand, *rejoice*, and very much so, at being able to refer to it as “materialistic.” It was high time to disabuse and contradict them; and this letter from our correspondent, setting forth his true views and attitude *for the first time*, is one of the first good fruits produced by our remarks in the “Secret Doctrine.” It is an excellent check on our mutual enemies.—[ED.]

May, 1884, with the suggestive signature, Damodar K. Mavalankar. This runs:—

“The reader will now perceive that *Esoteric Buddhism* is not a system of materialism. It is, as Mr. Sinnett calls it, ‘Transcendental Materialism,’ which is non-materialism, just as the absolute consciousness is non-consciousness.”*

Any vindication of oneself must be a repulsive task. For many reasons I would rather have left all such questions alone, but to ignore unfavourable comments when these proceed from your own pen would be to treat them with less respect than is embodied in my present remarks.

In conclusion, since the *Secret Doctrine* so frequently discusses what *Esoteric Buddhism* meant to say as regards Darwinian evolution, let me endeavour to elucidate that point. The teaching I received on the subject of race evolution was very elementary. It was not exactly “fragmentary” (as has sometimes been said), but it was a skeleton statement, as regards all the problems of “Cosmogensis,” consequently it dealt merely with that cosmic progress of the spiritual inquiry through the various kingdoms of Nature which, beginning (on the material plane) with the mineral, culminates in Man. It follows from this elementary statement that at some stage of the great evolutionary process there is an ascent from the animal to the human kingdom, † never mind where the transition is effected. There the teaching vindicated the spirit of the Darwinian idea ‡ though the further illumination now cast upon the

* These are the *verbatim* expressions of your friend and humble servant, the Editor. Damodar only repeated our views. But the “Damodars” are few, and there were, as our correspondent well knows, other Brahmins in England, who were the first to proclaim “Esoteric Buddhism” *materialistic to the core*, and who have always maintained this idea in others.—[ED.]

† At the stage of the first Round, and partially at the second, never during any stage of the *Fourth* Round. A purely *mathematical* or rather algebraical reason exists for this:—The present (our) Round being the middle Round (between the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, and the 5th, 6th, and 7th) is one of adjustment and final equipoise between Spirit and matter. It is that point, in short, wherein the reign of *true* matter, its grossest state (which is as unknown to Science as its opposite pole—homogeneous matter or substance) stops and comes to an end. From that point physical man begins to throw off “coat after coat,” his material molecules for the benefit and subsequent formation or clothing of the animal kingdom, which in its turn is passing it on to the vegetable, and the latter to the mineral kingdoms. Man having evolved in the *first* Round from the animal *via* the two other kingdoms, it stands to reason that in the present Round he should appear *before* the animal world of *this* mantantoric period. But see the “Secret Doctrine” for particulars. [ED.]

‡ What did Darwin, or what Darwinians know of our esoteric teaching about “Rounds!” The “Spirit” of the Darwinian idea, is an *Irish bull*, in this case, as that “Spirit” is materialism of the grossest kind.—[ED.]

subject by your present work shows that many specific conjectures of Darwinism are erroneous, and its application to the human evolution of this world period altogether misleading. It is needless to say that I was not furnished with the later teaching on this subject when *Esoteric Buddhism* was written, therefore of course my own impression at the time was that the doctrine supported the Darwinian hypothesis, as a general idea. I never heard a word breathed in India, when writing *Esoteric Buddhism* to the contrary effect. *

Nor was the point worth raising then. My readers had to be made acquainted with the primary principles of Karma, reincarnation and cosmic progress towards superior conditions of existence. All the cosmo-genesis that was essential to the comprehension of these principles was supplied in the teaching as given. Much was left for further development, for later opportunities. The first book of Euclid cannot also contain the second, third and fourth. In the *Secret Doctrine* I have no doubt we are furnished with esoteric teaching, which is the analogue of the more advanced geometry. Probably it will be least appreciated by those who read its opening pages as warning them off the subject of triangles.

Yours very respectfully, A. P. SINNETT.

OUR CLOSING REMARK.

