

ॐ

THE THEOSOPHIST.

VOL. XV. NO. 9. JUNE, 1894.

THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH.

[*Family motto of the Maharajahs of Benares.*]

OLD DIARY LEAVES.*

CHAPTER XXVII.

H. P. B. has been mainly dealt with above in her public capacity ; let us now see how she appeared in the home.

But first, does any one know why she so much preferred to be called "H. P. B.," and so abhorred the title of "Madame" ? That she should not like to be addressed by the surname Blavatsky, is not so strange when one remembers the facts of that wretched marriage, as given by Mr. Sinnett in his "Incidents, &c." It brought neither credit nor happiness to her, nor peace to the consort whom she, for a wager, tied to herself, for better for worse. Yet before she would marry the other Mr. B., at Philadelphia, she stipulated that she should not change her surname, and did not, save in the subsequent divorce papers, wherein she styles herself by her second husband's name. The title 'Madame' she had a sort of loathing for, as she associated it with a female dog of that name that an acquaintance of hers owned in Paris, and which was specially disliked by her. I think the apparent eccentricity of calling herself by her three initials had a deeper significance than has been generally suspected. It meant that the personality of our friend was so blended with those of several of her Masters that, in point of fact, the name she bore but seldom applied to whatever intelligence was momen-

* I shall be under great obligations to any friend who wishes well to this historical sketch, if he (or she) will give or lend me for reference any interesting documents, or any letters written them during the years 1875, 6, 7 and 8, by either H. P. B. or myself, about phenomena, the occult laws which produce them, or events in the history of the T. S., or any newspapers or cuttings from the same relating to the same subjects. Loans of this kind will be carefully returned, and I shall be glad to refund, if desired, any expense for postage incurred by the senders. Reminiscences of occult things shown by H. P. B., if described to me by the eye-witnesses, will be specially valued. I may not live to get out a second Edition of my book, and wish to make the first as interesting and trustworthy as possible. One ought not, at the age of sixty-one, to trust too much to one's own memory, although mine seems not to fail me as yet. Friendly Editors will oblige very much by giving currency to this request.

H. S. O.

tarily controlling it; and the Asiatic personage who was speaking to you through her lips was certainly neither Helena, nor the widow of Genl. Blavatsky, nor a woman at all. But each of these shifting personalities contributed towards the making of a composite entity, the sum of them all and of Helena Petrovna herself, which might as well be designated "H. P. B." as anything else. The case recalls to my mind that of the composite photograph—an apparently real entity, yet but a blending of a dozen or more—which Sir Francis Galton first brought to our notice in his "Inquiry into Human Faculty." My theory may seem untenable at first sight by those who did not know her so intimately as myself, yet I incline to the belief that it is the correct one.

The routine of our life at the 'Lamasery' was the following. We breakfasted at about 8, dined at 6, and retired at some small hour in the morning, according to our work and its interruption by visitors. H. P. B. lunched at home and I in town, somewhere near my law-office. When we first met I was a very active member of the Lotos Club, but the writing of "Isis" put an end, once and for all, to my connection with clubs and worldly entanglements in general. After breakfast I left for my office and H. P. B. set herself for work at the desk. At dinner, more often than not, we had guests, and we had few evenings alone; for even if no visitors dropped in, we usually had somebody stopping with us in our apartment. Our house-keeping was of the simplest: we drank no wine or spirits, and ate but plain food. We had one maid-of-all work, or rather a procession of them coming and going, for we did not keep one very long. The girl went to her own home after clearing away the dinner things, and thenceforward we had to answer the door ourselves. That was not much; but a more serious affair was to supply tea, with milk and sugar, for a roomful of guests at, say, 1 A. M., when H. P. B., with lofty disregard of domestic possibilities, would invite herself to take a cup, and in a large way exclaim, "Let's all have some: what do you say?" It was useless for me to make gestures of dissent, she would pay no attention. So, after sundry fruitless midnight searches for milk or sugar in the neighbourhood, the worm turned, and I put up a notice to this effect:—

TEA.

"Guests will find boiling water and tea in the kitchen, perhaps milk and sugar, and will kindly help themselves."

This was so akin to the Bohemian tone of the whole establishment that nothing was thought of it, and it was most amusing later on to see the habitués getting up quietly and going off to the kitchen to brew tea for themselves. Fine ladies, learned professors, famous artists and journalists, all jocosely became members of our "Kitchen Cabinet," as we called it.

H. P. B. had not even a rudimentary notion of house-keeping. Once, wishing boiled eggs, she laid the raw eggs on the live coals! Sometimes our maid would walk off on a Saturday evening and leave us

to shift as we might for the next day's meals. Then was it H. P. B. who catered and cooked? Nay verily, but her poor colleague. She would either sit and write and smoke cigarettes, or come into the kitchen and bother. In my Diary for 1878, I find this in the entry for April 12: "The servant 'vamosed the ranch' without preparing dinner; so the Countess L. P. turned in and helped me by making an excellent salad. Besides her, we had O'Donovan to dinner." He was a rare chap, that Irishman; a sculptor of marked talent, an excellent companion, with a dry humour that was irresistible. H. P. B. was very fond of him and he of her. He modelled her portrait from life in a medallion, which was cast in bronze, and which is in my possession. What he may be now I know not, but at that time he was fond of a glass of good whiskey (if any whiskey may be called good), and once made a roomful roar with laughter by a repartee he gave to one of the company present. They were drinking together, and the person in question after tasting his glass, put it down with the exclamation, "Pah! what bad whiskey that is!" O'Donovan, turning to him with solemn gravity, laid a hand upon his arm and said: "Don't, don't say that. There is no *bad* whiskey, but some is better than other." He was a Roman Catholic by birth, though nothing in particular, it appeared, in actual belief. But, seeing how hot and angry H. P. B. would always get when Roman Catholicism was mentioned, he used to pretend that he believed that that creed would eventually sweep Buddhism, Hinduism and Zoroastrianism from the face of the earth. Although he played this trick on her twenty times, H. P. B. was invariably caught again in the trap whenever O'Donovan set it for her. She would fume and swear, and call him an incurable idiot and other pet names, but to no purpose: he would sit and smoke in dignified silence, without changing face, as if he were listening to a dramatic recitation in which the speaker's own feelings had no share. When she had talked and shouted herself out of breath, he would slowly turn his head towards some neighbour and say: "She speaks well, doesn't she; but she don't believe that; it is only her repartee. She will be a good Catholic some day." And then, when H. P. B. exploded at this crowning audacity, and made as if to throw something at him, he would slip away to the kitchen and make himself a cup of tea! I have known him bring friends there just to enjoy this species of bear-baiting; but H. P. B. never nourished malice, and after relieving herself of a certain number of objurgations, would be as friendly as ever with her inveterate teaser.

One of our frequent and most appreciated visitors was Prof. Alexander Wilder, a quaint personality, the type of the very large class of self-educated American yeomanry; men of the forceful quality of the Puritan Fathers; men of brain and thought, intensely independent, very versatile, very honest, very plucky and patriotic. Prof. Wilder and I have been friends since before the Rebellion, and I have always held him in the highest esteem. His head is full

of knowledge, which he readily imparts to appreciative listeners. He is not a college-bred or city-bred man. I fancy, but if one wants sound ideas upon the migration of races and symbols, the esoteric meaning of Greek philosophy, the value of Hebrew or Greek texts, or the merits and demerits of various schools of medicine, he can give them as well as the most finished graduate. A tall, lank man of the Lincoln type, with a noble, dome-like head, thin jaws, grey hair, and language filled with quaint Saxon-Americanisms. He used to come and talk by the hour with H. P. B., often lying recumbent on the sofa, with—*as she used to say*—“one long leg resting on the chandelier, the other on the mantel-piece.” And she, as stout as he was thin, as voluble as he was sententious and epigrammatic, smoking innumerable cigarettes and brilliantly sustaining her share of the conversation. She got him to write out many of his ideas to use in “Isis,” and they will be found there quoted. The hours would slip by without notice until he sometimes found himself too late for the last train to Newark, and would have to stop in town all night. I think that, of all our visitors, he cared about the least of all for H. P. B.’s psychical phenomena: he believed in their scientific possibility and did not doubt her possession of them, but philosophy was his idol, and the wonders of mediumship and adeptship interested him only in the abstract.

Yet some of H. P. B.’s phenomena were strange enough, in all conscience. Besides those heretofore described, I find mention of others in my Diary, among them this curious one:—

I met one day in the lower part of the city (New York) an acquaintance with whom I stopped for a few moments to chat. He was very prejudiced against H. P. B., and spoke very harshly against her, keeping to his opinion despite all I could say. At last he used such objectionable language that, in sheer disgust, I hastily left him and went on my way. I got home as usual in time for dinner, and went to my room—the one marked “G” on the plan given in the last chapter was then my sleeping apartment—to make my toilet. H. P. B. came along the passage to the open door, and from thence bade me good evening. The washing-stand was in the N. W. corner, opposite the door, and the “hard-finished” white wall above it uncovered with pictures or anything. After finishing my washing I turned toward the shaving-stand, behind me and just in front of the window, to brush my hair, when I saw something of a green colour reflected in the glass. A second glance showed it to be a sheet of green paper with writing upon it, and to be attached to the wall just over the washing-stand where I had the moment before been occupied without seeing anything save the blank wall before my eyes. I found the paper attached to the plastering by pins at the four corners, and the writing to be a number of Oriental texts from Dhammapada and Sûtras, written in a peculiar style and signed at the lower corner with the name of one of the Masters. The verses were reproaches to my address for having allow-

ed H. P. B. to be reviled without defending her; unmistakably referring to my encounter down town with the person I had met, although no names were mentioned. I had not been five minutes in the house since my return, had spoken to nobody about the incident, nor exchanged with any one in the house more than the few words of greeting with H. P. B. from the door of my room. In fact, the incident had passed out of my mind. This is one of those phenomena of the higher class which involve the power of thought-reading, or clairaudience at a distance, and either that of producing written documents without contact, or of writing them in the ordinary way, attaching them to the wall before my return home, and then inhibiting my sight so as to make them invisible for the moment, but visible the next instant by the restoration to me of my normal vision. This seems the more probable explanation of the two, yet, even then see how fine is the phenomenon, first, in the clairaudience at the distance of three miles, and then in the inhibition of my sight without arousing the slightest suspicion in my mind of the trick being played upon me. I had carefully kept this green paper until 1891, when it was with me on my round-the-world tour, and was appropriated by somebody without my permission. I should be glad to recover it in time to print its facsimile in this book. Another production of H. P. B.'s has disappeared along with it. It is a caricature representing my supposed ordeal of initiation into the school of adepts, and a most comical picture it is. In the lower foreground I stand with a Hindu *fehla* (turban) as my only article of dress, undergoing a catechetical examination by Master K. H. In the lower right-hand corner a detached hand holds in space a bottle of spirits, and a bony bayadere, who looks like a starved Irish peasant in a time of potatoe-blight, is dancing a *pas de fascination*. In the upper corner H. P. B., wearing a New Jersey sun-hood and Deccanee men's turn-up shoes, and carrying a bell-shaped umbrella with a flag marked "Jack" streaming from its point, bestrides an elephant and holds out a mammoth hand to "control the elements" for my helping, while another Master stands beside the elephant watching my ordeal. A funny little elemental in a cotton nightcap and holding a lighted candle, says, "My stars! what's that?" from his perch on K. H.'s shoulder, and a series of absurd questions and answers written below my Interrogator's book, complete the nonsensical satire. From this description the reader may judge of the joviality of H. P. B.'s temperament at that period and of the kindly license allowed us in our dealings with the Teachers. The mere thought of such irreverence will doubtless make cold chills to run down the spines of some of H. P. B.'s latest pupils. I do not know how I could better illustrate this joyous exuberance of hers than by quoting the expression used by a Hartford reporter in writing to his paper. "Madame laughed," he writes. "When we write Madame laughed, we feel as if we were saying Laughter was present! for of all clear, mirthful, rollicking laughter that we ever heard, hers

is the very essence. She seems, indeed, the *Genius* of the mood she displays at all times, so intense is her vitality". This was the tone of our household; and her mirthfulness, epigrammatic wit, brilliance of conversation, caressing friendliness to those she liked or wanted to have like her, fund of anecdote and, chiefest attraction to most of her callers, her amazing psychical phenomena—made the "Lamasery" the most attractive *salon* of the metropolis from 1876 to the close of 1878.

A very interesting phenomenon is that of duplication of objects, the making of two or more out of one. I have given some instances above, and here is another which was described in the *New York correspondence* of the *Hartford Daily Times* of December 2, 1878. The correspondent passes an evening with us and meets a number of other visitors, from one of whom, an English artist, he gets the following story of what he saw H. P. B. do:

" 'I know it will seem incredible to you, my dear fellow,' said my friend, for it does to me as I look back upon it; yet, at the same time, I know my senses could not have deceived me. Besides, another gentleman was with me at the time. I have seen Madame create things. 'Create things!' I cried. 'Yes, create things,—produce them from nothing.' I can tell you of two instances.

" 'Madame, my friend and myself were out one day looking about the stores, when she said she desired some of these illuminated alphabets which come in sheets, like the painted sheets of little birds, flowers, animals and other figures, so popular for decorating pottery and vases. She was making a scrap-book, and wished to arrange her title page in these pretty colored letters. Well, we hunted everywhere but could not find any, until at last we found just one sheet, containing the twenty-six letters, somewhere on Sixth Avenue. Madame bought that one and we went home. She wanted several, of course, but not finding them proceeded to use what she could of this. My friend and I sat down beside her little table, while she got out her scrap-book and busily began to paste her letters in. By and bye she exclaimed, petulantly, 'I want two S's, two P's and two A's.' I said, 'Madame, I will go and search for them down town. I presume I can find them somewhere.'

'No you need not,' she answered. 'Then, suddenly looking up, said, 'Do you wish to see me make some?'

'Make some? How? Paint some?'

'No, make some exactly like these.'

'But how is that possible? These are printed by machinery.'

'It is possible—see!'

" She put her finger upon the S and looked upon it. She looked at it with infinite intensity. Her brow ridged out. She seemed the very spirit of will. In about half a minute she smiled, lifted her finger, took up two S's exactly alike, exclaiming, 'It is done!' She did the same with the P's.

" Then my friend thought: 'If this is trickery, it can be detected. In one alphabet can be but one letter of a kind. I will try her.' So he did. 'Madame, supposing this time, instead of making the two letters separately, you join them together, thus A—A—?'

“It makes no difference to me how I do it,” she replied indifferently, and placing her finger on the A, in a few seconds she took it up, and handed him two A’s, joined together as he desired. *They were as if stamped from the same piece of paper.* There were no seams or (artificial) joinings of any kind. She had to cut them apart to use them. This was in broad daylight, in the presence of no one but myself and friend, and done simply for her own convenience.

“We were both astounded and lost in admiration. We examined these with the utmost care. They seemed as much alike as two peas. But if you wish, I can shew you the letters this moment. ‘Madame, may we take your scrap-book to look at?’

“‘Certainly, with pleasure,’ returned Madame, courteously. We waited impatiently until Mr. P. could open the volume. The page was beautifully arranged, and read thus, in brilliant letters :

THIRD VOLUME, SCRAP-BOOK OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

New York, 1878.

THEIR TRIBULATIONS AND TRIUMPHS.

“‘There,’ said he, pointing to the S in Scrap and the S in Society, ‘those are the letters she used, and this is the one she made.’ There was no difference in them.”*

There was nothing out of the common in the furnishing and decoration of our apartment save in the dining-room and work-room—which was at the same time our reception room and library all in one—and they were certainly quaint enough. The dead wall of the dining-room which separated it from H. P. B.’s bed-room was entirely covered with a picture *in dried forest leaves*, representing a tropical jungle scene. An elephant stood, ruminating beside a pool of water, a tiger was springing at him from the back-ground, and a huge serpent was coiled around the trunk of a palm tree. A very good representation of it is given on p. 205 of *Frank Leslie’s Popular Monthly* for February 1892; although the picture of the room, the Hindu servant bringing in the roast, and the dining-party at table *drinking wine*, is ridiculously inaccurate. The room was not like the picture; we had no Hindu servant; we did not have a drop of wine or spirits in the house; our furniture was totally different from the artist’s sketch of it. As for his picture of our work-room, in the same article, it does not give the least idea of either the dimensions, shape or contents of that historical chamber. The pretended portraits of H. P. B. and myself are worst of all. I have never heard of another wall-picture of the sort mentioned, and it seemed to strike all our guests as entirely appropriate in such a home as the “Lamasery.” The whole forest scene grew out of the covering of a figure of an elephant cut

* The reporter, it seems, trusted to his memory and omitted copying down at the time the words of the inscription which—being before me at this moment—I find to read as follows: “Ante and post natal history of the Theosophical Society, and of the mortifications, tribulations and triumphs of its Fellows.” The letters H. P. B. duplicated are the S’s in “History,” “Theosophical” and “Society,” two of them having been made out of the third; the P’s are in “Post” and “Triumphs,” and of a smaller size than the S’s. She seems to have quietly duplicated several other letters, for I find no less than eight A’s besides other duplicates.

from paper with autumn leaves. I made another similar invention in the work-room. The entrance-door was in an angle made by cutting off a corner, and above it the wall formed a square of perhaps 4×5 ft. One day I found at a curiosity-shop a splendidly mounted lioness-head, the eyes glaring, the jaws wide open, the tongue retracted, the teeth white and menacing. On getting it home and looking around for a place to put it, this square of wall struck my eye, and there I hung my trophy. By an arrangement of long, dried grasses, I made it seem as though an angry lioness were creeping through the jungle and ready to spring upon the visitor who chanced to look up at her. It was one of our jokes to have new-comers seated in an easy chair that faced the door, and enjoy their start when their eyes wandered from H. P. B. to glance around the room. If the visitor chanced to be a hysterical old maid who screamed on seeing the trophy, H. P. B. would laugh until she almost cried. In two corners of the room I stood palm-fronds that touched the ceiling and bent over their tips in graceful curves; little stuffed monkeys peered out over the curtain cornices; a fine stuffed snake lay on top of the mantel mirror, hanging its head over one corner; a large stuffed baboon, decked out with a collar, white cravat and pair of my spectacles, carrying under one arm the manuscript of a lecture on "Descent of Species", and dubbed "Professor Fiske", stood upright in a corner; a fine large grey owl sat perched on a book case; a toy lizard or two crawled up the wall; a Swiss cuckoo clock hung to the left of the chimney breast; small Japanese cabinets, carved wooden images of Lord Buddha and a Siamese talapsin, curios of sorts and kinds, occupied the top of the cottage piano, wall brackets, corner etagères and other convenient spaces; a long writing table took up the centre of the room; some book shelves with our scanty library rose above its farther end, between the two Eighth Avenue windows; and chairs and a divan or two filled up the floor space, so that one had to pick one's way to get to the farther end of the chamber. A hanging four-light gas chandelier with a drop light over the table gave us the necessary physical illumination: the other, H. P. B. supplied. A pair of sliding glass doors (seldom closed) divided the work-room from her little bed-room, and on the wall over the doors we constructed a huge double triangle of thin punched steel sheets. Altogether the room was very artistic and pleasing to its occupants and guests, the theme of many a description in newspapers and talk among our friends. No frame could have been more appropriate for setting off the bizarre personality of its mysterious occupant, H. P. B. Many were the pen sketches of the room that appeared in the American papers of the day; among them the following, by the same correspondent of the Hartford paper, from whose interesting letters the above extracts were copied.

"Madame was seated in her little work-room and parlor, all in one, and we may add her curiosity shop as well, for never was apartment more crammed with odd, elegant, old, beautiful, costly, and apparently, worthless things,

than this. She had cigarette in mouth, and scissors in hand, and was hard at work clipping paragraphs, articles, items, criticisms and other matter, from heaps of journals from all parts of the world, relating to herself, to her book, to the Theosophical Society, to any and everything connected with her life-work and aims. She waved us to a seat, and while she intently read some article we had a chance to observe the walls and furniture of this NEW YORK LAMASERY. Directly in the centre stood a stuffed ape, with a white "dickey" and necktie around his throat, manuscript in paw, and spectacles on nose. Could it be a mute satire on the clergy? Over the door was the stuffed head of a lioness, with open jaws and threatening aspect; the eyes glaring with an almost natural ferocity. A god in gold occupied the centre of the mantle-piece; Chinese and Japanese cabinets, fans, pipes, implements and rugs, low divans and couches, a large disk, a mechanical bird who sang as mechanically, albums, scrap books, and the inevitable cigarette holders, papers and ash-pots, made the loose rich robe in which the Madame was apparelled seem in perfect harmony with her surroundings. A rare, strange countenance is hers. A combination of moods seems to constantly play over her features. She never seems quite absorbed by one subject. There is a keen, alert, subtle undercurrent of feeling and perception perceivable in the expression of her eyes. It impressed us then, and has invariably, with the idea of a double personality; as if she were here, and not here; talking and yet thinking, or acting far away. Her hair light, very thick and naturally waved, has not a gray thread in it. Her skin, evidently somewhat browned by exposure to sea and sun, has no wrinkles; her hand and arms are as delicate as a girl's. Her whole personality is expressive of self-possession, command, and a certain *sang froid* which borders on masculine indifference, without for a moment overstepping the bounds of womanly delicacy."

