

LUCIFER

VOL. III. LONDON, FEBRUARY 15TH, 1889. No. 18.

A PARADOXICAL WORLD.

"Open your ears . . . when loud rumour speaks I
I, from the Orient to the drooping West,
Making the wind my post horse, still unfold
The acts commencèd on this ball of earth :
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce ;
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world :
And who but Rumour, who but only I . . ."

—SHAKSPEARE.

"Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile ;
And cry content, to that which grieves my heart ;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions . . ."

—IBID.

WE live in an age of prejudice, dissimulation and paradox, wherein, like dry leaves caught in a whirlpool some of us are tossed helpless, hither and thither, ever struggling between our honest convictions and fear of that cruellest of tyrants—PUBLIC OPINION. Yea, we move on in life as in a Maelström formed of two conflicting currents, one rushing onward, the other repelling us downward ; one making us cling desperately to what we believe to be right and true, and that we would fain carry out on the surface ; the other knocking us off our feet, overpowering, and finally drowning us under the fierce, despotic wave of social propriety and that idiotic, arbitrary and ever wool-gathering public opinion, based on slander and idle rumour. No person need in our modern day be honest, sincere, and righteous in order to curry favour or receive recognition as a man of worth. He need only be a successful hypocrite, or have become for no mortal reason he himself knows of—popular. In our age, in the words of Mrs. Montague, "while every vice is hid by hypocrisy, every virtue is suspected to be hypocrisy . . . and the suspicion is looked upon as wisdom." Thus, no one seeming to know what to believe, and what to reject, the best means of becoming a paragon of every virtue on blind faith, is—to acquire, *popularity*.

But how is popularity to be acquired? Very easily indeed. Howl with the wolves. Pay homage to the favourite vices of the day, and reverence to mediocrities in public favour. Shut your eyes tight before any truth, *if* unpalatable to the chief leaders of the social herd, and sit with them upon the dissenting minority. Bow low before vulgarity in power; and bray loud applause to the rising donkey who kicks a dying lion, now a fallen idol. Respect public prejudice and pander to its cant and hobbies, and soon you will yourself become popular. Behold, now is your time. No matter if you be a plunderer and murderer combined: you will be glorified all the same, furnished with an aureole of virtues, and allowed even a broader margin for impunity than contained in the truism of that Turkish proverb, which states that "a thief not found out is honester than a Bey." But now let a Socrates and Epictetus rolled into one suddenly become *unpopular*. That which will alone remain of him in the hazy mind of Dame Rumour is a pug nose and the body of a slave lacerated by the plying whip of his Master. The twin sisters, Public Opinion and Mrs. Grundy, will soon forget their classics. Their female aspect, siding with Xantippe, will charitably endeavour to unearth various good reasons for her outbreaks of passion in the shape of slops poured over the poor bald head; and will search as diligently for some hitherto unknown secret vices in the Greek Sage. Their male aspect will see but a lashed body before its mental eye, and will soon end by joining the harmonious concert of Society slander directed against the ghosts of the two philosophers. *Result*: Socrates-Epictetus will emerge out of the ordeal as black as pitch, a dangerous object for any finger to approach. Henceforth, and for æons to come, the said object will have become *unpopular*.

The same, in art, in politics, and even literature. "A damnèd saint, an honourable villain," are in the present social order of things. Truth and fact have become unpalatable, and are ostracised; he who ventures to defend an unpopular character or an unpopular subject, risks to become himself *anathema maranatha*. The ways of Society have contaminated all those who approach the threshold of civilized communities; and if we take the word and severe verdict of Lavater for it, there is no room in the world for one who is not prepared to become a full-blown hypocrite. For, "He who by kindness and smooth attention can insinuate a hearty welcome to an unwelcome guest, is a hypocrite superior to a thousand plain-dealers," writes the eminent physiognomist. This would seem to settle the line of demarcation and to preclude Society, for ever, from becoming a "Palace of Truth."

Owing to this, the world is perishing from spiritual starvation. Thousands and millions have turned their faces away from anthropomorphic ritualism. They believe no longer in a *personal* governor and Ruler; yet this prevents them in no wise from attending every Sunday "divine service," and professing during the week adherence to their respective Churches.

Other millions have plunged headlong into Spiritualism, Christian and mental science or kindred mystic occupations; yet how few will confess their true opinions before a gathering of unbelievers! Most of the cultured men and women—save rabid materialists—are dying with the desire to fathom the mysteries of nature and even—whether they be true or imaginary—the mysteries of the magicians of old. Even our *Weeklies* and *Dailies* confess to the past existence of a knowledge which has now become a closed book save for the very few. Which of them, however, is brave enough to speak civilly of the unpopular phenomena called “spiritualistic,” or dispassionately about Theosophy, or even to abstain from mocking remarks and insulting epithets? They will talk with every outward reverence of Elijah’s chariot of fire, of the board and bed found by Jonah within the whale; and open their columns for large subscriptions to fit out scientifico-religious expeditions, for the purpose of fishing out from the Red Sea the drowned Pharaoh’s golden tooth-pick, or in the Desert, a fragment of the broken tables of stone. But they would not touch with a pair of tongs any fact—no matter how well proven—if vouchsafed to them by the most reliable man living who is connected with Theosophy or Spiritualism. Why? Because Elijah flying away to heaven in his chariot is a Biblical orthodox *miracle*, hence *popular* and a relevant subject; while a medium levitated to the ceiling is an unpopular *fact*; not even a miracle, but simply a phenomenon due to intermagnetic and psycho-physiological and even physical causes. On one hand gigantic pretensions to civilization and science, professions of holding but to what is demonstrated on strictly inductive methods of observation and experiment; a blind trust in physical science—that science which pooh-poohs and throws slur on metaphysics, and is yet honeycombed with “working hypotheses” all based upon speculations far beyond the region of sense, and often even of speculative thought itself: on the other hand, just as servile and apparently as blind an acceptance of that which orthodox science rejects with great scorn, namely, Pharaoh’s tooth-pick, Elijah’s chariot and the ichthyographic explorations of Jonah. No thought of the unfitness of things, of the absurdity, ever strikes any editor of a daily paper. He will place unhesitatingly, and side by side, the newest ape-theory of a materialistic F.R.S., and the latest discourse upon the quality of the apple which caused the fall of Adam. And he will add flattering editorial comments upon both lectures, as having an equal right to his respectful attention. Because, both are popular in their respective spheres.

Yet, are all editors natural-born sceptics and do not many of them show a decided leaning towards the Mysteries of the archaic Past, that which is the chief study of the Theosophical Society? The “Secrets of the Pyramids,” the “rites of Isis” and “the dread traditions of the temple of Vulcan with their theories for transcendental speculation”

seem to have a decided attraction for the *Evening Standard*. Speaking some time since on the "Egyptian Mysteries" it said :

We know little even now of the beginnings of the ancient religions of Thebes and Memphis. . . . All these idolatrous mysteries, it should also be remembered, were always kept profoundly secret ; for the hieroglyphic writings were understood only by the initiated through all these ages. Plato, it is true, came to study from the Egyptian priests ; Herodotus visited the Pyramids ; Pausanias and Strabo admired the characters which were sculptured so large upon their outer casing that he who ran could read them ; but not one of these took the trouble to learn their meaning. They were one and all content to give currency, if not credence, to the marvellous tales which the Egyptian priests and people recounted and invented for the benefit of strangers.

Herodotus and Plato, who were both Initiates into the Egyptian mysteries, accused of believing in and giving currency to marvellous tales invented by the Egyptian priests, is a novel accusation. Herodotus and Plato refusing "to take the trouble" of learning the meaning of the hieroglyphs, is another. Of course if both "gave currency" to tales, which neither an orthodox Christian, nor an orthodox Materialist and Scientist will endorse, how can an editor of a Daily accept them as true ? Nevertheless the information given and the remarks indulged in, are wonderfully broad and in the main free from the usual prejudice. We transcribe a few paragraphs, to let the reader judge.

It is an immemorial tradition that the pyramid of Cheops communicated by subterranean passages with the great Temple of Isis. The hints of the ancient writers as to the subterranean world which was actually excavated for the mysteries of Egyptian superstition, curiously agree. . . . Like the source of the Nile itself, there is hardly any line of inquiry in Egyptian lore which does not end in mystery. The whole country seems to share with the Sphinx an air of inscrutable silence. Some of its secrets, the researches of Wilkinson, Rawlinson, Brugsch, and Petrie have more or less fully revealed to us ; but we shall never know much which lies concealed behind the veil of time.* We can hardly hope even to realise the glories of Thebes in its prime, when it spread over a circuit of thirty miles, with the noble river flowing through it, and each quarter filled with palaces and temples. And the tyranny of the Ethiopian priests, at whose command kings laid down and died, will always remain one of the strangest enigmas in the whole problem of primitive priestcraft.†

It was a tradition of the ancient world that the secret of immortality was to be found in Egypt, and that there, amongst the dark secrets of the antediluvian world which remained undeciphered, was the "Elixir of Life." Deep, it was said, under the Pyramids had for ages lain concealed the Table of Emerald, on which, as the legend ran, Hermes had engraved before the Flood, the secret of alchemy ; and their weird associations justified the belief that still mightier wonders here remained hid. In the City of the Dead to the north of Memphis, for instance, pyramid after pyramid rose for centuries towering above each other ; and in the interior passages and chambers of the rock-cut tombs were pictured the mystic wisdom of the Egyptians in quaint symbols. . . . A vast subterranean world, according to tradition, extended from the Catacombs of Alexandria to Thebes' Valley of Kings, and this is sur-

* The more so since the literature of theosophy, which is alone able to throw light on those mysteries, is boycotted, and being "unpopular" can never hope to be appreciated.

† Because these priests were real Initiates having occult powers, while the "Kings" mentioned *died* but for the world. They were the "dead in life." The writer seems ignorant of the metaphorical ways of expression.

rounded with a whole wealth of marvellous story. These, perhaps, culminate in the ceremony of initiation into the religious mysteries of the Pyramids. The identity of the legend has been curiously preserved through all ages, for it is only in minor details that the versions differ. The ceremonies were undoubtedly very terrible. The candidates were subjected to ordeals so frightful that many of them succumbed, and those who survived, not only shared the honours of the priesthood, but were looked upon as having risen from the dead. It was commonly believed, we are told, that they had descended into Hell itself. . . . They were, moreover, given draughts of the cups of Isis and Osiris, the waters of life and death, and clothed in the sacred robes of pure white linen, and on their heads the mystic symbol of initiation—the golden grasshopper. Instructed in the esoteric doctrines of the sacred college of Memphis, it was only the candidates and priests who knew those galleries and shrines that extended under the site upon which the city stood and formed a subterranean counterpart to its mighty temples, and those lower crypts in which were preserved the “seven tables of stone,” on which was written all the “knowledge of the antediluvian race, decrees of the stars from the beginning of time, the annals of a still earlier world, and all the marvellous secrets both of heaven and earth.”* And here, too, according to mythological tradition, were the Isiac serpents which possessed mystic meanings at which we can now only vainly guess. When the monuments are silent, certainty is impossible in Egyptology; and in thirty centuries vestiges have been ruthlessly swept away which can never be replaced.

Does not this read like a page from “Isis Unveiled,” or one of our theosophical writings—minus their explanations? But why speak of thirty centuries, when the Egyptian Zodiac on the ceiling of the Dendera temple shows three tropical years, or 75,000 solar years? But listen further:—

We can, in a sense, understand the awful grandeur of the Theban necropolis, and of the sepulchral chambers of Beni Hassan The cost and toil devoted to the “everlasting palaces” of departed monarchs; the wonders of the Pyramids themselves, as of the other royal tombs; the decoration of their walls; the embalmed bodies all point to the conclusion that this huge subterranean world was made a complete ante-type of the real world above. *But whether or no it was a verity in this primitive cult that there was an actual renovation of life at the end of some vast cycle is lost in learned conjecture.*

“Learned conjecture” does not go far nowadays, being of a pre-eminently materialistic character, and limited somehow to the sun. But if the unpopularity of the Theosophical Society prevents the statements of its members from being heard; if we ignore “Isis Unveiled” and the “Secret Doctrine,” the *Theosophist*, etc., full of facts, most of which are as well authenticated by references to classical writers and the contemporaries of the MYSTERIES in Egypt and Greece, as any statement made by modern Egyptologists—why should not the writer on the “Egyptian Mysteries” turn to Origen and even to the *Æneid* for a positive answer to this particular question? This dogma of the return of the Soul or the *Ego* after a period of 1,000 or 1,500 years into a new body (a theosophical teaching now) was professed as a religious truth from the highest antiquity. Voltaire wrote on the subject of these thousand years of *post mortem* duration as follows:—

* Much of which knowledge and the mysteries of the same “earlier races” have been explained in the “Secret Doctrine,” a work, however, untouched by the English dailies as unorthodox and unscientific—a jumble, truly.

This opinion about resurrection (*rather "reincarnation"*) after ten centuries, passed to the Greeks, the disciples of the Egyptians, and to the Romans (*their Initiates only*), disciples of the Greeks. One finds it in the VIth Book of the *Æneid*, which is but a description of the mysteries of Isis and of Ceres Eleusina ;

" *Has omnis ubi mille rotam volvere per annos,
Lethæum ad fluvium deus evocat agmine magno ;
Scilicet immemores, supera ut convexa revisant.*"

This "opinion" passed from the Pagan Greeks and Romans to Christians, even in our century, though disfigured by sectarianism ; for it is the origin of the *millenium*. No pagan, even of the lower classes, believed that the Soul would return into its *old* body : cultured Christians *do*, since the day of the Resurrection of all flesh is a universal dogma, and since the Millenarians wait for the second advent of Christ on earth when he will reign for a *thousand* years.

All such articles as the above quoted are the paradoxes of the age, and show ingrained prejudices and preconceptions. Neither the very conservative and orthodox editor of the *Standard*, nor yet the very radical and infidel editors of many a London paper, will give fair or even dispassionate hearing to any Theosophical writer. "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" the Pharisees and Sadducees of old are credited with asking. "Can anything but *twaddle* come from Theosophical quarters?" repeat the modern followers of *cant* and materialism.

Of course not. We are so very *unpopular* ! Besides which, theosophists who have written the most upon those subjects at which, in the words of the *Evening Standard*, "we can now only vainly guess" are regarded by Mrs. Grundy's herds as the black sheep of Christian cultured centres. Having had access to Eastern secret works, hitherto concealed from the world of the profane, the said theosophists had means of studying and of ascertaining the value and real meaning of the "marvellous secrets both of heaven and earth," and thus of disinterring many of the vestiges now seemingly lost to the world of students. But what matters that? How can one so little in odour of sanctity with the majorities, a living embodiment of every vice and sin, according to most charitable souls, be credited with knowing anything? Nor does the possibility of such charges being merely the fruit of malice and slander, and therefore entitled to lie *sub judice*, nor simple logic, ever trouble their dreams or have any voice in the question. Oh no! But has the idea ever crossed their minds that on that principle the works of him who was proclaimed:—

" The greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind "

ought also to become unpopular, and Baconian philosophy be at once shunned and boycotted? In our paradoxical age, as we now learn, the worth of a literary production has to be judged, not on its own intrinsic merits, but according to the private character, the shape of the nose, and the popularity or unpopularity of the writer thereof. Let us give an example, by quoting a favourite remark made by some bitter opponent

of "The Secret Doctrine." It is the reply given the other day to a theosophist who urged a would-be Scientist and supposed Assyriologist to read the said work. "Well," he said, "I grant you there may be in it a few facts valuable to students of antiquity and to scientific speculation. But *who can have the patience to read 1,500 pages of dreary metaphysical twaddle* for the sake of discovering in it a few facts, however valuable?"

O imitatores servum pecus! And yet how joyfully you would set to work, sparing neither time, labour nor money, to extract two or three ounces of gold from tons of quartz and useless alluvial soil. . . .

Thus, we find the civilized world and its humanities ever unfair, ever enforcing one law for the wealthy and the mighty, and another law for the poor and the uninfluential. Society, politics, commerce, literature, art and sciences, religion and ethics, all are full of paradoxes, contradictions, injustice, selfishness and unreliability. Might has become right, elsewhere than in colonies and for the detriment of "black men." Wealth leads to impunity, poverty to condemnation even by the law, for the impecunious having no means of paying lawyers are debarred from their natural right to appeal to the courts for redress. Hint, even privately, that a person, notorious for having acquired his wealth by plunder and oppression, or unfair play on the Stock Exchange, is a thief, and the law to which he will appeal will ruin you with damages and court expenses and imprison you into the bargain for libel, for "the greater the truth, the greater the libel." But let that wealthy thief slander your character publicly, accuse you falsely of breaking all the ten commandments, and if you are in the slightest degree unpopular, an infidel, or too radical in your views, no matter how honourable and honest you may be, yet you will have to swallow the defamation, and let it get root in the minds of people; or, go to law and risk many hundreds or even thousands out of your pocket and get—*one farthing damages!* What chance has an "infidel" in the sight of a bigoted, ignorant jury? Behold those rich speculators who arrange bogus quotations on the Stock Exchange for shares which they wish to foist upon an innocent public that makes for everything whose price is rising. And look at that poor clerk, whose passion for gambling—which the example of those same wealthy capitalists has fired—if caught in some small embezzlement, the righteous indignation of the rich capitalists knows no bounds. They ostracise even one of their own *confrères* because he has been so indiscreet as to be found out in dealings with the unhappy wretch! Again, what country boasts more of Christian charity, and its code of honour, than old England? Yea, you have soldiers and champions of freedom, and they take out the deadly machine-guns of your latest purveyor of death and blow to fragments a stockade in Solymah, with its defending mob of half-armed savages, of poor "niggers," because you *hear* that they *perchance* may molest your camps. Yet it is to that self-same continent you send your almighty fleets, into which you pour your soldiers, putting

on the hypocritical mask of saving from slavery these very black men whom you have just blown into the air! What country, the world over, has so many philanthropic societies, charitable institutions, and generous donors as England has? And where, on the face of the earth, is the city which contains more misery, vice and starvation, than London—the queen of wealthy metropolises. Hideous poverty, filth and rags glare from behind every corner, and Carlyle was right in saying that the Poor Law was an anodyne—not a remedy. “Blessed are the poor,” said your Man-God. “Avaunt the ragged, starving beggar from our West End streets!” you shout, helped by your Police Force; and yet you call yourselves His “humble” followers. It is the indifference and contempt of the higher for the *lower* classes which has generated and bred in the latter that virus which has now grown in them into self-contempt, brutal indifference and cynicism, thus transforming a human species into the wild and soulless animals which fill the Whitechapel dens. Mighty are thy powers, most evidently, O, Christian civilization!

But has not our Theosophical “Fraternity” escaped the infection of this paradoxical age? Alas, no. How often the cry against the “entrance fee” was heard among the wealthiest Theosophists. Many of these were Freemasons, who belonged to both institutions—their Lodges and Theosophy. They had paid fees upon entering the former, surpassing ten times the modest £1, paid for their diploma on becoming Theosophists. They had to pay as “Widow’s Sons,” a large price for every paltry jewel conferred upon them as a distinction, and had always to keep their hands in their pockets ready to spend large sums for paraphernalia, gorgeous banquets with rich viands and costly wines. This diminished in no way their reverence for Freemasonry. But that which is good for the masonic goose is not fit sauce for the theosophical gander. How often was the hapless President Founder of our Society, Col. H. S. Olcott taunted with *selling theosophy* for £1 per head! He, who worked and toiled from January 1st to December 31st for ten years under the broiling sun of India, and managed out of that wretched pound of the entrance fee and a few donations to keep up the Headquarters, to establish free schools and finally to build and open a library at Adyar of rare Sanskrit works—how often was he condemned, criticised, misjudged, and his best motives misinterpreted. Well, our critics must now be satisfied. Not only the payment of the entrance fee but even that of two shillings yearly, expected from our Fellows to help in paying the expenses of the anniversary meetings, at the Headquarters at Madras (this large sum of two shillings, by-the-bye, having never been sent in but by a very limited number of theosophists), all this is now abolished. On December 27th last “the Rules were completely recast, the entrance fee and annual dues were abolished,” writes a theosophist-stoic from Adyar. “We are on a purely voluntary contribution footing. Now if our members don’t give, we *starve and shut up*—that’s all.”

A brave and praiseworthy reform but rather a dangerous experiment. The "B. Lodge of the T. S." in London never had an entrance fee from its beginning, eighteen months ago; and the results are that the whole burden of its expenses has fallen upon half a dozen of devoted and determined Theosophists. This last Anniversary Financial Report, at Adyar, has moreover brought to light some curious facts and paradoxical incongruities in the bosom of the Theosophical Society at large. For years our Christian and kind friends, the Anglo-Indian missionaries, had set on foot and kept rolling the fantastic legend about the personal greediness and venality of the "Founders." The disproportionately large number of members, who, on account of their poverty had been exonerated from any entrance fees, was ignored, and never taken into account. Our devotion to the cause, it was urged, was a *sham*; we were wolves in sheep's clothing; bent on making money by psychologizing and deceiving those "poor benighted heathen" and the "*credulous* infidels" of Europe and America; figures are there, it was added; and the 100,000 theosophists (with which we were credited) represented £100,000, etc., etc.

Well, the day of reckoning has come, and as it is printed in the General Report of the *Theosophist* we may just mention it as a paradox in the region of theosophy. The Financial Report includes a summary of all our receipts *from donations and Initiation fees, since the beginning of our arrival in India, i.e. February 1879, or just ten years.* The total is 89,140 rupees, or about £6,600. Of the Rs 54,000 of donations, what are the large sums received by the Theosophical (Parent) Society in the respective countries? Here they are:—

IN INDIA	Rupees 40,000
IN EUROPE	" 7,000
IN AMERICA	" 700!!

Total 47,700 rupees or £3,600

Vide infra "Theosophical Activities": "The President Founder's Address."

The two "greedy Founders" having given out of their own pockets during these years almost as much, in the result there remain two impecunious beggars, practically two *pauper*-Theosophists. But we are all proud of our poverty and do not regret either our labour or any sacrifices made to further the noble cause we have pledged ourselves to serve. The figures are simply published as one more proof in our defence and a superb evidence of the PARADOXES to be entered to the credit of our traducers and slanderers.

THEOSOPHY IN DAILY LIFE.

READING in the Sacred Books of the East, I came upon these lines :

“He lets his mind pervade one quarter of the world with thoughts of Love, and so the second, and so the third, and so the fourth. And thus the whole wide world, above, below, around and everywhere, does he continue to pervade with heart of Love, far reaching, grown great and beyond measure.

“Just as a mighty trumpeter makes himself heard, and that without difficulty—in all the four directions—even so of all things that have shape or life, there is not one that he passes by or leaves aside, but regards them all with mind set free, and deep-felt Love. Verily this is the way to a state of union with Brahma.

“And he lets his mind pervade one quarter of the world with thoughts of pity, sympathy and equanimity, and so the second, and so the third and so the fourth. And thus the whole round world, above, below, around and everywhere, does he continue to pervade with heart of pity, sympathy and equanimity, far reaching, grown great and beyond measure.”

For this scriptural injunction there is, of course, a reason. The mighty energy thus diffused through space not only attracts the divine, but it gives, it informs, it creates. On every plane it has its perfect work. On the highest, it becomes the messenger of the Perfect Law which is a Law of Love. Its processes can be scientifically considered and demonstrated in theosophical thought. Its rule and subjection of the lower astral plane can be clearly shown. But what seems to concern us most with the opening of a new year, is its effect on the plane best known to the average man, or its application in daily life.

As theosophists, we have given our adherence to the principles of Universal Brotherhood and a search for Truth. The most indifferent member of our Society has still signed such a pledge, calling his word of honour to attest its reality. Some of us have gone much further than this. A consideration which presents itself to all alike, a reality which is no respecter of persons, is this: Are we or are we not conforming to the spirit and letter of that pledge? Are we endeavouring to form a *real* Brotherhood? I do not need to point out that intellectual enlightenment is only a means, and one of several means, to that benign end. It will be apparent to any thinking person that the intellectual germs which are the bearers of Truth must sprout and bear in our lives; must be transformed into deeds and thoughts impersonal, fraternal and informed with universal love, or else they are mere withered husks which only encumber the mind that has received them. We may send our literature into every home; we may find our facts upon every man's tongue, and still our Society will be an utter failure as a vital, living Brotherhood if the spirit and activity of universal Love is not infused into it. No one can so infuse it but ourselves. Each individual is

responsible for its absence, if it be absent, for it alone adequately represents our pledge. We have not given the attestations of our honour to a mere formalism, but to a Reality ; to an unlimited energetic Charity, without which we are indeed as brass and tinkling cymbals.

Hence no more urgent question now presents itself to the earnest student (or even to those whose "honour" keeps its pledges) than this one, namely: How shall I convert this philosophy into a working force which shall prove useful in daily life? It is true that the theosophical code of ethics, were it followed by every individual, would change the face of the world in a day. It also follows that such influence must be of the greatest practical as well as moral use. If each one of us believed that every wrong done would as surely react upon us as that a ball thrown against a wall will rebound ; and that what injures one man injures all, it is certain that all our ways of living and thinking would change, and that we should enter a wider sphere, a larger spirit of Life. We should then experience a spiritual, ethical and practical consolidation or Brotherhood.

At the same time, this study and personal practice of the philosophy does not wholly fulfil our pledge. We are still in the world ; its ties are more or less interwoven with our daily life, and for this world as it now stands we are largely responsible. All about us are wrongs and sorrows which only a change in the inner nature of mankind can exterminate. We know this change is far off in point of time and concerns the race, while our own personal efforts show us how difficult is its accomplishment. It is indeed not to be accomplished until we regard the entire universe with thoughts of Equanimity and Love. What then shall we do? Shall we wait patiently for this change, striving meanwhile to lift ourselves and such comrades as may be drawn to hear our words, to a higher inner life? If we do this much only, the change will never come. We have taken up the attitude of separation unconsciously, and the estranged world feels that we have deserted it in a need which the soul realizes, though the individual may not. In the inner attitude we are to stand aloof from the fever, the doubt, the selfishness and carnival of desire ; but the outer man must also fulfil his duty and he does that by drawing close to his fellow men and by working among them. Until the intuition of the race shall be more highly developed, men need to see our personal presence and activity before they can realize our spiritual sympathy. Just as we give object lessons to a child, so our work explains to them the reality of our pledge and belief.

Spiritual advancement is not a result of mechanical (so to call it) cyclic progress, nor yet a result of the will of the gods. The progress of Law must be reinforced by human will and effort before the personal soul can be benefitted by it. The way of the race is devious and long ; it is accomplished through individual effort, and each real reform in institutions, in morals, in every department of Life, brings us one step nearer the goal.

These things, external though they appear, may each be made the vehicle of higher powers, through the energy of universal Love. As witnesses to the expanding heart of man and to the vital growth of his belief in human and divine consolidation, they bring us inwardly as well as outwardly into closer relations with one another.

There are of course exceptions, in the cases of persons who through their inward fitness have been called away from the world to enter upon a special course of training and service which shall fit them for duties upon other lines and planes than those known to individual life. All such persons have, at some time, worked ardently in the primary fields, and have, through such work, developed into more impersonal and more divine uses. They stood once where we now stand, and through proportional effort in all directions, they have passed on. It is our part to follow them, and while we are still in the world we may be sure that a part of our work lies in it, and includes every practical as well as every spiritual effort towards realizing the highest conception of Universal Brotherhood.

There are many theosophists who do not grasp the urgency of this question concerning the utilization of Theosophy in daily life. Perhaps some of them feel their own ignorance, their unfitness to teach, and wait to know more before they speak to other men. They forget that he who cannot teach can work. Our work teaches. Moreover, through unselfish work we are taught. To learn intellectually, some may wait in vain; and indeed none will truly learn in any sense until they convert what little they do know into working force, just as our food is useless to us until its digestion has set free some amount of nervous energy, for whose translation into work Nature herself provides. All these natural processes are copies of those of the spiritual world and thus all things bear witness to that Truth which is their Being. Other theosophists are struggling with material cares; others do not stop to think of the real bearing of their professions of Brotherhood. In short, as many reasons for indifference prevail as were sent to the Biblical King when he bade his neighbours come to the wedding feast. Still I believe the chief of these is the want of co-ordinated thought. Not so long ago, an earnest student wrote to the American Headquarters to say that through an appeal made to him for assistance in some work which was being done, he had come to realize the necessity of such work and the lack of it; that he was sure many others, like himself, were so preoccupied by daily cares that they had not waked up to the importance of helping the theosophical movement in some direction, and he offered money to print an edition of a tract addressed to indifferent theosophists, if someone would write it. These pages are the outcome, in second remove, of that work which stimulated him. As we light a fire by communicating to it the vibrations of a flame, so contact with the earnest effort of another sets free a corresponding and latent energy in the heart prepared for higher development.

