

ॐ THE THEOSOPHIST.

VOL. XVI. NO. 9, JUNE 1895.

THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH.

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

OLD DIARY LEAVES.

ORIENTAL SERIES—CHAPTER IX.

THIS being our first year in India, every scene and experience had the charm of novelty and we enjoyed them like children. It was something, after all, to be suddenly transferred from prosaic America and its atmosphere of mad haste and bitter commercial competition, to the calm and mental peace of hoary India, where the sage had first place in public estimation and the saint was exalted above all princes. Scarcely any head would have been unaffected by the intoxication of the popular love and seeming reverence that we received, the delightful discussions of philosophy and spiritual ideals, the contact with high-thinkers and noted scholars, the ever-changing, picturesque daily incidents of our wanderings. I, who had passed through the social hurricane called the War of the Rebellion, and the tumult of a long public service, was moved, to a degree I can now, with my present knowledge of Pandits and their ways, hardly realise, by a meeting of the Literary Society of Benares Pandits, convened on the 21st December in my honor. The President was Pandit Ram Misra Shastri, Professor of Sankya in Benares College, and the other officers his colleagues. It was a typical Oriental assemblage, every one present, except myself, being dressed in Indian garb, and every face representing the highest Aryan ethnical type. On arrival I was received with every mark of courtesy and conducted to the seat of honor by the learned President. Coming in from the glare of sunshine, it took a little time for my eyes to get accustomed to the dim light of the brick-paved, cool room, in which a fine scent of sandalwood and tuberose blooms hung in the air. Amid a perfect silence, broken only by muffled sounds of rumbling vehicles and the jangling brass discs of *ekkas*, that came from the distant street, addresses of welcome were read to me in English, Sanskrit and Hindi, expressive of the pleasure the Pandits of Benares had felt on hearing of the interest taken by our Society in Sanskrit Literature and Indian Philosophy; bidding me heartily welcome, and promising their lasting sympathy and good will. In my reply, I took the opportunity of pointing

out what an immense service the Benares Pandits could, with the help of English-knowing graduates, do to the cause of Aryan learning by inventing Sanskrit equivalents for the numberless terms derived from the Greek and Latin, which were employed in scientific writing. For example, they might make Sanskrit synonyms for Oxygen, Hydrogen, Nitrogen, Carbon, Electricity, Magnetism, Attraction of Cohesion, Gravity; the names of chemical elements and compounds; those of Biology, Botany, Geology, etc., etc., etc. Practically, I had already discovered when being interpreted into an Indian vernacular, that, in my remarks upon Modern Science and its relations with Ancient Science, my interpreters, had to merely pronounce the technical words without translation, and hence without conveying to, say, an orthodox Pandit who had never read a Western scientific book, the least idea of what was meant. Sanskrit was abundantly rich in terms denoting every object, substance, physical or mental condition, law, principle, ideal, etc., connected with philosophy, psychology and metaphysics, and the West would be forced to either coin new equivalents for them or take them over into its various tongues as, in the course of time, the Theosophical Society and other popularising agencies spread Eastern views throughout the world. But the need of the hour in India was to make it possible for every undergraduate and graduate to see for himself how much the Aryan thought was in harmony with modern scientific discovery, how his ancestors had traversed the whole field of knowledge, and how proud and glad he ought to be that he was of their blood, the heir of their wisdom. Some discussion ensued between the Pandits and myself, in which I cited many instances of the necessity for a new nomenclature, with the result that the Society voted unanimously for the appointment of a Philological Committee. I was also honored by election as an Honorary Member of the Society, and after the usual garlanding, rosewater-sprinkling, and distribution of betel and *pân*, the meeting broke up. In turning over the leaves of the 1st volume of the *Theosophist*, I find an essay by Pandit Ram Misra Shastri upon *The Vedanta Darsána*, from which, to give an idea of the fondness of the Eastern mind, for hyperbole I venture to quote the following :—

“ Here in the land of Benares, fragrant as it were with the stores of knowledge, arrived Colonel Olcott, with a mind earnestly desirous of acquiring the knowledge of the manners, customs, mechanical and other arts and sciences of the ancient Aryas, and having formed friendship with the members of the Brahmamritavarshini Association, showed at a meeting of that assembly a very great liking for the Indian Philosophies (the Darsanas Shâstras).

“ Methinks that although he is born in a foreign land, yet he is assuredly a native of India, inasmuch as in him the effect of the original antecedent relationship has shewn life afresh, and he has made not infrequent efforts towards the good of India. Nevertheless, enough with such series of conjectures. The fact, however, still remains that he longs to know the philosophy (the Darsanas) of our country and, being desirous of spreading in foreign

countries the knowledge of the Vedant Darsana, invited earnestly and not infrequently Vedantic contributions to their famous journal which, as it were, acts the part of the moon in expanding the lotus of Indian Wisdom."

From this meeting I went to pay my respects to Prof. G. Thibaut, Ph. D., Principal of Benares College and an old pupil and protégé of Prof. Max Müller. I found him a most agreeable man, deeply versed in Sanskrit yet without pretence or pomposity : in short, a real specimen of the German litterateur. From thence to see Mr. Wall, the local Magistrate and Collector; a title meaning nothing to Western people, but here in India designating the official who rules almost despotically over more or less millions of Hindus in a given district, to whom he is at once the Providence, the Jupiter Tonans, and all the gods and goddesses "rolled into one."

That evening there was a glorious moon, shining day-bright out of a sky without a cloud. Doctor Thibaut, the College Sanskrit Pandits, Babu Pramádá Dásá Mitra, Swami Dyânand, Mr. Ram Rao, one of Swami's disciples, Damodar, Mrs. Gordon, H. P. B., myself, and others whose names are not recorded, sat on chairs and a large Indian carpet, on the platform at the head of the steps, with the moon turning our white bungalow into an ivory palace and silvering the water of the lotos tank before us, and discoursed on Aryan themes. The Swamiji was, of course, heterodox in that he denied that idol-worship was authorized by the Vedas, the primal source of all inspired religion, the foundation of Brahamanism in particular. Babu Pramádá Dásá and the College Pandits were intensely orthodox, *i.e.*, idolators; so the reader may fancy the warmth and volubility of the debate, to which Dr. Thibaut and we others, Europeans, gave impartial attention. Every now and then H. P. B. would get translated to her something that had been said and thereupon 'take a hand in,' to our great amusement; for she was so deliciously witty and unreservedly outspoken as to be irresistible. What made us laugh the more was, that her most comical outbursts would be received with unruffled solemnity by the Hindu professors, who had probably a congenital incapacity for joking, and could not form to themselves the least idea of what this prodigious woman was driving at. Then she, seeing this, would turn to us with obstreperous energy and curse the others for a pack of bigoted fools!

At last, some of the Pandits took leave, and the rest of us went within and continued the conversation. There were H.P.B., Mrs. Gordon, Dr. Thibaut, the Swami, Pramâdâ Babu, Ram Rao, Damodar and myself present. The talk was upon the subject of Yoga. "Matam Plavatsky" said Dr. Thibaut, in his strong German accent, "dese Pandits tell me dat, untoutedly, in te ancient times dere vere Yogis who hat actually teveloped the Siddhis tescribed in the Shâstras; tat dey coul't too vonterful tings; for instance, tey coul't make fall in a room like dis, a shower of roses; put now nopody can do dat." I ask my friend's pardon for transcribing his then accent and words, but the scene comes back to me so vividly that I can almost hear him speaking. He can get his revenge

the first time he hears me speak German ! I see him now ; as he sat on a sofa to H. P. B.'s right, with his frock-coat buttoned to his chin, his intellectual, pale face as solemn as though he were pronouncing a funeral oration, and his hair cut as short as it could be, and standing up like spikes all over his head. He had no sooner pronounced the last word than H. P. B. started up in her chair, looked scornfully at him, and burst out : " Oh, they say that, do they ? They say no one can do it now ? Well, I'll show them ; and you may tell them from me that if the modern Hindus were less sycophantic to their Western masters, less in love with their vices, and more like their ancestors in many ways, they would not have to make such a humiliating confession, nor get an old Western hippopotamus of a woman to prove the truth of their Shastras !" Then, setting her lips together and muttering something, she swept her right hand through the air with an imperious gesture, and pang ! on the heads of the company fell about a dozen roses. As soon as the momentary shock of surprise was over, there was a scramble for the roses, but Thibaut sat as straight as a post and seemed to be casting it up, pro and con, in his mind. Then the discussion proceeded with renewed vivacity. The Sankya was the topic and Thibaut put many searching questions to H. P. B., which she answered so satisfactorily that the Doctor said that, neither Max Müller nor any other Orientalist had made so clear to him the *real* meaning of the Sankya philosophy, as she had, and he thanked her very much. Towards the end of the evening, in a pause in the conversation, he turned to H. P. B. and—always keeping his eyes fixed towards the floor according to his habit—said that, as he had not been so fortunate as to get one of the roses that had so unexpectedly fallen, might he be favoured with one " as a souvenir of this very delightful evening ?" Those were his very words. His secret thought, probably was, that if the first floral rain had been a trick she would not be ready for a second, if taken unawares ! " Oh yes, certainly," she said, " as many as you like." And, making another of her sweeping gestures, down fell another shower of flowers ; one rose actually hitting the Doctor on the top of his head and bounding into his lap as he sat bolt upright. I happened to be looking at him at that moment and saw the whole incident. Its effect was so funny as to set me off into a fit of laughter. He gave a little, very slight start, opened and shut his eyes twice, and then taking a rose and looking down at it, said with imperturbable solemnity, "*De veight, mooltiplied py te felosity, proves dat it moost haf come from a creat distance.*" There spoke the hard savant, the unimaginative scholar, who reduces all life to an equation, and expresses all emotions by algebraical signs ! The story of the discomfiture of the larking Paris students, who had dressed up one of their number in a bull's hide, rubbed phosphorous over the eyes and lips, lay in wait for the learned Cuvier in the College Campus one dark night, and with bellowings sprang out before him in the hope of giving him a start, came to my mind. As everybody knows, the legend is that the great naturalist merely paused a moment, looked

at the silly apparition, said "Humph! hoofs; horns; herbivorous"—and walked quietly on, leaving the ambushed students crest-fallen enough. Let that be as apochryphal as one pleases, this Benares incident is the simple truth, as every one present will attest.