We thank Mr. Sinnett, with all our heart, for this letter. Better late than never. On page 186 of Vol. I. of our "Secret Doctrine," now just published, we quote from a letter of a member of the T. S., who wrote: "I suppose you realize that three-fourths of Theosophists, and even outsiders imagine that, as far as the evolution of man is concerned, Darwinism and Theosophy kiss one another" in "Esoteric Buddhism." We repudiate the idea most vehemently on the same page, but our negation would not go very far without that of Mr. Sinnett. The letter containing the above quoted sentence was written more than two and a half years ago; and our denial, notwithstanding the same charge of Darwinism and materialism in "Esoteric Buddhism," was maintained by the same writer and supported by many others. Thus it was indispensable for the good of the Cause that Mr. Sinnett should deny it over his own signature. Our object is accomplished, for the author of "Esoteric Buddhism" has now solemnly repudiated the charge, and we hope to receive no more such flings at our philosophical beliefs.

We close by thanking our esteemed correspondent once more for the indulgent spirit in which he deals with our remarks, but which, to our regret, he very erroneously attributes to a personal feeling due to some unwarrantable change in our attitude towards himself. We repudiate such a charge, and hope that our explanations will dissipate the last vestiges of any such suspicion.—[E.D.]

* The reason for this also is stated in the "Secret Doctrine."

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY'S PUBLICATION
FUND.

Colonel Olcott has the permission of Professor F. Max Müller to give publicity to the following letter from himself to his Bombay correspondent :—

MY DEAR SIR,

Though I wrote to you yesterday only, I write once more to tell you and your friend Tookaram Tatyā * that I am pleased to see from the *Indian Spectator* of July 1st that the " Krishna Yajur Veda Sanhitā " has been undertaken by the Theosophical Publication Fund, instead of the Rig Veda. This text will be useful, and I shall be glad to subscribe to it. You might go on with publishing the Taittiriya Brāhmana, likewise the white Yajur Veda, the Samaveda, and Atharvaveda, both Sānhita and Brāhmana, text and commentary. It would have been mere waste to print a new edition of the Rig Veda with Sāyana's commentary. The second edition of this work, which, with the generous assistance of H. H. The Maharajah of Vizianagram, I am now printing at the University Press, and which will contain many corrections of the old edition, will answer all wants in Europe and India for some time to come. Then there is still so much to be done in publishing really correct editions of important Sanskrit texts. To print the same text twice would have been woful extravagance.

But it seems to me, considering the higher object of the Theosophical Society, that you ought to publish a complete and correct edition of the Upanishads. There is a collection of the Upanishads published at Madras in Telugu letters, which might serve as a model. The Upanishads are, after all, the most important portion of the Vedas for philosophical purpose, and if the Theosophical Society means to do any real good, it must take its stand on the Upanishads, and *on nothing else*. I am thinking of publishing a cheap edition of my English translation of the Upanishads, but I must wait till the first edition published in the Sacred Books of the East is quite sold out. If you have sufficient funds, you should also print the commentaries on the Upanishads, but you should take care that the edition is entrusted to competent hands, so that we should get a critical edition, based on a careful collation of the best MSS., like our best editions in Europe. At present a beautiful and correct edition of the text seems to me almost a duty to be performed by the Theosophical Society. Please to urge this very strongly on your friend, and tell him from me that I always find the Grantha MSS. the most correct and most useful.

Yours very truly, (Signed) F. MAX MÜLLER.

24th July, 1888.

* The most active and indefatigable of all our Bombay Theosophists in the spread of Sanskrit and theosophical literature. The good he does to the poor and the distressed, in his Homœopathic *Free Dispensaries*—they, the sufferers, alone know. May he be rewarded as he deserves.—[ED.]

CASTING OFF.

If King Henry VIII., the much-married King of England, stopped in some of his proceedings for divorce, or at least was stopped by the ecclesiastical authorities at the first of his acts, and was warned by them that his divorce with Catherine of Aragon was contrary to the laws of God, and could hardly be made by any sort of *modus vivendi* to fit in with the laws of men, King Milan of Servia has certainly sent in a greater amount of tickets to entitle him to a final "distribution of gifts."