These considerations are all the more pressing to-day. We are nearing the end of the cycle and all events move more rapidly. Effort made now will have a far greater result than it would have later on. The momentum of a moving object depends upon the energy expended at its start, and those theosophists who are sufficiently intuitive to take advantage of cyclic currents and to work ardently with them and with the Great Powers, will find that they have laid up treasures there, where, to quote Emerson, compound interest is the rate of the exchequer. The creditor of this exchequer is not personal man, but Humanity: what we give as individuals is repaid to the race. This is just, for from that race we spring in part. One year's work done now may fructify far more rapidly for this cause which is our own, than might ten years' work done at a less propitious time. It is true that materiality is now at its highest rate of progress, but with a latent downward tendency; while spiritual activity is accelerating with an upward tendency due to the present curve of progress. Can we doubt which will prevail? It is now in our power to secure the prevalence of spiritual activity in individual lives, just as the Law has already provided for its prevalence in the Universal Scheme. There is scarcely one of us so poor that he cannot make some willing sacrifice, or has not some time or energy to give. Quantity does not matter so much as quality; it is the spirit of unselfish Love that works all wonders.

These thoughts accepted, the student asks himself where he shall begin, to what work lay his hand. For his personal life he alone can answer. If he be a member of the Theosophical Society, it will be well for him to work with and through his Branch; the greater the centre the greater the energy. Energy is proportionate to the square of the numbers producing it. The sum of energy produced by three united persons is nine times as great as that evolved by a single person. This ratio is due to the correlations of the forces employed. Where theosophists have not joined the Society, they would do well to reflect on these facts. We are responsible for our latent possibilities. If we neglect to develop and enlarge them by joining a body pledged to Humanity, we must certainly be losers by our determined attitude of separation. We owe ourselves to others, if only for the encouragement of our external presence and support.

Turning our attention from individuals to the corporate Body itself, we find that we are reproached, and justly reproached, with doing little, if any, practical work. As we do not believe in indiscriminate missionary labours and argumentative conversion, we must seek other fields. Are there no children among us to be rescued from the doubts and confusion of our time? Where are our Branch Sunday Schools, where music, story and object teaching of spirit through natural lessons, may give the little ones a happy and valued hour? Where are our Branch free libraries, with one member told off weekly to attend them, open of an

evening to all comers? Can we do nothing to help those social outcasts, so rarely rescued by formal religion, because "the deed of virtue is without the love that should shine through it." It is vain to try to stop those who are on the fatally swift descent of sin, by assurances that some other, however divine, is responsible for them. If we can grapple their minds with the thought that they themselves are their own saviours and that we are integrally and actually their Brothers and Sisters, then indeed we may recover lost ground for the race. Everywhere great questions and great issues are confronting us and in some one of these each Branch should have a share. Not only should we join with outsiders in such good deeds as they have found to do, but we ought to have some distinctively theosophical work of our own, first as individuals, next as Branches. For example, the competitive struggle and system of monopolies are working as much—if not more—injury as the use of intoxicating liquors. Everywhere thinkers of benevolent aspirations are inaugurating co-operative colonies or works. One such is the Credit Foncier of Sinaloa, a colony established in Mexico on co-operative principles, having excellent privileges from the Mexican Government. The colonists own the land, railroads and industries in common. All public property is so held, but the home is a private institution. The colony is governed by a body of elected Directors. The women vote equally with the men. No corporate churches are allowed; each man is free to worship as he may please in his own home. No intoxicating drinks are made or sold; no gambling or other houses of ill-repute allowed within the colony precincts. All persons are employed by the colony itself; labour is interchanged and the net gain is divided among colonists according to their shares of stock. This is perhaps the largest co-operative venture ever made and has unprecedented advantages of harbour situation and climate, but, above all, its ethical principles are integral and vital. At one time a colonist wrote in behalf of a betrayed and deserted woman, against whom the doors of our civilization were closed, when she tried to return to the path of moral duty. The directors promptly responded by the gift of a share of stock and the assurance that all who endeavoured to live honestly and in a spirit of true fraternity were welcome to Sinaloa, whatever might be the mistakes of their past. No more theosophical deed than this is known to me. It would seem as if colonies founded upon more liberal and just division of labour and profit, upon a more enlightened system of interchange and interdependence, would tend to facilitate the advance of the race. All persons may not be able to join them, but they can help them. Clubs are already founded to assist co-operation, and such might be started in Branches interested in seeing justice established as the regulator of human institutions. It is not division of property that the honest man wants, but a division of labour and profits other than that awarded by a system which regards money as the chief factor of prosperity and

energy—the great life force—as its underling and slave. While I am well aware that physical energy is but one division of that life force, as regards the value of such energy and that expended for the amassing of personal wealth and for personal and selfish indulgences, I submit that the former is far higher than the latter and should not be underpaid. *The motive determines the value and quality of energy as well as the plane in which it operates.* That other theosophists think with me is proved by the interest of others in co-operative principles, while the fact that these principles and the life they give rise to, lead thoughtful minds into a more distinctly theosophical line of thought, is evidenced by two directors and some members of the above mentioned colony having joined the T. S. Godin, the great co-operator of Guise, also became a theosophist.

These are some of the opportunities of work which present themselves and which may be carried on at the same time with that inward work of self-conquest and self-purification undertaken in the silence of the heart by all true students. I would urge that this subject of theosophical work be held under special consideration at our next annual convention. The time has come for us to make good our pledge; to ask ourselves whether we shall be a Brotherhood in every vital sense, a working army united by a harmonious, charitable, unprejudiced spirit of sympathy and love, or a mere formal organization interested in intellectual pursuits. Let each one of us ask himself this question, and ask until he finds the answer: Am I working to the full extent of my powers and in every possible direction for that Universal Brotherhood to which I am pledged, and in whose future realization I implicitly believe—witness my “word of honour”? Else honour, loyalty and Brotherhood are empty echoes of an idle and fantastic dream.


J. CAMPBELL VER PLANCK, F.T.S.



The man who finds pleasure in vice and pain in virtue, is still a novice in both.

The wise man does good as naturally as he breathes.

(Chinese Aphorisms.)

 The 6th Edition of what is regarded as one of the most reliable and practical works on the popular subject of Mesmerism, is about to be published by Mr. J. Burns, 15, Southampton Row, W.C., and in addition to the letterpress, which is said to emanate from a most reliable source, the re-issue will be embellished with several pages of litho illustrations demonstrating the various modes of applying the practice to scientific and curative purposes.

AN EPITAPH.

To one there came a message as she stood
 A bride before the altar, while love's hand
 Unbarred for her the marvellous lover's land,
 And spoke sweet words with love's own gentleness :
 " 'Tis but a vision . . . wake poor trembling bride
 Shake off this dream, there waits for him and thee
 A selfless joy, a blest reality,
 Yield not to sense where spirit must be guide ! "

So all life long she wrestled for his soul
 Amid the hosts of foul maleficence
 Nor was affrighted, tho' sin's cohorts dense
 Smote her and tortured . . . set an aureole
 Of wildering pain around her sinless brows—
 Stabbed her with doubt that pierced the innocent heart,
 Mocked her with wraiths, yea love's own counterpart
 Set at her side with lingering passionate vows . . .

Yet thro' the fear that like a cerement clung
 To her bare spirit numbing it to ice,
 Her soul held firm its ultimate sacrifice,
 Then like the notes of some sweet song unsung
 Before her eyes a visible music rose
 In billows and breaths of jubilant soaring sound,
 That lifted her heart and swathed her being round,
 Till like free birds in some fair garden close

Her soul sprang forth, her will stood up serene ;
 " Yea death " she said with quivering lips and sweet,
 " Make thou my bitter sacrifice complete,
 Love's bond and thrall thou evermore hast been
 His holy will with slow sad feet obeying ;
 'Lo I command ! . . . Afar from chance and fate,
 Or sad rebirth, within the golden gate
 Where self lies dead by his own will self-slaying,

Guide thou my steps, and his for whom I die,
 So we no more the torturing wheel of life
 Climb and are crushed, but far from human strife
 In blest Nirvana sleep eternally . . . "
 And sad blind death his icy fingers laid
 On her fair eyes, and lo ! she slept secure,
 Probation ended—heart and soul swept pure—
 Nirvana reached . . . we leave her, unafraid !

EVELYN PYNE.

The Talking Image of Urur.

CHAPTER III.

THE CHELA.



FEW days after the events described in the preceding chapter, the following appeared in the San Francisco "Eagle" :—

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION !
A MIRACLE WORKER FROM AFRICA !!

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE CHELA OF AN ADEPT !!!
DISCLOSURES IN REGARD TO THE MYSTERIOUS BROTHERHOOD !!!!

Yesterday a special reporter of the "Eagle" was fortunate enough to be admitted into the presence of a highly distinguished stranger from Africa, a *genuine Chela*, that is to say, a disciple of a *Mysterious Brotherhood of Adepts*, living in the most inaccessible regions of a desert in the Interior of Africa.

What he tells about his wonderful personal experiences is truly astonishing and would surpass belief, if he were not a gentleman of *indubitable veracity*, of acknowledged ability, and a person of high social standing, having at one time occupied the official position of an honoured personal assistant to one of the most eminent chieftains of Africa ; besides being a member of several well-known Secret societies.

But let us begin at the beginning. Information reached this office yesterday that Mr. Joachim Puffer, formerly an officer in the employ of *King Molobolo*, but who had sacrificed his official position for the purpose of *benefiting humanity*, and taken up the *life of an ascetic*, had arrived at this city, and was stopping at the Grand Hotel. A special reporter was, therefore, immediately dispatched to that place, and gained admittance after the noble stranger's dinner.

Mr. Puffer, A.B., M.B.L., etc., is a man about forty years of age, stout, with a rubicund face, small eyes and blond hair, and of *aristocratic bearing*. His hair is very long, and he wears side whiskers, but no moustache. He was dressed in a checkered suit of grey with black stripes, patent leather boots, a high collar and a blue necktie. He is of noble family, one of his ancestors having been gentleman of the chamber to a king. He is a strict vegetarian and takes alcohol in no shape. His revelations in regard to the *Mysterious Brotherhood* are truly wonderful, and from what he said to our reporter, we gather the following :—

For thousands of years the heads of the scientists have been puzzled to find out *what causes the world to move*. Some thought that it was the law of gravitation, and others imagined that it was magnetism ; but it is evident that such absurd theories offer no explanation of the mystery. Mr. Puffer now assures us that the motion of the earth around its axis is due to the supernatural and miraculous powers possessed by a body of Adepts who live in a desert in Africa, in the exact geographical centre of the surface of this planet. By the united effort of their combined and concentrated will-power they can produce the most astonishing effects not only in the atmosphere of this earth, but also in the body of the sun. The proof of this assertion may be seen in the sun spots, a phenomenon well known to our astronomers, and which may easily be explained by the fact that the Adepts are *supplying the sun with electricity, to keep its photosphere clear*. Therefore is the name by which they are known—the Lunar Adepts. If these Adepts neglect their business, the disc of the sun becomes as full of mouldy spots as a cheese. If they were to stop for one moment exercising their will-power, the sun would become as dark as a crow, and *the earth would cease to move*. Besides having this almost incredible power, the Adepts are able to perform the most astonishing feats, which leave those of Robert Houdin, Bosco and Kellar far in the shade. They can eat living snakes, swallow fire and swords, and make a genuine Mango tree grow out of a pine board. If they wished to do so, they could transform all the old iron in the United States into masses of pure gold and cause potatoes to rain in Ireland. They could change the Mississippi river into old Bourbon whisky, and all the sand of Galveston Island into wheat. Our reporter asked Mr. Puffer how it came that there were occasionally famines in Africa if the Adepts had the power to do such things. Mr. Puffer replied that he had presented this matter to their consideration, but that the Adepts had no time to

attend to such trifling matters, as their number was small and it was all they could do to *keep the world going*. They had something more important to do than to satisfy the greed of the paupers. They could, he said, travel about in their invisible astral bodies and see what is going on in the most private places; for they could pass through roofs without injuring the tiles, and walls were no obstacle to them. They were experts in thought reading, and could hypnotize people against their will, making them do as they liked. They could guide the thoughts of the people as easily as a coachman guides his horse, and they could cause anybody to become elected *President of the United States* if they were to take him under their patronage. These Adepts, of which Mr. Puffer, by a concatenation of fortunate circumstances, has become an *accepted Chela*, are in possession of untold wealth; and it is said that even the roofs of the houses in which they live are made of pure gold and set with rubies and diamonds. Our reporter asked Mr. Puffer how these Adepts acquired their power, but this Mr. Puffer was *not permitted to tell*.

It will be impossible to present to our readers in this necessarily short article all the ingenious and lucid explanations given by Mr. Puffer in regard to the secrets of the Lunar Brotherhood; but we cannot close without speaking of the most important secret in their possession. It is nothing less than a *Talking Image*, that is to say, a *living piece of statuary* which gives answers orally or in writing to anything a person may ask, the answers always proving to be correct. Our reporter offered to the Chela a *hundred dollars* if he would get him the correct numbers that would come out at the next drawing of the *Havannah Lottery*; but we must do Mr. Puffer the justice to say that he indignantly refused the offer, stating that financial considerations were not the objects of the Adepts; that *he knew the numbers, but was not permitted to tell them, as his only object was to benefit humanity*. This noble answer of Mr. Puffer in whom we behold a future Adept, may be regarded as a sufficient proof of his sincerity.

When Pancho finished reading this article, he did not know whether to laugh or to feel indignant at the stupidity of the reporter, who had evidently travestied and misrepresented great truths. "Mysteries of this kind," he said, "should be kept sacred and not be bawled about in the streets, or made an object of public gossip by the vulgar." But on further consideration he saw that if it had not been for that article in the "Eagle," he himself would have remained ignorant of the august presence of the Chela. He was very anxious to see him in order to obtain further information in regard to the Brotherhood. This thought reconciled him to the indiscretions of the reporter, and he made up his mind to see Mr. Puffer that very evening.

Accordingly, Pancho went to the Grand Hotel, where he found the people in great consternation and the fire-brigade just leaving the house. The cause of the confusion was that an explosion had taken place in Mr. Puffer's room, by which some of the furniture had been destroyed, and the chambermaid injured. It appeared that Mr. Puffer had left the room after the gas was lighted, and being either not conversant with modern inventions, on account of his long absence in Africa, or in a state of mental abstraction, he had blown out the gas instead of turning the tap. Soon afterwards the chambermaid had entered and attempted to relight the gas, when the accident happened.

While the servants were engaged in removing the broken furniture, Mr. Puffer returned. After he had been made to realize what had happened he began to curse most fearfully, and swore that the mischief was due to the work of a black magician who was persecuting him and seeking to destroy him. He would, indeed, have killed him long ago, if it had not been for the protection of the Adepts, who were always watching over him. Moreover, he said that gas-pipes and such things belonged to mundane illusions and that he had no time to attend to such trifles while engaged in meditating about the nature of Parabrahm.

He was given another room and Pancho introduced himself, stating his object, which was to obtain more light in regard to the Occult Brotherhood.

"I am entirely at your service," said Mr. Puffer. "It will give me the greatest pleasure to give you all the information you may desire in regard to the subject of the Great Hierophant and Adepts of Africa. The Society for the Distribution of Wisdom is not one of those abominable sects or modern secret societies that seek to mystify the public, e.g. the Theosophical Society. Every honest enquirer is entitled to be informed of all we know. All we demand is an open investigation, and we are not afraid of any criticism, however severe. All we want is the truth, the unadulterated truth."

"I understand that you are a Chela of the Lunar Adepts?" asked Pancho.

"I am, sir! I am!" answered Mr. Puffer. "I am a Chela of one of the greatest Adepts that ever existed. I was introduced to him by a Lunar Angel," he added, lowering the voice. "He has been here this morning and brought me a message from my master."

"Have you ever seen the great Hierophant in Africa, personally?"

"No, not personally. But why should I? I see him and all others in clear vision whenever I like."

"Are you then actually sure that the Brothers exist?" asked Pancho.

"Do the Brothers exist?" exclaimed Mr. Puffer. "Why! I tell you, my dear sir, there is nothing more true and indisputable than that they exist. See this white *burnous*, I obtained it myself directly from one of the Brothers in my own room." So saying, Mr. Puffer showed Pancho a cloak of woollen fabric, which, however, bore no internal evidence of having come from an Adept rather than from any store.

"This rare garment," continued Mr. Puffer, "is palpable and indubitable evidence that the Brothers exist, and nobody but a villainous sceptic, an inveterate liar, a benighted simpleton, or an incurable maniac, would deny their existence after seeing *this* apparel."

"I am not a doubter," said Pancho. "I have read of great Adepts in India who can do most wonderful things."

"Pooh!" exclaimed Mr. Puffer contemptuously. "Do not talk to me about such trifles. They can at best mend an old broken coffee pot; they cannot be compared with our Lunar Adepts. Tell me, have you at present even the faintest conception of the solemnity of this occasion? Do you know in whose presence you stand? Would you dare to deny the existence of the Lunar Adepts, and run the risk of being immediately annihilated by them as a punishment for your scepticism? Let the consequences of him who doubts the powers of the Lunar Adepts come upon his own head! Om! Satwa! Wariaki! Starambo!

Upon this declaration Pancho did not consider it advisable to appear too inquisitive. He therefore confessed to be satisfied with the proof advanced, and asked Mr. Puffer whether he would be so kind as to introduce him to an Adept.

"That depends on certain circumstances," said Mr. Puffer. "First of all you would have to become a member of the Society for Distribution of Wisdom, in order to attract the attention of the Brothers."

"What kind of a thing is this Society for Distribution of Wisdom?" asked Pancho.

"The African S. D. W.," answered Mr. Puffer, "is a society which is based

upon the principle of universal tolerance and mutual admiration. Pray do not confuse it with our other Asian Society. The former, taking very unfair advantage of our having remained for æons modestly unknown, came out a few years ago with great flourish of trumpets as the first and only Society and Universal Brotherhood based on divine Wisdom, and of us has made simple parodists. Our Society differs from the Asian Society, as it advocates a spirit of universal freedom of opinion, provided that opinion holds only to our own interpretations of teachings. We claim that everyone has the right to pretend to believe and to say what he pleases, if he but thinks as we do ; but the members of the Indian Society insist that truth should be proclaimed on the housetops. Most absurd and undiplomatic. Knave, fool and purblind sectarian is he who should dare to say anything against our Society or against any of the officers or persons connected with it. Our Fraternity is even now the most charitable body in the world, and he who slanders it is a coward, or a poisonous reptile which ought to be exterminated from the face of the earth."

"I should consider myself extremely fortunate to become a member of your society and to attract the attention of the Adepts," said Pancho.

"That is easy enough," replied Mr. Puffer. "All you have to do is to get a diploma from Captain Bumpkins. I will manage the matter for you, if you are one of the 'awakened.'"

"I am infinitely obliged to you," said Pancho. "But, to tell you the truth, I should like to look a little deeper into this business. I am very much interested in Occultism and I should like to become a Chela like yourself."

"Ah !" said Mr. Puffer. "That is quite another affair and rather difficult. You will have to get a Master, a Dwija, whose orders you must implicitly obey, whatever these orders may be, and you may not even know who that master is ; for his orders will be communicated to you through Chelas or through the Talking Image."

"It is just this mysterious way of doing things that is most attractive to me," replied Pancho. "I do not think that they will ask anything unreasonable."

"Then you will have to swear a solemn oath," continued Mr. Puffer, "always to obey implicitly all the instructions given to you by a Chela as supposed to be coming from an unknown superior. You will swear that if anyone should object to any opinion offered by Captain Bumpkins, or any other member of our society, you will not listen to it, but support our views on every occasion."

"I am willing to swear to anything you like," answered Pancho, "if I can gain my object ; because I have full confidence in your honesty,"

"You seem to have the qualifications necessary for a Chela," continued Mr. Puffer, "and I think you might go to Africa to make the trial. At all events you may write a letter to Captain Bumpkins, to see whether you will be accepted."

At these words Pancho was very much delighted ; but being very impatient to know whether or not he would be accepted, he asked Mr. Puffer whether he could not find out immediately by his own mystic powers, whether his offer would be favourably received. To this Mr. Puffer answered :

"It is a serious matter to ask the Powers such questions ; because they always get angry when we bother them with personal affairs ; but in this case I

will make an exception. There is a Lunar Brother just now here in the room and I will put myself in mental rapport with him."

Mr. Puffer then went into a trance state, as might have been supposed from the contortions of his face and he then said :

"The Powers say that as you are not a married man, you may be accepted."

"The Powers are mistaken," said Pancho ; "for I am married."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mr. Puffer. "They never make a mistake."

"Excuse me, sir," replied Pancho ; "I must know best, I am married to one of the loveliest ladies in the world."

"It is a pity that you imagine such a thing," said Mr. Puffer ; "for a man of your capabilities could spend his time better than in dancing attendance upon a woman. Fortunately you are not married ; for the Powers say that your supposed marriage is not a true marriage of the soul and that your wife is not your real affinity."

"I have already suspected as much," murmured Pancho.

"Such a marriage," continued Mr. Puffer, "is a sham and ought to be discontinued at once. Leave that woman and go to Urur. Why will you cling to an illusion instead of seeking for the truth?"

"The truth is," said Pancho, "that I love my wife very much and do not wish to be separated from her."

"Such a love is beastly!" exclaimed the Chela. "It is merely an animal instinct and you must get rid of it at once. You cannot become a Chela and be initiated into the mysteries of the Lunar Brotherhood as long as you have a woman on the brain."

"I do not think," remarked Pancho, "that my love to my wife is of that beastly character which you describe, and moreover I think it would be wrong to leave her without any cause."

"Vain sophistry! A cause can easily be found. Is it not cause enough if you desire to study the higher science and enter the higher life? Is it not lawful to sacrifice everything, if one is in pursuit of the truth? Lord Buddha himself left his beloved wife and child, his kingdom and palace, and went into a wilderness. Where would the world be to-day, if Buddha had remained a hen-pecked husband instead of becoming a Sage."

"I am not prepared to criticise the doings of a Buddha," said Pancho.

"The Christian religion teaches the same thing," continued Mr. Puffer. "Jesus said that those who wish to follow him, must leave father and mother and wife, or words to that effect. I have read the story of a Catholic saint, a woman, who gave her father a thrashing and left her mother uncared for upon a dying bed. She ran away from home and went into a convent preferring to become a bride of Jesus, to meddling with mundane affairs."

"I think that woman was a devil," said Pancho very indignantly.

"What an illogical conclusion! If she had been a devil, she could not have become a saint."

"Nevertheless, my conscience tells me that it would be very wrong for me to separate from my wife."

"Now you do talk most terrible nonsense!" impatiently replied Mr. Puffer. "That which you call conscience is in this case the voice of some vile Elemental, that seeks to divert you from your purpose. These ethereal animals

are always ready to persuade us that we are right in the gratification of our selfish desires."

"But is not the desire to become a Chela selfish?" asked Pancho.

"How can you call that selfish, if a person seeks to obtain wisdom?" asked Mr. Puffer. "Read, if you please the books of the smartest German philosophers, and you will find that such a *transcendental selfishness* is highly laudable and praiseworthy. What would become of human progress, if men were always satisfied with what they had and desired nothing better?"

"Do you know what is love?" asked Pancho.

"You bet!" exclaimed Mr. Puffer. "When I was young, I used to run after the girls; but since I have become a Chela, I have all the ladies run after me; but I laugh at them. I want to have nothing to do with women; they are the arch enemies of the occultist and the higher kind of phenomena, such as disembowelling oneself or to have oneself buried alive, can never be successfully done in the presence of a woman; because they attract too much of a man's magnetism. Do not talk to me about women. They are despicable creatures."

When Pancho heard these words he became very indignant and said:

"I do not propose to disembowel myself nor to have myself buried alive. Your fakirs seem to me stupid and ignorant fools. I never saw a person who was a woman hater, unless he was a self-conceited coward and a sensualist of the lowest kind."

"You can think as you like," said Mr. Puffer, "for our Society tolerates all kinds of opinions; but it is a shame that you will let your talents go to the rot on account of a woman. If you have once become an Adept you will be able to make Elementals appear before you in any shape you like; even in that of the most beautiful princess that exists in the world."

"I should like very much to know how that is done," said Pancho.

"If you have once been taught the necessary conjurations and formulas, it will be the easiest thing in the world," replied Mr. Puffer; "but of course I am not permitted to tell you these things at present. They are only divulged to the members of our society. You had better write your application for Chelaship and I will send it to the Hierophant."

"I will consider the matter. But please tell me what kind of a thing is the Talking Image?"

"You will have to go and see it yourself; it cannot be described. I have never seen it myself. But people say that it looks like a statue, and does not move, but inside it is alive, and it can speak. Moreover, if you place a piece of paper in its vicinity, it will write or precipitate messages upon it, and all this is done by the Mysterious Brotherhood."

"I wonder how this is done?" said reflectively Pancho.

"It is easy enough to explain. You know that the Adepts can pass through the most solid walls, nor are skin and bones any obstacles to them. Some one of the Brothers, or a more advanced Chela, gets hold of the brain of the Image and, so to say, winds up the machinery, and then the thing works, and spells out whatever they like. There is always one or more of the Magicians engaged in working the Image."

"This is very strange!" exclaimed Pancho. "How did you get such a curiosity?"

"It was manufactured through magic spells expressly for the purpose of communicating with the world. They gave it to the Hierophant, who placed it in the sacred shrine at Urur."

"Such a marvel alone would be worth while the trouble to go to Africa to see it," said Pancho. "I have read of talking images that were in possession of the ancient Egyptians, but I thought they could only grunt or make a noise; I had no idea that they could talk sense."

"When you once become an accepted Chela you will know still more wonderful things."

"I hope to be accepted," said Pancho.

"You will have to pass through a great many ordeals before this is done," observed Mr. Puffer. "You will have to give indubitable proof of your courage to convince the Brothers that you can be trusted. They will do all sorts of things to frighten you, to see whether or not you are afraid."

"I am not easily frightened," said Pancho. "I shall probably write that application to-night."

"For your own sake I hope that you will soon come to a favourable decision."

Mr. Puffer accompanied Pancho to the door, and as they were bidding each other good-bye, Pancho said :

"By-the-bye, I almost forgot to ask you a question, which you may, perhaps, consider absurd. Do the Adepts teach any religion?"

"In *our* Society," answered Mr. Puffer, "every man's belief is respected. If you choose to imagine that the moon is made of green cheese, there is no one to prevent you from believing it, any more than in God. No, they teach no religion in particular."

"I thought so," answered Pancho. "I merely asked the question to settle all doubts for once and for ever. Farewell!"

"*Au revoir!*" said Mr. Puffer.

When Pancho left Mr. Puffer, he was highly elated at the prospect of becoming a Chela, and being initiated into the mysteries of African Magic. He did not doubt for a moment that he had all the necessary qualifications, and by becoming a member of the Society for the Distribution of Wisdom, he had already made the most important step, and attracted the attention of the Adepts. Henceforth he had to be very careful in what he was doing, for there might be an Adept lurking in every corner to watch his actions. He knew that it was not an easy thing to become a Chela, and that it required a man of courage. Many had applied for Chelaship, but failed after they were tried. This was not to be feared in Pancho's case. He was a person of undoubted bravery, and not afraid even of the devil. When a small boy in school he could fight single-handed, and lick the rest of the boys; and during his studies at Heidelberg he had fought many duels and come out triumphant in every instance. As to swimming and shooting, there were few who were his superiors, and if, as he had read, it was necessary for a Chela to pass through flame and fire, his chemical knowledge enabled him to make his clothes incombustible, so that he could jump through it without getting burnt.