But we had not done with the evening's surprises. Doctor Thibaut finally took leave and I conducted him to the entrance, where I lifted the purdah (curtain) to give him egress. Damodar followed after me with the light—a student reading-lamp with shade, vertical rod for the body of the lamp to slide upon, and a ring at top to carry it by. H.P.B. also left her seat and was approaching us. The Doctor and I exchanged a remark on the beauty of the night, shook hands, and he turned to go. I was just dropping the curtain when I saw on H.P.B.'s face that strange look of power which almost always preceded a phenomenon. I called back our guest and pointed to H.P.B., who spoke never a word until she took the lamp from Damodar's hand, held it by her left forefinger, looked fixedly at it, pointed at it with her right forefinger and in an imperious tone said, "Go up!" The flame rose and rose until it came to the top of the chimney. "Go down!" said she: it slowly descended until it burnt bluish at the wick. "Go up!" she exclaimed, "up: I command you." The obedient flame once more mounted to the top of the chimney. "Down!" she cried; and once more it sank to the point almost of extinction; whereupon she returned the lamp to Damodar, nodded to the Doctor, and went into her bedroom. This, again, is a plain, unexaggerated tale of what really happened in our presence. If the skeptic would explain away the rose-shower incidents by the theory of confederacy* at least here was one instance of a genuine phenomenon to which the theory of fraud does not apply. She said it was very simple: a Mahâtma was there, invisible to all but herself, and he had just turned the lamp up and down while she spoke the words. This was one of two explanations given by her at different times, the other being that she had power over the elementals of Fire, and they obeyed her commands. I think this is the more probable of the two. As for the facts, they are indisputable, and everybody is free to attach his own theory to them. To me, the incident was one more in a long series going to prove her possession of real and extraordinary psychical powers; facts upon which I could fall back whenever her good faith might be challenged by her critics or impugned by her own indiscretions of language and of actions. Her intimate friends believed in her in spite of her often feverish outbursts of temper, when she would declare herself ready to shout from the housetops that there were no Mahâtmas, no psychical powers, and that she had simply deceived us from first to last. Talk of ordeals and trials of faith! I doubt if any neophytes, postulants or disciples ever had to undergo fiercer ones than we. It seemed her delight to drive us frantic with her vagaries and self-accu-

* I should have mentioned that when the two roses dropped in Mr. Sinnett's presence, (see chap. VIII) he and I at once hurried to the staircase leading to the roof-terrace, ran up, and searched about for any possibly concealed confederate. We found none.

sations, she knowing all the while that to us doubt was impossible in view of our experience with her. That is why I hesitate to place the least value on her so-called "Confession" to M. Aksakof of her having had a turbulent and disreputable past. In fact, I had for years in my possession a bundle of old letters which proved her innocence of a certain grave fault that she has been charged with, and her having deliberately sacrificed her own reputation to save the honor of a young lady who had met with a misfortune. But let me not be drawn into further digression. Time will vindicate the memory of this most unhappy victim of social injustice, and meanwhile her books and her teachings stand as her imperishable monument. My souvenirs of those long years of our common work, their struggles, sorrows and successes, will help to show her in her true character and, while written with the candour of the historian, they will, I hope, reflect also the spirit of loving friendship which animates their author.

After all our visitors had departed the Swami sat along with us, explaining to Mrs. Gordon the philosophy of such phenomena as we had had shown us. A note in my Diary reminds me of the intense interest with which he had watched H. P. B. while they were in progress and, whatever he may have said later, when he chose to break with us, there is not the slightest doubt as to his having been perfectly satisfied of their genuineness at the time.

Mrs. Gordon left for her home the following morning, Dr. Thibaut came and stopped until it was our time to go to the train, and we reached Allahabad in time for dinner and spent a quiet evening with our kind friends, the Sinnetts. The next day H. P. B. and I were given a reception in town by leading Hindu gentlemen, at the Allahabad Institute, and I made an address upon "Ancient Aryavarta and Modern India," which drew out several fervid responses at the close, and a vote of thanks, with the obligatory garlands and scented-water sprinklings. H. P. B. was also coaxed into making a brief discourse and acquitted herself admirably.

Callers, discussions, dinner parties and evening gatherings at the house filled up our few remaining days at "Prayâg," the holy city—as Allahabad used to be called. On the 26th December I received Mr. and Mrs. Sinnett into membership, the ceremony being made unusually interesting by a voice replying "Yes, we do" to my question whether the Masters heard the pledges of the candidates and approved of their admission into the Society. Truly, events have amply proved the value of their accession to our then small membership. On the 30th, at 8 P. M., we left for Bombay after this most delightful visit, passed two nights in the train, and reached home on New Year's Day 1880. On the same day of the previous year, we were tossing on the stormy Atlantic, and yearning for Bombay. Our Indian life began in clouds, treachery and disappointment, the year

closed in bright promise for the future ! Friends gained, obstacles surmounted, enemies baffled, our Magazine founded, the ties becoming stronger that were to bind us for life to India and Ceylon. On the 31st December I wrote: "This day we have 621 subscribers to the *Theosophist*," and, however paltry that may sound to Western people, accustomed to the wonderful statistics of their journals, it was a very respectable circulation for India, where the leading daily papers of Calcutta, Bombay and Madras have only 1,500 to 2,000 names on their mailing registers !

The first formal meeting of the Theosophical Society, as a body, in India, was held January 4th, 1880, in the Library. I note that everything looked neat and business-like ; the cases well filled with books, the large table with magazines and journals, some maps and diplomas (H. P. B.'s and mine) on the walls, a temporary platform at one end of the room, and on it a handsomely carved Presidential chair that H. P. B. had insisted on buying for me in the bazaar :—and which is still in use at Adyar. The meeting over, I drove with the Secretary, Mr. Seervai, to a meeting of the Arya Samaj, was asked to preside, and gave an account of our Northern tour and our intercourse with Swami Dyânand.

The growing business of the *Theosophist* made a deal of work for us, for, being too poor to hire helpers, we had to do the packing, addressing and pasting, as well as the editorial duty. In addition to which was the ever-growing correspondence to look after ; so that I seldom got to bed before a late hour. This month the Magazine began to pay its way.

To keep up the interest of our members I undertook a course of weekly lectures at the Library on Mesmerism, Psychometry, Crystal-reading and allied subjects, with experimental illustrations. I treated them all from the point of view of their evidential value in the problem of the superior consciousness of man. A number of our members proved excellent sensitives and the attendance was always large at the meetings.

We received, January 15th, from Russia the news that H. P. B.'s first Indian letter on the *Caves and Jungles of Hindustan* had made a great stir ; everybody was talking about it. On the 1st February we all witnessed a special performance by students of Elphinstone College, of a play called "Harischandra," which deeply interested us. This was not only on account of its novelty and picturesqueness to us, Westerns, but also because we saw unfolded in this drama the undoubted prototype of the Biblical story of Job. So few beyond the Red Sea know the Purânic story of Harischandra that I am tempted to reproduce from Ward's "History of the Hindus" the following brief summary : with an important prefix, however. The story, as told in *Harischandropâkhyâna*, recites that a sort of wager was made by the two great Rishis, Vashistha and Vishwamitrâ, on the subject of King Harischandra's inflexible virtue ; the one declaring him to be the most perfect among mortals, the

other replying that he had never been properly tested. If he had had to suffer the miseries of common men, his virtue would have collapsed. The dispute ended in an agreement that Vishwamitrâ should be free to plague the king until he was satisfied as to his pre-eminent merit. The story taken by Rev. Missionary Ward is from the *Markândeeya Purâna*. His omission to note the resemblance to the almost identical story of the temptations and victory of Job, is rather amusing. Here is his version :—

Harishchândrâ's Kingdom extended over the whole earth; he was so famed for liberality that Viswamitrâ, the sage, desirous of seeing the extent of it, went to him and asked a gift. The king promised to grant him whatever he would ask. The sage demanded his kingdom and it was granted. He then asked for the fee which accompanies a gift, which the king promised to give in a month. But where should the king reside, since he had surrendered the earth to Viswamitrâ? The latter ordered him to go to Benares, which was not reckoned a part of the earth. Viswamitrâ tearing a piece of cloth into three pieces, divided it amongst the king, the queen, and their son and the family departed: the king attempted to take with him a gold drinking cup, but Viswamitrâ prevented him. They were nearly a month in walking to Benares, where they had no sooner arrived, than Viswamitrâ came and demanded the fee. The king asking from whence he should procure this, seeing he had surrendered his all, the sage directed him to sell his wife. A covetous Brahmin bought her, who allowed her food only once a day. Viswamitrâ now complained that the sum raised by the sale of the queen was too little and refused to accept it. The king was then led round the market, with a blade of grass in his hair, to signify that he was for sale, when a man of the lowest caste bought him and made him a swine-herd and superintendent of the place where the dead are burnt. With the money thus raised the fee was paid and Viswamitrâ returned home.

Harishchândrâ's son remained at the house of the Brahmin with his mother; but the Brahmin resolving that he should not live idle, sent him daily to gather flowers in a forest, near a hermit's hut of leaves, where they broke down the trees and did much mischief; upon which the hermit forbade them once, twice, thrice, but they still continued obstinate. At last he denounced a curse on the next boy who should dare to transgress, and Harishchândrâ's son was soon bitten by a snake and died. The distressed mother entreated the Brahmin, her master, that, as they were of the Kshetriya caste, the dead body might not be thrown into the river. The Brahmin promised to send wood to burn the body, when the mother carrying her child to the landing place, where they burn the dead, laid it down and began to weep aloud and bitterly. Harishchândrâ was aroused by her cries and, going to the spot, saw a female who had brought a dead body to be burnt. He demanded the usual fee for liberty to burn the corpse. She in vain pleaded that she was a poor widow, and could give nothing; he demanded that she should tear the cloth in two which she wore and give him the half of it, and was proceeding to beat her with the iron crow in his hand, when she wept and began to tell him her miserable tale; her descent; that she was the wife of King Harishchândrâ and that this dead child was her son. All the feelings of horror, sorrow and love started up in his bosom at once, and he confessed to the poor broken-hearted mother, that he was her husband,

the father of the dead child—that he was Harishchândrâ. The woman was unable to believe him, but he related some secrets that had passed betwixt them when king and queen, from which she knew he must be Harishchândrâ. She then put his dead son into his arms and they both sat down and wept bitterly. At last, resolving to burn themselves with the dead child, they prepared the fire, and were about to throw themselves into it, when Yama and Indra arrived, and assured Harishchândrâ that they had assumed these forms and carried him through these scenes to try his piety, with which they were now completely satisfied. They raised the dead child to life and sent the king and queen to take possession of their kingdom.

The plot of the play that we saw represented followed the lines of the *Harischandropâkhyâna*, the curtain rising in the Prologue upon a scene in Indra's Heaven, with the two Rishis in debate together, and falling on the exit of Vishwamitrâ to put Harischândrâ to the test. Every one to his taste, but it seems to me a much better beginning of the story than that given in Job i, 6 to 12; for here are two equals—advanced human adepts—wagering together, while in the other case the Devil with impunity intrudes into the presence of God, sneers to his face about the sham virtue of his devout servant, and instead of being blasted where he stood, actually provoking the 'Lord' into giving a most deserving, pious and innocent man into the power of the 'Adversary' to morally vivisect!

The anniversary of the landing of our quartette at Bombay—February 15th—was celebrated by our working all day, save when receiving visitors; by Mr. William Scott, D. P. W., dining with us; and by my sticking to my desk until 2 A. M.

About this time I proposed the institution of a Medal of Honor. From the *Theosophist* for March 1880, the following excerpt shows the object in view:

"The said medal to be of pure silver and made from Indian coins melted down for the purpose: and shall be suitably engraved, stamped, carved or embossed with a device expressive of its high character as a Medal of Honor. It shall be annually awarded by a committee of Native scholars, designated by the President, to the Native author of the best original essay upon any subject connected with the ancient religions, philosophies or sciences; preference being given, other things being equal, to the occult or mystical branch of science as known and practised by the ancients."

An admirable committee was selected and the offer published from time to time, but neither of the essays sent in was thought worthy of such a distinction. Babu S. K. Ghose and other friends sent me some very ancient Indian coins for the purpose, and they are still in my custody. The object was, however, substantially realised by the foundation of the T. Subbarow Medal at the Convention of 1883, which has been awarded to Judge P. Sreenevasa Row, Mme. H. P. Blavatsky, Mr. G. R. S. Mead and Mrs. Annie Besant, for specially meritorious Theosophical publications.