I wish that some authority from the Editorial chair of LUCIFER would tell me whether the recent action of King Milan of Servia will not entail upon him a *Karma*, a never-ending penalty of remorse, shame, and futuré sorrow, for the cruel and unjustifiable act which he has committed by the divorce of his Queen Nathalie.*

I would like to know whether the Russian Christian Church, as well as the West, considers marriage as a thing which may not be cast aside by the decision of a civil tribunal. Your own creed of the Russian Church appears to my unassisted intellect to be emphatic, pronounced, and unchanging.

I quote from the creed of the Russian Church:—

"εφ' ορον ζωης αυτων εις καθα κινδυνον, δεν εξαφινωται ο ενας τον αλλον, υστερον δε βεβαιωνεται."

"Ad finem usque vitæ, quocunque rerum discrimine, constanter servaturus, nec alter alterum deserturus sit." (Orthodox Confession of the Eastern Church. A.D. 1643. Schaff. Creeds of the Greek Churches, 8vo. Lond. 1877, vol. ii, p. 393.

I may also state that there is not a single Latin priest who would dare to contravene the commands of his church by pronouncing a divorce *à vincula matrimonii* in a case like that of King Milan. They are much too careful of the words "Whom God has joined together, let no man put asunder." Surely the Russian Church has the same pure tradition. If the old Patriarchs of Constantinople could speak, their voices would be emphatic to declare that the sacramental ties of marriage are eternal and indissoluble, and that their authority has been decreed by the oracular and changeless fiat of everlasting veracity.

Some of the inferior Jew papers in London have recently had letters on the subject "Is Marriage a Failure?" But they have in this respect often confused the civil and religious ties. In the marriage of King Milan we have both. He may be civilly allowed to emulate King Solomon, but religiously he has only one wife, from whom he is now divorced.

Let us now consider the matter. The world, at the end of the present century, and approaching its descending cycle, gradually becomes worse and worse as artificial civilisation progresses, and moral improvement diminishes. We see this in the tendency for facilitating divorce, either in Servia or in England, the less attention paid to individual aspirations after holiness, and the probability that the next generation will be a great deal worse than the present. We live in a time when the words of Horace,

Ætas parentium, pejor avis, tulit
Nos requiores, nox daturos
Progeniem vitiosorem,

are deeply applicable to us, and those who are born of us, and then the action of men like King Milan is only a forecast of the future, when the coming race "*Sans Dieu, sans foi, sans loi*" shall preach "the principles of 1789," "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity." Liberty, each to select his own punishment; Equality, before the throne of some self-invoked infernal power; Fraternity, such as was that of Cain towards Abel.

Still, for those who do not contemplate decay on a large scale, it is hard to perceive individual instances of blasphemy and immorality, and harder that they should have the sanction of any religious body.

The old feeling of chivalry in the West makes me inclined to break a lance for the divorced Queen of Servia, and by advocating her strive

“For the cause that lacks assistance,
From the wrong that needs resistance,
To the future in the distance,
And the good that we can do.”

C. CARTER BLAKE.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

* There is no “authority” on ecclesiastical laws in the “editorial chair of LUCIFER.” The present editor recognizes no such laws, rejects and cares very little about them. But there are laws of honour, and honour—“stands at another bar than that of laws,” whether social or ecclesiastical. And there is a woman in the said editorial chair, whose whole being revolts against such an infamous act of despotism and injustice as perpetrated by Milan of Servia, he who claims to reign “by the grace of God” and sticks fast to his throne only by the abject cowardice of his subjects. Of crowned despots, sots and even snobs, there were many, but hitherto even they had tried to preserve an *appearance*, at least, of honour. In our modern day, however, it becomes a matter for serious consideration, whether honour is ever to be *found, to a dead certainty, at home*—anywhere, except perchance among thieves! We live in a strange world of incongruity and paradox. When one knows that upon discovering a *sharper* in their midst, even the members of the poorest club would not fail to kick him out, one can only stare in finding all the modern sovereigns, great or small, remaining undisturbed and quite unconcerned before the perpetration of the most brutal act of licentiousness and abuse of power *by one of their own* fraternity. That Milan, the lineal descendant of Swineherds is *no* gentleman—though his late uncle Michael Obrenovitch was decidedly one—is no wonder. But that other Kings and Emperors, some of whom boast of a long lineage of knightly ancestors and “kings *gentiluomini*”—should allow such an unprecedented outrage upon a woman, a Queen, innocent and pure as few, go unpunished—is most marvellous—even in this age of depravity, and Crowns sold at auction.