"But why," he thought, "should he write a letter of application for Chelaship to the Adepts? If those Magicians were ubiquitous and all-knowing, they would know his wish, and if they wanted him, they would be able to let him

know it without his formal application. But then Pancho was not sufficiently acquainted with the rules of occult etiquette to answer the question. Perhaps it was a formality which had to be observed, and perhaps, also, Puffer, who confessed he had never met the Head of the Society, could give him only partial information. But then he was—a Chela !”

There was only one thought to which he could not get reconciled, namely, that of leaving his wife. He had no cause to abandon her and did not wish to do so. Conchita had always been faithful to him and she had just claims to his protection. But then, he argued with himself that the greater the sacrifice, the greater was also his merit. He saw himself in the position of a player who puts his whole fortune upon one single card, to either burst the bank or to go to perdition. He ended by a compromise.

“What would Conchita say,” he thought, “if I were to go to Africa to solve such a difficult problem? Surely she is a reasonable woman and will not object. Men leave their homes and wives for the purpose of gaining money; they go on voyages of discovery to the regions of eternal snow, or to the tropical zones of Africa, remaining away for years. Why should I not act likewise, and go to Africa in search of that which is far more important? Is there anything more valuable than a knowledge of the astral world, with its innumerable inhabitants? Is such a discovery not as much interesting as that of a new continent? Can there be anything more important than scientific proof of the existence of a class of spiritual beings who guide the destinies of mankind? Surely Conchita is of far too noble a mind not to consent to a separation for such a glorious purpose.”

“You ass!” said an interior voice, probably that of some vile Elemental. “These mysterious Lunar Brotherhoods have no other existence than in the brain of Mr. Puffer.”

“Get thee behind me, Satan!” answered Pancho, speaking to himself. “How could it be possible that the representative of a Society which worships the truth should speak anything else but the truth? Moreover, men might lie about ordinary things, but surely only a villain of the deepest dye would descend to that lowest imaginable state of degradation, in which the most holy and sacred things are trifled with or made objects of financial speculation. What but child’s play are murder, and arson, and vice of every kind, in comparison with that dark villainy of those vampires who seek material profit by playing upon the spiritual aspirations of man? Who but an unconceivable monstrosity of concentrated devilry would dare to prostitute the highest and most exalted truths for the purpose of gratifying his greed for a few pennies, knowing how terrible would be the reaction?”

“Fool!” spoke the voice of the Elemental. “You need not go to Africa to find the Spirit of Truth.”

“Avaunt!” answered Pancho. “What will the spirit of truth benefit me if it does not become manifest? If that spirit has descended upon the mysterious Brotherhood, and if the inmates of Urur are in communication with it, what a glorious thing will it be to enlist in their army, and to become one of the pioneers to break down the wall of superstition and ignorance which encircles the world! To attain such an object, and to bring light to suffering humanity, is well worth the sacrifice, not only of my own life, but also of that of my wife.”

Thus Pancho's mind was swayed by thoughts of an opposite kind and by a series of partly logical, partly illogical, arguments. He reasoned himself into a belief that it was not only his right but also his duty to leave his wife and to go to Africa, to learn wisdom by sitting at the feet of the Hierophant who would introduce him to the Mysterious Brotherhood. Men are always willing to believe in the possibility of that which they desire. By the time that he reached his home, he was fully resolved to write the letter to the Lunar Adepts, which was to be his application for chelaship.

He arrived at his residence and went to Conchita's room. There, upon a couch, was his beautiful wife peacefully sleeping. She had evidently waited for his return before retiring to bed. A happy smile rested upon her face, her hands were folded over her bosom which rose and sank in rhythmic proportions with her almost imperceptible breath. The rose-coloured shade of the lamp caused the light to produce a delicate roseate hue upon her graceful shoulders and arms, which would have otherwise seemed to be made of white Carrara marble; her long black hair having unfastened, now fell in dark heavy masses upon her bust. She looked like a being of supernatural beauty, and it now seemed to Pancho that there was no necessity to go any further to seek the truth; for that which is good and beautiful must also be true. He felt as if even the thought of deserting her was an unpardonable sin to atone for immediately; and carried away by his emotion, he kissed her soft cheek.

Conchita opened her eyes and looked surprised and pleased. Putting her arms around his neck, she pressed him to her heart, and said: "Dearest one! I had such a dream! I thought I was with you on the bank of a stream, and in the distance there was a beautiful island. It was full of flowers and the breeze wafted the odour of the blossoms to the place where we stood. There was a little boat, only big enough to hold one person. You went into the boat and said you would fetch me some of the flowers; but the current took you far out of my sight. I then became very sick. I cried and was wringing my hands in despair, when I discovered that I was myself on that island and you by my side. You then put your arms around me and kissed me and then I awoke."

"I too had a stupid dream," answered Pancho, "but it is over. Fear not, my beloved one, our two loves shall never be separated."

"I know it," answered Conchita; "but I want not only your love, I want yourself."

The letter which Pancho had intended to write to the Lunar Brotherhood remained unwritten that night.

CHAPTER IV.

THE OCCULT LETTER.

PANCHO dreamed that night. It seemed to him that he and Conchita were in a boat in mid-ocean. A storm arose and the waves grew higher and higher. At last they seemed like mountains of water, and one of them went over the boat, entirely submerging it. He was convinced that they were both lost. He threw his arms around her, but she was torn away from him by the force of the water. Then the wave receded and he found himself still in the boat,

but Conchita was gone. She was nowhere to be seen, although the ocean as by some miracle had now become perfectly calm. He then looked upwards and saw her floating in the air, radiant and smiling. She had become a glorified being and a bright star shone over her head. It was the influence of that star that had calmed the sea.

As long as he dreamed, he was happy; but when his external consciousness returned and the intellectual machinery of his brain again began to create for him once more illusions, his former doubts and hopes returned. The face of the Chelas at Urur, through whom the inaccessible, mysterious Adeptship might be reached, floated on his mental horizon and the voice of the Talking Image sounded to him more alluring than the song of the Loreley: "Am I not worthy," it said, "that you should come across the sea to behold me? I, the Sphinx of the nineteenth century, the corner stone of the world's future religion? Are there not hundreds lying prostrate at my feet, and thousands longing to worship at my shrine? Lo, the Mysterious Brotherhood requires a man to communicate their orders to the world; where will they find such a man? Are you so firmly tied to a woman by the chain of your affection that you cannot defend the truth?" Then the phantom face of Mr. Puffer, the Chela, opened its mouth and spoke. "Better write to the Lunar Adepts, and I will have it laid before the shrine of Urur. What harm can be done by merely writing a letter? Let us see what the result will be? Whatever answer you may receive, you will still be at liberty to do as you like! Write the letter!" When the voice ceased, it seemed as if a thousand echoes in Pancho's brain were repeating the sentence: "Write! Write! Write the letter! the letter! the letter!"

Pancho hastily arose and dressed himself; and then his reasoning powers returned. For a moment he thought he would confess to his wife that he had been thinking of going to Africa, but he abandoned this idea. Why should he do so now? He thought it would be time enough for that when he had arrived at a certain decision. He made up his mind to say nothing about it and thus he established a barrier between him and his wife which prevented the full and harmonious flow of thought between the two, hence, a perfect understanding. Formerly they were one in their thoughts and feelings; now they were separated from each other by a secret, and thus the curse which accompanies the desire for gratification of curiosity had already begun to work.

Juana had now become a member of their little household and she behaved herself much better than had been expected. She made herself useful in many ways, doing small work about the house and the kitchen. Since her arrival Pancho had not asked her for a continuation of psychic experiments; but now he desired to try again her powers. Juana obeyed and, to his astonishment, she described to him a negro in the garb of an African chieftain, holding a sealed letter in his hand and upon the envelope was Pancho's name.

"This man," she said, "is a spirit; but not of one who is dead, but of a man who is living. He is a great and powerful person, and he says: 'Write!'"

"Do you see anything more?" asked Pancho.

"Yes," answered Juana. "He now shows me a very queer-looking place, something like a church, and in the midst of it is an altar upon which is a woman dressed in white."

After a pause she continued: "No; it is not a woman; it is much bigger than an ordinary woman, and it is made of stone. It is a statue, and, nevertheless, it is alive and can talk as well as anybody. It is very queer!"

Pancho was delighted. There was, as he supposed, indubitable proof that the Adepts could communicate with him even through Juana. To hesitate any longer would surely displease them. Did not Mr. Puffer say that he must unhesitatingly obey all orders coming from that quarter, and should he commence his occult career by hesitating to do so? He went to his room and without further delay wrote a letter to them, offering his services to the unknown Mysterious Brotherhood, and asking to be accepted as their disciple.

Such a precious document could not be safely entrusted to a servant and so he determined to hand it personally to Mr. Puffer. Once more he wended his way to the Grand Hotel. Mr. Puffer was delighted.

"I have no doubt," he said, receiving the letter, "that you will be accepted on probation, and now, as you have entered upon the Path, I advise you to cease shaving or cutting your hair, because, in doing so, a great deal of magnetism is lost. Do not eat any meat. Eggs are permitted, but you must always first remove the dot from the yolk. The dot is the seat of life and must not be destroyed."

"But is not the dot destroyed by the boiling?" asked Pancho.

"This is none of our business," answered Mr. Puffer. "It will go to the *Karma* of the cook. It is enough if we do not destroy it ourselves. Furthermore you must never eat any beans. There is nothing more dangerous than beans. They have been expressly prohibited by Pythagoras."

"I am sorry," said Pancho; "for I am very fond of baked beans."

"I do not care," replied Mr. Puffer. "You will have to choose between Wisdom and beans."

When Pancho returned to his house it seemed to him that he had made a step lower down in the scale of evolution and rendered himself extremely ridiculous by submitting his own reason to the will of an unknown superior; but he attributed this feeling to the circumstance that it was probably his lower nature which rebelled against the unaccustomed restraint, and that it would be absolutely necessary to obey. He remembered having been once told by a clergyman that if our reason does not harmonize with the doctrines of the church we must squelch it and believe in the doctrines. He made up his mind to make that attempt to see what would be the result. "I have gone so far," he said to himself. "Now I will see it through, let the result be what it may."

It required nearly three months to receive an answer from Africa. During that time Pancho grew more and more morose and melancholy. He did not dare to show any love to his wife. In his outward bearing he was as polite towards her as before, but his manner had now something forced and unnatural a circumstance which never escapes the observation of a sensitive woman. Conchita noticed the change in her husband and his growing coldness, which seemed rather assumed than natural, and with many words of endearment she tried to find out the secret of his trouble. It was in vain that Pancho denied his being troubled about anything, and invented all sorts of excuses; her intuition told her plainly that the former harmony between their souls no longer existed. Many were the bitter tears which she shed when alone in her room, and many

the prayers she offered to the unknown God ; but when Pancho was present she appeared merry, for the purpose of cheering him up. Pancho, too, was aware that his wife was silently suffering, and he would have been most willing to give an explanation ; but how could he tell her that her own existence was the cause of his grief, and that she had become an obstacle in his way ?

Partly to while away the time, and partly with a view to obtain information about the doings of the Mysterious Brotherhood, Pancho held frequent séances with Juana, at which Conchita took part, for she felt instinctively that her husband's change of behaviour was somehow connected with spiritualistic matters, and hoped thus to find out its cause. Juana was evidently a strong medium. There were loud raps and the usual spiritualistic phenomena, and frequently the girl became entranced, speaking under the influence of different spirits.

One of the "spirits" appeared to be that of an African Adept, who extolled the wisdom of the East, and its superiority over that of the West.

"The East," he said, "is the land of wisdom, for it is the land where the sun rises. The East includes everything that is east of New York, especially Asia and Africa. All light comes from the East and goes to the West, and then it comes back again to the East. The three sages mentioned in the Bible came from the East. There are lots of Eastern sages, but who ever heard of a Western sage ? All the Rosicrucians of the Middle Ages went to the East in search of wisdom, and the last of the Alchemists has emigrated to the East."

Communications of that kind only increased Pancho's wish to go to the land of Wisdom, and they forged still stronger the links with which his will was held captive by an inflamed desire.

Conchita, too, became caught with this strange infatuation. It seemed as if her own thoughts found expression through the mouth of the Indian girl ; for a superior spirit, who said that its name was "Purity," spoke to her through the entranced Juana, and whenever this spirit took possession of the Indian girl, she became, so to say, transfigured, and her face assumed an angelic expression.

"Grieve not," said the spirit, "we are constantly around to guard you. We are the messengers sent by the Most High, and no evil can befall those that trust in our guidance. There are dark clouds gathering on the horizon whose exact nature we are not permitted to reveal ; but if you have faith in the divine power that guides all things, all will be well. God sees everything, and not the least thing escapes his attention, for it is written that not even a sparrow falls from a tree without the will of God."

The influence passed away, and then the spirit of the African Adept returned and wrote upon a paper :

"The spirit that just spoke is a liar. If a sparrow does not exert its own will to remain upon the tree, there is no God that will keep him there."

That was exactly Pancho's idea, and he was glad to see it confirmed.

"How strange !" exclaimed Conchita. "I always imagined that a sparrow had no will of its own, and that its will was the will of God."

"Nonsense !" said Pancho. "There is no such thing as God. The African Adepts do not believe in a God and they know what they are talking about."

"They must be very unhappy !" replied Conchita.

Pancho gave no reply ; he saw that his wife was too ignorant to understand

such philosophical questions, and he did not wish to enter into a discussion that might end in a dispute.

"What is the name of the African Adept who is communicating with us?" asked Pancho.

"Molobolo," was the written answer.

"I thought Molobolo was the African king with whom Mr. Puffer stayed," said Pancho, and the answer came :

"He was a king, and has now become an Adept."

Thus Pancho received communications from "Molobolo" and Juana from "Purity," and as these communications often contradicted each other, while each of the two parties believed in the infallibility of his or her guide, they only served to separate our friends still more and to create an antagonism between them, which became stronger in proportion as it became repressed.

The subject of Spiritualism now formed almost exclusively the topic of their conversation. Pancho who had already had considerable experiences in such matters did not believe that these communications originated from spirits of the dead, nor from angels. He had read a great deal about *Shells* and *Elementaries* and said that he knew a thing or two and was not going to be humbugged. As to "Purity" being an angel, as Conchita supposed, he argued that if there were no God, there could be no angels; but he believed in the possibility of receiving communications from living Adepts, and therefore those of Molobolo were to him genuine and all the rest was a fraud.

Conchita had elicited from Pancho an account of his visit to Mr. Puffer, and she now attributed Molobolo's communications to an influence exercised over Pancho's mind by Mr. Puffer. She believed in "Purity" but not in Molobolo, who, she said, was an evil spirit brought by Mr. Puffer. Pancho defended Molobolo and denounced "Purity" as being a fraud. Their discussions became sometimes very animated and would have often ended into a quarrel, if it had not been for Conchita's ability to turn things into a joke.

One day Pancho remarked :

"My dear, all that 'Purity' says is nothing else but the reflections of your own mind; but as to King Molobolo, I know that he is a real and living person, residing at Kakodumbala in the Lybian desert; there can be no doubt of his identity; for Mr. Puffer himself has been living with him."

"But, my dear," said Conchita, "how do you know that the Molobolo that talks through Juana is not also a reflection of your own mind?"

"Because," answered Pancho, "Adepts can do such things and spirits cannot. Moreover, my intuition tells me that it is Molobolo."

"My intuition tells me that Purity is just as good as Molobolo," replied Conchita. "They are either both true or both false."

"You are mistaken, my dear," said Pancho. "There must be a great difference between an Adept and a pretended spirit. I really shall have to go to Africa myself to settle the question."

"I wish you would go," said Conchita. "It would be better to settle it than to worry continually about it."

"I am seriously thinking of doing so," said Pancho.

A few days after this conversation took place, the postman brought a large package with the stamp of the post-office from the Cape of Good Hope.

Pancho opened it, and found that it contained two letters. The first was a note from the Urur Office, saying that Pancho's application for chelaship had been received and submitted to the Mysterious Brotherhood by means of the Shrine, and that the enclosed answer had been received. It also expressed the hope that Pancho would come to Urur to become a co-worker in the Cause of the truth for the benefit of humanity.

The second letter was enclosed in a curious envelope, on which mystic characters in various colours were printed. Pancho's breath stood still as he opened it, for this was a letter from a real Adept, settling once and for ever the question of their existence. He opened it and found a note written in a strange, handwriting. It read as follows :—

“FRIEND,—He who desires to devote his life to the service of Humanity must do so with his whole mind, his whole heart, implicitly and without any reserve. Tear out of your soul the root of evil, the love of pleasures which are not calculated for the fulfilment of the highest aspirations that man can have. Sacrifice your lower passions to your higher aspirations. Work for the cause of the truth, and great will be your reward. The Cause needs capable assistants. Your qualifications are excellent. It rests with you to develop your powers.”

The signature of this letter can not be given, but it was not Molobolo's name.

“This is plain enough,” said Pancho to himself, after reading the letter. “I must go to Urur. I must make sacrifices to attain an exalted position.”

“Yes, I shall go,” he added, after a pause of reflection. “What is separation from a wife in comparison with the attainment of all the knowledge of the Adepts? It will be very painful to her to see me go, but it will not kill her, and when I have learned the art of making the Philosopher's Stone and the Elixir of Life, I may come back to her.”

He firmly resolved to go. He took courage and spoke to his wife about it, preparing beforehand all that he would say in answer to her objections. But Conchita did not object.

“Go, my beloved one,” she said, “if it is your pleasure to do so. I know that you will not be satisfied until you have seen the Talking Image yourself.”

“But what will you do while I am gone?” asked Pancho.

“Wait until you return,” answered Conchita.

“But if I do not return?” said Pancho.

“I know that you will return,” replied Conchita. “After you have seen the Elephant you will be satisfied and glad to return to your wife.”

Pancho was somewhat stung by this remark, for he did not like to have such a sacred thing as the Talking Image compared with an elephant in a show; but he made no reply. He was satisfied with having so easily gained Conchita's consent. He said :

“I hope to have my clairvoyant powers in a short time sufficiently developed to enable me to see how you are doing.”

“I have just been thinking of doing the same,” she said, “Juana told me of a man who is giving instructions how to become clairvoyant.”

“Oh, that will be nice, for I suppose that I will not have much time to write.”

It was settled that Pancho should leave by the next steamer of the Pacific Mail Company.

Let not the reader suppose that Pancho was an extraordinary simpleton. There are thousands of persons living to-day, in high social positions, and being looked upon as wise, who are equally unreasonable. He was a person of more than average intelligence, but he was unconsciously selfish; he did not possess yet the knowledge of Self. His egoistic propensities caused him to see the truth in only a distorted aspect; his reason was made captive by it, enslaved by his desire.

In vain truth battled in him against error. During the night preceding his departure for Africa it made one more herculean effort to obtain mastery over him. He was in bed, but he could not sleep. It was as if a heavy load was resting upon his soul; he felt as if he were about to commit a great crime. An invisible vampire, ponderous as lead, seemed to be squatting upon his heart and sucking out his strength. His immortal spirit seemed to have departed, leaving behind only a gross material shell whose weight was dragging it down into the depths of the earth. He was conscious of being alive, but his life-blood seemed to be swarming with worms and reptiles, battling with each other, the symbols of his conflicting desires. To lie quiet under such circumstances was an impossibility; corporeal rest became intolerable. He rose, and dressing himself, attempted to go out, but the night was dark, and the rain coming down in torrents drove him back into the house. He groped his way back to the sleeping-room, and as he approached the bed it seemed to him that in the place of Conchita there was an ugly serpent with the face of Juana grinning at him. He turned away in disgust. Rather than remain at home he would be drowned in the rain. As he stepped out into the street there was a great shock of earthquake. It was the night in which a part of the Island of Java was destroyed and sank into the sea.

What was the cause of Pancho's emotions? Was it that he felt the coming earthquake? Was it the higher consciousness battling against the decisions of the animal mind and trying to prevent him from committing a bad action? or was it a foreboding of the evil results that would follow his departure? Who can tell? It is said that earthquakes are due to a disturbance of emotions in the soul of the earth. The elements in Pancho's soul were likewise in a state of terrible conflict. It was as if his individuality had become divided into two separate entities, both existing in the same personality. One of these urged him to go, the other one bade him to stay, and Pancho did not know which one was right, or which wrong.

We will not enter into the details of what took place before his departure. It will be sufficient to say that Conchita showed a remarkable amount of self-control. She spoke of the joy that awaited her when she would see him return, and thought of how happy they would be together when the cobwebs in Pancho's brain would have been removed by the African sun. She attempted to appear gay, and proposed to accompany her husband on board of the steamer; but when the fatal hour arrived, and she had dressed herself to go with him to the wharf, her courage gave way. Sobbing bitterly, she threw herself upon a lounge, and when Pancho entreated her to speak, he merely heard her whisper the words, "Father! Not my will, but Thine shall be done!"

Pancho hurried away.

FRANZ HARTMANN.

Some of our members objected to this story being published in LUCIFER, believing it was a satire against the Theosophical Society. The editor, one of its Founders, does not agree with this view. Dr. Hartmann is a Fellow of the T.S., and would hardly ridicule the body he belongs to. But he does give hard hits to those members who make a farce of the Society; and especially to its false friends, numerous parodists, and enemies. The artist who rises against the desecration of his art and its abuses, renders service, and is no enemy but a friend to it. It is not against the *use*, but the *abuse*, of Occultism that the author fights. In his own words, this story has not "been written for the purpose of caricaturing any living person," though "it is taken from life and the persons described herein are, so to say, composite photographs of persons that actually exist. It is of a tragi-comical character; but this unfortunate circumstance is due to the fact that life itself is a tragedy mixed up with a great deal of tomfoolery, and it is better to laugh at its ills than to become angry about them." And he adds:—

It is said that there is only one step from the sublime to the ridiculous and this fact is never more evident than when allegorical representations of eternal verities are mistaken for historical events and interpreted in a literal manner. The peregrinations of the valiant knight Don Quichote de la Mancha in search of his imaginary Dulcinea de Toboso cannot be more ludicrous 'than the useless efforts of those who, instead of seeking for self knowledge within themselves, seek for it in external things; and who unable to rise up in their thoughts to the regions of eternal truth, attempt to drag it down to their intellectual level.

The comical situations in the pages of the work are therefore not given to bring the true occult doctrines into disrepute; but rather to impress them more forcibly upon the mind, by showing to what absurdities their misconception may lead. It has always been the fate of the truth, whenever it descended among mankind, to be persecuted and misunderstood and crucified between superstition and disbelief; nor will it ever be known until it has risen up from between its distorted images into the region of Knowledge. . . .

We are the more willing to publish this story as it casts more just ridicule upon the enemies and detractors of the T.S. than upon the few theosophists whose enthusiasm may have carried them into extremes.—[ED.]

AT LAST.

MY dear lost Master, I have sought thee long
 Thro' brake and briar of life's dark way-faring,
 Where 'mid the dying stars snow-mountains spring
 Aglow to clasp the dawn . . . where the serried throng
 Of dark-browed pines grow glad in one clear song
 Of wind and bird . . . where lingering rivers sing
 Amid their lilies and green reeds whispering;
 And where thro' strife heroic hearts grow strong:

Yet never found thee till this last dark hour
 When reft of all, my wan soul crucified,
 Love's oft-kissed hands have driven the sharp nails home:
 And I raised on the cross, I pale as foam,
 See sudden a glory shining at my side
 And thro' death-anguish life hath burst aflower!

EVELYN PYNE.

FROM THE EAST OF TIME.

By CHARLES HANNAN, F.R.G.S., Author of "A Swallow's Wing," etc.

(Continued from the January Number.)

PART III.

IT seems strange that the world should be moving onwards, that man should sleep and wake, that one should be born and another die, whilst I, the victim of the Unity of Eternity, in my own person seem to give the lie to the ever-moving Time.

Sometimes I have wondered if I shall ever die, sometimes I have questioned uselessly whether if I have lost the power to sleep I have also lost the power to die. And but an hour ago the test was nearly made, for that pistol was placed against my brow. But as my hand clasped it and as my finger moved to touch the trigger my soul recoiled from its own deed and Onora's form came between me and the grave.

What a hideous mood was upon me yesternight? what a terrible desire was that which caused me to call upon the spirit which is a part of mine to aid me in some hellish design that I might fascinate Onora Mayne?

Perhaps I was blinded by an excess of terror which hid from me the truth, that I love her—and love cannot injure, as I would have injured in that moment the beauty of her soul.

Onora, I love you for good or ill! yours must be the holiness which shall banish all that has come from the East of Time—if I gained your love it may be that its purity would fill me, and exclude all else! Alas! I dream of a thing which cannot be! Fool that I am, do I not know wherefore from the East the spirit came? it was to divide with me my youth, to share with me your love.

* * * * *

Within the past four days I have written much. To-night I have destroyed all these pages which contained, as does everything I write now, egotism in every line. If I wrote for the world I should be condemned, and justly. I care not!

But it was not because of egotism that I destroyed page upon page, but rather that I would not have you know the terrible depths to which my soul has sunk, and which lay unveiled upon the page a moment since.

My uncle is very ill—and I am glad that he is so—there is no need to conceal it—it is true. Let me say no more lest this also lead me to write too much.

Onora and I have been much alone, she is alone with me as though she loved me and were drawn towards me, though her maiden-like reserve makes her every act instinct as it were with bashful grace.

I have watched her closely. I cannot be mistaken. I believe that Onora loves. I laugh with a great happiness at my own folly when I

recall my doubts but two days since, my fears that she could not be mine, and now I feel that I possess her love.

I am infatuated with the beauty of the thought. Onora mine, at last! Mine at last Onora! At last!

* * * * *

Have you ever loved? Can you then conceive this thought!—that for all you know the love which *she* gives you may be as nothing, that it may be a fascination, an empty mockery as the thing which I dreamt of some days ago in an evil hour when I called upon the power of the spirit from the East of Time.

My agony is intense. What if that which I look upon as bashfulness be naught but fear, what if that which I look upon as love is fascination? My own evil recoils upon myself. Hideous is the very prompting of my mind!

Onora, do you love me, or have I called upon you that curse which is mine? How is it that you are with me as it were in heart and soul, yet cringe from me and dislike my very touch?

* * * * *

I have been looking at myself in the glass. I cannot understand how aught so unearthly could attract a woman's love. My eyes from want of sleep are deeply sunken, my cheeks hollow, and my lips pale, whilst a bluish tinge seems to have taken from my complexion every tint of youth.

I think I must be mad! Would to God I might be!

What a wish! I repent—not that—not that!

I shudder strangely at every thought that springs within me, for my every wish of fiendish nature seems to rebound upon myself as granted and fulfilled.

Death! If I only knew the great beyond. I fear Death because I cannot see, and yet what can my life be more than the existence of a spirit—of a double spirit—in a human tomb?

Onora Mayne, I call upon you still my thoughts; calm me and be with me that my thoughts may dwell upon the hours I spent with you!

This morning I received bad news. I, the man with the bluish face and the pale lips turned paler then, and Onora fixed her eyes upon me as I spoke:

“My friend, Frank Marston, will arrive in two days,” and a flash of jealousy shot through me as I spoke his name.

It is strange that Onora likes me, hideous creature as I am become. If to myself I seem so, what must I be to her?—to her the beautiful and fair;—and yet it is as though she saw nothing of that which is creeping upon me, for daily she comes nearer to my heart!

Can it be that I am right in that aching thought—fascination, not love or is she actuated by some depth of pity, that she does not see me as I am? She cringes from me, yet hides the very act, and why then, cringing thus, does she always seek my presence?

I am a fool, my fiction writing in the old days has preyed upon my brain.

Onora loves me—that is all.

* * * * *

I have decided after much thought, and I wait for the day that I may speak to Onora of my love. How many nights have I spent thus—dreaming, anon horrible things, and anon the beautiful, and waiting for the dawn, whilst sometimes, as an old custom, I take up my pen to write a line or two, now only of my own career.

What use is a biographer to me, who write, without shame, of my own strange life, and whose mind circles ceaselessly upon itself? Yet it would seem that I am to have a Biographer in the days to come. Curious to think upon!—and will he then glean anything of my real life, and of the true nature of that which has come upon me; and will he describe in that second volume which was lost in the East of Time the nature of the change which has lighted upon me? Will he know anything of my misery, of my sleeplessness, and of my hopeless love? Hopeless? Why hopeless, since I still hope?

