

LUCIFER

VOL. V. LONDON, NOVEMBER 15TH, 1889. No. 27.

THE TIDAL WAVE.

*"The tidal wave of deeper souls,
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares,
Out of all meaner cares."*

LONGFELLOW.

THE great psychic and spiritual change now taking place in the realm of the human Soul, is quite remarkable. It began towards the very commencement of the now slowly vanishing last quarter of our century, and will end—so says a mystic prophecy—either for the weal or the woe of civilized humanity with the present cycle which will close in 1897. But the great change is not effected in solemn silence, nor is it perceived only by the few. On the contrary, it asserts itself amid a loud din of busy, boisterous tongues, a clash of public opinion, in comparison to which the incessant, ever increasing roar even of the noisiest political agitation seems like the rustling of the young forest foliage, on a warm spring day.

Verily the Spirit in man, so long hidden out of public sight, so carefully concealed and so far exiled from the arena of modern learning, has at last awakened. It now asserts itself and is loudly re-demanding its unrecognized yet ever legitimate rights. It refuses to be any longer trampled under the brutal foot of Materialism, speculated upon by the Churches, and made a fathomless source of income by those who have self-constituted themselves its universal custodians. The former would deny the Divine Presence any right to existence; the latter would accentuate and prove it through their Sidesmen and Church Wardens armed with money-bags and collection-boxes. But the Spirit in man—the direct, though now but broken ray and emanation of the Universal Spirit—has at last awakened. Hitherto, while so often reviled, persecuted and abased through ignorance, ambition and greed; while so frequently turned by insane *Pride* "into a blind wanderer, like unto a buffoon mocked by a host of buffoons," in the realm of Delusion, it remained unheard and unheeded. To-day, the Spirit in man has returned like King Lear, from seeming insanity to its senses; and, raising its voice,

it now speaks in those authoritative tones to which the men of old have listened in reverential silence through incalculable ages, until deafened by the din and roar of civilization and culture, they could hear it no longer. . . .

Look around you and behold! Think of what you see and hear, and draw therefrom your conclusions. The age of crass materialism, of Soul insanity and blindness, is swiftly passing away. A death struggle between Mysticism and Materialism is no longer at hand, but is already raging. And the party which will win the day at this supreme hour will become the master of the situation and of the future; *i.e.*, it will become the autocrat and sole disposer of the *millions* of men already born and to be born, up to the latter end of the XXth century. If the signs of the times can be trusted it is not the *Animalists* who will remain conquerors. This is warranted us by the many brave and prolific authors and writers who have arisen of late to defend the rights of Spirit to reign over matter. Many are the honest, aspiring Souls now raising themselves like a dead wall against the torrent of the muddy waters of Materialism. And facing the hitherto domineering flood which is still steadily carrying off into unknown abysses the fragments from the wreck of the dethroned, cast down Human Spirit, they now command: "So far hast thou come; but thou shalt go no further!"

Amid all this external discord and disorganisation of social harmony; amid confusion and the weak and cowardly hesitations of the masses, tied down to the narrow frames of routine, propriety and cant; amid that late dead calm of public thought that had exiled from literature every reference to Soul and Spirit and their divine working during the whole of the middle period of our century—we hear a sound arising. Like a clear, definite, far-reaching note of promise, the voice of the great human Soul proclaims, in no longer timid tones, the rise and almost the resurrection of the human Spirit in the masses. It is now awakening in the foremost representatives of thought and learning; it speaks in the lowest as in the highest, and stimulates them all to action. The renovated, life-giving Spirit in man is boldly freeing itself from the dark fetters of the hitherto all-capturing animal life and matter. Behold it, saith the poet, as, ascending on its broad, white wings, it soars into the regions of real life and light; whence, calm and godlike, it contemplates with unfeigned piety those golden idols of the modern material cult with their feet of clay, which have hitherto screened from the purblind masses their true and living gods. . . .

Literature—once wrote a critic—is the confession of social life, reflecting all its sins, and all its acts of baseness as of heroism. In this sense a book is of a far greater importance than any man. Books do not represent one man, but they are the mirror of a host of men. Hence the great English poet-philosopher said of books, that he knew that they were as hard to kill and as prolific as the teeth of the fabulous

dragon ; sow them hither and thither and armed warriors will grow out of them. To kill a good book, is equal to killing a man.

The "poet-philosopher" is right.

A new era has begun in literature, this is certain. New thoughts and new interests have created new intellectual needs ; hence a new race of authors is springing up. And this new species will gradually and imperceptibly shut out the old one, those fogies of yore who, though they still reign nominally, are allowed to do so rather by force of habit than predilection. It is not he who repeats obstinately and parrot-like the old literary formulæ and holds desperately to publishers' traditions, who will find himself answering to the new needs ; not the man who prefers his narrow party discipline to the search for the long-exiled Spirit of man and the now lost TRUTHS ; not these, but verily he who, parting company with his beloved "authority," lifts boldly and carries on unflinchingly the standard of the *Future Man*. It is finally those who, amidst the present wholesale dominion of the worship of matter, material interests and SELFISHNESS, will have bravely fought for human rights and *man's divine nature*, who will become, if they only win, the teachers of the masses in the coming century, and so their benefactors.

But woe to the XXth century if the now reigning school of thought prevails, for Spirit would once more be made captive and silenced till the end of the now coming age. It is not the fanatics of the dead letter in general, nor the iconoclasts and Vandals who fight the new Spirit of thought, nor yet the modern Roundheads, supporters of the old Puritan religious and social traditions, who will ever become the protectors and Saviours of the now resurrecting human thought and Spirit. It is not these too willing supporters of the old cult, and the mediæval heresies of those who guard like a relic every error of their sect or party, who jealously watch over their own thought lest it should, growing out of its teens, assimilate some fresher and more beneficent idea—not these who are the wise men of the future. It is not for them that the hour of the new historical era will have struck, but for those who will have learnt to express and put into practice the aspirations as well as the physical needs of the rising generations and of the now trampled-down masses. In order that one should fully comprehend *individual* life with its physiological, psychic and spiritual mysteries, he has to devote himself with all the fervour of unselfish philanthropy and love for his brother men, to studying and knowing *collective* life, or Mankind. Without preconceptions or prejudice, as also without the least fear of possible results in one or another direction, he has to decipher, understand and *remember* the deep and innermost feelings and the aspirations of the poor people's great and suffering heart. To do this he has first "to attune his soul with that of Humanity," as the old philosophy teaches ; to thoroughly master the correct meaning of every line and word in the rapidly turning pages of the Book of Life of MANKIND and to be thoroughly saturated with the truism that the latter is a whole inseparable from his own SELF.

How many of such profound readers of life may be found in our boasted age of sciences and culture? Of course we do not mean authors alone, but rather the practical and still unrecognized, though well known, philanthropists and altruists of our age; the people's friends, the unselfish lovers of man, and the defenders of human right to the freedom of Spirit. Few indeed are such; for they are the rare blossoms of the age, and generally the martyrs to prejudiced mobs and time-servers. Like those wonderful "Snow flowers" of Northern Siberia, which, in order to shoot forth from the cold frozen soil, have to pierce through a thick layer of hard, icy snow, so these rare characters have to fight their battles all their life with cold indifference and human harshness, and with the selfish ever-mocking world of wealth. Yet, it is only they who can carry out the task of perseverance. To them alone is given the mission of turning the "Upper Ten" of social circles from the broad and easy highway of wealth, vanity and empty pleasures into the arduous and thorny path of higher moral problems, and the perception of loftier moral duties than they are now pursuing. It is also those who, already themselves awakened to a higher Soul activity, are being endowed at the same time with literary talent, whose duty it is to undertake the part of awakening the sleeping Beauty and the Beast, in their enchanted Castle of Frivolity, to real life and light. Let all those who can, proceed fearlessly with this idea uppermost in their mind, and they will succeed. It is the rich who have first to be regenerated, if we would do good to the poor; for it is in the former that lies the root of evil of which the "disinherited" classes are but the too luxuriant growth. This may seem at first sight paradoxical, yet it is true, as may be shown.

In the face of the present degradation of every ideal, as also of the noblest aspirations of the human heart, becoming each day more prominent in the higher classes, what can be expected from the "great unwashed"? It is the head that has to guide the feet, and the latter are to be hardly held responsible for their actions. Work, therefore, to bring about the moral regeneration of the cultured but far more immoral classes before you attempt to do the same for our ignorant younger Brethren. The latter was undertaken years ago, and is carried on to this day, yet with no perceptible good results. Is it not evident that the reason for this lies in the fact that for a few earnest, sincere and all-sacrificing workers in that field, the great majority of the volunteers consists of those same frivolous, *ultra*-selfish classes, who "play at charity" and whose ideas of the amelioration of the physical and moral status of the poor are confined to the hobby that money and the Bible alone can do it. We say that neither of these can accomplish any good; for dead-letter preaching and forced Bible-reading develop irritation and later atheism, and money as a temporary help finds its way into the tills of the public-houses rather than serves to buy bread with. The root of evil lies, therefore, in a moral, not in a physical cause.

If asked, what is it then that will help, we answer boldly:—Theo-

sophical literature; hastening to add that under this term, neither books concerning adepts and phenomena, nor the Theosophical Society publications are meant.

Take advantage of, and profit by, the "tidal wave" which is now happily overpowering half of Humanity. Speak to the awakening Spirit of Humanity, to the human Spirit and the Spirit in man, these three in One and the One in All. Dickens and Thackeray both born a century too late—or a century too early—came between two tidal waves of human spiritual thought, and though they have done yeoman service individually and induced certain partial reforms, yet they failed to touch Society and the masses at large. What the European world now needs is a dozen writers such as Dostoevsky, the Russian author, whose works, though *terra incognita* for most, are still well known on the Continent, as also in England and America among the cultured classes. And what the Russian novelist has done is this:—he spoke boldly and fearlessly the most unwelcome truths to the higher and *even to the official classes*—the latter a far more dangerous proceeding than the former. And yet, behold, most of the administrative reforms during the last twenty years are due to the silent and *unwelcome* influence of his pen. As one of his critics remarks, the great truths uttered by him were felt by all classes so vividly and so strongly that people whose views were most diametrically opposed to his own could not but feel the warmest sympathy for this bold writer and even expressed it to him.

"In the eyes of all, friends or foes, he became the mouthpiece of the irrepressible no longer to be delayed need felt by Society, to look with absolute sincerity into the innermost depths of its own soul, to become the impartial judge of its own actions and its own aspirations."

Every new current of thought, every new tendency of the age had and ever will have, its rivals, as its enemies, some counteracting it boldly but unsuccessfully, others with great ability. But such, are always made of the same paste, so to say, common to all. They are goaded to resistance and objections by the same external, selfish and worldly objects, the same material ends and calculations as those that guided their opponents. While pointing out other problems and advocating other methods, in truth, they cease not for one moment to live with their foes in a world of the same and common interests, as also to continue in the same fundamental identical views on life.

That which then became necessary was a man, who, standing outside of any partizanship or struggle for supremacy, would bring his past life as a guarantee of the sincerity and honesty of his views and purposes; one whose personal suffering would be an *imprimatur* to the firmness of his convictions, a writer finally, of undeniable literary genius:—for such a man alone, could pronounce words capable of awakening the true spirit in a Society which had drifted away in a wrong direction.

Just such a man was Dostoevsky—the patriot-convict, the galley-slave, returned from Siberia; that writer, far-famed in Europe and Russia, the pauper buried by voluntary subscription, the soul-stirring bard, of everything poor, insulted, injured, humiliated; he who unveiled with such merciless cruelty the plagues and sores of his age. . . .

It is writers of this kind that are needed in our day of reawakening; not authors writing for wealth or fame, but fearless apostles of the living

Word of Truth, moral healers of the pustulous sores of our century. France has her Zola who points out, brutally enough, yet still true to life—the degradation and moral leprosy of his people. But Zola, while castigating the vices of the lower classes, has never dared to lash higher with his pen than the *petite bourgeoisie*, the immorality of the higher classes being ignored by him. Result: the peasants who do not read novels have not been in the least affected by his writings, and the *bourgeoisie* caring little for the *plebs*, took such notice of *Pot bouille* as to make the French realist lose all desire of burning his fingers again at their family pots. From the first then, Zola has pursued a path which though bringing him to fame and fortune has led him nowhere in so far as salutary effects are concerned.

Whether Theosophists, in the present or future, will ever work out a practical application of the suggestion is doubtful. To write novels with a moral sense in them deep enough to stir Society, requires a great literary talent and a *born* theosophist as was Dostoevsky—Zola standing outside of any comparison with him. But such talents are rare in all countries. Yet, even in the absence of such great gifts one may do good in a smaller and humbler way by taking note and exposing in impersonal narratives the crying vices and evils of the day, by word and deed, by publications and practical example. Let the force of that example impress others to follow it; and then instead of deriding our doctrines and aspirations the men of the XXth, if not the XIXth century will see clearer, and judge with knowledge and according to facts, instead of prejudging agreeably to rooted misconceptions. Then and not till then will the world find itself forced to acknowledge that it was wrong, and that Theosophy alone can gradually create a mankind as harmonious and as simple-souled as Kosmos itself; but to effect this theosophists have to act as such. Having helped to awaken the spirit in many a man—we say this boldly challenging contradiction—shall we now stop instead of swimming with the TIDAL WAVE?



NOTICE TO THOSE INTERESTED IN THE "TRANSACTIONS OF THE BLAVATSKY LODGE."

THE discussions on the first volume of the *Secret Doctrine* which have been reported by a stenographer were of so difficult a nature that much of the substance, as it stands, is entirely useless. The revision and rewording of these reports, which had to be undertaken by one of the busiest of the 17 Lansdowne Road household, is progressing; but it has to be again revised and prepared for press, and this no one can do but H. P. B.; owing, however, to her multifarious duties the work can progress but slowly. It is to be hoped that the anxiety of our friends will be relieved by the above explanation.

G. R. S. MEAD,

Sec., "Blavatsky Lodge."

OUR HEROES.

IF the age has its great criminals it has also its martyrs, saints, and heroes, those differentiations of the diviner man from the revolting average of animalism.

The world has scarcely ceased weeping over the heroic self-sacrifice of Father Damien, when it reads the tale of another martyr of Altruism. Says the Washington correspondent of a New York paper :

“The Department of State has received from the Legation at Peking, China, under date of July 3, an account of the death and extraordinary life work of the Rev. J. Crossett, an independent American missionary in China. He died on the steamer *El Dorado* en route from Shanghai to Tientsin on June 21 last. He leaves a widow living at Schuylersville, N. Y. In speaking of Mr. Crossett, Minister Denby couples his name with that of Father Damien, the French missionary who died on the island of Molokai, and says :

“‘Mr. Crossett’s life was devoted to the poorest classes of Chinese. He had charge of a winter refuge for the poor at Peking during several winters. He would go out on the streets the coldest nights and pick up destitute beggars and convey them to the refuge, where he provided them with food. He also buried them at his own expense. He visited all the prisons, and often procured the privilege of removing the sick to his refuge. The officials had implicit confidence in him, and allowed him to visit at pleasure all the prisons and charitable institutions. He was known to the Chinese as the “Christian Buddha.” He was attached to no organization of men. He was a missionary pure and simple, devoted rather to charity than proselytism. He literally took Christ as his exemplar. He travelled all over China and the east. He took no care for his expenses. Food and lodging were voluntarily furnished him. Innkeepers would take no pay from him, and private persons were glad to entertain him. It must be said that his wants were few. He wore the Chinese dress, had no regular meals, drank only water, and lived on fruit, with a little rice or millet. He aimed at translating his ideal, Christ, into reality. He wore long auburn hair, parted in the middle, so as to resemble the pictures of Christ. Charitable people furnished him money for his refuge, and he never seemed to want for funds. He slept on a board or on the floor. Even in his last hours, being a deck passenger on the *El Dorado*, he refused to be transferred to the cabin, but the kindly captain, some hours before he died, removed him to a berth, where he died, still speaking of going to heaven, and entreating the bystanders to love the Lord.

“‘This man taught the pure love of God and goodness. He completely sacrificed himself for the good of the poorest of the poor. He acted out his principles to the letter. He was as poor and lived as plainly as the poorest of his patients. On charitable subjects he wrote well. The ideal to him was practical. Let this American, then, be enshrined, along with the devoted Frenchman, in the annals of men who loved their fellow men.’”

MEMORY.

MEMORY is but a function of the mind, and the answer given to the question, "What is Memory?" must turn on the answer given to the larger question, "What is mind?" "Is there a Self, an Ego, of which mind, as we know it, is a part; or is mind only an outcome of matter in motion, so that the Self has no real existence? Is 'Mind' anything more than an ever-changing succession of perceptions and congeries of perceptions, and these the outcome of nervous activity responding to stimuli peripheral and central? Or is it a definite mode of being, with perceptions *et hoc genus omne* as material on which it works; with faculties whereby it perceives, reproduces, recollects, conceives; but no more, as a whole, to be identified with its functional activities, than the body as a whole consists of eating, breathing, or digesting?"

The famous argument of Hume in the fifth and sixth sections of "A Treatise on Human Nature," Part IV, will be familiar to the student; but I may here recall the results of his introspection:

"For my part, when I enter most intimately into what I call myself, I always stumble on some particular perception or other, of heat or cold, light or shade, love or hatred, pain or pleasure. I never can catch *myself* at any time without a perception, and never can observe anything but the perception. When my perceptions are removed for any time, as by sound sleep; so long am I insensible of *myself*, and may truly be said not to exist. And were all my perceptions removed by death, and could I neither think, nor feel, nor see, nor love, nor hate after the dissolution of my body, I should be entirely annihilated, nor do I conceive what is further necessary to make me a perfect non-entity. If anyone, upon serious and unprejudiced reflection, thinks he has a different notion of *himself*, I must confess I can reason no longer with him. All I can allow him is, that he may be in the right as well as I, and that we are essentially different in this particular. He may, perhaps, perceive something simple and continued which he calls *himself*; though I am certain there is no such principle in me. But setting aside some metaphysicians of this kind, I may venture to affirm of the rest of mankind, that they are nothing but a bundle or collection of different perceptions, which succeed each other with inconceivable rapidity, and are in a perpetual flux and movement."

Hume consequently denies the existence of the Self, and explains that the feeling of personal identity arises from the relations between the objects perceived.

But in reading the whole argument it is impossible to remain unconscious of the self-contradictory nature of the expressions used. "When I enter I always stumble upon some perception." What is the "I" that stumbles on a perception, and is able to observe and to recognise it? Is it itself a perception? If so, of what? And can one perception in "a bundle" cognise other perceptions in the same bundle,

and separating itself from its peers scrutinise the remainder and recognise them as a bundle? The argument implies something that observes the perceptions and assigns to each its rightful name and place; despite himself, Hume cannot escape from the consciousness that he is other than his perceptions, and this universal result of introspection, the consciousness of the "I", betrays itself in the very argument aimed at its annihilation. The mind is no more identifiable with its organs than is the brain with the organs of the body of which it is part. It depends on them for its living, and its functioning, but IT IS NOT THEY.

Consider an ordinary perception, say the perception of a chair. Can that perception cognise another, or be anything more than the perception of a chair? If the mind be only a bundle of perceptions, of what nature is the perception that can cognise all the rest, can set itself apart from and above them, and say, "You are a perception of heat and you of cold, you of pain and you of pleasure"? This perception of perceptions is not very different from the Self that is denied. It is the Perceiver, not a perception.

Let anyone experiment on himself; let him shut himself up alone, free from all interruption from without; let him patiently and steadily investigate his own mental processes; he will find that the shifting contents of his consciousness are not *he*; that he is other than the feelings, the perceptions, the conceptions, that pass before him; that they are his, not he, and that he can drive them away, can empty his mind of all save Self-consciousness, can, in the words of Patanjali, become a "spectator without a spectacle."

It may be urged that introspection often yields fallacious results, and that self-observation is the most difficult of all tasks. Granted. So may our senses mislead us, yet they are the only guides to the objective world that we possess. Our recognition of their fallibility does not lead us to refuse to use them, but it makes us test their reports to the best of our ability, and compare them with the common sense of our race. And so with the results of the inner senses; we test them, we compare their reports with those of others; and I venture to say that the common sense (I use the words in the philosophical meaning, the *sensus communis*) of mankind reports the existence of the Self, the permanent Ego, amid all the flux of percepts and concepts, and that its existence is as certain as any existence around us in the Object World.

But we shall judge erroneously of the Ego, if we only take into account the everyday mental processes, and limit its extent to the extent of our normal waking consciousness. And I know of no study that can throw more light on our true Self than the study of Memory, for its phenomena prove to us that Consciousness is something far wider than the consciousness of the moment, as Energy, in the physical world, is something more than the forces acting at any given instant of time. Analogy is often useful as throwing light into obscure places and

analogy may serve us here. Physicists speak of Energy as, kinetic and potential, the active and the latent. So Consciousness may be active or latent, and the latter division is, for each individual, the greater of the twain. We "forget," as the phrase goes, more than we "remember"; but the "forgotten" has not really passed out of Consciousness, though it has become latent, any more than force is absent from the avalanche hanging quiescent on the side of a mountain. The forgotten can be recalled to the active consciousness and may revolutionise a life, as the avalanche may be set free and expand its stored-up energy in laying desolate the valley homes. No force can be annihilated on the physical plane, and no experience destroyed on the mental. That which the normal waking consciousness retains depends, according to Schopenhauer, on the Will. Bain and the English school of psychologists would say that it depends on the Attention, but a name for a phase of Will. That which is best remembered is that which has struck us vividly, *i.e.* arrested and fixed our attention; or that which has been often repeated so that our attention has been frequently directed to it: in every case the Will lies at the root of the retention. Everything that once enters into Consciousness leaves thereon its trace; the Mind is thereby modified, as Patanjali would phrase it. If this be so, the traces should be recoverable, and on this we must challenge the phenomena of Memory.

Let us note, at the commencement, that memory has two chief divisions—Reproduction and Recollection. Reproduction may occur without recollection, and then no recognition will ensue. Memory reproduces the image of a past perception: it will appear in consciousness as new, unless recollection accompany the reproduction, and instances of this are on record.

"Maury relates that he once wrote an article on political economy for a periodical, but the sheets were mislaid and therefore not sent off. He had already forgotten everything that he had written, when he was requested to send the promised article. On re-undertaking the work, he thought that he had found a completely new point of view for the subject; but when, some months later, the mislaid sheets were found, it appeared, not only that there was nothing new in his second essay, but that he had repeated his first ideas in almost exactly the same words." (Maury, "Le Sommeil et les Rêves," p. 440, quoted by Du Prel, *Philosophy of Mysticism*, English trans. vol. ii. p. 13.) Leibnitz is quoted by Du Prel as giving an analogous instance: "I believe that dreams often renew old thoughts. When Julius Scaliger had celebrated in verse all the famous men of Verona, there appeared to him in dream one who gave the name of Brugnolus, a Bavarian by birth, who had settled at Verona, complaining that he had been forgotten. Julius Scaliger did not recollect to have heard him spoken of, but upon this dream made elegiac verses in his honour. Afterwards his son, Joseph Scaliger, being on a journey through Italy, learned that formerly there had been at

Verona a celebrated grammarian or critic of that name, who had contributed to the restoration of learning in Italy" (pp. 14, 15). The explanation suggested by Leibnitz is that Scaliger had heard of Brugnolus, but had forgotten him; in the dream, reproduction took place but was not accompanied by recollection, so that the name and character of Brugnolus appeared new to Scaliger, and he failed to recognise the dream-presented image. It is impossible to say how much of our dreams may be of this character, and how often the absence of recognition may bestow on them the appearance of revelation. We find ourselves in some place that we have dreamed of, and recognise as real our dream surroundings. Searching our waking consciousness in vain for some record, we rashly conclude that the dream has depicted in some mysterious way an environment unknown to us; whereas it is far more probable that memory has reproduced in our sleeping consciousness the images of perceptions long since forgotten, and, recollection failing, they pass before the mind as new.

To return to the statement that "everything that once enters into Consciousness leaves thereon its trace." In the article on "Memory of the Dying," in last month's LUCIFER, some examples were given of the remarkable reproduction at the end of life of events and surroundings in childhood, and almost everyone must have come across instances of aged persons who recall with extreme vividness the trivial occurrences of their youth. Dr. Winslow (*Diseases of the Brain and Mind*, pp. 286, 287) remarks on some instances in which, "in very advanced life, the faculty of memory exhibits an extraordinary degree of elasticity and a surprising amount of vigour. . . . A charming illustration of this fact occurs in the life of Niebuhr, the celebrated Danish traveller. When old, blind, and so infirm that he was able only to be carried from his bed to his chair, he used to describe to his friends the scenes which he had visited in his early days with wonderful minuteness and vivacity. When they expressed their astonishment at the vividness of his memory, he explained 'that as he lay in bed, all visible objects shut out, the pictures of what he had seen in the East continually floated before his mind's eye, so that it was no wonder he could speak of them as if he had seen them yesterday. With like vividness, the deep intense sky of Asia, with its brilliant and twinkling hosts of stars, which he had so often gazed at by night, or its lofty vault of blue by day, was reflected, in the hours of stillness and darkness, on his inmost soul.'

Yet more remarkable as a proof that that which has passed out of ordinary consciousness is not destroyed, are the many cases on record describing the strange revival of memory, just ere consciousness becomes latent, which is one of the most marked phenomena of drowning. I select the following from Du Prel (vol. i. pp. 92, 93):

“At the approach of death, also, the extraordinary exaltation of memory, connected with a change in the measure of time, has been frequently observed. Fechner (*‘Zentralblatt für Anthropologie and Naturwissenschaft,’* Jahrgang 1863, 774) relates the case of a lady who fell into the water and was nearly drowned. From the moment when all bodily movements ceased till she was drawn out of the water, about two minutes elapsed, during which, according to her own account, she lived again through her whole past, the most insignificant details of it being represented in imagination. Another instance of the same mental action in which the events of whole years were crowded together, is described by Admiral Beaufort from his own experience. He had fallen into the water, and had lost (normal) consciousness. In this condition ‘thought rose after thought, with a rapidity of succession that is not only indescribable, but probably inconceivable by anyone who has not himself been in a similar situation.’ At first the immediate consequences of his death for his family were presented to him; then his regards turned to the past; he repeated his last cruise, an earlier one in which he was shipwrecked, his schooldays, the progress he then made, and the time he had wasted, even all his small childish journeys and adventures. ‘Thus travelling backwards, every incident of my past life seemed to me to glance across my recollection in retrograde succession, *not*, however, *in mere outline*, as here stated, but the picture *filled up* with every minute and collateral feature; in short, the whole period of my existence seemed to be placed before me in a *kind of panoramic review*, and every act of it seemed to be accompanied by a consciousness of right and wrong, or by some reflection on its cause or its consequences. Indeed, many trifling events, which had long been forgotten, then crowded into my imagination, and with the character of recent familiarity.’ (Haddock, ‘Somnolism and Psychism,’ p. 213.) In this case, also, but two minutes at the most had passed, before Beaufort was taken out of the water.”