On the 4th March a European lady of Northern India, wife of a high military officer, was admitted into the Society, and I mention the

fact merely to recall a circumstance which shows the utter lack of social relations between the two races. After the ceremony of admission of the candidate was concluded, I called on several of our cleverest Parsi and Hindu members to express any sentiments of good will and fellowship that they would wish the new lady member to convey to our colleagues in London. Short speeches were made by Messrs. Seervai, Deshmukh, Mooljee, Patwardhan and others, their views being given in excellent taste and perfect English. Mrs. M was "astonished and delighted"—she said—to find so much intelligence among the Natives. In her eighteen years of residence in India she had never even spoken to any Hindu but her servants! And she, the wife of a high officer. A very much more important acquisition to our membership was that of Khan Bahadur N. D. Khandalvâla, one of the ablest men on our rolls, who was admitted at a special meeting of the Society, on the 9th March. The application for membership of Baron J. Spedalieri, of Marseilles, one of the most erudite Kabalists of Europe and chief pupil of the late Eliphas Levi, reached us on the 19th of the same month. The same month brought us a Collector and Magistrate of the Punjâb, a C. S., as a candidate. On the evening of the 25th H. P. B., Damodar and I had an experience of a most delightful character, which I have related elsewhere from memory but which must now be repeated in its proper place from my notes of the same evening written in my Diary.

We three had driven out in the open phæton that Damodar had presented to H. P. B., to the farther end of the causeway known as Warli Bridge, to enjoy the cool sea-breeze. A magnificent electric storm was raging, unaccompanied with rain, the flashes being so vivid as to light up the neighbourhood almost like day. I think I have elsewhere said it was a moonlight night, but if so, I was mistaken: it must have been the recollection of these blazes of lightning that made me think what happened was by moonlight. H. P. B. and I smoked and we all chatted about this and that, when we heard the sound of many voices coming from the seashore to our right, from a bungalow situate on a transverse road not far from the corner where we sat. Presently a party of well-dressed Hindus, laughing and talking together, came in sight, passed us and entered their carriages, which were drawn up in line on the Warli road, and drove off to town. To see them, Damodar, who was sitting with his back to the driver, stood up and looked over the box. As the last party of convivial friends were coming abreast of our carriage, he silently touched my shoulder and motioned with his head that I was to look at something in that direction. I stood up and saw behind the last group a single human figure approaching. He, like the others, was dressed in white, but the whiteness of his costume positively made theirs look gray, as the electric light makes the brightest gas light appear dull and yellow. The figure was a head taller than the group which preceded him, and his walk was the very ideal of graceful dignity. As he came about as far as our horse's head, he deflected from the road in our direc-

tion, and we two, to say nothing of H.P.B., saw that it was a Mahatma. His white turban and dress, mass of dark hair dropping to his shoulders, and full beard, made us think it was "the Sahib", but when he came to the carriage-side and stood not more than a yard from our faces, and laid his hand on H.P.B.'s left arm as it lay on the carriage body, and looked us in the eyes and responded to our reverential salutations, we then saw it was not he, but another whose portrait H. P. B., wore, later, in a large gold locket and which many have seen. He spoke no word, but quietly moved towards the causeway, taking no notice of nor, seemingly, exciting any from the Hindu guests as they rolled away in their carriages towards the town. The recurrent blazes of electric light lit him up as he stood by us, and as his tall form showed against the horizon and the dark earth of the causeway. I noticed, too, that a lamp of the last of the carriages threw him up in high relief when he was some fifty feet away from us and on the causeway. There was no tree or bush to screen him from us and, it may be believed, we watched him with intense concentration. One instant we saw him, the next he was gone; disappeared, like one of the lighting flashes. Under the strain of excitement I jumped out of the carriage, ran to the spot where he was last seen, but no one was there. I saw nothing but the empty road and the back of the carriage that had just passed.

H. S. OLCOTT.

SELECTIONS FROM JAINA VIRAGYA SATAKS *

1. In this fleeting life of sorrow and tribulation it is virtue alone that can give happiness. Although *Jiva Atma* (soul) is conscious of it, yet it does not perform good deeds as prescribed by the *Sastras*.

2. People think that to-day, to-morrow, or the day after, or even a year hence they shall be happy by accumulating wealth; but they do not consider that their health is declining day by day like water in the hand that drops gradually.

3. Whatever good deeds you wish to do to-morrow do them to-day, without hesitation; seeing that there are many obstacles in your way it is not desirable to put them off.

4. Behold the versatile nature of this world, whatever is seen of those closely related to us, in the morning, undergoes great change in the evening.

5. Do not sleep, be vigilant. Bear in mind that you are pursued by three enemies: *viz.*, Disease, Old Age, and Death, and what rest can you enjoy when you are sure to pass away.

6. The Wheel of Time, holding the jars of day and night, is pulled by the two bullocks—the sun and the moon—it is emptying the water of life from the well of the world.

* The Translator has sent us this first instalment of slokas of the Virgaya Jaina, which we print, although they have already appeared in *Prasnottara* Nos. 47 and 48, and in the *Journal of the Buddhist Text Society*, because he is to supply the subsequent slokas, and our permanent record should be complete.—ED. THEOS.

7. There is no art, no medicine, and no knowledge which can save this life from the bite of the serpent Death.

8. The Bee of Time is constantly sucking honey from the lotus-like body in the waters of this world.

9. Death follows man like a shadow, and pursues him like an enemy; perform, therefore, good deeds so that you may reap a blessing hereafter.

10. *Jiva Atma* suffers various sorts of troubles from the effects of *Karma* done in previous births.

11. Father, mother, son, wife, and other relations all return from the cremation ground after giving a handful of water to the departed.

12. Your sons, friends, and your hard-earned money shall all remain here, *Virtue* only will accompany you.

13. This life being entangled in the net of *Karma*, is incarcerated in the prison of this world, when released it will go to the region of *Nirvána*.

14. Connection with relations, sensual enjoyment, and the company of friends are as transitory as drops of water on the lotus.

15. Where is gone your power, where is gone your youth, and where is gone your beauty? Oh! they were all fleeting, and so they passed away before your eyes!

16. *Jiva Atma*, from the effects of *Karma*, has lived in the dark, filthy, impure drain of the womb times without number.

17. Life is liable to disease, and death and struggles like fish on land. People witness it, but no one comes to its rescue.

18. *Jiva Atma* is subject to innumerable changes in this world. From the effects of *Karma* a wife becomes a mother in her next birth, and a father, son, and *vice versú*.

19. There is no such caste, no such *Yoni* (mode of birth), no such family, and no such place from which life has not sprung forth and passed away times without number.

20. Frequent enjoyment of earthly prosperity has led to your sufferings. Pity it is that you have not tried to "know yourself."

21. 'Live in the world but be not of it' is the precept taught by our Old *Rishis*, and it is the only means of liberating you from the world.

22. Rest assured that no one in this world can do good to you or injure you, you yourself reap the fruits of your *Karma*, good or bad, just like boys who suffer from hunger and are satisfied when they get food.

23. The body is perishable and transitory, while *Atma* is imperishable and everlasting; it is connected with the body only by the link of *Karma*; it should not be subservient to it.

24. If you fail to ascertain the relationship between yourself and your family and know not their destination when you separate, your connection with it cannot be guaranteed.

25. Things change like evening clouds, bodies disappear like bubbles, atoms separate like birds in the morning, *Atma* only remains permanent.

26. One can only practise Virtue (*Dharma*) so long as his senses are vigorous, the signs of old age have not appeared, disease has not affected his body, and death has not overtaken him.

27. Putting off to the last the performance of good deeds is just like digging a well for water when the house is in flames.

28. The number of times our souls transmigrate is more than drops of water in oceans and particles of sand in mountains. Waters of the innumerable ocean, like *Lavana Samudra*, and sands of innumerable mountains, like *Meru*, will be much less than the transmigrations of your soul.

29. Your wealth is like the ears of an elephant which never stop moving; your sensual pleasures are like the colours of the rainbow, which suddenly change and disappear; your youth and beauty are like a flash of lightning, which instantly vanish.

30. Your soul has transmigrated times without number and has undergone sufferings resulting from your *Karma*.

31. Death comes to man like evening to the day and dawn to the night, as time passed cannot be recalled, so opportunity when lost cannot be regained.

32. If, through sheer negligence, you do nothing good to your fellow beings, you will be your own enemy, and become a victim to the miseries of this world.

33. One to whom death is a friend, or one who has strength enough to avoid it, can only wait for any length of time to do anything good contemplated by him.

34. Leaving behind all family and treasure, the helpless soul separates from the body just like flowers that are blown down from trees.

35. Your soul, which migrating from one sphere to another, has times without number made its abode in mountains, valleys, seas, caves, trees and other places too numerous to mention.

36. Death takes away man just as a lion that runs with a deer from the herd quite unnoticed.

37. Life goes out of the body like water that falls from a broken vessel, splendour passes away like the waves of the sea, and the affection of friends and relations disappears like a dream. As a *Deva* or a *Devi*, as a *man* or an *animal*, *rich* or *poor*, *learned* or *ignorant*, *free* or *fettered*, you have been put to the most difficult *Ordeals* in your life.

39. You have been subjected to the ills of life, by the effects of your *Karma* in this world, where the waters of the innumerable oceans cannot quench your thirst and the edibles of the whole world assuage your hunger.

40. Your life in the present birth will suddenly pass away like a flash of lightning, and you shall again be left in darkness, unable to see or do any thing.

41. Your existence in this world is similar to a drop of dew upon the top of the grass, therefore, *Gautama* don't be idle.

42. Blinded by affection and darkened by unrighteousness you are in want of truth, like a blind man wanting sight, to appreciate the Gems of Truth, which shine within him.

43. The ship of virtue and righteousness can only take you to the shores of the ocean of this world, which when crossed, you shall enjoy the happiness of *Nirvána*.

44. Wretched as I am, I have neither given money to the poor out of my earnings, nor have I led a life of Celibacy ; neither have I ever practised austerities nor devoted myself to Prayer.

45. My inner man (*Antakarna*) has been burnt by anger, poisoned by covetousness, torn asunder by pride, and besmeared with fraud.

46. O Lord ! I have done no real good to mankind, all my learning has been used in discussion only, my preaching simply to please them, and my ostensible purity to cheat them.

47. I have made my tongue dirty by speaking untruth, my eyes shameless by looking into the faults of others, and I have rendered my heart impure by showing malice towards others.

48. My body has been decayed by age, but not my passions ; neither were my senses gratified in my youth, nor desires for worldly objects fulfilled.

49. Even in the Light of Knowledge nothing was done, life passed away in despair, and time lost, like a valuable gem thrown into the sea.

50. Just, noble, harmless, social, attentive, unselfish, philanthropic, benevolent, charitable, ungreedy, hospitable and merciful are the qualities of a good citizen.

51. Affectionate, affable, far-sighted, frugal, enlightened, respectful, brave, shameful and pure-minded are the qualities of a household man.

52. Like a frog that devours insects whilst between the jaws of a serpent, you are constantly doing harm to your weaker brethren, whilst under the pressure of death, unmindful of yourself being crushed in a second.

(a) Insects (*Patangas*) for the love of the lamp, to enjoy their sight, sacrifice their lives by leaping into it.

(b) Bees being attracted by the smell of the Lotus flower, in sucking its juice are shut up at night within it, and lose their lives.

(c) The deer and the serpent being very fond of music, are attracted by the flute of the hunters, and are caught by them.

(d) The sweet odour of edibles induces birds and fishes to go to the traps laid for them by hunters, and anglers and are thus entangled in them. Birds and fishes being created to eat grain and pieces of bread, for the sake of their taste, are entangled in the net of the sportsman and become victims to them.

(e) The elephant, to gratify his sexual desire, blindly goes to embrace the female (decoy) and is entrapped.

In a similar way, man, to gratify his senses, falls a victim to the evils of this world, and at last sacrifices his life for their sake.

53. Virtue is spoiled by idleness, hatred, quarrels, anger, fraud, pride, bad society, and carelessness.

54. Vanity and disappointment should not come to you, by being praised or censured for your qualifications and disqualifications, respectively. By the former you will lose what you have, and the latter will not allow you to reach the goal of your aspirations.