To-morrow, Onora, I shall ask your hand.

* * * * *

Another day has gone.

She was very still and very quiet, and she let me take her hand in mine; but it was cold, and did not answer to the pressure that I gave, and I, who was half kneeling, in the old fashion, on a footstool, by her side, looked up, as she did not speak, to see her face. She was marble pale, and it flashed across me: "Has she become even as I am, and as I must be?" Then I think I spoke again, in low tones, lest I should frighten her, and I told her, as I looked upon her still, frozen face, of the great devotion of my youth, and how I was unworthy, yet could not help myself in that I now spoke.

And then I *think*, for I cannot recall clearly all that passed in moments peopled with thoughts which rushed to and fro within me, pressing forwards to light from darkness and back to darkness from light. I think she was still for a few moments and then a trembling took her, and as I, fearing she would fall, placed my arm about her, she sprang from me with a shriek as though from an unholy thing.

And I think I fell upon the ground whilst the devils in my heart tore me asunder, and all darkness descended from above.

Then of a sudden a hand was placed upon my hair and Onora spoke, and what she said I shall not desecrate, only it calmed my soul.

And now I am filled with a great sorrow and am in my better mind! Ah, Onora, it must have been as I have feared, you were drawn towards me dear, as you are still, and I pray you to forgive me, for the power is none of mine. Ah, Onora, you have been more than friend, dear to me in the days gone by, yet I blame not you, but this accursed

thing from the East of Time, whose power encircled your soul to draw it near mine own. And I pray, that as I shall shortly set you free, so you may forgive me for that of which you do not know. I have taken your answer, Onora, in the sadness of my heart, and you take this, dear, in the after days.

“ ONLY A FRIEND.”

“ Only a friend—no more,”
 Why not have said “ Farewell for aye,”
 Ah, better so !
 How can we, howso'er we try,
 The past ignore ?

“ Only a friend—no more,”
 Do not the very words that bind
 For time to come,
 Sever the trust we ought to find
 In friendship's store ?

“ Only a friend—no more,”
 Must we then keep the strict confine
 We seal to-day ?
 When eye meets eye this be in thine
 “ A friend—no more !”

“ Only a friend—no more,”
 Nearer thy heart in rustling sound
 Moved by the breeze
 Yon withered leaves that circle round
 Thy feet, Onore !

“ Only a friend—no more,”
 Before me waking—present should I sleep,
 For evermore
 This—there can be no gulf more deep—
 A friend—no more !

Dear, can my better self speak to you before I go ?

Onora, I am a young man, and my path has not been easy. Do you think that I have lived these years in poverty and in my uncle's home without the longing that manhood brings—to be free ? Do you think that I, who but a few hours ago asked you to be my wife, could have lived upon his bounty, or upon the fortune which may be yours ? Rather I should have asked you to share an author's home, where poverty may be, but where shame is an absent thing !

“ A friend—no more.” Onora, it is well—well when I remember that which I had forgotten for a little time—that there is another's soul within me even now ! Onora, you will know why I have done this thing—you, Onora, will know—that it has been done for you. For this has been my fear, that you, too, might be entrapped by that power

which has come from the East of Time! that you, too, may taste of my misery—if I but live!

This you shall never do!

* * * * *

I have been praying that it may be God's will that I may die. For her sake I would do this thing, yet for my own sake also, for hell cannot be blacker than the life I have known for nine days! And for the present it seems to me that the spirit from the future time has ceased to trouble me as though it were weary of life, and would fain pass beyond into the realms of death. And yet, if my time has come, and if it be that I may die as I so plan, who knows if the spirit which is silent now will die also, or if it will not be merely as if released, to pass back to its own century in the distant East of Time?

If my time has come! I fear lest it be not come, and I tremble lest the second volume, which tells of my life in the after days, may be the chronicle of many weary years to come. And the things which are written there must be, for they *have been* in future time.

* * * * *

My soul seems to have become a hell. It is as though I knew of other promptings, and these the truth, which bear me onwards to commit this deed. It is as though something whispered to me, "You wish to die for self's sake, and for that alone. You face a miserable life, and you cannot bear it, that is all. And more than this you fear your friend's arrival on the morrow, and that arrival you would avoid at any cost, and the jealousy which will lead you on to crime you are not man enough to face, and still you say, 'I do this for her sake.'"

Great God! it is all true!

* * * * *

Dawn is approaching. Has no one guessed that I have not slept for nine days? Onora alone has seen me since my uncle fell ill; she alone and the servants have looked upon my face!

There will be talk in the servants' hall ere another day has passed.

My resolve is made. I have argued logically with myself, as I used often to argue in my boyish days, each impulse of right and wrong, and I have fixed upon this thing. I mean to die.

For it seems to me that what is written in the future time must be and if I go against my destiny, a Higher Power will turn Death aside, and I, who long to taste of death, shall live, if my time be not at hand. And now I shall place this pistol against my heart, for I would, Onora, that your lips might light in kiss upon my brow when I am gone, and I cannot mutilate my face. The heart is here, is it not? Yes, I am sure of it—it is certain death—nothing stops me. I seem to know that it is HIS WILL that my end may be, and all is at rest within me, yet I know that the spirit from the East of Time is not dead, but has tasted of misery from that youth it came to share and to destroy, and that it is

only calm in the desire which is my desire and his desire—that life may end.

Onora, farewell! it is better, dearest, that it should be so, for my life is not a thing which could bring happiness to those I love, and you, Onora, must forget the man whose life was changed (not as you dream of, dear) because we met.

* * * * *

I have stood shuddering before my glass, trembling like an aspen, with my revolver placed against my breast, and like a coward I have shrunk back from death, and from that which I shall yet complete. I feel as though there were something I had not yet done. What is it?—what is it?

Your rose. I know it now—your rose, Onora. Do you remember the day you arrived at Varnley Hall? Do you remember it fell from your hair, and I picked it up and returned it to your hand, and you smiling laid it on the mantel as though still loth to cast the flower away, and then you said, “Some whim made me put the faded thing in my hair. I wore it at a ball last night, and it is withered, as you see!” and when you left the room I took it, for it was dear to me because it had added to your loveliness.

Poor withered rose, thou, too,
Hast won a moment's glory * * *
Whilst the foul airs of gaslight, and the hum
Of countless dancers seemed to stupefy,
And kill with new-awakened wonderment
Thy sylvan sense!

Does it please you, Onora, that the last lines of my poor poesy are a fragment upon your rose?

* * * * *

In five minutes' time I shall be a dead man! The hand of the clock moves leadenly—twenty-six minutes! four more and I lift my Colt without hesitation and fire into my breast. How the seconds drag themselves out! What has happened, that the clock seems to stand still—has it stopped? No, it is ticking still. See how the hands hurry me onwards to my doom. Two minutes—why am I all cold? The clock ticks too loudly. Why do I write like one frenzied? Ah! I die like a soldier, with my weapon in hand—my pen—the only weapon I have ever used!

One minute—God in Heaven! if it be thy will that I may not die, let the hand stop now, for the end is near. The seconds gather and heap upon themselves—Onora—Onora—farewell!

Now—!!!

(To be concluded in our next Number.)

THE ANCIENT EMPIRE OF CHINA.

ABOUT two thousand years before our Christian era, the Chinese tribe first appeared in the country, where it has since increased so greatly. It then occupied a small extent of territory, on the north and east of the Ho, the more southern portion of the present province of Shan-se. As its course continued to be directed to the east and south (though after it crossed the Ho, it proceeded to extend itself westwards as well), we may conclude that it had come into China from the north-west. Believing that we have in the 10th chapter of the Book of Genesis some hints, not to be called in question,* of the way in which the whole world was overspread by the families of the sons of Noah, I suppose that the family, or collection of families—the tribe—which has since grown into the most numerous of the nations, began to move eastwards, from the regions between the Black and Caspian seas, not long after the confusion of tongues. Going on, between the Altaic range of mountains on the north, and the Tauric range, with its continuations, on the south, but keeping to the sunny and more attractive south as much as it could, the tribe found itself, at the time I have mentioned, between 40° and 45° N. L., moving parallel with the Yellow River in the most northern portion of its course. It determined to follow the stream, turned south with it, and moved along its eastern bank, making settlements where the country promised most advantages, till it was stopped by the river ceasing its southward flow, and turning again towards the east. Thus the present Shan-se was the cradle of the Chinese empire. The tribe dwelt there for a brief space, consolidating its strength under the rule of chieftains, who held their position by their personal qualities more than by any privileges of hereditary descent; and then gradually forced its way east, west and south, conflicting with the physical difficulties of the country, and prevailing over the opposition of ruder and less numerous neighbours.

The arrival of the Chinese tribe had been anticipated by others.† These

* Our contributors are entitled to their opinions and allowed a great latitude in the expression of their respective religious or even sectarian views. Yet a line of demarcation must be drawn; and if we are told that the evolution of Races and their ethnological distribution as in the Bible are "not to be called in question," then, after Noah, we may be next asked to accept Bible chronology, and the rib, and the apple *verbally*, to boot? This—we must decline. It is really a pity to spoil able articles by appealing to Biblical allegory for corroboration.—[ED.]

† And all this in less than 2,000 years B.C. (1998) if we accept Bible chronology? The Chinese race has been ethnologically and historically known to exhibit the same type as it does now, several thousand years B.C. A Chinese emperor put to death two astronomers for failing to predict an eclipse, over 2,000 years B.C. What kind of an antediluvian animal was Noah, for that "Adamite" to beget all by himself three sons of the most widely separated types—namely an Aryan or Caucasian, a Mongolian, and an African Negro?—[ED.]

may have left the original seat of our infant race in the West earlier than it ; or they may have left it at the same time. If they did so, the wave of emigration had broken in its progress. Some portions had separated from the main body, and found their way into the present province of Shan-se ; and others, pursuing the same direction with it, but moving with more celerity, had then been pushed forward, by its advance, towards the sea, and subsequently along the sea-board, trying to make good a position for themselves among the mountains and along the streams of the country. We are not to suppose that the land was peopled by these tribes. They were not then living under any settled government, nor were they afterwards able to form a union of their forces, which could cope with the growing power of the larger people. They were scattered here and there over the region north of the Ho, gradually extending southward towards the Këang. Hostilities were constantly breaking out between them and the Chinese, over whom they might gain, once and again, temporary advantages. They increased in their degree, as well as those, and were far from being entirely subdued at the end of the Chow dynasty. Remnants of them still exist in a state of semi-independence in the south-western parts of the empire. Amid the struggles for the supreme power which arose when one dynasty gave place to another, and the constant contentions which prevailed among the States into which the empire was divided, the princes readily formed alliances with the chiefs of these wilder tribes. They were of great assistance to King Woo in his conflict with the last sovereign of the dynasty of Shang. In the speech which he delivered to his forces before the decisive battle in the wild of Muh, he addressed the "men of Yung, Shuh, Këang, Maou, Wei, Loo, P'ang, and Poh," in addition to his own captains, and the rulers of friendly States. We are told that the wild tribes of the south and north, as well as the people of the great and flowery region, followed and were consenting with him.

King Woo established the rule of the Chow dynasty in the beginning of the 12th century B.C.

From the documents purporting to belong to the periods of Chinese history which are preserved in the Shoo, it will be seen that the year B.C 775 is the earliest date which can be said to be determined with certainty. The exact year in which the Chow dynasty commenced is not known ; and as we ascend the stream of time, the two schemes current among the Chinese themselves diverge more widely from each other, while to neither of them can we accord our credence.

The accession of Yu, the first *sovereign* of the nation, was probably at some time in the nineteenth century before Christ ;* and previous to him

* The first *Emperor*, the grandson of Chow Siang, the founder of the Tsin dynasty, which gave its name to China, flourished in the VI. cent. B.C. but the series of Sovereigns in China is lost in the night of time. But even nineteen centuries carry the Chinese race beyond the Flood, and leave that race still historical.—[ED.]

there were the chiefs Shun and Yaou. To attempt to carry the early Chinese history to a higher antiquity than twenty centuries before Christ is without any historical justification.*

There may have been such men as Chinese writers talk of under the appellations of Chuen-heuh, Hwang-te, Shin-nung, Fuh-he, etc.; but they cannot have been rulers of China. They are children of the mist of tradition, if we should not rather place them in the land of phantasy.†

The Chinese empire consisted in the time of Yu of nine provinces. On the north and west its boundaries were much the same as those of China Proper at the present day. On the east it extended to the sea, and even, according to many, across it, so as to embrace the territory of Corea. Its limits on the south are not very well defined in the "Books of Yu." It certainly did not reach beyond the range of mountains which run along the north of Kwang-tung province, stretching into Kwang-se on the west and Fuh-Këen on the east.

Edward Biot calls attention to the designation of the early Chinese tribe or colony as "the black-haired people," saying that they were doubtless so named in opposition to the different or mixed colour of the hair of the indigenous race. But I cannot admit any indigenous race—any race that did not come from the same original centre of our world's population as the Chinese themselves. The wild tribes of which we read in the Shoo and Chinese history, were, no doubt, black-haired, as all the remnants of them are at the present day. If we must seek an explanation for the name of "black-haired people," as given to the early Chinese, I should say that its origin was anterior to their entrance into China, and that it was employed to distinguish them from other descendants of Noah,‡ from whom they separated, and who, while they journeyed to the east, moved in an opposite and westward direction.

It was to their greater civilization and the various elements of strength flowing from it, that the Chinese owed their superiority over other early settlers in the country. They were able, in virtue of this, to subdue the land and replenish it, while the ruder tribes were gradually pushed into

* The Chinese chronological annals have preserved to this day the names of numerous dynasties running back to a period 3,000 and 4,000 years B.C. Why should we, whose history beyond the year I of our era (even that year is now found untrustworthy!) is all guess-work, presume to correct the chronology of other nations far older than our own? With doubts thrown even upon Wilhelm Tell, as an historical personage, and King Arthur in an historical London fog, what right—except egregious conceit—have we, Europeans, to say we know Chinese or any pre-Christian chronology better than the nations who have kept and preserved their own records?—[ED.]

† Surely not any more so than the Patriarchs and *their* periods?—[ED.]

‡ We believe there could not be found now one single anthropologist or ethnologist of any note (not even among those clergymen who care for their scientific reputation) who would take any concern in, or consider for one moment Noah as the root-stock of mankind. To use this personage as a buffer against the views of any man of science is, to say the least out of date. Mr. Gladstone alone could afford it.—[ED.]

corners, and finally were nearly all absorbed and lost in the prevailing race. The black-haired people brought with them habits of settled labour. Their wealth did not consist, like that of nomads, in their herds and flocks. Shun's governors of provinces in the Shoo are called Pastors or Herdsmen, and Mencius speaks of princes generally as "Pastors of men"; but pastoral allusions are very few in the literature of China. The people could never have been a tribe of shepherds. They displayed, immediately on their settlement, an acquaintance with the arts of agriculture and weaving. The cultivation of grain to obtain the staff of life, and of flax to supply clothing, at once received their attention. They knew also the value of the silkworm and planted the mulberry tree. The exchange of commodities—the practice of commerce on a small scale—was, moreover, early developed among them. It was long, indeed, before they had anything worthy of the name of a city; but fairs were established at convenient places, to which the people resorted from the farms and hamlets about, to barter their various wares.

In addition to the above endowments, the early Chinese possessed the elements of intellectual culture. They had some (?) acquaintance with astronomy, knew approximately the length of the year, and recognized the necessity of the practice of intercalation, to prevent the seasons, on a regard to which their processes of agriculture depended, from getting into disorder. They possessed also the elements of their present written characters. The stories current, and which are endorsed by statements in the later semi-classical books, about the invention of the characters by Ts'ang-Këü, in the time of Hwang-te, are of no value; and it was not until the Chow dynasty, and the reign particularly of King Seuen (B.C. 825—779), that anything like a dictionary of them was attempted to be compiled; but the original immigrants, I believe, brought with them the art of ideographic writing or engraving. It was rude and imperfect, but it was sufficient for the recording of simple observations of the stars in their courses, and the surface of the earth, and for the orders to be issued by the government of the time.* As early as the beginning of the Shang dynasty, we find E Yin presenting a written memorial to his sovereign.†

The habits of the other settlers were probably more warlike than those of the Chinese; but their fury would exhaust itself in predatory raids. They were incapable of any united or persistent course of action. We cannot wonder that they were in the long run supplanted and absorbed

* Bunsen calculates that 20,000 years, at least, were necessary for the development and formation of the Chinese language. Other philologists may disagree, but which of them traces the "celestials" from Noah?—[Ed.]

† How can this be, when we find in Knight's *Cyclopædia of Biography* that the work *Skan Hai King* is spoken of by the commentator Kwoh P'oh (A.D. 276—324) as having been compiled 3,000 years before his time, "seven dynasties back"? It was arranged by Kung Chia or Chung-Ku "from engravings on nine urns made by the Emperor Yu B.C. 2255."

by a race with the characteristics and advantages which I have pointed out.

The Bamboo Annals give but the skeleton of the history of ancient China ; the Shoo gives the flesh and drapery of the body at particular times. The one tells of events simply, in the fewest possible words ; the other describes the scenes and all the attendant circumstances of those events.

The Chinese meaning of the term *Shoo* is "the pencil speaking," and hence it is often used as a general designation for the written characters of the language. From this use of the term the transition was easy to the employment of it in the sense of writings or books, applicable to any consecutive compositions ; and before the time of Confucius we find it further specially applied to designate the historical remains of antiquity, in distinction from the poems, the accounts of rites and other monuments of former times. Not that those other documents might not also be called by the general name of *Shoo*. The peculiar significance of the term, however, was well established, and is retained to the present day. The Shoo, in the lips of Confucius, denoted documents concerning the history of his country from the most ancient times to his own ; as spoken of since the Han dynasty, it has denoted a compilation of such documents, believed to have been made by the sage. The Shoo, or "Book of History," is simply a collection of historical memorials, extending over a space of 1,700 years.

"The Bamboo Books" is a comprehensive designation. It is not, indeed, so wide as De Mailla represents, when he says :—"It is the general name given to all ancient books written on tablets of bamboo, before the manner of making paper was discovered."

Such books might be spoken and written of as "Bamboo Books." *The Bamboo Books* is the name appropriate to a large collection of ancient documents, discovered in A.D. 279, embracing nearly twenty different works, which contained altogether between seventy and eighty chapters or books. The chiefs and rulers of the ancient Chinese were not without some considerable knowledge of God ; but they were accustomed, on their first appearance in the country, if the earliest portions of the Shoo can be relied on at all, to worship other spiritual beings as well. There was no sacerdotal or priestly class among them ; there were no revelations from Heaven to be studied and expounded. The chieftain was the priest for the tribe ; the emperor, for the empire ; the prince of a state, for his people ; the father, for his family.

Shun had no sooner been designated by Yaou to the active duties of the government as co-emperor with him, than "he offered a special sacrifice, but with the ordinary forms, to God ; sacrificed purely to the six Honoured ones ; offered their appropriate sacrifices to the rivers and hills, and extended his worship to the host of spirits."

Subsequently, in the progresses which he is reported to have made to

the different mountains where he met the princes of the several quarters of the empire, he always commenced his proceedings with them by "presenting a burnt-offering to Heaven, and sacrificing in order to the hills and rivers." I do not refer to these passages as veritable records of what Shun actually did ; but they are valuable as being the ideas of the compilers of the Shoo of what he should have done in his supposed circumstances.

The name by which God was designated was *the Ruler and the Supreme Ruler*, denoting emphatically his personality, supremacy and unity. We find it constantly interchanged with the term *Heaven*, by which the ideas of supremacy and unity are equally conveyed, while that of personality is only indicated vaguely, and by an association of the mind.* By God, kings were supposed to reign, and princes were required to decree Justice. All were under law to Him, and bound to obey His will. Even on the inferior people He has conferred a moral sense, compliance with which would show their nature invariably right. All powers that be are from Him. He raises one to the throne and puts down another. Obedience is sure to receive His blessing ; disobedience to be visited with His curse. The business of kings is to rule in righteousness and benevolence, so that the people may be happy and good. They are to be an example to all in authority, and to the multitudes under them. Their highest achievement is to cause the people tranquilly to pursue the course which their moral nature would indicate and approve. When they are doing wrong God admonishes them by judgments—storms, famine and other calamities ; if they persist in evil, sentence goes forth against them. The dominion is taken from them, and given to others more worthy of it.

The Duke of Chow, in his address on "The Establishment of Government," gives a striking summary of the history of the empire down to his own time. Yu the Great, the founder of the Hea dynasty, "sought for able men to honour God." But the way of Këë, the last of his line, was different. He employed cruel men—and he had no successors. The empire was given to T'ang the Successful, who "greatly administered the bright ordinances of God." By and by, T'ang's throne came to Show, who was all violence, so that "God sovereignly punished him." The empire was transferred to the House of Chow, whose chiefs showed their fitness for the charge by "finding out men who would reverently serve God, and appointing them as presidents and chiefs of the people."

It was the duty of all men to reverence and honour God, by obeying His law written in their hearts, and seeking His blessing in all their ways ; but there was a solemn and national worship of Him, as ruling in

* No Chinaman has ever believed in one *personal* God, but in Heaven in an abstract sense, whose many "Rulers" were synthesized by that "Heaven." Every philosophy and sect proves it ; from Laotze and Confucius down to the latest sects and Buddhism. A "He" God is unknown in China. —[ED.]

nature and providence, which could only be performed by the emperor, It consisted of sacrifices, or offerings rather, and prayers. No image was formed of Him, as indeed the Chinese have never thought of fashioning a likeness of the Supreme.*

Who the "six Honoured ones," whom Shun sacrificed to next to God were, is not known † In going on to worship the hills and rivers, and the host of spirits, he must have supposed that there were certain tutelary beings, who presided over the more conspicuous objects of nature, and its various processes. They were under God, and could do nothing, excepting as they were permitted and empowered by Him ; but the worship of them was inconsistent with the truth that God demands to be recognized as "He who worketh all in all," and will allow no religious homage to be given to any but Himself. It must have always been the parent of many superstitions ; and it paved the way for the pantheism which enters largely into the belief of the Chinese at the present day, and of which we find one of the earliest steps in the practice, which commenced with the Chow dynasty, of not only using the term *Heaven* as a synonym for God, but the combination *Heaven and Earth*.

ANDREW T. SIBBOLD.

* Just so ; because the mind of the Chinaman is too philosophical to create for itself an ABSOLUTE Supreme as a personality in his (the Chinaman's) likeness.

† "The six honoured ones," are those of every nation which had a cult based on astronomy. The "God" was the Sun. Ahura Mazda and his six Amshaspendas of the Mazdeans are the later development of the 12 Zodiacal signs divided into six double houses the Sun being the seventh and always made the representative (or synthesis) of the six. As Proclus has it : "The Framer made the heavens six in number, and for the seventh he cast into the midst the fire of the Sun" (*Timæus*), and this idea is preeminent in the Christian (especially the Roman Catholic) idea, *i.e.*, the Sun-Christ, who is also Michael, and his six and *seven* Eyes, or Spirit of the Planets. The "six—seven" are a movable and interchangeable number and are ever made to correlate in religious symbolism. As correctly shown by Mr. G. Massey there are seven circles to Meru and six parallel ridges across it, there are seven manifestations of light and only six days of creation, etc. The mystery of the "double heaven" is one of the oldest and most Kabalistic and the six chambers, divisions, etc., in most of the temples of antiquity with the officiating priest, representing the Sun, the seventh, left abundant witnesses behind them.—[ED.]

(To be concluded in our next.)

He is a man who does not turn away from what he has said.

The heart of the fool is in his tongue, the tongue of the wise is in his heart.

You cannot make a fat broth from a lean fowl.

Two captains sink the ship.

—*Turkish Proverbs.*

The Elixir of the Devil.

(Translated from the German of E. T. A. Hoffmann by William Ashton Ellis.)

(Continued from the January Number.)

CHAPTER IV.

AMONG the professors of the Seminary there was a most eloquent preacher. Each time he preached the church was crowded. The fire-stream of his speech bore his hearers irresistibly with it, kindling within them the fervour of devotion. I, too, was caught by the flame of his noble inspiration; but, while I admired his exceptional gift, it seemed to me as though some inner force impelled me to attempt to follow in his footsteps. When I had listened to him I preached to myself in my solitary cell, completely yielding myself to the inspiration of the moment, until I was able to fix my ideas and commit my words to writing.

The Brother who was wont to preach in the monastery was growing gradually more feeble; his discourses crept, like a half-filled brook, toilsomely along their toneless banks, and his exceptionally slow delivery, an evidence of lack of both idea and word, made his discourse, that showed no connecting thought, so intolerably tedious, that, before the Amen, the greater portion of the congregation was sound asleep, as from the meaningless monotony of the murmur of a mill, and could only be re-awakened by the organ's blast. The Prior Leonardus, it is true, was a first-rate orator, but he was chary of preaching, for it taxed the strength of his advancing age, and beside him there was no one who could replace this incompetent Brother.

Leonardus spoke to me of this misfortune, which deprived the church of the attendance of many devout persons. I took heart, and told him how I had felt an inner call to preaching even in the Seminary, and had composed and written down many a spiritual discourse. He desired to see them, and was so delighted that he pressed me to make my first trial as a preacher on the very next Saint's-day, assuring me that there was but little chance of my failure, since nature had endowed me with all the essentials of a good pulpit-orator, an attractive form, an expressive countenance, and a strong, melodious voice. In respect of the external details, such as appropriate gesticulation, he undertook himself to instruct me.

The day came; the church was fuller than usual, and it was not without an inner qualm that I mounted the pulpit. At first I adhered to the text of my manuscript, and, as Leonardus told me later, I spoke in hesitating tones, which were, however, well suited to the devout and sorrowful meditation with which the discourse opened, and were regarded by the majority of my hearers as a most effective display of oratorical art.

Soon, however, it was as though the glowing spark of heaven-sent inspiration lit up my inmost soul; I discarded the manuscript, and gave myself up completely to the impulse of the moment. I felt the blood rushing in hot currents

through my pulses—I heard my voice thundering along the arches: I saw my uplifted head, my outstretched arm, as though surrounded with the aureole of inspiration. With one sentence, in which I gathered together, as in a flaming focus, all the holy and noble thoughts I had given vent to, I closed a discourse whose effect was unheard-of and unparalleled.

Impetuous sobs, cries of devout delight escaping involuntarily from the lips, and loud-breathed prayer re-echoed when my words were done. The Brothers paid me toll of highest admiration, while the Prior embraced me, and greeted me as the pride of the monastery.

My fame soon spread abroad, and the *élite* of the city's society crowded into the church, even an hour before the tolling of the bell, in order to hear Brother Medardus. Urged on by this admiration, my eagerness, and my care to give my speech due roundness and symmetry, together with the fire of strength, ever increased. On each occasion I succeeded more and more in chaining the attention of my audience, and the honour which on all hands was showered on me mounted higher and higher, until it almost reached the adoration of a Saint. A religious frenzy had seized the city; at every opportunity, even that of the ordinary week-day services, the people flocked to the cloister to see Brother Medardus and speak with him.

Then there arose in me the thought that I was one chosen of Heaven. My mysterious birth in a holy spot, for the atonement of the sin of my father, the wondrous occurrences of my early childhood, all, all seemed to point to one conclusion: that my spirit, in immediate communion with the heavenly, was already soaring above the earthly, and that I belonged, not to the world, not to mankind, for whose comfort and salvation I sojourned here on earth. I was sure now that the old pilgrim of the Holy Linden was Saint Joseph, and the marvellous child was the infant Jesus himself, who greeted in me the Saint who was called to journey on the earth.

But as this thought grew clearer in my brain, my surroundings waxed ever more burdensome and oppressive. The peace and cheerfulness of spirit that erewhile was mine, had vanished from my soul; even the good-humoured utterances of the Brothers and the friendliness of the Prior awoke in me contemptuous enmity. They ought to see in me the SAINT, lifted high above themselves, and grovelling in the dust beseech my intercession at the throne of God. Thus did I hold them all as sunk beyond recall in miserable blindness.