It has been remarked above, if I remember, that what made a visit to the Lamasery so piquant, was the chance that on any given occasion the visitor might see H. P. B. do some wonder in addition to amusing, delighting or edifying him or her with her witty and vivacious talk. In a pause in the conversation, perhaps a guest would hold up a finger, say "Hush!" and then, all listening in breathless silence, musical notes would be heard in the air. Sometimes they would sound faintly far away in the distance, then coming nearer and gaining volume until the elfin music would float around the room, near the ceiling, and finally die away again in a lost chord and be succeeded by silence. Or it might be that H. P. B. would fling out her hand with an imperious gesture and *ping! ping!* would come, in the air whither she pointed, the silvery tones of a bell. Some people fancy that she must have had a concealed bell under her dress for playing her tricks; but the answer to that is that, not only I but others, have, after dinner, before rising from the table, arranged a series of finger-glasses and tumblers, with various depths of water in them to cause them to give out different notes when struck, and then tapping their edges with a lead pencil, a knife blade or some other thing, have had her duplicate in space every note drawn from the 'musical glasses.' No trick bell

* No, on the materialistic scientists.—H. S. O.

worked beneath a woman's skirts would do that. Then, again, how often have people been present when she would lay her hand on a tree-trunk, a house wall, a clock case, a man's head, or wherever else she might be asked to try it, and cause the fairy bell to ring within the substance of the solid body she had her hands in contact with. I was with her at Mr. Sinnett's house at Simla when, all of us standing on the verandah, she made the musical sounds to come towards us on the air of the starlit night, from across the dark valley into which descended the hill-slope on which the house was built. And I was present when she made a bell to ring inside the head of one of the greatest of the Anglo-Indian civilians, and another to sound inside the coat pocket of another very high civilian at the other side of the room from where she sat.

She never could give a satisfactory scientific explanation of the *modus operandi*. One day when she and I were alone and talking of it, she said: "Now see here; you are a great whistler: how do you form instantaneously any given note you wish to produce?" I replied that I could not exactly say how I did it, except that a certain arrangement of the lips and compression of air within the mouth, the knack of which had been acquired by many years of practice, caused each note to sound simultaneously with the act of my thinking of it. "Well now, tell me: when you would sound a note do you think that, to produce it, you must put your lips, compress your breath, and work your throat-muscles in certain prescribed ways, and then proceed to do it?" "Not at all", I said: "long habit had made the muscular and pneumatic actions automatic." "Well then, that's just the thing: I think of a note; automatically or instinctively I work the astral currents by my trained will; I send a sort of cross-current out from my brain to a certain point in space, where a vortex is formed between this current and the great current flowing in the astral light according to the earth's motion, and in that vortex sounds out the note I think. Just, you see, as the note you mean to whistle sounds in the air-tube formed by your lips, when you put them into the right position, work your lip and throat muscles in the right way, and force your breath to rush out of this channel or lip-orifice. It is impossible for me to explain any better. I can do it, but can't tell you how I do it. Now try any notes you please and see if I cannot imitate them." I struck a note out of one of the tumblers at random, and instantly its echo, as if the soul of it ringing in Fairyland, would sound in the air; sometimes just overhead, now in this corner, now in that. She sometimes missed the exact note, but when I told her so she would ask me to sound it again, and then the note would be exactly reflected back to us out of the A'kás'a.

In connection with the above read what Mrs. Speer says (*Light*, January 28, 1893) about the musical sounds that used to accompany M. A. Oxon.

"September 19th.—Before meeting this evening we heard the 'fairy bells' playing in different parts of the garden where we were walking; at times they sounded far off, seemingly playing at the top of some high Elm trees, music and stars mingling together, then they would approach nearer to us, eventually following us into the séance-room, which opened on to the lawn. After we were seated the music still lingered with us, playing in the corners of the room, and then over the table round which we were sitting. They played scales and chords by request, with the greatest rapidity, and copied notes Dr. S. made with his voice. After Mr. S. M. was entranced the music became louder and sounded like brilliant playing on piano. There was no instrument in that room."

The musical phenomena were evidently identical with those of H. P. B., but with the radical difference that she produced the sounds at will, while in Stainton Moseyn's case they were beyond his control and most brilliant when his body was entranced. The Speer Circle had a great deal of these "fairy bells" first and last, and, I fancy, a fair amount of lies told by the spirits to account for them. For instance, Benjamin Franklin's alleged spirit told them (*Light*, March 18, 1893, p. 130) that "the sound you call fairy bells represents a spirit instrument, one used in the spheres." Yet he adds, "We could do much more for you had our medium a musical organisation, but it is a bad one for music." Why, if it were to be drawn from an instrument? That is almost like saying that Thalberg or Paderewsky could play their instrument better if the gasman of the building were not deaf in one ear! We may safely deny the "spirit instrument" theory, for we have the explanation in the fact that the more musical the temperament of the medium naturally, the more melodious the fairy bells that can be made to jingle in his presence. Moreover, in the case of a medium, the more deeply he is plunged into trance, the nearer and clearer may be the tintinnabulation of the bells, bells, bells!

H. S. OLCOTT.

THE OCCULT PROPERTIES OF PRECIOUS STONES.

IT is notoriously difficult to obtain anywhere, either in books, or outside of them, any reliable or really useful information concerning the properties of precious stones. An attempt was recently made by a member of the Theosophical Society to collect information on the subject, and his compilation was a useful one, even if more theoretical than practical.* Below are given some extracts—for what they are worth—from an article in the French *L'Initiation* of last March. Though there is nothing particularly new or startling therein, the extracts may not be without interest to readers of the *Theosophist*. One regrets, however, that the writer should, like so many of his colleagues of the modern French school of occult investigators, content himself with the mere shallows of his subject. Perchance he knows not where the deeper

* See "Theosophical Siftings," Vol. VI, No. 3.

waters lie, or is content to confine his investigations to the tempting but comparatively trivial phenomena of the astral plane. The extracts follow.

Polycrates, tyrant of Samos, was a happy man. One day from the height of his terrace which overlooked the blue wastes of the Ionian Sea, he meditated on his happiness and on the expiation he ought to expect for it. In order to disarm the fate which that mystic and ever-shifting ocean symbolised, he wished to sacrifice the most precious thing he had in the world. And just as, goaded by melancholy, the King of Thule had on one occasion cast into the waves his goblet of chased gold, so also, troubled on account of his too constant good-fortune, Polycrates threw into the sea his ring ornamented with a magnificent emerald. But one cannot buy-off destiny. The tyrant, pale with anguish, found in the body of a fish served at his table, the precious ring.

Nonius, a Roman Senator, possessed a very fine opal—a rainbow in a drop of milk. Mark Antony, by way of rendering homage to Cleopatra, desired the stone and did all in his power to obtain it. He was wrong, for the opal is a stone as unlucky and malefic as was the love of the beautiful Egyptian queen. But old Nonius preferred exile to parting with his stone.

If the ancients loved their gems so deeply, it is because they associated with them different ideas to what we do. For them a jewel was not only an ornament charming, but trifling, a glittering object destined solely for the decoration of the person ; it was more than that—an amulet, that is to say, an object possessing the property of warding-off bad influences, and endowed with the power of attracting good ones.

Go to the Louvre Museum and compare the jewels bequeathed to us by vanished civilizations with those sold to-day ; Egyptian or Assyrian gems with those offered for sale in the *Rue de la Paix*. There what wondrous art ; here, what vulgarity, what triviality ! The modern jewel exists no more than does modern architecture. If occasionally a thoroughbred artist bethinks himself of turning out a jewel possessing an individual character, how many can appreciate it ?

Essentially a symbolical object, as are all ornamental things, the jewel only acquires a beauty among races in which art expresses symbolism. The jewels of the ancient Asiatics, as well as those of the Arabians and Byzantines, are more beautiful than those created by the more realistic art of the Greeks and Romans. In the fifteenth century nearly all the great masters of sculpture and architecture were goldsmiths, as Ghiberti, and also of the numerous painters, as Verocchio, the master of Perugin and of Vinci, and as Holbein and Durer. And with regard to the jewels of that period are they not comparable to the fragments of gold work of the ancient Orient ? Brilliant artist though he was, Celleni did not succeed in producing high-class jewels. He imitated nature too closely. He did not know how to extract that quintessence

of forms which alone can give to the fine arts meaning and beauty. An *objet de luxe* ought to have a soul, under penalty of being nought but a vulgar failure. It will be a thing without beauty if it cannot bear witness to an ideal. The sacred gems of the ancients were inimitable models because they were pentacles. Such was the breast-plate of the Egyptian high-priest; such the jewelled tablet, *Urim and Thumin*, which the Hebrew high-priest wore on his breast.

To be a perfect artist, and to know how to adorn the human form, one must be somewhat of an astrologer. It is in studying the planetary influence exercised on stones and on their feminine types that we can discover the law according to which such or such a gem will suitably decorate such or such a feminine type, while it will be unsuitable to another type. It is well known, if one enters in this direction the domain of practical magic, that a gem will acquire the talismanic property directed to it by a magician's will, in exact proportion to the energy of the will, which absorbs a planetary influence, in order to project it into the stone ruled by that particular planet.

But I abandon the astral region and I confine myself now to the physical realm of the wearing of jewels according to astrological rules. In the first place, each of the seven planetary types of women will be suitably adorned by the stones corresponding, it may be, to the planet ruling that feminine type, or, it may be, to the planets friendly to the last named.

In these stones the mysterious and laborious work of the gnomes, the spirits of the earth, has concentrated the splendours with which the universal life intoxicates eyes that know how to see. In these multi-form prisms are enshrined the beauty of morn and eve, the splendour of the horizon, the brightness of the stars. But these laborious gnomes, allegorical representations of natural forces, which aid the evolution of mineral life—have they not given souls to these crystals?

The soul of the diamond, it is something more impenetrable than the inmost soul of women. Will one understand its psychology when its anatomy is ignored? Concerning its constitution there are not two chemists who agree. Newton and Lavoisier gave up trying to analyse it. It seems a sublime material, invincibly pure, impassably lofty. For it is all coldness as it is all brightness. Nothing can scratch it, no emotion seems capable of penetrating it. It lives in pure intellectuality, dull to all sensibility, dead to every passion, like a soul which, merged in the Absolute, has cast away both love and hate. Invincible, the ancients called it—*Adamas*. They called it also—the Solitary One. Isolated in the feeling of its power and pride, magnetic currents know not how to penetrate it; it intercepts them. Alchemists deemed it among stones as excelling in nobleness and beauty, as gold among metals, as the sun among planets. So too among their symbols they have included the *Schamir*, the mysterious and unique diamond whose possession opened to Solomon, the prince of Magi, the golden doors of entire knowledge. As

to the ordinary diamond a protective power is attributed to it. It gives peace and tranquillity. If you carry it on your left side it will protect you against your enemies, it will paralyse their efforts against you and destroy their snares. From the bite of ferocious and venomous animals, from the assassin's dagger, from danger of poison, from the anxieties of quarrels, from nightly terrors—which carry in their train illusions and fantastic apparitions, terrors which drown and cloud the reason—it will deliver you.

Like the diamond the sapphire is a sacred stone. It is its shining blue which ought to arise from the crescent fastened in the locks of Diana. It reserves the efficacy of its virtue for him who carries it on a breast beneath which beats a heart pure and sincere. Such an one fraud will never hurt; an atmosphere of peace will soothe his breast which corroding passions will never approach. Without doubt some hidden affinity attracts to the cold purity of the sapphire souls pure and chaste, those whom the luminary influence of Artemis affects. To each gem tradition attributes a curative property, thus, the sapphire cures head-ache and ulcers.

I salute thee, O Emerald, stone of the Magi. Among vervain crowns, thou shinest on the forehead of the Druidess; for like that flower, thou favourest works of love and divination. Prophets of by-gone days, seers who could raise the veil of the future, would place thee under their tongue before uttering oracles. Thou breathest force, energy, resistance against the blows of life. Thou reanimatest the old, and, if Aristotle is to be believed, calmest epileptics and those possessed. The chrysolite, particularly the green variety, when it is set in the metal which belongs to it, in gold, drives away phantoms and fear, the hauntings of insomnia, &c.

These hidden powers of the night, powerful to affect weak souls, the chrysolite drives away; it promotes wisdom and health. And the chrysolite topaz, beautiful as gold in fusion, calms water agitated by tempest or boiling. Let superficial *savants* smile in disdain; there is here an *arcantum* profound and true, which they do not even suspect, and it is in vain that I recall to them a phrase of the Apocalypse on "the Great Waters."

From a cup of amethyst you may drink the most heady wine, it will not affect your brain. To all intoxication, whether of wine or pride, the amethyst is opposed; and he whom she preserves from the intoxication of pride will be able to fit his mind for the acquisition of knowledge. And this is why the Christian church—which remembers little concerning the twelve mystic jewels that John of Patmos enumerates,—has preserved the violet amethyst for the episcopal ring. The beryl gives the power of being loved, it drives away pains in the diaphragm and liver. It gives to a woman man's love. The sardonix, modestly, gives to men the friendship of women. The lapis-lazuli, the azure gem of Venus, gives also love.

Defy the opal, it is perhaps the most fascinating and seductive of jewels. It is a rainbow veiled in a milky cloud. It is the whole vibrant beauty of colours shrouding itself in a mystery of whiteness. It is the stone of fate, similar to women whose fatal beauty destroys those that love them. Like the opal, the onyx is unlucky. The black onyx, with white veins, symbol of mourning, is the most evil-working: it brings disappointment, terror and irreparable quarrels with loved ones.

If the onyx has tortured you by peopling your midnight atmosphere with hallucinations and empty terrors, take the pale and humble calcedony which will drive from you phantoms, which will preserve your force and vigour.

The agate, above all the black with white veins, wards off danger and inspires courage against disasters and sickness. Consolation of those who suffer it loves also the happy, it brings them the delights of happiness, smiling good-humour, &c. Jupiter loves the agate.

The white coral protects against peril on the water, from lightning and tempest; it maintains good and prudent reasoning and arrests hæmorrhage.

Jet gives victory over enemies. "It is admirably adapted for that," says a *grimoire*. Tradition says Hercules carried a talisman of jet.

He who wears on his finger the jacinth can go anywhere in safety and without fear. Like the jasper it requires to be set in silver, for it corresponds to the moon.

S. V. E.

THE ETHICAL BASIS OF THEOSOPHY.

THEOSOPHY views man as a composite being comprising in his constitution the three primary principles of Spirit, Soul and Body. This tripartite nature of man is of universal recognition from Shintoism in the extreme East to Christianity in the West. The human soul, thus bounded by spirit on the one hand and matter on the other, has a triple aspect, *i.e.*, it is related to spirit, to matter and to self. Man's introspective faculty is dependent upon this relation of the self to the self, and out of it arises self-consciousness.

Being thus related, man is also a dependent being. Not only is he related as a unit of consciousness to the complex of his own constitution but by reflection, to all other units entering into the same order of being; each principle in him being in direct relations with the corresponding principle in all others.

It is upon this sense of relativity in man to his fellow-creatures, that moral responsibility and obligation rest. For, no sooner does the consciousness of this relationship awaken in man, than all his thoughts, feelings and actions, and thus his whole life gain new meaning and wider import. And with this knowledge his view of the laws of life opens out to include all men and things in a single constitution, whose

forces are so correlated and whose functions are co-ordinated to effect the maintenance of this complex organism of Humanity, and to preserve its integrity.

Nature does not fail to point him the lesson in a thousand ways. From astronomy he learns of the solidarity of the solar system, and sees the mazy motions of the planets and their satellites reduced to simple and harmonious revolutions when referred to their common centre; he sees, too, that while each body maintains an unimpeded motion in its own orbit around the sun, the whole solar system perseveres in a fixed path around some distant centre, at the amazing velocity of over 888 millions of miles per year; and this goes on without in the least degree affecting the internal harmony of the system. From physiology he learns of the interaction of the several organs of the body of man, down to the grouping of the simple cells, and he perceives that all is harmony and co-operation, diversity of function cohering in the unity of life. From a study of physics he comes to know the laws governing the aggregation of minute particles into geometrical forms, having major and minor axes of formation, around which the particles arrange themselves after a definite mode for the construction of the crystal; he learns also the laws relating to the polarization of mineral bodies, of attraction and repulsion, of para- and diamagnetic action. In these and countless other paths of knowledge nature points the lesson of universal consent to law, of the unity of life, of harmony through co-operation and of solidarity through harmony.

Man cannot, therefore, readily escape the consciousness of the part he plays in the economy of life, of his relations to the body of Humanity and of his consequent moral responsibility; and the consciousness of these things leads him to formulate an ethical system by which to regulate his actions in regard to his fellow-creatures, and henceforth he acknowledges the call of *duty*. Than the fulfilment of one's duty there is no higher rule of life, nor anything that has a wider and equally legitimate reach and influence for good.

Some speak of charity as if it were a compromise with duty, a gratuitous extension of one's powers in favour of another who is not his creditor. Others speak of it as if it were a duty in itself. Neither view is correct, for duty is justice and is all-sufficient, so that the greatest charity consists in doing one's own duty and leaving others alone. To suppose that charity can take the place of duty, or fill up deficiencies which duty has left unnoticed, is to say that the latter is incomplete and faulty and therefore in need of a substitute. But duty presupposes the putting into effect of all that is *due* to oneself and others, and this, if rightly applied to things in their beginnings and maintained throughout, would leave no room for charity. In our view of the relations of the individual to the race, charity, as commonly understood, is nothing but a patching up of bad work done in the past, an attempt to rectify the evil effects of deficient or mistaken duty; but it ignores entirely the causes which are constantly at work to produce

a continuance of those effects ; causes which, if attended to and adjusted, would but give place to a wider view of our obligations, while rendering 'charity' extraneous to a more perfect human polity.

Proportionately with the recognition of our responsibility as individuals and the application of this idea in the execution of our duty, the race, as a whole, is carried forward along the line of orderly evolution and unfoldment ; and I think it must be clear to all, that whatever the constitution is capable of can best be effected by each member thereof fulfilling his own part. The illustration of man's physical organism has frequently been used to enforce this idea ; and no better example could be offered since it is patent to every one from experience that the health of the body depends upon the efficiency of all the organs and the perfect co-ordination of their several functions.

The perfection of virtue is being true to oneself, for there is no greater virtue than fulfilling one's duty, which, when rightly considered, begins and ends in oneself ; for, as has been well said, ability is the limit of obligation. When perfection is thought of, therefore, it should not be considered as the close imitation of any excellent person. The injunction "be ye perfect," does not mean 'be ye like myself,' but rather 'be ye all ye can in what ye may' ; and the diversity of human faculty, to say nothing of the specialisation of the Ego which the scheme of evolution seems to require,—certainly warrants the interpretation. What is required is perfection along one's own line of evolution, so that by perfection in its members, humanity may become perfect as a whole. The functions of one man in the general constitution are not, and never can be, those of another. If there were two persons capable of fulfilling exactly the same office in the economy of human life, then one of them would be superfluous and the law of the conservation of energy in Nature would be overthrown by the incident. All that is required of us, therefore, is submission to the law of our individual being.

For these reasons it is imperative that man should study himself, and to good motive he must add the directing power of knowledge. Hence it has been said that before a man can effect anything of good with certainty "he has to learn the power of his own soul in the Universe." And this idea of knowledge as the directing power in the fulfilment of duty is well defined by Tennyson :

" Self-knowledge, self-reverence, self-control ;
 These three alone lead life to sovereign power,
 Yet not for power ; that of itself would come uncalled for ;
 But to live by rule, acting the rule we live by
 Without fear ; and because right is right,
 To follow right were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

Upon consideration of what has been said, it will be seen that morality is a relative thing, and that there can be no absolute or universal standard for action. Indeed the word morality itself indicates nothing more than *manner* or *custom*, and as such it is incident to time and

place. For reasons already stated, relative responsibility cannot be ignored; and in attempting to define the moral standard for the individual, many factors have to be taken into account. Not only birth, education and training, but also environment, both physical and social, must be considered as incidental, in a philosophical sense, to the expression of man's inherent tendencies. They have their influence, no doubt, in the formation as well as expression of character, but whoever reads with care Galton's "Enquiries into Human Faculty," will be persuaded that, after all, "Nature is stronger than Nurture." We are thereby led to consider the place of an individual in the scale of evolution when seeking to determine the gradient of relative responsibility. Hence do we make charitable allowance for those whose sense of right and wrong does not come up to our own standard. Further knowledge would remove all idea of charitable concession, and impose such action upon us as a duty pure and simple. What is wrong for one man to do is quite in accord with the standard reached by another, and hence a code of law which applies to all men upon an equal footing is wholly unjust, save as applied to the defence of public life and liberty. Between punitive and corrective measures there is a wide gulf, and transition from one to the other marks the moral progress of a nation. There is but one code of morality for all men, *viz.*, being true to oneself; and but one arbiter between right and wrong, the individual conscience. It is universally admitted that conscience is a thing of evolution, subject to gradual unfoldment and growth. At first man lives only by instinct, and all his actions have respect to self-preservation and to the propagation and protection of his kind. With the incoming of intelligence of a somewhat higher order, the feeling extends to the tribe, and later, to the nation; and only when the idea of *preservation through harmony* strikes in upon the mind, does the necessity for a wider relationship present itself to man.