55. Better to do less good, with purity of heart, than to do more with jealousy, pride, malice or fraud.

56. Little, but good and affective, work is always valuable, like a pure gem, the essence of a drug, or a pithy advice.

57. The secrets of success ought not to be exposed, for the tree cannot prosper if its roots are laid open from underneath.

58. Honesty, perseverance, respectfulness and industry, with patience, bring prosperity to a man in this world as well as in the next.

59. One who remains idle and loses the golden opportunity of doing good, is like the fool who does not quench his thirst when a pool of water is before him, remains hungry when his basket is filled with sweetmeats, and pines in poverty when *Kalpa Vriksha* is in his house.

60. Those who do not consider what "Virtue" is, are not truthful, do not show respect to their elders, and have not the sense of duty they owe to others, and like beasts, are born only to fill their belly.

61. The giant Death, with his mouth wide open, is waiting to devour you, be you, therefore, careful to perform all your duties, and fulfil all the promises you have made before he approaches you.

62. If you are unable to subject yourself physically to penances, to undergo austerities, and to engage yourself in deep contemplation, the proper course to liberate your soul from the hard fetters of *Karma* would be to keep the passions your heart under control; to check your desires; to carry out your secular affairs with calmness; to devote yourself to the worship of God, and to realize in yourself the "Permanent Truth," bearing in mind the transitory nature of the objects of the Universe.

63. The mind changes according to the nature of the objects it associates with, like common oil that takes scent from the flowers that

are kept in it, and a piece of crystal or glass that exhibits the color painted under it.

64. Therefore let not your mind entertain false ideas, cherish bad motives, or be lost in idleness or vanity; but let it be constantly occupied in the pursuit of true knowledge by devotion to God, religious practices, &c.

Avoid.—(1) Hearing bad words; (2) Seeing bad sights; (3) Eating bad things; (4) Smelling bad odours; (5) Touching unclean things. Refrain from—(1) Killing; (2) Telling lies; (3) Stealing; (4) Indulging in luxury, and (5) Coveting another's wealth. Control—(c) Your mind, speech, and body, so that they may not do wrong. Be free from—(d) Anger, pride, fraud, and covetousness. Don't be—(e) Lazy, selfish, harmful, vain and envious. Avoid Excess in—(f) Mirth, pleasure, pain, fear, sorrow, and hatred.

66. To control your mind (*Manas*), speech (*Vāk*), and body (*Kāya*), does not mean to be thoughtless, silent, or inactive, like beasts and trees; but instead of thinking what is evil, speaking untruth, and doing harm to others, they should be applied to good thoughts, good speech and good deeds.

67. To control your senses, *viz.*, touch, taste, smell, sight and hearing does not mean that you should become senseless like earth, dumb and deaf like mutes, or lose consciousness; but that you should not gratify them by wrong means or subject yourself to their influence.

68. You can fully enjoy peace if you be not too much attached to the objects of this world, caring very little about your connexion with, and separation from, them, as they are transitory. If you do not entangle it much in the concerns of your life, feeling less for your connexions and separations, as all worldly objects are transitory, and should not be depended upon.

69. After having undergone innumerable births and deaths you have reached the highest stage in the animal kingdom. Having got ample opportunity of doing good and becoming virtuous; you should not waste your time and thereby fall down again into the dark and deep well of suffering.

70. Your soul, while transmigrating in different spheres of *Samsār*, has several times taken its abode in mountains, valleys, seas, caves, streets and other places, too numerous to mention.

71. Your soul has assumed various forms, such as a *Dera* or a *nārakī*, a plant or an ant, a fly or a fish, a reptile or a dog, a horse or a monkey, beautiful or ugly, according to the effects of its *Karma*.

72. As a man it has been a *Rājā* and a beggar, a *Pandit* and a fool, a master and a slave, an upright man and a rogue, and what not?

73. During the course of your migrations, you have been subjected to all sorts of physical and moral discipline in this amphitheatre of *Samsār*.

74. But the edibles of the whole world have failed to assuage your hunger and the waters of the numerous oceans to quench your thirst.

75. As a man you have approached the shores of the oceans of this world; and if plunged in it again, you shall have to repent like one whose bow is broken, when the arrow was about to leave for the object to be shot.

76. Pierced again and again by the sharp spears of disease and death, your soul hath undergone innumerable births.

77. Not having been enlightened by truth and uprightness, your soul wandered through the dark dens of the forests of this world, like, wind freely moving about in the *Akása*.

78. Pity those who, possessing necessary qualifications, are incapable of appreciating the Gems of Truth.

79. The soul suffers from the bad and careless actions of the body, mind and speech; therefore these ought to be checked and applied towards all that is really good.

80. Your attachment to wealth and to your relations, and your aspiration for fame, being obstacles in the way of your salvation (*moksha*) are useless to you. They give you trouble and sorrow.

81. Your helpless soul, by the effect of *Karma* departs from the body, like a flower from the tree, falling on the ground by the gush of wind, leaving aside all your treasures and family.

82. Life leaks away from the body like a drop of water, the splendour of the world passes like waves of the sea, and affection becomes in a second, a dream.

83. In this forest of the world there is no way to get out, it is filled with creepers, bushes, and trees of various kinds of *Karma*, it is darkened by affection, and on it the rain of Sin (*Pápa*) is continually falling.

84. Your life is like a water-spout, your prosperity is accompanied by adversity, your beauty and taste are like evening clouds, and the joys derived from your connexion with your surroundings are like a dream.

85. Your body is a prison to your soul, wherein you have been placed with fetters of *Karma*, which could only be cut off by your energy, and good will-power.

86. Your soul is subjected to various sorts of blows of connexion with your body, like iron receiving constant strokes of the hammer by its connexion with fire, which makes it red hot.

87. As people do not like to spend their money on a rented house, you should not likewise be anxious to support your body which has only a temporary connexion with you.

88. Your body is a home of disease, it is a basin of clay the best use that can be made of it is to apply it towards the enlightenment of your soul by supplying its requirements.

89. Intoxication, luxury, passions, drowsiness, and idle conversation are the five causes of forgetfulness of thy *self*.

90. Ignorance, doubt, false belief, greediness, hatred, ill-will and ill-action are the seven causes which shut out your soul from enlightenment.

91. Thou ought to treat the general public with *Maitri* (friendship), those who are learned with *Pramode* (cheerfulness), and with *Odasvritti* (liberality), those who are suffering.

92. To entertain good feelings towards others is termed *Maitri* (friendship); to relieve one from suffering is *Karunâ* (compassion) to feel happy in another's happiness is called *Mudita* (enjoyment); and to remain unconcerned with other's affairs is *Opekshâ* (indifference).

93. None may commit sin, none may fall in trouble, and all may obtain relief from the sufferings of their *Karma*, are the feelings of *Maitri* (friendship).

94. To adopt measures of relief for those who are helpless, for those who are suffering, for those who are in fear, and for those who are in want, are the feelings of *Karunâ* (compassion.)

95. Showing reverence to and feeling happy in the company of those who are faultless, learned in the *Sastras*, and are respectable by relationship or age, comprise real *Mudita* (happiness).

96. Those who show neither favour nor disfavour to sinners, those who do not censure gods and priests, and those who do not praise themselves, are actuated by *Mâdhyasattâ*, or *Upekshâ* (indifference).

97. Those who entertain good feelings, are not entangled by family-ties neither are they attached to worldly objects. They are supposed to be in proximity to *Nirvâna*.

98. Those who are in *Samta*, or *Samadhi*, *i.e.*, perfect calmness and tranquillity of mind, and live in harmony with all Nature are worthy of praise.

99. And those who have freed their minds from sensual gratifications enjoy the happiness of *Nirvâna* even in this life.

100. Such are the practices of *Râj-Yoga*, based entirely on internal discipline, that the heart of man becomes purified without either the mind or the body being subjected to austerities, &c.

GULAL CHAND.

(Continuation next month.)

THEOSOPHY IS AN IDEA.

THAT Theosophy is not a church, not a body governed by individuals, has been asserted times out of number by the most prominent Theosophists, the world over. And yet it is most necessary to emphasize this fact at the present moment. With differences within and attacks from without, it is strange how the movement continues to exist, continues to show signs of *life*, active life and growth. When materialism hopes to have explained away Theosophy as a re-hauling of ancient superstitions, and when the established church has complacently traced it all to satanic trickery, the great Truth continues to thrive and prosper; bringing much needed comfort to minds unsettled by modern speculation, supplying ideals of life and conduct to souls wandering endlessly in a desert of so-called dry *facts*, and of fancies equally dry and unedifying.

Recent foibles have once again given prominence to the question, especially here in India, if Theosophy is nothing more than the ancient wisdom of this land, why should we at all turn to this new-fangled creed; sometimes led by men of questionable conduct and aspirations, not at all in accord with the truths they preach. The circular of Mr. Judge giving out, in distant hints and open suggestions, that the Mahât-mâs intend founding a school of Western occultism in America, against what he calls the "Black magic" of Brâhmanic degeneration, has created much uneasiness in certain minds not disposed to be any longer tolerant of the numerous small things which are whispered here and there as something supremely damaging to certain parties, and which, perhaps, derived all their importance from the secrecy in which they were generally shrouded. Some gentlemen here in India may have severed their connection with a movement they thought so badly managed, and several here and elsewhere have tried to lead a defection which is not yet accomplished. This state of things is most *untheosophic*, to say the least. I mean no offence or censure, I mean to convey only my sense of the mistake these good souls commit in attaching so much importance to individuals. If Theosophy has done anything it must continue to do that very thing, irrespective of individuals and their failings. Mark the growth, rather the advent, of every great philosophic truth in history. Attention to individuals has been the bane of every good thing, has been the beginning of its fall. Did not S'ankara proclaim the abstract unity of the All? And did not his followers circumscribe it with so much intellectuality as to necessitate the school of Vallâbha, who, attaching himself to the emotional side of the All, taught the same philosophy through Love and devotion. But *love*, surely, was an idea lower than *gnosis*, and people at once dragged it down to the level of their grosser imaginations, losing the spirit of the All in the enjoyment of individual passion. And other attempts tell the same tale. The pure idea of universal brotherhood, taught by Jesus Christ, got so much individualized in the grace of his self-styled mortal representative on earth, as to necessitate the Reformation led by the devotion of many a Luther in the middle ages.

And, again, philosophy as a whole, got individualised into degenerate materialism, and dwindled down to the narrowest individualism in its descent to agnosticism and atheism. The world is a compromise between *ideas* and *facts*, and all our philosophies, ethics, religions, sciences, emanate from one term or other of this compromise. The lover of truth clings to the idea, to the soul of which his body is the fact, and, disregarding every fact and every individual, strives onward to the realization of the idea which possesses him and which he represents. All ancient religions have succumbed in the hard struggle with *fact*; the idea has escaped in the grappling, and nothing but *dry facts*—the pet fabric on which science loves to build—have remained as witnesses of human frailty, as marks of mortal ignorance, as the future ground of base selfishness and blind superstition.

The Theosophic movement is the embodiment of an *Idea*. And herein lies the undoubted answer to the query why we should turn to Theosophy as the only true philosophy of life when we have, nearer home, ideals as high, nay higher. The *idea* has escaped all ancient faiths, all ancient religions, and it is no use clinging to an effete mass, if it lacks the life which has to be sought elsewhere. Theosophy is the latest and the most comprehensive fountain of all this life, all this idea, which, once put into the dead mass of any and every ancient religion, makes it at once what it once was, what it once professed to be.