The approach of death, like extreme old age, will sometimes revive in the memory the impressions of childhood to the obliteration of more recent habits. Dr. Winslow (*loc. cit.* p. 320) quotes Dr. Rush as recording a statement of the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, of Lancaster, U.S.A. who “alluding to the German emigrants over whom he exercised pastoral care, observes, ‘people generally pray shortly before death, in their native language. This is a fact which I have found true in innumerable cases among my German hearers, although hardly one word of their native language was spoken by them in common life and when in health.’”

Passing attacks of disease will alter the contents of memory in the most remarkable way, so that the view seems well nigh forced upon us that the consciousness retains *all* impressions, but that the threshold, below which all is latent, shifts, as it were, up and down, now letting some images appear in the active consciousness and now others. The following three illustrative cases are from Dr. Winslow’s work (pp. 320, 321). “Dr. Hutchinson refers to the case of a physician who had in early life renounced the principles of the Roman Catholic church. During an attack of delirium which preceded his death, he prayed only in the forms of the Church of Rome, whilst all recollection of the prescribed formulæ of the Protestant religion was effaced and obliterated from the mind by the cerebral affection. A gentleman was thrown from

his horse whilst hunting. He was taken from the field to a neighbouring cottage in a state of unconsciousness, and was subsequently removed to his own residence. For the period of a week his life was considered in imminent danger. When he was restored sufficiently to enable him to articulate, he began to talk German, a language he had acquired in early life, but had not spoken for nearly twenty-five years A gentleman had a serious attack of illness. When restored, it was found that he had lost all recollection of *recent* circumstances, but had a lucid memory as to events that had occurred in *early life*; in fact, impressions that had long been forgotten were again revived. As this patient recovered his bodily health, a singular alteration was observed in the character of his memory. He again recollected *recent* ideas, but entirely forgot all the events of past years."

Another class of proofs of the permanence of impressions on the consciousness, may be drawn from the recorded cases of the exaltation of memory, which frequently accompanies disease, and abnormal conditions of the nervous system. Du Prel has collected a large number of instances, from which I take the following (*loc. cit.* vol. ii. pp. 19, 21, 28):

"Coleridge mentions a maid-servant who, in the delirium of fever, recited long passages in Hebrew which she did not understand, and could not repeat when in health, but which formerly, when in the service of a priest, she had heard him deliver aloud. She also quoted passages from theological works, in Latin and Greek, which she only half understood, when the priest, as was his custom, read aloud his favourite authors on going to and from church. (Maudsley, 'Physiology and Pathology of the Soul,' p. 14.) A Rostock peasant in a fever, suddenly recited the Greek words commencing the Gospel of John, which he had accidentally heard sixty years before, and Benecke mentions a peasant woman, who in fever uttered Syriac, Chaldean and Hebrew words which, when a little girl she had accidentally heard in the house of a scholar. (Rade-stock, 'Schlaf und Traum,' p. 136.) . . . A deranged person, who was cured by Dr. Willis, said that in his attacks, his memory attained extraordinary power, so that long passages from Latin authors occurred to him. (Reil, 'Rhapsodien,' p. 304.) . . . A girl of seven, employed as neatherd, occupied a room divided only by a thin partition from that of a violin player, who often gave himself up to his favourite pursuit during half the night. Some months later, the girl got another place, in which she had already been for two years, when frequently in the night tones exactly like those of the violin were heard coming from her room, but which were produced by the sleeping girl herself. This often went on for hours; sometimes with interruptions, after which she would continue the song where she had left off. With irregular intervals, this lasted for two years. Then she reproduced also the tones of a piano which was played in the family, and afterwards she began to speak, and held forth with remarkable acuteness, on political and religious subjects, often in a very accomplished and sarcastic way; she also conjugated Latin, or spoke like a tutor to a pupil. In all which cases this entirely ignorant girl merely reproduced what had been said by members of the family or visitors."

I have quoted this last case in order to draw attention to the significant fact, that sleep may cause the shifting of the threshold, as well as sickness or insanity.

Dr Winslow (*loc. cit.* pp. 336-338) gives some cases of extraordinary

memory, characterising incipient brain-disease, and he also records many curious instances of "double consciousness," in which the patient practically lives a double life, remembering in each state only those incidents which occurred in it (pp. 332-336). Here, again, we seem to be confronted with the shifting threshold as the only tenable hypothesis.

Persons under hypnotism frequently exhibit an extreme exaltation of memory, repeating long passages read to them but once, recalling with accuracy long past and trivial events, describing minutely the insignificant occurrences of many successive days. Many instances of this kind will be found by the student in Binet and Féré's "Animal Magnetism," and in Dr. Richer's "Etudes sur la grande Hystérie."

With this rough survey of the field of memory in our minds, we must seek for some hypothesis which will resume the facts, and which, tested by fresh experiment, will explain other memory-phenomena. I put Hume's hypothesis out of court, and proceed to consider the Materialistic and Theosophical Theories of memory, to answer the question whether memory is a function of matter in motion, or a faculty of the Self, the Ego, functioning *through* matter, but not resultant from it.

ANNIE BESANT, F.T.S.

(*To be concluded.*)

A VERY WONDERFUL FLOWER.

"A FRENCH paper, *Les Mondes*, gives a fascinating account of a newly-discovered flower, of which rumours have from time to time reached the ears of floriculturists. It is called the snow flower, and is said to have been discovered by Count Anthoskoff in the most northern portion of Siberia, where the ground is continually covered with frost. This wonderful object shoots forth from the frozen soil only on the first day of each succeeding year. It shines for but a single day, and then resolves to its original elements. The leaves are three in number, and each about three inches in diameter. They are developed only on that side of the stem toward the north, and each seems covered with microscopic crystals of snow. The flower, when it opens, is star-shaped, its petals of the same length as the leaves, and about half-an-inch in width. On the third day the extremities of the anthers, which are five in number, show minute glistening specks like diamonds, about the size of a pin's head, which are the seeds of this wonderful flower. Anthoskoff collected some of these seeds and carried them with him to St. Petersburg. They were placed in a pot of snow, where they remained for some time. On the 1st of the following January the miraculous snow flower burst through its icy covering, and displayed its beauties to the wondering Russian Royalty."—*Sheffield Independent*.

It is interesting to note that one of these wonderful snow flowers is mentioned in the *Voice of the Silence*, p. 39. The passage runs as follows:—

"Arhans are born at midnight hour, together with the sacred plant of nine and seven stalks, the holy flower that opes and blooms in darkness, out of the pure dew and on the frozen bed of snow-capped heights, heights that are trodden by no sinful foot."

Tradition adds that the flower blooms *fully* only when an Arhan is born.

THE OLD HOUSE IN THE CANONGATE.

THE AUTHOR'S FORE-WORD.

THE following narrative is rather an experience than a composition. The author, who is very familiar with the old parts of Edinburgh, noticed some time ago, with curious distinctness, the sensation of Spain which he has endeavoured to describe, hanging around a peculiarly squalid close, and finding that other persons quite independently had experienced the same and that no written or well-known oral tradition would account for it, he sought to pursue the subject and get clearer mental pictures. Thus bit by bit the old house, as described, grew up in shadowy form, and here and there sufficiently clear indications came to bear verification from local history and tradition, such as coats of arms of old Scotch houses standing out distinct over the shadowy gateways with dates and initials superadded. In this way a few historic facts were pieced together on which again shadowy pictures built themselves up. These pictures referred obviously to various dates, yet with little to show what was their historic sequence. Wherever verification was possible the story was borne out by recorded facts. Obviously, however, it was utterly impossible to observe any of the ordinary rules of construction in telling such a story; the only thing the author could attempt has been to set down the various pictures in as clear sequence as circumstances admit of. Those who have had similar experiences will recognise the difficulty. It only remains to say that as the portions of the story which were actually verified, involved more than one well-known Scottish family, the names, etc. have been altered, but the reader may rely on it that only absolutely necessary alterations have been made.

I.—THE WRITER'S PROLOGUE.

IT was a great many years ago, while still the old town of Edinburgh retained its quaintness and picturesque historic flavour, which the march of civilisation has so largely destroyed of late, that there stood, just off the Canongate and fronting on one of the curious characteristic closes that branch off on either hand, an old house; so old that the very legends of its first foundation were blurred and dim. Bits of carved tracery round a window niched into one angle of the basement indicated ecclesiastical art of a date considerably older than Holyrood, and above this, in strange contrast, was sculptured the coat of arms of a noble Spanish family, whose very name had perished more than two hundred years ago in the land of their birth. The first storey projected on carved beams as in many of the old Edinburgh houses, and above were fantastic gables, pepper-box turrets, and dormer windows, looking like a strange architectural nightmare, wherein the old Scotch baronial style was blended with much of the Moresque. At the time I write of, however, the old house had fallen on evil days, dirt and neglect were over

it all, for some years it had been shut up altogether, the lower windows boarded over, many of the upper ones broken; previously to this it had been long in the sole custody of an old half-caste servant, who sternly refused admission to any person whatsoever.

At this time I was deeply interested in the history and antiquities of Edinburgh, and priding myself, as I did, on knowing something of every building in the city of any pretension, my curiosity was greatly piqued by this queer old rambling mansion, the inside of which no one seemed to have seen, and whose story no one seemed to know, save that it was commonly rumoured to be "uncanny," if no worse.

On one special morning in the late autumn, as I was passing down the Canongate, I noticed an unusual stir, and quite a little crowd created about the head of the close I have mentioned, and drawing near enough to gather their remarks I soon learned that the authorities had condemned the old house as unsafe and that it was to be forthwith pulled down. "Now or never!" I said to myself, "if I am to see the inside of that house while it yet exists there's no time to be lost." As if in answer to my thought there bustled through the group of idlers Mr. Evan Fraser, the worthy bailie, and probable Lord Provost of no distant date, the man who could procure the realization of my wish if anyone in Edinburgh could; portly and important, rather red in the face, his hat tilted a trifle back, his heavy gold chain and bunch of seals jingling in front across his broad expanse of waistcoat, and panting slightly as he elbowed his path away from the old house; to him I addressed myself.

"See over yon hoose," he said; "aye! aye! to be sure, weel ye ken, laddie! its no just in my own hands, and the proprietor, he's no vara fond of letting folk gang through—something no quite the thing about the hoose maybe. Oh! I'm no saying anything, mind ye, that should na be said, perhaps it'll be the drains that's wrang, or something like that. Still, as the hoose is to be pulled down, and seeing that ye're interested in a' that rubbish o' coats o' arms and sic like trash, and a' the world 'll be seeing the inside o' it in a few days now, I dinna think there can be muckle harm, an' I'll write a note to Mr. Dalrymple, that's the proprietor ye ken, and tell him I'd taken the liberty. Aye! aye! just come ye this way."

So saying the worthy man turned back with me, and leading the way to the door, he knocked; it was cautiously opened on the chain.

"Open the door, ye donnered auld fule!" said Mr. Fraser. "Have ye no the sense to ken my knock yet? This," he continued, turning to me, "is Mr. Dalrymple's servant, who has known this ramshackle auld place ever since he was a boy, haven't ye, Peter? and knows all the ghosts about it, just as well as he knows the whisky shops in the Canon-gate."

"Oh, Mr. Fraser!" said Peter as he closed the door behind us, "for the love of the Lord! dinna ye mak' fun o' they? Man and boy I've

been here these sixty years, and they never harmed me yet; but eh, mon, they're ower near to us to flyte at."

"Weel, Peter, I canna stay to hear your auld world stories now, but look ye! this young gentleman wants to see all over the auld place before it's pulled down, and you must just tak' him round and let him see a' there is, right away, ye ken, frae the cellars to the attics, and the secret chambers if there are any, and tell him all your auld stories, if he has patience to listen; I will answer to Mr. Dalrymple."

The door closed on the energetic Bailie, and I was in the entrance-hall of the old house I had so often longed to see. I looked with some curiosity at my companion; notwithstanding his broad Scotch tongue, he had unquestionably more than a dash of foreign blood in his veins; he was tall and slight, with great grace of movement, a sallow olive complexion, hair and moustache grizzled with time, long, restless, taper fingers, and piercingly, black eyes. I had not time, however, for a prolonged scrutiny.

"Come awa'," he said, "if ye want to see th' auld hoose, no that there's muckle to see, its a' falling to bits noo, but I mind the day when it was a real, bright, bonny hoose, about the time Mr. Dalrymple was married Aye, and before that, when the auld laird was here."

"I've heard Mrs. Dalrymple was very pretty," I said.

"Aye, was she, puir body; a bonny lass! Folk'll tell ye," he said suddenly turning round on me, "that it's her that walks, don't ye believe it. I've seen them that walks in this hoose, many and many a time, aye, before ever Mr. Dalrymple married, before Mrs. Dalrymple, puir thing, was born, and those that were here before me kenned them, lang ere ever I came to Edinburgh. Na, na, Mrs. Dalrymple lies quiet enough, God rest her soul," and the old man crossed himself devoutly. "Come awa'!" he said quickly leading the way up the broad uncarpeted stairs, whose rotting and worm-eaten boards looked singularly insecure.

I am bound to say I was disappointed with my tour round the old house; clearly the outside was the most interesting part of it. Suites of rooms that had been handsome once, but decorated in the worst taste of the later Georgian period, and now with all the tawdry plaster wreaths and Cupids crumbling away, the paper hanging in festoons from the walls, and dragging the mouldering plaster with it, some rooms partly furnished, but with carpets and hangings riddled by the moth and falling into rags from very rottenness. Everywhere it was the same, the vulgar commonplace crumbling into sordid decay.

"Mr. Fraser spoke of secret chambers," I said at last, "do you know of any such?"

"Na, na," said the old man, "it's just his duffing; there may perhaps be a passage or so, for the wa's are gey thick, ye ken, and maybe a hiding-hole or the like, they did queer things in th' auld times, but nane o' them's known at present, and troth those that walk dinna need any hiding-

places or secret chambers ; many a time I've seen that puir lady coming doon these vera stairs towards me wi' the black lace over her bonny face, and the cross-hilted dagger in her breast, and many a time when I never saw her, I've felt the swish of her satin gown go past me on the stairs, but never past the seventh step from the bottom, she just seemed as though she passed into the wa' there. Come awa', sir, ye've just seen the whole of it noo."

"No Peter," I said, "I haven't been in there," and I pointed to a door on the left of the first landing.

"Oh, ye've seen that," he said ; "besides, there's naething there, just a room, the auld laird's room it was."

I fancied I detected something in the old man's tone as though he wished to deter me from entering, and this of course redoubled my anxiety to see the room. I sprang up the stairs again, turned the handle and entered. A commonplace room, sure enough ; a huge four-post bed occupied a great part of it, deeply recessed windows gave but scanty light, a huge mirror confronted me, rusty and dim, its silvering largely worn away and its frame broken, some sombre kind of brown patterned paper covered the walls, a dreary room altogether ; as I walked into it, the door closed behind me, not with a slam, but slowly, gently, noiselessly, as though some unseen hand were shutting it quietly. Then curiously, notwithstanding the dismal gloominess of the room, I began to be conscious of a strange exhilaration and excitement ; my heart beat thick and fast with an emotion distinctly pleasurable, and I became conscious of a faint and almost indescribable odour, recalling at one moment the scent of burning wood, then a subtle aroma as of incense, blended with a suggestion of orange flowers, and through it all an unmistakable whiff of garlic. Where had I smelt that smell before ? for it came to me as perfectly familiar, and then in my brain rose clear the memory of an artistic ramble in Spain some years before. Yes, it was Seville, that that strange subtle scent belonged to, and as it permeated my senses, the room I stood in seemed dream-like and unreal, the black-robed priests, the peasants, the dark-eyed donnas of Spain were all around me. In the embrasure of the deep window, or was it in the tall mirror ?—I could not say—was reclining a graceful form—amber satin, and a black lace mantilla. My brain seemed growing dim, a clammy perspiration was in the palms of my hands, yet my pulses throbbed with the excitement of a coming adventure. I know not why I murmured the name of "Juanita," an old sweetheart of the old wandering days in Spain. That instant the door was thrown open and old Peter appeared. "Best come oot o' there, sir," he said, "that room's no' wholesome."

"What do you mean ?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing ! just it's th' auld laird's room. I mean they say it's over the drains, ye ken, and they say there's some effluvium."

"Perhaps what I smell," I thought, but why these memories of Seville ?

However, I was glad enough to get out on the landing and draw two or three deep breaths to revive myself. Peter looked at me curiously. "Was I long in the room before you came in?" I said, for to me it had seemed like ages.

"Deed no, sir! I just followed you as fast as an auld man can follow a young ane!" he said.

At this moment my eye fell on a small picture which I had not previously noticed in the entrance hall; an old, old portrait, as would seem from its frame, the paint almost obliterated by time and dirt, yet it was impossible to disguise the strange, powerful lineaments, the piercing eyes, which, even in its present state of neglect and decay seemed to glow from the canvas and to exert almost a mesmeric influence.

"Who is that?" I asked.

"Sorrow o' me kens, sir," he answered, with a queer tremble in his voice. "There was a man came here once—it was soon after Mr. Dalrymple was married, as like that picture as two peas in a pod; Signor Hernandez, I think they called him, and he looked at that picture. 'Aye, aye,' he says, 'that's my grandfather, or my great-grandfather, or something. Fergusson, his name was, and ought to be mine by rights. Then he gave a little laugh, but I give ye my word, sir, that night that he was here I saw them as walks here, them as I've told ye of, sir, just as plain as I see you now, plainer than I ever saw them before or since, and sic' cruel, wicked looks among them. Puir Mistress Dalrymple, she was ill that night, too, and Mr. Dalrymple was nursing her; I just laid down here in the hall, sir, on a sofa in case I should be wanted, and whenever he came out he just shuddered and gasped like a man going to die. 'Deed, sir, but I was glad when that Signor Hernandez took his leave. If he wasna just Auld Cloutie, he was no vara distant kin, o' that I'm sure."

I pressed a half-sovereign into Peter's hand with an intimation that I might, perhaps, be glad to have another look over the old house before it was finally demolished.

"Thank ye, sir," said Peter, "I'll be glad to tak' ye round any time ye like to come; ye're the first stranger that's set foot in here for thirty years, forby some o' the town council, and they don't count, puir feckless bodies; there's no ane amang them a' has wit eneugh to keep himself warm, unless it's Mr. Fraser."

So I went back, as the evening was now fast drawing on, to my lodgings in Northumberland Street, where my good landlady had a brisk fire burning, and very soon a comfortable little dinner. Yet for all I could do that vision of Seville haunted my brain; not a thought of the old house, scarce a memory of Peter and his quaint stories, but a constant memory of the sunny streets and the lovely girls of Spain.

"After all," I said to myself, "it's the only place for real life, I must go back. Ah! how I should like to see my little Juanita once

more. I'll go, as sure as fate, as soon as I can get away from this old country. I'm off for sunny Spain, marry Juanita, turn orange grower, or something."

I put on my hat, lighted a cigar, and strolled out, humming a Spanish love-song, with my brain full of old memories and fancies, finally turned into bed, and, as might have been expected, dreamt of Spain and Spanish demoiselles, and of kneeling with Juanita before a gorgeous altar, while, the clouds of incense floating upwards veiled the candles and the golden shrine, and then wandering with Juanita under blooming orange trees; then a nightmare, I cannot clearly remember what, but a cross-hilted dagger stood out plain against wreaths of dark, lurid cloud, and I awoke, gasping for breath, and bathed in perspiration.

Next morning came a feeling of strong curiosity about the old house, and I determined to seek out Mr. Dalrymple. Evan Fraser's chance words had informed me he was in Edinburgh, and to Evan Fraser therefore I betook myself as soon as possible after breakfast.

"Aye, aye, laddie," he said, "ye'll find him here in Queen Street." He gave me the number; "he has a suite o' apartments there; just for the time, ye ken. Stay, tak my card, wi' ye? He's no vara keen for seeing strangers."

In ten minutes more, by the passport of good Evan Fraser's card, I was ushered into the presence of Mr. Dalrymple. A very tall, very thin man, with a face as white as marble and perfectly white hair, kindly hazel eyes of strange brilliance, a very prominent, hooked nose, seeming much too large for his pinched face and sunken cheeks. He stooped terribly, and his clothes seemed to hang loosely on his shrunken frame, and as I entered he raised a handkerchief to his lips, as though to check a fit of asthmatic coughing.

There was a look of kindly interest in his eyes as I told him of my architectural and heraldic studies and my fondness for old Edinburgh, but when I spoke of the old house in the Canongate it grew troubled, as though painful memories were stirred within him. I told him how the outside of the old house had attracted me and how I had at last procured access to it, and what a loss I thought its intended demolition would be to Edinburgh.

"Better so! better so!" he said, "the town council have done well to condemn it, the old house has been a curse to all who have lived there—tell me, did you go into the room on the left of the first landing?"

It was my turn to start now, he looked at me so curiously and intently. "I did," I answered, "a melancholy room, it would give me the blues to live there."

"It was not always so," he said, "I loved that room better than any room in the house forty years ago. My bridal chamber it was."

"An unhealthy room, I fancy," I replied, "it gave me a most curious

sensation. I suppose it was the closeness or damp, or a drain smell or something, I felt like fainting."

"What! there's more than this! tell me what you felt? did you think of any country, of any place? did you dream of anyone?" cried Mr. Dalrymple, strangely moved. "Pardon me. I have a motive for asking."

"Well, yes," I said, "I smelt something, a drain perhaps, but it somehow recalled Seville, the drains are not over good out there you know, and then, I suppose from the association, I began to think of Spain till I half fancied I saw a lady in an amber satin dress and a black lace mantilla in one of the deep window recesses. 'Pon my word, I'm ashamed to tell you the story, it looks so ridiculous in broad daylight."

"Not to me! not to me!" he said with a heavy sigh. "You must be intensely sensitive. Tell me," looking straight into my eyes, "What are you thinking of doing for the next few years."

"Well," I said, rather taken aback by the suddenness of the question. "I have an idea of trying orange-growing in Spain."

"Ah! just so," he murmured, "and of marrying a Spanish lady and settling down for life in the sunny South. 'Tis a lovely dream."

I stared, his words so exactly followed the current of my own thoughts.

"Tell me," he continued. "When did you form this project—last night, was it not?"

I could only nod again. I was too astonished to speak.

"Ah!" he said, "the old curse of the house—it's terrible! it's terrible! Stay a moment, sit down where you are."

We had been standing by the fire all this time. As he spoke he pointed to a large arm-chair. I could not resist, almost without my will as it seemed I sank into it. Mr. Dalrymple laid a cool hand on my forehead, and his thin white fingers seemed to touch my hair caressingly, a grateful sense of coolness flowed through my brain, my thoughts grew clear and luminous, the feverish haze which haunted me melted away.

"Well!" he said, "what do you think of orange-growing?"

"Oh!" I answered, "a lovely dream, as you said just now, but I don't fancy the reality would be so charming. I've been in Spain and it's a fine country for a holiday, when you're young and have nothing to do, but I don't care to go back."

"Nor to marry a Spanish lady?" he queried with a slight smile.

"Oh dear no!" I said, "that is a lovely dream too, but Heaven forbid it should be more."

"Yet," said Mr. Dalrymple, slowly and impressively, "that very thing you would have done if Providence had not sent you in the nick of time to me. Look here, my young friend, I never saw you before, I may never see you again, but for the sake of my dear old friend Evan Fraser I take a great interest in you, and therefore I warn you, there are

influences all round us, of which the bulk of mankind, happily for themselves, are wholly ignorant, and which they only feel very vaguely, and when they do probably ascribe them to indigestion or drains or some such thing. You are abnormally sensitive, and it may embitter your whole life as it has done mine. Now will you light a cigar and sit down and listen patiently to an old man's garrulity, and I will tell you as well as I can the story of my own life, and of the old house in the Canongate, which, please God! I will never enter again. Mind you! I can't explain it; I can only tell you literally my own experiences, which I would never have told anyone but that I see in you a person even more sensitive than I was myself, and I believe you might develop into a spirit medium of the kind they call under-control, from which may God in His mercy preserve you, and all other sane men."

Heartily I thanked him, and lighting an excellent cigar disposed myself to listen to Mr. Dalrymple's story, which ran thus :

J. W. BRODIE INNES.

(To be continued.)



A COMFORTER.

OH, my beloved, and am I thrust aside?
 I, who had given my very soul for thee,
 Made sweet my heart for thy heart's sanctuary,
 And set thee on life's altar, glorified
 By the flame-fair crown of love? Would I had died
 Ere yet this bitter dole were laid on me,
 To watch thro' scorching tears, to watch and see
 Thy face turn from my pleading, scornful-eyed!

Child! Child! if this false love had kist thine eyes,
 They had grown blind to beckoning stars and sun,
 Nor seen how on the cross sad waited One
 To lead thee with pierced hands to Paradise!
 Most blest art thou! *He* thrusteth not aside;
 But yearning for thy love, hangs crucified!

EVELYN PYNE.

RUSSIAN POPULAR TRACTS.

Selections from Count L. N. Tolstoi's Tales.