Even in my sermons I introduced covert allusions to the advent of a wonderful year which was now breaking like the rosy radiance of dawn, and in which one of God's chosen messengers was wandering upon earth with healing in his hands. I clothed my fancied mission in mystic pictures which worked the more mysterious charm upon my hearers the less they understood them.

Leonardus grew visibly cooler towards me, and avoided speaking to me without the presence of a witness. At last, however, when by chance we were left alone in an avenue of the cloister-garden, he broke forth:

"I can no longer conceal from thee, dear Brother Medardus, that for some time past thou hast sorely displeased me by thy bearing. Some change has come upon thy soul that has turned thee from the devout simplicity of thy life. In thy speech there reigns a veiled hostility, behind which there seems to lie some hidden meaning which once pronounced,

must estrange me for ever from thee. Let me be candid ! Thou bearest at this moment the burden of our sinful origin, which opens to every mighty effort of our spiritual force the gates of destruction, which, once passed in heedless flight, we go, alas ! too easily astray. Thou art blinded by the applause, yea, the idolatrous adoration which the light-minded world, ever greedy for excitement, has bestowed on thee, and thou seest thyself under a mask which is not thine own, but an illusory phantom which is luring thee on to the pit of destruction. Search in thy heart, Medardus ! Forego the delusion which is befooling thee ; I think I recognise its form. Already the peace of mind, without which there is no healing here below, has flown from thee. Be warned, and shun the enemy that is lying in ambush for thy soul ; become once more the kind, affectionate youth whom once I loved with all my heart ! ”

Tears flowed from the eyes of the Prior, as he spake these words ; loosing my hand, which he had taken, he hastened from me, not waiting for my answer.

But his words had only roused me to hostility. He had spoken of the applause and admiration which I had gained by my extraordinary talent, and in my eyes it was only petty jealousy that had bred the displeasure which he had so openly evinced. Silent and absorbed within myself, I felt an inner grudge whenever my duties brought me among the monks, and filled with the new nature that was growing up within me, I pondered all day long and many a sleepless night how best I could concentrate in eloquent speech the ideas that were springing in my brain, to proclaim them to the people. For the more I estranged myself from Leonardus and the Brothers the stronger grew the bands with which I drew to me the populace.

On St. Anthony's day the church was filled to overflowing, so that the doors had to be thrown wide open, to allow the streaming crowd of people outside to hear me. Never had I spoken with greater force and fire. As was the custom, I related many incidents from the life of the Saint, and knit them together with pious comments, piercing to the very depths of life. I spoke of the temptations of the Devil, whom the Fall had given the power to lead mankind astray, and involuntarily the current of my discourse led me to the legend of the Elixir which I desired to reveal under the cloak of an allegory full of meaning. My gaze, ranging round the church, then fell upon a tall and haggard man, who had mounted upon a bench and leant against a pillar obliquely opposite to me. He was clad in a dark violet mantle draped around him in strange fashion, in which he had entwined his folded arms. His face was pale as death, but the glance of his great dark eyes pierced my breast like a red-hot dagger. I was filled with a mysterious sense of horror, and turned my eyes in haste away.

Gathering all my strength, I proceeded with my oration. But, as though impelled by a strange, magic power I could not but gaze again and again, and still the man stood there, stiff and motionless, his ghost-like glance directed towards me. Bitter scorn and contemptuous hatred were painted on the lofty, furrowed brow and the down-drawn lips. The whole figure had something about it that was terrifying ! Yes ! It was the unknown painter from the Holy Linden ! I felt myself seized by gruesome ice-cold fingers—great beads of agonized sweat stood upon my forehead—my periods began to halt—my speech became more and more confused. A whispering murmur passed adown the church ;

but stiff and motionless the fearful stranger leant against the pillar, his glaring glance directed towards me.

Then I cried out in the hell-anguish of mad despair: "Ha! accursed one, get thee gone! Get thee gone! For I myself—I am St. Anthony!"

When I awoke from the state of unconsciousness into which I had fallen with these words, I found myself upon my own couch, with Brother Cyrillus sitting by my side, tending and nursing me. The awful portrait of the unknown one was still painted in vivid colours before my eyes; and the more Brother Cyrillus, to whom I narrated the whole story, endeavoured to convince me that this was only a phantom of my imagination overheated by the fire of my discourse, the deeper shame and remorse did I feel for my behaviour in the pulpit.

The congregation believed, as I learnt later, that I had fallen victim to a sudden attack of madness; a belief which had its chief ground in my last wild exclamation. As for myself, my spirit was completely cast to the dust and torn asunder. Locked within my cell, I inflicted upon myself the severest penance and endeavoured by fervent prayer to fortify myself for warfare with the Tempter, who, borrowing in impious scorn the figure of the pious painter of the Holy Linden, had appeared to me even within the sacred precincts of the church. Yet no one seemed to have seen this man of the Violet Mantle, and Prior Leonardus, with his accustomed kindness, took every opportunity to spread abroad the report that it had been a sudden access of fever that had seized me in the pulpit in such a terrible fashion and had prompted my mad utterance. In truth, I was still sick and feeble when, after many weeks, I once more returned to my customary cloister life. However, I undertook again the duties of the pulpit, but, racked with inward anguish and pursued by the terrible vision of that pallid figure, I could scarcely speak coherently, far less give myself up to my old fire of eloquence. My sermons were common-place, stiff—a patchwork of disconnected fragments. The audience, deploring the loss of my oratorical talent, dwindled gradually away, and at last the aged Brother who had been my predecessor and who now plainly preached better than myself, displaced me from my post.

CHAPTER V.

SOME time after these events, it happened that a young Count, accompanied on his journey by his Major-domo, visited the monastery and desired to see its many curiosities. In accordance with their request, I opened the relic chamber, and as we entered it the Prior, who had shown us round the church and choir, was called away, so that I was left alone with the visitors. I had displayed and expatiated on each relic, when the gaze of the Count fell upon the ornamental filigree-work of the old German chest which enclosed the casket containing the flask that held the Devil's Elixir. Although I long refused to say what was concealed within the chest, the Count and his companion pressed me so sorely that at last I related the legend of Saint Anthony and the treacherous Fiend, and repeated word for word Brother Cyrillus's story of the flask that was now preserved as a relic, adding the warning that he had given me against the danger of opening the casket and removing the flask.

Notwithstanding that the Count was a member of our religion, neither he

nor his Major-domo seemed to place much belief in the reliability of the legend of the Saint. They amused themselves by all kinds of jesting allusions to the comical Devil who carried such perilous bottles in his ragged cloak. At last the Major-domo assumed a solemn mien, and said :

“Have you not some grudge against us frivolous men of the world, my reverend master? Rest assured that both the Count and myself revere the Saints as noble men inspired by the lofty spirit of religion, who, for the salvation of their own souls and those of all mankind, sacrificed all joys of life and even life itself; but, as for the story which you have just narrated, I believe that it is only an allegory conceived by the Saint, and misinterpreted as though it had really occurred in life.”

During these words the Major-domo had quickly lifted the hasp of the casket and taken out the dark and strangely shaped flask. In very truth, as Brother Cyrillus had warned me, a powerful odour spread itself abroad; but, far from being stupifying, its effect was most alluring.

“Ha,” cried the Count, “I wager that the Elixir of the Devil is nothing else but genuine, excellent Syracusan wine!”

“To be sure,” answered the Major-domo, “and if the flask is really a relic of St. Anthony, your luck, my noble master, is better than that of the King of Naples, whom the clumsiness of the Romans in preserving the juice of the grape by means of a slight covering of supernatant oil instead of by a cork, cheated of the satisfaction of tasting ancient Latin wine. Though this wine may not be so old as that of Naples, it is by far the oldest in existence, and you would do well to turn this relic to your own use, and to make so bold as to taste it.”

“Certainly,” replied the Count, “this old Syracusan would send a stream of renewed force along your veins and scare away the sickness from which, my reverend father, you seem to suffer.”

The Major-domo drew a steel corkscrew from his satchel and, regardless of my protestations, proceeded to open the flask. As the cork was withdrawn, it seemed to me as though a pale blue flame sprang forth and instantly flickered down. Stronger issued the sweet vapour from the bottle and spread in great waves through the room.

The Major-domo was the first to taste the wine, and cried in delight, “Magnificent, splendid Syracusan! In truth the cellar of St. Anthony was not so poorly furnished, and if the Devil was his cellarer he certainly did not treat the Saint so badly as men think. Taste, Count!”

The Count obeyed, and confirmed the decision of his attendant. Both then amused themselves with jests about the relic, which they said was manifestly the finest in the whole collection. They only wished that they had a cellar full of such relics; and so on. I listened to all they said in silence, with down-sunk head, my eyes fixed vacantly upon the ground. The flippancy of these strangers had something about it that tortured me, with its contrast to my own gloomy mood. In vain they pressed me to take my share of St. Anthony's wine; I refused their every entreaty, and shut the flask, well-corked, once more within its receptacle.

The strangers left the monastery; but I, sitting in the solitude of my cell, could not conceal from myself a certain inward sense of well-being and elation

of spirit. It was clear that the exhilarating odour of the wine had imbued me with fresh strength. I could detect no trace of the evil effect of which Cyrillus had spoken ; on the contrary, the beneficial influence of the Elixir showed itself in a remarkable manner. The longer I reflected on the legend of Saint Anthony, the more vividly the words of the Major-domo reverberated within my brain, the more convinced was I that the explanation of the latter was correct, and now, for the first time, there passed through my mind with lightning flash the thought that, on that unlucky day when an evil vision had broken in upon my discourse with such disastrous effect, I myself was on the point of explaining the legend in the self-same way, as an allegory full of spiritual meaning.

This thought was quickly followed by another, which soon took so complete possession of my mind that all beside was merged in it. "What," I thought, "if the wondrous drink has called forth new spiritual power within thy breast, and may once more kindle the quenched flame so that again it shine forth in new-won vigour? May not in this wise a secret bond of union between thy soul and the nature-forces locked within that wine have proclaimed itself, so that the same fragrance which benumbed the weakly Cyrillus may have only operated beneficently on thee?"

But, though I had already determined to put the advice of the strangers into execution, an inner repugnance, inexplicable to myself, held me ever back. Even on the point of opening the chest it seemed to me that I beheld in the filigree metal work the painter's terrible face, with its half-dead eyes piercing me through and through ; seized with a ghastly horror, I fled from the relic-chamber to a holier place, where I could repent me of my curiosity. Yet I was ceaselessly pursued by the thought that only by tasting this miraculous wine could my spirit regain health and strength.

The bearing of the Prior and the monks, who treated me with well-meaning but humiliating forbearance, as an invalid in spirit, drove me to despair, and when Leonardus absolved me from the customary devotional exercises, so that I might completely regain my powers, I resolved, as I lay upon my couch in the agonies of sleepless horror, to dare even Death itself, and win back my lost force of spirit, or perish in the attempt.

I rose from my bed and crept like a ghost through the church, bearing with me the lamp which I had taken from before the altar of the Virgin. The holy pictures in the church, lit by the flickering lamp flame, appeared to move and to look down in pity on me. Above the dull growl of the storm that beat on the windows of the choir I seemed to hear wailing and warning voices, and among them the distant cry of my mother : "My son, Medardus, what art thou commencing? Cease from the perilous attempt!" But when I reached the relic-chamber, all was hushed and still ; I opened the chest—seized the casket—the flask—and in a moment had drawn a long, deep draught of the wine.

My veins were all aglow, and I was filled with a feeling of indescribable well-being. Once more I drank, and there opened out to me all the delight and possibilities of a new life ! I hurriedly shut the empty casket in the chest, rushed back to my cell with my new-won benefactor, and placed it in my writing-desk. My hand fell on the little key which I had formerly loosed from the bunch in order to ward off all temptation ; yet had I not now, as earlier

when the strangers had visited the church, opened the chest without its aid? I searched among my bunch and found *an unknown key* had added itself to the rest, and with it I must have opened the chest on each occasion! I shuddered against my will, but one weird picture chased another through my brain, as when a man is roughly roused from deepest sleep. I got no rest, no peace, until with the first fresh breath of morning I rushed down into the cloister garden, to bathe myself in the light of the sun as it rose with a flush of fire behind the mountains.

CHAPTER VI.

LEONARDUS and the Brothers remarked my sudden change. Instead of being silent and morose, as of late, I had become cheerful and full of life. When I discoursed before the assembled fraternity I spoke with my own old eloquence.

When we were by chance alone, the Prior gazed on me as though he would fain fathom my inmost soul, and said, with a faint smile of irony: "Has Brother Medardus perchance gained by a vision fresh power and youth?"

I felt my cheeks glow with shame, for the miserable source of my exultation, in a draught of ancient wine, came vividly before my eyes. As I stood with downcast eyes and bowed head, the Prior left me to my own reflections.

My great fear had been that the elevation produced by the wine would not last long, and would leave me to the terrors of still greater prostration than before. But it was not so; rather, with my regained strength, my youthful spirits returned, and with them my restless striving to attain the highest sphere of action that the cloister-life could offer me. I begged to be allowed to preach again on the next feast day, and my prayer was granted.

Shortly before mounting the pulpit I tasted of the enchanted wine. Never did I speak with more fire and conviction. The report of my complete recovery soon spread abroad, and the church was again crowded as of yore. But the ever-increasing praise of the multitude only made Leonardus more solemn and reserved toward me. I began to hate him from the depth of my heart, for I fancied that his only motive was petty jealousy and monkish pride.

St. Bernard's day came round, and I was seized with a fierce desire to let my light shine before the Princess. I therefore prayed the Prior to arrange that I should preach on that day in the Cistercian cloister. My petition seemed to surprise Leonardus, for he explained without disguise that he had himself intended to preach on that occasion, and that all arrangements had been made with that object. However, he consented to my request, as it would be easy for him to excuse himself for reason of some indisposition, and to yield his post to me.

So it came to pass. I saw my mother and also the Princess, the preceding evening. My mind, however, was so full of the discourse with which I intended to scale the very highest summit of oratory, that the interview made a very slight impression upon me. The rumour had spread about that I was to preach instead of Leonardus who was ill, and this had perhaps attracted a still larger section of the educated public.

Without the smallest note, and only arranging in my brain the heads of my

discourse, I reckoned upon the inspiration that the stately ritual, the crowded congregation of the devout, and the lofty architecture of the church would produce in me ; and I reckoned not amiss. Like a stream of fire my words rushed forth, as I wove among my narrations of the Saint the most vivid imagery, the most pious comment. I read in every gaze directed towards me astonishment and admiration. How eager was I to know what the Princess would say, how anxiously I awaited the outburst of her repressed delight ! Nay, it seemed to me that she must, even against her will, receive with reverence the man who, even as a child, had filled her with surprise.

When I desired to speak with her she sent a message that she was seized with sudden sickness and could speak to no one, not even to myself ! This was all the more vexatious to me as I had imagined in my self-conceit that the Abbess, in the moment of deepest emotion, would have felt an imperative desire to hear some further words of grace and healing from me. My mother also seemed to conceal some inward dissatisfaction whose cause I was not over anxious to probe, as a secret prompting of my conscience, whose source I could not plainly discern, accused myself of the blame. My mother gave me a little note from the Princess, which I was only to open when I was alone in the monastery. I had scarcely crossed the threshold of my cell when I tore it open and read, to my astonishment, the following words :

“MY DEAR SON (for so will I still call thee), thou hast sorely distressed me by the discourse which thou delivered in our church. Thy words came not from the spirit of piety turned wholly heavenwards ; thy inspiration was not that which bears the devout soul aloft on seraph's wings and opens out to him in holy rapture the kingdom of God. Alas ! the proud pomp of thy eloquence and thy manifest straining after effect and show have shown me that, instead of endeavouring to teach thy congregation and to kindle within them the spark of religious meditation, thou hast aimed at mere applause and vulgar admiration. Thou hast simulated feelings that thou feltest not ; yea, thou hast even studied certain gestures and aped the artifice of a vain comedian, all for the sake of contemptible praise. The spirit of deceit has entered within thee and will surely destroy thee, if thou returnest not to thyself and castest not aside this sin. For sin it is, and deadly sin, that prompts thy present course, the more so as thou hast dedicated thyself to pious cloister-life and renunciation of all worldly folly. May Saint Bernard, whom thou hast so sorely injured by thy traitorous discourse, forgive thee of his great long-suffering, and illuminate thee, that so thou mayest once more find the right path from which the Evil One has tempted thee to stray. May Saint Bernard pray for the salvation of thy soul ! Farewell.”

The words of the Abbess pierced me like a hundred daggers, and I fumed with passion, for nothing was more sure to me than that Leonardus, whose many strictures on my sermons I now recalled, had abused the bigotry of the Princess and set her mind against me and my eloquence. I could scarcely now look on him without my bosom heaving with inward wrath ; nay, many a time and oft there surged up in my brain plans for his destruction at which I shuddered. The reproaches of the Abbess and the Prior were all the more intolerable as I felt their truth within the deepest depths of my heart. Yet, hardening

myself to my task and strengthening myself by draughts from the mysterious flask, I went on to adorn my sermons with all the arts of rhetoric and to study novel expressions of face and new gesticulations, and thus I won my mead of ever waxing praise and adulation.

(To be continued.)



IF YOU SHOOT AT A CROW, DO NOT KILL A COW.

MIGHTY is the voice of Journalism in London, but heavy the artillery of its *sal atticus*, at times. Who is like thee, O, *Echo*, among the newspapers in that direction? Who, we ask, can surpass thee in the freshness of thy grin, and the variety of thy information? "None," the *Echo* thinks, but we do otherwise. *Vade retro!* . . . you are not even a *voice*, but merely the distorted reverberation of many confused voices—*vox et præterea nihil*. The fair Grecian nymph, whose name the *Echo* assumed, pined away, until there remained nothing of her but the echo of her complaining voice. The Cheshire cat vanished gradually before her audience, until all disappeared *but her grin*. The London *Echo* has not even that to leave to its readers. It *grins* on its own account, and finds no response, as no true *Echo* should. Of course, no sensible person can seriously contemplate an answer, or to enter into polemics with a poor, irresponsible poll-parrot. But its fatuous ignorance is so delightful, and its pretensions to wit so grotesque, that a recent and triple blunder in the said paper may be noticed for once.

"The Madame Blavatsky . . . supposed to be a Russian" you see, has written something very "incoherent and laughable," on the authority of a *monk* in the Himalayas . . . whose name is spelled Koot-humi." That "something," shooting far above the heads of the wits on the *Echo's* staff, needs no comment. But then a third party is slandered along with the "monk," and "*The Mme. B.*," and this party is no less a personage than the great Oxford Sanskritist. For, the reader is notified by the *Echo's Thought-readers* that:—

"Poor Professor Max Müller (who ought to know) can make nothing of this singular name (*Koot-humi*). It is not Sanscrit; it does not belong to any known language."

As the "poor" *Echo* can but repeat magpie-like what it *hears*, and can hardly be expected to *read*, of course no one should take it to task for either the bad spelling of the name (Mr. A. P. Sinnett's works are not read in *such* quarters) nor its pompous assertion that the name "Koot-hoomi" is not Sanskrit. But this is no reason why a great Sanskrit scholar should be rashly insulted and supposed to share the ignorance of the reporters of the *Echo*. Even an ignorant and innocent penny-a-liner ought not to be allowed to speak of what he knows nothing at all. His editor, if not himself, is invited to open Book iv., chap. iii., of the Vishnu Purâna before he allows his news-mongers to assert that the said name "is not Sanskrit." Let him learn the existence of the descendants of the *Koot-hoomis*, in Bengal, and ascertain from the Library of the *Asiatic Society* that a code of *Koot-hoomi* (or Kut'humi) is among the eighteen codes left to us by the Rishis. Verily, here's a newspaper man more worthy of "Barnum's" attention than any Society. "Poor Professor Max Müller," would have a right to full damages in a libel-case for such a malicious accusation as the above, a charge of crass ignorance. Only . . . how can such a weak *Echo* ever penetrate into the study, the *sanctum sanctorum* of the eminent European philologist.—[E.D.]

Theosophical Activities.

GENERAL REPORT

OF THE

XIIITH CONVENTION AND REPORT OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY,

AT THE HEADQUARTERS, ADYAR, MADRAS, DECEMBER 27TH,
28TH AND 29TH, 1888.

WITH OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS.*

THE thirteenth anniversary of the Theosophical Society was the most important in several years, though not so well attended as usual, owing principally to the fact of the majority of our leading Fellows being occupied with the business of the National (Political) Congress at Allahabad. Two most serious changes were made in the Society's policy, viz., the re-organization of the administrative machinery upon the basis of sectional autonomy; and the abandonment of the system of obligatory cash payment of fees upon entrance into membership, and annually in the form of a tax of 1 Rupee *per capita*. The first was simply the adjustment of the plan of management to correspond with the expansion of the movement. The Society, having now 173 Branches scattered throughout the four quarters of the World, has outgrown the old system of centralization of executive responsibility. The Annual Convention of the General Council has ceased to be, save in name, the true parliament or congress of the Branches; their distances apart, and the heavy cost of the journeys to and from Adyar, making a thorough convocation of their Delegates or the expression of their will respecting Society affairs impracticable. To say nothing of those in Europe, America and Australasia, there was never a full representation of even those in Asia—those nearest, geographically, to Adyar. Experience at last prompted the adoption of a better working system, one embodying the true spirit of equality and parliamentary justice more than the one in vogue. As an autonomous American section had been in existence and successfully working for two years, and a British section had just been formed in London, the fair thing was evidently to extend the sectional scheme to all countries, keeping the Head-quarters as the hub, and the President-Founder as the axle, of this wheel of many spokes under the car of Progress. Upon a careful reading of the Revised Code of Rules it will be seen that the General Council has merely been divided up into sections, or groups, which are to act, each in its special territorial division, as the overseers, directors and legislators of the Theosophical movement, and of the territorial branches of which the members of the Council are respectively Presidents. For example, the Presidents of the Branches in the Madras Presidency, or Bombay, or Bengal, or of India may be grouped together and formed into the Council of the

* Of these, for want of space, we reprint only the President-Founder's address.—[ED.]

Madras, Bombay, Bengal or Indian Section, as the case may be; just as the Presidents of Branches in America, and those of the Branches in the United Kingdom, are already organised in their respective countries as Councils of the American and British Sections of the Theosophical Society. At the same time, these and all future sections are or will be inseparably united with the central point where the President-Founder represents and wields the executive authority of the entire undivided body known as the Theosophical Society.

As regards the change of financial policy, it results from the conviction, based upon experience as backed by statistics, that it is the safer, more dignified and practical plan, to trust the support of the Society to voluntary contributions, rather than pretend to count upon the fruits of an involuntary impost which has not, nor apparently ever will, yield enough to keep the work moving on. More need not be added here, in view of what is said in the President-Founder's Annual Address and the several documents thereunto appended. The only other feature of any great note is the abandonment, at the instance of the Members of Council themselves, of the experiment of an Executive Council clothed with all the executive functions, and the return to the old-established plan of vesting all such functions in the President-Founder.

The Convention assembled at Noon on the 27th December, as constitutionally provided.

THE PRESIDENT-FOUNDER'S ADDRESS.

BROTHERS, Delegates of India, Japan, Ceylon, Europe and America, I bid you heartily welcome to the Thirteenth Annual Convention of the General Council, and declare the Session duly opened.

The work that we shall have before us, you will find extremely important, and demanding your most careful consideration. I rely upon your coming to conclusions respecting it, with a single eye to the paramount interests of the Society and the movement as a whole, regardless of sectional or personal prejudices and predilections. For my part, I wish my existence and personality to merge into the movement, and to do, and to have done, that which is for its greatest good. And this brings me to the vital questions whether I am the best man available for the office of President, and whether I should be left the widest discretion, with proportionate responsibility, or be part of an executive administration, in which I should have but one vote, with a casting vote in case of a tie in the Council. As you know, my powers were practically unrestricted from the beginning, in 1875, to the year 1885, when the Executive Council was formed, with my consent, and with the declared object of testing practically the scheme of joint responsibility which had been urged upon me by certain European colleagues, then resident at Head-quarters. My repeated public declarations—notably my Annual Address before the Decennial Convention, when I strongly urged, to no purpose, the acceptance of my official resignation and the choice of a successor—will prepare you for the statement that I have loyally tried to remove every hindrance in the way of the scheme in question. It is for you who most closely occupy yourselves with our Society's affairs to say whether the change was an improvement or not. I think it was not. I have not been relieved of the smallest portion of my sense of responsibility for our

business affairs, everything of grave moment has been left to my discretion, the work has gone on exactly as before, there has been no notable bettering of our prospects or unprecedented quickening of the movement, the expenses have been about as great as ever, without any increase of revenue outside that traceable to my own personal exertions; and all this time I have been oppressed with the feeling that we were giving trouble to the honourable gentlemen of the Executive Council, which might be avoided under the old theory of Presidential responsibility. Perhaps I should have allowed things to go on as they were for a while longer, but the Delegates of the American and British Sections brought up the subject in a recent Session of Council, and it is now imperatively necessary that it should be settled for good and all, one way or the other. I mean that it shall. My offer to retire was rejected by unanimous vote at the Convention of 1885, and I was told I must serve the Society during my life. I yielded my own inclinations to the sense of duty; and the time has come when I should say, most distinctly and unequivocally, that since I am to stay and be responsible for the progress of the work, I shall not consent to any plan or scheme which hinders me in the performance of my official duty. That duty is, first, to the unseen yet real personages, personally known and but recently seen by me and talked with, who taught me the way of knowledge and showed me where my work lay waiting a willing worker; next to my colleague, friend, sister and teacher who, with myself and a few others, founded this Society, and has given her services to it these past thirteen years, without fee or hope of reward; and, thirdly, to my thousands of other associates in all parts of the world, who are counting upon my steadfastness and practical management for keeping the Society moving forward in its chosen line of usefulness. The practical part of its business is my special department: I form and keep alive the body which contains the indwelling spirit called Theosophy. I have never interfered with the esoteric or metaphysical part, nor set myself up as a competent teacher. That is Madame Blavatsky's speciality; and the better to enunciate that idea, I have just issued an Order in Council, in London, creating an Esoteric Section under her sole direction, as a body, or group entirely separate and distinct from the Society proper, and involving the latter in no responsibilities towards those who might choose to enrol themselves in her list of adherents. With our forces united, each doing the work most congenial and attractive, we two have, under the favour, or rather the benevolent sympathy, of our Teachers, built up this Society, created the first nucleus of its literature, given the first impulse to the now world-interesting movement, which has rallied thousands of sympathizers around our initial nucleus, revived Hinduism in India, reanimated Buddhism in Ceylon, made the principles of Asiatic Philosophy and the names of the Sages known in distant lands, established many religious schools and journals in Asiatic countries, and several high-class Magazines in Europe, America and Australasia, palpably affected the views of the leading Spiritualists, and proved the unity of true Religion with true Science. Am I not speaking within the truth? Have not all these results been accomplished already? Certainly, none can doubt it. Well, then, this is my determination:—to be obedient and loyal to the Teacher we personally know, and a few of us appreciate at her true worth. This is my last word on that subject; but in saying it I do not mean to imply that I shall not freely use my own judg-

ment, independently of Madame Blavatsky's, in every case calling for my personal action, nor that I shall not be ever most willing and anxious to receive and profit by the counsel of every true person who has at heart the interests of the Society. I cannot please all : it is folly to try ; the wise man does his duty as he can see it before him.

I have at some length traced the growth of the General Council and Convention, that you may have a succinct view of the evolution of the parliamentary idea. You will observe that it was not a gradual but a sudden "change of base," and if you will connect it with the advent of certain persons inimical to myself, you will probably be near the truth. I felt my strength so thoroughly, and was on such a perfectly independent footing in the Society, that I was willing to countenance, and even loyally help to make, the experiment which is brought to-day to the bar of our judgment.

It is the subject of constant remark that our Indian Branches are continually showing signs of alternate activity and depression : often a Branch which had been among the most noted for useful work, grows suddenly lifeless, and perhaps shrinks down to a few members. Nothing is easier to explain. Our Indian Branches are largely, sometimes almost exclusively, composed of Government officials, subject to transfer from place to place at the will of their superiors and the exigencies of the public service. Thus, a Fellow who was the heart and soul of a given Branch, and led it easily toward the doing of useful work, may be transferred to another station, and the group without its head lapses into idleness and repinings. If one listens to the doleful complaints of local Jeremiahs, whether in one country or another, he may easily be made to think the Society ready to collapse. To get a correct idea of the state of the movement, a survey of all the fields of its activities is required. And the yearly statistical compilations attached to my official addresses aid in this respect.