It is only when the mind becomes aware of the voice of conscience, that moral responsibility is acknowledged and our feet set upon the path of duty, regardless whither it may lead us so long as our conscience tells us that we are on the right road.

Thus we learn to accommodate ourselves to the likes and dislikes of others, to exercise tolerance while making no compromise with our reason and our conscience. We endeavour to preserve harmony in and around ourselves, being assured that where there is the least friction there is the greatest progress, and for the same reason do we endeavour to find the line of least resistance while continuing in our course. In this we do but follow Nature. The tortuous stream finds its way to the sea by the shortest route, however it may appear to us when we view it from a mountain height, for the stream finds the line of least resistance. So, too, the lightning flash will not find a straight course the shortest to the earth, but by zigzag stages it nevertheless comes the quickest that it may. Thus the line of least resistance is that of the greatest progress and the greatest harmony. I use the word 'harmony'

in the sense of self-adaptation to the complex of internal and external forces at work in the life of man. In this sense it becomes the basis of our ethical system, and in its application to things in the abstract it is seen to hold good as a criterion; for Goodness, Beauty and Truth have but one test, *viz.*, Harmony. Theosophy bases its ethical ideas upon the concept of the solidarity of the human race and the essential unity of all forms of life. It sees that nationality only lies skin-deep, for man has but one origin, essentially one Nature, and arising therefrom, we mark the same desires, hopes and aspirations. Why then, we ask, should not man have a common cause? We listen to the voice of nature speaking through man and we hear but one universal language, the language of the heart and mind. The diversity which strikes upon us in the external world is but a passing incident of national evolution; and just as a mountain torrent branching out into several streams, gains in its course the qualities of the different soils over which it may flow, so the people of various countries reflect something of their natural surroundings and betray their respective lines of evolution in the language that they speak. Yet, like our streams, they have a common origin, and in the great ocean of life all these accidentals of their progress and evolution are merged and blended; titles are yielded, distinctions cease, and the life of the nation is lost in that of Humanity.

This, then, is the idea of the Higher Selfishness, which makes a man forgetful of his own advantage in his zeal for the good of the Race. Our complaint should be, not that man is selfish, but rather that he is not selfish enough, and is too readily contented by an immediate and circumscribed advantage. To be selfish for another is better than to be selfish for oneself alone; and if only we could extend the idea of *self* to include not only kindred and nation but all mankind in equal degree, we could not push our zeal too far. But ever to be mindful of one's own immediate duty and to fulfil one's own functions is primarily the basis of morality, and whatever hopes we may entertain with regard to the progress and perfectibility of the race, depend entirely on the sense of this responsibility in the individual. Therefore with good reason was it said

This above all, to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou can'st not then be false to any man.

W. R. OLD.

THE SA'NKHYA YOGA.

(Continued from page 481).

CHAPTER IV.

*The act (means) of Knowledge : Sensation ; Perception (pratyaksha);
Gautama's definition discussed.*

THE last chapter finished with a remark that the acts of knowledge were the means of knowledge. It is for this reason that they have been called instrumental manifestations. The words *Grahana*, *Darshana*, *Pramána*, *Jnána* in Sanskrit have the advantage of signifying both the act and the means. It is not a freak of language, but a deep truth ingrained in the human mind itself that words of this class represent. The acts of cognition are always for the human mind the means of obtaining the knowledge of the objects they cognize. This truth will become clearer as we proceed further. In the meantime however, let us turn to a consideration of the various means of knowledge. It needs no argument to establish that the knowledge of the external world is obtainable by man through the senses. Every human being is furnished with an apparatus of five senses. Each of these senses brings him a description of knowledge peculiar to itself. The authority of our senses is ever paramount. No one ever dreams of doubting it. The senses therefore furnish the first means of knowledge and they are of primary importance.

This means of knowledge is known in Sanskrit as *pratyaksha*, perception. The Sánkhya also names it *drishta*.

The second means of knowledge recognized by the Sánkhya-Yoga philosophers is *anumāna*, which is generally translated as inference, but which I would prefer to translate as induction.

The third means of knowledge, recognized by all the Sanskrit philosophers, is variously known as the *shabda*, the *áptavachana*, the *áyama*.

The Nyâya adds to these a fourth means of knowledge, which it calls *upamána*, similitude. The *Mímámsakás* recognize six means of knowledge. They are thus enumerated by Gaudapáda in his commentary on the Sánkhya Kárikâ.

1. *Arthápatti*, 2. *Sambhava*, 3. *Abháva*, 4. *Pratibha*, 5. *Aitihya*
6. *Upamána*.

Arthápatti is said to be divided into two kinds :

1. *Dreshhá*, 2. *Shrutá*.

They are variously enumerated as :—

1. *Pratyaksha* (perception), 2. *Anumāna* (inference), 3. *Upamána* (similitude), 4. *Arthápatti* (presumption), 5. *Shabda* (verbal authority).
6. *Abháva* (privation).

It will be useful to state here, that even the *Mímámsá* philosophers differ among themselves as to the number of means of knowledge. The followers of *Prabhákara*, a great *Mímámsâ* philosopher, recognize five only, omitting *Abháva* from the category of means of knowledge.

Charāvaka, the great Indian Materialist, recognizes only the authority of the senses.

Before we decide as to what number of means of knowledge is to be admitted, we must discuss the meaning given to these various means of knowledge by their advocates.

To begin with, the Sanskrit word, for what up to this time has been called the means of knowledge, is *pramāna*. The word *pramāna* is derived from the root *mú*, to go, to measure, with the prefix *pra*, giving the idea of fulness, and the suffix *ana*, which gives to the root both the idea of an act and a means. The radical idea, therefore, of the word *pramāna* is that of a substance, which measures any other substance to the fullest ; as also of the act of measuring. This applied to the mind would mean the means or act of rightful knowledge--any instrument, process, organ, power or manifestation, which serves to produce in our minds an exact equivalent of its original. Thus the sense of sight is a *pramāna*, inasmuch as it produces in my mind an impression of the exact color of the object before me ; the sense of hearing is a *pramāna*, because it produces in my mind an impression of the external sound. The mental acts which correspond to these sensations are also *pramānas*, inasmuch as in the mind it is these mental manifestations which produce therein exact ideal equivalents of the sensations, which call them forth. Philosophers differ as to the meanings they attach in their systems to the word *pramāna*. To this we shall have presently to turn our attention. Meanwhile to proceed with the *pramānas*.

The first *pramāna* which is recognized by all the schools of Indian Philosophy, and which is also recognized by Western philosophers, is the *Pratyaksha* or Perception.

Gautama, the founder of the Nyāya school of philosophy, thus defines *Pratyaksha*. "PRATYAKSHA is that act of knowledge, which comes into being by the contact of the organ of sense with its object. This knowledge should not be obtained through words (1) ; it should be true (2) ; it should not be doubtful (3)."

The Sanskrit word here for the organ of sense is *indriya*, and for the object of sense *arthā*. The word *jnāna* stands for the act of knowledge.

The word *jnāna* is a most important one in Sanskrit philosophy. It has several shades of meaning, and by confusing one with the other much mischief is sometimes caused. Let it therefore be understood here that it means an act of knowledge, and nothing else. But what constitutes this act of knowledge ? What happens when the organ of sense comes into contact with its object ?

Before, however, entering into a discussion of this subject, it will be necessary for us to understand the meaning of the word *indriya*. The word *indriya* means that which connects the external world with *indra*, a word meaning here the human soul. A *jnānendriya* is that which brings some knowledge to the soul ; a *karmendriya* is that

Charâvaka, the great Indian Materialist, recognizes only the authority of the senses.

Before we decide as to what number of means of knowledge is to be admitted, we must discuss the meaning given to these various means of knowledge by their advocates.

To begin with, the Sanskrit word, for what up to this time has been called the means of knowledge, is *pramâna*. The word *pramâna* is derived from the root *mâ*, to go, to measure, with the prefix *pra*, giving the idea of fulness, and the suffix *ana*, which gives to the root both the idea of an act and a means. The radical idea, therefore, of the word *pramâna* is that of a substance, which measures any other substance to the fullest ; as also of the act of measuring. This applied to the mind would mean the means or act of rightful knowledge--any instrument, process, organ, power or manifestation, which serves to produce in our minds an exact equivalent of its original. Thus the sense of sight is a *pramâna*, inasmuch as it produces in my mind an impression of the exact color of the object before me ; the sense of hearing is a *pramâna*, because it produces in my mind an impression of the external sound. The mental acts which correspond to these sensations are also *pramânas*, inasmuch as in the mind it is these mental manifestations which produce therein exact ideal equivalents of the sensations, which call them forth. Philosophers differ as to the meanings they attach in their systems to the word *pramâna*. To this we shall have presently to turn our attention. Meanwhile to proceed with the *pramânas*.

The first *pramâna* which is recognized by all the schools of Indian Philosophy, and which is also recognized by Western philosophers, is the *Pratyaksha* or Perception.

Gautama, the founder of the Nyâya school of philosophy, thus defines *Pratyaksha*. "PRATYAKSHA is that act of knowledge, which comes into being by the contact of the organ of sense with its object. This knowledge should not be obtained through words (1) ; it should be true (2) ; it should not be doubtful (3)."

The Sanskrit word here for the organ of sense is *indriya*, and for the object of sense *arthâ*. The word *jnâna* stands for the act of knowledge.

The word *jnâna* is a most important one in Sanskrit philosophy. It has several shades of meaning, and by confusing one with the other much mischief is sometimes caused. Let it therefore be understood here that it means an act of knowledge, and nothing else. But what constitutes this act of knowledge ? What happens when the organ of sense comes into contact with its object ?

Before, however, entering into a discussion of this subject, it will be necessary for us to understand the meaning of the word *indriya*. The word *indriya* means that which connects the external world with *indru*, a word meaning here the human soul. A *jnânendriya* is that which brings some knowledge to the soul ; a *karmendriya* is that

which connects the human soul otherwise with the external world. To the Sāṅkhyas it is a power, to the Naiyāyikas an organ.

Here we have only to do with the former, the sense powers. The question is, what are we to understand by the word *indriya* in the above extract from Gautama? An investigation into the texture of the human gross body tells us that each of the organs of sense is made of certain nerves and other appliances; that all these organs are connected by means of certain nerves with a certain part of the brain, whereto the impressions of the external objects are carried. If there is something wrong with the brain, the nerves, or any other part of the apparatus, the act of that sense fails. This whole apparatus then from the outermost part to the brain constitutes the organ of sense (*indriya*).

Now what happens when an external object comes into contact with an organ of sense? We shall see later on, what this contact means—with this organ of sense. The sensory nerves are put into such a motion as to exactly represent the external object, and this motion, this picture in fact, passes on to your brain, and makes its home there. The impression can be recalled in various ways. We can draw a picture of the object we have seen; we can sing a song we have heard, and so on. It is plain that the exact representation of the object of sense has all the while been present in the brain. How otherwise could it come out as it was when the object came into contact with the sense? Now it is this sensuous representation of the external object which is the immediate product of its contact with the organ of sense. The motion of the sensory nerves, which constitutes this image, is called sensation, the exact representation is variously called the image, the picture. Sensation in the language of Gautama is called *Pratyaksha* and the image or idea is called *jnāna*, as appears from the wording of the aphorisms. The contact then of the object and the sense produces in the brain a certain pictorial representation of the object. The mind takes no part in this much of the process of perception. If this definition were to exhaust the process of the knowledge of the external object, the mind would count for naught. So remarks Vatsayana, the commentator of the Nyāya Sūtra. “Well then, does it not happen (in perception) that the soul is joined to the mind, the mind to the organ of sense and the organ of sense to the object?”

The answer which he gives to this question is that all the three processes are necessary to complete the act of perception. Gautama while defining *pratyaksha* does not mean to define the whole act, which constitutes the cognition by the mind of external objects. The act of cognition is known as *upalabdhi*.

The *pratyaksha* (sensation) of Gautama is only the cause of the cognition (*upalabdhi*) of the external objects. It is not that cognition itself. It is in the terminology of English philosophy sensation, not perception. Perception would be, but this would not be the *pramāna* (means of knowledge) of Gautama. The *pramāna* is the sensation, the means or immediate cause of perception.

Before proceeding further into a discussion of this subject, we must give our attention for a moment to the three conditions of the production of this sensation, which form part of the definition. The first condition is that the sensation should not be given birth to by words. The knowledge of colour comes to us through the eyes. The same impression, however, which is produced directly by the eye, might also be produced by certain words. Thus, I see a red cap, and thus I know it. If I do not see the red cap and only hear the words 'red cap' pronounced within my hearing, my mind gets the same impression. This latter however is not *pratyaksha*. Thus a necessary condition of this sort of knowledge is that it should be obtained directly through the action of the sense, which appertains to any particular description of knowledge; and not indirectly through words. We shall have occasion to further discuss this sort of knowledge when we come to the third means of knowledge.

Let us now look to the second condition, that it should be true. The word which I translate as true is *avyabhichári*. This word is a compound of the deprivative *a* and *vyabhichári*. The latter comes from the prefix *vi*, which gives the idea of removed from and *abhi*, which signifies in front of, added to the word *chári*, which means a mover. *Vyabhichári* means one who moves towards anything, but is removed from the true line over which he should move. In ethics it means immoral. Here it would evidently signify knowledge which appears to be true, but is not in reality such. The example which the commentator gives is that of a mirage. He says:—

“During the hot season the solar rays falling upon earth vapours, and thus moving in waves, come into contact with the eyes of a distant (man), and thus produce upon his mind the impression of water. Now because this knowledge is produced by the contact of the sense with its object, it fulfils the conditions of the ordinary definition of *pratyaksha*, hence it is *pratyaksha*. Such however is not the case.”

This example is very important from many points of view, and we shall have occasion to refer to Vatsayana's example of the mirage. Here however we have only to see a necessary condition of the means of knowledge we are discussing. It must always be true. In the above example, if the currents of what Vatsayana calls earth-vapour in the atmosphere, had actually been the currents of water, the phenomenon would have been *pratyaksha*, not otherwise. This discloses to us a very important truth of philosophy. Our senses are to be trusted, and in Indian philosophy they are of supreme authority, but under certain conditions they are not to be trusted. These we shall have to postulate further on, if we are to learn from our senses anything of value.

Meanwhile to examine the third condition: “that it should not be doubtful.” You see from afar, as Vatsayana has it, something hazy—it might be dust or it might be smoke, but you cannot distinguish

between the two. Well this doubtful knowledge is sensuous. Is it therefore *pratyaksha*? No! says Gautama. This should be excluded from the definition of *pratyaksha*. The knowledge which is obtained through the *pratyaksha*, should be certain.

We thus find ourselves introduced to a division of the mental powers on a principle different from that which we find obtaining in modern Western philosophy. The *pratyaksha* of Gautama is not the sensation of the West; nor does his *pratyakshu upalabdhi* cover the whole range of sensuous perception. In Western philosophy sensation and perception are equally sensation or perception, whether the knowledge which they bring be true or false, doubtful or uncertain. Not so in Indian philosophy. Gautama as well as the Sânkhya philosophers make a distinction between those sensuous and mental manifestations, which represent the things as they are, and those which for some reason or other do not represent the things as they are. When therefore studying Indian philosophy, we must take note that here there has been made a distinction between those acts of cognition, which become the means of right knowledge, and those which become the means of wrong or doubtful knowledge. The proper translation therefore for Gautama's *pratyaksha* would be rightful sensation and his *pratyaksha upalabdhi* rightful perception.

This distinction becomes necessary when one sets himself to the specific task of investigating the means of right knowledge. The Western philosopher secures this by laying down the conditions of the right action of the senses independently of the definition of perception or sensation. The Indian philosopher makes the conditions the very life of the definition; and he makes those manifestations, when acting under conditions quite the reverse of the former, an independent class of sensations and mental manifestations. And indeed from this point of view they are different; for, it is the conditions of manifestation that make different classes of life-manifestations. Wrong or doubtful knowledge has other names and other definitions. These will be examined at their proper place.

So far we have directed our attention to sensuous perception—perception, that is to say, which depends upon sensation. This is called in Sanskrit *vâhya pratyaksha*, external perception, or *indriya pratyaksha*, sensuous *pratyaksha*. This however is not the only *pratyaksha upalabdhi* (perception) known to Gautama's school. To Gautama as well as to Kapila and Patanjali the mind (*manas*) is itself an organ of knowledge—a sixth sense in fact acting both independently and in community with the other organs of sense and action. All the manifestations of the mind except those that depend directly upon the senses, manifest themselves by the internal power of the mind. Such are the phenomena of pleasure and pain, the phenomena of judgment, and so forth. All the conditions of perceptive knowledge obtain here except one. There is direct knowledge of these mental phenomena (1). There knowledge is always

true (2). There is never the slightest doubt as to the existence and nature of these phenomena (3). The knowledge of these phenomena is therefore, perceptive knowledge, but it is not caused by sensation. The lines of its production are different from those of external perception. Hence is this sort of perception styled internal. Thus there is a *vártika* on the aphorism of Gautama above cited:—

“It must also be said that the definition of *pratyaksha* should comprehend such objects of knowledge as the *A'tma*, &c., pleasure, &c.

“The *A'tma* of Gautama is the subjective manifestation of the mind, and the source too of this mental manifestation. Of this however later on. Suffice it to say here, that the existence of subjective mental manifestation, and other internal phenomena of the mind are matters of direct cognition to Gautama.”

This then is the *pratyaksha* of Gautama. I shall now before entering into other connected matters examine the definitions given by other philosophers.

RAMA PRASAD.

(To be continued).

THE FOOTSTEPS.

A STORY OF A REMEMBERED PAST.

MY belief in Palingenesis, or Re-incarnation as the modern Theosophists call it, is not merely a theoretical one; it is based upon what for me are certainties. I am as surely convinced that I lived a life on earth before this present one, as I am that to-day I put pen to paper to write out for the benefit of others my strange experience. If I have lived one life on earth before this present, I see no reason why I should not have gone through many existences, or, as the author of the “Light of Asia” puts it, “passed from house to house of flesh.” I can lay claim to no psychic development, to no gifts of seership, to no training in the occult sciences, and it is perhaps on that account that my discovery of the history of one of my previous lives, is all the more valuable to me. If I have been a student of magic or occultism at all, it has been merely on the theoretical side. Why the events that led to my recalling my previous existence should have happened, I cannot say. I see no reason or cause for the strange events that befell me, marked as they were by that curious spontaneity which would appear to attend even the psychic experiences of those who have trained themselves to walk in the paths of occult science. Though the incidents that I am about to relate, contained much at the time that strained my life to its fullest capacity, that made me a changed man, I can now quietly write them down, for they brought me in the end a life-long friend and a clue to much that had previously puzzled me.

It was on the 15th May, 1883, so my diary tells me, that I first heard the sound of the footsteps that were to play so important a part in my life.

It was about 11-30 p. m., and I had just finished an article for the *Cyclops*, of which I was then the editor. I forget the subject, but I remember it was something entirely mundane. The rooms I was then occupying were in Mary St., Chandos Square; consequently I was well within the hum of the great metropolis. My article finished, I rose from my writing-table, crossed the room and seated myself in my favourite arm-chair. My mind relaxed from its previous strain began wandering, butterfly-like, from subject to subject, finally resting on the problem of palingenesis, which had by some chance formed the topic of an interesting conversation at the Club that afternoon between myself and some three or four friends. The subject had proved more than usually interesting to all of us, and I found myself now recalling with a keen pleasure the various views of the subject presented. In particular, I passed in mental review, the arguments as to whether, supposing we had lived on earth in the past, it would much benefit us in our present state, if we were able to recall some of our experiences. The general opinion had been that we were better as we found ourselves to-day on the other side of the river of Lethe, and my own mind was to this way of thinking. However, I thought, a few cases in which individuals had remembered past experiences would be useful; as one could judge by their present whether the experience of the past had made them wiser; but such cases unfortunately seemed not forthcoming. At all events there was no satisfactory evidence on these matters, so that the question resolved itself for me after all into one of mere hypothesis.

I had reached this conclusion, when suddenly my attention was drawn to the sound of footsteps in the street. It struck me as strange that amid all the different noises of the busy thoroughfare, I should have been able to single out any particular footsteps. The theatres were many of them just discharging their audiences, and at that hour there was an unusual bustle without. Yet the footsteps were perfectly distinct and individual. As they approached I noticed a peculiarity about them. There were two clear steps and then a curious slur or scrape of the foot at the third step, as if the walker had dragged the foot over the pavement. This was repeated, and it became evident to me that it was a characteristic of the gait of the individual, whoever he might be. I listened attentively, in a way attracted by the peculiarity mentioned. It was so regular, so even, that I felt a curiosity to see the individual. He seemed to be approaching, as far as I could judge, on the opposite side of the street. I crossed the room, and drawing aside the curtain looked out.