SINCE the West has shown such due appreciation of the writings of the greatest novelist and mystic of Russia of to-day, his best works have all been translated. The Russian, however, recognizes in none of these translations that popular national spirit which pervades the original tales and stories. Pregnant as these are with popular mysticism and the spirit of theosophical altruism, some of them are charming, but most difficult to render into a foreign language. Yet, one may try. One thing is certain: no foreign translator, however able, unless born and bred in Russia and acquainted with Russian *peasant* life, will be able to do them justice, or even to convey to the reader their full meaning, owing to their absolutely national idiomatic language. If the genius of the Russian literary language is so *sui generis* as to be most difficult to render in translation, the Russian of the lower classes—the speech of small tradesmen, peasants and labourers, is ten times more so. Difficult as it may seem to a foreigner, yet a born Russian may attempt it, perhaps, with a little more success. At all events, as said, one may try.

Selecting therefore, from such popular tracts,—allegories and moral stories in the form of popular tales—we have translated some for the readers of LUCIFER. The Christmas Numbers, December, January and February, will contain charming little stories, well worthy of a new translation. Two of them, “Wherein is Love, Therein is God,” “God is in Right, and not in Might,” and some others are stamped with the spirit of truly religious mysticism. Each deserves to be read by the admirers of this great Russian author. For this number, however, we have selected one of a less mystical but more satirical spirit; a cap calculated to fit the head of any drinking Christian nation *ad libitum*, and we only hope its title, translated *verbatim et literatim*, will not shock still more the susceptibilities of the opponents of the title of this magazine. Russia is afflicted with the demon of drink, as much as, though *not more* than, England or any other country; yet it is not so much the Karma of the nation, as that of their respective governments, whose Karmic burden is growing heavier and more terrible with every year. This curse and universal incubus, drink, is the direct and legitimate progeny of the Rulers; it is begotten by their greed for money, and FORCED by them on the unfortunate masses. Why, in Karma's name, should the latter be made to suffer here, and hereafter?—[ED.]

HOW A DEVIL'S IMP REDEEMED HIS LOAF; OR THE FIRST
DISTILLER.

A poor peasant went out early to plough; and as he was leaving home without breaking his fast, he carried along with him a loaf of bread. Once in the field he turned over his plough, adjusted the plough-tail, put the ropes under a bush, and over them his loaf of black bread, and covered the whole with his *caftan*. At last, the horse got tired and the *moojik* felt hungry. Then he stopped his

plough in the furrow, unhitched his horse, and leaving it to graze, moved toward his *caftan* for his meal. But when he had lifted it up—lo, no loaf was to be seen. Our *moojik* searched for it here, and he searched for it there, he shook his garment and turned it hither and thither—no loaf! He felt surprised. Marvellous doings! No one around, and yet the loaf is carried away by someone. That someone, in truth, was an Imp, who, while the peasant was ploughing, had stolen his loaf and was now hiding behind a bush, preparing to note down the man's profanity, when he would begin to swear and take the devil's name. The peasant felt a little sore. "But, after all," said he, "this won't starve me; and he who carried away my bread, perchance needed it. Let him eat it then, and good luck to him."

So, going to the well he drank some water, rested a bit, then catching his horse, he hitched it again to the plough and returned quietly to his work. The Imp felt considerably troubled at such a failure in tempting man to sin, and forthwith proceeding home to hell, he narrated to his Elder—the Chief Devil—how he had robbed the *moojik* of his loaf, who instead of cursing, had only said "to his good luck!" Satan felt very angry at this. "If," he argued, "the *moojik* had the best of thee, in this business, then it must be thine own fault; thou didst not know how to bring the thing about. It would be a bad job for us," he added, "if the peasants, and after them their women, were to take to such tricks: no life would become possible for us after this, and such an event cannot be left disregarded. "Go," continued Satan, "and make up for the failure of the loaf. And if at the end of three years thou shalt not have the best of that man, I will bathe thee in holy water."

The Imp got terribly frightened at this threat, and running up on earth again, he set himself to thinking how to atone for his guilt. Thus he thought, thought still, and thought more, and went on thinking until he had found what he had to do. Assuming the appearance of a good fellow, he offered himself as a labourer to the poor peasant; and as it happened to be a drought, he advised him to sow his seed in a swamp. Hence, while the fields of all the other peasants were parched, and their harvests burnt by the sun, the crop of the poor peasant grew high and thick, full and grainy. His household had bread to their heart's content up to the next harvest, and the surplus proved considerable. The following year, the summer being wet, the imp taught the peasant to sow his seed on the mountains. While his neighbours' corn was blasted, fell down and got rotten, the peasant's field on the hills brought forth the richest harvest. The *moojik* stored still more of the corn; and did not know what to do with it.

Then his labouring man taught him to press the corn and distill it into spirit. Having distilled plenty of it, the *moojik* took to drinking and making others drink thereof. One day the Imp returned to the Elder boasting that he had redeemed his loaf. The Chief went up to see for himself.

Then came the Elder to the *moojik*, and found that having invited the richest and wealthiest of his neighbours, he was entertaining them with whiskey. There was the mistress carrying the glasses to her guests. Hardly had she begun her round when stumbling over the table, she upset the drink. Out at her flew the *moojik*, abusing his wife to his fill.

"Behold," he cried, "the *devil's fool*. Takest thou good drink for slops? Thou, heavy handed stupid, to spill on the earth such treasure!"

Here the Imp poked the Elder in the ribs, "Observe," said he, "and see, if he won't grudge a loaf *now*."

Having abused his wife, the *moojik* begun offering the drink himself. Just then a poor labourer returning from work happened to drop in, unasked, and wishing a merry day to all, he took a seat. Seeing the company drinking, he too, craved to have a drop after his hard day's work. There he sat, smacking his lips time after time, but the host would offer him nought, only keeping on grumbling: "Who can afford to furnish with whiskey all of you!"

This pleased the chief Devil immensely; as to the Imp, he boasted more than ever: "You wait and see what will come next!" he whispered.

Thus drank the rich peasants, thus drank the host, pandering to each other, and flattering each other, with sweet words, making honeyed and false speeches. Listened the Elder to these, and praised the Imp for this, also. "Without all peradventure," said he, "this drink making them turn into such foxes, they will take to cheating each other next; and at this rate they will soon fall, everyone of them, into our hands."

"Wait and see," said the Imp, "what will come next, when each has one glass more. Now they are only like unto cunning foxes; give time, and they will get transformed into ferocious wolves."

The peasants had each one glass more, and forthwith their talk became louder and more brutal. Instead of honeyed speeches, they proceeded to abuse each other, and turning gradually fiercer, they ended by getting into a free fight and damaging each other's noses badly. Then the host took also a turn and got soundly thrashed.

As the Elder looked on, he felt much pleased with this too. "'Tis good," saith he, "very, very good."

"Wait and see," said the Imp, "something still better is in store, no sooner they will have emptied their third glass. Now they are fighting like hungry wolves, at the third glass they will have become like swine."

The peasants had their third round, and quite lost their reason. Grumbling and hiccupping, shouting at each other, and knowing not what they said, they rushed out, some alone, some in couples, and some in triplets, and scattered in the streets. The host trying to see his guests off, fell with his nose in a mud-puddle, rolled in it and unable to rise, lay there grunting like a hog. . . . This pleased the Elder Devil most of all.

"Well," saith he, "thou hast invented a fine drink, indeed, and redeemed thy loaf! Tell me," he added, "how hast thou managed to compound it? Surely thou must have fermented it first, with the blood of the fox; thence the craft of the drunken peasant, who becomes forthwith a fox himself. Then thou hast distilled it with wolf's blood, which makes him as wicked as a wolf? Finally, thou hast mixed the whole with the blood of the swine; therefore has the peasant become like a hog."

"Not so," quoth the Imp. "I only helped him to get some extra cereals. The wild beast's blood is ever present in man, but it remains latent and finds no issue so long as he has no more bread than he needs for his food; and then it is that he does not grudge to another his last morsel of bread. But no sooner

did man get more corn than he needed, than he took to inventing things where-with to gratify his passions. Then it was that I taught him the enjoyment—of intoxicating drink. And no sooner had he commenced to distill the gift of God into spirit, for his gratification, than his original foxish, wolfish and swinish blood arose in him. Let him now only go on drinking wine and liquor, and he will remain for ever a beast.”

For which invention the Elder Devil praised freely his Devil's Imp, forgave him his failure with the stolen loaf, and promoted him in Hell.



LUCIFER FUND.

SUMS RECEIVED THIS MONTH.

				£	s.	d.					£	s.	d.
A. v. H.	5	0	0	Mrs. Marshall	2	0	0
Miss Edith Bowring	2	0	0	John J. Houston	1	5	0
A. E.	1	1	0	G. L. Simpson	0	10	0
Three Friends of LUCIFER	5	0	0	W. L. L.	2	0	0
Sydney Edge	0	5	0	L. S. de Jastrzebsky	0	2	6
E. M.	1	0	0	L. S.	2	0	0
A Friend	1	0	0	X.	1	1	0
Lord Pollington	1	1	0	Colonel Cleather	1	1	0
J. H. L.	2	0	0	F.T.S.	2	0	0
Nil Desperandum	5	0	0	T. Williams	5	0	0
W. Tattersall	2	0	0	E. H. T.	2	2	0
Euphrates	5	0	0	One who is not an F.T.S.	0	4	0
F. Montolin	2	0	0	Aleph	1	0	0
George	1	0	0	Francis Ware	2	0	0
W. G. W.	0	5	0	G. and B. Falkenstein	1	0	0
W. F. B.	1	1	0	Mrs. M. Seymour Newton	1	0	0
An F.T.S.	0	5	0	Messrs. Higgins and Musaeus	2	0	0
Henry T. Edge	0	10	0	Mr. Baldwin	0	5	6
Queen of Sheba	5	0	0	Mrs. Corey	0	5	6
Mrs. C. M. Johnston	0	10	0	Mrs. Reeves	0	5	6
Anonymous	6	0	0	W. H. Numsen	0	10	0
Miss Kate Mills	1	0	0	Elliot Williams	1	0	0
An F.T.S.	5	0	0	Dr. M. G. Gahan	2	0	0
R. M.	0	5	0	Mrs. I. G. Candler	5	0	0
M.	1	0	0							

Previously acknowledged $\begin{matrix} \text{£}89 & 15 & 0 \\ & 18 & 8 & 6 \end{matrix}$

Total $\underline{\underline{\text{£}108 \quad 3 \quad 6}}$

The Case for Metempsychosis.

BY E. DOUGLAS FAWCETT.

Together with a survey of its bearing on the World-Problem.

II.

IN a very suggestive article in the July number of the "Contemporary Review" for 1878, Mr. Francis Peek upholds Metempsychosis as the interior meaning of the New Testament. Writing as he did from the standpoint of Theology, his remarks are most instructive. Certain of my readers may, also, recall the fact that in the late Dr. Anna Kingsford's works an identical interpretation is given of the esoteric teachings of Jesus, who is invested by her with the character of an initiate unveiling great truths through the medium of metaphor and allegory. "Isis Unveiled" has, also, dealt with the subject in a most exhaustive and forcible manner. There is, in fact, a mass of evidence in favour of the view that the basis of primitive Christianity was the secret mystery-religion of the East, access to which was ordinarily only possible through the portal of initiation. It deserves note in this connection that the great Founder expressly states the division of his teaching into two portions, the "mysteries of the kingdom of heaven" for his disciples, and "parables" for the multitude. But let us hear Mr. Peek :—

"How often must every thoughtful mind have felt almost crushed at the apparent inconsistency of the existence of such a world as this under the dominion of such a God as the New Testament discloses. . . . Pass through the lanes and alleys of our great cities and see the wretched children of profligate parents, half clad, half starved, covered with sores, foul both in body and mind. Wander through the wards of such an asylum as Earlswood, and contemplate the forms of the drivelling idiots sitting through life listlessly in chairs, from which they may never rise till their day of doom, and presenting faces from which humanity is absent. . . . Viewing such sights as these, we cannot but speculate and conjecture as the disciples of old did when, looking upon the man who was born blind and remembering that their divine law declared that the sins of the fathers were visited on their children, they asked, 'Master who did sin, *this man* or his parents, that he was born blind?' The reply of Christ to this question is not a little remarkable. He does not say 'Your question is foolish; how could the man have sinned before his birth?' but he replies, 'Neither has this man sinned, nor his parents, but that the works of God might be made manifest in him.' This is a form of words which certainly permits the conjecture that, as some cases of suffering

were undoubtedly caused by the parents' sin, so in reference to some others there might be such a thing as sin before birth visited by suffering from and after birth."

Interesting, however, as are all such attempts to exploit metaphor, the tendency of the age is to rely on less pliable sources of evidence. Mr. Peek's example ought, nevertheless, to serve as a stimulus to those orthodox minds which regard resort to such an idea as Re-incarnation heretical.

Before taking leave of this phase of the argument, I should like to direct attention to the conformity of the doctrine of Karma with that revised conception of Moral Freedom now in vogue. The "guarded liberty" which steers midway between the extreme dogmas of Free Will and Determination harmonises entirely with the requirements of our system. The Ego starts at birth handicapped or favoured, as the case may be, by the tendencies carried over from its last embodiment. It is competent to *mould* its mental "make-up," but not to revolutionize it off-hand. Professor Clifford himself admitted that we really are responsible for those "modes of thinking (and he might have added feeling) into which we knowingly and deliberately work ourselves," and the all-denying Dr. Büchner has conceded man the possession of a modified metaphysical liberty. This is quite enough for our purpose. Life is a blend of freedom and necessity. Now Metempsychosis excludes the possibility that any Ego can wreck itself by the shortcomings of one transitory existence. It may sow the wind and reap the whirlwind, but a definite quantitative and qualitative relation must subsist between an evil deed and its "karmic" consequence. Rome was not built in a day, neither is the fabric of the soul. Nevertheless just as

" Little drops of water
Little grains of sand
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land,"

so the accumulation of experiences through many lives must surely tend to stereotype a character and mould a destiny for weal or woe. Responsibility may be termed a shifting factor the amount of which varies with the evolutionary status of the Ego. Thus the volition of the lowest savage suggests a physical basis of little more than reflex action. He is, like the tiger, the child of circumstance. But acts, which are normal to a Fuegian, may constitute "crimes" when perpetrated by a Cæsar Borgia or a Tiberius. This sliding scale of responsibility is, doubtless, in the case of a fully "adult Ego" influenced by the historical associations of any of its enforced reincarnations. As remarked by Lord Macaulay in his Essay on "Machiavelli"—"succeeding generations change the fashion of their morals with the fashion of their hats and

coaches." This relative element in applied morality unquestionably serves to complicate the question.

2. *The Argument from Precocity.*

The extraordinary precocity exhibited by certain children affords a striking illustration of the working of Karma. An Ego carrying over from its last incarnation a very marked mental or moral "tendency," will prematurely force the manifestation of this "tendency" * as soon as it has attuned the plastic *neuroses* of the child-brain to its requirements. Inasmuch as Heredity contributes its quota towards facilitating this process, the Ego will gravitate to that fœtus which promises most fully to satisfy its equation. By the utilisation of the inherited bias an important economy of force is thus effected.

How frequently we note the precocity of certain young children as regards "virtue" and "vice" compared with the colourless negativity exhibited by their brothers and sisters. A premature appetite for knowledge in some juvenile scion of a stupid stock, who pores over books, while the other inmates of the nursery

"play havoc and let loose the dogs of war,"

is also an instructive phenomenon. But those rare and fascinating cases of "infant geniuses"—the child musician and composer such as Mozart, and the urchin who "lisps in numbers"—which the annals of Music and Literature record, appeal with singular force to the votary of Mysticism.

3. *The Argument from Heredity and Variation.*

Heredity is, as I am well aware, regarded as the reef on which the doctrine of Metempsychosis is wrecked. But attempts to invalidate it on these lines are for the most part based on a radical misconception of the point at issue. It is equally true that the characteristics of parents are transmissible to offspring, and that the Ego on rebirth picks up the threads of its mental and moral "make up" pretty much where it dropped them say fifteen or twenty centuries ago. The parents provide an organism with a definite hereditary impress—so far, so good. But they cannot endow the senseless mechanism with consciousness. "*Neurosis*" cannot evolve "*psychosis*." This latter is the contribution of the Ego which *by overshadowing* a nascent organism supplies the *potentiality of perception under specific neural conditions*. Now no Ego will incarnate in a form which does not promise to afford full scope for the manifestation of the leading points of its Karma. In other words, no embryo can mature into a perfectly organised infant—by no possibility into a conscious one—in the absence of a soul pressing forward into incarnation. Consequently, as Mr. A. P. Sinnett aptly puts it, the child is the "potentiality not the product" of heredity and atavism; for the

* In order to prevent misconception, let me clearly signify the sense in which this seeming abstraction is employed. By "mental tendency" I understand a *potential bias* of ideation which stands in the same relation to *actual* ideation as *potential* energy does to *kinetic* energy in physics.

Ego will not inform any foetus at random, but only that one which is most easily attuned to its own nature and which will offer the further requisite of an appropriate environment. It is, therefore, inevitable that the diversion of the stream of incarnating Egos from any particular group of organisms would result in a *racial sterility*. I shall adduce evidence later on tending to confirm the truth of this supposition.

The principle of the assimilation by the Ego of an appropriate organism covers much of the ground. But when we come to consider the "variations" on parental and ancestral types the advantage is wholly on the side of the advocate of Metempsychosis.

It is just those facts which appear to break with a general law from which we learn most. From the perturbations of the orbit of Uranus, Neptune was first inferred, finally discovered. Now just as the departure of that planet from its normal course indicated the presence of some undiscovered cause, so the variations on the rigid hereditary type demand a similar explanation. Evolutionists assume the "law of variation" with unhesitating zeal, but they fail to recognize that this merely empirical law itself calls for elucidation. In the domain of the higher mental phenomena, the need of such a solution is unmistakably apparent. Professor Ribot acknowledges that there are exceptions of a puzzling nature to the law of Heredity. Mr. Galton's case of the twins who, with the same nurture and education, developed into utterly dissimilar young men, will not be readily forgotten. Take the case of those large families which so often exhibit this differentiation in a very high degree. Take the case of the genius, the "black sheep," the book-worm, etc., who turn up in utterly hostile mental and moral *milieux*. How simply all these are explained on the hypothesis of re-incarnation.

The stationary, progressive or retrograde phases in the intellectual, moral, and political history of Nations may be similarly accounted for. The maxim "History repeats itself" has more significance than is obvious at first sight. It indicates the re-incarnation *en masse* of Egos stamped with the impress of a past epoch, and driven on to action by the irresistible might of their Karma. The appearance of the "right man in the right place" in the crisis of national evolution—an event which Buckle has ascribed to "causes yet unknown," and Mr. Gladstone to Divine providence—is another testimony to the operation of this Karmic Necessity.

4. *The Argument from Memory.*

The brain being only competent to register the *neuroses* answering to the experience of one life, it is not to be expected that memories of a former incarnation should ordinarily emerge into consciousness. It is however notorious that there exist persons of a high order of intellectual power, who believe that they enjoy the privilege of such occasional glimpses of their pre-natal past. Evidence of this description is, of course, most cogent to the individual, but too sporadic and too much

bound up with the "personal equation" to be of any solid value to the scientific psychologist. But it has a claim to mention, and, indeed, might assume a position of commanding importance in the eyes of a more gifted race yet to be evolved.

. . . . if through lower lives I came—
Tho' all experience past became
Consolidate in mind and frame—

I might forget my weaker lot ;
For is not our first year forgot ?
The haunts of memory echo not.

Some draughts of Lethe doth await
As old mythologists relate
The slipping through from state to state.

Moreover, something is or seems,
That touches me with mystic gleams,
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams—

TENNYSON.

5. *The Argument from the Conservation of Energy.*

It has been urged that the reincarnation of a Karma-laden Ego is deducible from the law of Conservation ; mental tendencies representing so much "energy" which finds its equivalent in a future birth or births. Expressed in this form the inference is faulty. The principle expounded by Sir W. Grove and Professor Balfour Stewart is a physical truth applicable to physical things, and we are here dealing primarily with the realm of Mind. There is, however, every reason to postulate a complementary doctrine as valid of mental *data*. Analogy is in favour of it ; the Association of Ideas and the phenomena of Attention are its expression. Proceeding to speculate on the manner in which the "Karma" of a past incarnation re-acts on and modifies the infant organism, there is clearly no need for us to posit here any *creation* of new physical energy.* The *direction* of the so-called "potential energy" stored up in the tissues is most probably the means employed.

6. *The Argument from the life of Nations and Species.*

Nations all pass through the phases of birth, maturity, decline, death or suspended animation. The Assyrias, Egypts and Romes have never discovered the elixir of life. Even where disruption and disintegration are not the closing scene of the cycle, a vegetative apathy invariably supervenes. To what cause are these remarkable uniformities due? We may here speculate with Dr. Romanes † anent the possibility of a Nation-Soul distinct from individual consciousness. Or we may with the author of "First Principles" arbitrarily narrow the phenomena into an outcome of the rhythm of motion. But a far more pregnant and comprehensive solution is that which sees in the stages of national life indications of the various grades of Egos at any time seeking incarnation. ‡ Thus to take a concrete instance, the recent unexampled burst

* Some very instructive remarks on this and kindred problems as to the relation subsisting between *Neurosis* and *Psychosis* occur in M. Paul Janet's essay on "Determinism and Moral Freedom." (Cont. R. 1878.)

† "The World as an Eject" (C. R., July, 1886).

‡ Note, for instance, an extract from Hugh Miller's celebrated essay on old Edinburgh (published, 1856) in connection with the law of karmically adjusted rebirths. "It is perhaps *beyond the reach of philosophy to assign adequate reasons for the appearance at one period rather than another of groups of great men*. We know not why the reign of Elizabeth should have had its family of giants—its Shakespeare,

of Scientific and Economic progress in Nineteenth Century Europe serves to assure us of the quarter in which the *élite* of human souls have tended to gather.

Any great diversion of Egos from incarnation in a given race would necessarily involve its progressive extinction. It is a noteworthy fact in this connection that Ethnology is able to confront us with such examples of a *racial sterility*, for which no satisfactory explanation has yet been found. The cases of the Tasmanians, Maories, Central American aborigines and Hawaiians are especially suggestive. The disappearance of the Tasmanians—a problem which exercised Darwin to little or no purpose—is, of course, a *fait accompli*; that of the others is in progress. The extraordinary character of the phenomenon among the really “philoprogenitive” Hawaiians will be thoroughly appreciated by all who peruse the account given in Dr. Brown’s “Countries of the World.” That various local causes of one sort and another have greatly accelerated this process in most cases is not to be denied. It is the comparative immunity of the Hawaiians from these that lends such interest to their case.*

The animal world would also seem to present analogous instances.

“Attempts have been made,” writes Professor Owen, “to account for the *extinction of the race of northern elephants* by alterations in the climate of their hemisphere, or by violent geological catastrophes and other like extraneous physical causes. When we seek to apply the same hypothesis to explain the apparently contemporaneous *extinction of the gigantic leaf-eating megatherium* of S. America, the geological phenomena of that continent appear to negative the occurrence of such destructive changes. . . . With regard to *many of the larger mammalia*, especially those that have passed away from the American and Australian continents, the absence of sufficient signs of extensive extirpating change or convulsion makes it almost as reasonable to speculate with Brocchi that species, like individuals, may have had the cause of their death inherent in their original constitution, independently of changes in the external world, and that the term of their existence or the period of their exhaustion of their prolific force may have been ordained from the commencement of each species.”

Professor Page† and Dr. Mantell‡ have expressed themselves in a simi-

Spenser, Raleigh, and Bacon; or why a Milton, Hampden and Cromwell should have arisen together during the middle of the following century; and that after their time, only men of a lower stature, though of exquisite proportions, should have come into existence, to flourish as the wits of Queen Anne. Nor can it be told why the Humes, Robertsons, and Adam Smiths should have appeared in Scotland together in one splendid group, to give place to another group scarce less brilliant, though in a different way. We only know, that among a people of such intellectual activity as the Scotch, a literary development of the national mind might have been expected much about the earlier time.

* It is said that the ratio of male births to female is always abnormally high after bloody wars. This generalization, if valid, makes strongly for Metempsychosis.

† “Manual of Geology,” p. 468.

‡ “Geology of the Isle of Wight,” p. 339.

lar fashion. Substitute for the vague conception "exhaustion of prolific force" that of sterilisation owing to the *withdrawal of the animal egos previously 'informing' that force*, and we have the Eastern view of this aspect of Karma.

7. *The Argument from Mental Evolution.* (a) in Man, (b) in animals.

(a) Nothing is more unsatisfactory than the crude habit of regarding the human soul as a "constant." Theologians and even liberal thinkers of the traditional spiritualist school seem to imagine that all human Egos, as such, stand on the same evolutionary level. But observation acquaints us with various strata of soul development; with Buddhas, Shakespeares, and Mills as well as with Bushmen and Mincopies. It reveals to us the gulf which divides the mathematical genius of a Leverrier from the coarse-grained reason of a savage who cannot count beyond five. Differences such as these inevitably attend the pilgrimage of Egos through a multiplicity of births—a process in which Merit and Experience count for everything.

Needless to dwell upon the importance of a well-organised brain to the incarnating soul. But the helplessness of an Ego tethered to an undeveloped brain is paralleled by the uselessness of a large and developed brain dominated by an *undeveloped Ego*. Mr. A. R. Wallace has pointed out that the cerebral endowment of certain Asiatic stocks is excellent, but the intelligence which they exercise is little superior to that of apes. The Peruvians and Mexicans, who drove before them the rude Indian tribes, had smaller brains than their victims. The cranial capacity of the Cro-Magnon men of the Stone Age, of the Esquimaux, and of some rude Polynesian tribes, compares favourably with that of the average modern Parisian. So much for the skull and brains. What of the tenants?

Metempsychosis, in denying the possibility that one transitory life can serve as the ante-chamber to immortality, is enabled to solve some standing enigmas. That the cretin, the idiot, the one year old baby, the bestial savage, and other such immature and *irresponsible* creatures attain at dissolution the *entrée* to an "eternal Heaven" or Hell, is an idle conception. Such Egos are both undeveloped and neutral in point of merit. But they cannot remain stereotyped as such under the sway of the "Power that makes for righteousness." Reborn, therefore, must they be, one and all, in order to work out their salvation from the curse of terrestrial life by the exercise of a matured moral freedom.