“O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not derived corruptly! and that dear honour
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!”

But, since the day of Solon, to paraphrase him: “Honours created far exceed those that are achieved.”

To the second question of our correspondent, we answer—“most decidedly, the Greek Church would countenance and permit no such breaking of her laws, Nor shall the St. Petersburg *Metropolitan* or his Synod ever recognize the act of the Servian Theodosius; who is officially branded by that Synod, hence by the press, as the “*pseudo-Metropolitan*. The orthodox Greek Church is greater than Milan, “King” of a kingdom from an *opera comique*. But what of that? Russia does not recognize Ferdinand of Coburg; yet the Austrian usurpator rules to this day over Bulgaria, the land of Brigands and Generals Boum-boum. The Synod of Russia is not what it was only thirty years ago, when no divorce could be obtained on any consideration, and divorce plans were smashed against the Synodical rock even when backed up by the Imperial will and protection. Now things have changed. One can obtain a divorce in Russia as easily as in the United States. Russia is getting *civilized*, you see. The government may protect and defend Queen Nathalie, but Russia will not go to war to punish a—Milan. Yet, the religious feeling is strong both in Russia and Servia. . .

It remains to be seen what the Servians will do. Ah, *now* is a fine and easy-going time for the Milans and—“Jack the Rippers.”

Reviews.

BEYOND THE KEN.

By CAROLINE CORNER. J. Burns, Southampton Row, London.

MISS CORNER evidently possesses a considerable knowledge of certain occult phenomena, and of the teachings of Theosophy in reference to the higher nature and faculties of the individual.

“Beyond the Ken” is a mystical story wrapped up in somewhat mystical language, which we imagine it will not always be easy for the uninitiated reader to understand. It is not one of those sensational tales in which the author draws largely upon the credulity of the reader, and which, in virtue of that very quality which gives them their popularity, serve to hide and discredit the value of the phenomena with which they deal. It is a fascinating story with quite an original freshness about it.

The story of the Styrian peasant lad, as told by Miss Corner, is simple and interesting; and so far as the “occult” part of it is concerned, no attempt is made to force this into undue prominence, or to present anything more than a simple incident—one of these rare but well-known (to occult science) instances in which a temporary but complete change takes place in the character, intellect and memory of the individual, who for the time being becomes a totally different person, afterwards returning to the former consciousness, picking this up just at the point at which it was previously dropped, and losing all memory of the intervening time and events. This phenomenon is cleverly worked into the narrative, and made to subserve a high and ennobling purpose in the romantic history of the hero and heroine. The former rises from a peasant lad to become a great sculptor, while the latter is his true guiding star and inspiring genius, and is united to him from childhood by those mystical affinities which operate on the higher planes of being.

The author writes with a profound conviction of the reality and possibilities of that higher life which constitutes the real Ego, and indeed possesses that sympathy with nature and poetic instinct from which this conviction is inseparable, but she is not always successful in expressing her ideas in such a way as to force her convictions home to the minds of her sceptical readers, with regard to the former question, as it requires a considerable metaphysical training to do so. In the second case, however, she always presents a clear picture of that which she sees herself, and her manner of writing is always fresh if not altogether forcible.

“Overshadowed” is the title of a short story at the end of the book. As a narrative it possesses some interest, but is rather unequally written. The mesmeric control exercised by the Count over the sensitive nature of the heroine serves as a slight thread upon which to construct the plot, but is not presented in any respects as a serious scientific problem, which is what it professes to be and might become were it treated with a trifle more elaborateness.

SAINT MARGARET.

By WILLIAM TIREBUCK. W. P. Nimmo, Hay & Mitchell, Edinburgh.