The section of the street in which I lived was at that minute empty; there was not a soul in sight. Yet I heard the footsteps distinctly, the two firm steps and then the curious drag of the foot! The man, if man he were, surely seemed to be passing just opposite my window on the other side. The street was brightly lighted, and, just opposite my window, was a friendly lamp-post. And yet I could see no one!

I was puzzled. No theories of echoes could account for the matter, and still I could hear the footsteps quite clearly. A person passed rapidly

by on the opposite side. It was a woman. I could hear her quick short steps, and I could also hear the footsteps of the invisible person as he seemed to be. I watched the woman, but she seemed to hear and see nothing, for she passed on and turning the corner was soon lost to view and hearing. The other footsteps too were dying away and I could but faintly hear them now.

I turned away from the window in perplexity. I had not yet the curiosity to go into the street to investigate the curious incident. A feeling of something approaching uneasiness took possession of me. That strange halting walk seemed somehow familiar to me, became connected in my mind with something terrifying, ominous of evil. Murmuring something to myself about superstitious fancies, I turned out the gas in the sitting-room, sought my couch, and was soon asleep.

It was my usual habit to sleep soundly till the servant roused me in the morning. However on this particular night I awoke suddenly, sitting upright in bed, listening. By that curious prevision which often attends a sudden awakening from deep sleep, I knew that in a minute I should hear again the footsteps that had perplexed me a few hours before. I waited, my ears strained to catch the sound. Two steps and then the curious scrape of the foot. On the footsteps came, slowly, steadily! A shiver ran through me. This time I was distinctly nervous.

I got out of bed, opened the folding-doors that separated my bed-room from the sitting-room, and crossed to the window. The footsteps were quite close now. The city was asleep and they sounded out clearly. And I could see no one! At the corner of the street stood a policeman. I watched him eagerly. He could not fail to hear the steps. He would turn or show some sign, I felt sure. But the officer of the law apparently heard nothing and saw nothing, though the steps, as far as I could judge, passed close to him! Again that creep of horror came over me. 'Can it be possible?' I thought, 'that I am the victim of an hallucination, that no one but myself can hear those steps?' And yet, I reasoned, 'why should I suddenly become the victim of an hallucination of that particular form?' There was an individuality about the footsteps, a very marked one, and the delusion theory seem unsatisfactory in the highest degree.

I returned to bed—to pass some restless hours between sleeping and waking, and rose in the morning feeling by no means refreshed. I thought over the events of the night without arriving at any satisfactory conclusion.

From that night, for nearly six months, I was a *haunted man*! Wherever I went I heard those footsteps, at all times, in all places—and I never saw their owner! I might be amid the busy hum of the great city, myself intent on business, and yet from out that rush and whirl would arise those footsteps clear, distinct, individual; the two clear steps, the shuffle, and then the two steps again. I knew them, I recog-

nised them. I grew in time to anticipate them too, and many a time waited in an agony of expectation which never failed. In the streets in the broad daylight, in the afternoon at the Club, in the evening in my rooms, in the silence of the night, I would hear them, approaching slowly, slowly, draw near, and then die away in the distance!

I often questioned my friends, but they could never hear the steps that nigh drove me wild; and I could see they did not understand me. They may have thought me mad, and perhaps they had reason from their point of view, or rather hearing. My life grew a very burden to me. I consulted doctors famous for their treatment of nervous diseases. I described to them my 'symptoms,' as I called them. They advised change of air, tonics, and so forth. I gave myself a short holiday, and while away I escaped from the footsteps but not from the memory of them. Business soon forced me to return, and scarce had I been in the metropolis more than three hours, than I heard the familiar footsteps again.

I tried to laugh the matter away, but it was no good. Then I underwent a course of mesmerism at the hands of a well-known professor. It was useless. I could never escape, and the sense of some impending evil grew upon me till it seemed to enter into my very life and soul. I felt that before long I must sink beneath this terrible weight. I had tried another holiday, but this time the steps had followed me to my retreat. I was at the end of my resources and I felt there was nothing for me, but death and the silence.

One afternoon, wearied to the last extremity in body and mind, I entered the reading-room of the —— Club, of which I was and am now a member. I threw myself into a chair and listlessly turned over the pages of a review. My mind was engrossed with the all-pervading subject of the footsteps and I gave no attention to the paper in my hands.

A sound of persons entering the room attracted me and I looked up. I recognised Carfax, a well-known publisher and personal friend of mine. He was accompanied by a man who was a stranger to me. Carfax greeted me, remarking how ill I looked, and expressing the hope that there was nothing seriously the matter with me. He introduced his companion as a Mr. Vinton, a traveller and an authority on ancient literature, particularly the writings of the Mystics. I had heard of Vinton and looked at him now with some curiosity. Rumour had it that he knew something of the practical side of occult science.

After a few minutes Carfax left the room for the purpose of consulting a book in the Club Library and Vinton and I were left alone.

Our conversation turned on the value of a certain famous library of occult books that was then being dispersed, and I was much struck with my companion's wide-range of knowledge on the subject.

But scarcely had we conversed for more than five minutes, when the terrible footsteps broke once more upon my ear. I started involuntarily, and the review that I had been handling fell to the ground.

Vinton turned and looked at me. It was impossible for me to conceal my agitation, and, moved by an inward impulse, I told him the story of my woes, imploring him if he could help me, to relieve me from the terror that possessed my soul.

It was some minutes before my auditor spoke. He seemed lost in thought and entirely abstracted. I waited anxiously for him to speak. At last he opened his lips. "My poor friend," he said, "you have certainly suffered, but I believe I can help you." I could have wept in sheer relief! I felt somehow a strange confidence in Vinton and firmly believed that I was now nearing the end of my misery.

I ventured a question: "And what do you advise me to do in the matter?" I said.

"Follow the footsteps next time you hear them," was the prompt reply.

"But I have tried that before," was my rejoinder, "and have always lost them."

"Yes, because you have never really made up your mind to follow them at all hazards," said Vinton. "You have always been afraid and consequently undertaken your task in a very half-hearted manner. Let me give you some advice. This present case of yours is one of those in which the threads of the present life, aye, and of past lives too (though you may not believe it), which bind two people together, are held in the hands of a third person. In the present case, I am that third person. You are yourself a factor and the other is as yet to you an unknown one. It happens now, by *chance*—if you like the expression, that I am in a position to restore certain broken threads. Probably this is the only occasion in which I shall be able to render you such a service, and I am anxious that my function shall be properly performed. Will you therefore promise to follow my advice?"

I cheerfully complied, feeling that come what might, things could hardly be worse for me than they were then. Besides I had this undefinable confidence in the man.

I received my instructions, they were short and explicit. I was to go home immediately and take a couple of hours' rest till dinner-time. I might expect to hear the footsteps at the usual time, about 9-30 P. M. I was to follow them immediately at all hazards, firmly resolving in my mind not to lose them. Vinton himself promised to see me again during the evening, though where he did not say. And so we parted.

Hastening from the Club, I hailed a hansom and was whirled home. It was half-past five when I reached my rooms, and following my friend's advice lay down to rest at once. I slept soundly for exactly two hours, though it was never my custom to sleep at that hour of the day. I awoke refreshed, dined, and sat down to await what I believed would prove the hour of my deliverance.

I felt singularly calm, and my nerves, though highly strung, were yet steady. I believed I should have the resolution to follow the footsteps when they came. Perhaps my despair, and the feeling that this was my last chance, lent me a fictitious courage.

Nine struck on my travelling-clock and then half-past. I felt my time had come. My hat and stick lay ready to hand. At 9-30 I heard the footsteps faintly in the distance. I stood on my door-step, calmly, patiently waiting for the steps to pass my door as I knew they would before long. A minute passed and they drew near. I waited till they had passed the door and then *followed*.

Doubtless what I am now about to write may seem passing strange, it may be absurd, but with that I am not concerned. Like Pilate, when I bring this strange narration to a conclusion, I must cry, "What I have written, I have written"—and leave critics to do their worst; I care naught what the flippant reader may think.

I followed the footsteps which preceded me a few paces. They were distinctly audible to me and to me alone. Strange though it may appear, I took no notice of the direction in which they led me. My mind was differently occupied. These steps now seemed to represent for me various phases of human emotion and passion. They appeared to shadow forth the elements of the human desires and hates that composed some dire drama, some ghastly, horror-stained tragedy! Yet they had the same characteristics as formerly—the two steps and then the shuffle; but the *suggestion* in them was different.

They conveyed to my mind the idea of treachery, of slinking, cowardly treachery; the remorseless, pitiless hatred that would betray an innocent man, aye, and even a friend, to a shameful death.

The steps moved on and I perforce followed. And now in me arose a horror, a loathing at the moral baseness suggested by those crafty, stealthy steps. A betrayer was abroad in the night, remorselessly tracking down a victim; and the loathing arose in my breast so strong that I could scarcely contain it! Then on a sudden my psychological state changed entirely, absolutely; or was it the footsteps that altered? And yet they seemed the same and had the same characteristics.

In my mind now arose a feeling of pity and compassion. Before me there seemed to be walking one of those innocent, harmless, gentle souls, whom the Christ is reported to have referred to as the "little ones" of the earth. In an instant my mind was drawn to the association of the ideas, suggested by treachery on the one hand and harmlessness and innocence on the other. I seemed on the moment to be borne into the current of a dire tragedy—the betrayal of an innocent soul to death.

The blood throbbed fiercely to my temples, and in my breast rose a wave of tumultuous emotion, and loathing, passionate hatred for the treachery, and an overpowering sense of pity for that innocent soul, who was being tracked down to his doom,

Writing these things now in the quietness of the after years, I can scarce realise how completely I was wrapped up, carried away by the vividness of the drama suggested to me by the footsteps that night; but reviewing the matter in the light of the after knowledge I acquired, I can see that two streams of force, so to speak, were meeting in me, one working from below up, the other from above below; my mental faculty quickening my psychic and the psychic intensifying the mental. To return however.

Before long I felt that the tragedy of which I was in a sense the onlooker was about to culminate. The steps grew fast and hurried. In my mind arose pictures of cruel and shameful deaths, of the headsman and his axe, the blood-stained scaffold, and gloomy prison walls. Before my eyes shimmered a blood-coloured mist, and in my ears voices seemed to whisper: "Betrayed to death." "Betrayed by his friend." "Oh the shame of it,—the misery of it! Betrayed, given up to death by his friend, his dearest friend!"

On rushed the footsteps, so rapidly now that I could scarce detect the curious halting that had been so marked before. And now they broke into a run and I, to keep pace, was forced to do the same. To this day I know not the streets I traversed, remembering only that the hurrying steps led me, now breathless, to the door of a house in a quiet retired street, far away from my own residence.

The door of the house stood slightly ajar, and moved by an irresistible impulse I rushed in, and was up two flights of stairs before I realised it. Facing me was a door. The footsteps sounded in front of me now. I turned the handle of the door and flung myself into the room.

A young man stood facing me. In his hand was a revolver and it was pointed to his temples. In an instant I had flung myself on him, and seizing the deadly weapon before he could recover himself, wrested it from his hand and sent it crashing through the window. Then exhausted I threw myself into a chair. The young man remained where he was, apparently stupified, as well he might be. I heard steps on the stairs and in another minute Vinton had quietly entered the room. He surveyed us both and then seated himself, motioning to the occupant of the room on whose privacy we had so unceremoniously broken, to do the same. The younger man mechanically obeyed.

A stranger meeting I have never known! There we three sat, strangers to one another, and one of us had just contemplated death by his own hand!

The room in which we were seated, as I now had time to observe, was an artist's studio. Around it were pictures in various stages, and the usual smell of paint and varnish pervaded the apartment.

Vinton was the first to break the silence. I had been expecting him to speak, indeed had been waiting for him, feeling utterly unequal to making any remark, so bewildered was I. I fancied this was all some dream, and as I reviewed the events of the evening my brain grew still more confused.

"Sir", said Vinton, addressing the artist, and pointing to a picture before him, "that work of yours is a great one, and it will bring you the fame you have so long and earnestly desired. There is no need for you to despair." The artist looked up and at the speaker, then across at the picture referred to, and finally burying his head in his hands burst into tears. Poor fellow, he had surely been strained to the uttermost to raise his hand against his own life!

No need for a recital of his history. The barely furnished room, his shabby clothes, his pinched and hungry look all told their sad tale. Here was one of the many cases of unrecognised genius that abound in our great metropolis.

Without asking for any explanation of our unceremonious visit, the artist told his simple story of unremitting toil, of bare subsistence, of disappointed hopes, despair, and finally the resolve to end his existence. There seemed somehow nothing strange in his narrating his story to two strangers. The common barriers of life were swept away in what we all felt to be the crisis of at least two lives. Then by common and tacit consent we arose to examine the picture.

Yes, as Vinton had said, it was a great work. "Betrayed and Betrayer" is a picture now well known to the world; yet no one till now knew its secret history but we three who sat together in that poor room that night.

On the blood-stained, horror-draped scaffold of the French Revolution stood a man about to die, and against the side of that platform of death leaned the man who had betrayed him to the shameful death. On the face of the condemned was a look which spoke of a brave and resolute spirit that had conquered the shrinkings of its poor frail body, and was now prepared for the great change, standing on the brink of the dark, swift-running river of death. The sun that glistened on the ghastly knife of the guillotine, played round the head of the doomed man, throwing into full view his earnest, upturned features, intensifying the light of the bright, piercing eye, emphasising his undaunted bearing, his noble carriage. And yet the man was deformed! So it seemed; but in spite of it all the dignity of his bearing was such that it drew the eye by its irresistible charm and brought into the sharpest contrast with it the horrible surroundings of death. Ye so-called apostles of freedom, upholders of a vaunted but false liberty, preachers of an equality that existed not among you, members of a red-handed fraternity, what power had ye, what power could ye ever have over a soul so resolute, so irresistible in its spiritual power! And there stood the betrayer, cowering—a witness to the success of his treachery, his eyes now fixed on his victim and in his heart already growing up a shame, a horror of self-reproach that he must bear with him to his dying day. Who, choosing between the two, would not rather have stood innocent on the scaffold though condemned to death, rather than a free man at its side, knowing that he had betrayed his best friend!

Never before, and never again, have I, or shall I be so moved by any picture as I was by that. *And the scene was familiar to me! I knew it!* The strangeness of the hour, the incidents of the evening, the awful pathos of that picture, crushed me. I was utterly overcome, and crossing the room with uncertain steps flung myself into a chair, groaning in spirit though myself I scarce knew why.

Vinton seated himself near me and laid his hand on my forehead. I was tired out and made no resistance. In a few minutes I slept, and as I slept I dreamed—but it was surely not a dream, for in that state of consciousness into which I then entered, I learned the key to the mystery of the past, and knew that the picture I had been gazing on was the drama of my past life and that of the painter whose life I had saved that night.

Of what use is it to go into details? I know and with that knowledge comes the certainty—that Claude Fremart, the artist, was the betrayed,—and I myself was the betrayer! Never can the memory of this past life of mine fade from me, nor ever the shame I feel when I realise the dreadful deed of treachery that blots the pages of this now closed book of my life—I who had fancied myself *sans peur et sans reproche*. And the woman who had loved him, my friend and more than brother, and from jealousy of whose love for him I had slain him, what of her? I know not. May there not be in store for me a retribution bitter yet deserved? Who can tell? Perchance the merciful fate which allowed me to save my friend in this life from a self-inflicted death—thereby in some measure atoning for the past, may show me how I may recompense that woman, if I meet her, for the awful wrong I inflicted on her lover.

The footsteps, the peculiar gait which in that fearful Reign of Terror had enabled me to track my poor friend down to his death, were now the means of bringing me to him in his hour of need; but how to account for them I know not. That Fremart too should have been able to paint so accurately the picture of our joint past lives, without any suspicion of what he was really doing, is a matter that fills me with wonder; and the thought strikes me that perchance many an artist does the same, and that much of what is called *inspiration* is in reality *recollection*. Verily, in these matters, like the poet,

“I falter where I firmly trod.”

Claude Fremart who, of course, was told and realises the truth of the strange story of the past, is now a world-famed artist and will ever be my greatest and dearest friend. Lives like ours that were united in the past, even though once divided by my great sin, can yet, it seems, be yet closer knit together; and doubtless in lives yet to come my friend and I, his once betrayer, will battle together in the great waters, to find some day a surer and firmer resting-place together.

And Vinton has wandered forth over the face of the earth again, as is his wont. He it was who held some of the threads of our tangled life-

skain, and it may be that at some future date he may tell us more of the strange forgotten past that lies behind us. But for the present, perhaps as he said to us at parting: "It is better for us to walk steadfastly forward in the light of the glimpse of the past that has been accorded, remembering always that each moment we are weaving for ourselves a destiny that must be encountered in the future."

PERCIVAL GRAHAM.

THE OCCULT BROTHERHOOD AND THE KOR'AN.

THE following extracts from the Mahomedan Korán are interesting as apparently referring to the Brotherhood of Adepts whose existence is believed in by many in India, both in and outside the Theosophical Society. They are quoted by the writer for what they are worth, in the hope that any readers of the *Theosophist* who feel the inclination may comment on or further explain them.

"SURAI KAHAT," SIPARA XV (says "THE WORD OF GOD") :—

Ver. 8.—"Do'st thou consider (know) that 'Companions of the Cave' and 'Al Rakim' were one of our signs and a great miracle?"

Ver. 9.—"When the young men took refuge in the cave, they said, 'O Lord, grant us mercy from before thee and dispose our business for us to a right issue.'

Ver. 10.—"Wherefore we struck their ears with deafness, so that they slept without disturbance in the cave for a great number of years.

Ver. 11.—"Then we awaked them, that we might know which of the two parties was more exact in computing the space which they had remained there.

Ver. 12.—"We will relate unto thee their history with truth. Verily they were young men who had believed in their Lord; and we gave them abundant knowledge.

Ver. 13.—"And we fortified their hearts and constancy when they stood before the tyrant, and they said, 'our Lord is the Lord of heaven and earth; we will by no means call on any God, besides him; for then should we surely utter an extravagance.'

Ver. 14.—"These our fellow people have taken other Gods, besides him; although they bring no demonstrative argument for them: and who is more unjust than he who deviseth a lie concerning God?"

Ver. 15.—"When ye shall separate yourselves from them, and from the deities which they worship, except God, fly into the cave. Your Lord will pour his mercy on you abundantly and will dispose of your business for you to advantage.

Ver. 16.—"And thou seest—that the sun when it rises declines from their cave towards the right hand, and when it goes down it shrinks from them towards the left—and they are in the open space of the cave, This is one of the signs of God. Whomsoever God shall direct he shall be rightly directed, and whomsoever he shall delude, thou shalt not find any to defend or direct him.

Ver. 17.—"And thou wouldst have judged them to have been awake while they were sleeping and we caused them to change sides. And their

dog stretched forth his foreleg at the mouth of the cave. *If thou shouldst see them thou wouldst turn back and fly from them filled with terror.*

Ver. 18.—“And so we waked them from sleep, that they might ask questions of one another. One of them spake and said, ‘how long have ye tarried here?’ They answered, ‘we have tarried a day or part of a day.’ The others, said ‘your Lord best knoweth the time ye have tarried, and now send one of you with this your money into the city and let him see which of its inhabitants hath the best and cheapest food and let him bring you provision from him, and *let him behave circumspectly and not discover you to any one.*”

Ver. 19.—“‘*If they come to know you they will stone you or force you to return to their religion and then shall ye not prosper for ever.*”

Ver. 20.—“*And so we made it known any how to the people what had happened to them, so that they might know that the promise of God is true and there is no doubt of the last hour.* * * * *

Ver. 21.—“*Some say the sleepers were three, and their dog was the fourth, and others say they were five, and their dog was the sixth, guessing at a secret matter, and others say they were seven, and their dog was the eighth. Say my Lord best knoweth their number: none shall know them except a few.*”

Ver. 22.—“*Wherefore dispute not concerning them—and ask not from any of them (people) concerning them.*”

Ver. 24.—“*And they remained in their cave three hundred years and nine over.*”

Ver. 25.—“*Say God best knoweth how long they continued there. Unto him are the secrets of heaven and earth known.*”

* * * * *

THE STORY OF THE CAVE (FROM TAFSIR HUSSAINI) ASHWAB-I-KAIF:
(COMPANION OF THE CAVE).

“There was a certain king of very low birth in the olden days named Dakianus (Decinus or Decino?) who was an atheist and believed in no God. The city of ‘Afsos’ was his capital and he converted his subjects to his own creed by sword, and his tyranny over them knew no bounds. He slaughtered innumerable men, women and children who refused to follow him in his vagaries.

“At last when a general massacre took place, it was brought to his notice that there were six ‘respectable’ young men in the city who would not accept his creed, nor would they appear before him. The king sent for them, bade them accept his creed, and warned them saying that if they did not do so within three days they would be put to death.

“Those young men who had firm belief in their God did not accept atheism or idolatry and fled from the city and were in their way met by a shepherd who followed them together with his dog to their retreat in a cave of a rock, situated beside the mighty mountain named ‘*Taba Khalus,*’ where they remained asleep in secrecy for over *three hundred years,* and on waking found that they had slept a little too long, but none of them could say exactly how long they had been asleep”.