But there is an element of natural selection at work in our membership, by which the indifferent, the indolent, the vain, the selfish, the morally timid, the unspiritual, weed themselves out, perhaps turn hostile, and the staunch and true remain. To comprehend Theosophy in its several aspects and relations requires a superior mind ; moreover, a spiritually illumined and intuitive one. We may talk as we will of being a Theosophist, but in fact such a superior person is *rara avis in terris*. It is easy to be sectarian, or materialist, or utilitarian, but not so to be a Theosophist. Yet there are certain elementary and indispensable elements of Theosophy which can be and should be practised by every member of our Society, viz., clean living, high thinking, brave spiritual striving, and the cultivation of tolerance, eclecticism and altruism.

An American journal of local repute (the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, of April 22nd, 1888) says of us :—

" But it has to be remembered that Theosophy, as such, has a high and severe moral code of its own. It teaches that the power of the spiritual over the material is conditioned upon the highest spiritual development ; that toilsome study and the most patient and consistent practice of the virtues are essential to entrance into the sphere of occultism. It is not a faith for the vulgar, and is peculiarly unsuited to the quack. And it has, among people of high intelligence and noble aims, its numerous devotees. It is in this light, as a new moral force in a social order from which some of the old forces are disappearing, that it becomes of peculiar interest. * * * We must at least give to Theosophy the credit of standing upon a plane very different from that of the old and familiar frauds

upon the public. It contains the germs of an ethical system of a high order. It attracts intelligence and virtue. It opens a field of spiritual possibilities which may well be subject to consideration and to such examination as can be given it, even though it be proved that we can never enter it with our feet resting upon firm ground."

You may have come to know that during my recent tour to Europe I had the honour and advantage of becoming acquainted with three renowned Orientalists—Prof. F. Max Müller, and Messrs. Emil Burnouf and Leon de Rosny, of Paris. I heard with some surprise from the last-named authority that there are now not less than 12,000 Buddhistically-inclined Frenchmen, who are in reality full Buddhists save in name. I was presented by him with a small photograph of an Image of Lord Buddha, which was recently erected in Normandy. I found these three gentlemen cordially interested in the branch of our Society's work represented by the Adyar Library and its learned Director, by the Bombay Theosophical Publication Fund of Mr. Tookaram Tatyā, and by the Publication Office of the *Theosophist* and other of our magazines. The Orientalists of the West have neither patience with our interest in that esoteric interpretation of the Asiatic Scriptures we so prize, nor in our belief (or knowledge, in the case of some of us) in the existence of Sadhus, Sages and Mahatmas, endowed with developed psychic powers. They regard us as an excellent and convenient agency for arousing a taste for Oriental literature and research, and to that extent wish all of us success. You will see in the following list of our books and other publications of the year, that our literary activity has been fully as great as in previous years.

LIST OF PUBLICATIONS DURING THE YEAR 1888.

1. *Secret Doctrine in 2 Vols.*, by Madame H. P. Blavatsky.
2. *Discourses on "Bhagavadgita,"* by Mr. T. Subba Row.
3. *Buddhist Catechism*, in Russian.
4. *Do.* in Swedish.
5. *Do.* in Canarese.
6. *Do.* in Hindi.
7. *Do.* in Bengali.
8. *Do.* in English (London Edition).
9. *Light on the Path*, translated into Sanskrit.
10. *The First Ashtak of the Rig Veda Samhita, with Bhashya.*
11. *Compendium of Raja Yoga.*
12. *A New Edition of Bhagavadgita*, in Sanskrit.
13. *Krishna Yajurveda*, in Sanskrit, Devanagari type.
14. *Do.* in Sanskrit, Telugu type.
15. *Secret Symbols of the Rosicrucians*, by Dr. F. Hartmann.
16. *Jehoshua*, by Dr. F. Hartmann.
17. *Divya Suri Charitram*, by A. Govindacharlu.
18. *Magic, White and Black*, 3rd Edition, by Dr. F. Hartmann.
19. *Reincarnation*, by E. D. Walker.
20. *Sudhanachatushtaya*, by R. Jaganathiah.
21. *The Morals of Bharatam*, by R. S. Pandiah.
22. *The Destiny of Man*, by Dr. Buck.
23. *The Moral Panacea*, by Durga Das Roy.
24. *Physical Proofs of Another Life*, by F. J. Lippitt.
25. *An Introduction to the Kabala*, by A. D. Ezekiel.
26. *The Desatir*, by Dhunjibhoy J. Mehta.
27. *Raja Yoga*, by Manilal N. Divedi.
28. *Sayings of Grecian Sages*, Part II.
29. Fifteen useful pamphlets published by the Theosophical Publishing Co., Limited, London.
30. *Yoga Philosophy*, by Dr. N. C. Paul, translated into Urdu.
31. *Selected portions from the Practical Instructions for Students of Occultism*, translated into Urdu.
32. *Usool Ilms, Etahee.*
33. *Elixir of Life*, translated into Urdu.
34. *Ancient Iranian and Zoroastrian Morals*, 2nd Edition.
35. *Yoga Vidya and the Ancient Iranians*, in Guzerati.
36. *Mesmerism*, in Guzerati, Manilal N. Divedi.

NEW MAGAZINES.

37. *The Buddhist.*38. *The Hestia.*39. *L'Initiation.*

Of course, the great event of the year and the most important literary event in our history, is the completion and publication of Madame Blavatsky's "Secret Doctrine." I have had the opportunity to look over the proof-sheets of the book, and can promise you such a rare body of esoteric instruction and scientific suggestion as no other book of like character has supplied in modern times.

THE ADYAR LIBRARY.

The Adyar Library issues of the year to the Convention are the Hindi translation of the "Buddhist Catechism," by Babu Manohara Lal, F.T.S., and the Sanskrit edition of that remarkable monograph "Light on the Path," translated by the learned Pundit Bhashya Charya into beautifully idiomatic Sanskrit, and destined to be a classic. He will present to you a special report upon his work throughout the year in the province of Mysore, pursuant to an understanding between myself and His Excellency K. Sheshadri Iyer, the Dewan, and with the benevolent concurrence of His Highness the Maharajah Bahadur, G.C.S.I.

As the Treasurer's Report shows, there is a credit balance of only Rs. 26 in favour of the Adyar Library, after expending the Rs. 700 of Prince Harisinghji (which must be refunded when the entrance-gate is erected, for which it was given), and the special donations of the year, amounting to Rs. 760-3-0. I invite your earnest attention to the subject. There must be money if we would retain the invaluable services of our great Pundit, defray his travelling expenses, purchase books, keep those we have in good order, and sustain the dignity of the Library in the eyes of the great Indian Pundits and Western Orientalists, who are beginning to hear of and appreciate our work. During the past year 51 Sanskrit books have been acquired by the Eastern Section by purchase, and 82 by donation; and the collection of the Western Section enriched by 359 volumes by donation and purchase.

The reader of current Western literature, especially fiction, is impressed with the fact of the very strong taste for occultism which prevails, and which is no doubt largely due to the rapid growth of Theosophical literature.

JAPAN.

My expectation to be called in the beginning of this year to Japan was not realized, the local Committee in charge of the matter having changed their plans. They have at last perfected their arrangements for my tour, and we have the pleasure to-day of seeing, as special agent of the Japanese Buddhist Committee and Delegate from the Kioto Theosophical Society, Mr. Zenshiro Nogouchi, who has come to escort me to his country, whither I expect to sail next month. This Japanese tour seems likely to become one of the most dramatic and important episodes in the strange history of our Society, and I bespeak all your good wishes for my success.

THE MOVEMENT TO DATE.

The increase in the number of Branches is this year mainly confined to the United States of America, where, under the conservative yet enlightened management of Mr. Judge, and his Executive Committee and the General Council of his Section, public interest in our work is rapidly growing and spreading. Up to the present time, there are but twenty-five American Branches, it

is true, yet from what I know of my native country and fellow countrymen, I should not be surprised if the time were near at hand when there will be more Branches in that country than there are at present in India. Theosophical ideas are new to Americans, but there has been for years a gradual inclination of the American mind towards the line of thought represented in Asiatic Esoteric Philosophy. Our statistics of growth show the following figures:—

YEAR.	1875	1876	1877	1878	1879	1880	1881	1882	1883	1884	1885	1886	1887	1888
Charters issued up to close of year.	...	1	2	2	4	11	27	51	93	104	121	136	158	179

Deducting 6 charters extinguished, we have 173 living charters at the close of the year 1888. Geographically, the year's new Branches are distributed as follows: Asia (India) 3; Europe 4; U. S. America 13; New Zealand 1. Our Indian Branches are now established in the following Presidencies: Bengal 26; Behar 8; N. W. P., Oude and Punjab 23; Central Provinces 4; Bombay 7; Kathiawar 2; Madras 46; Ceylon 10; Burma 3. In other parts of the world we have, in England 4; Scotland 2; Ireland 1; France 2; Austria 1; U. S. America 25; Greece 1; Holland 1; Russia 1; West Indies 2; Africa 1; Australasia 2; Japan 1. Total, 173 Branches throughout the world on the 27th day of December, 1888.

FINANCIAL.

As very misleading ideas are current with the respect to the income and assets of our Society, I have thought it expedient to lay before the Convention a condensed summary of our entire receipts from all sources and for all objects, since 1878, the year in which the founders left New York for Bombay. In a recent American paper I read the statement that we had over 100,000 Fellows in that country alone! Now, as any one may see in our published Rules, the Entrance Fee is £1 or \$5, which would imply that the Society had realised about fifteen lakhs of rupees from that source alone! The wild absurdity of such fairy-tales is not its worst feature: they tend to alienate the benevolent sympathy of many good people who would be quick to help us if they knew the true state of things. Following, I give you a careful calculation of the Society's receipts during the ten years 1878 to 1887, inclusive:

INCOME.

YEAR.	From Donations.	From Entrance Fees.
1887 to April 1881	Rs. 1,060 0 0	Rs. 4,200 0 0
Rest of 1881	100 0 0	1,838 0 0
1882	190 0 0	4,163 0 0
1883	12,582 0 0	9,432 0 0
1884	12,754 0 0	5,696 0 0
1885	8,682 0 0	3,895 0 0
1886	9,895 0 0	1,954 0 0
1887	9,050 0 0	3,649 0 0
Total...	54,313 0 0	34,827 0 0

Our expenses of all kinds, including the purchase, up-keep, and furnishing of the Head-quarters estate; the building of the Adyar Library, its furnishing and purchase of books; construction of new buildings; repairs; travelling; and all other sundry expenses, have been about Rs. 30,000 or 40,000 more than the receipts; which deficit has been made up by the Founders from private resources under their personal control. To show for the major part of this outlay, we have the moveable and immoveable property of the Head-quarters, worth perhaps 35 to 40 thousand rupees; the sum of Rs. 9,267-8-3 in Government securities, and cash in Savings Bank, constituting together the Permanent Fund; and Rs. 3,000 to the credit of the Anniversary, Head-quarters, Subba Row Medal, and Library Funds.

The generous offer of H. H. the Maharajah of Durbangha of a donation of Rs. 25,000, which he telegraphed to me during last year's Convention, has not been paid.

Lo, the vast accumulations of this active Society, with its 173 Branches in all parts of the globe! Of the Rs. 54,000 of donations, it is but fair to say that Rs. 40,000 have been contributed by Indian friends; Rs. 7,000 by Europeans, of which almost all has been given by a dozen individuals; and the magnificent rest and residue, amounting to some Rs. 700, by American sympathisers. Calculate the Rupee at 15 to the £ sterling, and you observe that the Society has drawn in donations from the benevolent public an average of £360 per annum—as much perhaps, as many of our rich Fellows spend on their stables and coachmen! That we have not had anything like our fair share of the voluntary contributions of the public towards learned and philanthropic Societies is, no doubt, solely due to the fact that we have never begged for help, nor thrust our necessities upon public notice. If we had ten times our average income, we could find twenty times the uses to apply it to for the public good. At least, the Founders are glad to have it known that their support, and even any extravagances of which they may have been charged or suspected, have been no drain upon the Society's meagre pecuniary resources.

The American and British Delegates are instructed to lay before you a suggestion for a radical change in our financial policy, viz., the abrogation of the fee payable upon acquiring membership and the annual dues. I have exposed before you our exact financial situation, and shall expect you to decide this grave question in a spirit of enlightened discretion. There is much to be said, no doubt, on both sides, and I am not sure but that the weight of reasons is on the side of theory of voluntary donations. Whichever policy is now determined upon, I shall do my best to carry out.

EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

It was found expedient by the Executive Council that I should proceed to Europe and attempt to bring our affairs into order. We saw the Continental Branches languishing for lack of superintendence and reciprocal work, although there was reason to hope that the movement might be greatly strengthened and expanded under a proper organization; while in the United Kingdom a strong desire had recently shown itself for an active propaganda, similar to the American and Indian ones, which could only be effected by the organization of a section of the General Council to act as a Local Committee of supervision and adminis-

tration. Accordingly, I sailed from Bombay for Brindisi on the 7th August, visited London, Liverpool, Cambridge, Glasgow, Paris and Bologna, on Society business, and returned to Head-quarters on the 15th November. I formed new Branches at Liverpool, Glasgow and Cambridge; dischartered the old "Isis" Branch at Paris, and chartered a new one, the "Hermes"; called two Conventions in London of representatives of the British Branches; organized and chartered a British Section of the Theosophical Society; and issued an Order in Council forming an Esoteric Section of the Society, with Madame Blavatsky as its responsible Head. The trouble in the Paris Branch was solely due—as we have almost invariably found to be the case—to personal jealousies and disagreements. The landmarks of the Society had been obliterated and forgotten, there had arisen a strife for supremacy, and, instead of setting the public the example of zealous fraternal union for the propagation of our ideas, the members had fallen to mutual abuse, oral and printed. Both parties were to blame, as I found, after a patient examination of the documents, and so, without exonerating either, I first tried to get the dissentients to work harmoniously under the old charter; and then, this failing, dissolved the Branch completely, cancelled the charter, and offered charters to both parties and every facility for organization of two Branches. Only one was accepted, and so one new Branch, "Hermes," came into existence, under officers for whom I feel great respect and of whom I expect much. I firmly believe that, with means at my command to employ necessary help, we should soon see several French Branches spring up. The French mind is, in my opinion, almost as ripe for the reception of the sound philosophy of India, as the American mind. Before concluding this brief notice of my observations and acts in France, I have pleasure in giving thanks on your behalf to a very sincere and devoted lady member, Madame d'Adhemar, for throwing open her drawing-room to all Theosophists for a weekly social gathering. It is in the great Western capital a very strong support to any movement to have such social centres, where members and enquiring friends of a Society can meet on neutral ground for the exchange of ideas. I shall leave the Delegate of the British Section to acquaint you with the details of the new organization and the views of his colleagues, which he is expected to lay before the Convention.

CHARITIES.

It is a pleasant thing to say that the charitable institutions connected with the Society are kept up as heretofore. In various quarters medicine is given to the sick poor, food and clothing to the needy, and schools maintained for the teaching of Sanskrit and other languages and of religion. Our great Bombay Charity, the Homœopathic Charitable Dispensary, has increased its benefactions over those of last year. Mr. Tookaram Tatyā, its Founder and Director, reports that an average of 90 patients are now daily receiving medicines as compared with an average of 75 in 1887. There is to the credit of the Dispensary Fund about Rs. 5,000, made up of donations and collections from the Charity Box, kept in the Dispensary. Our hope is to get money in time to buy or erect a suitable building, and our numerous Parsi members, especially the all-accomplishing Mr. K. M. Shroff, may succeed in this by taking sufficient trouble.

My visits to Bologna and Rioli, were to see Count Cæsar Mattei, the founder

of the new school of Homœopathy, great accounts of whose efficacy had reached me. The benevolent gentleman kindly ordered a large supply of his medicines to be sent gratis to Mr. Tookaram for experiment.

CONCLUSION.

You will observe than an unusually small number of Delegates are here to-day and will share in my regret that there could not have been a full representation of the Branches when such important changes in the Rules are to be proposed. It is useless to deceive ourselves as to the main cause. This is the political upheaval in Indian society which has produced the National Congress, and drawn all Indian thought into the vortex of politics. The first effect of the theosophical movement was to arouse an intense interest in the ancient religions and philosophies, and a great curiosity to learn if the claims of the school of ancient occultists would stand the test of scientific inquiry. A tidal wave of patriotic emotion rushed over India, as it grew more and more clear that the sages of Aryavarta were sages in the best sense of the word, and that the probabilities were great that the practical Yogi knew, in fact, more about the laws of nature than the best modern professor. The Indian heart swelled with emotion as these long-smouldering fires of self-respect, patriotism, and spiritual conviction blazed up from the ashes. Wherever we foreigners went we were met with benedictions, with fervent expressions of love and joy. Sanskrit, and Hindu religious schools sprang into being, the roster of our local Branches rapidly extended itself, and Theosophy became a household and dear word in every Hindu home. The addresses presented to us teemed with expressions of the belief that the iron rule of Kali Yuga was broken and the dawn of the revived Golden Age had come. All this was natural, but it was unhealthy and feverish. A re-action was inevitable, but how or when it was to come was not clear. We now perceive it, for it is upon us. The wreaths once woven for us are now being hung around the necks of the political leaders who are thought to be laying the basis of the future Indian Empire, greater than Akbar's or Chandragupta's, enduring as adamant! And the national emotion is flowing in the channel *Inter armas silent leges*, traced by the projectors of the Congress. Politics stifle Religion, as a toothache or a bankruptcy makes one forget Nirvana! Another reaction is inevitable, for we must not forget that the Hindu is the most deeply and absolutely religious nature in the world. When it comes, the old blood will assert itself and attention be again given to those master problems of human life and destiny beside which all temporal concerns are vulgar and insignificant. Let us not try to hasten the day, for the present agitation is useful and healthy in being a force to arouse the Indian mind from its fatal habit of indolence and dormancy, the greatest curse and calamity which can befall a race. Let us only keep on in the line of our altruistic activity, free from discouragement, steadfast in purpose true to the behests of conscience. Gentlemen, the Convention is now declared open for business.



Reviews.

QABBALAH, THE PHILOSOPHICAL WRITINGS

OF

SOLOMON BEN YEHUDAH IBN GEBIROL (OR AVICEBRON).*

SUCH is the title of an admirably thoughtful, learned, and very conscientious volume (for full title *vide infra* note), by Mr. Isaac Myer, LL.B., of Philadelphia, U.S.A.

As this new work is of an extreme importance to all students of the Kabala and the Hermetic Sciences in general, it is proposed to devote to it rather a lengthy review. In the present case "the labourer is (fully) worthy of his hire," and no passing notice could answer either the author's or our own object. Therefore, his "Qabbalah" has to be examined both from the standpoint of its own intrinsic value—which is very great—and from that of the aim with which it was written. We will begin by the latter, basing our remarks on the declarations of the author himself. Says Mr. I. Myer in his *Introduction* :—

"It is my desire to awaken a higher spiritual feeling towards the investigation of the Mysteries of Ancient Israel, in which the Mysteries of the New Covenant lie hidden ; which shall help to awaken in Christian Mysticism its fundamental elements . . . to establish the vast edifice of theology on deep philosophical principles and belief in the True, and not on man's alterable creeds and formulations : by so doing, prepare a common centre for the reunion of all the, at present, divided religious sects."

Such an investigation of the mysteries would be more than beneficent to the world in general, and to the rectification and purification of the conflicting creeds of Christendom especially. But, as it would lead to a dead certainty to the final unveiling of the heathen origins of Christianity and to the restitution of pagan Cæsar's goods and chattels to Cæsar, the readiness of the Christian Levite to avail himself of the opportunity is rather doubtful. But the Author was evidently of another opinion upon this subject, as his Dedication would prove ; for he inscribes his valuable work to those who are the least calculated to appreciate its contents. How remarkable his honest optimism must be, may be inferred from these few lines which show that :—

The work is "respectfully dedicated by the author . . . TO ALL EARNEST, UNPREJUDICED AND INDEPENDENT SEARCHERS FOR THE TRUTH, *Theologians, Priests, etc.*"

The adjectives in the first portion of the dedicatory sentence tally rather too paradoxically with the second portion. The "Searchers for the Truth," to

* . . . and their connection with the Hebrew Qabbalah and Sepher ha-Zohar, with remarks upon the antiquity and content of the latter, and translations of selected passages from the same. Also an Ancient Lodge of Initiates, translated from the Zohar, and an abstract of an Essay upon the Chinese Qabbalah, contained in the book called Yih King, etc. By Isaac Myer, LL.B., Member of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Philadelphia ; La Société Royale de Numismatique de Belgique, etc. 350 copies published by the author. Philadelphia : Published for the author by MacCalla & Company, 237 and 239 Dock Street.

whose favour the book is recommended, can hardly be "priests or theologians," whose orthodoxy and advancement in the hierarchy of the Church depend generally on the degree of their crystallization in the dead letter dogma and unswerving loyalty to the same. Truth can never be the aim of those whose predecessors gloried in the boast of *credo quia impossibile*, and who themselves follow religiously the injunction.

Now, as no Christian theologian or priest has ever supported (not openly at any rate) either the Vedantic Parabrahm or the Kabalistic Ain-Soph, who are equivalent to each other in Occultism, and both an "absolute negation," this "Epistle Dedicatory" becomes quite misleading. Forthwith the vision of a "personal Absolute," such as the mediæval YHVH has now become in the hands of some Christian Kabalists, floats before the mind's eye of the Theosophist and Occultist, who are almost tempted to leave the work uncut. For this the "Dedication" alone is responsible. For what is it but an acknowledgment, a tacit assurance that the work is written *in a way to meet with clerical approbation*? And, as all know that now-a-days there are few priests or preachers, who, unless of the Elsmere type, would ever accept Ain-Soph or Parabrahm as a substitute for Jehovah, the dismay of the student is but very natural. In our century the Kabala—or "Qabbalah" as the author spells it—has no worse opponent than the Rabbis themselves, they whose forefathers were the compilers and recorders of that glorious light shining in darkness called the *Zohar* of Shimeon Ben Yochai, and other kindred works. Moreover, with a few exceptions of clergymen who are Freemasons, no Christian priest or theologian will ever allow that any good can come from that Kabalistic Nazareth—the Book of Splendour, or ZOHAR. The student knows all this. And knowing it, as also that only a handful of priests and theologians (if any) would appreciate Mr. Myer's great work for the above given reasons, he can hardly repress an involuntary feeling of distrust after learning who are the patrons to whom the work is inscribed. He suspects Mr. Myer's "Qabbalah" of being a wholesale slaughter of the "Innocents" like those of certain German and English wisecracks, who knowing of the *Zohar* but the little they found in Rosenroth, have tried their best to misunderstand even that little.

But if, conquering this first impression, the student goes even superficially over the fine octavo volume, his fears will vanish like the grey mist before the rising sun. Out of the 500 pages of matter, there is scarcely one that does not bring us some new fact, or throw an additional light on the old teaching, offering here, a fresh standpoint for examination, there, an unexpected corroboration of some Eastern tenet. Read, on page xii. *et seq.* of the Introduction, the definition of the Qabbalistic Deity by the Author. As he tells us "from a want of knowledge of the Qabbalistic philosophy, the translations of many statements in both the Old and New Testaments are frequently erroneous"; and this is even more evident in the loose translation of Elohim (plural) by "God" in the singular, the "Lord God" or "Lord" simply for other and more significant Hebrew terms, than in what he calls "the asserted improvements in the revised versions." Thus the author tells us:—

The nearest approach that man can make to the unseen, is that inner communion which works silently in his soul, but which cannot be expressed in absolute language nor by any words, which is beyond all formulations into word symbolism, yet is on the confines of it and the unknown spintua

world. This is conceptualism. We experience these feelings only in our hearts and inner thoughts Silence, meditation, inter-communion with Self, this is the nearest approach to the invisible. They are sublimations. Many of our ideas are only negations, the Highest Deity is clothed as to Its essence and appearance in darkness to the finite thought. Yet, these negations are affirmations . . . "There is a spiritual body, and there is a natural body," but this does not take us out of the material world, a spirit can only be conceived of as something vague, dim, in opposition to matter, yet the inner motor of us, is spirit. The Deity and its attributes, cannot be defined, they are to us an absolute negation of all our so-called absolute knowledge, for all our absolute knowledge is based, raised upon, centred and carried on, through our matter-world knowledge and symbolism, e.g., Eternity is not the past, present, future, these are in Time, Eternity can be conceived of, only as an absolute negation of all matter-world thought and matter-world existence. The non-Ego is the nearest approach to the invisible, the Ego is a manifestation. (Introduct. pp. xii. and xiii.)

This is an excellent description of the "Unknowable." But, talk of such a deity—a "NON-EGO"—to the modern priest and theologian or even to the average Mason of General Pike's school of masonic thought, and see whether the former does not forthwith proclaim you an infidel, and the latter a heretic from "the Grand Orient" of France. It is the "*Principe Créateur*" of the French Masons, and the same that led, some ten or twelve years ago, to a final split and feud between the only decent approximation on this globe to a "Universal Brotherhood" of Man—to wit, Masonry. The war-whoop raised over and against this impersonal *Principe Créateur*—a far loftier position by-the-bye than the personal "Father who art in Heaven" of the Scotch Masons—in the U.S. of America alone, must have awakened and filled with terror all the "skeletons" who slumber and crumble to dust in the cupboards of the Banquet Halls of the "Widow's Sons." Those most bitter and virulent in their denunciations were precisely the "priests and theologians"—to whom the excellent work under review is dedicated—and *most of whom were Masons*. Have the latter reformed during the last ten years?

The learned author of "Qabbalah," himself a Mason, having observed that it is apparent that both the N. Testament and early Patristic literature "have had a common origin in the esoteric teachings of the Israelites" shows moreover a common origin in all religions. That is precisely what Theosophy does. From the start Mr. I. Myer bravely enters the arena of universal truths, and confesses that "the reader may be sometimes startled by my (his) statements which may be contrary to his conventional religious ideas, As to this," he adds, "I can only say that I have stated the subject as I have found it, and as this is not a polemical work, do not criticise it." (INTROD. p. xiii.) Since the day of the learned and sincere Ragon, no Mason, with one exception, however, has dared to tackle so openly the modern Levites and Levitism. Yet there is a notable difference between the rendering of the eminent Belgian Mason and our no less eminent American Mason and author. The former asks fearlessly:

' My learned Brethren, how comes it that the one and *only* Deity declared in the ancient mysteries, in the scholastic cathedrals of the new (to wit, Christian) faith and in the assemblies of 'the Holy Logos,' as the source of peace, is proclaimed even by the 'Elect' in heaven, as the terrible God of war, *Sabbaoth*, the Lord of Hosts?'

But in Mr. Myer's "Qabbalah," Jehovah is not even mentioned by name. Nevertheless, thanks are due to the author for the courage he has displayed in writing his work. For things have strangely changed on our earth since the day when the ancient Masonic verse "the world was vaulted by a Mason"—was chanted, and the Masonic Fraternity has changed with the rest. Nowadays

the "Widow's Son" fears to remove the smallest stone from the original vault his craft has helped the theologian to conceal, as much as the latter does. The Mason of 1889 is wiser in his generation than the Trinosoph of 1818; for the average Mason fears with good cause, that by brushing away the cobwebs of the ages from the "Holy Arch," the keystone will give way and the whole building, tumbling to the ground, will bury themselves and the Churches under its ruins.

Very luckily the author of "Qabbalah" is not an "average" Mason. He is one of the few—very few indeed—who has the courage to trace back the hitherto impenetrable mysteries of both religion and masonry, whose origin, as averred, was lost in the night of the ages: "its temple having time for duration, the Universe for space." It is thus to be doubly regretted that he should publish his work almost without any commentaries; for it could only gain from them. However, merely the new facts given out are of immense value to those Kabalists and Theosophists who may be ignorant of both the Eastern Aryan and the Semitic—Arabic and Hebrew—languages. To such Mr. Myer's "Qabbalah" will be like a voice speaking to them from the depths of a remote antiquity and corroborating that which he is taught to believe in. For the author besides being a Mason is a well-known lawyer, a still more eminent antiquarian and a man of wide and varied learning, whose statements must be regarded as reliable.