(b). It has been justly said that most of the arguments in favour of the separability of mind and brain apply to the cases of man and brute alike. Comparative psychology, in the hands of thinkers such as Darwin, Romanes, and Büchner, has done much to break down the barrier erected between the two. As regards essentials, one thing is quite clear. We cannot possibly regard consciousness as a spiritual endowment in man and

as neural function in the animal. "Favoured nations;" clauses of this sort are supremely ridiculous. Among contemporary leaders of thought Hartmann is to be credited with the most consistent support of the view that all mental process is a manifestation of the World-Spirit. The task for us is to discover approximately with what end in view Spirit has thus reflected Itself in animal organisms. The drama of Evolution doubtless has its justification.

Bishop Butler did not see why animal units should not survive physical death. But, if so, they must progress—they cannot stagnate through the eternities as stereotyped animal units. The Ego does not represent a "constant"; it is, in obedience to the universal "law of Becoming," susceptible of development. This development, to harmonise, and be of a piece with its previous experience, is only to be secured by repeated plunges into the troubled ocean of rebirth. Our existing Humanity is thus the efflorescence of æons consumed in the evolution of mere animal egos into the level of reflective intelligence. The terrible hourly holocaust of animals around us would brand the design of Nature as fiendish on any other supposition. Optimism must embrace the problem of animal suffering or slink away dismayed. *Omnis creatura ingemiscit et parturit*. The vivisected dog and the hunted deer are items which no foe of the pessimists can afford to ignore. But on what other lines than those of Metempsychosis is the matter to be envisaged?

But how does the Ego originate? Let me here refer the reader to Mr. N. Pearson's admirable paper in the *Nineteenth Century* for Sept. 1886. With certain modifications, his answer is that of the Eastern mystics. Mr. Pearson (who accepts the doctrine of Soul-Evolution without reservation) traces the origin of the Ego to the aggregation of what Clifford called "mindstuff" in the brains of animals—an aggregation which becomes permanent with the advent of full consciousness. The mind-structure thus generated is, in his opinion, susceptible of evolution through successive incarnations. Now, that the permanent individualisation of Spirit is thus effected, no student of occultism would deny; it would, however, be erroneous to identify the means with the thing mediated. "Mindstuff" is merely a subtle order of matter serving as the vehicle of Spirit in that phase of Its manifestation. Regarded in this light a scientific expression is given to a fundamental concept of esoteric Buddhist psychology.

8. *The argument of Dr. du Prel.*

Dr. Carl du Prel's "Philosophy of Mysticism" is important enough to demand a separate review. For the present the exigencies of space must stand as my excuse for a very inadequate *résumé*. It is not the originality of his conceptions and theory so much as that of his methods which appeals to the attention. The work, which has aroused great interest in Germany, is lucid in the extreme, though not entirely free from

those incongruities incidental to a pioneer's task. It confines itself to the psychology of Man.

The author, a follower of Kant, the seed-germ of whose thought he purposes to develop, argues for the reality of a Transcendental Subject, or Higher Self, not given in our normal self-consciousness. Just as according to Kant, consciousness does not exhaust its object—the world—so, according to Du Prel and indeed his master, it does not exhaust its subject—Self. It will be remembered that the neoplatonists, Plotinus and Ammonius Sakkas among others, contended that the soul is not entirely immersed in the body in which it incarnates. Kant expressed himself very strongly to this effect in his "Dreams of a Ghost seer" and even the idealistic Fichte distinguished sharply between the "pure" and "empirical" ego. Du Prel adduces in support of his thesis the evidence furnished by the phenomena of the deeper dreams and of hypnotic and somnambulant clairvoyance (i. 190—332). He proves his case, though in so doing he does not in any sense exhaust the reserve of available data. If, now, this Higher Self has overshadowed our "*waking consciousness*" from the start, may it not have overshadowed many other such consciousnesses in the past. Our author answers in the affirmative, rightly regarding metempsychosis as almost a corollary of the doctrine of this spiritual overshadowing. Touching on the theories of Hartmann and Schopenhauer he observes: "Pessimism is true for the individual, but Optimism for the race, and for the Transcendental Subject *which enters into the inheritance of the earthly life*" (ii. 220). Among other suggestive views is his theory of the true lovetouch as brought about by a birth-seeking Ego requiring an heredity which only two given persons are able to afford. This constitutes the "metaphysical" as opposed to the "physical" marriage. Hartmann had previously shown that the springs of sexual love in part well up from a sphere beyond consciousness and subserve other aims than those of the enamoured couple. Du Prel has localised the source of this impulse in the transcendental will of the soul demanding rebirth. Hence the illusions of the lovers who measure their future happiness by what they believe to be an emotion originated by themselves. Abstract its metaphysical *raison d'être* and such love becomes what Rosalind called it "merely madness."

"Who loves, raves—'tis youth's frenzy—but the cure

Is bitterer still, as *charm by charm unwinds*

Which robed our idols, and we see too sure

Nor worth nor beauty (*sic*) dwells from out the mind's

Ideal shape of such; *yet still it binds*

The fatal spell and still it draws us on. . ."—BYRON, *Childe Harold*, C. iv.

9. *The Argument from the "Dignity of Man."*

The following argument is of an ancillary character, but it ought to appeal to all minds which accept immortality as a postulate of the moral intuition. It is simple but effective. Metempsychosis vanquishes that standing objection to soul-survival founded on the caprice and vice

by which so many infants are ushered into the world. As Kant has put it:—

“Generation in the human race as well as among the irrational animals depends upon so many accidents—of occasion, of proper sustenance, of the laws enacted by the government of a country, of vice even, that it is difficult to believe in the eternal existence of a being whose life has begun under conditions so mean and trivial. . . . it would seem as if we could hardly look for so wonderful an outcome of causes so insignificant.” (Critique.)

As an offset to this difficulty the philosopher of Königsberg marshals his convictions of the ideality of time and presentation. His answer will not silence the modern cynic. Metempsychosis alone is competent to do so. It raises the matter altogether out of the domain of human folly and vice. No birth-seeking Ego, no birth.

We have now completed our bird's eye view of the case for Metempsychosis. But before taking leave of the subject, it remains to throw out a tentative suggestion as to the relations of this great truth to the world-problem.

According to Hegel, the World Spirit would never have undertaken the labour of creation except in the hope of attaining to clear self-consciousness. But it is impossible to regard the evolution of conscious units *in connection with organism* as the final expression of that purpose. Nor, indeed, would the Hegelian dialectic admit of such a view. It justly disallows finality to any cut and dried exposition of the *raison d'être* of the Universe. Philosophers must confine themselves to formulating the problem a little more clearly than their predecessors. “The truth is in the whole”—not in the aspect.

Now, the preponderance of pain over pleasure which reaches its consummation in Man, excludes the possibility that consciousness *as known to us* constitutes an end in itself. But the World-Spirit does not build only to destroy; the millstones of Evolution do not grind to no account; the world-factory does not resound with a vain activity, which turns out no finished product. To what ulterior end does the consciousness of the terrestrial organism serve as a stepping-stone? The temptation to hazard some sort of answer is irresistible.

The ultimate dissipation of our Solar system into fire-mist will not simply restore the *status quo ante*. Physically speaking it may, and probably will; but with the physical side of things it is not our immediate province to deal. A further consideration is forthcoming. The vast material mechanism before running down will have done its work—it will have served as the theatre of processes which are now growing a crop of human souls. The harvest of Evolution will be a legion of Egos perfected through suffering and rich with the experience gleaned in the

course of infinitely varied rebirths.* For on the unity of the Transcendental Subject the worthier memories of all lives are strung as pearls upon a string. What a range of ideation is suggested! First the animal ego, educated by tardy processes into the grade of a human soul; then the human soul warring against its inherited animal bias until it recognizes the God within it and, the bondage of Karma being renounced,

“the dew-drop slips into the shining sea.”

(EDWIN ARNOLD.)

As all Egos primarily emerge from the impersonal unity of Spirit, to that unity they must eventually return. Soaked with experience each ray is reflected back to its source. Nirvana is, thus, the “goal to which the whole creation moves.” Needless to say it is no annihilation, but the absolute culmination of spiritual being. Represent individual consciousness as a bounded circle and imagine that circle not vanishing but expanding to infinity, and you will have a symbolic conception of the glorified existence of Nirvana—that state in which

“the Universe grows ‘I,’”

and phenomenally sundered Egos are fused into unity. Consciousness is necessarily permanent in Nirvana, though not as with us in the form of a “self” radically contrasted with other “selves.” Nevertheless, intimate as must be the coalescence of any given Ego with its fellows, the experience which it has accumulated during its long planetary pilgrimage serves in a measure to differentiate it from the rest. In the unity of Nirvana Spirit attains to complete self-realisation through the perfected Egos now restored to It. Perchance the drama of Evolution has this end as its justification, and tends in consequence, as M. Rénan† has suggested, to the perfection of Deity. Hegel’s profoundly significant teaching to the effect that the Absolute is “*essentially result*”‡ cannot in this connection be too strongly insisted upon. Finality, however, in speculations such as these is beside the question.

EDWARD DOUGLAS FAWCETT.

* What the average duration of the interval between rebirths may be we have obviously no means of determining. But it has been stated on the authority of Eastern Initiates that 1,500—2,000 years is the normal period of post-mortem rest allotted to Man before his weary terrestrial pilgrimage recommences.

† “L’œuvre universelle de tout ce qui vit est de faire Dieu parfait, de contribuer à la grande résultante définitive qui clora le cercle des choses par l’unité.” (Dialogues).

‡ “Phenomenology.” The “result” is that of the passage of Spirit from “*substance*” to “*subject*.” The apparent paradise merely represents Hegel’s method of presenting great truths in a garb calculated to provoke thought.

MY FATE.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL STORY.

I WAS lying upon the beach, near the edge of the sea. It was a wonderful afternoon. Indeed, there was something inexpressibly strange about it. Although it was the last day of August, the weather was such as befitted a day in early June.

It had been remarkably fine for more than a week, after a lengthened spell of most unseasonable, tempestuous weather. Therefore, this sudden calmness, under which the world appeared to sleep, was all the more extraordinary. The prevailing heat and stillness of the previous week seemed to be concentrated in that breathless day. Not a wave of wind had broken the death-like slumber of the earth, from the waking of the dawn till the night again drew round its curtain over the world and all its teeming life. Nature indeed, appeared to hold her breath, as in a trance.

Not a sound fell on the ear, save those at the hand of busy men and then their echoes seemed to dwell mysteriously upon the spell-bound air.

Not a cloud was to be discerned. Not one had expanded its snowy wreath upon the heavens, from the evaporation of the morning's mist, until the shroud of darkness had again crept over the earth that seemed to fade and mingle with the ebony of space.

From the rising of the sun above the eastern sea, until its setting below the western hills, its course had been marked by a ceaseless glare. It appeared as though the world, by some fell fate, were doomed to bear the overpowering blaze for ever.

And yet the sky was one deep blue. It was a strange, un-English tint. I never saw it so pronounced before, and never since. I had read of the depth of the Italian sky, and had doubted its intensity. When I had witnessed it, at length, and had been convinced, I never believed that I should see its fascinating beauty approached in my native country.

But now I was dumbfounded. No sky of Italy was lovelier than that into which I gazed, upon that memorable autumn afternoon. I looked above me to the Heavens, in speechless awe and wonder. Its azure brilliancy was phenomenal.

As I had roamed through the gorgeous open country, and had walked along the shady, winding lanes, towards the sea-beach, I had noticed that the trees were so perfectly still that they might have been petrified at the power of some magical spell. Not a tremor of a bough could be

discerned ; not a rustle of a leaf was heard. Even the birds were tuneless, and had sought their nests, as though from a sense of approaching disaster.

With a book before me, I had meditatively wandered to the glistening beach. I had descended from the overhanging heights of the mighty cliffs that reared their heads sheer hundred feet into the sky. I had stood for awhile entranced, as I turned from the pages I was reading, and gazed upon the sea beneath, and across the yawning ocean, spreading on either hand to a vast horizon.

Its deep, blue waters were silent ; level as a sheet of glass. Not even a ripple drifted here and there upon the ocean's face. Its dazzling mirror was unruffled.

Not the lightest breath of wind fanned my cheeks as I stood there hundreds of feet in the upper air. The flag suspended from the flagstaff on the topmost cliff hung absolutely motionless.

I looked around me across the death-still ocean.

Just the faintest veil of mist floated upon the farthest distance of the sea. Two ships were lying off the bay. They were as motionless as rocks. Every sail dropped uselessly from yard or spar, or clung against the masts as though they had been nailed there. Not another sign of life was to be seen upon the slumbering waters. Those vessels seemed to be enchanted, as though some awful ban had been pronounced against them and their crews.

I turned to my book again, at length, and descended to the beach. Around me lay huge boulders, fallen from the lofty bluffs that seemed to overshadow me. The weeds that dangled from the rocks in dark and tangled tresses were parched and looked like dead. The world seemed scorching up beneath the sun's remorseless rays. Little pools of water filled the numerous holes—that appeared to have been bored into the rocks by human hands—where many a tiny fish disported till the rising tide should free them from their close captivity.

I walked to the sea's bright edge, and watched the tide as it slowly sank along the shore. Not even a ripple sighed upon the shimmering strand. Truly the sea was all but dead.

I gazed again upon those distant ships. They had not moved. They lay like logs upon the offing, where the sun's fierce shafts shot down as flames of fire.

I was alone. Not a soul was to be seen. Not even a seagull kept me company.

Throwing my book upon the shingle, I lay between two rocks, and read. My soul was filled with a strange, unutterable feeling. I was soothed by the silence of the world. The peacefulness of nature had always worked a mystic influence upon me. Under the gentle awakening of the day, when the sun peeped through the fading dawn, or beneath the shadowy sleep of night, the earth's repose had ever filled

me with a strange emotion. My spirit, as it seemed, would fly from me, and soar above the clouds to spheres beyond. I seemed to free myself from the fetters of my fleshly frame, to find a peace which the noisy world of men denied me. That essence of good which hangs, as it were, upon the universe, pervading it, came strongly to my yearning bosom, bidding it nobly live and hope; and in the air a whisper seemed to answer all the strivings of my restless soul, which *here* could find no satisfaction. I felt in touch with God; as though I grasped Immensity-Eternity!

That inward calm swelled doubly strong within me on that afternoon. There was something so unusual in the scene. Besides, it was a curious story I was reading; and it brought to my bosom, with tenfold force the aspirations that gave my life an object; that afforded the only desire to live, in fact.

Mine had already been a strange, eventful history, although I had not long entered into manhood.

My spirit had fought a dreadful battle against misfortune and shattered hopes, and against the perverseness of my nature. Adversity however, had refined my soul, although my troubles often seemed to quench all hope, and destroy all chance of victory. Frequently had I stood upon despair's steep brink, peering with bloodshot eyes into the yawning precipice of Death, and what might lie beyond its pierceless gloom. But I had gained fresh strength at last, by faith and hope; and turning away from the fatal edge, had walked into the world again to face its possibilities. And I was at peace save for one thing; that I was lonely in the world, and found no heart to throb with mine, that beat with boundless love.

I had striven desperately with myself. My inmost life had been a ceaseless warfare. Often had I fallen from my good resolves, to look back upon my erring path with sadness, and feel the sting of a reproachful conscience. But grimly girding up my will, feeling fresh courage at every battle won, and convinced that a better part, an essence of the God-like, dwelt in the heart of every man, however base, I wrestled with my lower nature, until I held my spirit in control.

As to reasoning, my speculations on the mysteries of Creation had undergone extraordinary changes, downward and onward. I had always cultivated the habit of thinking. I had always been of an enquiring and imaginative disposition. In my sorrows and reverses, I had passed through the silent, pathless deserts of materialism. But there my thirsty soul was famishing. I found no peace, I heard no answer to my cry. I was lost in the region where all is shadow and despair.

Emerging from the world of doubt and darkness, I had entered at last into the bright and wondrous spheres of mysticism.

There I was comforted. There I assuaged my burning thirst. I saw God in every work of nature; filling the universe, filling my yearning

soul, and driving its evil passions out. Everything that I looked upon or touched was a miracle to me ; and God was in the whole !

Immediately my life had another purpose. I had but *existed* previously. I now felt that there could be no satisfaction, neither was there any nobleness, in merely living. I beheld Eternity behind me, and before me, and that I floated on its trackless sea. I at once perceived the importance of my life, to my Creator, my fellow creatures, and myself ; and knew that I must spend it well. I was convinced that truth was only learnt by thought ; that victory was only won by labour ; that Heaven was only gained by love. Forthwith, the gloomy aspect of the world dispersed, and in my eyes lay as an eternal sunlight. The problem of existence—if not completely solved, was at least sufficiently clear to me to lead me on towards my goal unflinchingly, sustained by joy, in fervent hope. Something within told me that existence was *not* valueless. That was enough ; it was everything to me.

But I had not altogether found consolation. One thing I wanted to complete my life, and that was a day-star upon this earth, to guide me onward, up to Heaven.

I felt a void within my heart, that only some one's love could fill. I had looked in countless faces as I trod the world ; and one or two I thought could have soothed my pain. But they had passed me in the hurrying stream of life, and drifted from me as I walked, only to live again in the silent moments of remembrance.

I keenly felt my loneliness. My sympathies seemed wasted in my very love. My energies seemed worthless in my very strength. My life appeared to be a selfish one ; and melancholy often haunted me ; I felt I could be twice the man, did but a ministering angel cross my path, to fan my bosom's slumbering fires to flame, to rouse my noblest parts to action. I yearned for one in whom I could seek solace in my cares ; one for whom my life could live ; whose life would live for me !

Should I always fight on in this desertedness, I often asked myself ? Would the years of my bravest manhood pass away unsatisfied ? Would the silent grave close over me, with what I deemed my noblest aim unrealised ? The thought was hard to bear, and made me downcast as I searched my heart.

Am I not telling the pain in many a human breast ?

And yet I felt that some day she would come, and free me from my thrall ; that it would be my fate at last. And in my frequent reveries, I pictured her within my mind ; until at length I seemed to live upon my fancies, as though she actually existed, and I communed with her.

She would be beautiful and gentle when I saw her in the flesh, I said. My life would be transformed from the moment that I gazed into her thoughtful eyes.

Such became my constant dream, at length ; and so distinct was my imagination, that I had painted a picture of her lovely face !

I treasured it, and lived for it ; because I knew that some day we should meet.

Beneath the picture I had written just these words—My Fate—and left a space to fill in with her name.

Strange fancy ! But it soothed my secret sorrow. My thoughts were far away from such a day-dream now, however. I was deeply buried in the story I was reading. My soul was engrossed in the mysteries of science and philosophy.

The tide had fallen and was rising again. But I had read on through the hours, heedless both of sea and land. Those vessels were still becalmed, and were slowly fading in the haze that crept upon the stagnant sea. The sun had set behind the giant cliffs, that now seemed mightier in their silent shadows as the deepening twilight fell upon the scene. The faintest blush of red was lingering in the heavens, above the cliff's high, rugged edge, showing where the wondrous orb had sunk in all its crimson glory. The evening mist was already stealing over the mainland, heralding the approach of night.

But I was oblivious to the world. I was living in worlds unknown but in imagination, as I read through page and page of the absorbing volume. I had come to the final chapter of the story. I had reached the last page. I had arrived at the concluding passage of the work. It was this—

“ In fact, the secrets of Creation, within the Universe, the world, ourselves, are quite beyond the human understanding. The further we explore into the land of shadows, the more bewildering becomes the way. The more we learn, the more we are confounded by our ignorance. The more we think, the more we are distracted by conflicting theories. The higher we soar above the earth, the greater is our sense of littleness. The more of God we drink into our souls, the deeper is our humbleness. Existence is a paradox. As we examine it, so are we baffled. Nothing is impossible in Creation. Nature's handiworks are miracles to us. The more we investigate them, the more we wonder. All is a riddle, inexplicable. We feel that God is in us. We can only live in the hope of some day peering through the gloom that we call Death, and viewing the vast unknown beyond. We must live nobly, lifted up by Faith. Reason teaches us that. And Faith can only come through *Love* ! ”

I closed the book and raised my eyes involuntarily. I shrank back with a sudden start. There, before me—between me and the fading blush that still was lingering in the sky, and seemed to fold her in a halo—stood the loveliest creature I had ever gazed upon !

Her eyes met mine. And as they did, I felt my fate had come at last ! I trembled. Had I gazed upon an apparition ? My heart beat wildly, for I recognised her face !

Was it a dream ; had I fallen asleep over my book ? No. That which stood before me motionless and silent—*was herself !*

An indefinable emotion filled my bosom. My blood coursed hotly through my veins. What was it that possessed me ?

I could not shake the fascination off. I knew the face ! And as I looked upon it, every passion in me seemed at warfare. An unquenchable longing, adoration, love had seized me !

How had she come there, without my hearing footsteps on the shingle ? Was it a spirit that had visited me ? And for her to stand before me at the moment when I closed the book. Had I been so absorbed that I was dead to every sound ? What, too, had prompted her to stray to the lonely shore as such a time ?

It was *she !* The same fair hair, falling in golden streams upon her shoulders ; the same blue, pensive eyes ; the same sweet mouth, as I had painted in my fancies ! She was not alone. She held a little child by the hand. What brought her here, to burst upon my vision as a dream ? I only knew that my fate had come. I spoke to her at last. She answered me, but timidly.

My heart went out to hers as I listened to her voice !

She knew not what had brought her, with her little sister, to the beach, she told me. She had seen me reading on the shore, and wondered why I was alone. She had just got up to where I lay, and would have passed me, when I closed my book and met her gaze. As hers met mine, she felt mysteriously influenced.

We spoke for awhile, and then we wandered home, beneath the quickly deepening night. Was I still living in a dream ? I seemed entranced !

As I bade good-bye to her, and held her hand, I knew that I had met my fate !

I often saw her. I was miserable without her. I felt a new life thrilling through me when I stood before her.

She was the loveliest and gentlest of creatures. She was my day-star, my ideal. And as my love increased for her, I knew that I had won her own.

I looked at the picture on the wall. It was *her* face. *I had imagined the reality !* I did not tell her of my secret ; I did not show her the outcome of my curious fancy. I would conceal it till I could write her name upon it. No, she should fill it in herself.

Months flew by ; sweet months of dreams, and every day my passion had grown deeper. I often stood before the picture on the wall. I had lived for it before. I was living for its *likeness* now !

* * * * *

My fate had come. At last I clasped her to my bosom as my bride !

She was an angel surely. I was living a new life. My only earthly longing was fulfilled. My sympathies were responded to. My aspira-

tions were encouraged. I found the sweetest solace in my cares. I had the dearest partner to my joys.

I was twice the man I had been, and suddenly I had accomplished one of my life's chief objects. It brought me fame and fortune; and I thought and spoke of her with tenfold pride, because I knew that she aroused me to the deed.

Our lives were linked together; our hearts were one. She told me that I won her heart when first she saw me on the beach. She knew not how or why, but something seemed to prompt her to the shore that evening. Surely we were destined for each other!

Truly had I read that "The secrets in the universe, the world, ourselves, are quite beyond the human understanding!"

* * * * *

One day I took a picture from a box where I had hidden it.

"Whose face is that?" I asked.

She started back. "Who painted it?" she said.

"I did—*before I ever saw you!* Have I not drawn it faithfully?"

She bowed her head, and then she looked into my face.

"It is the picture of my dreams," I said. "You haunted me for many a day, before I found my rest in *that*. I lived for it, and worshipped it; for I knew that we should meet some day. See what I wrote beneath it; and are you not my fate? Look, too, at the space I left for your pretty signature—write it in now while I stand beside and watch you."

"Not yet," she said—"in twelve months' time. See if the picture is like me then; see if you love me then as now."

I kissed her and I let her have her whim.

* * * * *

In twelve months' time I was a ruined man. Ruined, not in riches, but in peace of mind. My day-star was fading. She was desperately ill. I had been frantic in my grief and fears. I had hovered by her bedside night and day. I could not leave her, for her life was mine. I wrung my hands in agony.

Would she be taken from me, and I be left alone again? I groaned to Heaven in my anguish!

It was an autumn afternoon, and beautifully calm; just such a day as when we met upon that beach within the dusk. The birds were hushed: the trees were still; the world was scarcely breathing in the sun's warm glow.

She lay by the open window that looked down upon the glittering shore, and across the ocean, now so still. She took my hand in hers. My heart was breaking with its woe—"Am I like the picture *now?*" she whispered.

She was more beautiful than ever. Something unearthly glistened in her lustrous eyes.

"And do you love me as you did?" she asked.

I clasped her hands and wildly wept. I could not speak. My heart was breaking. "Fetch me the picture—I will write my name upon it now," she said.

I brought it and placed it on the bed before her. It was the very image of herself.

The pen was in her hand. She gazed into my eyes—it was a loving, lingering gaze, and an angel's smile lit up her heavenly features.

Her fingers rested on the picture. Suddenly a sigh fell on my ears ; and softly falling back upon her pillow—she was dead !

I was alone in all the world again. I shrieked in my despair, and fell upon her face, insensible ! My heart was broken !

She was too beautiful, too gentle for this earth. She belonged to heaven, from whence she must have come to me.

Twelve months had passed to the very day !

The picture was unsigned !

* * * * *

When I recovered from my fever, they gently led me to her grave Above her name two words were carved—My Fate.

I am an old man now, and only wait to meet her. As I had lived for her in life, I live for her in memory still. No other heart has filled the void she left when she was torn from me. It could not.

I often wander by the sea, upon that lonely shore. And when the evening falls upon the silent scene, I fancy that I see her stand before me, just as I saw her when I closed the book.

Sometimes I feel that she is hovering near me ; whispering comfort, whispering hope. I may be dreaming ; but it seems so true. I often look upon the picture on the wall. Its pensive eyes seem gazing into mine, and seem to say—

Live on in hope, in patience wait
Thro' Life's brief span of bliss and pain ;
The grave but shadows o'er the Gate
Where love that lives, shall live again !

Was she an angel sent from Heaven to guide me there ? I know not, but I feel that I shall know some day.

I have no further care of life. I only await the summons that shall beckon me away—to meet her !

JOSIAH R. MALLETT, F.T.S.



Numbers, their Occult Power and Mystic Virtues.