“These seven men”, writes the commentator, “were mysterious persons, traditions about whom vary. Hazrat Ali, the highest of Muhamadan initiates, calls them ‘*Companions of the Cave*’ and names them as follows:—

1. Yamli Khú; 2. Maxal mira; 3. Mash liná; 4. Mar nush; 5. Dabar nush; 6. Saz nush; 7. *Mar tanush*; 8. *Katmir*; (‘The dog’).”

The last named 'Katmir' is described as 'dog', but from what is said about him it is clear beyond doubt that the word 'dog' is a figurative expression and meant some sort of creature far superior to the being indicated by the word inasmuch as, says the commentator, "this mysterious dog, though the fugitive drove it away, would return and persistently followed them. Whereupon *God caused him to speak and he said, 'I love those who are dear unto God, go to sleep therefore, and I shall guard you.'*"

"The Muhamadans have a great respect for this dog and allow him a place in paradise. They also write the name of 'Katmir' as a talisman on their letters to preserve them from miscarriage" (See Sales' Qurán, foot-note, page 218).

Then again the "dog" is not considered a contemptible creature among all nations.

There are sects and men who hold it sacred and worship it. It does not therefore necessarily follow that the appellation here given to one of the adepts was intended to convey an idea of contempt, but on the contrary, what is most probable is that simply a "watcher" is meant.

The commentator further explains in distinct terms that these "Companion of the Cave" are "Abdals" (higher adepts or Mahátmas) "who rule the destinies of the seven worlds." It is also stated by a Muhamadan Historian that the Khalifa Moáwi-Yáh, in an expedition he made against Natolia passed by the cave of the seven sleepers and must needs send somebody into it. Notwithstanding Ibuc Abbas remonstrated to him pointing out the possible dangers of it. Saying *that a better man than he* (meaning Muhamad the prophet) had been forbidden to enter it, and he repeated verse 17 quoted above. But the men the Khalifa had sent, went in, and no sooner entered the cave than they were struck dead by a burning wind.

F. T. S.

THE HARP AND STREAM OF LIFE.

AN ALLEGORY.

IN a garden filled with birds and blossoms a maiden stood. In her hands she held the harp of life, and as she moved, she touched the strings which were made of human hair, fastened with rivets of precious stones in a frame of gold. And the first string was held down by a blood-red ruby, and the second by a diamond, and the third with a topaz of gold color, and the fourth by an emerald, the fifth by a turquoise of blue sky tint, the sixth by a sapphire, darkly blue as a deep deep sea, and the seventh by an amethyst, clear and pure as the mingled tint of a crimson sun set on a sapphire sky.

And the first string was made of human hair of ebon blackness, and the second of hair of brown hazel shot with gold; the color of the hair of the third string was auburn, and that of the fourth dead Venetian gold, the fifth was bronze, the sixth iron-grey, and the seventh silvery white.

And on the harp the maiden played the song of life from youth to age. And as she touched the strings the spirits of the blossoms thronged around, each drawn from its cup. The snow-white lily came and drooped her six-petalled star over the sapphire rivet that like the blossom gave forth rays in six points. And the white dog-rose with her five petals stood next; and a transparent poppy with four petals bowed her sleepy face, till the garden was emptied of its blooms. All came, and last of all, a sweet white blossom forming a complete circle, a symbol of the perfect chord. And then the melody of the harp changed to sadness, and a wailing of despair—the cry of lost souls seeking rest, but finding it not. And the spirits of the blossoms shrank and shivered and trembled as in pain. Next the notes grew quicker and passed on to love and passion. She who knew naught of life played on all the varied chords of human feeling, passion, anger, hate, and the rainbow hues that danced and rayed from the gem rivets and blossoms turned to darker shades, and mingling with the music's vibrations passed in thrills away,—for being earthly they could not last, and sank into the ground.

As the music died away, the maiden took the string the turquoise held; next the string of golden hair, and wove a marvellous melody of love and sympathy; for the golden hair was the key-note of nature and of the harp. And the pale shrinking blossoms drew near again at the tones, breathing their sweet fragrance. Within the maiden's breast rose strange yearnings to drink of life's sweet fountains,—she knowing not that all things that seem to exist, are but the shadows of eternal verities. And as the maiden yearned a voice said, "These are but fleeting shadows, child, that thou would'st grasp." And she answered, "Ah! but they are beautiful, let me play with them, e'en though they must pass away—as doth the sweetness of my harp's voice; but back the echoes come, and in dreams I hear the music, still, far away, sweeter than ever." And the voice said, "Behold! doth the mist quench thy thirst or the clouds thy hunger? Lo! even so are the shadows thou would'st grasp, for they will melt to their void again."

But the maiden, like a child, cried to taste life, and the spirit of the garden saw it was good for her to learn the bitterness thereof through the sweet mist of illusion.

The maiden played again and her fingers wandered idly over the murmuring strings, till they touched the chords of love and sympathy, and the key-string snapped in her harp and the golden hair freed from its rivets sprang into the air where zephyrs blew, and disappeared from her sight.

And when she saw what she had done, she laid down her harp and wept. What were all the strings without that one golden note that drew all nature to listen to its sweetness? And she wandered listless in the garden for the want of that one golden strand, *the one* that breathed the sweetest music and the most sympathetic tones, and though she

yearned to taste of earthly life, something within her stirred her to seek a light far away.

* * * * *

A youth sat fishing in the stream of life, and by his side lay a pile of gasping creatures—dying. And though the sand was strewn with them, he was not satisfied. Again, and once again, he flung his line with its cruel barbed hook hidden in the bait, out into the stream, till there chanced to come down on the bosom of the rippling waters, a woman's golden hair, a single golden thread, waving with the currents swell and flow. As the sunlight flashed upon the golden thread, the glint of it fell across the face of the youth, and thereupon arose in him a great desire to possess it. So he flung out his barbed hook, but as though instinct with life, the hair moved aside, and on.

“And shall I lose it thus?” he cried. “If I should have to plunge into the stream for it, I will.” And he cast off his garments and brought the hair ashore.

With it in his hand he left the pile of dying fish upon the sand and walked thoughtfully away. “’Tis passing strange but though ’tis only a hair, it seems to draw me on,” and he found he could not resist, and followed till it led him to a garden. And it was the garden of life. In it walked the maiden disconsolate for the loss of the key-string of her harp. And the youth saw she had a veil of golden hair that shimmered ’neath the checkered light and shade of the trees, and as she walked she put out her hands to feel her way.

Sweeter than the fairest blossom of that garden was she to look upon, and yet the eyes, blue as the summer vault of heaven, saw naught, though mirrored in their clear depths the world reflected itself in miniature detail. And yet she was *blind*, utterly blind and helpless! And though she heard the sounds around her, she walked uncertainly with outstretched hands as one in a dream. Thus she had wandered for many years in the garden of life, after the loss of her harp’s key-string, sometimes quickened into joyous life when in the sunshine, and at others saddened where cold shadows fell across her path.

Out of the checkered shadow of the trees the maiden walked slowly forth, till she stood in the open fields, with a flood of sunlight around her. Again the hands groped about till they pointed to the East, where the sunrise drove the dawn before it.

For a moment she stood still and then walked on facing the glory of the sun, with glad hands stretched forth to meet the warmth and light. And as she walked there, the youth saw her, and he approached with the golden hair in his hand. Behind him lay the splendour of the dawn, but he saw it not, for he seized the maiden’s groping hands that opened like the petals of a flower towards the sun. And as he imprisoned them, his shadow fell across her form and face, shutting out the sun-light. Quiveringly the small hands fluttered like frightened birds in the strong grip. Her heart beat with terror as she felt a thicker darkness than her blindness fall across her eyes. “Ah!” she gasped, “the sha-

dows of the trees ne'er seized me thus." And far away a voice said, "Tis the shadow of man that hath darkened thy path." But she neither heard nor understood, but trembled.

"I am man," the youth said. "Art thou man?" the maiden asked. "Ah! then perchance thou knowest where the sunlight lives, and can guide my footsteps, for if thou can'st throw so dark a shadow, surely there must be light somewhere. And thou wilt help me. It is somewhere there." She tried to free her hands to point out the way, but he held them fast locked in his. "Foolish dreamer! There is no light there, nor anywhere. Look to me, Love, I am thy Light, sweet one. Behold this golden thread that came floating down the stream, and brought me to thy side." And he held out the golden hair to her, and when she felt it, she knew he had found her lost chord, the missing string of her harp. "Oh! give it to me," she said, "'tis the key-note of my harp." But he laughed, and a passing zephyr drew the hair out of his hand, and it floated away. "And if thou hast found the key-string of my harp, surely thou art wise, wiser than I who lost it." "I will trust him," she thought; but she drew her hands away. "Give them to me," he cried, "and I will guide thee." Yet she feared and resisted still. "Ah! Take not my hands," she pleaded. "I will walk by thy side, and if thou art man and strong, and have not seen the light, how am I who am so blind to know that such a thing exists? I feel some day that I shall find it, but never if thou holdest my hands, so leave them free to grope and grope, and perchance I shall grasp it." He laughed loud and long and said, "If there is a light, I will help thee to find it;" but in his heart he meant it not. And for all she said to him, he but tightened his grip yet more, and led her captive into other gardens, where a new world of birds and flowers existed. And one day the maiden drew a strand of hair from her golden wealth and restrung her harp, but she played only sad music.

And day by day the shadow of the man grew darker by her side shutting out all light and warmth, till she knew not what she did. So that she, who had walked, stood still, and forgot her quest. And one day she left her harp where the wind blew and fell asleep. And as she slept she dreamed of escaping from the life that had become hateful to her. But as long as the man watched over her she remained by his side, though longing to go in quest of the light he had turned her footsteps from. It happened however that as he slumbered on, the sun rose and the maiden freed herself and shook the dewdrops from her tresses and loosened the clutch of his hand. And in his sleep the man talked: "I will not let her go," but she walked quickly along the path to meet the sunrise once again as she had done before. And as the man lay slumbering he thought he saw the maiden fleeing from him, and he awoke and followed her, with his heart hot with rage, that he should thus be foiled.

And he found her groping her way and again took the hands roughly within his own, but she flung them off. "Ah! stand aside," she panted.

“ There is the light. I feel it when thy shadow doth not fall across me.” But he heeded not her pleading, and taking her by the arm turned her face to the west and stood aside mocking. “ Where is thy light ? ” ; and she could not tell, till once more her hands went forth in groping search, and when he saw he could not prevent her facing the light—though he could puzzle her—he grasped both her hands and dragged her forth. And as he walked he looked at her with anger in his eyes as she wept by his side. But so hot was he with wrath that he saw not that her hair had parted in two rifts, to let through wings of snow, that had grown, when he lay slumbering. And he dragged her on and flung her into a cage, and as he did so the drooping wings tripped him up, but he rose again and flung her in and saw for the first time the white, trailing wings.

“ Ah ! ” he said, “ I have more reason now for caging thee, fair dove, for it seemeth thou canst fly as well as walk.” But she knew not what he meant, till she stretched forth her arms and struck the bars, and found her pinions caught in them. And the shock of it all thrilled through her nerves, and the blindness fell from her eyes like a veil, and she saw the cage which shut her in.

For the first time then the maiden saw the world,—and it was red with the light of a setting sun, a crimson glory staining it with hues of blood. And when she beheld it, she shuddered and wrung her hands in anguish at the horror of it all, for she saw her cage glow molten red, and fiery words stood out above, and the words were—“ In the cage of a man’s desire.”

And outside her jailor stood with a smile upon his face and said, “ I will let thee out if thou wilt give up thy madness, and rest thy hands in mine.” But she leant away from him against the bars, till they burned into her flesh, for she felt she had given him her hands too easily in days gone by.

And to this day woman gives man only her left hand, for she holds the right in readiness to defend herself, nor will there be unity of spirit in this world till she freely places both hands in the man’s, in perfect trust. In days to come those who hold back the right hand will be few in the land, but now the many do this.

Then the maiden looked up and said, “ Why hast thou done this thing ? ” And he laughed in her face as he answered, “ I wished to conquer thee at any price.”

And she bowed her head in her hands and wept.

Once more she looked out between the bars, but there was no escape, and the dull red glow frightened her—till she implored to be set free, and he opened the door and let her forth saying, “ Wilt thou let me pluck thy pinions, or must I cage thee again ? Nay struggle not so, yield thyself to me.” And she saw there was no escape, but something within whispered, “ Give in if thou wishest to recover thy liberty—be with him and yet not of him.” And he said—seeing her relent—“ Behold I have found the way to subdue thee,” and with quick fingers

he plucked the snowy feathers forth. And as he did so the woman said, "Stay thy hand, tell me shall I find peace if I give thee these—that bore me from the ground?" But he answered, "Can'st thou not see they lift thee up, till I am left behind?" And the voice said within her breast, "Let him take all save the two that edge the fringe of thy pinions."

"Then the maiden leant towards him so that he might the more easily pluck forth the feathers. Aye, and even more, for she saw it was wiser to give with her own hands as well as let him take, and she seized the snow-white angel pinions, but though he with ease flung the snow-drift on the breezes, she drew hers forth with pain and sacrifice. And as each feather left her hand it fell heavily to the ground, for it was weighted with her life's blood; but he saw it not, and laughed as the white drift floated hither and thither at the will of the winds. At each handful he said, "Nearer to me at last, no more to rise and soar away." And he laughed a mocking laugh: "Ah! earth-bound bird—see," he said, "I have robbed thee of thy snowy pinions, they hang naked on thy back. All thy feathers are gone save one in either wing, and they seem part of thee; but for all that, I will tear them forth." And he put out his strength and strove might and main, but the feather remained firmly imbedded. He loosed his hold and turned to the left wing. And for the first time he saw the blood, and exclaimed: "Whence cometh this crimson stream?" The woman answered not, but drew forth one bleeding feather after another, and he helped her, though he saw her life-blood welling forth till her feet stood in a pool of crimson.

And as she stood there so utterly weary with pain—for she had drawn forth every feather save the two, one in either wing, and they hung down like a pair of swords edged on both sides—the man stood by her and looked at them with wrath in his eyes. "Thou would'st keep them," he said, "to anger me. Show me how to grasp them." But she shook her head. "I will," he said. "'Tis thy fault I cannot hold them strong enough to pluck them out by the roots."

But the wing feathers drove through his hands, till the blood poured out upon the ground. And the woman who had leant back this while, sank upon the ground pinning the man's hands down into the earth, up to the hilt of her naked pinions. The aggressor lay prone pinned down fast, and the woman fainted and lay there like a marble statue upon him, till he could bear no more and cried out, "Move her; the burden is greater than I can bear;" but she stirred not till the sun set and rose again. And as his beams fell on the cold white face, rigid with pain, the life that lay paralysed woke again and the weary eyes lifted up their lids. Then she saw for the first time "not as in a glass darkly, but face to face."

She drew herself up on to her hands, and the sharp wing feathers remained behind, and she saw the man pinned down as though by them; yet 'twas the fixed muscles of his hand that held them then. No longer

any need had she of the wings, for she had carved out her freedom. But the man cursed the woman till she shivered. "Let go," she said, "and rise"; but he could not.

"Thou art lying", he said, "my hands are rivetted down by thy evil magic." "If thou wilt not loosen thy hold," she replied, "I must free thee by drawing them out through thy fingers." And he said, "draw," and as she drew the silver feathers forth his hands remained behind. In each of her hands she grasped a sword. "Help me up," he said; "open thy palms and let those feathers fall." But the woman could not.

Seeing that she would not let go, the man in his rage once more fastened the woman in the cage, where beforetime she had been confined. In the cage she rose to her knees and knelt with the silver feathers crossed on her breast, and her eyes looked around with wonder in them; for the crimson bars of the cage expanded and paled as she knelt there day by day. Eve after eve her gaoler came at sunset with the same word on his lips, "Yield up those plumes and I will set thee free." But she smiled as she looked to the far horizon, where a silver star rose over the dark-blue hills. Day by day the bars of the cage rose higher and wider till they reached into the sapphire blue of space above, around, and touched the sun's disc at dawn and eve. Yet the man knew not that his cage had expanded. There came a day however when he found the woman no longer kneeling, with a look of expectancy in her starry eyes. And he asked her—"Where is the cage I set thee in? Why art thou standing up? Kneel as of yore—and to me." But she moved not, only swept her hand above, around—and he saw that in her eyes which filled him with vague unrest. She looked at him with sad pity, and she held out both the silver plumes to him. "Take them, I need them not." A light came into his eyes as he exclaimed, "Ah! I have conquered thee at last: thou wilt give me the plumes after all." Into his outstretched hands she placed them, and spoke: "And thou did'st cage me with thy desires and deprived me of my plumes which would have floated me forth on the ether of space and imagination. Thou did'st rob me of the ideal and thoughtest to bring me down to earth's dark hell. But behold the ideal hath become the real, and with these swords I leave thee to carve out the way for thyself." No man can pass on his experience, but he can give away the key feather from each wing, if he chooseth.

"Farewell", she said, "we shall meet again"; and the man who held the feathers in his hands looked up and exclaimed, "Thou shalt not go—I am thy keeper." But as he spoke she rose into the air without an effort, till she floated further and further away from his vision. Then she was lost and melted away like a snow-flake 'neath the sun.

And the man looked around in wonder. "I have her feathers," he said, "I have won them from her, methought I had robbed her of her wings—it seemeth she can fly without. Why did she let me rob her as I did, and these plumes, what are they, that she would not

give them up?" As he turned them over, they grew strangely heavy, and he dropped them out of his hands, for they grew too burdensome for him to hold. He stooped down filled with wonder, and tried to lift them up.

"And I thought they were feathers," he said, "she must have known, and she hath fooled me." Wrath filled his soul when he saw he had been outwitted by a woman, and he swore a great oath to himself by the heavens above, her that he would yet be even with her. With the twin swords he would hew her to pieces, and he stooped to pick them up, and behold on each were these words engraved deep—"Truth" and "Intuition." He took up the one bearing the word *Truth*, and so sharp was the blade that it cut him to the quick. He let it fall and seized *Intuition*, but that also cut him and fell out of his grasp.

And he watched the two swords which he could not grasp, as though they were living things. As he looked a delirium came over him—for the silver brightness of the swords dazzled his eyes, and he muttered to himself, "I will stab her with the one and hew her with the other." What are "Truth" and "Intuition" to me but unknown quantities? I will carve my way to her with them." And he knew not that for the first time he spoke sanely. "I thought they were feathers, and behold they are swords. The ways of women are passing strange."

On the rock of Obstinacy the man sits watching the swords he dare not grasp, and sometimes his eyes scan the heavens, searching for the captive he once held in his grasp. Perchance he may yet see her again

VERODA.

THE PANCHAMUKHI, OR FIVE-FACED MAHA'LINGA.

IN the latter part of the last century, my grandfather came out to India in the service of the late H. E. I. C., as a soldier in one of their regiments, the 84th Royal Irish, I believe; but whether such a regiment is at present in existence I am not able to say. During the progress of some of the campaigns that took place in the early part of the present century between the English and some of the Indian princes in Central and Northern India, he, my grandfather (according to my family traditions) one day came across a batch of five or six men belonging to his regiment, in a forest where the regiment was then encamped, enjoying themselves, by rolling and pushing about on the ground, what appeared to be a captured wild animal. On going near, he found that the object of the soldiers' rude sport was not what he at first supposed it was; but a decrepit old man almost in a state of nudity, having a long beard and matted locks of hair. His sympathy being aroused, my grandfather interfered; and by using his influence, both as a non-commissioned officer and as a man generally respected by his comrades, for intelligence and good character, succeeded in extricating the strange looking individual from further molestation, and in sending the tormentors away from the place; the hairy and hoary patriarch watching silently

what was being done. After giving the Ancient time to recover, and the tormentors time to move off, my grandfather was about to retire; but, the old man asked him to follow him; and taking him to a cave hard by, asked him to sit on a stone near the entrance.

I must here state that my grandfather was said to have been quick in acquiring languages. He probably was so, for his descendants are not behindhand in this respect. The hermit then descending into a stream not far from the mouth of the cave, purified himself by ablution and ceremony. He also purified my grandfather, by pouring on his hands water mixed with grass or leaves. After this he entered the cave and returned with a small parcel held between the palms of both hands, and after going through some gesticulations, he deposited the parcel wrapped in yellow cloth in my grandfather's hands, and spoke to him words to the following effect: "Stranger, those rude men came here to-day, and disturbed my peace and my meditations, and they would have killed me with their cruelty but for your help. It was not death I feared, but defilement. I was a stranger and you pitied me with a pure compassion. I cannot allow you to go without obeying I's'vara's command, I's'vara warned me last night that he would change his abode. The Great I's'vara will bless you and your children. I have nought to give but what I have given. The holy symbol wrapped in this cloth was brought years ago by holy men from a far west country, and was worshipped for ages at Kotîs'vara: It was thence removed when Mahomedan inroads began, and made its abode in sacred Oojein, and was worshipped there for centuries, being one of the twelve great Lingas. When the Mahomedans conquered and destroyed the sacred city and its temples, I and my father fled with it to this forest, which it chose, and made its abode. It is sacred and powerful. Why it has chosen you and your abode I know not. Preserve it with the greatest care, for it is the great I's'vara himself."