THE author of this pleasing little novel has set himself the task of depicting the inward struggle of a man who is actuated by a real love for humanity, and a desire to follow in the footsteps of Christ, but who is suddenly brought face to face with a consciousness of the unreality, formality, narrowness and bigotry of that which passes for Christianity in the present day.

Julian Jerome, in accordance with the dying wish of his father, is endeavouring to "live Christ," and commences his practical work as superintendent of a Mission room under the patronage of the Rev. Laurence Lundie, M.A. The contrast between the real needs of the poor and degraded to which Julian ministers, and the Christian gospel which the vicar propagates, "inside the church with cold formalism, and outside in kid gloves," is well set forth in the opening chapters. It is inevitable that Julian should come into conflict with the vicar, for he is too conscientious to live without protesting against the shams with which he comes in contact, and he boldly tells the vicar that his version of the Scriptures, "the version of your congregation—that is, the version as translated into the language of your lives, is a false version." As the result, he is requested by the vicar to resign his appointment; but he has already influenced very deeply the mind of the vicar's daughter, Margaret, and she also—possessing the same desire to find a practical christianity which shall meet the real needs of the poor and ignorant—comes into conflict with the formal methods of orthodox Christianity as represented by her father, and leaves home to undertake philanthropic work on her own account.

Jerome's experience in the field of modern radicalism and agnosticism is exceedingly well and graphically depicted, and the author brings forcibly home to his readers how completely every sphere of our nineteenth century life and thought is honeycombed with the canker of sham hypocrisy and self-seeking.

The subsequent vicissitudes through which Julian and Saint Margaret have to pass, in their endeavours to work out their ideal, affords the author a groundwork for an interesting story. It can hardly be said, however, that he has given a solution of the main question. The book is one of those which reflect a very widespread feeling that there is something essentially wrong with modern Christianity, and the author is very happy in his mode of expressing this; but those who expect to find the solution outside of their own consciousness will be disappointed. It is not given to all to sense the finer truth.

The author, however, expresses the broad spirit of unity which must actuate those who work for humanity, and which is the spirit of Christ apart from theological dogma and ecclesiastical trappings. He does more than this, he hints at that deeper unity which pervades the whole universe, and which is the basis of all Theosophical teachings. "Nothing can individually know entire harmony, because everything is contributing towards one harmonious whole not yet complete; each shares the incompleteness and possibility of completion. Thought cannot realize all possibilities, just because all possibilities are not yet realized. We must think up to facts we know, and cover the rest with faith."

We can recommend the book to the inquiring reader, as well as to those who wish for a pleasing, interesting and extremely well-written story.

Theosophical Activities.

A MEETING of members of the Theosophical Society was summoned by Col. Olcott, P.T.S., to consider proposals which he had forwarded to them for the formation of a British Section of the Theosophical Society. At this meeting, which was held at No. 9, Conduit Street, on Monday October 8th, 1888, it was :—

1. That a British Section of the Theosophical Society be formed.
2. That Mr. Archibald Keightley be appointed General Secretary *pro tem.* :—

3. That Col. Olcott, P.T.S., and Messrs. A. P. Sinnett, John Varley, T. B. Harbottle, and A. Keightley be appointed a Committee to draw up a code of Rules—such Rules to be submitted to an adjourned meeting, to be summoned by the Committee at their discretion.

The adjourned meeting was held at Conduit Street on October 19th, Col. Olcott in the chair.

Col. Olcott addressed the meeting after the draft of Rules had been read by the Secretary. He said that he had given his consent to the alteration of the Rule as regards the payment of an entrance fee on joining the Society, but only upon one condition—the substitution of a fixed annual subscription.

Then Col. Olcott referred to the idea that organization in advance of demand would cause difficulty. He said that he had considered the matter carefully, and that he had rejected the objection on the ground that organization creates a demand and secondly that he considered that the demand already existed. He alluded to the fact that he had previously found difficulties occur because he had been unprepared with organization, when a demand had been made. It was, he believed, certain that the demand was being steadily created by the spiritualistic movement, and by the revolt against superstition which had become prevalent. He therefore believed that the T.S. must be ready to meet a demand which would probably be made upon it.