And now it sounds no paradox if we say Theosophy is no religion, no creed, but the religion of religions, the creed of creeds, the philosophy of philosophies.

This view of Theosophy explains also the why and wherefore of its existence. Mankind had, assuredly, much need of a movement like Theosophy. In all our explanations of the world-phenomena we had arrived at atoms and atomic combinations as the last essence of that *dead matter* which was to us the All. The missing link, so to speak, the *life* which can take matter over the phases of all the variety of its activities, was guaranteed to us in that philosophy which was afraid of prying beyond the Unknowable and the Unknown, in that Biology which was content with the protoplasm, in that psychology which was content with nervous changes and 'unconscious cerebration.' The idea of end, of the purpose or design for which every particle of matter worked and moved, was sought in ethics which, with such physics and such philosophy at its back, led us naturally into the ethics of Individualism, palmed off on the world under the gilded title of Utilitarianism, and practically leading to hypocrisy and cant. Old literature, ancient manuscripts, were studied as so much pastime which the ancients had provided for the self-complacency of future generations. The ideas of universal brotherhood, absolute spirit, love, God, and sacrifice, over which human brain and heart had spent themselves for ages past, were all there as so many rude attempts of primitive men to understand that mystery of the universe in all its hearings; which we in blissful ignorance were never tired of congratulating one another as having

completely understood in every one of its intricate phases! This, however, of the world at large. India, with the gloomy burden of ignorance, oppression, and misrule hanging behind her back, retarding all progress and forbidding every retreat, imbibed the aforesaid notions from the West, and intoxicated herself to stupor with the potent and soothing draught of forgetfulness. All this has, however, suffered a radical change; and though geology and cognate sciences have had the most prominent share in bringing about the Age of Reason, Theosophy alone must be considered to have enunciated the principles of an Age of Love, following upon a synthesis of the results obtained through reason. Whether in science or philosophy, morals or education, religion or church, you find unmistakable marks of a change which promises to bring you every moment upon something new, something unusual, and yet something soothing, something loveable, something beyond all you know, something of which you shall never entertain the smallest doubt. Instances may be quoted without end, and the theme is both instructive and interesting to any one who may be disposed to take it up. It is enough if these minute, unobserved *changes* are proved to emanate from the impetus given to thought and research by Theosophy, are shown, at least, to be synchronous with the enunciation and development of theosophic truths; the sophy has not existed in vain, has not come among us a day too soon or too late. Theosophy, without being any definite thing or thought, is this undefined *idea*, best expressed when left undefined. All minor *thoughts* are but stages, of course, on which the idea runs to self-realization.

Are there those among you who say Theosophy teaches superstition, discourages research, dulls observation, and makes us unscientific and idle? Let such speakers reflect on the results of observation and science, industry and research, and let them frankly say if Theosophy in one form or another does not appear even in ideas assured to them by science, in inductions guaranteed to them by observation, in Government, history, commerce, all activity whatever. The Orientalists shrug their shoulders at all this, which they probably set down as so much 'rant', and dispute every word of Theosophy, imagining themselves already in proud possession of all ancient wisdom and learning. I shall thank any one who can show in the average Orientalist work of twenty-five years' standing, anything beyond distorted translations, literary quarrels, philological quibbles, childish explanations of myths, and paternal assertions of Christian superiority or supremacy over Heathen ignorance. To-day, you find even a Max Müller bend the knee to Indian philosophy, you find spiritual culture prized above everything, you find your ancient land pointed out as the storehouse and progenitor of all that the world has learnt to hold in high esteem. And ye, sons of Ind! do you not remember the day when the sandalwood *tilak* on your forehead and the *Dhoti* on your loins, when religion on your tongue and caste-distinction and orthodoxy in your acts, were all considered so many marks of uncivilized barbarism? When you too, on your part, had not the moral courage

to maintain them in spite of ridicule and contempt, in spite of disfavour and disadvantage? To-day you find these things appreciated, not only *tolerated*, but *appreciated*. It was, I think, Dr. Arnold who tried his utmost to put out the *nil admirari* spirit in his pupils; it was that very spirit which prevented Frenchmen from feeling proud of their past, which brought on the disasters of the French Revolution. It is no small benefit, no measurable good, that a country can have its children awakened to a sense of its past greatness, to a sense of its enviable position. To this you owe your understanding of yourself and your country, your rights and your privileges. The National Congress owes its existence to this invisible impetus, and if India, ever finds her turn on the ascending arc of glory which has begun its course at the easternmost end of Asia, the fostering of this sense of past greatness in your minds will have no small share of the history of the causes of such change. And, as far as I have been able to observe, every nation has found life more enjoyable, more comfortable; has found old institutions and books more loveable, more respectable; has found new, and perhaps ever new, means of dispelling all suicidal *ennui* of work, and the life of work.

All this may sound like so much boasting, so much vain talk; but it could hardly have been avoided by any one trying to help his fellow men to a realization of that *Idea* of which Theosophy is only a name and a symbol. The conception, as old as time, as the Demiurgus of Plato, the Tao of Laotse, the Huc of the Suffis, the Advaita of the Brâhmans, is best focussed at the present day in Theosophy; and all sympathetic souls, of every creed and caste, must naturally feel attracted to the *Idea*. Theosophist or non-theosophist, he who loves the *Idea* is a theosophist twice over.

It is this Idea we must ever keep before us, never forgetting the fact, that individuality is its death and destruction. Every faith has had its trial, every ambition its test, every government its ordeal; and history has amply shown that individuality has everywhere been failure, depreciation and discomfiture. The Society to which we belong, has as a body acted most judiciously in asserting the neutrality of the movement at the trial held in London last year. The subsequent expression of disapproval at Adyar was a further step in the most proper direction. Worldly ethics cease thenceforward to touch the individual; but theosophic ethics begin where these end, and, with Mrs. Besant, require each of us to wish well to those whom we gently rebuke in the name of Truth. Our duty is a duty of love, duty of idea; intellect alone can address intellect, spirit, spirit. As long as intellect refuses to be convinced, the spirit tries in vain to believe. But for all that, no one has the right to say that he is in possession of truth, and in a position to condemn others. Well, says the *Kathopânished*, "He *knows*, who knows It not; who knows, *knows* It not; It is *known* of those who do not know; It is not *known* of those who know."

Rise above individuality, cling to the *idea*, forget the *fact*, and march on in union to the realization of that which you represent; individually, as members of the Society, as members of the world; generally, as a body, as a universe. Let censure move you not, let reproaches disturb you not, let challenges stir you not, let jealousy demean you not, let hate belittle you not;—let the Idea, let love, let unity, help you on to the goal of realizing what you represent: to the supreme act of self-realization, as the *Advaita* would put it.

MANILAL N. DVIVEDI.

ZOROASTRIANISM IN THE LIGHT OF SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY.

AN essay on the above subject, prepared by Mr. J. N. Unvala, M. A., was read at the *Dixième Congrès International des Orientalistes*, Session de Genève, in September last. It was published in the *Theosophist*, December 1894. The learned author tried to show in this paper to Western *savants*, who, up to this time, have been trying to understand and explain one of the most mystic and allegorical religious systems from the stand-point of Philology, that their method is deficient and wanting, and that, therefore, it is necessary to apply another key, *viz.*, Theosophy, to understand Zoroastrianism in its proper light. Nearly half of the paper is devoted to eulogising past and present Oriental scholars; the writer in the remaining half enters into a solution of the *Avastâ*, as he himself believes, from the Theosophical stand-point. That the paper may be called a philological rather than a theosophical one, will be seen presently. Although an attempt has been made by my learned friend to compare various tenets of Zoroastrianism with the Vedic philosophy, the comparisons are somewhat far-fetched. The correspondences are utterly misleading, and far from the fundamental principles of Zoroastrianism as well as Theosophy.

Beginning with Ahura-Mazda, then, let us examine the paper. Much of the space is occupied in defining the Philology of Ahura-Mazda, about which I have nothing to say, as I am not a student of Philology. But Hindus will never agree, I imagine, to their highest god Shiva being degraded to one of the "emanations" of Ahura-Mazda, simply because the Zend root *Spi* agrees with the Sanskrita *Shvi*, "from which we have Shiva, the name of the great God of the Hindus." Shiva is compared for this reason, with Spenta-Mainyush, one of the "emanations" of Ahura-Mazda. But while these "emanations," Spenta-Mainyush and Angra-Mainyush, are dual in their character, in Shiva there is no duality, because, as Mr. Unvala himself says, it is "the name of the great God of the Hindus," who alone exists, if anything exists at all, even at Pralayakâla, while all other existences, even Spenta-Mainyush and Angra-Mainyush, are absorbed in the bosom of Parabrahman; for which reason He is called *Sâda-Shiva*.

Further on, *Zravâne-Akarna* of the Zoroastrians, which is compared in the "Secret Doctrine" with Parabrahman, is taken in this paper as

“an aspect of Ahura-Mazda.” It is true that in some of the Parsi scriptures Zravâne-Akarna is mentioned as a “creature” of Ahura-Mazda; but the word Ahura-Mazda itself is used in the Avasta literature in various ways. He stands sometimes as Parabrahman, sometimes as the Unmanifested Logos, or the Spiritual Sun, and sometimes even as the Third or Creative Logos. Unfortunately, the Avastaic terms are not settled sufficiently for comparison with Theosophical ones. The subject of Zravâne-Akarna, however, appears to be a controversial one among the Parsis themselves; and that controversy is not a new one: it is so old that even in ancient Irân one of the sects of the Parsis were called “Zravânist” on account of the members of that sect having taken the term Zravâne-Akarna in the same sense as it is taken in the “Secret Doctrine” now. This confusion, I suppose, is the result of considering Zravâne-Akarna apart from Ahura-Mazda. The best way is to follow the example set forth by the holy sage Gautama—maintain silence!

“Om, Amitaya! measure not with words
Th’ Immeasurable; nor sink the string of thought
Into the Fathomless. Who asks doth err,
Who answers, errs. Say nought!”

Hence let us go to Mithra. Mithra is compared in the said paper with Chitra Gûpta, or Astral Light. “To my mind,” says Mr. Unvala, “the esoteric or occult signification of this Yazata is the Akâsh of the Yoga philosophy—(not the sky, be it noted,)—or, as it has been technically called by the Western Occultists, the Astral Light. It is the Light which is behind the Light that we see—the Light, in fact, on the Fourth Plane of Matter.” Astral Light may perhaps be allegorically called Chitra Gupta, but it cannot be called Mithra for the following reasons. Astral Light is the second plane, counting from the physical, or fourth plane of matter, as it is taken by my learned friend, while Mithra cannot be placed below the sixth plane, even if we take Him to be a Yazata. It is satisfactory to know, however, that while the modern Oriental scholars and even some Ervads (Parsi “educated” priests) up to this time would make us believe the morning twilight to be Mithra, Mr. Unvala goes a step further and explains to us Mithra as “the Light which is behind the Light that we see.” But is that all? The attributes of Mithra cited in the paper from the Avastâ, although allegorical, plainly show Mithra to be a Yazata, with consciousness, &c., and not merely a “Light.” Had the “Secret Doctrine” been consulted a better explanation would have been found to correspond with the Avastaic teaching in regard to Mithra. “Mercury,” it is said there, “is as an astrological planet, still more mysterious than Venus. It is identical with the Mazdean [Zoroastrian] Mithra, the genius, or god ‘established between the Sun and the Moon, the perpetual companion of “Sun” of “Wisdom.’”...“He is the *Golden coloured Mercury*, ... whom the Hierophants forbade to name... It is through the intercession of Mercury that the Emperor Julian prayed to the Occult Sun every night; for, as says Vassus: ‘All the theo-

logians agree to say that *Mercury and the Sun are one . . .* He was the most wise of all the gods, which is not to be wondered at, since Mercury is in such close proximity to the Wisdom and the Word of God (the Sun) that he was confused with both.'—(*Idolatry*, vol. II., p. 373).” The above teaching of the “Secret Doctrine” is quite in harmony with the teaching of the Avasta-Zend, in which the adoration of the spiritual Sun is enjoined together with the adoration of Mithra; nay, something more—the Khorshed (Sun) and the Meher (Mithra.) Niyaeshes are almost similar—the one adored in the other, in their daily “prayers” by the Parsis. Just as *Ātmā* cannot be conceived without *Buddhi*—they are both inseparable—the Sun cannot be separated from Mercury. Again, we find somewhere in the Avastā:—“This Mithra, the Lord of wide pastures, I have created as worthy of sacrifice, as worthy of glorification, as I, Ahura-Mazda, am myself.” Thus it will be seen that Mithra is a mysterious Yazata more near Ahura-Mazda than simply Astral Light or Chitra-Gnpta. There is much in the Avastā literature regarding Mithra to show that he is neither Astral Light nor the God presiding over it, but rather the God presiding over *Buddhi*, the sixth principle of Theosophy, and *Baodha* of Zoroastrianism.