Promising to take great care of the talisman, my father left the sage. It was in this remarkable manner that the Panchamukhi I showed Colonel Olcott the other day at Adyar, came into our possession. My grandfather after attaining the rank of sergeant-major, the highest attainable I believe in those days by soldiers in the army, lived to a good old age and died at Masulipatam.

The talisman then descended to his son, my father, who had also entered upon military service and saw a good deal of fighting. He was present at the siege and capture of Bhurtpore and took part in some of the Pindari and Mahratta campaigns. So great was the confidence reposed in his skill as a veterinarian, that he was placed "in independent charge," or as it would be termed in these days, was made Honorary Veterinary Surgeon to a native cavalry regiment. He died about 18 years ago at the good old age of 76, highly respected by all who knew him. Of his sons, the eldest entered the ministry, but died at the early age of 55. The second adopted the legal profession, and is an Advocate of a local Indian High Court. The third is

a Brigade Surgeon-Lt.-Colonel in the I. M. S. The three brothers, thus, strangely represented the three learned professions, Divinity, Law and Medicine. I mention these facts to show how strangely circumstances arose verifying the prediction of the sage, who long ere this must also have gone to his rest. In India I know that both amongst Hindus and Mahomedans a very strong belief exists in the supposed good or bad influences of gems. It is not unusual to reckon the prosperity or downfall of a family, from the period when a jewel of some kind came into the house. This belief most people would say is a mere superstition. It may be so, or it may not. It is not a point that I feel called upon to decide. I will not therefore go the length of saying that the undoubted gradual elevation of the simple Irish soldier's family was owing to the influence of the Panchamukhi. I mention the circumstance merely as a strange coincidence, leaving it to others to draw what inference they like.

During the time of my grandfather and father, the stone referred to was kept with the greatest care and secrecy, and seldom seen or exhibited. They having both been soldiers, and not having had occasion for much intercourse with Hindus, never had their curiosity aroused, or the means at hand of discovering the real character or nature of the rare treasure entrusted to them. To them it was a mere curio, a talisman or charm for good luck, a fancy stone. My father retired from the army into civil life when I was very young, thereby giving his children better opportunity for collegiate education; and the nature of my work as a legal practitioner necessarily brought me into close and constant contact with all classes of Hindus and Mahomedans. Besides, I had taken great pleasure in studying the vernacular languages and in reading works on Hindu Philosophy. When the jewel came to me I was just as ignorant about it as my father was. But, on exhibiting it one day to some Brahmin clients, my eyes became partially opened to its wonderful peculiarities.

From that time pundits and shâstries from various parts of the country called to see it, and enlarged my knowledge concerning it. Amongst these one morning came a learned *joshi* or astrologer. Being a *Vydeek* he would not pollute himself by entering my bungalow. He stood at the gate and sent a request to have the stone brought there. Being desirous to learn all I could, I went with it. He sat down on the sward holding the jewel in his hands, and gazed intently at it for some time. He held it towards the sun, and showed me for the first time the translucent character of the faces (eyes). He weighed it in a small pair of scales. He searched thoroughly, and being satisfied apparently with its genuineness, exclaimed, "Satya padârtha! satya padârtha!" He burst into tears, letting them fall upon the curio. And this man, too proud in his self-righteousness to expose himself to contamination by crossing my threshold, held the stone which he had taken from my hand, with the tips of the fingers of both his hands and applied it over and over again in a reverent manner to his eyes.

On my asking why he wept, he answered, "Because that is our god. How it came into your hands I don't know. It is the great Panchamurthi, which we read of in our holy books and of which our fathers have told us. We thought those days were long since past. But to see such a wonder with my own eyes, and to know it is in a place where pûjah cannot be performed to it, breaks my heart." On the news that I had the Panchamukhi spreading, even Brahmin women came occasionally, bringing a small brass *lota* containing milk. They washed the Panchamukhi in it and took the milk away to be given to children sick of fever. Their simplicity amused me. One thing, however, I must say, did surprise me. An old Mahomedan client who generally had his eyes in a degree more or less congested, and on this account wore colored glasses, applied the curio five times alternately to his eyes. He said this would cure him as the stone was "*Pir Sulliman bin Darood*" (St. Solomon, son of David). I saw him some days after with eyes perfectly clear. This was probably an instance "of faith cure." Bairâgis and sanyâsis from various parts of Northern India come and see the curio when their rambles led them to the south. They say it is the only Lingam of the kind to be found, and that even the far-famed shrines of Benares, Rameswaram, Mahableshwar, &c., do not contain such another. It may therefore be reasonably inferred that it is the only one of this description in India.

Having given you thus a somewhat lengthy and, I am afraid, tiresome account of the history of the stone gathered from family traditions, let me now give a description of the object itself; and some account of the information acquired from pundits regarding its mystic teachings.

The Lingam, or Phallus, as readers are aware, was from the earliest ages an object of worship in various parts of the world, and especially in India. It was the worship of the creative and re-productive powers of nature. The symbol chosen for the purpose of adoration was a figure of the *membrum virile*, the creative organ in man. This symbol was made generally of stone, but sometimes of metals or other materials, and of sizes varying from a few inches to several feet. When worshipped, the Lingam or Phallus is placed in an upright position to symbolize the male principle in an active state. This form of natural religion, to judge by the numberless monuments and emblems found scattered about all over the world, appears to have been almost universal in extent in bygone ages.

The symbol in the earliest ages was, no doubt, like the one in my possession, a figure of the *entire* organ; though later on it was modified into a cylindrical stone with a conical point at one end.

The Lingam or Panchamukhi I have is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length and $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches in width, and in shape and outline represents the *entire* male organ. This, as I have already said, is a point indicating its extreme antiquity, being coeval with the earliest ages of phallic worship. It has upon it (not carved but imbedded and inherent) five black

circular spots, four of which are perfectly round and more or less the size of the black or blue circle in a human eye. The fifth one, though also circular, is rather irregular ; its outline appearing to be made up of the circumferences of three circles intersecting and overlapping one another, and making its outer boundary something like the figure of clubs in a pack of playing cards. It is considerably larger in size than the other eyes. Each eye is bounded by the circumferences of two parallel circles one within the other, the space between the circumferences being tinted with blue. When held towards the sun between the thumbs and forefingers of both hands, the left hand inverted over the right to cut off the surrounding light, it will be seen that light passes through the eyes which then assume a red colour, and show a pupil and iris in each eye. The large irregular one, however, shows three pupils. In it three eyes appear to be contained. When the light is bright and clear, the hidden beauty of the stone exhibited in the way just described, will strike the beholder with astonishment. Even delicate veins appear traceable. To these 'faces' or eyes belong, according to the Mahalinga Purána, the names of *Sadyojáta—Vámadeva—Aghora—Tatpurusha—*and *I'sániya*. The 'Aghora,' consistently with the description in the Mahalinga Purána and S'abara S'ankara Vilása, is larger than the other eyes, and contains three eyes in one. These 'faces,' to use the Puránic term, represent the five faces of I's'vara or S'iva in the east, west, north and south ; the I'sániya being his face in the firmament. The lesson to be inculcated appears to be that I's'vara, or S'iva, fills the immensity of space and is Omnipresent. I have no doubt these 'faces' have some occult meaning, which I don't know. The pundits could not, or most probably *would* not, disclose that to me.

The situation of these faces, two on the obverse, and three on the reverse, indicates that I's'vara knows all the past and all the future and is Omniscient. The description of the 'Aghora' being in accordance with Shástraic requirements, so also is the position of the I'sániya, which is found at the highest point of the phallus when placed upright. That zenith standpoint is supposed to command supervision of the entire universe. Again, according to the Purána, my curio, which is a white lingam, has five colours, including orange, the colour specially appropriated to S'iva. These colours are supposed to represent the five elements. Again, the curio, not by carving but in its own formation, contains an irregular figure of five sides and angles ; the *Pancha Kona* ; the five-pointed star. The angles are said to represent the great five-lettered name of S'iva. The five lines bounding the figure are called *sútras*. They indicate the five senses or the planes of man's life. All these are said to be according to the great Panchamukh of the Purána. The Aghora represents the numerals one and three. If the Aghora be taken as one, the number of eyes is five. If it be taken as three, the total number of eyes is seven. In this manner the mystic numbers of all ages, three, five and seven, are evolved. The Aghora is also said

to represent the Hindu *Tri-múrti* or Triad, Brahma, Vishnu and S'iva, three in one and one in three. But as I's'vara is represented with three eyes to denote the triple energies of creation, preservation and destruction, the Aghora in an especial manner represents him. The three pupils in Aghora are points of a triangle and S'iva is known by Orientals to be the god of the triangle. The pupil at the apex is termed fire, the flash from which is to cause *pralaya* or final doom, by universal conflagration resulting in a new creation, when will be introduced *Satya Yuga* or the age of truth and righteousness.

The teaching of the Christian scriptures regarding final doom is remarkably similar to the above. St. Peter in his 2nd Epistle, chapter III, and the 10th and following verses (R. V.) writes as follows:--

"But the day of the Lord will come as a thief; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall be dissolved with fervent heat, and the earth and the works that are therein shall be burned up. Seeing that these things are thus all to be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy living and godliness, looking for and earnestly desiring the coming of the day of God, by reason of which the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat? But according to his promise, we look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

Again, the Aghora represents the triangle enclosed within the circle. This symbol has in all ages been regarded as most sacred and mysterious.

In the Christian Bible, 3, 5 and 7, are mystic numbers, the last representing perfection. Instances are too numerous to be enumerated. In the third chapter of Zechariah and the 9th verse, are found the following words (R. V.):—

"For behold the stone that I have set before Joshua; upon one stone are seven eyes; behold I will engrave the graving thereof, saith the Lord of hosts, and I will remove the iniquity of that land in one day."

S'iva—I's'vara—Mahés'vara—Mahádeva,—has five places and is known as the Panch-mukh. Like the Triophthalmic Jupiter of the Greeks, he has three eyes and hence is named *Trinetra*. His appearance is fully described in the Mahálinga Purána, and that description corresponds with the marks of identification in my curio.

The stone, though a special emblem of S'iva, contains the *Trimúrti* and is acceptable to Hindus of all sects.

The Mahomedan I referred to called it *Pír Sulliman bin Davood*. The seal of Solomon is said to have been the five-pointed star.

In the Old Testament there is the mysterious passage—"Upon one stone are seven eyes"; and this is a sin-purging stone; what does this mystery mean?

I must also state that Hindus and Mahomedans declare that the curio has several talismanic powers, to call which into play *pújahs* require to be performed.

Now as to the nature of the stone itself; an English geologist said it was an onyx, taken probably from the heart of a large block, which must have been thousands of years in process of formation. The specimens of onyx that I have seen in museums generally show a black or dark ground with white streaks or lines. Such is not the case here. Perhaps there are onyxes of different varieties. A German geologist said that the curio partook of the qualities of three precious stones: the white, opal: the coloured portion, onyx: and the translucent eyes, the beryl.

This is the history and description of my curio with its mystic teachings, written for the first time at Col. Olcott's suggestion. I trust the subject will excite some degree of interest in the wide circle of readers of the *Theosophist*.

J. E.

ON THE ESOTERIC MEANING OF THE MA'HES'VARA SU'TRAS.

THE importance of these Sútras can scarcely be overrated. The Vedas, the Upanishads, and all other philosophical truths owe their existence to them. The famous Sûtras of Pânini and the no less famous Vyákaranas (Indra, Chandra, Kás'akritsna, A'pis'ali, S'ákatáyana, Amara, Jainendra) are all based on these divine utterances. There can be no doubt that these Sútras are meant to suit every variety of people and contain truths whose depths cannot be reached.

But of late there has sprung up a controversy as to whether these Sútras contained any meaning more pregnant than the one they are taken to have in Pânini's grammar. Oriental scholars and others influenced by the opinion of the former, hold that the Sútras are nothing more than a convenient arrangement of the sounds in the language. But I have thought for a long time that this cannot be so, and that the Sûtras were intended to convey a deeper meaning than the grammatical interpretation. For instance, "Why this grand assemblage of Rishis, this dance of the Lord of the Universe and this sonorous sound of the drum?" thought I, "These cannot be merely for the grammarian's use." But I did not venture a theory on my own responsibility. I searched in our sacred books and have now fortunately laid my hand on a great work of immemorial repute.

The famous work of Nandikes'vara Kás'iká deals a decisive blow at the very root of the discussion. It is a work recognised by no less a personage than the famous Náges'vara Bhatta, the commentator of Patanjali's Vyákarana Mahá Báshya and the author of the well-known work S'ekhara. He speaks of this work in terms of the greatest praise. Therefore its authority is beyond question: and it does not deserve the light treatment which all modern works meet with.

The importance of the work is all the greater when we know that a commentary thereon was written by the Sage Upamanyu Muni, the son of Vyághrapáda Muni. At the end of the work, the commentator him-

self says that he has spent much of his life in understanding the *tatvas* contained in the Máhes'vara Sûtras.

My chief object in translating this book is that my fellow-students may, by the light thrown on the subject, continue their labours on these lines and help themselves in understanding the inner meaning of the Sûtras.

The Sûtras are fourteen in number, and are:—(1) अइउण् (a i u n), (2) ऋलृक् (ri li k), (3) एओङ् (e o ng), (4) ऐऔच् (ai au ch), (5) हयवरट् (ha ya va ra t), (6) लण् (la n), (7) ज्ञमडणनम् (jña ma nga na na m), (8) ज्ञभञ् (jha bha jñ), (9) घढधप् (gha dha dha sh), (10) जबगडदश् (ja ba ga da da s'), (11) खफक्ठथचटतव् (kha pha chha tha tha cha ta ta v), (12) कपय् (ka pa y), (13) शषस्र् (s'a sha sa r), (14) हल् (ha l).

THE SÛTRAS.

Introduction.

At the grand assembly of Rishis, the Lord Máhes'vara sounded his drum; so that each might find his meaning: the grammarian his; the searcher after truth all the *tatvas*, and so forth. He sounded his drum fourteen times and gave us the fourteen Máhes'vara Sûtras.

At the end of his dance, the God S'iva (Natarájarája) sounded his drum fourteen times in order to elevate the Sanaka and other Siddhas (that were assembled there for the dance). I shall explain this collection of these fourteen short and condensed sounds (*i.e.*, Sûtras).

- Com.* 1. Salutation to the omniscient God S'iva, the manifestation in the *triad* of the destroying power of *Brahm*, whose opening and closing of eyes are respectively the birth and death of the *Cosmos*.
- „ 2. Salutations to God Vishnu, to my Guru and to God Subramanya, the expounder of all the S'aiva truths, and repeated salutations to Nandikes'vara and other *S'iva-bhaktas*.
- „ 3. Then I shall expound as far as I can the short divine s'lokas of explanation on the S'aiva Sûtras written by Nandikes'vara for the use of the world.

The God S'iva, Lord of the *Universe*, under the pretence of sounding his drum, taught the *tatvas* embodied in the famous fourteen *Sûtras*, to Sanaka, Sanándana, Sanatána, Sanatkumára and other Siddhas and also to Nandikes'vara, Patanjali, Vyaghrapáda and other devotees. Then these Munis, feeling that they were taught the *tatvas* after long years of devotion, and that yet Nandikes'vara alone understood their meaning, went to him, saluted him and asked him to explain them. On this, he began to explain the *tatvas* in these twenty-six stanzas.

Natarajárja.—As he is the conductor of this great and wonderful drama of the universe, the God S'iva is known as the best of the best actors.

Dakka.—To remind the people that the explanation of these tatvas is beyond the senses, God uses his drum.

2. In these Sûtras there are fourteen Anubandhas (*i.e.*, consonantal sounds to aid the pronunciation of the Sûtras). These Anubandhas are for the use of Pânini and others who have dwelt mainly on words. So Nandikes'vara does not explain the Anubandha.

3. The sound *a* signifies the Nirguna Brahm pervading throughout the universe of matter. When it combines with *i* significant of chitkalá, it becomes *u*, which signifies Saguna Brahm.

Com:—The first Sûtra *aiu* stands for all letters and the origin of all the universe. *i*. 'chit,' *i.e.*, Máyâ. Some hold it to mean Gáyatri.

Sarcavastushu.—There are four places or stages through which a sound passes before pronounced—viz., Pará, Pas'yantí, Madhyamá, and Vaikharí. In any letter it is this *a* which begins from the very first of these stages: the other parts of the sounds are added at later stages. Hence *a* is said to be the origin of all the letters. See Taittiríya Up. The first being is *a*, from which all the universe has sprung. See Gítá X: 'Of all the letters I am *a*.'

4. The letter *a* is the foremost of letters, means 'the Divine light' and is significant of Parames'vara or Nirguna Brahm. It forms with the last letter *ha*, the word *aham*.

Com: *aha*: the letters *a* and *ha* are each said to be Nirguna Brahm. Therefore *aha* is the same as Nirguna Brahm. Another interesting fact is to be noted: according to the technicality of Pânini called Pratyáhára (*i.e.*, any two letters in the Sûtra stand not only for each of themselves, but also for each and all of the intermediate letters). The word *aha* may be said to include all the letters, and thus comes to signify all Bhútas, all worlds, &c., which these letters are said to signify in the following s'lokas. Hence when one says *aham* in its full meaning, he means that he is part and parcel of each and everything in the world, *i.e.*, he enjoys 'universal consciousness.'

5. Brahm (*i.e.*, S'abda Brahm) was first of all Pará filling all space, and was in a state of 'consciousness.' From this state (when the idea of creation struck Brahm), it comes to the state (described above) Pas'yantí. From this next to the state Madhyamá.

Com: Here we have places in the human body assigned to each of the states of S'abda in articulation—Pará in the navel (Manipúra), Pas'yantí in the heart (Anáhata), and Madhyamá in the throat (Vis'uddhi).

6. From the Vis'uddhi Chakra, it comes to the mouth and is called Vaikharí. Though it has created itself into Vaikharí, it still remains mixed with Madhyamá.

Com: Compare the following Srutis :

'It is the S'abda Brahm that has become the universe.'

'It is Vak (*i.e.*, articulate sound) that has formed the various shapes.'

7. *a* is the source of the whole universe ; and *i* (S'akti) is an important factor in the formation of it.

8. The union of *a* with *i* and the desire of *a* to create are simultaneous (It is impossible to say which is first and which next). Hence *i* is called káma-bíja (*i.e.*, the root of desire) ; for it is the union with *i* that makes the Nirguna Brahm *a* desire creation.

9. Hence *a* is pure consciousness ; *i* is chit ; and *u* is Vishnu, (*i.e.*, a spirit pervading the first manifestation of the universe).

10. *Ri**, the Creator, sees in his own mind *li* (*i.e.*, Máyâ). Then he becomes with Máyâ the world.

11.† As the moon to moonlight, as the word to its connotation, so *Ri* (Creator) is to *Li* (Mâyâ), *i.e.*,—they are inseparable.

12. This *Ri* from his own 'chit' and power (*i. e.*, from *li*) creates the world. Of all the letters, *Ri* and *Li* are said to be *middle* and *neuter*.

13. *e* ($=a+i$). The combination of the Nirguna Brahm and Chit, stands for the Prajñátma which is the all-pervading Jíva conditioned by the Upádhís. *O*‡ ($=a+u$) the combination of the Nirguna Brahm and the Saguna Brahm, shows that the two are always combined in the creation of the universe.

14. *Ai* ($=a+e$) and *au* ($=a+o$) shows that *a* the Nirguna Brahm pervades all, specially shines in the Prajñátma and Pranava ; (just as the sun that shines on all alike, shines most on mirrors).

15. From these vowels significant of the Great Lord, there came the five Bhútas, viz., ether, air, fire, water and earth.

16. *Ha* stands for ether : *ya* for air : *va* for water : *ra* for fire.

17. *La* is the earth which is the chief prop of all creatures, the source of all food and hence the mother of "seed" from which all bodies have their existence.

Com: Hence the grouping of *ha*, *ya*, *va* and *ra* in one Sûtra and *la* alone in one as showing its importance. §

* The Vedánta Philosophy has:—*u* is the Sûtrátma and *Ri* is the Hiranyagarbha.

† It is this philosophical idea that has given rise to the proverb 'Rajayorabhedah'—'there is no difference between Ra and la.'

‡ Hence the Pranava *Om* unites in itself the Nirguna Brahm and the Saguna Brahm : therefore the Vedas extol the Pranava : also a man, who utters it with its full signification in his mind, will attain them both in order.

§ In almost all meditations (*i. e.*, Japa), the Hindus repeat these five letters *ha*, *ya*, *va*, *ra* and *la* as being the necessaries in the creation of the cosmos, and recognise God in each of them.

18. *Jna, ma, na, na* stand respectively for the five *Tanmátrás*, sound, touch, form, taste and smell.

19. Then the *Karmendriyas* from the same *chit*, the Lord of the universe. These *Karmendriyas* are not only found in the animate world but also have their traces in the inanimate.

20. *Jha, bha, gha, dha, dha* stand respectively for speech, hands, legs, anus and genital organ. Thus arose the *Karmendriyas* from God.

21. *Ja, ba, ga, da, da* stand for the *Jnánendriyas* of the creatures, viz., ear, skin, eyes, nose and tongue.