“TRACES OF INDIA IN ANCIENT EGYPT.”

PART III.—(*Continued.*)

CHAPTER III.

THE TRIAD.

PHOTIUS observes that the Triad is the first odd number in energy, is the first perfect number, and is a middle and analogy.

The Pythagoreans referred it to Physiology; it is the cause of all that has the triple dimension.

It is also the cause of good counsel, intelligence, and knowledge, and is a Mistress of Music, mistress also of Geometry, possesses authority in whatever pertains to Astronomy and the nature and knowledge of the heavenly bodies and connects and leads them into effects.

Every virtue also is suspended from it and proceeds from it.

In Mythology it is referred by Nichomachus to:

1. Saturn, Time, past, present, and future. 2. Latona. 3. The Horn of Amalthea, the nurse of Jupiter. 4. Polyhymnia, among the Muses.

Number being more increased by multiplication than it is by addition, the number 3 is, properly speaking, the first number, as neither the Duad nor Monad are so increased.

It is a “Middle and Analogy” because all comparisons consist of three terms, at least; and analogies were called by the ancients “middles.”

It was considered the Mistress of Geometry because the triangle is the principal of Figures.

With regard to the Heavenly bodies, the number Three is important; there are 3 quaternions of the celestial signs, the fixed, the movable, and the common.

In every Zodiacal sign also there are 3 faces, and 3 decans, and 3 lords of their Triplicity; and among the planets there are 3 Fortunes; and 3 Infortunes; according to the Chaldeans also, there are 3 ethereal worlds prior to the sphere of our Fixed Stars.

On account of the perfection of the Triad, oracles were delivered from a Tripod, as is related of the Oracle at Delphi.

With regard to Music, 3 is said to be Mistress because Harmony contains 3 symphonies, the

Diapason, the Diapente, and the Diatessaron.

Ezekiel, xiv., v. 14, mentions 3 men who saw a creation, destruction, and a restoration; Noah of the whole world, Daniel of the Jewish world Jerusalem, and Job of his private world.

Note the Hindoo Trinity of Brahma, who consists of Brahma, Vishnu and Siva; Creator, Preserver, and Changer.

The living were of old called "the 3 times blessed" (the dead 4 times blessed).

There were Three cities of Refuge on each side of the Jordan.

Three Fates, Clotho, Lachesis, Atropos.

„ Furies: Tisiphone, Alecto, Megæra.

„ Graces: Euphrosyne, Aglaia, Thalia; says Hesiod.

„ Judges of Hades: Minos, Æacus, Rhadamanthus.

„ Horæ: Hesiod says they were Eunomia (Order), Dike (Justice), Eirene (Peace).


Jupiter's thunder is "triformis." Hecate is always called "triple."

Neptune's spear is a trident.

Pluto's dog Cerberus had 3 heads.

There were Three founders of the Roman Empire; Romulus, B.C. 753, Camillus, B.C. 389, expelled the Gauls, and Caius Marius, B.C. 102, who overthrew the hordes of Cambrians and Teutons.

The Jewish Rabbis say that the Sword of Death has 3 drops of Gall one drops in the mouth and the man dies, from the second comes the pallor of death, and the 3rd turns the carcase to dust. See Purchas, "The Pilgrimage," 1613.

 A letter Yod within an equilateral triangle was a symbol of the ineffable name Jehovah, and was so used by the Jews.

The moderns have pointed out that this form suggests the idea that they knew something of a triune God. Other monograms of Jehovah were also triple; thus 3 rays Ψ , and the Shin Ψ , and three jods in a triangle.

Under the number 3 also we may in passing mention the Royal Arch sign, the "Triple Tau," three T T T united: the manner of its explanation, and the ideas which it represents, are not fit matters for description in this work. Note also 3 stones of the arch, 3 Principals and 3 Sojourners; 3 Veils; and in the Craft Lodges, 3 officers, 3 degrees, 3 perambulations.

In the Roman Cultus, the number 3 is of constant occurrence, as for example see Virgil, Eclogue 8, The Pharmaceutria; the priests used a cord of 3 coloured strands, and an image was carried 3 times round an altar.

"Terna tibi hæc primum triplici diversa colore."

The Druids also paid a constant respect to this number; and even their poems are noted as being composed in Triads.

Indeed it is impossible to study any single system of worship throughout the world, without being struck by the peculiar persistence of the triple number in regard to divinity; whether as a group of deities a triformed, or 3 headed god, a Mysterious Triunity, a deity of 3 powers, or a family relationship of 3 Persons such as the Father Mother and Son of the Egyptians, Osiris, Isis and Horus.

And again in the various faiths we see the chief Dignity given in turn to each person of the Triad: some rejoice in the patriarchal unity, some in the greater glory of the Son, and others again lavish all their

adoration on the Great Mother ; even in trinities of coequal males, each has his own special worshippers, note this especially among the Hindoos, where for example the followers of Vishnu are called Vaishnavas : to complicate matters too, in this case each deity has his female potency or sakti, and these also have their own adherents.

THE TETRAD. 4.

The Pythagoreans, said Nicomachus, call the number four "the greatest miracle," "a God after another manner," "a manifold divinity," the "fountain of Nature," and its "key bearer." It is the "introducer and cause of the permanency of the Mathematical discipline." It is "most masculine" and "robust;" it is Hercules, and Æolus. It is Mercury, Vulcan and Bacchus. Among the Muses, Urania. They also called it Feminine, effective of Virility, and an Exciter of Bacchic fury. In harmony it was said to form by the quadruple ratio, the symphony disdiapason. They called it Justice, as the first evenly even number.

As a type of Deity, we all know of the famous Hebrew title Tetragrammaton or unpronounceable name Jehovah IHVH : this name was disclosed by the Kabbalistic Rabbis as a blind to the populace, and to hide their secret tenets.

Almost all the peoples of Antiquity possessed a name for Deity consisting of four letters, and many of them considered 4 to be a Divine number, thus:—

Hebrew Yehovah IHVH, and IHIH called Eheie, and AHIH called Aheie.

Assyrian ADAD.	German GOTT.
Egyptian AMUN.	French DIEU.
Persians SYRE or SIRE,	Turkish ESAR.
Greek THEOS,	Tartar ITGA.
Latin DEUS,	Arabian ALLH, Allah.

Samaritan JABE see Theodoret.

Egyptian TEUT, TAUT, THOTH.

In Sanchoniathon we find the Deity called IEVO.

In Clemens Alexandrinus „ „ „ JAOU.

The Tetractys says, Theo of Smyrna in the edition of Ismael Bullialdo 1644, page 147, was not only principally honoured by the Pythagoreans because all symphonies exist within it, but also because it appears to contain the nature of all things, hence their oath "Not by him who delivered to our souls the Tetractys" (that is Pythagoras) this tetractys is seen in the COMPOSITION of the first numbers 1. 2. 3. 4.

But the 2nd Tetractys arises from the increase by MULTIPLICATION of odd and even numbers beginning from the Monad.

The 3rd subsists according to Magnitude.

The 4th is in simple Bodies, Monad-Fire, Duad-Air, Triad-Water Tetrad-Earth.

The 5th is of the figures of Bodies, Pyramid-Fire, Octahedron-Air, Icosahedron-Water, Cube-Earth.

The 6th of Vegetative Life, Seed-Monad or point; if it increase in length—duad-line; in breadth—triad-superficies; in thickness—tetrad-solid.

The 7th is of Communities; as Man, House, Street, City.

The 8th is the Judicial power. Intellect, Science, Opinion, Sense.

The 9th is of the parts of the Animal, the Rational, Irascible and Epithymetic soul, and the Body they live in.

The 10th Tetractys is of the Seasons of the Year, spring, summer, autumn, winter.

The 11th Tetractys is of the Ages of Man, the infant, the lad, the man, and the senex.

And all are proportional one to another and hence they said "all things are assimilated to number."

They also gave a four-fold distribution of goods to the soul and Body, to the Soul, Prudence, Temperance, Fortitude, Justice; and to the Body Acuteness of senses, Health, Strength, Beauty.

The Objects of desire are 4: viz., Prosperity, Renown, Power, Friendship.

The celebrated 4 Causes of Aristotle, may be mentioned here:

Divinity as the cause—by which; or $\nu\pi' ou$ up ou.

Matter—from which; or $\epsilon\xi ou$ ex ou.

Form—through which; or $\delta\iota' ou$ di ou.

Effect—with reference to which; or $\pi\rho\sigma ou$ pros ou.

The Dead also are called 4 times Blessed; and the Living but thrice blessed.

The number 4 being the completion of the quaternary group of point, line, superficies and body, has also this character that its elements 1, 2, 3, and 4 when summed up are equal to 10, which is so perfect that we can go no further, but to increase we must return to the Monad.

It was also called Kosmos, the World, because it formed the number 36, when its digits were thus combined:

$$1+2=3$$

$$3+4=7$$

$$5+6=11$$

$$7+8=15$$

$$36$$

being the sum of the first four odd numbers with the first four even numbers.

Plutarch, De Anim. Procr. 1027, says the world consists of a double Quaternary; 4 of the intellectual World, T'Agathon, Nous, Psyche and Hyle; that is Supreme Wisdom or Goodness, Mind, Soul, Matter, and four of the Sensible world, forming the Kosmos of Elements, Fire, Air, Earth and Water; pur, aer, ge and udor: $\pi\upsilon\rho, \alpha\eta\rho, \gamma\eta, \upsilon\delta\omega\rho$.

Four is the number of the moons or satellites of Jupiter and Uranus.

The Arabians analysed Female Beauty into nine fours ; as :

Four Black	— Hair,	eyebrows,	eyelashes,	eyes.
Four White	— Skin,	white of the eyes,	teeth,	legs.
Four Red	— Tongue,	lips,	cheeks,	gums.
Four round	— Head,	neck,	forearms,	ancles.
Four long	— Back,	fingers,	arms,	legs.
Four wide	— Forehead,	eyes,	seat,	lips.
Four fine	— Eyebrows,	nose,	lips,	fingers.
Four thick	— Buttocks,	thighs,	calves,	knees.
Four small	— Breasts,	ears,	hands,	feet.

See Lane, Arabian Nights.

In the Rosicrucian writings of Behmen, Fludd, and Meyer, we find the occult dogma that the four elements are peopled by spirits, beings who may have influence on the destiny of Man ; thus the Earth was inhabited by Gnomes ; the Air was inhabited by Sylphs ; the Fire was inhabited by Salamanders ; and the Water by Undines ; these are now commonly called "Elementals." See Lives of the Necromancers, W. Godwin ; Michael Maier ; Jacob Behmen's Works.

The existence of Elementals, scoffed at by the educated classes, is really suggested in a large number of places in both Old and New Testaments, the inspired volume of the Christians : examine, for example, Judges ix. 23 ; I. Samuel xvi. 14 ; Psalm lxxviii. 49 ; Acts xvi. 16, xix. 13, xxvii. 23 ; Ephesians vi. 12, ii. 2.

Francis Barrett mentions the 4 Consecrated Animals, Lion, Eagle, Man and Calf, emblems of the Kerubim on the terrestrial plane ; 4 Archangels, Michael, Gabriel, Uriel, Raphael ; note, all end in the Deity name, el, *i.e.* AL, of the Hebrews.

But above all consider the meaning of the Canticle "Benedicite omnia opera" in the book of Common Prayer, "O ye stars, O ye showers and dew, O ye fire and heat, O ye winds, O ye green things, O ye mountains and hills, bless ye the Lord, praise him and magnify him for ever." These phrases are either folly, or else they recognise the spiritual essences or beings inherent in the elements and created things. Again, read hymn 269 in Hymns Ancient and Modern, a most orthodox volume. "Principalities and powers, watch for thy unguarded hours," and hymn 91, "Christian dost thou see them, on the holy ground, how the troops of Midian compass thee around." If these are not the evil elementals, what are they ?

The Gnostics said that all their edifice rested on a 4 pillared Basis ; Truth, Intelligence, Silence, Bathos.

Note the Earth was formed on the 4th day, according to the allegory found in the Jewish "Genesis."

The figure of 4, as Ragon remarks, is the upright man, carrying the triangle or Divinity, a type of the Trinity of Godhead.

- Note 4 elements, 4 sides of a square and 4 angles ;
- 4 qualities, cold, hot, dry, damp, 4 humours ;
- 4 seasons of the year ; 4 quarters of the horizon ;
- 4 Rivers of Eden ; Euphrates, Gihon, Hiddekel and Pison ;
- 4 Rivers of the Infernal Regions ; Phlegethon, Cocytus, Styx and Acheron ;
- 4 elements of Metaphysics ; Being, essence, virtue, action.
- 4 Masonic virtues.
- 4 Evangelists and Gospels ; Matthew, Mark, Luke, John.

One of the abstruse dogmas of the Kabbalah concerns the Four Worlds of Emanation ; Atziluth, Briah, Yetzirah and Assiah ; these are not worlds in any ordinary sense, but rather planes of development and existence, the former the most diaphanous and exalted, the others becoming more and more concrete and manifest ; the ten Sephiroth exist on each plane, those of the higher planes being more sublime than those of the lowest ; each world has a secret name and number.

Vulcan gave Apollo and Diana arrows on the 4th day of their Nativity : this says Sir Thomas Browne is the Gentile equivalent to the Creation of the Sun and Moon on the 4th day.

THE PENTAD, 5.

From the Nicomachean Extracts we derive our knowledge of the Pythagorean doctrine of the number five.

It is an eminently spherical and circular number because in every multiplication, it restores itself and is found terminating the number ; it is change of Quality, because it changes what has three dimensions into the sameness of a sphere by moving circularly and producing light : and hence

“ Light ” is referred to the number 5.

Also it is the “ Privation of Strife ” because it unites in friendship the two forms of number even and odd ; the 2 and 3. Also Justice from throwing things into the light.

Also the “ unconquered ” from a geometrical reason which may be found in Alexander Aphrodisiensis, Commentaries on the 1st Book of Aristotle's Metaphysics.

Also the “ Smallest extremity of Vitality ” because there are three powers of Life, vegetable, psychical, and rational ; and as the Rational is arranged according to the hebdomad, and the Psychical according to the hexad, so the Vegetative power falls under the control of the Pentad.

Proclus on Hesiod gives two reasons for its semblance to Justice “ because it punishes wrong, and takes away inequality of possession, and also equalizes what is less, to benefit.”

Also named Nemesis, for it arranges in an appropriate manner all things celestial, divine and natural.

And Venus, because the male 3 triad and the female 2 or dual, odd and even are conjoined in it: Venus was sometimes considered hermaphrodite, and was bearded as well as full bosomed.

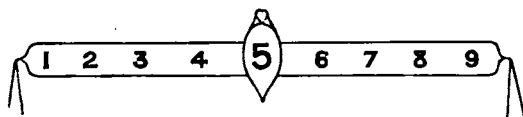
And Gamelia, that is referring to marriage.

And Androgynia, being odd and masculine, yet containing an even female part.

Also a "Demi-goddess," because it is half of the Decad, which is a divinity. And "Didymus" because it divides the Decad into two equal parts. But they called it Pallas, and Immortal, because Pallas presides over the Ether, or 5th Element (akasa) which is indestructible, and is not *material* to our present senses. And Cardiatis or Cordialis, because like a heart it is in the middle of the body of the numbers, thus:—

1	4	7
2	5	8
3	6	9

The ancients had a maxim "Pass not above the beam of the balance," that is—be not cause of injury; for they said let the members in a series form a Balance Beam



thus when a weight depresses the Beam, an obtuse angle is formed by the Depressed side and the Tongue Vertical, and an acute angle on the other. Hence it is worse to do, than to suffer injury, and the authors of injury sink down to the infernal regions, but the injured rise to the gods. Since however injustice pertains to inequality, equalization is necessary which is effected by addition and subtraction.

Plutarch in his treatise on the Generation of the Soul according to Plato, states that the Pentad is called "trophos" which equals Sound because the first of the intervals of a Tone which is capable of producing a sound, is the fifth; it is also a type of "Nature."

The Pentalpha or 5 pointed star, an endless complex set of angles, was the emblem of Health, Hygeia; it forms 5 copies of the capital letter A. It is also called the Pentacle, and erroneously the Seal of Solomon, and was said to be a device on the signet of the Ancient Grand Master of the Mysteries.



Kenneth Mackenzie remarks that being formed by the union of the first odd and even numbers, 5 was considered of peculiar value and used as an Amulet or Talisman powerful to preserve from evil, and when inscribed on a portal, could keep out evil spirits; it is found almost everywhere in Greece and Egypt.

The early Christians referred to the Pentad the 5 wounds of Christ.

Diodorus calls five "the union of the four elements with Ether." There are 5 orders of Architecture; and 5 Senses of the human body now commonly known and described (but the whole are seven). Geometry is technically called the 5th Science. In Masonry the grand scheme is the 5 points of Fellowship and note also 5 Brethren can hold a Fellowcrafts lodge. It is also called the Pyramid, from the arrangement of Monads, thus three below, then two, then one above them. Note the system of 5 regular Euclidean bodies, tetrahedron, hexahedron or cube, octohedron, dodekahedron and icosahedron.

The Emblem of health and safety the Pentacle, the Masons' signet mark (according to Stukely) was the device borne by Antiochus Soter on a war-banner, to which was ascribed the signal victory he obtained.

The Ancients esteemed this number as a measure for drinking, they mixed 5 parts of water with their wine, and Hippocrates added $\frac{1}{2}$ of water to milk as a medical draught.

Phintys the daughter of Callicrates describes the Five virtues of a Wife: Mental and Bodily purity; abstaining from excess of ornament in dress; staying at home; refraining as females then did, from celebrating public mysteries; piety and temperance.

In Roman marriage ceremonies it was customary to light 5 tapers and to admit the guests by fives, see Plato in Leg. IV.

The Jews classed a Bride's attendants by fives—five wise and five foolish virgins.

Jewish references to five are many—5 gifts to the priests, 5 things which might only be eaten in the camp. Not to eat fruit from a tree until it was five years old. The trespass offering imposed on the Philistines, 5 golden emerods and 5 golden mice. Joseph gave Benjamin 5 suits of Raiment—Joseph presented only 5 of his brethren to Pharaoh. David took 5 pebbles when he went to fight Goliath.

There are Five Articles of Belief in the Mahometan faith—in Allah, in Angels, in the prophet, the day of judgment, and predestination.

The Five duties of a Member of the Christian church were stated by the Fathers: To keep holy the festivals; to observe the fasts; to attend public worship; to receive the Sacraments; and to adhere to the customs of the church.

St. Paul said he preferred to speak 5 words in a language understood by his hearers than 10,000 in an unknown tongue.

In arranging an Horoscope some astrologers used only 5 aspects of the planets—the conjunction, the opposite, sextile, trigonal and tetragonal; and the evil or good fortune of the person seemed to depend on them.

Among the Romans a display of 5 Wax Candles indicated that a Marriage was being celebrated; and special prayers were also made on such occasions to these 5 deities, Jupiter, Juno, Venus, Pitho, and Diana. See Rabelais, 3. 20.

One of the two main divisions of Flowering Plants is characterised by

a predominance of the numbers 4 and 5; these plants have almost a total absence of the numbers 3 and 6 in the component parts of their flowers. These are the Exogens or Dicotyledons; on the other hand the Monocotyledons or Endogens have a constant predominance of the numbers 3 and 6, and a total absence of 4 and 5 symmetry.

There are 5 kinds of intercolumniations in Architecture, mentioned by Vitruvius, determined by the proportions of height and diameter, viz: Pycnostyle, systyle, eustyle, diastyle, and aerostyle.

The Triad society of China, concerning which we find an article in the *Freemasons' Quarterly Review*, 1845, p. 165, boasts of great antiquity; it resembles Freemasonry in some points: five is a chief mystical number in its concerns. Its seal is pentangular, on its angles are 5 characters representing TOO or Saturn, MUH or Jupiter, SHWUY or Mercury, KIN or Venus, and HO or Mars.

In the Infernal World are 5 terrors and torments; Deadly bitterness, horrible howling, terrible darkness, unquenchable heat and thirst, and a penetrating stench; says poor old John Heydon quoting some mediæval father of the Church. He was admitted a Zelator among the Fratres Ros. Cru. but was never received among the Magistri.

Five styles of architectural columns are described: Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite.

Sir Thomas Browne, 1658, notes an ancient Greek division of vegetables into five classes:—

Dendron δένδρον, Arbor, Tree;

Thamnos θάμνος, Frutex, Bush;

Phriganon φρύγανον, Suffrutex, herb;

Poa ποα, Herba, grass; and

Askion or gymnon ασκιον or γυμνον, fungus, mushroom and sea weed.

Note the Quintuple section of a Cone—Circle, Ellipse, Parabola, Hyperbola, and Triangle. Agathe tuche, that is Good fortune, is the old title of Astrologers for the 5th house (succeedent) of the Heavens, as shewn in an Astrological Figure, and which refers to offspring, success in hazardous schemes of fortune or pleasurc, and wealth.

W. WYNN WESTCOTT, M.B.

(To be continued.)



SPORTIANA.

“‘THEOSOPHIST’ on Nov. 9 won the Great Lancashire Handicap, over one mile, in 1 min. 47 2-5th sec. according to Benson’s chronograph, and credited his owner with £450.”

And now the breeze of *popularity* has wafted Theosophy upon the race track, good luck follows the name as it appears.—[Ed.]

GENIUS.

“Genius! thou gift of Heaven, thou light divine!
 Amid what dangers art thou doom'd to shine.
 Oft will the body's weakness check thy force,
 Oft damp thy vigour, and impede thy course;
 And trembling nerves compel thee to restrain
 Thy nobler efforts to contend with pain;
 Or want, sad guest! . . .”—CRABBE.

AMONG many problems hitherto unsolved in the Mystery of Mind, stands prominent the question of Genius. Whence, and what is genius, its *raison d'être*, the causes of its excessive rarity? Is it indeed “a gift of Heaven”? And if so, why such gifts to one, and dullness of intellect, or even idiocy, the doom of another? To regard the appearance of men and women of genius as a mere accident, a prize of blind chance, or, as dependent on physical causes alone, is only thinkable to a materialist. As an author truly says, there remains then, only this alternative: to agree with the believer in a *personal* god “to refer the appearance of every single individual to a *special act of divine will and creative energy*,” or “to recognize, in the whole succession of such individuals, one great act of some will, expressed in an eternal inviolable law.”

Genius, as Coleridge defined it, is certainly—to every outward appearance, at least—“the faculty of growth”; yet to the inward intuition of man, it is a question whether it is genius—an abnormal aptitude of mind—that develops and grows, or the physical brain, *its vehicle*, which becomes through some mysterious process fitter to receive and manifest *from within outwardly* the innate and divine nature of man's over-soul. Perchance, in their unsophisticated wisdom, the philosophers of old were nearer truth than are our modern wiseacres, when they endowed man with a tutelary deity, a Spirit whom they called *genius*. The substance of this entity, to say nothing of its *essence*—observe the distinction, reader,—and the presence of both, manifests itself according to the organism of the person it informs. As Shakespeare says of the genius of great men—what we perceive of his substance “is not here”—

“For what you see is but the smallest part. . . .
 But were the whole frame here,
 It is of such a spacious, lofty pitch,
 Your roof were not sufficient to contain it. . . .”

This is precisely what the Esoteric philosophy teaches. The flame of genius is lit by no anthropomorphic hand, save that of one's own Spirit. It is the very nature of the Spiritual Entity itself, of our *Ego*, which

keeps on weaving new life-woofs into the web of reincarnation on the loom of time, from the beginnings to the ends of the great Life-Cycle.* This it is that asserts itself stronger than in the average man, through its personality; so that what we call "the manifestations of genius" in a person, are only the more or less successful efforts of that EGO to assert itself on the outward plane of its objective form—the man of clay—in the matter-of-fact, daily life of the latter. The EGOS of a Newton, an Æschylus, or a Shakespeare, are of the same essence and substance as the Egos of a yokel, an ignoramus, a fool, or even an idiot; and the self-assertion of their informing *genii* depends on the physiological and material construction of the physical man. No Ego differs from another Ego, in its primordial or original essence and nature. That which makes one mortal a great man and of another a vulgar, silly person is, as said, the quality and make-up of the physical shell or casing, and the adequacy or inadequacy of brain and body to transmit and give expression to the light of the real, *Inner man*; and this aptness or inaptness is, in its turn, the result of Karma. Or, to use another simile, physical man is the musical instrument, and the Ego, the performing artist. The potentiality of perfect melody of sound, is in the former—the instrument—and no skill of the latter can awaken a faultless harmony out of a broken or badly made instrument. This harmony depends on the fidelity of transmission, by word or act, to the objective plane, of the unspoken divine thought in the very depths of man's subjective or inner nature. Physical man may—to follow our simile—be a priceless Stradivarius, or a cheap and cracked fiddle, or again a mediocrity between the two, in the hands of the Paganini who ensouls him.

All ancient nations knew this. But though all had their Mysteries and their Hierophants, not all could be equally taught the great metaphysical doctrine; and while a few elect received such truths at their initiation, the masses were allowed to approach them with the greatest caution and only within the farthest limits of fact. "From the DIVINE ALL proceeded Amun, the Divine Wisdom. . . give it not to the unworthy," says a Book of Hermes. Paul, the "wise *Master-Builder*," † (i *Cor.* III, 10) but echoes Thoth-Hermes when telling the Corinthians "We speak Wisdom among them that are perfect (the initiated). . . *divine* Wisdom in a MYSTERY even the *hidden* Wisdom." (*Ibid.* II., 7.)

Yet, to this day the Ancients are accused of blasphemy and fetishism for their 'hero worship.' But have the modern historians ever fathomed the cause of such 'worship!' We believe not. Otherwise they would be the first to become aware that that which was 'worshipped,' or rather that to which honours were rendered was neither the man of clay, nor the *personality*—the Hero or Saint So-and-So, which still prevails in the

* The period of one full *Manvantara* composed of Seven Rounds.

† A term absolutely theurgic, masonic and occult. Paul, by using it, declares himself an Initiate having the right to initiate others.