Turning to the next subject, the Yazata *Din*. It is compared in the paper under notice with *Dhyân* or *Samâdhi*. In the Avasta the word *Daena* is used in various ways, *viz.*, Divine Wisdom, Universal Religion, Universal Law, &c., as well as standing as a proper noun when applied to the Yazata of that name. The religion of Zoroaster, which is also known by its primitive name, the “good Mazdayasnian Law,” or “Righteous Wisdom,” is also known by the simple word *Daena* or *Din*, to which the holy Zarathushtra offered, saying, “Lift up thyself from the throne, come forth from thy dwelling, Rightest Wisdom, created by Mazda, pure.” Perhaps Mr. Unvala might have been guided in his conjecture by the following passage in the *Din-yasht*: “The Rightest Wisdom, &c., to which offered Zarathushtra for good thoughts for the soul, for good words for the speech, for good works for the doing—for this favour: that to him the Rightest Wisdom, created by Mazda, the pure, might grant strength for the feet, hearing for the ears, health for the whole body, thriving for the whole body, and strength of *vision* as the valiant horse possesses it,” &c. Further on, again, in a passage the “power of vision as the Golden Vulture” is vouchsafed to him who is in harmony with the *Daen*, the Universal Law; but this *vision*,—if our friend means by it *Dhyân* or *Samâdhi*—is the result of harmonizing one’s own self with the *Daena*, but not *Daena* itself. The author himself has given the meaning of *Daenûm Vanhuyim* as the “good religion,” but how good-religion or the Yazata of that name itself can be called *Dhyân* or *Samâdhi*, I am at a loss to understand.

Then we come to the Yazata *Sraosha*. In comparing *Sraosha* with the “*Nâda* of the Yogi-Occultists,” the author has given his philological

reason. Considering that the root *Shru* is equivalent to hear, he concludes that Sraosha may be the "sounds that the Yogîs hear in their *Dhyân* or *Samâdhi*." It is true that the "sounds" are heard on the sphere of the Higher Manas; but the sounds are not a Yazata in themselves, while Sraosha is a Yazata. His attributes, according to the Avastâ, are that—He is a Yazata; he is the Protector; he is beautiful; he is victorious, "having magical weapons with him;" he is the furtherer of the world's advancement; he is holy; he is ever-waking; he is the smiter of demons; he protects us at night from the attacks of evil elements, &c.; he is the offspring of Ahura-Mazda. From these it will be seen that Sraosha is not merely the "sounds" that the Yogîs hear; but a Yazata, which can, perhaps, be compared to the Higher Ego, who is universal, immortal protector, victorious, beautiful, &c.

RAOCHABOL.

SACRED OR SECULAR LITERATURE.

THE various classes of literature to which the claim of sacredness is attached by believers in the ideas therein embodied, are supposed to contain truths of a specially moral or spiritual nature. As there is much difference of opinion concerning these writings, the claims should be examined with much care.

It is certain that any failure of agreement between two supposed truths, proves the existence of error in one or both of them.

It is now generally conceded by advanced thinkers that the most reliable test of the spiritual value or sacredness of any writing, should be our highest reason and intuition. These interior witnesses naturally respond to the intrinsic merit of truth; and unless such response is awakened, there is no truth, (at least, for us) in the writing.

All claims of its infallibility, by reason of supposed inspiration, or special authority, need also to be backed by infallibility of comprehension, which we poor mortals do not happen to possess. Words, at best, are but imperfect vehicles of divine truth, but as we have also, in case of ancient scriptures, to include probabilities of imperfect translation, and, in *all* scriptures, *should* allow for imperfect capacity of comprehension, the original truth *may* reach us considerably adulterated, or even perverted.

Is it reasonable to suppose that if channels of inspiration were open to man in the past, they are now and evermore to remain closed?

Must the humble individual who is now hungering for *pure* spiritual truth, be debarred from its richest blessings unless he can thread the mazy windings of Greek, Hebrew, Sanskrit, or some more recondite glyphic?

Has the infinite spirit no direct method of imparting truth to man's spirit, so that it may be adapted to the average individual comprehension and spiritual need in the present age? Is it not possible that writings may have been, or may yet be given to the world in the present

century that will compare favourably with much of the so-called sacred scriptures of ancient time ?

I desire to call attention to a few extracts from a peculiar work, written nearly half a century ago. As the writer wholly disclaimed the credit of composing it, saying he did not "plan or attempt to plan" any of the text which was being written through his hand, we are left to our own conjectures concerning its origin, and should, of course, judge it from its worth, simply.

He says he felt, descending upon him, "an influence whose holy sweetness, words can never express."

Further, he says—"I have never written without the influence of that unseen power, for it has been my constant desire that I might never write one word of error, or of that which would not lead to man's highest good." Referring to this power he declares—"it is to me as distinct as my own animal feelings. I know the instant it approaches, and can instantly tell when it leaves me, at which time I have ceased writing." * * * "I had not the faintest idea at the commencement of the "Healing of the Nations,"* what the course would be, of that which was being written, and I must say that no person can be as much surprised as myself, at the order and regularity of the course pursued, both in regard to the subjects, and the reasoning elucidating them."† He says he doesn't know what this power is, and further he "leaves every reader to be his own judge."

The writer was an American, a comparatively obscure young man, of Quaker origin and of limited education—by trade, a blacksmith.

The work is an exposition of truths relating to man's spiritual nature, and consists of two volumes of thirty chapters each. There is no mention of the name of *any person or place* in either of them.

The word God, which occurs so often, is used in no anthropomorphic sense, but as symbolizing the infinite spirit of the universe, a portion of which spirit abides in each individual man, and is to each one, limited only by his capacity of comprehending spiritual truths.

It would seem that the simplicity and purity of the truths contained in this work (long since out of print,) would cause it to meet a wider acceptance to-day, than when first published.

Though furnishing food for the sage, these truths are not above the understanding of the common people—those who most need them.—
Monos.

* The name which was given to this work.

† In H. P. B.'s last article.—"My Books," she says:—"Neither the ideas nor teaching are mine," * * * "When I started to write that which developed later into *Isis Unveiled*, I had no more idea than the man in the moon what would come of it. I had no plan; did not know whether it would be an essay, a pamphlet, a book, or an article. I knew that *I had to write it*, that was all." The similarity between these two disclaimers is certainly striking, and there seems to be no good reason for doubting their sincerity.

EXTRACTS FROM ONE CHAPTER OF THE "HEALING OF THE NATIONS."

It seems that we must exterminate the earth from our household. It is this which constitutes our chains.

The son of God is bound within flesh on earth. Herein he commences to learn his Father's wisdom.

The flesh must be sacrificed, and from the overcoming of its desires, must we reap our reward.

This is our labour. This son is my highest self; my holy individuality; my knowledge of Divinity; my conception of heavenly things.

All have it. God favors no man. All are and always have been free to partake of his love and his wisdom. His truth is plain; blessed are the simple-minded, for they shall understand it.

Get not above it; go down to it; seek after it, oh thou bound one of earth, for in a knowledge of truth lies all freedom.

Yes, man, God's son is within thee; even thou art he. He is within thee, thou in him, and both are one in God. One who understands this, is already in the outer halls of heaven, or holy happiness.

As we enter the heavens prepared for those of pure understanding, then comes the freedom.

We dwell in flesh because *there* is wisdom which we can obtain in no other way. Surely, God could have created us perfect, for he is unlimited; but behold the goodness of the plan; His wisdom is all practical, and must be practised to be comprehended. How could we learn imperfection if we were perfected in the beginning?

Then we could never say, 'I am what I have made myself to be by selecting and retaining my Father's wisdom.'

Thus thou hast a right in happiness; thou hast earned it; thou hast fought for it and suffered for it and it is thine, thine forever.

Thou art never God's servant when thy duty is not clear before thee. His truths always have a solid foundation.

True men have in all ages of the world been avenues leading unto God's wisdom, and through their instrumentality his light has descended to the earth.

Each man has had his followers, because the truths were partially comprehended as he explained them—it was easier to bear his yoke than any other, and the yoke seemed necessary.

The time will come on earth, when no man will follow his brother. The reign of perfect freedom. Each man shall know his brother to be the son of God, and shall be content that his Father teach *him*. This is what all are progressing toward. Follow no form, no creed, no saying, no law. Be God's own free child unto whom he can come and find no barrier. It is not in accordance with thy progressive nature to hold fast to things which are behind thee.

Thy light and all illumination comes from above.

Then when we have the great central sun within, why look back to distant ages for light? When we can drink daily wisdom which fits each being like a garment, why go back hundreds or thousands of years, in order to get garments made for others to wear?

The stars shine together, casting light unto one another. But as the stars shine not of themselves, for matter is not self-productive, neither can man shine of himself but as God shineth in him.

During the short moment we carry flesh, would it not be well to learn all we can of its nature and capacity? Why vex our spirits with questions which, settled either way, are of little account unto our eternal well-being?

Rear thy tree upon the plain, and the winds shall not destroy thee; the tempest may shake thee, and may even tear off some of thy branches, but if the roots are firmly imbedded as they should be, thou canst withstand the danger. Thou can stand by thyself, and resist tempests which will uproot thee if thou depend upon others. See how weak are the woods. Hundreds of trees are laid prostrate before the hurricane which cannot uproot the self-dependent one. Thus one true self-dependent, or rather God-dependent man, is stronger than a whole society of followers. Two men agreeing to unite are weaker than if they did not unite, in all spiritual things. The reason is plain—God enters individuals, and never societies.

One man will erect an image. He will portray his idea of God and render it so plain that hundreds and thousands will flock to his image to worship it as he does. What folly! Is not God within thee? Within all? And if so, why need thou seek elsewhere for images or ideas to worship? Let each man worship God as God shall direct, within his own spirit, and there will soon be many weak societies, and very many strong men in the truth.*

Man has no power to show God's light to others as perfectly as he receives it. All that proceeds from him is reflected, and though many reflected rays meeting at one point may make a great light, still the same rays have in each one been greater before they were reflected.

Each tree which bears fruit must be allowed space enough for the light and air to get at all sides of it, else the fruit is imperfect. Darkness cannot bring forth fruit; light is the quickening power. One tree standing thus by itself, will bring forth more acceptable truths, more beautiful fruit, than will several trees which have been planted too closely.

Happiness results from truth, which is as the garment of the soul. Keep thy garment white, thus it attracts the light.