The speculations of almost every known philosopher and metaphysician, embracing a long series of centuries during the Christian period, are found in the volume. Cosmogony and Anthropogenesis, Theogony and the Mysteries of the after life, are noticed in turn and presented in their chronological order. As in the Secret Doctrine of the East, both the material and the spiritual worlds, are shown emanating from the ever unknowable and (from us) concealed ABSOLUTE. Curiously enough, in view of the above quoted passage with regard to the Deity, some reviewers in America have still misunderstood the point. They persist in making of that "Unknowable" or Ain-Soph a *male* deity! It is referred to, by the mere force of habit, or the metaphysical inaptness of the writers, as a "He," *i.e.*, the *Absolute* and the *Limitless*, is shown limited and conditioned! A first-class paper in Philadelphia (Penn.) while reviewing the work of Mr. Myer, carries the paradox so far as to utter in the same breath the following remarks:

"The doctrine (the Kabala) in many respects is clearly akin to that of the Buddhists—in fact to those of all the Eastern religions," and yet it adds in the same paragraph that it (the doctrine) "is distinguished from most of the pantheistic systems in that it is an attempt to represent the spirit as above matter, and to reveal the Creator as greater than the created." To speak of the similarity of the Kabalistic system with Buddhism and the Pantheistic religions, and then to find in the former a personal Creator, or Spirit distinct from matter, is to credit both the Zohar and the author of the volume (even if the latter be "a compilation") with an illogical fallacy. Ain-Soph is *not* the Creator in the Zohar. Ain-soph, as the Absolute, can have neither the desire nor the will to create since no attributes can be postulated in the *Absolute*. Hence the system of periodical and unconscious *emanation* from Ain-Soph of Sephira-Adam—Kadmon and the rest. As the ancient Pagan philosophers said "there are many gods but one deity," so the Kabalists show *ten* Sephiroth but one Ain-

Soph. To give up the creative gods for *one* "Creator," is to limit and condition the latter into—at best—a gigantic similitude of man; it is to dwarf and dishonour the deity; to try an absurdity; to cut out, to mutilate, so to say, the Absolute, and cause it to appear in a limitation. A "creator" cannot be infinite. Therefore, a "creator," one of the *Kosmocrates* or "Fashioners" "of the Universe, may be, with a stretch of imagination, viewed as greater than the world of forms, or the matter he shapes into a form or forms; but if we make him entirely distinct from the differentiated matter the Cosmic deity is to *fashion* and *build*, then he forthwith becomes an *extra-Cosmic* god, which is an absurdity. *Ain-Soph* is the omnipresent *infinitude*, the soul and spirit and the essence of the Universe. Such is precisely the idea we find expressed on page 175 of "Qabbalah" where the term "Elohim," translated "God" in the English versions of the Bible, is referred to as "the lowest designation, or the Deity in Nature." Thus the distinction between *Ain-Soph*, the sexless Principle, *It*, and the Host of Creators or the Sephiroth, is strongly preserved throughout the volume.

Especially valuable are the passages given from the philosophy of R. S. Ben Yehudah Ibn Gebirol, or as he was generally referred to, Avicbron—which echo unmistakably not only the Zoharic but likewise the Eastern esoteric teachings.* Ibn Gebirol, of Cordova, "the first so-called Arabian philosopher in Europe who flourished in the XIth century, was also one of the most eminent among the Jewish poets of the Middle Ages. His philosophical works written in Arabic are plainly shown exonerating Moses de Leon (XIIIth century), accused of having forged the Zohar attributed to R. Simeon Ben Iochai.

As all scholars know, Ibn Gebirol was a Spanish Jew, mistaken by most writers in the subsequent centuries for an Arabian philosopher. Regarded as an Aristotelian, many of his works were condemned by the University of Paris, and his name remains to this day but very little known outside the circle of learned Kabalists. Mr. Myer has undertaken to vindicate this mediæval scholar, poet, and mystic, and has fully succeeded in doing so. Identifying the lore given out by this forgotten sage with the universal "Wisdom Religion," our author thus points out that the mystical theosophy and the *disciplina arcana* of the Hebrew Tanaïm had been found by the latter in the schools of Babylon. Later this Wisdom was embodied by Simeon Ben Iochai, the chief of the Tanaim (the initiated), in the *Zohar* and other works, now lost. That which is the most important to Theosophists, however, is the fact that the author vindicates in his learned work the assertions made so long as twelve years ago in "Isis Unveiled" and now elaborated in the "Secret Doctrine": namely that the source of all Kabalistic ideas and doctrines, as embodied in the *Zohar*, are to be traced to Aryan rather than Semitic thought. In truth these ideas are neither Akkadian, Chaldean, nor yet Egyptian originals. They are universal property, common to all nations. The late author of "The Gnostics and their Remains" (King) defended the same idea, only more forcibly, inasmuch as he traced every Gnostic speculation—whether Semitic, Turanian or Western Aryan—to India. But Mr. Myer is more prudent; without allowing priority to any nation, he shows identical ideas in the universal symbols. Without denying their great antiquity among the *Jews* we are yet forced to say that as now embodied in

* *E.g.* Chapter XX., p. 415. "Structure of the Universe. Stability of opposition," etc., etc.

the *Zohar* these doctrines are the latest of all. They can hardly antedate 400 or 500 years B.C. since the Israelites got them from Babylon. The Chinese Yih-King and the Taoist books contain them all and are far older. They may be also found in the cuneiform inscriptions of Mesopotamia and Persia, in the Upanishads of the Vedas, in the Zend works of the Zoroastrians and in the Buddhist lore of Siam, Tibet, Japan, as also in the hieratic papyri of the Egyptians. They are the common property and the outcome, in short, of the most archaic thought that has reached us.

The author does not compliment the *Zohar*, however, when saying that "much of the mystery of the Practical Qabalah will be undoubtedly discovered in the (Hindu) Tantras" (p. xiii. *Introd.*). It is evident that he has "not as yet had an opportunity of seeing any of the latter." For, had he examined them he would have soon found out that the *Tantras*, as they now stand, are the embodiment of ceremonial *black magic* of the darkest dye. A "Tantrika," he who practises the *Tantras*, in their *dead letter*, is synonymous with "Sorcerer" in the phraseology of the Hindus. Blood—human and animal—corpses and ghosts have the most prominent place in the paraphernalia used for the practical necromancy and rites of Tantrika worship. But it is quite true, that those Kabalists who dabble in the ceremonial magic as described and taught by Eliphaz Levi, are as full blown *Tantrikas* as those of Bengal.

Chapter III., wherein the author describes minutely the history of the re-writing of this valuable work by Moses de Leon, the intrigues of his enemies contemporary with him, and of his critics of more modern times, is alone worth the purchase of Mr. Myer's Qabalah. It is a hitherto unwritten page of the history of Kabalistic literature, going far to show, at the same time, that verily "nothing is new under the sun"; not even the malicious policy of persecution, as it is the same to-day as it was then. Thus, as an enemy will call a Theosophist or an Occultist a forger and a plagiarist, in the XIXth century, because the enemy had gathered that the man had a quarrel half a century back with his mother-in-law, or that he smoked, or was alleged to use *profane* (read "Biblical") language; so an enemy of Moses de Leon, "Rabbi David Rafon of Corfu, in order to show the small value of his *Zohar*, says: 'R. M. de Leon is a spendthrift, who earns a great deal of money from his writings, but makes up the *Zohar* out of his own head, and he treats his wife and daughter badly,'" (p. 57). Others called Moses de Leon a profligate, a liar, a man of no learning, and what not, during the Middle Ages, as also in our modern day. Yet he is the reputed author of a dozen or so of scholarly works, among which the most prominent are *Nephesh Hah-Hokhmah*, i.e. "The Soul of Wisdom," and *Sepher-Has-sodoth*, i.e. "Book of Secrets," besides being the reputed author and *forger* of the *Zohar*, a fathomless well of philosophy. As Mr. J. Myer remarks:

"These were written in Hebrew, but the *Zohar*, and the *Zoharic* books are mostly in the Aramaic. Here we have numerous books written by this alleged superficially learned man, and this ignoramus has also, it is said, the ability to write the immense and very learned book on the Secret Learning, the *Zohar*, and the other books bound with it . . . and the opponents of the antiquity of the *Zohar* say the author was living a reckless life, travelling from place to place. . . . They never wrote books at this time in Aramaic, but understood it as a language of the Talmudim; the *Zohar* is a voluminous work, larger than all the books, admitted to be by M. de Leon, put together, and they took nine years for their composition. . . ." (p. 60). "The *Zohar* and the books bound up with it, were accepted by the Jewish learned men, almost immediately upon their publication in MSS., as a verity—if not

by the Qabbalist, R. Shim-on ben Yo'hai, at least as containing an accepted ancient secret tradition, part likely coming through him. Everything points to this, and denies the authorship and forgery, imputed by many critics to R. Moses ben Shem-Tob de Leon, of Spain, who only claimed in his writings to be a copyist and redactor of older Qabbalistic works, and not their author. These strange, wonderful and weird writings required more than one intellect to produce them, and contain a mine of ancient Oriental philosophical thought. . . . The Zohar proper is a running commentary on the Five Books, or Pentateuch, touching at the same time upon numerous problems of philosophical speculation of the deepest and most sacred import, and propounding many ideas and doctrines with an acumen worthy to proceed from the greatest intellects. . . . The Zohar, and the fragments contained in it, were not made public in MSS. for over 225 years after Gebirol's death. . . . Ibn Gebirol's writings are of great importance to Oriental scholars, from the assistance they render to the settlement of great questions as to the authenticity, authorship and authority of the Zoharic writings, the antiquity of the Qabbalistic philosophy, its earliest formulated ideas, and its origin" (p. 7 *et seq.*).

As an experienced lawyer, the author has made out a complete case for the Kabalists. No one who reads carefully his plea can fail to see that he has settled the point and shown the account in *Yu hasin* and other works inimical both to the *Zohar* and Moses de Leon—untrustworthy. Nor has he left the exoteric New Testament, without breathing one word against it, a leg to stand on; for, he shows it, in company with other works mostly enumerated, such as the Septuagint, the Targums, the oldest of the Sybilline Oracles, etc., etc., to be all derived from the Qabbalah; and he proves the principal teachings of the latter, its symbols and ideas proceeding from and identical with those in the Vedas, the oldest Brahminical philosophies, the Egyptian, Greek, and Chaldean pagan systems (p. 324 *et seq.*).

Every word and fact given therein, however, is no more than the truth, which anyone may ascertain by reading Mr. Myer's interesting volume. When we learn, therefore, from the author's *Introduction*, of the difficulties experienced by him in having his work published, we are not in the least surprised. The first edition of only 350 copies (at six dollars) and another, still smaller, but a finer one (at ten dollars) were published by the author himself. We gather that he was unable to find a publisher on account, as he himself states, "of the timidity of those engaged in the business of publishing, resulting from their unfamiliarity with the subject and fear of its financial success." Even one of these two reasons when coming from an average small publisher with an eye only to business, would be amply sufficient. When given by great American publishers, however, the heads of whose firms, no less than those of the large Continental publishing houses, are generally well-read and enlightened men, the pretext is as transparent as it is absurd. It is simply once more the assertion of the prevailing and bigoted intolerance of this our so-called civilized age. In the face of the growing light cast by research and the study of ancient works and fragments of archaic religions, it makes desperate efforts to put its extinguisher upon truth and unwelcome facts. It manifests itself openly and secretly. It forces publishers to refuse to have anything to do with most of such works; it boycotts every attempt in this direction, from volumes full of the most valuable research such as the "Qabbalah" under notice, down to the comparatively innocent LUCIFER. Even the latter is exiled in "free" England from every railway bookstall, only because these stalls are the exclusive monopoly throughout the United Kingdom, and the property of the pious and Right

Honourable gentleman who is at present the leader of the House of Commons, but even better known to the travelling public as "Old Smith."

Popular wisdom manifests itself in its proverbs; and provides, for explaining them in an age calling itself the "Enlightened," such high-handed feats of "might is right" on the part of "timid" publishers and over pious M.P.'s. The fact that "when nearest to death the house-fly bites the hardest" may be a consolation to the victims in one direction; and the saying that "a building is very near collapsing if people once begin to see its foundations bare"—may be another. At this rate dogmatic and sectarian Christianity must indeed be very near its end. For in few other works are the said foundations made so visible and the mysteries of the exoteric religion laid so bare, as in the valuable work under notice. Numerous are the portions of the New Testament quoted, and as the *American Antiquarian* well observes, many are the "interesting expositions of the relation of this mystical philosophy to portions of the New Testament, showing quite plausibly that many sayings of Christ and expressions of the apostles bear reference to, and can only be understood by, this esoteric Hebraic theosophy."

Nor must we fail to notice an important feature in the volume, one that renders good service to the student anxious to analyze thoroughly the similarity of ideas in the universal ideography and symbols. Some fifty valuable engravings are given, a few of which are familiar to the Kabalist, some hitherto not extant. In every case a counterpart is pointed out to every Zoharic idea, as embodied in ancient Hindu, Babylonian, Egyptian, Mexican and even Chinese symbols. Every Pythagorean Number finds its place and classification, and we may recognise a striking identity of thought between nations that can have never come into contact with each other. The selection of these old engravings is most felicitous for the illustration of the points involved.

To close this rather too long review, Mr. Myer has produced a masterpiece of its kind. If—perhaps on account of his being a mason and a lawyer—the erudite author holding too closely to the kind of prudence which, Milton says "is that virtue by which we discern what is proper to be done under the various circumstances of time and place" does not argue, or say anything himself which is new, on the other hand most of his translated passages and quotations are either fresh matter to the reader unacquainted with the original languages the author translates from, or presented in an entirely new aspect even to most of the Western Kabalists. Hence, he has produced and bestowed upon the reading public a unique work. If his dedication shows too much optimism as to the reconcilability of his adjectives with the nouns to which he attaches them, the contents of his work are a death blow to the claims of "theologians and priests" even "unprejudiced and independent," if such *rare aves* had any existence within the bosom of orthodoxy, and outside of the mythical.

Thus the "Qabbalah" is a real boon to our learned Theosophists and Kabalists; and it ought to be such to every student of ancient lore. But, it is wormwood in the bitterness of its bare facts and proofs to every sectarian and dead-letter worshipper.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE—RELIGIOUS, PRACTICAL AND
POLITICAL ASPECTS OF THE QUESTION.

MR. AP RICHARD has furnished with a powerful weapon those numerous Solomons of society who, under the mask of religion, have brought forward in every age the authority of the Bible to justify their shameful actions. They have appealed to it in support of slavery, and they now appeal to it in support of concubinage and licentiousness. The author deals with the question of marriage from every point of view—chiefly from that of animalism. He starts with the principle that “Liberty of Conscience” (for the *male* alone, note well) should be allowed. This implies in practice liberty of free commerce, the prostitution of woman as a *thing*, and reduces a tie which is regarded by many as holy and indissoluble to a mere produce of free Love and trade, which is far from being always *fair* Trade.

The work may be a scholarly one from a literary point, but it starts from a principle still lower in the code of morality than that practised by Mormons. It answers, perhaps, the aspirations of the average Mussulman. We doubt whether those of the average Christian (unless one of the *Upper Ten*) will be as easily satisfied.

Our ideas of relationship are founded upon our social system, and as other races have very different habits and ideas on that subject, it is natural to expect that their systems of relationship would also differ from ours. The ideas and customs with regard to marriage are very dissimilar in different races and we may say, as a general rule, that as we descend in the scale of civilization, the family diminishes and the tribe increases in importance.

Mr. Ap Richard seems to have made a careful classification of his subject, although it is artificial in every respect. He starts with the assumption that the Bible *must* be right, and argues thence to the infallibility of the Church. In so doing he exactly reverses the view taken by St. Augustine. “*Ego vero evangelio non crederem; nisi me Catholicæ Ecclesiæ commoveret auctoritas.*” Both the Catholic saint and the Protestant author, however, reason within a vicious circle, each from the respective point of his preconception. It may be pointed out, however, that there was a difference between temporary and permanent laws in the Old Testament.

“The blessing of God was given to the marriage of Adam and Eve.” Indeed? The author is discreetly silent, however, about the approval of the Almighty. It is previously given to the sun, the moon and the creeping things which “were very good,” but no similar expression of approval is used about Eve. Abraham’s *liaison* with Hagar (the still worse one of Lot with his daughters is not mentioned) was “not condemned by the writer of the Book of the Beginnings.” Polygamy (and, it seems, incest also) “was recognised and allowed by the Mosaic law, but was not allowed on the woman’s side,” goes on our *authority*. We say if one *was*, the other was also, and shall prove it.

David, we are told by the author, was rebuked for his *adultery*, not for his *polygamy*. (!) Solomon’s wives and concubines were allowed to him as “a thing advantageous.” The symbolism which makes all these mystic brides indicative of the forces of nature is again ignored by the very matter-of-fact author, who is

a literalist *pur sang*. We then are offered the N. Testament record. Christ did not forbid polygamy, nor did His Apostles. It was only in a bishop that it was disapproved. There is in fact no general prohibition of it in Scripture, and Mr. Ap Richard considers it an open question, as open as the questions of parachute descent or Stock Exchange speculation. *Utrum horum mavis accipe.*

We see here what comes of *Biblical* religion, which rests on no foundation of morality and is so dangerous in its dead-letter. The author then takes the question of divorce, and discusses, in detail, Exodus xxi., 2, Exodus xxi., 7, Deuteronomy xxi., 10, Deuteronomy xxiv., 1, and proceeds to teach that—

There is sufficient to show that concubinage under certain conditions was permitted. Divorce as a matter of expediency was allowed. The author gives no weight nor value to the declaration of Christ, that the Mosaic law was abrogated, and that marriage with a divorced person was distinctly forbidden. In all Mr. Ap Richard's arguments, he takes the Protestant view and regards the Church of England as a *εντελεχεια*. The Greek and Roman churches are entirely ignored, and left to be hatched, matched, or dispatched, at his own sweet will and pleasure.

Then the author considers the question of separation, though he never indicates the true distinctions between the divorce *à vinculo matrimonii* and the divorce *à mensa et thoro*. Still, giving due weight to his aspirations on the importance of observing Church Discipline in the Church of England, he shows how semi-detached couples may be brought into existence upon the biological plan of "fission." In this work there is much which brings us face to face with questions of theology, or of right and wrong, supposed to act as the prime motors in what some call a sacrament and most others a deliberate contract. To the author, however, marriage is neither.

But let us now examine the question from two other aspects. Let us look at it from the standpoint of the woman and her sacred rights involved in it; and from that of truth and a dispassionate analysis.

The bloodthirsty ancient Israelites, the sensual Jews, as in the Old Testament, followed the instinct of all savages and regarded the female as a *thing* to be captured and used, and of which a conqueror would scarcely have too much. The iniquities of their bloody wars were perpetrated under the direct command of "the Lord thy God" (see Hosea xiii., 16), also carried out by Christian conquerors. The woman might be the property of all the males in the tribe. The Book of Ruth, if it is taken as most Jews take it, in its literal meaning, decidedly inculcates the principle of polyandry. Of course, occultists are acquainted with its real significance; meanwhile, female believers in the dead-letter text would be fully justified in clamouring for their rights of practising polyandry on the same *authority*.

The Jews appear, according to their own showing, at one time of their history, to have been both polygamous and polyandrous, neither social practice being forbidden by their Torah, or Law.

As this law was acceptable to the individuals, it was readily accepted as the voice of "God." As slavery brought money into the pockets of slave-holders, in America, the whole clergy supported the iniquitous claims of the Southerners by Biblical texts. While the Jews were polygamising and polyandrising, and Baal and Astoreth elevated their fanes beside that of the Ineffable יהוה, the

prophets of Israel (not Judah) preserved the Secret and Sacred Doctrine amid many vicissitudes. They were the real custodians of Truth, into which they were initiated. The Jews around them knew nothing of their doctrine, as their religious duties chiefly consisted in selling doves, changing money, and slaughtering oxen in the Temple. But the real high places of Samaria told of the worship of the God of Truth. The hut circle on the mountain side, with its divine ☉, told worshippers what to worship, and where Deity should be worshipped. Protest after protest was made by these Tanaim, the Initiated, against the brutalising influence of the Jews ; but the intruders had learnt that the Promised Land abounded in milk and honey, and that if they went east they would be beaten by the Arabs. The day of Karma came, and the Jews were successively beaten by Babylonians, by Romans, and centuries later by Christians. The knowledge of the ☉ became forgotten. The Jews learned social decency for the first time, when they copied the outward bearing of Roman courtizans, who at least taught them a higher morality than they knew of in their own land. In the time of Cicero (*oratio ad Flaccum*), we see that the Jews had a different code of morals in sexual matters, and a far lower one than even the not over-pious Romans, the latter being always chary to admit such sensualists into their midst. Polygamy might be tolerated by the Roman soldier, but polyandry was too strong for the Roman matron. The nation had not yet been so debased through contact with the Jews and their immoralities, the profligacy of the higher classes of the Empire notwithstanding. But early Christian asceticism placed the position of woman, and especially of married women, on a different basis. To whatever source we may refer the principles inculcated in the New Testament, they are embodied in a system of teaching which still exists, little as it may be followed, to the present day. Law, at least, enforces monogamy. The Jewish custom has been abrogated, and outwardly, at all events, man has improved in the potentialities of decent living, as compared to the life led by the Patriarchs and Kings.

It is the argument of Mr. Ap Richard that Christ did not intend positively and immediately to abrogate the Mosaic law on this subject.

Taking the Bible as the source of morality and the guide of truth, he asks his readers to disprove the assertion that polygamy is not condemned by any authority, any text of "Holy Scripture." It is his argument that Christ himself did not condemn the liberty of polygamy. He admits that various questions concerning marriage, and particularly with regard to the principles of the Gospel in relation to it, were raised in the early days of the Christian Church. Some four or five years after the Apostle Paul had founded the Church in Corinth, and had made a lengthy stay there of a year and a half, the brethren wrote a letter to him requesting some further instructions and advice on several matters of doctrine and practice ; and foremost amongst these, on some points touching the question of marriage. Paul, who knew that there were a large proportion of Jews who had not followed out the maxim *non cuius contingit adire Corinthum*, noted the one vice for which the Corinthians were notorious, that of prostitution. He dealt with the subject of mixed marriages in a manner which has since been formulated and developed by generations of theologians in spirit, if not altogether carried out in practice. Mr. Ap Richard discusses at great length the argument of St. Paul. But as he bases it on the ground of

private interpretation, the opinion of Falstaff " 'Twere good for you that it should be known in counsel, you'll be laughed at," must hold good. The gravity with which the author piles text upon text, to found an argument in favour of his obnoxious doctrine, emulates the glory of the old Puritan preacher, who thundered against female high head-dresses, and divided the words of a text to prove his case. "Let him that is upon the house-top *not* come down!" Wherefore I say unto you, "Top-knot, come down!" As we are unable to recognise his premises, we cannot discuss his argument, merely noting that probably any form of aberration of the human intellect, or peculiar practice, can by judicious manipulation be justified by a text of the Scriptures.

The author arguing from the instincts of man, considers marriage, not merely as honourable in all ; but as a necessary consequence to human existence. But this proceeds on the argument that all processes of life must end in marriage. A novel, that does not end with a wedding, is voted dull by the average British public. The idea of the old Hindu *Kumaras* and the Archangel Michael, who refused to generate children, has entirely disappeared from modern society. The ceaseless efforts of frail man not to fulfil his end, namely to liberate his Spiritual Ego from the thralldom of matter, but to adopt a particularly comfortable condition of life, will probably be continued so long as the present race continues to infest the surface of the earth. The occult female element, a pure ray from the Ineffable name, is ignored by the moderns, who use marriage as a remedy for the softness of man's heart, and permit divorce for the hardness of that same heart. The higher grades of the condition of man, virginity and its consequent glory, are set aside for the objects of sensual pleasures and pecuniary advantages of marriage. The latter has become a regular traffic now-a-days. The author is evidently too prosaic to contemplate glorified humanity, wherein earth should be like heaven, where there should be no marrying, or giving in marriage, and the population of the world should diminish, till the last survivor is merged in Ain Soph. Rather should he look for marriage to be made pleasant and accessible to all, like a sixpenny telegram. The restrictions which even the wildest missionary places in the way of polygamy may be cast aside. All persons are recommended to marry early *and often*, and all may be entitled to share (unless the Malthusians stop them) in the task of "Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth."

There is not evidently sufficient over-population yet in the sight of the author ; not half enough starvation, and misery and resulting crime !

The old Jews did not care for their own individual sanctification. So long as they had a lot of children and their neighbours had something to be plundered by them, the highest aspirations of the Hebrew race were satisfied. We see this in the ceaseless and constant phallicism of the Jews, which culminates now in the hedonism and luxury which form the highest *summum bonum* amongst the Hebrew race, and its Christian imitators. Take up a novel by Auerbach or Beaconsfield. Gold lamps glitter everywhere ; rich carpets lie under foot ; sweet scents perfume the ambient air ; luxurious food tempts the jaded appetite ; costly drink stimulates the feeble brain ; beautiful females attract the eye ; and everything is according to the heart of man. There is no moral shame in mere good living. But the philosophy of the old Egyptians, who produced the skeleton at their festival tables, ought to be oftener followed. The solemn

lesson contained in the allegory of the Hand which wrote on the wall the words : *Mene, mene, Tekel, upharsin* is forgotten. The pleasures of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, tempt many, and the increase of any custom which makes man more subject to the influences of the traditional devil is strongly to be disproven by those who aim at a higher power, and a theosophical mode of existence. To those, who think that the present generation is worthy of being the recipients of thought, the words of St. Polycarp may be cited : *Illos vero indignos puto, quibus rationem reddam*, or as Goethe says :

*Das Beste, was du wissen kannst,
Darfst du den Buben doch nicht sagen.*

There is a hundred times more dangerous immorality contained in this one volume crammed with Biblical quotations than in all the library of Zola's works. A deadly, sickening, atmosphere of sensual bestiality emanates from this work ; yet one does not hear that "Marriage and Divorce" has been censured by any archbishop or even a stray bishop, let alone a Judge.

Those who have ever appreciated even the idea of another existence ; who have seen, perchance, through the exercise of an hitherto undeveloped faculty of man, not merely the exterior world, but themselves, are not likely to accept arguments in favour of polygamy, even though they may be supported by texts from the Old or even the New Testament. The thoughts of men are various and manifold ; and we can only regret the appearance of such a volume. To bring forward arguments to show that it is by polygamy, and turning oneself into a beast, by the mere exercise of the human (or animal) faculties and passions, that the highest aim of man can be attained, is the culmination of this century's immorality, and of the influence of the *dead-letter* Bible.

The Hebrew race is avenged. It was robbed by the fanatics of the early Christian centuries of its heirloom, the Mosaic Books, and as thanks, was hooted, persecuted and murdered in the name of One supposed to have been foretold by the old prophets. And now, like the golden fruit in the fairy tale, the Bible, while the healthy juice contained in it evaporates unsensed and unperceived by the greedy eater, it is made to gradually distil the lethal venom of its dead letter, and to poison the last clear waters which, however dormant, were still preserved to the present day in the hearts of Christendom. All that Protestant Christianity seems to have assimilated from the "Holy Bible" is the sleek, subtle and subservient advocacy of selfish and bestial passions, such as polygamy, and the *legal* spoliation by wars—as commanded by the Hebrew "Lord of Hosts" !

"SOLAR BIOLOGY."

IT is curiously interesting to notice what logically impossible conclusions *may* be arrived at by one who has just sufficient natural impulse towards occultism to produce in him an overpowering desire for "something novel," without the necessary mental and intuitive qualifications for investigation. "Over the pond" this craving for "novelties" is rather strong, perhaps more so there than in any other part of the globe ; and the effects of this tendency are far too frequently of the nature above indicated. The mental atmosphere

of the West is at the present day filled with these "inflated bladders," which require but the application of a pin's point—rather more *penetrating* than *overpowering*—to destroy their commercial buoyancy. Scientific children are fond of them as toys, but if one more enquiring than the rest should seek to *know why* they are so floaty and the rest, the result of his enquiry is usually so much *wind*; and it may be, a little colouring matter inside, serves to give the whole thing an attractive appearance.