Roman Church, a church which beatifies the body rather than the soul—but the divine imprisoned Spirit, the *exiled* “god” *within* that personality. Who, in the profane world, is aware that even the majority of the magistrates (the *Archons* of Athens, mistranslated in the Bible as ‘Princes’)—whose official duty it was to prepare the city for such processions, were ignorant of the true significance of the alleged “worship”? Verily was Paul right in declaring that “we speak wisdom. . . not the wisdom of this world. . . which none of the *Archons* of this (profane) world knew,” but the *hidden wisdom* of the MYSTERIES. For, as again the Epistle of the apostle implies the language of the Initiates and their secrets no *profane*, not even an ‘Archon’ or ruler *outside the fane* of the sacred Mysteries, knoweth; none “save the Spirit of man (the *Ego*) which is *in him*.” (*Ib.* v. 11.)

Were Chapters II. and III. of I Corinthians ever translated in the Spirit in which they were written—even their dead letter is now disfigured—the world might receive strange revelations. Among other things it would have a key to many, hitherto unexplained rites of ancient Paganism, one of which is the mystery of this same Hero-worship. And it would learn that if the streets of the city that honoured one such man, were strewn with roses for the passage of the Hero of the day; if every citizen was called to bow in reverence to him who was so feasted; and if both priest and poet vied in their zeal to immortalize the hero’s name after his death—occult philosophy tells us the reason why this was done.

“Behold,” it saith, “in every manifestation of genius—*when combined with virtue*—in the warrior or the Bard, the great painter, artist, statesman or man of Science, who soars high above the heads of the vulgar herd, “the undeniable presence of the celestial exile, the divine *Ego* whose jailor thou art, Oh man of matter!” Thus, that which we call *deification* applied to the immortal God within, not to the dead walls or the human tabernacle that contained him. And this was done in tacit and silent recognition of the efforts made by the divine captive who, under the most adverse circumstances of incarnation, still succeeded in manifesting himself.

Occultism, therefore, teaches nothing new in asserting the above philosophical axiom. Enlarging upon the broad metaphysical truism, it only gives it a finishing touch by explaining certain details. It teaches, for instance, that the presence in man of various creative powers—called genius in their collectivity—is due to no blind chance, to no innate qualities through hereditary tendencies—though that which is known as atavism may often intensify these faculties—but to an accumulation of individual antecedent experiences of the *Ego* in its preceding life, and lives. For, though omniscient in its essence and nature, it still requires experience through its *personalities* of the things of earth, earthy on the objective plane, in order to apply the fruition of that abstract omniscience to them. And, adds our philosophy—the cultivation of certain aptitudes

throughout a long series of past incarnations must finally culminate in some one life, in a blooming forth as *genius*, in one or another direction.

Great Genius, therefore, if true and innate, and not merely an abnormal expansion of our human intellect—can never copy or condescend to imitate, but will ever be original, *sui generis* in its creative impulses and realizations. Like those gigantic Indian lilies that shoot out from the clefts and fissures of the cloud-nursing, and bare rocks on the highest plateaux of the Nilgiri Hills, true Genius needs but an opportunity to spring forth into existence and blossom in the sight of all on the most arid soil, for its stamp is always unmistakable. To use a popular saying, innate genius, like murder, will out sooner or later, and the more it will have been suppressed and hidden, the greater will be the flood of light thrown by the sudden irruption. On the other hand artificial genius, so often confused with the former, and which in truth, is but the outcome of long studies and training, will never be more than, so to say, the flame of a lamp burning outside the portal of the fane; it may throw a long trail of light across the road, but it leaves the inside of the building in darkness. And, as every faculty and property in Nature is dual—*i.e.* each may be made to serve two ends, evil as well as good—so will artificial genius betray itself. Born out of the chaos of terrestrial sensations, of perceptive and retentive faculties, yet of finite memory, it will ever remain the slave of its body; and that body, owing to its unreliability and the natural tendency of matter to confusion, will not fail to lead even the greatest *genius*, so called, back into its own primordial element, which is chaos again, or *evil*, or earth.

Thus between the true and the artificial genius, one born from the light of the immortal Ego, the other from the evanescent will-o'-the-wisp of the terrestrial or purely human intellect and the animal soul, there is a chasm, to be spanned only by him who aspires ever onward; who never loses sight, even when in the depths of matter, of that guiding star the Divine Soul and mind, or what we call *Buddhi=Manas*. The latter does not require, as does the former, cultivation. The words of the poet who asserts that the lamp of genius—

“ If not protected, pruned, and fed with care,
Soon dies, or runs to waste with fitful glare—”

—can apply only to artificial genius, the outcome of culture and of purely intellectual acuteness. It is not the direct light of the *Manasa putra*, the Sons of Wisdom,” for true genius lit at the flame of our higher nature, or the EGO, cannot die. This is why it is so very rare. Lavater calculated that “the proportion of genius (in general) to the vulgar, is like one to a million; but genius without tyranny, without pretension, that judges the weak with equity, the superior with humanity, and equals with justice, is like one in ten millions.” This is indeed interesting, though not too complimentary to *human* nature, if, by

“genius,” Lavater had in mind only the higher sort of human intellect, unfolded by cultivation, “protected, proved, and fed,” and not the genius, we speak of. Moreover such genius is always apt to lead to the extremes of weal or woe him, through whom this artificial light of the terrestrial mind manifests. Like the good and bad genii of old with whom human genius is made so appropriately to share the name, it takes its helpless possessor by the hand and leads him, one day to the pinnacles of fame, fortune, and glory, but to plunge him on the following day into an abyss of shame, despair, often of crime.

But as, according to the great Physiognomist, there is more of the former than of the latter kind of genius in this our world, because, as Occultism teaches us, it is easier for the personality with its acute physical senses and *tatwas* to gravitate toward the lower quaternary than to soar to its triad—modern philosophy, though quite proficient in treating this lower place of genius, knows nothing of its higher spiritual form—the “one in ten millions.” Thus it is only natural that confusing one with the other, the best modern writers should have failed to define *true* genius. As a consequence, we continually hear and read a good deal of that which to the Occultist seems quite paradoxical. “Genius, requires cultivation,” says one; “Genius is vain and self-sufficient” declares another; while a third will go on defining the *divine light* but to dwarf it on the Procrustean bed of his own intellectual narrow-mindedness. He will talk of the great eccentricity of genius, and allying it as a general rule with an “inflammable constitution,” will even show it “a prey to every passion but seldom delicacy of taste!” (Lord Kaimes.) It is useless to argue with such, or tell them that, original, and great genius puts out the most dazzling rays of human intellectuality, as the sun quenches the flame-light of a fire in an open field; that it is never eccentric; though always *sui generis*; and that no man endowed with true genius can ever give way to his physical animal passions. In the view of an humble Occultist, only such a grand altruistic character as that of Buddha or Jesus, and of their few close imitators, can be regarded, in our historical cycle, as fully developed GENIUS.

Hence, true genius has small chance indeed of receiving its due in our age of conventionalities, hypocrisy and time-serving. As the world grows in civilization, it expands in fierce selfishness, and stones its true prophets and geniuses for the benefit of its apeing shadows. Alone the surging masses of the ignorant millions, the great people’s heart, are capable of sensing intuitively a true “great soul” full of divine love for mankind, of god-like compassion for suffering man. Hence the populace alone is still capable of recognizing a genius, as without such qualities no man has a right to the name. No genius can be now found in Church or State, and this is proven on their own admission. It seems a long time since in the XIII. century the “Angelic Doctor” snubbed Pope Innocent IV. who, boasting of the millions got by him from the

sale of absolutions and indulgences, remarked to Aquinas that "the age of the Church is past in which she said 'Silver and gold have I none!' 'True,' was the ready reply; "but the age is also past when she could say to a paralytic, 'Rise up and walk.'" And yet from that time, and far, far earlier, to our own day the hourly crucifixion of their ideal Master both by Church and State has never ceased. While every Christian State breaks with its laws and customs, with every commandment given in the Sermon on the Mount, the Christian Church justifies and approves of this through her own Bishops who despairingly proclaim "A Christian State *impossible* on Christian Principles."* Hence—no Christ-like (or "Buddha-like") way of life is possible in civilized States.

The occultist then, to whom "true genius is a synonym of self-existent and infinite mind," mirrored more or less faithfully by man, fails to find in the modern definitions of the term anything approaching correctness. In its turn the esoteric interpretation of Theosophy is sure to be received with derision. The very idea that every man with a "soul" in him, is the vehicle of (a) genius, will appear supremely absurd, even to believers, while the materialist will fall foul of it as a "crass superstition." As to the popular feeling—the only approximately correct one because purely intuitional, it will not be even taken into account. The same elastic and convenient epithet "superstition" will, once more, be made to explain why there never was yet a universally recognised genius—whether of one or the other kind—without a certain amount of weird, fantastic and often uncanny, tales and legends attaching themselves to so unique a character, dogging and even surviving him. Yet it is the unsophisticated alone, and therefore only the so-called *uneducated* masses, just because of that lack of sophistical reasoning in them, who feel, whenever coming in contact with an abnormal, out-of-the-way character, that there is in him something more than the mere mortal man of flesh and intellectual attributes. And feeling themselves in the presence of that which in the enormous majority is ever hidden, of something incomprehensible to their matter-of-fact minds, they experience the same awe that popular masses felt in days of old when their fancy, often more unerring than cultured reason, created of their heroes gods, teaching :

. . . . "the weak to bend, the proud to pray
To powers unseen and mightier than they. . ."

This is now called SUPERSTITION . . .

But what is Superstition? True, we dread that which we cannot clearly explain to ourselves, Like children in the dark, we are all of us apt, the educated equally with the ignorant, to people that darkness with phantoms of our own creation; but these "phantoms" prove in no wise that that "darkness"—which is only another term for the *invisible* and the *unseen*—is really empty of any *Presence* save our own. So that

* See "Going to and Fro" in *Theosophical Activities*, 1st article. p. 251⁸

if in its exaggerated form, "superstition" is a weird incubus, as a belief in things *above* and *beyond* our physical senses, yet it is also a modest acknowledgment that there are things in the universe, and around us, of which we knew nothing. In this sense "superstition" becomes not an unreasonable feeling of half wonder and half dread, mixed with admiration and reverence, or with fear, according to the dictates of our intuition. And this is far more reasonable than to repeat with the too-learned wiseacres that there is nothing "nothing whatever, in that darkness;" nor can there be anything since they, the wiseacres, have failed to discern it.

E pur se muove! Where there is smoke there must be fire; where there is a steamy vapour there must be water. Our claim rests but upon one eternal axiomatic truth: *nihil sine causa*. Genius and undeserved suffering, prove an immortal Ego and Reincarnation in our world. As for the rest, *i.e.*, the obloquy and derision with which such theosophical doctrines are met, Fielding—a sort of Genius in his way, too—has covered our answer over a century ago. Never did he utter a greater truth than on the day he wrote that "*If superstition makes a man a fool, SCEPTICISM MAKES HIM MAD.*"

H.P.B.



DESTINY.

FOLDED wings, fair eyes downcast,
Thou hast peace sweet soul at last!

Broken wings are folded here,
Eyes downcast to hide a tear:

Who hath wrought this ruin, say?
Strong years wipe all tears away.

He who wrought this woe on me
Was the great god Destiny!

Did'st thou dare such battle dire?
Sooner might snow war with fire!

Wings were wrought to cleave blue air,
Better die than never dare.

Daring well hath guerdoned thee,
Bound and broken that wast free . . .

Tho, I bound and broken lie,
One shall conquer mightily.

Yea sweet soul, but who is he?
Wherein will he profit thee?

Bid the years thine answer bring,
These strong years that crown my king.

Years may answer not to-day,
Pain hath reft thy sense away.

Madness sees with clearer eye
When the Healer passes by!

Shall He come lone child to thee,
What his name and blazonry?

Cross and crown his blazonry
And his name is Destiny!

EVELYN PYNE.

PSYCHIC FIRE.

(Continued.)

WE have arrived at a general notion of the possible conditions under which a point of energy develops into a material atom; and we have been able to trace from these arguments the relation existing between psychic force, matter and fire. In fact we have found mentality and matter to be one and the same. This relation in which the things of the physical world stand to the universal mind explains why a capacity for being intelligible belongs to natural objects which we know nevertheless to be devoid of intelligence.

Now let us endeavour to conceive some of the general conditions which belong to this inner world.

The two fundamental factors with which we have to deal are Space and Time. These are the foundations of the physical and astral planes and, by alternately passing them through the metaphysical sieve and arranging the results according to scientific methods, we shall arrive at a reasonable assurance of the practical existence and a knowledge of the intimate character of these two planes.

Both are infinite, yet, on our plane of life, we live in a universe of infinite space measured by infinite units of Time, or, to speak more clearly, differentiated by motion. Our universe may therefore be called that of Infinite Space which necessitates another universe of Infinite Time, since both infinities exist while one only is manifest or visible on the physical plane. Space and Time are interchangeable values and as such they have a common underlying unity. Because they are different though equivalent, and because one manifests the other, we have a gradation of values, stretching between infinite Space, as eternal rest and infinite Time as absolute motion, in which Space predominates for one half of this life of change; while Time or motion predominates along the other. This is more clearly explained if we illustrate our meaning by a vibration which is, in itself, energy or the underlying manifesting power of the unknowable One.

It manifests simultaneously Space as amplitude, and Time as rate of vibration; or two aspects of a universal life by a single effort.

Infinite amplitude represents infinite Space; and here motion is Zero. As we recede from this grand negation we find positive life as motion manifesting the existence of Space. In fact we descend along a line of varying relations represented by successive vibrations where the rate of motion increases as the amplitude of living diminishes, starting from the first absolute negation of rest until we reach a certain position equidistant from the two extremes where these two characteristics of differ-

entiating energy are equal and opposite, namely the energy of motion equal to the space moved through or amplitude of vibration. Up to this point amplitude is the manifester of its motion, which is, in fact, through an appreciable portion of space.

After this point this order of things is reversed ; motion is the manifesting power and its amplitude in its unit measure of Space.

Thus we have a plane of physical life where Space, by its forms, shows the vitality that has produced it. While we have another plane where the opposite takes place and Time is measured by units of Space. Space characterises the physical plane. Time is the characteristic of the astral plane. Localisation takes place when life manifests on the former whereas there can be no localisation of life on the latter but only individualisation.

Therefore the first is objective and Time is Past, Present and Future engendering the Law of Karma. The second is subjective and ever present, which we may say, *en passant*, denotes a state of existence and not a locality. And yet we shall show that the subjective plane is localised through the co-relation of forms of the material universe ; for, as we have said, both planes are equal and opposite and differentiation in Space is the copy of that in Time ; for the subjective plane of motion being the plane of Life, is consequently the creative power of the objective universe.

We will now enter our two planes of being and examine their finite peculiarities. This we will do by studying the action of a vibration. The astral plane is one of free motion. It is here that finite laws live with a vitality whose form is the idea of the law. For each law is a definite quantity of motion, and, being a psychic force, its activity carries with it a meaning. It is also a vibration of energy, whose activity as a definite quantity of Time, represents individual power ; while its amplitude holds the meaning of this power, which, as a finite idea, must be a *something* which is substantial.

But what is this substance of which thoughts are made. We can only describe it metaphysically, but this description of the intangible and imperceptible carries with it far-reaching consequences to the visible universe ; for it shows the reality of negative power and its presence as an underlying foundation for the two planes. Reasoning along other lines we come upon it as Ethereal Pressure ; but to proceed with our present argument, take a given quantity of energy representing the activity of a given law ; and we find it to consist of two factors : the force of its energy as a rate of vibration which displays the power of the law, and the limit which confines this display as amplitude of vibration. The metaphysical relation between a limit and its manifestation gives us the definition of astral substance. It is therefore imperceptible to us as beings who perceive through the power of physical senses, but conceivable even while we are yet living with a physical consciousness.

This limiting power must be a something which is equal and opposite to that which it limits; therefore the one being active, the other must be passive. Passive power is negative activity; and the only way this can exist on the positive plane is as a manifested negation, which we define as: the limit which separates and distinguishes that particular activity from every other. Thus we have a negative and therefore hidden power representing the amplitude of vibration on the astral plane, and manifesting as the defining power of the law or as its form, meaning or idea. Thus it is the ethereal substance of this plane in its relation to its power of manifestation as the unit measure of this quantity of force.

Each unit is the peculiar property of the law it measures, because it is the limit of the law's form. Therefore each subjective law is a personal astral form of ever present vitality. Now let us take one of these, and we will suppose its energy of vibration is 12 units relatively to the infinite energy of which it is a part. This bears a definite meaning as form or amplitude of vibration which, as its unit measure, is 1. In other words the ratio of activity to its unit measure is 12: 1, where 1 is the negative power which receives the reflected meaning of the 12 units. The two together form a unit of psychic force or astral substance.

Any other law will always be, in like manner, a ratio of a definite amount of energy to 1 or its particular meaning.

Now the form of the law is the reflected energy of that law in the ethereal substance. This reflection is the result of subjective motion; and therefore is objective. In this way an objective universe comes into being *pari passu* with a subjective one. On the subjective plane, we have this as an invisible amplitude which is, as it were, drawn out of the heart of its activity and visibly projected into space. As a result the objective vibration must equal in its dimensions the subjective one; and therefore we have the following action. Our vibration on the astral plane is 12 units of energy to a unit amplitude. This latter, projected into space, is stretched by 12 successive pulsations of energy from the other plane, becoming thus 12 units of space, equivalent to 12 units of time. So that its physical form is a replica in Space, as amplitude of vibration, of its astral shape existing in the unseen world as an entity of living energy or vibratory motion.

By this process we see the psychic meaning of a law condensing its energy as a unit physical form which we call the involution of psychic force.

The physical counterpart of the astral body is inverted because it is negative Space instead of positive Time, whilst both are equal to one another. Therefore, since these are the characteristics of the phenomena of physical reflection, we say that the act of projection and involution is an act of reflection. The pulsation of Life, which pierces into our universe and, reflecting its ideality, spreads out into Space, is an involution of a definite amount of psychic force which, in this way, becomes the

ethereal world stuff of our universe. We call it substance, to distinguish it from matter, which is volume with an added density.

As a result of what has been previously said, we have before us two equal and opposite manifestations of life, with a line of gradation connecting them, which is in its centre, neutral. This is the definition of a magnet, and we say that the unseen universe of life is the positive pole of a magnet, whose negative pole is the visible universe; while the neutral line between them is one of equal balance, and the negation of all existence, and thus separates for ever the two planes or poles from one another. Now, if we apply this reasoning to the units of the two planes, we shall find that a physical atom is the negative pole of a psycho-material magnet, in which the positive pole is its astral form. The negative pole is, moreover, a substantial volume of energy, or a condensation of a certain given number of pulsations of positive vitality. Thus, any activity manifested on this plane must be due to the liberation of one or more of these unit values or pulsations from their confining limits as positive energy. The atom of each different element represents a different law, and therefore is measured by different units or astral forms. This peculiarity is the cause of those differences in the exhibition of polar effects, which we find to exist between the atoms of different elements. Polarity is the orderly devolution of compressed psychic energy, and is invisible to us as ideal substance; the sudden release of large quantities of this ideal substance, by what might be termed mechanical means, appears as earthly fire or the flash of free energy, as it darts back into subjective realms. In this way, the negative pole or mundane form becomes positively alive. A change in the condition of even one material atom affects the balance of two infinite Universes. The objective world bears a different ratio to the subjective world by the infinitesimal amount of atomic energy released in obedience to the influence of some outside cause. This change of relation is reflected from the astral plane as inverted power into the physical plane. Thus a positive disturbance on this plane produces a corresponding disturbance in the subjective life of the astral form, and this, reflected into the material shape, becomes a negative power equal and opposite to the polarity displayed. Thus the psycho-material magnet develops two active currents in its negative pole or material form, which causes this latter to manifest with two equal and opposite forces. Thus we see that the positive life of our plane is due to a positive polar force which is an expansive power, while negative energy is a psychic force which is due to the action of a hidden energy making itself felt as the architect of formal life. As a force it is the opposite of expansion, and therefore is a contracting one.

Thus we say that the limits of our world are set by an unseen power, and by this we mean that the re-action of psychic force from the Universal Mind impedes and directs the rush of earthly fire, while at the same

time the actual vitality which results in evolution of forms, is an earth-born fire, for it is energy set free on this plane and not in the unseen world.

We may now picture to ourselves a radiant world of Life, casting its shadow into space, which straightway bursts into a lurid glare from the glowing vitality of countless tiny magnets quivering with their compressed activity.

These are the substantial forms evolved by the involution of life on the physical plane. On the astral plane these are co-ordinated as trains of ideas, on the physical plane they become co-relations of force when active, and of things when passive. The sum of these co-relations represents the idea of the material universe, and is the relation born by Space to Time. The activity which manifests the connected meaning of the laws on the psychic plane while remaining distinct, thoughts having each one its place in the complete idea becomes, on our plane, manifest as co-relation of forces whose inter-action realises the co-ordination of the thoughts explaining the grand idea which underlies the construction of our Universe. The fiery poles of each fire magnet turn round one another, like repelling and unlike attracting, binding each other together by the head and tail like masses of coiling serpents, until the great idea has become dense with the accumulation of all its meanings. Then matter is formed and atoms have become dense by superposition and the exercise of their polarity. The ratio of poles gives molecules, which thus become compound forces. For if several unit laws of similar power have reached the density proper to the material plane, then there will be a fresh element introduced amongst the *material* atoms in the shape of ratios of masses of power or atomic weight.

THOS. WILLIAMS, F.T.S.

(To be continued.)



OBITUARY NOTICE.

With deep regret we announce the departure from this life, on the 16th October, of our esteemed erudite Colleague and Brother, M. le Docteur Renaud Thurman, F.T.S., after a brief but painful illness. His remains were cremated at Zurich, on the 22nd October. Professor Thurman was a man of exceptional ability, and had for several years been a French Fellow of our Society.

The Talking Image of Urur.

CHAPTER XV.—*continued.*

SOME SPIRIT TEACHINGS.

“**A**LL thinking minds are instruments for the influx of thoughts and ideas; in each the truth may be reflected; but only those who are in possession of self-knowledge can discriminate between the true and the false, and open the door to the true while rejecting that which is false. Absolute truth is self-existent and One; it cannot be divided, but when its rays are reflected in various minds their appearances change, while the truth which they represent remains always the same. Thus our terrestrial light comes from the sun and still the sun remains undivided. His rays are reflected in the rose as ‘red,’ in the tulip as ‘yellow,’ in the lily as ‘white.’ Roses, tulips and lilies die, the sunlight disappears from us at the approach of night, but the Sun and his light remain unchanged in space.”

“The All is an indivisible Unity, producing differences merely in the modes of its manifestations. The substance of all is essentially one; differences exist merely in their outward appearances; there can be no essential difference between Matter and Mind, nor between the essence of one being and that of another. We are all one in the spirit although we seem divided by form. All things are thoughts and all thoughts are things. Man is composed of thoughts made ‘flesh,’ and each of his thoughts represents a part of himself. Forms are conceptions of the mind, and changeable conceptions produce changeable forms; only when the truth is conceived as it is, and not merely as what it appears to be, will the true conception be found.”

“All states of consciousness from the highest down to the lowest, are manifestations of one Consciousness and as there are no breaks in the continuity of evolution, there must be numerous grades of conscious beings or intelligent powers in the universe, from the first manifestation of Divine Wisdom down to where consciousness becomes merely manifest by attraction or gravitation. There is a law of harmony, determining which sounds and which colours form harmonious accords and likewise determining the conditions of the association among superior and inferior beings. That which is not in unison with divine harmony is a discord in nature and will disappear.”

“No one can know and realise any other truth than that which exists within his own being. As the Sun is the luminous centre from which all the parts of his system receive their light, likewise there exist at the centres of the Microcosm of Man a spark of a Divine Sun from which his world receives its light. He who penetrates to that centre may know all things, for all knowledge is contained in God. Books can teach man nothing which his spirit does not already know; they are merely mirrors in which men may see their own ideas reflected; they are means by which the knowledge of the spirit may be assisted to come to the consciousness of the external understanding of Man.”

“Men imagine that they have their own independent thoughts and ideas. Nevertheless each one is a mirror in which the images of existing thoughts emanating from others are continually reflected ; most men do not think what they will, but they think what they must. Reason alone is the great arbitrator of thought. It decides what thoughts should be admitted and which ideas should be rejected. Only when men’s will becomes free by being illuminated with divine reason, will men become self-thinking and free. Men do not originate new ideas ; it is the reflection of already existing ideas that become alive and conscious in their minds. Learn to shut the door of your mind to low ideas and Divinity itself will do its thinking in You. Keep your mind directed towards the source of all Light within yourself and the Light will not fail to come.”

On one occasion she said : “He only is truly *Man* who possesses the dignity of Man. The snake is crawling in the dust but the eagle rises upwards towards the sunlight. I was smitten with disease when I was in darkness ; but when I found the Light I was made whole ; the clouds in my mind vanished and my soul became clear as a crystal ; the Light gave me power over the elements and spirits became my servants. When I ceased to be an animal, I became acquainted with human beings. My world was dark, but I saw the Star of the East and became transfigured by the Light. Let there be room for the Light, so that your interior senses may be opened to the perception of truth.”

Such passages as the above were as incomprehensible to Pancho, as they will probably be difficult to some of our readers. He did not obtain any explanations from the somnambule, nor did he dare to ask for them ; for on such occasions she looked like a superior being, unapproachable and like one transfigured into a saint.

Thus on another occasion she said : “God needs Man for the purpose of revealing himself in his own perfection. He is the powerful spring which gives Life. The seed is only one ; but there are many powers contained in it. In the centre is God, breathing upon the soul and there the manifested One speaks the word that calls the dead to life. From the Centre comes the Light that permeates the interior chambers, illuminating the whole of the temple, even the physical body of man. In the centre is Unity, three in one, body and soul and intelligence. God is great and Man is little, but man may become great in God as a tree may grow out of a little seed. Not from one part of the world nor from another comes the Light, but from the Interior. In the Heart is the cradle in which the new-born in the spirit is breathing. When Man enters the world he inherits the sin of the flesh by the blood of which his form is generated ; but the Children of Light have cast off that which is impure and broken the shell that excluded the Light. Love is the root of the Law, it includes all powers ; seek for the heart that pulsates with Love and over which the blood has no power.”