Love thy kind with an unselfish love. Love not their faults, but love that which they were intended to be.

* This refers only to those creed-bound societies which existed in America at the time this work was written for Americans.

Remember every man is a living child of God, created by him, and by him rendered capable of as much as thou. Ask no man to follow thee, and do thou follow no man.

What doctrine is simpler or more grandly sublime than this: God is within every man? What man, believing this, requires creed or form to express his belief? This is all in all. Happiness comes from within, because God is there. All reward worth having, comes from his spirit unto thine. Of what avail are the praises of the whole world, if thy own light condemns thee? Arise each morning and turn toward the LIGHT and it shall illuminate thy pathway. Be not in haste. It is better to *know* one truth than guess at a thousand. It is that which thou dost know and feel that is of benefit unto thee. No two men can have the same experience, hence there can be no discord save when they strive to agree.

All education should lead to the most enlarged freedom of thought. In all things the spirit should be left free to receive the divine impressions in purity.

Let all things be tested in the light of truth, and if they are right, a witness will spring up in their favour; if they lack this inner witness, they are false, and should be rejected, even though millions of men believe them to be true. Remember this: there is no truth but what has a witness in God's light within thee. If myriads of men say 'we agree that this thing is truth,' they reach one place a stumbling-block in their own way. They simply strive to reject all truth that does not coincide with their adopted form. Can thought be found without man being a great loser? If truth must be trimmed down to thy dimensions, how art thou to expand?

Be neither guided nor governed by man, but seek first thy Father in heaven, and in his divine light learn to help man heavenward.

There are some men who are bound by a very excess of freedom. A misdirected freedom of thought will entirely unsettle the human mind and prove more disastrous than bondage. If a man have no confidence in God, and thus no centre, his course, if not bound by fixed forms, resembles what we might suppose would be the course of the earth if the sun were extinguished.

We must approach God to obtain the true freedom, and unless he enter within us we have it not.

What can be greater freedom for an imperfect being, than to be bound, (voluntarily) to only one being, and that one boundless perfection?

As thy brain is not formed by what another eats, neither is thy spirit strengthened by what another thinks, keep thy own being distinct, in the universe. Be not entangled in the crowd so that thou cannot be found, and would be scarcely worth having, if found.

Let the divine will govern thee in all things, and remember that the divine will is not be composed of flesh.

1895.]

There is nothing on earth so pure, so nearly allied unto God's love for man, as is the mother's love for her offspring. She bears with them: suffers with them: rejoices with them. She loveth them in good and evil report; she is constant and well-wishing. Love is blind unto all faults: it vieweth all things in the eternal light of goodness.

W. A. ENGLISH, M. D.

Ed. Note:—Oriental readers will be struck with the lofty Vedantic tone of these aphoristic writings by an obscure American blacksmith, a Spiritualist medium, who had never read a page of Asiatic literature when they were penned. It reminds one of the case of "Light on the Path."

THE RADHASWAMI SOCIETY OF AGRA.*

SECTION I.

EVERYBODY, who has studied mankind in general, will admit that its moral tendency at the present day, is most deplorable. True, the grand divisions of the population of the earth possess religion in one form or the other; and portions of them devote some time to the worship of their Maker. But this worship is exoteric and of the grossest form; and but very few care to know the proper function of religion, or the real binding back of the Individual to the Universal Spirit, from which it has sprung. In fact, pure and universal religion, in its active phase, is almost a lost science to the world; and the fundamental principle, by which every man, however low and ignorant, might attain his God, is altogether forgotten. And, consequently, the sum total of human misery is superlative.

Confining myself to India and the adjacent countries, I might say that the condition of men is extremely appalling. Having only a fractional portion of the population of the earth, these races, which ought to have been homogeneous, being influenced by common principles of national life and physical conditions, are now disturbed with conflicting religions and sects of the grossest kind. And Hinduism, divided within itself into as many branches as there are races and tribes, labours under internal dissensions of the worst possible type. Superficial controversialists, who never care to enter into the spirit of what they hold and preach, have raised their voice of pride and logical perversion, which disturb the peace of society to the greatest degree.

If I am to enter into a history of the conflicts between Brâhmanism, Buddhism, and Jainism, in the early period; between Vaishnavism, Saivism, and Sâktaism, in the middle ages; and even in our own times, between Hinduism, Mahomedanism and Christianity, this essay will

* The writer of this article on the strange sect of Agra, was for some time connected with it, and got the ideas and facts herein embodied from the Head of the Society, Rai Saligrâm, himself; who also looked over and revised the notes of the writer. We have not thought it best, therefore, to improve the phraseology. A second article will deal with its doctrines more specifically.—*Ed. Theos.*

enlarge into a volume. Suffice it to say that, not satisfied with the diversity of religions, the more advanced intellects of modern India have evolved something new and congenial to their taste. Brâhmanism on the East and Aryanism on the West, with other novel systems between them, have added new loads of religious grossness to complete the sum total of human ignorance. But the Omnipresent God, who is in the inner temple of every man, and enclosed in him as the jewel is in the box, has been as inaccessible as ever.

Analysing the symptoms of worship, now in vogue, I find that man in general practically thinks that God, whose image he is, is outside himself; and he can be found only in temples, churches and mosques,—a mistaken notion of the grossest kind. And since he cannot catch this spiritual current, which can be got at easily through the favour of the spiritual Teacher (*Guru*), he has recourse to all sorts of ceremonial worship of the worst exoteric form. And the effect of these exoteric systems is as poor as can be imagined; for the morals of men are not much touched by them, which are maintained formally and superficially by the penal codes and established customs of the land. Struggles, consequent on clashing of self-interests, cares and anxieties, are raging among the people to a fearful degree; and equanimity, resignation, humanity and other qualities of a high religious life are seldom seen.

Every religion teaches that men are equal to one another, even as in the eye of the Civil Law. Yet what an amount of tribal and racial inequality is observed in the Society and the civil organizations of nations! Pride, hatred, envy, and conflicts are thus the consequences of everyday life; and victory and defeat, with their thousand evils are raging in the land to the fullest extent.

The unerring sign of a truly religious life is the perfect peace of mind that it confers on its devotees. But such a man is seldom found; while, if there were any true religion, the majority of the people would have had the perfect moral way. Every man, who meditates in the inmost of his heart, finds himself dissatisfied with his condition and the religious progress of the soul.

The goal of every religion is salvation, or the perpetual union of the soul with the supreme spirit, and its liberation from transmigration, which but very few ever attempt. For the true meaning of salvation was lost sight of; it latterly came to be understood as the sensuous enjoyment of bliss in heaven, eternally or temporarily, as the case may be. And so the ultimate doing of man degenerated into the propitiation of elementary gods in the hope of blessings, more for worldly purposes than for spiritual improvement. In fact, religion, of which the secret principles were lost sight of, was degraded into a mass of surface rites and ceremonies, which affected and penetrated the mind to an incalculable extent. If man is subject to laws common to the cosmos, then, should religion naturally be one and universal, having fundamen-

tal principles, analogous to science, which should benefit everybody evenly, physically, and spiritually.

It will thus be seen, that the object for which religion, pure, simple, and universal, was instituted in the infancy of the world by the initiates of old, has been defeated. Its secret and underlying principles have been forgotten. This universal religion becoming gross, has branched off into unnumbered creeds and sects, which inculcated principles of ordinary morals, with nothing to touch the life principle, or lead the soul towards the source whence it descended. The blind are leading the blind; and the sum total of human misery knows no bound.

Here I might enter into a little detail, as to how the original religion, which was pure and universal, degenerated into its present grossness. As the age of men diminished, and their minds became less pure, the Initiates of the earliest times found that pure devotional practice in the supersensuous regions was impracticable for the ordinary run of mankind. Thereupon they inculcated meditation in the comparatively lower planes of the *Shât-Chakras*, and kept the higher one secret, with the object that, when the lower ones are passed, the higher would be opened to them. But in course of time, the penetration of that *Shât-Chakra* even was found impracticable; and so the worship of the images and *Avatârs*, representing the several spheres, was instituted, simply as an aid towards the concentration of attention; that is to say, the devotees were required to fix the eyes on an image for some time; and thus to draw the mind from the external world, towards the required spiritual point within himself.

In this connection, we might state that the first exoteric worship that developed from the internal practice, was that of the Sun, which is the chief object of attraction and whose spirit is the most potent of all others in the solar system. That is the reason why we find the Sun as the first manifestation from the intangible, in all the religious systems of the world. Its influence was so extensive that it pervaded and gave colour to most of them; so much so that solar myths were detected by some Orientalists in the theogony and cosmogony of all the different nations of old. Mithrâ-(*sk Mitra* = Sun) worship prevailed so potently that the very existence of Christianity was once threatened. But the development of idolatry is divergent and varies with the taste of men of different nationality.

And since a special place was thought necessary for the exoteric worship, far away from the bustle of worldly life, a chamber was, in course of time, built, where the devotees could sit and contemplate, unruffled by any external influences. Primarily, this was the representative of the *Guru*, who was not always accessible, (for the exoteric *Guru* lived in one place, while the disciples dwelt at distant localities), who could not daily visit him for the purpose. In course of time, this devotional chamber developed into a temple, where the devotees, living in the neighbourhood, used to congregate and sit together round the image to meditate upon, and to hear readings from holy books.

But in course of time, this original simplicity of devotional practice grew into luxurious paraphernalia; and proportional establishment of professing priests, readers, musicians, &c., was called into existence. The esoteric essence of devotion was lost sight of, and rites and ceremonies were brought into requisition to please the erratic fancies of the young generation of devotees, who did not care to visit the *Guru*, but did rest satisfied with the gross symbol of his form. The primary functions of religion were thus forgotten; idolatry of the grossest form became the fashion of the day; various images of gods and goddesses were manufactured according to their fancies, to which offerings for worldly enjoyment and advantages were brought in; and the spiritual training decayed till when there was anarchy of morals, and penal codes of the most formal type were instituted by kings of old, to regulate the affairs of men, private and public.

Contemporaneous with the development of idolatry, Tirthâs, or Sacred Places on the banks of great rivers came into existence. At these places, *Gurus*, or the adepts of old, used to live, far away from the bustle of towns and villages. And it is natural that, as soon as an enlightened being is known, people from neighbouring places should come to visit him. In course of time, the crowds of visitors grew large, and to meet their wants, temporary sheds and shops of sweetmeats were erected. But as a principle, the adepts avoided displaying directly miraculous powers, they used to ascribe the efficacy of whatever benefits they conferred on the visitors to the river-water close by, or the idols, which they kept for the purpose. In this way, the place of their sojourn gathered religious prestige; and Benares, Allahabad, Mathura, Haridwar, and other sites became known and grew into towns; and Ganges, Jumna, and other rivers were held sacred. It is needless to add that, as soon as the bustle of town-life gathered round them, the initiates retired from where they lived; and the presiding genius, the living spirit, being gone, the idols, which were originally instituted as blinds and as mechanical means towards contemplation, were looked upon as the Saviours, which became the profitable means of livelihood for the professional priests and temple establishments. Rich men were enticed in; big temples were built by them; show and paraphernalia increased proportionally; crowds of men were attracted to see the *Tâmâsh*; and vice found means to enter the precincts of the shrines to create new sources of mischiefs.

It will thus be seen that, as men grew gross and grosser, the initiates of old altogether disappeared from society. The current of religious and moral life thus dried up for want of supply from the supreme source of the *Mahâtâmâs*; and the moral and spiritual government of men became a dead letter. The right path towards the goal of salvation was lost to the world; and everybody has had to grope blindly towards a destination they did not know.