He again referred to the matter of subscription, and warmly recommended that some sum should be settled before his departure for India.

The chairman ascertained that all present were Fellows of the Theosophical Society, and were duly entitled to vote. Also that representatives from the London, Dublin, Blavatsky, Cambridge, Liverpool, and Glasgow Branches were present. He then proceeded to put the Rules to the Meeting.

Rule 1 was carried unanimously, as was No. 2. But subsequently an amendment was proposed by Mr. Bertram Keightley to insert a Rule between Rules 10 and 11 with regard to the possibility of Branches of the T. S. being formed within the United Kingdom, but apart from the British Section. The amendment was withdrawn after some discussion, the meeting evidently being of opinion that the word "the" in Rule 2 should be changed to "all." This was passed. To Rule 8 of the draft the Chairman proposed an amendment, and it was finally passed under the present form, *i.e.*, with the addition to the draft

code: "and of such unofficial members of the present General Council of the Theosophical Society as are resident in the United Kingdom. The Council is an integral portion of the General Council of the Theosophical Society." Rule 4 was carried unanimously. To Rule 5, it was proposed to add "and addresses" after the word "names." This was carried unanimously, together with the Rule. Rules 6 and 7 were also carried unanimously. Rule 8 was carried unanimously; but the point was afterwards raised as to the quorum of the Council. Subsequently the quorum of the Council was decided as follows: it was also decided that the words should be inserted as part of Rule 8. "The quorum of the Council shall consist of one representative from each of two Branches."

To Rule 9, Mr. Hamilton raised an objection that nothing was stated in respect of the occurrence of a "tie." In this he was supported by Messrs Gardner and Harbottle, and it was finally decided to add: "In case of a tie the motion shall stand adjourned. Rules 10, 11 and 12 were carried unanimously, after Mr. Bertram Keightley's amendment was withdrawn on a clearer reconstruction of Rule 2.

To Rule 13 of the draft code Mr. Bertram Keightley proposed, as an amendment, to add:

"Where a room or rooms shall be provided and furnished as a reading-room for the use of members of the section, a library of works on Theosophy and Occultism shall be formed for their use; the expenses being defrayed out of the funds of the Section."

This was seconded by Mr. Cobbold, and a somewhat lengthy discussion arose on the question. It was pointed out that the funds might not be forthcoming, and that there had been no subscription fixed. But the general consensus of opinion was in favour of the scheme, and the Rule was finally passed as amended.

To Rule 14 of the draft code, Mr. Bertram Keightley proposed an amendment as follows: "That the expenses of the Section shall be defrayed by an annual subscription from each member thereof. In the case of members belonging to a Branch, the Secretary of that Branch shall be responsible to the Council for the collection of their subscriptions."

A lengthy discussion followed after this had been seconded by Mr. Harbottle. The latter gentleman stated that, though he had formed one of the committee who prepared the draft code, he felt himself quite at liberty to support this amendment. A large number of those present spoke in favour of the amendment; but Mr. Sinnett strongly opposed it, on the ground that a capitation subscription was a wrong principle and that he believed it would be a disastrous insertion in the Rules. Mr. Keightley replied that though he regretted it, he felt himself obliged to persist with his amendment, and the President Founder supporting the proposal, it was put to the vote and carried, Mr. Sinnett opposing. On enquiry from the chairman, Mr. Sinnett stated that he wished his vote to be recorded.

Mr. Bertram Keightley then moved to insert as a rule, between rules 14 and 15 of the Draft Code, the following:

The annual subscription of each member of the section shall not be less than 5s. per annum, but members residing within 20 miles of London shall pay an additional subscription of 5s.

The broad principle of this was accepted, but an addition was made : "this being subject to the action of the Council in special cases."

This was finally carried.

Rule 15 of the Draft Code was slightly altered, the word "Theosophical" being substituted for "Parent." This Rule became Rule 16. At the same time, Mr. Ellis raised the objection that the words "Lodge" and "Branch" had been used indiscriminately. It was finally settled that the word "Branch" should be substituted for "Lodge" in every case.

Rule 16 was carried *nem. con.*, and became Rule 17.