22. *Kha, pha, chha, tha, tha*, and *cha, ta, ta*, stand for the five *Pránas* and mind, intellect (*buddhi*) and egotism (*ahankára*).

23. (In the above *s'loka*) the five letters of one (aspirated) group stand for the *Pránas* and the three letters of the other (unaspirated) group stands for the functions of the inner sense (*Antahkarana*).

24. *Ka* stands for the *Person* (with the above-mentioned organs, functions, sense, &c.) and *pa* stands the *Person's* *Prakriti* (*i. e.*, *Ajnána*). These two are mentioned here, because they are also manifestations of the same *Brahm*.

25. *S'a, sha, sa*, stand for the three qualities: and it is the same God that has become so.

26. *Sa*, stands for *Rajo-guna*, *sha* for *Tamo-guna*, and *sa* for *Satva-guna*.

27. The God afterwards uttered the *ha* which is beyond all the *tatvas*, which is the witnesser of all, and whose body is a help to all. So saying the God disappeared.

So ends the *Nandikes'varakás'iká*, the commentary on the fourteen *Máhes'vara Sútras*.

R. ANANTHAKRISHNA SASTRY.

Reviews.

MAGAZINES.

Lucifer—April.—The more important articles seem to be: "Some Occult indications in Ancient Astronomy," by S. Stuart, and the continuation of Eliphas Lévi's Unpublished Letters. The latter, however, are somewhat incomprehensible, and it seems advisable for the translator or some one to attempt a commentary. European activities are crowded out by the report of Annie Besant's tour in the north of India.

The Path.—"William Brehon" gives his views on "Re-Incarnation of Animals," in the April issue, which are necessarily of a very speculative nature.

"Illusion in Devachan" is a thoughtful paper by Mr. Fullerton. An unknown writer advocates the need for the Theosophical Society to take a "definite stand on questions of (social) reform." Bertram Keightley unveils the mystery of "Jasper Niemand" and presents the *Path* with a portrait of the "Unveiled personality," who is Mrs. Archibald Keightley and not Mr. Judge as many supposed. Mr. Judge is apparently "Z. L. Z.", "the greatest of the exiles" to whom "Letters that have helped me" is dedicated.

Theosophical Siftings—Vol. VII., Nos. 1 and 2.—The former contains a paper by Mr. E. Adams on the moral aspect of Karma, which is mostly quotations; the latter is a valuable compilation by H. A. W. Coryn, entitled "An hour in Borderland Occultism," and would serve as a useful pamphlet to put into the hands of enquirers.

Borderland—No. 4.—The test cases carried on under the auspices of *Borderland* do not seem altogether satisfactory. As regards astrology the editor remarks, "I cannot pretend that we have in the tests we are considering material for a fair judgment. So far, *Borderland* regards "the *primâ facie* case for Astrology and Palmistry as of the very poorest." The circle members publish some of their experiences, none of which however are particularly striking. Miss X. contributes an able sketch of the late Stainton Moses, selected from the records of Mrs. Speer and others.

THE DIVINE PYMANDER.*

Students of the Hermetic Philosophy will thank Dr. Wynn Westcott for his new edition of the Pymander. The previous editions by Hargrave Jennings and others were, we believe, rare and rather expensive, but the moderate price of this new one ought to place it in the hands of all students. The present edition, we are informed in the *Preface*, "is a facsimile reprint of the translation of the Rev. Dr. Everard from an Arabic text, of which there were two editions published in 1650 and 1657 respectively; this edition is from the earlier one."

ORION.†

Our thanks are due to the author for a copy of his interesting work. He has endeavoured to shew that the traditions recorded in the Rig Veda unmistakeably point to a period not later than 4,000 B. C.; his conclusion being arrived at by an efficient calculation of the astronomical positions of the Vernal Equinox in the Orion or, in other words, when the Dog-star commenced the equinoctial year.

To arrive at this, he has explained the coincidence of the Vedic legends with those of Iran and Greece, often quoting *verbatim* the Vedic texts and citing authorities from the modern orientalists, philologists and astronomers in support of all his inferences. This comparison, we are glad to say, is not based merely on mythological facts, but on valid conclusions deduced from the express Vedic texts, in every instance, quoted *verbatim*. Proceeding, as the author says, on the lines of investigation adopted by Bentley, Colebroke and other well-known writers on the subject, he has proved that the antiquity of the Vedas may safely be carried to so far back as 4000 B. C.

Though it is often said in Hindu books that the Vedas are as old as the world itself, no scientific proof for any period later than 2,000 B. C. was adduced; it is thus our duty to congratulate the author for his work in extending "2,000 B. C." to "4,000 B. C."

* Edited by W. Wynn Westcott. Theosophical Pub. Houses, London and New York, 1894. Price 3s.

† Orion: or Researches into the Antiquity of the Vedas. By Bâl Gangâdhar Tilak, B.A., L.L.B., Law-lecturer and Pleader, Poona.

We hope that further researches in this direction with the clue furnished by the author on page 85 of this book will extend "4,000 B. C." to "20,000 B. C.," the clue being :—

"For if we suppose the Margashirsha full-moon to be the new year's night in the sense that the Vernal Equinox occurred on that date, we must make the asterism of Aohijit coincide with the Vernal Equinox. This gives us about 20,000 B. C., for the period when these positions could have been true."

OUTLINES OF THE MAHA'YA'NA *

With so much literature extant on Buddhism it is difficult to write anything very new in pamphlet form. The present *brochure* appears to have been written in connection with the recent Parliament of Religions at Chicago. It is rather difficult to understand what is meant by the following passage from a chapter on "Sects in Buddhism": "When Buddha came to this world, the time was ripe for his teachings, and so those who heard him attained Moksha *instantly*. Those who are born after Buddha are forever excluded from this benefit." Presumably the writer but gives the orthodox tradition, and not his own views. The advanced Buddhists of the Mahâ-Bodhi Society would hardly accept such a narrow dogma as this, we should imagine.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

La Méthode Conscientielle, by Léon De Rosny.

Theosophical Activities.

EUROPE.

LONDON, April 1894.

Since I last wrote we have had the great pleasure and satisfaction of welcoming Mrs. Besant home again, though the shortness of the time she can remain with us before leaving for Australia makes us realise how little of a real home—in the sense of a resting-place—to her our Head-quarters can be called at present. No sooner did news of "Anna Bai's" return get abroad than it positively rained interviewers; they came the very next day, and on the 7th *inst.* no less than four interviews appeared in the *Daily Chronicle*, *Westminster Gazette*, *Morning Leader*, and *Star*, while the *Echo* and the *Christian World* published accounts later. In all these interviews the "dusky, turbaned youth" figures prominently, his presence evidently imparting beforehand a flavour and piquancy to the interview to which he ushered in the respective representatives of the papers I have named. Then came Mrs. Besant's long-expected lecture at St. James' Hall on the 20th, on "Theosophy and India," to a full house; she was in her best form, though Mr. Mead—who took the chair—had to claim indulgence for her on account of a bad cold from which she was suffering. The audience was a most sympathetic one, and one recognised the faces of many old friends of the T. S. among them. The papers published fairly good accounts next day, but the subject had evidently been a little too much for some of the reporters, who floundered occasionally in places where the lecturer had evidently got beyond their limitations—even in reporting. Many more lectures are in prospect, and

* By S. Kuroda, Superintendent of Education of the Jôdo-Sect.

Mrs. Besant will have about as much work as she can well accomplish before starting off on the Australian tour. We only hope her health will stand the strain, but she naturally feels the cold spring winds a good deal after the warm winds and hot sun of India.

Now that Mrs. Besant has returned, Dr. and Mrs. Keightley have left Head-quarters, and we all sincerely hope that Mrs. Keightley will find in complete quiet and rest, the conditions so absolutely necessary for her recovery from the prostration occasioned by the severe strain of work to which she has been subjected this last winter.

There seems to be no particular news from the foreign Lodges and centres this month. Propagandist work flourishes here in England, and a scheme has just been started in Essex whereby the T. S. members of that county, who are too widely scattered to form a centre, may be kept in touch with each other. One of the fellows, Miss Morris, comes forward as Hon. Sec. to a "Theosophical Correspondence Club," which is "to serve as a temporary substitute for a lodge." Essays on Theosophical subjects are to be written and circulated among the members, and mutual interchange of opinions freely encouraged; the chief object of the Club being of course "to promote a feeling of brotherly union."

* * * * *

Borderland completes its first year this month, and this its fourth issue is really the best we have had yet. A notice of Mr. Balfour's Presidential address to the S. P. R. is given a prominent place in the "Chronique" of course; but it is poor stuff; as Mr. Stead rightly characterises it, "skilful egg-dancing." A notice of Dr. Buchanan's Paper on "Psychometry, the Divinity in Man," which appeared in the February number of the *Psychical Review*, quotes several interesting passages from the article, and we are led to the singular conclusion that Dr. Buchanan identifies the "divinity in man" with what he says is "unluckily called psychometry," Mr. Stead's psychic experiences being cited as a proof that the "divine faculty" in man is now being recognised. All very well save for the curious use—mis-use rather—of the word "divine," which is here apparently applied to mere psychic phenomena and experiences quite cognisable by the brain-mind.

There is further, a most interesting paper by a colonial spiritualistic investigator, evidently a man of very broad views. He gives the history of his experiences during a period extending over twenty years, and the conclusion—as to returning and non-returning spirits—at which he arrived, at one period of his career, is worth quoting, so closely is it in accord with what we believe to be the real facts.

"I reasoned thus. The higher intelligences, the men and women who have led good lives in this earthly sphere.....so rejoice at their separation from this earthly environment, and are so powerfully drawn upwards.....that they shrink from returning to a lower sphere.....so, I reasoned, these pure and ethereal spirits being now out of harmony with this world.....being, in the language of Spiritualism, 'not *en rapport*,' cannot be summoned at the mere will of any chance circle, and, in fact, never come at all."

And, as he rightly argues, on the other hand the "spirits of a lower grade, the foolish, vain, ignorant, or malignant"—purely Kâma-Rûpic entities, in fact—these, being of course irresistibly attracted to the earth's atmosphere, remain earthbound—"suffering in a kind of purgatory," as he goes on to suggest.

The current number of the *Review of Reviews* has a very good character sketch of the late Louis Kossuth, who became in his old age a very lugubrious prophet indeed. He sees no hope for the present race, no remedy. "Meanwhile," he says, "the earth will continue to revolve, and some day the present population may be swept from its surface, and a new race, capable of a new civilisation, may appear. A cataclysm is the only hope of solution." His opinion of India, too, is worth noting, that it is "the great treasure-house"; which comes to confirm Mrs. Besant's message to us of India, though not precisely in the sense in which Kossuth meant his words to be taken. For whereas Mrs. Besant speaks of India as the treasure-house of all spiritual knowledge, Kossuth follows up the words I quote by saying that "Had Lord Beaconsfield lived and carried out his plan of using Indian troops in Europe, England would be to-day a mighty force." In speaking to a friend of his life and what it has been worth, Kossuth seems to fully agree with Solomon that it is but vanity of vanities. "Plato is right," he says to his friend, "life is no blessing, no gift, but a *duty*." And again, "One only comfort remains to me. I have persistently followed duty." Verily a true Theosophist. So too is the Rev. Benjamin Waugh, the great champion of the helpless, suffering little ones of our heathen England. In the *New Review* for April he delivers himself of sentiments which will no doubt offend the orthodox; for he says:—

"The more a harsh man dares to imagine himself in favoured relations with the great mystery we call God, no matter in what land or century he lives, or what the creed chances to be on his tongue, the more absolutely and entirely wicked is his harshness."

In amusing connection with Mrs. Besant's recent return is an account, in the *Pall Mall Gazette* for the 19th instant, of the explanation offered by a certain "Professor" Belasco of her "conversion" to a belief in the precipitation of letters, &c. Belasco says, briefly, "hypnotism, of course," and writes letters to the *Morning Advertiser* and the *P. M. G.* explaining his explanation, incidentally launching into a number of incorrect statements with regard to H. P. B., Mrs. Besant and her utterances. One of these statements was so much at variance with the facts that Mrs. Besant thought it worth while to write to the *P. M. G.* and contradict it. The amusing part of it is that the whole thing is such an evident puff for the entertainments apparently given by this "Professor," as shewn by the last paragraph in each of his letters, which runs thus:—"In conclusion, permit me to state that I am about to publicly substantiate the foregoing statements by practically illustrating the production of Mahâtma precipitations by post-hypnotic impression." This demonstration takes place at that high-class resort known as the Royal Aquarium; and the explanation afforded by the entertainment is said by the *P. M. G.* representative to "at once commend itself to all who are familiar with ordinary hypnotic phenomena!" Being quite unable to convict Mrs. Besant of "falsehood or deliberate deception," hypnotism must be dragged in, as so often before, and to offer an explanation which will satisfy self-opiniated ignorance. This time it is to be "post-hypnotic suggestion" which is to solve the problem. That Mrs. Besant can by any possibility be right never for one moment seems to occur to these wisecracs.

The same issue of the *P. M. G.*, from which I have already quoted, contains a very clever and entertaining little article called "The Buddhist

Baby." The writer is extraordinarily familiar with our terminology and teachings; and what is more, uses his knowledge correctly, dealing with Devachan, Kâmarûpa, and what not, with perfect propriety in illustrating the woes of a ten days old baby, who as a re-incarnated entity is supposed to remember "all about it." Probably the writer knew perfectly well that this, at any rate, is not in accordance with our teachings, but without this what we may call wresting of scripture the article would lose all point—could not, indeed, have been written at all.

A. I. C.

INDIA.

The work of the Section is progressing well. Mr. K. Narayanaswamier, Inspector of the South Indian branches, started on branch-visiting duty on the 23rd of last month and has visited the following places till now: Tanjore, Trichinopoly, Karur, Erode, Coimbatore, Pollachi and Udumalpett. A new branch by the name of Trimûrti Lodge has been formed in the last mentioned place, as a direct result of Mr. Narayanaswamier's visit, through the help of our energetic brother T. M. Sundram Pillay, the local Tahsildhar. This newly-formed branch promises to do much active work.

The long defunct branch in Pollachi will also be revived, as Mr. Narayanaswamier has been invited by Bro. V. M. Subramania Iyer, F. T. S., Sub-Assistant Inspector of Schools, to stop there on his way back from Udumalpett and set the branch in good working order. From correspondence received from all these places, it is quite clear that Bro. Narayanaswamier's lectures were attended by pretty large audiences and seem to have produced good results.

A Hindu Boys' Association has been formed at Mozufferpore, and our erudite Bro. Baijnath Singh, who is now transferred to Mozufferpore from Bankipore, devotes the whole of his leisure to the T. S. work. He has prepared a Manual of Theosophy in Hindî, and its publication is expected soon.

White Lotus Day was celebrated here on the 8th and the audience was fair and select. It went off very well. M. R. Ry. R. Sivasankara Pandiaji, B. A., F. T. S., delivered a lecture on "True Asceticism." It was very spirited and instructive. Many of the branches observed it, and the Bangalore and the Hyderabad branches specially marked the occasion, the former, by unveiling a life-size portrait of H. P. B. and the latter by opening a free library known as "Anna Bhai Library."

At the request of the Paramakudy branch, His Holiness Sankarâchârya Swâmigal of Sringeri, who halted there on his way to Rameswaram, delivered a most interesting and instructive lecture on the "Vedânta philosophy," a summary of which will soon appear in *Prasnottara*.

Bro. Purnendu Narayan Sinha has been contributing a series of articles to the *Thinker* under "The Student's Column." They are very interesting.

A new theosophical centre has been formed in Panier, Panjaub, by S'irdhar Sahib Singh and seven other members. Panjaub, where Theosophy had not made much progress, is now waking up and taking a deep interest in the T. S. and its work. Brothers Rai B. K. Lahiri and A. C. Biswas of Ludhiana have been doing their best to spread Theosophy in their province,

Some members have passed away from this world during the last month. Luxmann Joshi of Poona and Pandit Kundan Lal of Fatchgarh have left behind many friends in the 'T. S. to mourn their loss.

From Honolulu comes a message of Theosophy to India. Bro. A. Marques reports on the interest taken in his place and how a Theosophical library is being formed. We can assuredly say that the sun never sets in the Theosophical dominion.

P. R. V.

CUTTINGS AND COMMENTS.

"Thoughts, like the pollen of flowers, leave one brain and fasten to another."

We had the pleasure last month of a short visit at *A good Kand- Headquarters of Mr. L. B. Kobbekaduwa, Ratemahat-
yan noble.* maya of the District of Kaigalle, and a nobleman of most ancient lineage. He paid his visit of ceremony in full Kandyan court dress, the richness and quaintness of which is widely known. He joined the T. S. six years ago, and has since then been active in the good work of our Ceylon field. The Kandyan Chiefs are, as a class, idle courtiers who come out strong at public functions but have exceedingly little of the public spirit of self-denial and altruism. Mr. Kobbekaduwa is of the better sort, and the Government officials speak highly of him as a public officer and as an individual. He has come to India on pilgrimage to the Four Shrines of Buddhism, and to help Mr. Dharmapala in any practicable way. He has been given a circular letter to Indian Theosophists which will bespeak a kindly welcome to him from all.

The Ceylon *Administration Report* 1891, says of him :—

Buddhist Temporalities.—"The progress reform in the management of Temple property requires careful and unremitting attention. Apart from such formalities (easily executed) as the appointments of trustees throughout the District, work in earnest has been begun at last, and practical effect is being given to the new law in Galbode Korte, in consequence of the exertion of Kobbekaduwa Ratemahatmaya, who represents this sub-district on the District Committee of Kandy. All the information required by Section 14 of the ordinance has been only collated and recorded; and in addition to this, a mass of other particulars relating to each temple has been collated for general purposes of reference. The completed reports on three of the sub-divisions of Galboda Korte have been transmitted to the District Committee, and Kobbekaduwa Ratemahatmaya has thus disposed of the arduous preliminaries of the work of the sub-district which he represents: but he proposes to do the same in Galbode Korte as being part of his Ratemahatmaya's division; that is to say, he proposes to supervise the member for Kinigode Korte in his proceedings. This is the way to breathe life into the ordinance; and the Assistant Government Agent has recommended the appointment, under Section 15, of Kobbekaduwa Ratemahatmaya as Commissioner to aid the District Committee of Kandy, in its four sub-districts of Kinigode Korte, Galbode Korte, Parana Kuru Korte, and Bolegal Korte, and to aid the District Committee of Ruanwella in the province of Ratnapoora. He would undertake the work without remuneration, and would

himself defray the necessary expenses incurred in clerical assistance, stationary, printing, and so forth. This seems to be a special opportunity for giving the new law a chance of showing its working capabilities. Here is a chief of marked ability and of proved energy who for religious and other reasons is peculiarly fitted to undertake this important work. Unless some action of this sort is taken the prospect of real progress is but poor. The general spirit is perfunctory and that is why only the writer of this report advocates the appointment of an energetic Commissioner for the sub-districts with which he is concerned."

The Report of 1892 is even more complimentary.

Theosophy in the Sandwich Islands. The Honolulu *Bulletin* of February 10, says that Theosophy has acquired a firm foothold in that distant part of the world.

"Honolulu" it says, "has its Theosophical Society and Library. Mr. Marques is at the head of the school. They have rooms in the Foster Block on Nunana Avenue. The library includes about sixty books, but they hope to get hundreds of others, etc."

In another day's issue it is said :—

"Since the opening of the free Theosophical Library. . . So many enquiries have been made about Theosophy—also expressing a wish that opportunities should be offered for its practical study, that it has been decided to start a trial A, B, C class, free of charge, in the above library."

On another day the same paper said :—

"The number of persons interested in Theosophy is so great that the elementary books of the Theosophical Library, started through the generosity of Mrs. T. R. Foster, have already been found insufficient. To obviate this difficulty and help the would-be students, it has been considered advisable to make hereby a request to all the friends in Honolulu—who may happen to have books on Theosophy or on psychic science and occultism, or even fiction on kindred subjects, and who do not care for them—to kindly donate or loan them to the Theosophical Library."

At the latest date, Feb. 23, twenty-nine persons had joined the class, and Mr. Marques was to begin his instructions on the following evening. The library then contained 90 books and 50 had been lent out.