When asked about the correctness of the speculations of our modern psychiatrists, physiologists, spiritualists, theosophists, rationalists and other “ists,” she said : “Those who seek for the truth in external things are in error. Their space is empty and they wander about like the blind, each one seeking to enjoy the fruits that belong to another. Those who have attained self-knowledge do not wish to triumph over them, but to aid those who desire to obtain it, and

how could they be aided better than by having a mirror held up before them in which they may recognise their infirmities? Truth is self-existent and independent of the opinions of men; it needs no one to defend it; but men need our aid to defend themselves against error. The truth is not born by men; but men are reborn by the recognition of truth. It must be found in the realm of truth and not in the realm of fancy. You who desire peace, do not enter the battle for truth; but battle against your own errors and the truth will come to your aid. 'Throw away every false belief and follow me,' says the voice of the Spirit. Renounce the illusory treasures of Egypt, deluded rationalism and dogmas, and enter the Holy Land of the spirit. Knock at the door of eternity; it is within and not outside of you. Faithfully turn your eyes towards the sublime and immortal spirit within you. Your interior heaven will be opened and you will know the mysteries which are beyond the grasp of your intellectual reasoning and argumentation. Peace be with you."

Such were some of the teachings which Pancho received through the mouth of the entranced Conchita. Whether they were the reflections of his own unconscious ideas, whether she was obsessed by spirits or inspired by members of the Mysterious Brotherhood, or whether these doctrines came from the Spirit of Truth itself, he did not know. He looked upon them with suspicion and his intellect often tried to persuade him that they were the ravings of an insane woman; but in his heart he felt that they were true and after many stormy battles his heart won a victory over the brain.

During all this time it was Pancho's desire to obtain an interview with Conchita when she was not in an entranced condition; but to this the controlling influence whatever it was, did not consent; giving, however, no other reason but that it would not be well for Conchita to see him, and Pancho did not dare to disobey.

Marietta was enjoined to keep strict silence in regard to these interviews; and Pancho told her nothing about his relations to Mrs. Smith, except that he had known her before she took that disease in which she lost her memory and before she was Mrs. Smith.

He gave Marietta a ring, asking her to present it under some pretext to Mrs. Smith. It was a ring which he had received from Conchita herself and with the letters "P. C." engraved in it. Conchita received the ring but did not recognize it.

Pancho saw Conchita only during her states of trance when her lower consciousness was not aware of his presence and his desire to see her in her normal condition became very strong. He persuaded himself that it was not mere curiosity that made him wish to see her when she was awake; but that from a scientific point of view it would be most interesting and useful to do so. Moreover, the time of the Carnival was approaching and he knew that this might offer him a chance to see and observe Conchita without being seen by her. He made arrangements with Marietta to bring "Mrs. Smith" at a certain hour to the piazza; while he himself would be there masked and disguised. Marietta promised to obey. Conchita was very anxious to see the grand masquerade and consequently two dresses were procured; that of a Neapolitan peasant woman for Marietta and for Conchita one to represent her as a Gipsy-Queen.

During all this time Mr. Hagar, or, as he now called himself, "Mr. Smith," came occasionally to Venice and went away again. Nobody knew where he went, and nobody cared to know. It was believed that he had business at Verona ; but he was not very communicative on this subject, and kept his own counsel for reasons best known to himself. Strange to say, Conchita never had any of her "fits" when he was at home.

In the intervals between his visits to the somnambule, Pancho made some attempts to follow the teachings received from her, and which he found to be identical with those of the Image. He tried to collect his thoughts and to keep them collected, and then to penetrate with them deeper within his own interior world ; but he found that it cost heroic efforts to do so ; for whenever a certain point of concentration was reached, other images and thoughts, especially that of Conchita, would float up before his mental vision and distract his attention, so that he could not enter into the depths of his own being, and thus he found that it is very difficult to rise above the realm of illusions and to cross the threshold of the sanctuary where the true Reality can be found.

The day of the great masquerade appeared, and the whole of Venice was in a state of excitement. Gay masks went through the streets, rode in gondolas upon the canals, and invaded the houses to play practical jokes. Strangers arrived in great numbers ; the hotels and boarding-houses were full of pleasure-seeking humanity ; bands played, and great preparations were made for the grand tournament, which was to be the most prominent event of the season.

Mr. Hagar had returned from one of his mysterious voyages, and seemed to be in a better humour than usual ; it seemed as if he had succeeded in some scheme, but what it was, no one seemed to know.

As it may interest some of our readers to study Mr. Hagar's character, we will pay some attention to him. He was no worse a villain than hundreds of others one daily meets in the streets, men who occupy respectable positions in the ranks of society. He would not have murdered a man for his money, nor broken into a bank, nor forged a cheque, nor done anything which would involve a risk of coming in conflict with the law. He was even believed to be a pious man, and in his younger days he had taught a class in a Sunday School. But with all that he believed that if one man could get, by his wits, the best of another, he was justified in doing so, and there was no villainy which Hagar would not have committed, provided it was not prohibited by legal enactments.

We will leave the gay throng on the piazza and go to a place near the arsenal, which was now almost deserted ; for all the working-men had a holiday and everyone who could had gone to see the great Masquerade. Here we find Mr. Hagar and a stranger engaged in conversation.

"I have put myself entirely in your hands," said the stranger, "and I hope that you will not take advantage of my faith in your honesty. A man, a word !"

"You may trust me entirely," said Mr. Hagar. "I know how to keep mum. I have looked over the plans of the factory, but I want to see myself how the engine works."

"It is the most difficult thing to introduce you into the factory," said the stranger. "No visitors are ever admitted, and all the workmen are put under

oath, bound to keep the strictest secrecy, and to never let any outsider see the machinery. If the superintendent were to find out that I have permitted you to look at the engine, I should be immediately dismissed, and I have a family to support."

"Suppose you get me the key to the engine-house," said Mr. Hagar. "I will then admit myself. The worst thing that can happen to me if I am discovered is that they will put me out."

"But what will you say if they ask you how you got in?" asked the stranger.

"I will say nothing," answered Mr. Hagar; "because I do not understand your confounded Italian; and if they ask me in English, I will tell them that I tried the door and found it open, and walked in out of curiosity."

"I will get you a key," said the stranger. "But what have you concluded in regard to the conditions which I proposed to you at our last meeting?"

"Let me see," said Mr. Hagar. "I am going to pay your expenses for going from here to Sacramento, and to give you a half-interest in the profits of the factory which I am going to establish, and of which you are to be the superintendent. You are to put up the building and the engines and to get everything in working order."

"That was the proposal," said the stranger, "and in addition you will pay me five thousand dollars when I get ready to start. I must have something to live on before the thing is in shape."

"I agree to it," said Mr. Hagar; "but I must see how the engine works. I want to know the whole process, because, if anything were to happen to you on the voyage, I and my factory would be left in the lurch."

"I have written it out plain enough for any child to understand," said the stranger. "I have made all the necessary drawings and calculations. I will hand you the papers on the receipt of the five thousand dollars, when our contract is signed. I will give you a key to the engine-house, and let you know the best time when to sneak in without being observed."

"Very well!" said Mr. Hagar. "I will leave Venice to-night and be at Trieste in the morning."

"All right," said the stranger. "I shall be at the appointed place. It is an immense scheme. There are millions in it."

"Millions!" groaned Mr. Hagar.

The stranger took leave and went away and Mr. Hagar walked off in another direction.

We will now return to the *piazza*, where we find Pancho watching the crowd near the landing-place, where according to his agreement with Marietta he was to meet his wife. At a short distance from where he stood, a harlequin amused the crowd and his remarks were received with shouts of laughter. Pancho wore no mask but the usual cloak; and his face was covered with a vizor. This circumstance gave rise to some jocular observations.

"What do you represent?" asked a mask, dressed as a monster.

"A man," answered Pancho.

"Then," said the monster, "you ought to have chosen a different costume, for a modern European dress does not represent the true character of men, it merely shows their complexity, with an irregular flap here and another one there, all

stuck together to adapt themselves to the form ; but nothing made out of the whole cloth, to show unity and simplicity as did the Ancient Greeks. Look at me, I represent a man as much as you."

"Not all men are such monsters as you are," said Pancho.

"If they were all to show their true character, you would find more monstrous ones than myself."

"Do not men usually show their true character?" asked Pancho.

"No," answered the mask. "Most men go disguised all the year round and show themselves as they are, only at the time of the Carnival."

"You are an amiable monster, but not over polite."

"Politeness itself is a mask," was the answer, "which cannot be laid aside, except at the time of the Carnival."

Just then a gondola approached the landing-place. It contained two ladies, of whom one was dressed like a Neopolitan peasant woman and the other a gipsy queen. They wore no face-masks and Pancho immediately recognised Conchita.

The gondola landed within a few yards from where Pancho stood, and the ladies stepped ashore. At this moment the monster, evidently desiring to play a practical joke, approached Pancho and pulled the vizard from his face. For a moment the Gipsy Queen stared at Pancho ; then uttering a cry she fell upon the steps that led down to the water edge. A stream of blood flowed from her mouth, her eyes closed, and she seemed like one dead.

Pancho rushed to her assistance and lifted her back into the gondola. But at this moment an unforeseen occurrence took place. The accident had attracted attention, and among the many that rushed to the spot, there was a man dressed like a Turk who recognised Pancho and called upon the police to arrest him.

"This is the man," he cried, "who stole the 'Image' from the temple of Urur. There is a reward offered for his capture."

"A church robber!" exclaimed some of the crowd.

A clown, who proved to be an employé of the hotel where Pancho lodged, interfered. "This gentleman," he said, "is no bandit. He is Mr. Krashibashi."

"No!" cried the Turk, who was none other than Mr. Puffer, who on his voyage to Africa had stopped at Venice ; "he is not Krashibashi. He is a church-breaker, a villain, a knave. He has failed in his chelaship and now he has become a black magician. Arrest him!"

"And who are you?" asked the clown.

"I am Brahmâ," answered the Turk.

The crowd increased with every moment and became excited. Some imagined that Pancho had robbed a Catholic church and others that he had murdered the woman in the gondola. Church robbery is no light offence in a Catholic country and a murderer finds little sympathy before he has been condemned by law. Soon imprecations and curses were heard and the crowd began to assume a threatening attitude ; policemen, anxious to pocket the promised reward, hurried on the scene, and in less time than it would take to describe it, Pancho found himself locked in a prison, while the Gipsy Queen was carried home.

CHAPTER XVI.

ESCAPED.

THE cell in which Pancho was locked up was by no means so disagreeable as those which he had seen in the palace of the Doge, which in former times were used by the holy inquisition for the purpose of silencing obtrusive critics. Those who have seen the latter know that they consisted of kennels, unfit even to serve as habitations for dogs. He who entered therein a prisoner was never to see the sunlight again nor the human face divine, nor even that of the executioner, who despatched him to a presumably better world and whose block awaited him a few steps from the prison door. Pancho's cell was big enough for a person to stand upright and wide enough to allow moving about, nevertheless it was not so agreeable as to make a long stay therein eminently desirable. There was a small grated window with iron bars near the top of the wall, but it had a wooden box on the outside, so as to make it impossible to see anything beyond, except a small part of the sky.

The day being a general holiday, no commissary of police nor even a lawyer could be found, and Pancho had to resign himself to the unavoidable necessity of remaining all night in this den. He did, however, not worry about it for he was in a condition of mind that required solitude and rest, only he wanted to know about Conchita's condition. Was she dead, or had she recovered? Did her memory return, or did she still imagine herself to be Juana? He cursed his own curiosity, which had been once more the cause of his misfortune, as it had been when he left San Francisco for the foolish purpose of seeking self-knowledge in Africa.

Slowly the day wore on. From the outside could be heard the sounds of the orchestra that played on the Rialto and the shouts of the crowd; from time to time a flash of light at the window followed by a crack indicated that a rocket had burst in the sky. For a long time he paced his cell, but at last his excitement gave way to fatigue and he fell asleep.

There is a popular superstition among scientists and rationalistic philosophers, according to which dreams are the results of bodily sensations and mental impressions received during the day; but "there are dreams and dreams." There are the vagaries of fancy impressing the half-conscious brain before it has again resumed its regular occupation, there are the semi-conscious states in which the mind sees its own images thrown more or less into confusion, at a time when the light of reason has not yet returned from the interior sanctuary and assumed its rule over the intellectual functions of the speculative mind. The latter then resemble a school of small boys, frolicking and amusing themselves at their own sweet will, while the teacher is absent. But there are also prophetic dreams, during which the soul may behold, as in a mirror, things of which the arguing intellect, reasoning from the material plane, can form no conception. During such moments the mind draws nearer to the divine spirit in its own centre, receiving its light and its teachings. There, in the centre, where rests the "golden egg" in which is contained all wisdom, no past and no future exists, but all things are eternally present. The soul being in closer contact with the divine spirit, may then by means of such dreams bring the knowledge of the spirit to the external consciousness of the mind.

A VISION.

Such a "dream" perhaps it was, which Pancho dreamed that night in his prison at Venice. He saw himself floating in that rosy light, which he had seen around the head of the Talking Image. He was surrounded and penetrated by it, immersed in an ethereal realm of infinite bliss. He was Pancho no more, he neither knew nor cared to know who that personality called "Pancho" was, he only knew that he existed as an individual and self-conscious being and yet as an integral part of the infinite All. It seemed to him that he was like a globe of living light, self-luminous and nevertheless reflecting a part of a far greater light coming from some more interior centre. Far below him in space was an inferior planet, which he recognised as being the earth, and upon its surface he saw an apparently formless mass, writhing with life.

As he drew nearer, he saw that this formless mass resolved itself into a vast multitude of ever changing individual forms of human beings, and that an almost imperceptibly small portion of that rosy light penetrated each individual form, and caused a few individuals to radiate as if endowed with the glory surrounding the head of a saint. There were comparatively few men and women who knew about the existence of that rosy light or who paid any attention to its presence, they were too much engaged in running after various shadows which they mistook for realities. Some were running after fortune, some after fame, some were led on by a shadow called "ambition," others were mocked by an illusion called "love," but which seen from that height could easily be recognized as being merely an inverted image caused by the reflection of a ray of true spiritual love. Many were imagining that they saw spirits and trying to catch them, but these spirits were only the creations of their brains and had no substance, while none seemed to know the true Spirit in whom all real powers are contained. All these people among whom he at last also recognised his own image and that of others whom he knew, could not see real truth, love, justice, beauty and harmony; but they had invented artificial things which they called by such names and which presented many curious phantastic shapes. This writhing mass of humanity continually changed its form, being born, living, dying, to be born to live and to die again, while the rosy light forever remained.

As his attention became attracted towards that rosy light, he found that the light itself was the Life, filling each living form with life and being itself filled with living and ethereal forms of great beauty. Those forms were of human shapes and of a godlike aspect, looking as if they were the concentrated essence of love and intelligence, and some of them had their own images reflected in the surging mass of humanity below, just as the light of a star may be reflected in a pool of water upon the earth. But in these cases the images assumed living shapes, looking like the rest of humanity.

As he espied his own personality among that scrambling mass of mortals, he was grieved to see its many imperfections and how utterly incapable it appeared to be of comprehending and holding the light of the spirit. He now fully realized the insignificance of his own personality, which like that of the others was merely a passing shadow, a hallucination, produced by that nightmare called

“terrestrial life,” which is itself the outcome of ignorance. As he conceived of being one with that personality called “Pancho” a feeling of sorrow came over him, which attracted him to that form. He struggled to free himself from this attraction, but he was irresistibly drawn in an earthward direction, for his time of liberation had not yet come. A moment of unconsciousness followed, and then Pancho “awoke.”

Pancho “awoke,” that is to say his terrestrial personality began again to dream the dream called “life,” while the perceptive faculties of his soul entered into a semi-conscious condition and his spiritual vision became dimmed, but he remembered enough of that glorious vision to realise the immense superiority of a life in the spirit over the earth-dream of life. He longed to be forever united to that glorious being, his own higher Ego, which had obtained freedom from the bonds of matter and was existing in the realm of eternal truth.

It was early in the morning, but soon the jailor made his appearance and Pancho gave him orders for breakfast, asking him at the same time to inquire about Mrs. Smith. Breakfast came, but no news from Conchita and moreover he was informed that this was a holy day on which no official business could be transacted, and that all that could be done was to wait until after the holy days were over, when the commissary would attend to his case.

“And how long will these cursed holy days last?” asked Pancho.

“Church-robbers,” answered the jailor, “have no respect for holy days, though other people have. Let me see. Yesterday was Shrove Tuesday, to-day is Ash Wednesday, to-morrow will be the feast of Saint Thomas and on Friday that of San Giovanni. Saturday is too late in the week to begin anything, and no business can be done on Sunday, but it may be that next Monday the commissary will come. You will therefore have ample time to consult a lawyer to prepare your defence, if there is any. Lawyers are usually not very strict Christians and I think Mr. Caramucho, the criminal pleader, will be here to-morrow, if you wish to see him.”

Pancho expressed his willingness to see Caramucho and on the following day a little man, wearing a black moustache and gold spectacles, entered the cell.

Pancho told his story and the lawyer shook his head.

“It is a sad case,” said Caramucho, “the assuming of a false name is the most serious point against you. The best thing for you to do will be to say nothing at all about Pancho, and to remain Krasi-Basi. Mr. Brahm says that Krasi-Basi is the legal owner of the Talking Image, and if you are Krasi-Basi, you have merely carried away your own property, to which you have a legal right. By the by, how much is the statue worth?”

“It is worth nothing to me,” answered Pancho, somewhat irritated at being still looked upon as a thief. “It is merely a curiosity because it can speak.”

The lawyer incredulously shook his head.

“That makes the case still worse,” he said. “If the statue can speak, it must be a living person, and you will be indicted for murder or abduction if it is not of age. You will have to remain in prison until the authorities at the Cape are notified, when they will either send Captain Bumpkins to identify you, or request your extradition according to Paragraph 1,329, Article 3,566 of the Penal Code.”

“But I did not take the statue away,” remonstrated Pancho.

“That remains to be proved,” said the lawyer. “If you bring a hundred witnesses to swear that they did not see you take it away, their testimony will go for nothing against the evidence of one witness who swears that he believes you took it. Circumstantial evidence goes a long way. You have been at Urur. You have been seen prowling about the temple; the Image disappeared, and you left soon afterwards. There is enough evidence to convince a jury of average intelligence that you are guilty, and to hang you on the spot. I am your attorney, and you had better tell me the truth, so that I can see my way clear. In this way I may perhaps save you a few years of hard labour in the penitentiary.”

“It is all pure and unadulterated nonsense,” replied Pancho. “The Image was a very extraordinary thing; it had its own will, and nobody could have taken it away, if it had not wanted to go. It was a production of Magic, and had magic powers. I should not be surprised if it were suddenly to appear in court to testify in my favour.”

“That would help you nothing,” said Caramucho. “Its evidence would not be admitted. Our law makers were too much enlightened to believe in magic and sorcery; our penal code does not admit supernatural things. It is known that statues cannot speak, and therefore they are not permitted to testify. Nothing that would go to prove the existence of occult phenomena is ever admitted as evidence.”

“But would not the judge believe his own senses, if something extraordinary were to happen in court?” asked Pancho.

“Nothing extraordinary is permitted to happen in court,” said the lawyer, “and if any witness testifies to having seen such things, he is immediately put down as a lunatic. The only way in such a case for a witness to save himself from being sent to the insane asylum is to declare that he has been cheated by some trickster.”

“It is a queer state of things,” said Pancho, “if one has to lie to save oneself from injustice in a court of justice.”

Caramucho shrugged his shoulders and walked away.

FRANZ HARTMANN, M.D.

(To be continued.)



“TRACES OF INDIA IN ANCIENT EGYPT.”

Corrigenda.

LUCIFER, September 15, 1889.

P. 24, l. 40, for Aringiri read Sringiri.

P. 26, l. 3, for Ammonu read Ammoun.

P. 26, l. 24, for Moti-shastras read Jyoti-shastras.

Theosophical Activities.

IT is with the very greatest pleasure that we print the following from the Washington *People's Advocate* :

"ARYAN SPIRITUAL SCIENCE.

To a truly religio-scientific society like the "Blavatsky Theosophical Society," now incorporated in Washington, and whose first object is the formation of a nucleus of a real Brotherhood of Humanity, regardless of sect, sex or colour, and which with rare consistency to its professions has abolished the colour line, which everywhere refuses admission to the intelligent coloured man to societies of white men of a scientific, philosophical, or fraternal nature, we freely give three-quarters of a column or more (circumstantially) of space every week, asked for in order to defend and expound its doctrines.

Because not sufficiently informed on the subject, the editor cannot either affirm or deny these doctrines. We assume no responsibility further than to justly grant the freedom of our paper to a society which grants to the coloured man equality of membership. Besides, as a purveyor, and not a dictator of information to the public, *The People's Advocate*, to be consistent with its title, must concede to its readers the right of selection, and the opportunity to investigate all kinds of knowledge, freed alike from *sectarian* as well as *race* prejudices.

The above Branch owes its birth to our energetic brother Prof. Anthony Higgins, and though of recent date bids fair, according to *The Path* of October, to become "one of our most powerful Lodges." But whether the branch is young or old, it is splendidly done; not but that all our Lodges would give a hearty welcome to a "coloured" brother. But herein lies the merit that this branch has succeeded in establishing relations with their coloured brethren. This is the most important part of their undertaking, for once a point of contact is established, the current will flow freely. Truly "without distinction of race" has it been done, and such indeed is the work of true Theosophists. Nor is it in this case a small matter, for the race distinction between the negro and the white in America, is perhaps more accentuated than between geographically separated nations of different colours. May the time speedily arrive when in like manner we shall see "coloured" members in all our branches, and thus, "the colour line being abolished," our dark-hued brethren may mount the first step of the ladder of "admission to societies of white men of a scientific, philosophical, or fraternal nature."

COLONEL OLCOTT'S LECTURES.

THE President's British tour continues to be crowned with success as regards the primary object in view, the ever multiplying press notices showing that the agitation of the public mind upon theosophical subjects is spreading throughout the whole Kingdom. Religious as well as secular papers are giving space to the discussion, a lively debate upon it is going on in the sober *National Review*, and it was even made the subject of a sermon in the ancient St. Nicholas Cole Abbey, Queen Victoria Street.

Since last month's report in LUCIFER Col. Olcott has delivered the following public addresses:—Liverpool, October 9th and 10th; Dublin, October 14th (the Hall crowded to the doors and more than one hundred turned away for

want of standing room); Limerick, October 15th; Belfast, October 17th; Dublin, October 19th and 21st; Birmingham, October 29th; London, November 1st; Leek (Staffordshire), November 4th; London (Westminster Town Hall), November 5th. Besides these he has held conversational meetings at private houses, submitted to a dozen "interviews" by press reporters, and at Dublin held a discussion at the Contemporary Club, upon Theosophy, with a number of the most learned and brilliant men of the Irish capital.

He has now fixed the date of his sailing from Marseilles for Colombo as December 29th, will stop over one steamer in Colombo to settle our Ceylon affairs and then proceed on to Madras by the ss. "Tibre." His health is now excellent.

OFFICIAL NOTICE.

Those who read *Light* must have seen in its issue of November 9th the following letter from Washington headed :—

THE GNOSTIC THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

over the signature of "Elliott Coues, President, etc." In this document the latter asks to "correct the *false* statements" made "to the effect that the above-named organization is extinct." The writer then continues: "As its founder and President, I am fully informed on the question. The Gnostic Theosophical Society was never stronger nor more active than it is to-day. Its memberships and ramifications extend into nearly every State in the Union. Since October 1886, when it was formally dissolved, as an association in any way dependent upon another of similar name, and immediately re-formed on an independent basis, it has steadily grown," etc., etc. The letter closes with the words—"We desire especially to accentuate the fact that we repudiate and disclaim all connection with certain persons whose names have heretofore been identified by the public with the movement commonly called 'Theosophical.'" (Signature follows.)

As the Corresponding Secretary for life, and one of the original founders, at New York in 1875, of the Theosophical Society, whose ramifications extend into the five parts of the world—the United States being only one of the five—I hereby declare the above statements to be simply nonsensical. It is a joke, evidently. And these are our proofs and reasons :—

1. There can be no authentic Theosophical Society, or even a branch thereof, outside the jurisdiction of the "Parent" Society so called, now having its Headquarters at Adyar, Madras, India. Its title, the T. S. at large not being a chartered body, may of course have hitherto been pirated, but it cannot be so now, least of all in the District of Columbia, as will be seen later.

2. This applies especially to the "Gnostic" ex-Theosophical Society of Washington D. C., for reasons which I name below.

(a) The Gnostic branch having been chartered by the President-Founder before 1886, the said *Gnostic* branch, if it wished to withdraw from our jurisdiction, had as in honour bound, to drop its title of "Theosophical;" therefore —

(b) If "formally dissolved" in October 1886 and "immediately re-formed," of which no notice was ever given to Adyar, it had to remain simply the GNOSTIC Society, to which title it had, and has a perfect right; but,

(c) As it is now a matter of official record that the Branch of this name was dischartered only in May of the present year, and its President, Dr. Elliott Coues, expelled by the American Section of the General Council of the T. S., it could not, therefore, have remained from 1886 till the Spring of 1889, an association *in any way independent* of the Parent Society. Herein is the joke.

3. As there is at the present moment at Washington, D. C., a *legally chartered* Theosophical Society (the Blavatsky T. S.) formed and *duly incorporated* in July 1889 by Prof. A. Higgins its President and his associates, no other Society calling itself "Theosophical" *would now be recognized by law in that District*. The "Gnostic" therefore, if it still exists, and adds to its name "Theosophical" is an *outlaw*.

And this is why the letter of the President of the "Gnostic" Society of Washington, D. C., is a practical joke on the innocence of the readers of *Light*.

H. P. BLAVATSKY,

Corresponding Secretary of the Theosophical Society.