Two recommendations of the Committee were adopted unanimously.

"That *ad interim* business shall be transacted by the General Secretary, pending the full organisation of the Section."

And that

"The above Rules shall come into force on the first day of January, 1889."

The President-Founder then addressed the meeting, and after congratulating the meeting on the conclusion of the business, bade the members present farewell before his return to India.

The following are the Rules as finally adopted :—

THE BRITISH SECTION
OF THE
THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

RULES.

1. The British Section of the Theosophical Society shall consist of all Fellows of the Theosophical Society resident in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

2. For all purposes of organization, the Section shall consist of all branches of the Theosophical Society within the above limits, provided that the said branches shall be duly chartered by the Theosophical Society, or by such other authority as shall be deputed for that purpose.

3. The government of the British Section shall be vested in a Council. The Council consists of the following : The Presidents of Branches, *ex officio* ; one delegate from each Branch for every twenty-five members, the General Secretary, and such unofficial members of the present General Council of the Theosophical Society as are resident in the United Kingdom. The Council is an integral portion of the General Council of the Theosophical Society.

4. The General Secretary shall be elected annually by the Council, and during his tenure of office shall have the voting power of a member of Council, and shall be responsible for the carrying on of the routine business of the Section, and for the due execution of all instructions conveyed to him by the Council.

5. The General Secretary shall further keep a register of all members of the Section, and it shall be the duty of Secretaries of branches to furnish him from time to time with the names and addresses of members of their branches. This register shall be open to the inspection of Presidents of branches.

6. No person shall be considered a member of the Section whose name is not on the list of the General Secretary.

7. The Council of the Section shall meet in London during the months of April and November, and at such other times as may be considered expedient. Note of such meetings, together with notices of any resolutions to be moved, or business transacted, shall be forwarded to every Branch, at least twenty-one days before the date fixed for such meeting. Special Meetings shall be summoned by the General Secretary, at the request of the representatives of any two Branches, in which case notice shall be given to all branches, as above.

8. At Meetings of the Council, the members present shall elect their Chairman for the meeting ; during such election the General Secretary shall take the Chair *pro tem.* ; the quorum of the Council shall consist of one representative from each of two Branches.

9. Each Member of the Council has one vote on any questions about which a division is taken. Proxies, general or special, shall be allowed. In case of a tie, the motion shall stand adjourned.

10. The Council of the Section shall have power to issue charters to Branches and diplomas to Members. It shall further have power to suspend charters or the diplomas of unattached members, pending an appeal to the President-Founder.

11. Each Branch shall determine for itself the qualifications of its Members or Associates. But no Member of the Section shall have power to vote or be eligible to office in more than one Branch.

12. All difficulties or questions arising within branches or between unattached Members of the Section, may be referred at the desire of either party to the decision of the Council of the Section. And final appeal shall lie to the President-Founder.

13. The Section shall have its head-quarters in London ; where a room or rooms shall be provided and furnished as a reading-room for the use of members of the Section. A Library of works on Theosophy and Occultism shall be formed for their use ; the expenses being defrayed out of the funds of the Section.

14. The expenses of the Section shall be defrayed by an annual subscription from each member thereof. In the case of members belonging to a branch, the Secretary of that branch shall be responsible to the Council for the collection of their subscriptions.

15. The Annual Subscription of each member of the Section shall not be less than 5s. per annum, but members residing within 20 miles of London shall pay an additional subscription of 5s. ; this being subject to the action of the Council in special cases.

16. The contributions of the Section to the Theosophical Society shall be subject to the action of the Council from time to time.

17. Alterations of these Rules may be made by the Council, subject to the provision as regards notice, as above specified.

ARCHIBALD KEIGHTLEY, Gen. Sec. *pro tem.*

NOTE.—Two errors unfortunately crept into the notices sent, which are corrected in the present copy, as will be seen on comparison.—A. K.

THE ESOTERIC SECTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

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

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

(Signed) H. S. OLCOTT,

President in Council.

Attest :—H. P. BLAVATSKY.

"OM AH GURU MUNJEE GOSHAYA BARSID DHI . . . HÖM."