Maratha cures for Snake-bites. The *Times of India* is responsible for the following narrative of a cure for snake-bite by means of man-trams :

"A boy cutting grass in a field was bitten on the instep by a snake which he killed, and as he felt but little pain at the time, he thought nothing of it, and went on with his work. But after a while the pain increased, and he left the field and went up to the stables of the Chief of K—, where his brother was employed, and sat down with him. Getting worse, the men present held a candle before his eyes to see if he was in danger, and finding that he saw five flames instead of one, which they hold to be certain sign of snake-poisoning, they carried him up to the place of the Chief (who is my authority for the facts), but by that time the boy was insensible, and his teeth so firmly clenched that they could not pour any medicine into his mouth. One of

the Chief's Maratha pages is a well-known. 'mantri,' or worker of the incantation, so he was immediately sent for, and having first carefully bathed (without which religious observance the 'mantra' would lose its power) appeared on the scene. The boy still insensible was divested of all his clothes, and the magic-man proceeded to apply the 'mantra.' Taking the end of his *dhotur*, or waist-cloth, in his hand, he mumbled the words of the incantation in it, and flicked the boy with the cloth all along his body from the head to the toes, tapping it on the ground when the toes were reached, and, making a spitting noise, as if blowing away a part of the poison. After several repetitions of this flicking with the cloth, the patient gradually opened his eyes, rubbed them, and in a few minutes, recovering his senses, got up bewildered to find himself in the presence of the Chief without his clothes, and walked away. To complete the recovery he was not allowed to eat or sleep till the next day, and was accordingly put in charge of the palace guards. I saw him the following morning, and he was perfectly well. The occurrence which naturally made much sensation, was mentioned to me shortly after it took place, so I sent at once to fetch the snake, which the boy had killed when it bit him, and was able, having shown it also to others, to identify it as beyond doubt a krait, which every one knows is extremely deadly. It can only be supposed that the amount of poison which entered the wound from the bite was very minute, but it is small wonder that the people should ascribe everything to the 'mantra,' for it is certain that the boy was bitten, as many saw the swelling on his foot, and the gradual growth of the symptoms, and the rigid insensibility an hour after the bite, look certainly as if he had been affected by some amount of poison, and not merely by alarm."

An editor's life is often nigh worried out of him
From the sub- by the foolish, troublesome letters of correspondents.
line to the Occasionally, however, his darkness is lightened by a
ridiculous. ray of something inspiritingly absurd and ridiculous
 and then he feels that he would share his laugh with
 his readers. The following letter which we have received will surely
 afford amusement to both our Western and Eastern readers. The
 bathos of the last paragraph but one is particularly gratifying to our
 sense of humour :—

"RESPECTED SIR,—The following is submitted to your kind perusal.

1. The Europeans (Christians) are *generous* enough to feed their followers in India when starving, to educate the ignorant and to use every means for their Native Christians' *rise*.

2. I expect in the same manner that European Theosophists should try their utmost for the regeneration of their brethren in India.

India is poor, Europe is rich. If European Christians support Indian Christians, why not European Theosophists towards Indian Theosophists ?

I go up for B. A. this time in January 1895 in private, and you have to bear me only for six months.

My former supporter is indifferent. You are Theosophist-knowers, knowers of God, and how can you fail to know my position ?

You are Europeans, the enlightened nations of the globe, and how can you fail to enlighten me—to complete my education ?

You are 'seekers after truth,' and how can you fail to hear me—the discoverer of truth !

You study the oriental languages, travel round the earth to see Mahât-mâs, and how can you fail to see me? I volunteer to tell you the truth.

1. That Consciousness which is not conscious is the True, the Real, the Existent.

2. The objects of Consciousness is false—non-existent.

3. That I and you are consciousness.

Don't forget to send me Railway fares to Madras.

You will know me as "Arjuna knew Krishna."

We copy from the *Interpreter*, a Brahmo organ, the following lugubrious forecast of the disintegration of the great society founded by that saintly man, Ram-mohun Roy :

Decay of the Brahmo Somaj. "It is a notorious fact that many of our fellow religionists have begun to show a strange fancy for Sanyâsis, Fakirs, Sâdhus and religious mountebanks of all sorts. This is largely owing to the defection of a well-known Brahmo missionary, one of the earliest and best followers of Keshub Chander Sen in times gone by. This gentleman, the lineal descendant of a Vaishnava saint, took to the old Hindu devotee ways after he got estranged from his leader, and found no satisfaction elsewhere. His example led away a good many at first, and since then a regular epidemic has grown in the direction of superstitious reverence for the theatricals of Hindu devoteism. The disease is most prevalent in the Sadharan Somaj, but it is slowly infecting every other section of the community. We think it is high time to draw notice to the evil, and if possible to provide against it.

"It must not be understood that we think our misguided Brahmo friends to be dishonest men. On the contrary we think their very honesty is the cause of their aberration. They honestly seek the satisfaction of their religious instincts, and if the ministrations and teachings of the Brahmo Somaj fail to give them that satisfaction they naturally look elsewhere, and whenever they find it, or the semblance of it, or even the profession of it, there they go. The peculiar symptom of the outbreak is that those who suffer from it almost always retain their intellectual, and partly their social adherence to the Brahmo Somaj, they seldom say they have ceased to be Brahmós, but their hearts, their spiritual affiliations, are with strange practices and secret sects. This shows that the opinions of the Brahmo Somaj are right enough, its reforms also are in the right direction, but its spirituality is on the wane and does not satisfy the ardent aspirations of those who look up to it. If more proof was wanted to this fact, it would be found that the reactionaries we speak of, are almost all of them sincerely devotional spirits, men of simple lives and strong convictions, who consent to make great personal sacrifices for the sake of their spiritual improvement. Their one great fault is they are deluded by the externals of religion, and are blind to its intrinsic worth and real object. Now opinions, constitutions, and social reforms are important in their way, but very much more important to a religious body are its spiritual concerns, such as faith, love, wisdom, insight, devotion, depth, holiness, and the magnetic personality of leaders. It is precisely these latter articles the Brahmo Somaj lacks. And mere speeches and professions do not supply that lack. Our ceaseless controversies, endless personal dislikes, worldly-minded activities stand in the way of spiritual attraction, and disgust our brethren

What matters it if party wins when our best and most ardent men are alienated? The danger is growing every day. Let those who care for their own souls, or for the souls of their fellow men, not so much for party interests, hasten to unite and take counsel as to how the spiritual ministry of the Brahma Somaj may be more effective than at present. Otherwise few spiritually-minded men will care to continue their connection with it, and the movement will break up into a hundred fragments of fanciful antagonistic sects. What above all is needed among us is a body of competent ministers able to attract the reverence, and satisfy the deepest spiritual instincts of the congregation. Unless we are able to produce our own Sâdhus, our fellow-theists will run after other Sâdhus, even if these be absurd and superstitious men."

The analysis of causes which have brought the Brahma Somaj to its present peril, is not quite perfect, since the influence of the Theosophical movement, the most potent of them all, is ignored. The reaction from the cold intellectual formalism of the Brahma religious service, to search after spiritual minded yogîs and other ascetic teachers, is undoubtedly due in a degree to what this writer describes, but there can be no two opinions as to the fact that if Hinduism is reviving, the movement began in the activities of our Society, and its present immense rush is traceable to Mrs. Besant's recent tour. We feel comfortable in joining a society whose first principle is that truth is higher than any sect, sectarian teacher or book. Possibly the Umballa popelet may, like Mrs. Besant, live to wish that he had never shown such intolerance towards the Theosophists.

Dharmapala's visit to the Chicago Parliament of Religions, and his tour around the world, are having an excellent effect upon him—broadening his views, ripening his mind, and gradually removing the boyishness which was due to his ignorance of the world and the ways of men. The appeal for patronage of the Mahâ Bodhi Society's movement which he has just made to the Maharajah of Benares, and which is reprinted herewith, is well worded and was effective enough to draw from the Maharajah a promise of sympathy, which has been telegraphed throughout all India. It was most proper that Dharmapala should have made his request of the Maharajah of Benares, since that dynasty is always most closely associated in ancient Buddhistic literature with the rebirths of the Bodhisattwa and the final life of the Buddha Gautama. The young prince now on that ancient *gaddi* would indeed have been traitor to the traditions of his royal house if he had refused the entirely reasonable request of the Mahâ Bodhi Secretary, which was worded as follows:—

"To His Highness the Maharajah of Benares, &c., &c., &c.

Your Highness,—The Buddhists of Japan, China, Siam, Burmah, Cambodia, Ceylon, Chittagong, Arrakan, Korea, Nepal and Thibet, who number about four hundred millions, look to India as their Holy Land.

Just as Benares and Puri are to the Hindus, Mecca to Mussalmans, and Jerusalem to Christians, so is Buddha-Gya to the Buddhists. To them it is the dearest, most sacred and central shrine upon earth.

Buddhism is an Indian religion, and the Buddhists look to the Indian people in their hour of need.

For nearly sixteen hundred years, this religion was flourishing in India, but it was effaced off the Indian soil by the Mussalman conquerors about 700 years ago. This religion, which, in its higher aspect, is a religion of self-sacrifice and compassion, rests chiefly upon the Bhikshus, and when they are destroyed and with them the sacred books, the religion also is destroyed with them. In Java it was so destroyed and also in countries to the west of India.

The Buddhist kings have ever shown equal respect to the Brahman, and to the Buddhist priests. In Siam to-day, the king supports the Brahman priesthood, and the two religions live in amity and peace.

Some of the greatest kings of India were Buddhists, and many of its eminent literary men were devoted followers of Buddha, and during the Buddhist period, India was in the front rank in shedding light on the dark regions of Asia. Latterly there was a constant communication between India and the Buddhist countries; Sanskrit was studied in Chinese colleges, presided over by Indian pandits. But within the last 700 years, the history of Indian and Buddhist progress is a blank.

Just as children, weeping for the loss of their mother, would leap with joy if she was restored to them, so would the Buddhist feel if their dearest shrine be restored to them. An exhibition of the spirit of self-sacrifice and love on the part of the Mohant would win for him the love and gratitude of four hundred millions of people.

I would, therefore, solicit that your Highness will graciously listen to the prayer of so many millions of human beings, and take such part as is consistent with truth, justice and mercy, in the restoration of the temple to the Buddhists.

Any reasonable terms proposed by the Mohant, and confirmed by your Highness, and finally sanctioned by the Government of India, will be acceptable to the Buddhists, and the restoration of the temple will gladden the hearts of a vast community who will find in the temple, their most cherished and sacred object of worship, and in the consummation an earnest indication of the friendship and love of that ancient and glorious people who gave them their religion.

I am, your Highness' obedient servant,

H. DHARMAPALA,

Genl. Secretary, Mahâ Bodhi Society.

Benares, the 26th April, 1894."

*The
New Life
of Christ.*

The story of M. Notovitch's finding an ancient book in a Lamasery at Ladak which contained a hitherto unknown life of Christ, reads like a romance and may very likely prove to be one. M. Notovitch is, if not a journalist, a newspaper correspondent, we believe, and that being said the rest is easily inferred: for our part, we shall wait to read the French translation of the alleged MSS. and to get Pandit Sarat Chandra Dasa's opinion on it before making up our mind about the merit of the charming story.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST.

JUNE 1894.

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

I beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following donations and subscriptions since the 22nd of April, 1894:—

ANNIVERSARY ACCOUNT.		Rs.	A.	P.
A. W. Mauris, Dunedin, Annual Dues of 2 members	...	3	8	0
HEAD-QUARTERS ACCOUNT.				
"A Sympathizer," through Debi Sahai	...	10	0	0
American Section, through Wm. Q. Judge:				
Donation	... \$ 10			
Eight Branch Charter fees 40			
Proportion of Admittance Fees for 293 members „ 146.50			
	\$ 196.50 @ 3-9-3½ =	703	10	6
Bengal T. S., Calcutta	210	0	0
A. W. Mauris, Dunedin, Entrance Fees for 2 members	8	8	0
Babu Nobin Chunder Roy, Motihara	9	0	0
Ramkaram Siskaram	17	7	0
LIBRARY ACCOUNT.				
Soria Row Naidoo, Masulipatam	30	0	0
SUSPENSE ACCOUNT.				
Donations from the American Section, remitted through Wm. Q. Judge	102	0	0
T. M. Sunderampillay, Udumalpett	10	0	0

ADYAR, 20th May 1894.

SVEN RYDEN,
Ag. Treasurer T. S.

THE ADYAR LIBRARY.

The following books have been added to the above Library during the last month:—20 *S'aivâgamas* (*Kâmikâgama*, &c.) from Mr. K. Shanmukhasundara Mudaliar, Chindadripet; *S'abaras'ankaravilâsam*, from Mr. J. Evers, Bangalore; *S'abdakalpadruma* (2 copies, 4th and 5th Khânda) from the Editor, Calcutta; "Orion;" "Divine Pymander," new edition, by Dr. Wynn Westcott.

Mr. Shanmukhasundara Mudaliar, the *S'aivâgama* publisher, has kindly promised to present the Library with a copy of each of his publications. He has already generously presented some 20 volumes.

R. ANANTA K. SHASTRI,
Librarian.

WHITE LOTUS DAY.

The third anniversary of H. P. B.'s death was celebrated at Headquarters, Adyar, with great feeling. The President-Founder in a brief prefatory address said, that as time rolled by the personality of H. P. B. would gradually fade out, and the principles embodied in the Theosophical movement, which she helped to start, become more and more regarded. Yet it

behoves us, who are her surviving colleagues, friends and pupils, to gather together annually on the 8th of May, comply with her wishes as to the reading of portions of "Gîtâ" and "Light of Asia," and send after her, wherever her spirit may be, the thrilling potency of our united loving remembrance and hope for her speedy return to go on with her interrupted public work.

A chapter of "The Light of Asia" was then read by the speaker, and seven Brahmin members united in chanting the 8th chapter of Bhagavad Gîtâ with impressive effect. A short address was then read by Mr. V. Raghavachari, on behalf of the Salem Religious Union, exhorting the Indian people to revere the memory and strive after the ideals of H. P. B. The exercises concluded with a very eloquent and excellent discourse on "True Asceticism," by R. Sivasankara Pandiyaji, Principal of the Hindu Theological High School, Madras, which we hope to be able to publish in full hereafter. In the morning raw-rice and copper money were given to 76 adult Adyar fishermen and 79 of their children. The scenes of confusion, the babble of voices in the stone-paved Convention Hall, and the picturesque groupings, were most amusing and pleasant.

THE PRESIDENT.

Says the *Madras Mail* of May 14th:—

"Colonel Olcott slipped off quietly to London this morning, going via Colombo. The Commission appointed to try the charges of falsehood and the use of bogus messages from Mahâtmas, which Mrs. Besant has preferred against Mr. Judge, the Vice-President, is to meet at the Society's London Offices in Avenue Road, on the 27th June."

MRS. BESANT'S NEXT SEASON.

Mrs. Besant writes me from London that we may register applications for visits and lectures during the next cold-weather season, but without making any arrangements at present. She adds: "As I shall be so much in India, every place will be visited in due course. They do not love me half as much as I love them."

H. S. O.

FOR THE POOR PARIAHs.

Before leaving for Europe on the 14th ultimo, Col. Olcott put into execution a project he has long had in mind. Calling together a few of the elders of the Pariah portion of Urur village, adjoining the Head-quarters property, he offered to hire the ground, advance the money for the building, and pay the salary of a teacher for a Pariah school, on the following conditions: No school-fees to be charged; the school hours to be convenient for the engagements of domestic servants and others who should seek education; no Christian or other proselytism to be permitted; Tamil (reading, writing and correct speaking, as well as arithmetic), English speaking, and Hindustani speaking, to be taught. The school to be supervised by a Committee of Pariah elders, acting under Col. Olcott's general advice and overlooking. All disputes that cannot be settled between the Committee men to be referred to him for final decision. No drunkard or known dishonest person to be admitted as a scholar or employed as a teacher, on penalty of the withdrawal of the Founder's support.

Col. Olcott left full instructions with Mr. S. Ryden for supervising the erection of the building (a mere mud-walled, half-open, palmyra-thatched structure, like most Indian village school-houses), and its management until his return; and with the Manager, *Theosophist*, for supplying the necessary funds. There are 57 millions of Pariahs and other out-caste communities in India, and the only persons hitherto doing anything to speak of for their moral and social elevation are the Missionaries. Yet this is one of the most noble and altruistic of the services that man can do for man.

AUSTRALASIAN ACTIVITIES.

AUCKLAND AND NEW ZEALAND.

In our little island community, things Theosophical are fairly active, though some of us are longing for more outward signs of growth and strength. But apart from this longing for more outside show, which being interpreted no doubt would be regarded as meaning a more rapid increase of our Lodge membership, we have no reason to complain, and there are not wanting many tokens that the movement is steadily forcing its way. A couple of years or so ago, when an order was left with a bookseller for some Theosophical work, a close scrutiny was made of the face of him who gave the order. Now all this is changed. One bookseller told me some time ago that he had disposed of twenty sets of the "Secret Doctrine," which was a larger number than the members of the local Lodge knew of having been received by members within the period stated. This is evidence that there are many readers, or at any rate purchasers, of the work who are unknown to us. The same bookseller some time ago got a large number of Mr. Walter Old's little work, "What is Theosophy?" and they are all gone, and few have been bought by our members, as nearly all were previously provided with copies. The Countess Wachtmeister's *Reminiscences of H. P. B.* also had quite a little run, two booksellers having got supplies on their own account, and all are gone. Another large bookselling firm has made a practice recently of keeping in stock a few Theosophical works, and advertises the same; so it may be gathered from these circumstances that light is getting into corners formerly dark, and bookselling firms of local standing do not consider it *infra dig.* to be aiding in the distribution of a class of literature the established clergy would gladly see wiped out of existence. Another hopeful sign is seen at the fortnightly Sunday evening lectures. It is now noticed that there are about fifty or sixty faces regularly seen at these lectures amongst the strangers, and no doubt some of the casual visitors will become regular ones by and by. These regular visitors to the Sunday evening lectures have not yet found their way to the weekly open Lodge meeting held every Friday evening, but we are living in hopes of seeing some of them become regular visitors there also.

During the past month, the following lectures and papers have been delivered: on March 16, at the open Lodge meeting, Mr. C. W. Sanders read an excellent and sympathetic paper upon "The Harvest of Life"; on Sunday evening, March 25, in the Choral Hall, Mr. S. Stuart delivered a lecture upon "Siderial Theosophy"; on March 30, open Lodge meeting, Mrs. Sara Draffin read the recently published paper upon "Theosophy" by Mrs. Annie Besant; on April 6, open Lodge meeting, Mrs. Ellis read a paper upon "The True and the False," which provoked a good deal of discussion, "the false" being the established and money-loving orthodoxy, and "the true" being regarded as the rising movement of Theosophy. On Sunday evening, April 8, in the Choral Hall, Mrs. Sara Draffin lectured upon "Theosophy and the Masses: being Conceptions of God, Karma, and Re-Incarnation."

W.

SYDNEY.

Our meetings open to the public continue to be well attended, the Sunday readings being most successful.

The last lecture was given by Bro C. H. Starkey on "The Evolution of Religion," to an audience of, I should think, over fifty in number, who warmly cheered the lecturer at the finish. The lecture showed evidence of so much patient research, and was made so exceedingly interesting, that I am hoping it may be published in the *Austral Theosophist*.

CHAS. D. CARVER,

Hon. Secy.

IGNATIUS DONNELLY AND HIS VIEWS.

Ignatius Donnelly, the well-known author of "Atlantis," and "Caesar's Column," in a recently published novel—"Doctor Huguet"—has the following interesting passage:

"And then my thoughts drifted to the people about me, and I could not help but think that each one dwelt in his or her own world of reflections, filled with its

own memories and thoughts,—of men and women, and deeds and things,—each one totally differing from his neighbour. And it occurred to me, that if the *aura* of every man's thoughts was made visible, what a sight it would be,—extending far beyond the narrow limits of the railroad car, overlapping each other, and reaching, in some instances, to the ends of the earth. Each individual carries his world of thoughts around him like a great atmosphere. In one case it is pure and bright and tenanted by angels; in another it is dark and gloomy thick with scowling crimes and threatening demons. The raiment of these people touched as they sat together; they exchanged little civilities of speech; and yet heaven and hell were not farther apart than the realms in which their souls dwelt."

THE TREE: A BOOK OF PRECEPTS.

It is often said that we must read nature to unravel its mysteries. It is the book of nature that we are referred to for our study. The following is a page from that Book.

Seed is often compared to Spirit and its offshootings to *Máyá*. So in simile the tree stands for the Manifested Universe with the seed hidden underground, as the Spirit from which the Universe has sprung up. The study of a tree gives us the following impressions:—

1st. From the seed springs up the trunk; and the first division is into two, *viz.*, two branches which shoot off from one point in the trunk—illustrating that the spirit which was unmanifested before, is now observed in two aspects—*I's'vara* and *Máyá*.

2nd. It will also be seen by observing a number of trees that in some three branches shoot off from the same point in the trunk, showing that further on spirit assumes the form of a Trinity.

3rd. The innumerable small branches shooting from larger branches, show how manifold this *Máyá* becomes.

4th. Now according to this illustration a man is at present at the furthest and highest end of a branch of this tree, *i.e.*, furthest from the seed. Let him travel on from that furthest point to the seed. What happens to him on the way? He meets a "*dushâkha*" at every step, *i.e.*, a point where two branches meet. When he reaches that point, he is required to decide which way he will proceed. If he reasons wrongly at that point he travels in vain and reaches a point the farthest from the seed. Then he has to make another attempt to reach the seed. Then he reaches that point again where he erred. This time he reasons rightly and proceeds in the right direction a few steps, when he again meets a *dushâkha*. He is again required to reason out his way, and if he comes to a wrong decision he then makes a retrograde movement and goes still further from the seed. So that during his whole journey he has to step very cautiously. His reasoning faculty must never be lost of till the last *dushâkha*, where spirit has separated with the two—*I's'vara* and *Máyá*. When he has been able to unite both these aspects into one, then surely he is on the right path—he has now come to the main trunk and is certain to reach the seed.

JWALA PRASAD, F. T. S.