P.S. As to the general question of his abusive attacks upon "certain persons" who are Mr. Judge, Gen. Sec. of the American Section of the T.S. and myself, I will say this. I cannot do better than adopt the line of policy recommended by my quondam, egregiously and fulsomely flattering friend, the same Dr. E. Coues, in a letter to myself of date November 22, 1885, a few lines from which I will quote. It answers fully the closing (and would-be) contemptuous sentence of his letter to *Light*:—

" . . . You are a grand and wonderful woman, whom I admire as much as I appreciate. . . . I admire your fortitude and endurance in bearing burdens enough to kill anybody but *the Blavatsky* whose like has not before been seen, nor will be ever. . . . Never mind your enemies! They will get a spurious and vicarious reputation by attacking you, which you can afford to let them have, though you don't want to confer upon them the immortality they would get by your condescending to fight them. When History comes to be written they will appear, if at all, hanging on to your skirts. Shake them off, and let them go!

(Signed)

ELLIOTT COUES."

And so I do.—H.P.B.

NEW WEST INDIAN SECRETARY.

ON the third of October 1889, by resolution of the Executive Committee of the American T. S., Mr. E. D. Ewen was appointed assistant General Secretary for the British West Indies. His address is Tobago, B. W. I. There are several students and inquirers in the West Indies, and it is hoped that before long new Branches will be formed there.

"Going to and fro in the Earth."

EVOE!!

IN the benevolence of their hearts, the editors of LUCIFER offer their sincere condolences to their equitable neighbours and impartial, generous critics, the English clergy and editors, whose cause has just received a bad stab under the ribs from one of their most learned and distinguished prelates. His

:p. 232⁹

Grace the Bishop of Peterborough, presiding at the Diocesan Conference at Leicester, on the 25th of October last, made the following direful admission :—

The bishop, summing up a discussion on Socialism, said they must be careful, while knowing that many of the advocates of Socialism held doctrines which were very dangerous, that they gave full credit to the nobility of motive and tenderness of sympathy with suffering and wrong which had stirred many of those persons. Christianity, however, made no claim to re-arrange the economic relations of men in the State and in Society, and he hoped he would be understood when he said plainly that it was his firm belief that any Christian State carrying out in all its relations the Sermon on the Mount could not exist a week.

Henceforth, let editors disposed to hold up to public condemnation the Theosophical Society because of dissensions among members, and to write comic editorials on "Kilkenny Theosophy," be more reserved, lest this pregnant confession of the Great Anglican Bishop be quoted against them. When Col. Olcott, in his South Place Institute lecture, replying to a carping questioner who sought to confound him by charging ill-temper and uncharitableness on his colleagues, said that the theosophical ideal was so high, that few could fully realize it practically, he spoke a profound truth. If it now be alleged that the Lord Bishop has but placed Christianity and Theosophy on the same level, the natural reply will be that this should make the Christian adversaries of our Society a little more just in their behaviour towards us. There is one notable difference, however, between the Christian Churches and our Society, and it is this : Whereas every baptised child or adult is called a *Christian*, we have always drawn a clear and broad line between a *Theosophist* and a simple member of the T. S. A Theosophist, with us, is *one who makes Theosophy a living power in his life*. We have been often accused of *hating Christianity*. This is as untrue as it is unjust. Some of the teaching ascribed to Christ, teaching which he has in common with other great religious leaders, is admirable. But we would be as untruthful as our accusers, were we to show anything like a friendly feeling or sympathy for dogmas and ritual or that which the late Lawrence Oliphant called *Churchianity*. For it is this which deserves far more than the T. S. ever has, to be loudly and fearlessly proclaimed—especially after the Bishop of Peterborough's confession—"Kilkenny Christianity." VERB. SAP.

THE AGE OF MAN AND OF THE CONTINENTS.

WE are happy to find Mr. Grant Allen confessing to "Esoteric Buddhism" doctrines, and his agreement with the *Secret Doctrine*. For this is what he is alleged to have said to a *Pall Mall* reporter who interviewed Mr. Grant Allen upon his views.

" All the higher forms of religion even now contain traces of the earlier stages. The human race goes so far back." Here I intervened. "Yes; where do you cradle its infancy—in far Chaldea or, as the new theory has it, in North-west Europe, or do you hold the 'glacial-period-primeval man'?" "Oh," was the smiling reply, "in my opinion the human race goes as far back as the miocene period, so far back that our existing continents can hardly have assumed their present shapes when man first appeared, and as the whole world was then tropical in climate, man may have appeared anywhere."

The reader of the above, is asked at his first leisure to open "Esoteric Buddhism," 4th edition, at pp. 60, and compare. It is soothing to find that the *beaux esprits se rencontrent*—at any rate the antediluvian spirit of Dzyan and the spirit of modern anthropological and geological speculation as represented

by Mr. Grant Allen. But there, we believe, all agreement ceases, especially on metaphysical and physical teachings. So much more the pity—for modern science.

AMUCK! IN THE NAME OF CHRIST!!

OUR friends, the *Methodist Times* are at their old tricks again. Finding their own little . . . intellectual *variations on Fiction* unequal to the occasion, they call in their Madras ally—the *Christian College Magazine*, the paradoxical organ of the “heathen” College of the never-to-be-converted Hindus, which plays once more its old *fugue* in the orchestra of slander. We are told again in the “Patterson Correspondence” that Madame Blavatsky fled from India in 1885, *leaving Madras secretly*. Considering (1) that Mrs. Dr. Scharlieb’s *certificate* was published more than once in various papers; (2) the fact that a kind friend, then and to this day, one of the Madras magistrates, himself saw Mdme. Blavatsky off to the steamer; (3) that he kindly sent an invalid chair and his own police *peons* to carry in it the personality now accused of having left the country “secretly”; and that, moreover (4), her departure took place publicly, and in full daylight—the charge is rather risky!

Plain truth and known facts hold good, however, to the present day, and with all men. Therefore it is quite needless to disprove point by point the other dozen or so *ruses*, all as uncanny as this above-mentioned fabrication. As to the elegant epithets and insulting terms sent by Mr. Patterson to the address of Mdme. Blavatsky, they really do not matter. What, or where is she, when compared with the great and eminent men and even *a god*, who were far worse ill-treated than she is, by the bigots of their respective countries, and this invariably only because the victims *were in their way*? No comparison, of course, is here contemplated, as any such would be absurd. Yet the records of history are there to show *false accusations* lavished, in every case, on innocent men and women when the life and reputation of such became a danger to those who envied or feared them. Witness Socrates and Hypatia, Bruno and Joan of Arc, etc., etc. Remember the hundreds of martyrs, the latchet of whose shoes Mdme. B. is not worthy of loosening, who suffered tortures and death at the hands of unscrupulous liars, of false witnesses and fanatical murderers. Does not Jesus himself head the hosts of the martyrs for truth in the Christian era? Were the reverend detractors to exhaust the whole vocabulary of Hungerford Market to abuse and vilify her, they would still never approach, let alone surpass, the insults lavished by the Pharisees on the head of Jesus—their Christ. “Thou hast the Devil,” said these dignitaries of the “grandmother” Church, the Synagogue, to the God of the present mother Church—“the Man of Sorrows.” And did they not denounce Christ as “that *deceiver* who said . . . After three days I will arise again”? And for that “deception” was Jesus flogged, and spat upon, and crucified; all of which in no wise prevented Mr. Patterson and a host of Mdme. B.’s slanderers from worshipping that same Jesus as their God and Master. Nor does it prevent the descendants of those who put the prophet of Nazareth to death, adding, “His blood be on us, and on our children,” from holding their victim to this day as a “deceiver”; and yet prospering, the curse notwithstanding, having wealth enough to buy into bondage the whole of Christendom, and holding actually in durance vile all the crowned heads of Christian Europe!

All of which proves that fate plays ducks and drakes with gods as with mortals ; that all of us are born, live and die under Karmic law, in consequence of which law few of us can know who is who, or what is what, in this world of *maya*. Our sincere advice to the irrepressible Mr. Patterson is, not to attempt, in the words of Job, to bore leviathan's "jaw through with a thorn," lest Karma "put an hook into his (own) nose" for the trouble.

ADVERSARY.



Correspondence.

MY EXPERIENCES IN OCCULTISM AND OCCULT DEVELOPMENT.

I HAVE written the following because I thought it might be interesting to Theosophists, if I detailed some of my Occult experiences. As I am not a member of the Theosophical Society, these experiences may afford proof from an outside standpoint of many of the Theosophic Doctrines. I have been an investigator for 16 years. I became convinced of the existence of Unseen Intelligences by investigations in my own house, alone, and in the light. I soon found, however, that the ordinary explanations and theories of Spiritualists did not explain the whole phenomena. I was therefore, gradually drawn to Theosophy ; so much so, that I cannot but feel that the Agencies of the Adepts are not confined in their manifestations to the Theosophical Society,* but that some of the many ramifications of their influence extend to isolated individuals, and by multiplex methods and through various channels, they are drawing many of us within the common centre of their influence. I experienced the terrible trials known as the struggle with the Dweller on the Threshold. Deceptions from the Intelligences on the astral plane, mental conflicts, intense depression and other sorrows of too private a nature to detail here. I was delivered from this, by coming into communion with my Higher Self. And, as I believe, a ray of Influence from the Adepts, piercing through the higher portion of my being, influenced me continuously. I was by this Influence told to cease all direct communion with departed Spirits. I could never since then commune with them except in an indirect manner, through this Intelligence as it were. I think this seems to agree with the Theosophic teaching as to Devachan. Under the teaching of this In-

* Nor was it ever claimed by us. On the contrary, the hitherto very esoteric doctrine of the *Nirmanakayas* was lately brought forward as a proof and explained in the treatise called *The Voice of the Silence*. These *Nirmanakayas* are the *Bodhisattvas* or late Adepts, who having reached Nirvana and liberation from rebirth renounce it voluntarily in order to remain invisibly amidst the world to help poor ignorant Humanity within the lines permitted by Karma. These are the *real SPIRITS* of the disembodied men, and we recognise no others. The rest are either *Devachanees* to whose plane the spirit of the living medium must ascend, and who therefore, can never descend to our plane, or *spooks* of the first water. But then no *Nirmanakaya* will influence any man for the benefit of the latter for his own weal, or to save him from anything save death, and that only if the man's life is useful. By the fruit we recognise the tree. Units are as the leaves of that tree for them ; and they look forward to benefit and save *the trunk*, not to concern themselves with its every leaf, whether good, bad, or indifferent. Even living Adepts have no such right.—[ED.]

fluence, I developed—1st, Clairvoyance, or rather the power of seeing symbolical phantasms; 2nd, a semi-trance condition, in which I received communications in poetry and music, quite above the calibre of my own mind, and I was guided in the affairs of life in the following manner. The spiritual stream of inspiration flowing through me, from being at first a mixture with my own thoughts, I found gradually to evolve certain Occult teachings, which seem much in accordance with Theosophic works, especially the Secret Doctrine. In my published works and in MSS. I have written years ago, I find hints as to Re-incarnation, the gradual descent of Spirit into matter, the interaction of the Spiritual and material planes, the existence of agencies above and below the human, the spiritual evolution of man, etc. Another method of my instruction was, if I earnestly desired a thing, if possible I was allowed to take my own course, being guarded, as I have found out afterwards, in a mysterious manner against all real harm; but I was let to go through the experience. Then often of my own accord I would turn from a repetition of the act. This seems much in accordance with the Adepts' teaching. Our passions must be burnt out.* The experience must be gained,† and the Soul must rise superior to them, by acquiring a love for higher things. No use the exoteric methods of ascetics to outwardly keep from the act and yet desire the same inwardly. This only leads to making desire more intense. We must learn what is true and what false, and then the desire will be quenched and the Soul will mount a step higher.

This was my teaching. I have often gone through strange experiences and mental struggles and have been advised to make use of certain formulas to prevent the evil resulting from them. Then when I had conquered, it would be said: It is enough, this is required no more, or something to that effect, and it would seem as if a conquest was achieved, another page of life turned down, and soon a new set of sensations and a fresh series of trials would commence. Often between these it would be written, Now rest, and a period of rest would be given in which some time of enjoyment would be passed.

I also developed a kind of clair-audience or hearing of internal voices. These often advise and warn, and I find they are invariably true and that it is unwise to disregard them, as no doubt they proceed through higher stratas of my being from Occult Agencies. These voices often advise certain signs to be used accompanied by a sort of prayer, a form of words invoking the Divine Intelligence of Love, the All-good Power. I have found after performing these magical acts, most extraordinary changes in people, and most unexpected help coming and events occurring which were quite unforeseen, shewing that Occultism has most mysterious and far-reaching powers. Here comes in another teaching agreeing with Theosophy. I have been told that such Magic must only be exercised when the Soul is wishing for nothing but the Will of the All-good Intelligence to be done ‡ and for no selfish passion or greed, not even to save oneself from pain or sorrow.

* Not on the physical plane, as it would come then to a deliberate gratification of all our passions, in order to get rid of them by satiety, and this is an abomination.—[ED.]

† "Experience must be gained" of every evil as good passion *mentally*, and *overcome* in thought, by reflection. Love and longing for higher things on a Spiritual plane will thus leave no room for the lower animal longings.

‡ Whether this teaching agrees with Theosophy depends on the meaning given by the mystic to "the All-Good Intelligence." If this is a Being or "Intelligence" *outside* of us, then it would point to either a *personal* God or a spirit, which is no part of the Theosophical teachings. But if it refers to our *Higher Self*, then we are at one with the writer. Only in this case It (Atman) has no Will *of its own*, as It is no conditioned thing. The expression is faulty.—[ED.]

Another power I have developed is, by using certain invocations. I call the Spirits of the Living, and then see a simulacrum of them and hear them speak.* This, however, may only be risked for unselfish purposes. It is part of a very mysterious phenomenon which I find difficult to explain. Often a great depression comes over me, and I see certain phantasms and go through curious actions and struggles with them. This I find reproduced more or less accurately afterwards in real life. And as I have acted in the first drama, so do I succeed or fail in the after event. It seems as if the events in this life are but shadows thrown down from unseen realities, and that the dramas of life are acted behind the scenes. In many of my greatest difficulties the sorrow and the terror of them have been felt and conquered spiritually long before the real events came to pass, and when I had no idea such events would occur; and when they come to pass, the sting is taken out of them, they having been conquered previously on the spiritual plane. Mrs. Sedgwick in the S. P. R. Report tries to explain premonitions by the telepathic theory. Science cannot yet grasp the truth of prophecy: to do this would be to surrender to Occultism. But if there is one thing I am absolutely certain of, it is the power of the spiritual part of us aided by unseen agencies—to prophesy, to foresee, warn and even avert dangers long before they appear even on the horizon of real life.

If our scientists could get away from the more frivolous phenomena of the séance-room and realize the stupendous powers of occult Intelligences and of the human soul, they would be able better to understand Occultism. This, however, can only be done by personal experiment. The real convincing evidences proving the spiritual side of nature are those which it is often impossible to detail to another. They must be sought for and found by each individual soul. And they are certain to be obtained by every true and *patient* seeker.

I will conclude this brief account of my Occult experiences by relating one or two mysterious phenomena which have happened to me since I have been connected with the Theosophical Society. On the morning before making the acquaintance of Mr. Sinnett, I clairvoyantly saw an Indian stand by my bedside. This Indian was short, with long, straggling, dark hair which partly hid his face. I have seen him since several times, when I have been ill, making passes over me, and on each occasion I have suddenly got well; though when these attacks come upon me, as a rule, I cannot get up the whole day, but lie perfectly prostrate. I also see occasionally another Indian, a tall man, rather stout, dressed in white with a white turban. When I see him, a few hours afterwards I receive a letter from one of the leaders of the T. S. On one occasion I was in the street when I saw him by my side; on a second, he crossed the room as I was talking to a pupil, but on both occasions, about an hour afterwards, I received a letter from Mr. Sinnett, one of which letters informed me that I was made an honorary Associate of the "London Lodge" T. S. †

A few weeks ago, while staying in Kent, I clairvoyantly saw Madame Blavatsky at a table writing (she was then in Jersey) and shortly afterwards received a

* Theosophists would call this *necromancy* and *unconscious black magic*.—[ED.]

† Surely no "Indian" nor any other adept, would go to the trouble of disturbing himself to announce such a trifling event as the one mentioned! Especially when a letter to that effect came "an hour later" and was all that was required. This was simply a case of the writer's own natural clairvoyance. What would an *adept* have to do with this?—[ED.]

letter from her. I mention these apparently trivial phenomena, as I think they show that the Influence inspiring me is in union with and drawing me to those who guide the Theosophic Movement.

I will now proceed to give a few hints as to Occult development. He who would enter the Occult Path must first realize that there is a good and loving Intelligence pervading Nature. * He must refuse to worship all images of this Power, which do not come up to his highest ideals. The cruel Jehovah, the warlike Allah, the lascivious Jove, must give place to the purer Supreme Being of the Voysey school. This, in its turn, must also go, for it will soon become apparent to the enlightened soul that no king or photograph of man, even of his highest ideal, no resemblance of human government, no monarchical ruler or sovereign can be placed over the Universe. We must seek *in* and not above Nature for God. We must own that the drop cannot comprehend the ocean or the finite mind the infinite Whole. We must acknowledge the Divine, Loving, All-good Essence in Nature and in ourselves and strive to unite ourselves with It. To sink the selfish personal idea, the individual wants and desires in the Divine Whole. Our lives must act out the precept, Thy will be done.† We must not acquire wealth but to this end. No human love must stand in the way.

This is the first step. We are then united with the Divine Intelligence and the whole force of the Divine is at our back. This is not so hard as it appears. It seems hard because the mind will fall back on the old false ideas of God, the cruel, ascetic, capricious power. But once realise that all true pleasure, all love, all beauty is God and part of God, and by uniting with the Divine we have all that is worth having.

All we renounce is the delusive semblance of these things in the world, in which is no real satisfaction, nothing but Maya or delusion. Having made this first step, we see all things with different eyes. We realize the truth of Karma. We love all and hate none. We cease to feel bitterly and cry for revenge on our worst foes. We know that the inmost of every soul is a Divine Ego. We see the whole arcana of Nature are but the methods of educating and perfecting the Individual Egos. We see the upward march of Spirit through all the forms of nature to man. This gives us a new view of the animal creation. No longer the old idea prevails that they are created for us, for our food and use. We see that they are the embryos of ourselves, hothouse beds for the nurture of Spirit, and we must remember that all cruelty re-acts on ourselves. We now come to the lower forms of humanity, our savages, our criminals. No longer the moral shudder, no longer the hands lifted up in holy horror. Let us take some examples. Take a murderer. What is the popular view? A holy horror, a thirst for vengeance, a feeling of the utter impossibility of being like such a man. But the Occultist recognises the law of Karma working in accord with heredity, with astrological influences at birth, with educational surroundings etc. ; he knows also the power of Black Magic.

He knows that the self-righteous in their churches, in their homes, by their vicious beliefs, their hard cruel ways, by these and by their prayers to a ferocious deity, invoke too often such evil Elemental forces, which go forth, like the fabled

* Why "loving"? If *absolute*, it can have no attributes either of love or hatred.—[ED.]

† *Vide* foot note *supra*. We recognise no Being to whom such a phrase may be addressed.—[ED.]

devil, seeking whom they may devour, and finding victims in these poor, helpless persons, destitute of Will, and thus the criminal, the murderer, is manufactured. This being so, are we to rush forth and howl for vengeance? Let us be thankful that Karma has not made us so, that sufficient good influence surrounds us to ward off these Elemental forces so that they pass us by. But let us not gloat over these things, or we may get into the current and some such influence take hold of us, self-righteous as we are.

We must put aside all vengeance, all hatred; and all we are entitled to do, is to confine such poor imbeciles that they do no more mischief, and also by our White Magic of love and kindness seek to exorcise the elemental demons who control them. The common idea is that avenging punishments deter from crime. But this is so only in appearance. The only way to lessen crime is to quench the evil at its source by the magic of divine love. Beware of avenging crime by crime. The death penalty only increases the evil, and lets loose a demon to do more mischief. Having made these steps forward on the Path, we look with different eyes upon all humanity. Let us now turn to the so-called good and respectable.

When we see the dull round of their lives, without a thought beyond the present hours, merely satisfying animal wants, getting money, and obeying without question the religions and laws of the time, we feel that such have not as yet wakened their Soul-powers. They slumber still; many a life must be passed by such people in which the battle between the material and the spiritual must be fought out before they can advance far upon the Path.

There is a great fallacy in the words Good and Evil which even some Theosophists have not yet found out. We all of us are apt to measure people by the world's standard, even though we profess Occult Philosophy. Thus to us a person is good who has tamed his nature down to be a slave to the customs of the time, who never questions a tyrannical government, who acts up to his religion without reasoning or thinking about it, who conforms to the marriage laws and social fashions. Such a man is good. To break though any of these customs is evil. But this is a fallacy. It cannot be good to obey that which is founded on wrong and error. The only good is to act up to our highest ideas. These, whatever the world may say, will lead us astray. Then astray we must go. It was of Shelley, that someone said, Would that he could think for himself; when his mother replied, Would to God he would think like other people. It is this conformity to custom that the world calls good, its reverse evil; but the Occultist looks beneath the surface of things. He pities but does not feel hatred towards the criminal, only towards his crime. He sees good in all. He does not turn away from those whom the world scorns. He knows that they are fighting out the bitter conflict of Life. Neither does he worship the self-righteous and the so-called good, for he sees in them too often merely Souls in a state of somnolence. Better to fall through having a loving and sensitive nature than to avoid temptation through hardness of heart and callousness of mind. For such, though praised by the world, must go through many incarnations before their hard natures are broken up and the Divine Ego shines through.

The present civilization is a vast delusion, and the seeds of its dissolution are already sown. The only way to save the world from the horrors attending the

collapse of this civilization, is by bringing to bear upon mankind fresh influences from the Unseen side of Nature. We must bring the knowledge of Occultism to the world. We must endeavour to draw sympathetic minds from all parts to enter the Occult Path. If a sufficient number can be thus gained, they will yet save and remould Society, and form a foundation for a more Spiritual Race in the Future. Great are the duties devolving upon us, brother Occultists; may we perform them honestly and shew ourselves to be fit receptacles for the Higher Inspirations. And may the Great Masters of Occultism bless us with renewed strength and Spiritual Powers in the strife which we must wage with the delusions and falsities of the world.

A. F. TINDALL, MUS. BAC.



Reviews.

THE TEXT BOOK OF ASTROLOGY.*

THE Sons of Urania will be rejoiced to know that the above work is now completed by the publication of the second volume. The author is so well known as a writer upon Astrology, that it is impossible to question the authority with which he pleads the cause of Urania, and anything like a fair estimate of the study and labour necessary for the production of such a work as the "Text Book," is equally impossible. The book is practically the result of thirty years modern experience and study; it appears to embody everything that is known at present upon this most interesting subject of Astrology, and it is not too much to say that Mr. Pearce's work is as claimed "indispensable alike to the mythologist, the antiquarian, the orientalist, and the student of occult science."

AN INTRODUCTION TO THEOSOPHY. †

THIS is a pamphlet written in the spirit of perfect conviction and sincerity. The author summarizes with considerable skill the leading points in the Esoteric Philosophy for the benefit of outside enquirers into the history and objects of the T. S. As the system has brought rest and joy to his own mind, he benevolently wishes to help others to share the feeling with him. Pity that all our colleagues would not do likewise. Mr. Elliot's literary project it thus defined by himself:—

"Writing as a Fellow of the Theosophical Society, I desire to show that its endeavour is to substitute conciliation for strife, to bring ease to the weary, and save rich men from the devastation which is the sure end of wealth without wisdom. That its first step is towards bringing together rich and poor, so that they may by the light of their reason and teachings come to understand that the interests of each man are best served by a consolidated attempt of the units to build up

* By ALFRED J. PEARCE. COUSINS & CO. 6 Helmet Court (338) Strand. Price 15/0.

† By GILBERT ELLIOT, F.T.S. London, G. REDWAY, 1889.

the destiny of the race on the strong natural foundation of mutual help, on which alone any attempt whatever can achieve real progress."

He candidly warns all to keep out of the Society if they have the notion that by entering it they would be put in the way to acquire phenomenal forces or witness exhibitions of magic by others. And plainly says:—

"I warn aspirants who aim high that the path they seek to walk in is very narrow, and full of obstacles, which they will have to overcome, at first at any rate, alone, and by the utmost degree of self-control of which they are capable."

CAN IT BE LOVE? *

CAPTAIN SERJEANT'S monograph might be styled a gospel of Altruism; the aim in view being to enforce the maxim that the Personal Self is inseparable from the Universal Being, and hence, that man should live, think and strive in unison with all mankind. The absolute and essential fraternity of all sentient beings is urged as the divine law of life. The teaching is conveyed in a dialogue between the Higher Self and the Lower Self. The teacher is figured under the guise of an Unknown, who suddenly appears in the Author's room as he muses by his fireside, answers his unspoken thoughts, dictates the contents of this Work, and as suddenly vanishes. The matter was published as a Serial, in a certain London weekly journal, and—as the Author explains—"the interest caused by its appearance, has amply warranted its republication in a volume form."

BALENI.†

IN this charming little volume of Italian poetry, Dr. Pioda has framed some of the deeper truths of Theosophy in the musical language of Italy. In a capital preface, he gives a general sketch of those echoes from an archaic past, which are found in the Secret Doctrine, and which he afterwards softens in the rythmical changes of Italian verse. Space, Life and Love are the titles of three poems, in which he brings the reader to a knowledge of some of the aspects which the Infinite one presents to us in the great drama of illusion it unfolds. Dr. Pioda, in his preface, tells us that he has chosen poetry as the expression of his thoughts, because by this means he is able to catch the music as well as the meaning of some of those songs of life, which lie around in the ethereal Space, and may thus, the more deeply, move the inner being of his reader. Man leaves behind him his works, but after death, his Ego, like a full-stringed harp, resounds with the agitation of ethereal waves, which have preserved the notes struck on life's material key-board, and forms with them the melody of his earthly career. Thus, if this idea, which seems to underlie the meaning of Dr. Pioda's words, be true, poets may catch and intone these psychic harmonies for the benefit of living men. The book is well printed, and all those who prefer the flowery paths of truth in its poetic garb to the sterner and more rugged words of prose, should read these poems.

* By WM. C. ELDON SERJEANT. Author's Edition, London, 1889. THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED, pp. 79. Price 5s.

By ALFRED PIODA, F.T.S.