A copy of *The Esoteric*, a monthly periodical "of advanced and esoteric thought," comes to hand, and from a careful perusal of its subject matter, I am inclined to think that it stands first class in colour and size among the many of its kind which I have referred to as "inflated bladders."

One would easily be led to suppose, upon first sight of this publication, from the fair sprinkling of Sanskrit names and references to Oriental literature, that it was the organ of some learned Hindu Samáj. Not at all! it is that of a certain American "Secret Science Association." Its initial subject is "Solar Biology," to which frequent references are made, and from which extracts appear month by month. From an advertisement which fills one page of *The Esoteric*, it appears that 20 lessons can be had in Solar Biology, "with written copy," for 50 dollars!

A sample of this new-fangled "science" is contained in the copy of the magazine for November, 1888, the only one from which I am able at present to quote:

"Twelve Manner of Genii" is the title of this extract. "The genius of π Scorpio—which applies to all persons born between October 23rd and November 22nd." The theory advanced on this subject is that of every person manifesting certain mental, psychic, and physical peculiarities agreeable to the nature of the Zodiacal sign the sun happens to be in, by geocentric longitude, at birth. An examination of this theory may not prove uninteresting to the readers of LUCIFER.

The sun is, without doubt, the source of all natural life in its own system, and it is in the modification of this one natural life-principle that characteristics are produced in the *forms* of life which manifest them. But no allowance is made either for the latitude or longitude of birth in this theory of Solar Biology, and therefore it is to be inferred that, because the geocentric longitude of the Sun is, between the above dates, in the sign Scorpio, all persons born under any conditions and in any clime during that period, will manifest similar tendencies in mind, soul and body. This is rather wide reasoning; for it is a well-known fact that the *angular distance* which any celestial body may form in relation to a certain place on the earth's surface, will determine the degree and quality of that body's influence on persons happening to be born at the time in that place. In this respect the planets, as moderators of the solar rays, will determine the characteristics of the native, according to their relative angular distances in the Zodiac, and their several positions in respect to the place of birth. But "Hiram Butler" thinks differently, and refers all the electric and magnetic effects of the earth and sun (the cosmical father and mother) and all those of the planets in the solar system to the stars which fall within the limits of certain 30 degrees of the Earth's Zodiac! For if the Sun, by its apparent motion through the Zodiac, alters its nature 12 times in the course of a year, and if its

relative angular distance from the place of birth stands for nothing, we must necessarily infer that those changes of the solar action are due to the nature of the constellations with which it is in conjunction "Hiram Butler" evidently has not given sufficient attention to the relationship existing between the fixed or Intellectual Zodiac and the moveable or Natural Zodiac.

The stars or constellations which now occupy the sign Scorpio will in 2,160 years have passed into the sign Libra and the stars of our present sign Sagittarius will then be in Scorpio. Will "Hiram Butler" reappear in those days to revise his *Solar Biology*, I wonder? Or will it perish with him? Speaking of the *descent* of the elemental thought-forms from the solar æther towards incarnation in the human form, the author says: "All in their degree relate themselves to the elements, first, *of the air*, then of *fire*"! But if it's all the same to him, suppose we say, "first, to fire, and next to the air," which happens to be the order of natural descent? Further on our author tells us:

"When the sons of Jacob went down into Egypt, Joseph . . . took Simeon (Scorpio), and bound him before their eyes, and sent them back after the youngest son, Benjamin (Virgo), and Simeon remained there until Virgo was brought. Here was mystically symbolized that the sex function must be bound until the intuitional function (Virgo) is brought into the state of scientific knowledge; also the tenacity of the Virgo nature to adhere to the traditions of the fathers."

Also "see Genesis xlv., wherein is expressed a wonderful prophecy couched in the most mystic symbology, *only discoverable by a knowledge of Solar Biology.*" This sounds very well indeed, but if we consult one or two of our Oriental scholars we shall find that this interpretation is rather strangled and arbitrary.

Drummond tells us (*vide* *Cædipus Iudaicus*) that the eighth sign of the Fixed Zodiac (Scorpio) is referred to Dan, "the serpent in the path": and that Virgo the "Isis" of the ancient Hindu Zodiac, representing the *procreative faculty*, denotes Naphtali, "the spreading oak yielding goodly branches." (See Genesis, xlix.).

Altogether I am not much struck with either the method of Hiram Butler's reasoning, nor the fanciful conclusions he arrives at.

SEPHARIAL.

IMPERIAL GERMANY.

By SYDNEY WHITMAN. London: TRÜBNER and Co., 1889.

IT is unusual to notice books in any degree of a political complexion in the Theosophical Magazines. But this volume is distinguished by such a large spirit of Catholicity, by such a theosophical breadth of view, that a brief notice of it will not be out of place in LUCIFER.

In some 300 pages of good-sized print, "Imperial Germany" places before us with admirable perspective of detail, a complete outline of the Germany of to-day as it appears on the background of that historic Past, to which the nation owes its present position. The continuity of Past and Present is scrupulously preserved and the moral of its history as it applies to England is drawn with a clear and firm hand. Nor are the dangers which still threaten the unity of Imperial Germany forgotten. They too have their lesson for English readers, if only our public men were open-eyed enough to learn them.

In brief but telling words, the book sketches out the great features of German life; political, intellectual, educational and social. The deeper roots of German military power and success are traced to their seats in the educational and historical life of the nation, and the influence of the idealistic element in the German temperament receives due but not excessive recognition. All this is illustrated with ample detail of fact and quotation, but so clearly and admirably arranged that the thoughts are conveyed with the utmost force and effect.

Though not sharing the author's admiration for Bismark so far as to accept the view that his character is fundamentally religious (!) and ruled by Kant's "categorical imperative," or the conception of duty, we cannot fail to admire the true picture presented to us of one, who is undoubtedly the craftiest statesman of our time. But we cordially concur that a paternal government, if ruled by an exalted conception of duty to the people, is far preferable to the "Khoom-posh" which seems likely to be the outcome of modern Democracy—so-called. The following quotation sums up what is perhaps the most prominent and obvious lesson to be drawn from "Imperial Germany," :—

"The form of government which succeeds best in developing the central idea of the State, backed up by the best instincts and unselfish devotion of its subjects, is the best."

ABELARDIUS. LA RELIGIONE COME SCIENZA.*

SAGGIO—Cremona, Tipografia Sociale, 1888.

"**N**O class of works is received with more suspicion, I had almost said derision, than those which deal with science and religion. Science is tired of reconciliations between two things which never should have contrasted; religion is offended by the patronage of an ally which it professes not to need; and the critics have rightly discovered that in most cases where science is either pitted against religion or fused with it, there is some fatal misconception to begin with as to the scope and province of either." * This book belongs to this "class of works": it is an essay, where science and religion are compared. The author says: "Religion represents a group of phenomena, which attracts our attention. They may be facts of quite a different kind from all other facts, but they are facts, nobody can deny it; they are not non-existent. And why should science refuse to examine them?" And further on he says: "Religion is psychological to the highest degree and the method of dealing with it must be a psychological one." It looks at first as if this comparison between religion and science would be a research into the genesis of religious feelings, with other aims, but in the style of Feuerbach and of the *neuhegelianer*.

There is something of the kind, though only a few hints; but science in this case is a special theory of the author's, and religion is Christianity. Many elements of the latter are separately examined and partially recognised, where they are not in opposition with the theory of the author. We say at once that his theory, although it is not developed, seems to conform itself to the esoteric teachings of the East, which are a new flash of light in the confusion of our celebrated civilisations.

* "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," by Henry Drummond, F.R.S.

The law of identity, which is the basis of the whole theory, reminds one of the *Light one*, the love considered as a consequence of that law recalls the much-prized feeling of *solidarity*, and the maxim, "kill out the feeling of separateness," of *Light on the Path*. Human immortality, considered as the survivorship of the man's essential principles, reminds one of the distinction between the *personality* and the *individuality* and so on. But what remains of the Christian doctrines? The esoteric element, that is to say the primordial element which is the same in all religions. Therefore the name of *Neo-Christianism*, proposed by the author, may be accepted for the sake of convenience but not for any intrinsic reasons.

Abelardius seems to know much more than he says, and his book is really an *essay*, I had almost said a *coup d'essai*. Unhappily, Italy is not yet prepared for the new theory, and his words will awaken but little echo in this people whose thinking energy has been for so many centuries compressed. Its reasoning power is very strong only when it is called out for or against church and religious questions, but it is not sufficiently educated to deal with religious ideality. It is a fact that notwithstanding Italy has had Savonarola, Arnaldo di Brescia, Giordano Bruno and many other reformers, it has been always faithful to the Pope, and this is still much more the case than people generally think. But the day, we hope, is not very distant when Italians also will deal without misconceptions of any kind with religious questions, as the Vatican influence on the mind is continually decreasing. In the meantime, it is a duty of those who have succeeded in conciliating the mind and the heart, to make others participate in their calm, and Abelardius, in his own way, has conscientiously accomplished that duty.

THE TEMPLE OF THE ROSY CROSS.*

THE sub-title is "THE SOUL: ITS POWERS, MIGRATIONS AND TRANSMIGRATIONS," and this gives the reader at once some idea of the scope which the author gives to his book. As to whether the title is not too ambitious, the reader must be left to judge, for it is nearly impossible to review it properly. Were one to mete out praise and blame in honest criticism on all parts of the book, one would require to write a volume or two of greater size than the original. This does not mean that there is no value in the book. Far from it, there is much that is of the utmost importance. And whether one may agree with the author or not, it is impossible to avoid admiring his evident sincerity.

Whatever the form, and however much improved the original work may have been, it seems now that a still greater improvement could have been effected. For, in the first place, there is a considerable chaos in the matter of arrangement. While one is engaged in following out an argument on will-culture, it suddenly breaks off into what one finds to be an illustration drawn from digestion. It is not named as an illustration, and the reader is obliged to devote his whole attention in puzzled wonder to discover the meaning. By the time he discovers it to be an illustration, he has most probably lost the thread of the

* By F. B. Dowd. Second Edition. Revised and enlarged.

argument, and has to begin over again. This, of course, may be the author's intention, so as to enforce thorough knowledge of the subject by continued iteration. But, to say the least of it, it is irritating, and unless a student is thoroughly convinced of the value of the book, he is apt to lay it aside with some feeling of impatience. Again, there is this to be found, though this will be personal to the individual reader. Paragraphs commence with axioms in this book, and these axioms are most admirable in their truth and wisdom. Then comes in the unevenness of the book, for when the author descends to the explanation of these axioms, he writes at one time from what is plainly his personal level of intelligence, and at another from that of the more exalted intelligence. Thus, as the form and terseness of the book makes it intensely dogmatic, the reader is apt to be impatient at the conclusions so expressed.

Again, the author delivers a homily on the subject of love and marriage. Treating of love from the highest ideal, at first he condemns the ordinary marriage; but in the next sentence he adopts the "Twin Soul" theory, and identifies it with Laurence Oliphant's "Sympneuma." Then to crown all he proceeds to quote from P. B. Randolph on the subject. Thus, from the highest subjective ideal we suddenly descend to the greatest objective degradation. Again, while starting from an axiom which condemns it, the author proceeds to argue in favour of the system of "Mind-cure." The fact being that he, while meditating, as he aptly calls it, "The poisoning of the Soul's wings for flight," perceived the truth, but in endeavouring to give his thought expression, has given utterance to that most dangerous thing—a half truth. And with it all the author enunciates as clearly as possible the laws of "Karma" and "Re-incarnation," and denounces *self-gratification* as the curse of humanity with the greatest horror—yet he speaks with approval of "Mind-cure."

Still, it must be remembered that in face of all this general criticism there is a vast amount of information of the utmost value, and that the book is worthy of the most careful perusal by the serious student.

But to take the chapter-headings as evidence of the scope of the book.

"The Supernatural; Principles of Nature; Life; The Unnatural; Body and Spirit; Mind; Divine Mind and Body; Generation of Mind; Attributes of Mind—Belief and Hope; Knowledge (Attributes of Mind, continued); Faith and Knowledge: The Soul; Migration and Transmigration; The Will; The Voluntary and Involuntary Powers; Will-culture; Soul Powers and Spiritual Gifts; Spirituality; 'Rosicrucial.'"

Those upon the "Attributes of Mind," "The Will," "The Voluntary and Involuntary Powers," and especially "Will-culture," are worthy the most serious attention.

Yet there are some assertions which do not quite seem to be harmonious; *e.g.*, "Intuition is instinct humanized"; "Knowledge is the ultimate of mental action"; "Soul is not a thing, *save it be united to spirit. . . .*"

Again, it is startling to find it asserted that "Buddhism is sexual from the first to last." And here it may be remarked that the author makes a very free use of the word "sexual" as a qualifying adjective—a great deal too free, for it is apt to be misunderstood. Indeed, there is only a doubt whether it is to be understood literally or in the sense of polarity. It is so in some instances, but the meaning is in other places very obscure.

But there is one caution which should be observed by all readers. The author gives a multitude of recommendations for the cultivation of "soul powers and spiritual gifts."

As he justly observes, one of the first requisites for this is the silence of the mind. But while he inculcates this, he dilates on the dangers of mediumship. Thus he warns his followers of the dangers to be encountered, but he does not give directions by which these dangers are to be avoided. Consequently, the aspirant after knowledge is encouraged to follow a course of training by which he is brought in contact with acknowledged dangers, but which he is left to his own unaided powers to meet.

Further, in following this course of training, directions are given which may confer on the persevering candidate powers which he is warned against exercising, unless he has purified his soul. But there is nothing to hinder him from exercising these powers before the purification is effected. Thus, in plain terms, there are many practical directions which, if followed, may ultimately lead the aspirant to Black Magic. Therefore, it is not a book to be recommended to everyone.

But although it may appear that the faults of the book have been here too much dwelt upon, it is impossible to praise too highly the many excellencies which it contains. It will prove a valuable guide to those who fix their attention on their own exalted ideals, by giving them a course of regulated practical action and the reasons therefor.

Thus, taking all considerations together, it is a book which, in spite of some flaws of construction and principle, would be a valuable aid to a large number of Theosophists.



THEOSOPHICAL NEWS.

The President-Founder, Col. H. S. Olcott, left India for Japan on January 11th, and is due in the land of lacquer and the latest catechumens of civilisation on February 8th. It will be curious to see whether—as a revivalist movement in a country which professedly cares little for religion of any kind—Buddhism or Christianity will gain the day. At all events, our President's task will be an arduous one.

We learn with pleasure that there is more than a probability of the speedy formation of two new Branches of the T. S. in England.

The February Number of the THEOSOPHIST will contain the following notice:—
 "Any subscriber to LUCIFER will, in future, be charged only 15s. a year for the THEOSOPHIST, instead of £1, the regular annual subscription.

"All such reduced subscriptions must be paid to the Manager of the Theosophical Publishing Co., Limited, 7, Duke Street, Adelphi, London."

Correspondence.

BRITISH SECTION, T.S.

Our attention has been called to an extraordinary oversight which has occurred in the drafting of the Revised Rules of the T. S. at the Convention at Adyar. The Rules of the British Section were forwarded to the Delegate of the Section at Adyar to be by him communicated to the Convention. This was regarded as a matter of form and courtesy, for the President had held two meetings while in Europe at which the constitution of the Section had been settled, and had given his official sanction as President in Council to its Rules, which, moreover, *appear in full* in the official Supplement to the *Theosophist*. Rule 15, which relates to an annual subscription to be paid by members of the British Section, is apparently flatly contradicted by Section P of the Revised Rules; and this is followed by Part 2 of Section S, which does away with all Rules previously formed and declares any action taken under such Rules to be illegal. Now as the British Section has had no opportunity of discussing any such alteration as this, and as its Rules were approved by the President-Founder in Council, it is at once evident that some great oversight can alone explain it. So much is this the case that the Rules of the British Section will be upheld pending an appeal to the President for his interpretation of the enigma. More especially so as the British Section has received no official or private notification that its Rules have been thus cancelled without its knowledge, and abrogated in such an unwarrantable manner. Probably Col. Olcott, in the hurry of his departure for Japan, was unaware of these alterations; at any rate, of their extent, and the results of their action. It is impossible that he should assent to a Rule which is contrary to the practically unanimous (one dissentient) vote of the meeting which he called in London. We await his decision.

THE MITHRA WORSHIP.

All visitors to the Classical Galleries in the British Museum are familiar with the Mithraic Bull. In this a young man, wearing a Phrygian cap, bestrides a bull, into which he strikes a knife, while at the same time this bull is attacked by an insect, either scorpion or crab, and followed by two ravens or other birds. I therefore ask the meaning of this sculpture.

I. What analogy is there between this idol and the Hindoo Vâch?

II. What analogy is there with the Hebrew "golden calf" or "cherub" which was manufactured by the Israelites in the wilderness from the metal of which they had deprived the Egyptians?

III. Does the insect represent *Cancer* or *Scorpio*?

IV. Are the two ravens interpreted by the ravens of Mephistopheles (see Goethe's "Faust"); by the Norse mythology; or by the higher symbolism indicated in the *Secret Doctrine*? Is the mystic signification of the word *raven*, which forms so important a factor in the legends of Noah and Elijah, interpreted in any way by the Mithraic myth?

A BOOK-WORM.

To question I. we reply :—

I. We know of no analogy between the Persian Mithra and the Hindu Vâch. If "A Book-Worm" knows of any, let him "rise and explain."

II. Save the fact that a cherub and a calf are synonymous in symbology, and that the calf is a young bull, we see no relation between the golden calf of the Jews and the Mithraic Bull. Both bulls, young or old, are emblems of strength and of creative or generative power. The Mosaic allegory has a reference, moreover, to that secret knowledge of which the Jews despoiled the Egyptians. Moses was learned in their wisdom and used it for good purposes; the Israelites accepting the *dead letter* sought to use it for selfish purposes, or *black magic*. Hence Moses destroyed the object; the mode he adopted for it showing plainly his knowledge of alchemy. For it is stated that he *burnt* the "golden calf," *ground it to powder* and strewed it upon the water, "making the children of Israel drink of it" (xxxii. Exodus)—a feat having a sense in it for the Alchemist, but reading like a jumble of physical impossibilities to the profane.

III. This insect represents ♏ (Scorpio) of course, the sign which rules the reproductive faculty and the generative organs astrologically, and which represents esoterically the fierce animal passions of man symbolized by the bull. The Spiritual man is Mithra, the Sun. As the Sun governs astrologically the fiery triad of ♈ (the Ram, or lamb), ♌ (Leo), and ♏ (Scorpio), so Mithra is shown as the *liberated* man, hence the Phrygian cap, probably, astride on ♈ (Taurus, the sign which succeeds Aries), and killing it—*i.e.* the animal passions. The allegorical representation is beautiful and ingenious, being suggestive of the Mithraic Mysteries, in which man was taught to subdue his animal Self.

IV. The ravens cannot signify either of the first two speculations. It is the decadence of the *divine* into *black* magic which, made of the ravens during the mediæval ages the adjuncts of witches and fiends. Birds typified in both the Aryan and Semitic symbology, angels, divine messengers, and, in the *inner* man, his Spiritual and Human Souls or *Buddhi* and *Manas*. It is these two that follow the *insect* which goads the animal passions (see the part on the "Mithraic" Bull which is so attacked) in order to return into the man as soon as he has conquered, by killing it, the animal nature in him represented by the Bull. But these supposed *ravens* are probably hawks. The latter was a divine bird, sacred to the Sun (Mithra) in almost every mythology, whereas the raven was the symbol of longevity, wisdom through experience, and of the intelligent and firm will in man. Hence the allegories of the raven of Noah, who never returned to the Ark, and the ravens of Elijah, who fed him morn and eve—*i.e.*, his intelligence (Manas) provided him with means of support. For if taken in its dead-letter sense—for which more than one Bible worshipper will battle with us—how comes it that a raven, which, physiologically and Biblically is an *unclean* bird (*vide* Leviticus i, 5), was chosen by the "Lord God" to feed the Tishbite, in preference to a dove or any other clean and *holy* bird?—[ED.]

THE DIRGE FOR THE DEAD.

The interesting and highly-suggestive specimen of automatic writing that appeared in the December number of LUCIFER is not a little remarkable in itself, but, pardon my saying the theory put forward by you in explanation is very far from being satisfactory to the enquiring mind.* As to the dirge, I doubt if it be known to Egyptologists; it forms no portion of the Book of the Dead; there is no copy among the papyri of the British Museum; and its appearance on the mummy of the Ptolemaic period is probably exceptional.† But my interest in the subject centres in your explanation that the communication in question is a reminiscence of past incarnations, presumably of the higher Ego of the writer. This theory of the Theosophist stands opposed to the hypothesis of the Spiritualist, who maintains such communications to be what they profess to be, viz., revelations by an independent, super-mundane intelligence, given through the medium of another organisation. From the standpoint you occupy, and the superior knowledge you possess, your explanation may, for aught I know to the contrary, be the true one, but permit me to say, you have not succeeded in making it even plausible to the average reader.‡ On the contrary, the impression left on my mind after reading the editorial

* No doubt it is not satisfactory to the Spiritualists, not any more than the doctrine of Purgatory or any other Roman Catholic tenet is satisfactory to the Protestant Predestinarian.—[ED.]

† The Editor has premised by saying in the introductory note (which, by-the-by, was mangled out of recognition by some printer's mistake, who dropped out two whole lines) that some Egyptologists *may* have seen it, but never said they did. Of course, it is not in the "Book of the Dead." Still, the Editor has seen it, and copied its translation in French and in English; and what is more, the *dirge* (a name given to the writing by the editor) is absolutely identical in spirit and form with other such dirges. These were chanted, ages ago, first during the Mysteries, over the apparently lifeless and entranced bodies of the *mystæ* who were made *Epoptai*—i.e., passing through the trial of their last initiation, when they became the "Dead in Life," and later over the really dead—the mummies. It is this explanation, given in the two lines, which were omitted, or dropped out in printing, which thus disfigured the whole sense of the sentence; and putting a comma after "psychographic writers" followed only by the tail end of the above explanation, namely—"as we were told it was only in the days of Ptolemy that this dirge began to be chanted over the really dead, or the mummy"—it made of the last closing sentence in the editorial preface perfect nonsense. Thus, it was not found on a "mummy of the Ptolemaic period," but on one of the IVth or Vth Dynasty, if we remember right.—[ED.]

‡ Very likely. But the remark cuts both ways since no more has the Spiritualistic explanation ever satisfied us, or appeared "plausible" to the average Theosophist. Not only does the theory of the returning "Spirits," so called, militate against the whole teaching of the Occult Sciences as taught in the East (the broad reincarnation theory of the Buddhist and Hindu Esoteric philosophies being assuredly that of the Theosophists), but it goes against the writer's personal experience of about 45 years' duration.

note was that the Theosophical theory was trotted out in support of a pre-conceived doctrine rather than given as a scientific conclusion deduced from the facts. On the face of it the Theosophical theory fails either to cover the ground or explain the facts. My difficulty in accepting your theory of past reminiscences from former existences is not lessened by the mystery that surrounds the doctrine of reincarnation. As gathered from the lips of Theosophists and Theosophical literature, the doctrine appears to me to be largely tinged by the Buddhistic school of thought through which it has descended. It savours of the company it has kept so long, which may account for the apparently contradictory theories obtaining on the subject of reincarnation.* The law of Karma, and the necessary and inevitable periodic return of the ego or astral monad into material existence, and on this planet as the universal destiny of every son and daughter of Adam, I understand to be the view of reincarnation held by Theosophists. But in *Isis Unveiled*, page 351, the following teaching is given :

“Reincarnation, *i.e.* the appearance of the same individual, or rather of his astral monad, twice on the same *planet*,† is not a rule in nature ; it is an exception, like the teratological phenomenon of a two-headed infant. It is preceded by a violation of the

* The two theories (those of the Spiritualists and Theosophists) are a matter of personal preference. None of us need enforce his views on the other, or those who may differ from him. Time alone can show which side is right and which wrong. Meanwhile, those who study seriously the doctrine of reincarnation, and those supernal Intelligences who *can*, and *do* communicate with persons still in flesh, will find no contradictory theories among us. No one can judge of such a difficult and abstruse subject on simple *hearsay*.—[ED.]

† Since 1882 when the mistake was first found out in “*Isis Unveiled*,” it has been repeatedly stated in the *Theosophist*, and last year in the *Path* that the word “planet” was a mistake and that “cycle” was meant, *i.e.*, the “cycle of Devachanic rest.” This mistake, due to one of the literary editors—the writer knowing English more than imperfectly twelve years ago, and the editors being still more ignorant of Buddhism and Hinduism—has led to great confusion and numberless accusations of contradictions between the statements in *Isis* and later theosophical teaching. The paragraph quoted meant to upset the theory of the French Reincarnationists who maintain that the same *personality* is reincarnated, often a few days after death, so that a grandfather can be reborn as his own grand-daughter. Hence the idea was combated, and it was said that neither Buddha nor any of the Hindu philosophers ever taught reincarnation *in the same cycle*, or *of the same personality*, but of the “triune man” (*vide* note which follows) who, when properly united, was “capable of running the race” forward to perfection. The same and a worse mistake occurs on pages 346 and 347 (Vol. 1). For on the former it is stated that the Hindus dread *reincarnation* “only on other and inferior planets,” instead of what is the case, that Hindus dread reincarnation *in other and inferior bodies*, of brutes and animals or *transmigration*, while on page 347 the said error of putting “planet” instead of “cycle” and “personality,” shows the author (a professed Buddhist) speaking as though Buddha had never taught the doctrine of reincarnation!! The sentence ought to read that the “*former life* believed in by Buddhists is not a life in the same cycle and personality,” as no one appreciates more than they do “the great

laws of harmony of nature, and happensionly when the latter, [seeking to restore its disturbed equilibrium, violently throws back into earth-life the astral monad which had been tossed out of the circle of necessity by crime or accident. . . . If reason has been so far developed as to become active and discriminative, there is no (immediate) reincarnation on this earth, for the three parts of the triune man * have been united together, and he is capable of running the race."

Here, we have propounded a theory of re-incarnation that must, I think, address itself to every mind as at once probable, scientific, and rational; † a reasonable provision of the All-wise for meeting the case of exceptions to a rule of life. But how can this theory of re-incarnation be accorded with the Theosophical teaching of the same doctrine? If the re-incarnation of Isis be the truth, then the explanation of automatic communications, such as that of the "Dirge for the Dead in Life," or the spirit teachings of M. A. Oxon, by the "reminiscences of past existences," will be found to utterly break down. The re-incarnation theory of explanation will have to be re-considered and the intelligence who stoutly maintains that he *is* what he says he is, must be heard in his own defence.

J. H. MITALMIER, F.R.A.S.

ED. NOTE.—Re-incarnation in "Isis" was made faulty by the mistakes as explained, and no edition has been yet corrected. The author proposes, as soon as time permits it, to re-edit entirely, to correct and abridge *Isis Unveiled* to one volume.

doctrine of cycles." As it reads now, however, namely that "this former life believed in by the Buddhists is not a *life on this planet*," and this sentence on page 347 just preceded by that other (paragraph 2 on page 346), "Thus like the revolutions of a wheel, there is a *regular succession of death and birth*," etc.—the whole reads like the raving of a lunatic, and a jumble of contradictory statements. If asked why the error was permitted to remain and run through ten editions, it is answered that (a) the attention of the author was drawn to it only in 1882; and (b) that the undersigned was not in a position to alter it from stereotyped plates which belonged to the American publisher and not to her. The work was written under exceptional circumstances, and no doubt more than one great error may be discovered in *Isis Unveiled*.—[ED.]

* "The three parts," are Atma, Buddhi-Manas, which this condition of perfect union entitles to a rest in Devachan which cannot be less than 1,000 years in duration, sometimes 2,000, as the "cycle of rest" is proportioned to the merits and demerits of the *Devachanee*.—[ED.]

† So it is, *minus* the erroneous qualification "only this planet," and the omission of "immediate" before "*re-incarnation*." If the correction and the substitution of the word planet by that of cycle, are made, there will be no contradiction.—[ED.]