Under such circumstances, the All-merciful God, taking pity on men, sent down on earth from time to time (*Santas*) Saints, who had

perfected themselves in the Right Path. The first *Messiah* was Kabir, who was born during the reign of Secundar Lodi. He preached the long-lost path; and having his head-quarters at Benares, he extended his sect in almost every part of Northern and Central India. He denounced idolatry. Kabir was followed by Jagajivana, Palter, Garibdâs, Dulamdâs, Châran Das, Deen-dâs, and Dadu Sâheb. But the most prominent of this esoteric system was Nânak, who established the Sikh sect in the Punjab. The last of these Saints was Tulsi Saheb (not Tulsidâs, the translator of the Râmâyana into Hindi). He is said to have been a son of a Dakhin Rajah, who lived and died at Hatras about 60 years ago. He it was who revealed for the first time, all the spiritual spheres, that are above our material universe, and of which the index, as it were, is in our head,—above the *Shât-Chakras*.

After Tulsi Saheb, appeared Swadayal. He was born, of a respectable Kshatriya family, that was thoroughly religious, in Cunnigali at Agra, in the month of August 1818 A.D., or more properly speaking, at midnight, the first *Ashtami* in the month of *Bhâdra*, the anniversary of the birth of Sreekrishna, Sambat, 1875. He was well-educated in Hindi and Persian; from even his boyhood he began to show sparks of spiritual genius of the higher type. Tulsi Saheb of Hatras was the family *Guru* of his parents, who saw the boy. Sivadayâl questioned him on certain points, which he could not fully answer. Tulsi Saheb was thus impressed with him and foretold the future greatness of the little boy, then six or seven years of age; whose mother thereupon became the first disciple of the son.

Hazur Sivadayâl was never taught or initiated by any *Guru*. He revealed all the secrets of the inner life from inspiration. At the age of fifteen, he began to practise internal devotion in quite a new and very easy path that he himself discovered; and he succeeded so far that almost every time that he sat, he never came out from his room for two or three days for meals or for any other purpose.

In the month of November, 1858, Rai Saligram Bahadur, then Head-Assistant to the Postmaster-General, became his chief disciple, and finding in the spirit of the faith, that he preached, something supreme and immortal, strongly supplicated him for the regular establishment of the *Saut Panth*. He was joined by other advanced disciples, both male and female, in this petition, which was ultimately granted. And on the Panchami day of the Spring (*Vasanta*) of 1817, in the month of January 1861 (?), the society of RA'DHA'SWA'MI was founded. And since Hazur Sivadayâl represented the highest spiritual development, he became to be known by this holy name Râdhâswâmi which typifies the primeval Supreme Spirit—the Lord of the creation. This Society flourished for seventeen-and-a-half years; and Râdhâswâmi's followers, both male and female, increased to about three-thousand, mostly Hindus. There were also some Mahomedans and Christians and Jains in the Society; some Sâdhus also joined the movement. Finding his house in the Punnigali too small and close for the purpose, he removed to a

garden, now known as the Swamibâgh, about three miles from the city, where some forty *Sâdhus* are still residing. He departed this mortal coil on the 15th of June 1878. He ordained Rai Saligram Bahadur, late Postmaster-General of N. W. P., as his successor, to look after the spiritual welfare of the Society. The latter retired from his official life and has now entirely devoted himself to the cause, which is spreading its influence far and wide in Northern India, of which almost all important towns possess members, from Calcutta to Kurrachi.

LIVES OF SANTAS.

(1). *Kabir Shah* was born at Benares in the reign of Secunder Lodi. It is said that, sitting on a platform, which is now known as *Kabir*, for thirty-six years, he practised Hatha Yoga. Dharmadâs Sett became his first and chief disciple, learning from him the five stages of spiritual improvement, up to *Satyaloca*. The name he applied to God was Satnâm. His followers have now lost the key of their esoteric system.

(2). Nânak was born during the reign of Baber. His father wanted him to become a merchant, and so he gave him a large sum of money. Nânak, instead of entering into mercantile business, distributed the money among *Sâdhus*. It is probable that he was taught the practice of *Surat Sabda Yoga* by one of these *Sâdhus*. He practised it at the cemetery and in jungles, and travelled a good deal. He taught to Rajah Shivanath what he called the सहज योग (*Sahaj Yoga*—Yoga or meditation, which can be achieved without difficulty). He also taught the spiritual stages up to the *Satyaloka*; and the name of "*Wah Guru*" and *Sattyanâm*. He was succeeded by nine Gurus; and his followers, known as Sikhs, were both Hindus and Mahomedans, who also latterly lost the key of their system.

(3). *Dadu* was born at Ahmedabad; and in his boyhood came to Sambar, whence he removed to Nârâina, and began to talk of religious matters. He was one of the disciples of Kabir. Two Brahmin Pandits came from Benares and became his chief disciples, learning *Surat Sabda Yoga*. He disappeared from the neighbouring hill, where he latterly lived.

(4). Mâhârâj Sheodayal, Khetri Shett, Rais of Agra:—Tulsi declared before his mother that her son was an Avatâr of Pâram Sânta. He learnt a little *Sanskrit*, but Persian well; and was Private Tutor to the minor Rajah of Ballubhgurh, near Delhi. But he soon left this appointment and returned home to practice and inculcate *Surat Sabda Yoga* for 14 years in a dark room, and revealed for the first time the spiritual stages of *Alakh*, *A'gama*, and *Râdhâswâmi*, above the *Satwa Loka*. His brother, Rai Brindâban Saheb, who died at Lucknow, and had been a high Government Officer in the Postal Department, promulgated a new system, called after his own name, *Brindavani*, and wrote a book on the subject.

P. C. MUKHERJI,

(To be continued.)

Archæologist.

TOLSTOI.

THE promise of another work on religion by Count Tolstoi has set the theological dovecote in a little flutter. Quite recently Doctor Stannton Coit in a lecture before the Ethical Society criticised Tolstoi's doctrine of non-resistance severely, turning the tables upon him by accusing him of playing into the hands of those in power, by hypnotising the masses into non-resistance to tyranny. Auberon Herbert, too, has recently said: "There is one way and one way only in which a man can be a true anarchist. He can throw aside all ideas of using force—even defensively—as Christ did, as once the Quakers did, and as Tolstoi does to-day. Then and then only can he be a pure and consistent anarchist."

We are now informed that Tolstoi's forthcoming work is a Translation from the Russian of a translation into Russian and Commentary on the Gospels, written 18 years ago, but printed in Russian only recently in Geneva, having previously been circulated in manuscript in Russia. The preface to this new-old work will alone afford us any knowledge of recent religious developments in Tolstoi's mind. Even before the exact character of the "new work by Tolstoi" was known, it seems to have been taken for granted that it would run on the same lines as his former ones, and reach similar conclusions; for Tolstoi has never shown any tendency to vacate the peculiar position he has taken up; but, on the contrary, has constantly accentuated it. A glance at his already published opinions on the religio-socio-politico problems (since with him these problems fuse together) will therefore not be without interest at the present moment. Whether he be a prophet, as some believe, or a "crank" as others opine, Count Tolstoi is a man to be reckoned with by the world to-day: not only in Russia, where he is said to be the one man that the Czar does not dare to touch, but also in all civilised lands; for his fame as a novelist gets him a very wide hearing, and the fact that he thinks with his heart rather than with his head makes him easily understood by the masses, while his fearlessness and great literary ability cause him to be a favourite with the public.

His novels require no comment from a serious standpoint. They speak plainly for themselves. They interest, amuse, excite the emotions, and to a certain extent instruct, and although they contain Tolstoi's theories in a diluted form, they hardly furnish fit material for the criticism of his religious opinions. Count Tolstoi's more serious works are, "My Religion," "My Confession," "Life," "The Kingdom of God," and "Christianity and Patriotism;" and those who have read these books have probably been actuated not so much by his reputation as a theologian or as a philosopher, as by curiosity to discover the source of those strange, paradoxical, and revolutionary ideas that they have met with in his novels and stories,—which source is undoubtedly to be found in that part of Count Tolstoi's mind that comes into evidence in his more serious works.

The characteristics of this more serious side of Tolstoi's mind are well-known to be a peculiar form of Christianity and a peculiar form of Anarchism; but Tolstoi's Christianity is so anarchical and his Anarchy is so Christian, as he understands Christianity, that to separate "Tolstoi the Christian" completely from "Tolstoi the Anarchist" is quite impossible. Tolstoi's Christianity and his Anarchism are merely two of the largest planets which revolve round a sun towards which all his thoughts gravitate, to which all his intellectual and moral interests are subservient, and from which all his force is derived. That central sun is the fixed idea that *non-resistance to evil is the only road to salvation*—especially "non-resistance by violence", as he, generally, but not always qualifies it. Count Tolstoi seems to see this maxim shining across the sky in letters of gold, and he never suspects for a moment that it might possibly be written, not on the face of the heavens, but on the glass through which he looks, or on his own retina; and he seems to think that those who do not agree with him are either perverse through short-sightedness, or short-sighted through perverseness.

We naturally find, therefore, that Tolstoi's endeavour is by hook or crook to make others see what he so plainly perceives, rather than to bring argumentative proof of the truth of his theories; and what we really have presented to us in his five more serious works (or six, if "The Spirit of Christ's Teaching" be considered separately from "My Confession,") is not a theory of Life, or a moral code based upon an exhaustive study of man's nature and circumstances, and purporting to be an attempt to accurately interpret the facts thus brought to light, but a thesis supported more by appeals to emotion than by reference to reason. As an apothecary chooses from his multitude of drugs those he thinks calculated to produce the action he desires, so does Tolstoi collect from the mass of facts and considerations that make up human life the particular ones which he thinks will influence us to accept his assertions. Tolstoi is therefore essentially an Empiric; but facts are facts, even if we cannot trace their causes. Opium sends people to sleep, although the whole medical faculty may be unable to account for its action any better than by crediting it with a "soporific virtue"; and if "non-resistance" be really the cure for all our miseries, to have forced that fact upon the mind and conscience of a perverse and violent world, even if it be by the sheer power of assertion or force of persuasion, is surely enough to entitle Count Tolstoi to the eternal gratitude of mankind.

Tolstoi lays his most determined opponents under contribution by adopting selected portions of their opinions; and when any one perceives his own child in the ranks of the enemy he is disposed to withhold his fire. No "infidel" could inveigh more bitterly against the Churches than Tolstoi does, but how can Christians bring themselves to seriously oppose a man whose sole object professedly is to establish Christianity as the universal Faith and only rule of Life? No atheist could anathematise the clergy in a more whole-souled fashion, but what ecclesiastic could

in his heart condemn a man whose energies are directed to the establishment of a complete and absolute Theocracy? Again, almost every page in the works under consideration contains actual or implied denunciations of the methods of violence everywhere employed by revolutionists and anarchists; but how could even the most rabid dynamiter be seriously angry with a man who devotes his great abilities to creating in the minds of his readers a contempt of all "law and order," and a hatred against all those in authority? Tolstoi's attitude in regard to all governments and rulers, as well as towards all priests and their Gods, is like that of a man who climbs upon some point of vantage, and cries to the mob that surges round him, "There he goes! Look at him! The liar, the swindler, the wife-beater, the oppressor of the widow and the orphan, the poisoner of your bodies and minds, your implacable enemy, your cruel and merciless tyrant; now, my dear friends, don't on any account nail his ears to that door-post over there!"

However little Tolstoi's reader may agree with his views he can hardly fail to admire and respect the author himself for his courage and goodness of heart, and this is evidently the case with almost all Tolstoi's critics. The whole gospel of Tolstoi is contained in the two words "Be happy." All the rest is a mere matter of detail, consisting of an elaboration of a peculiar theory of happiness, and of a description of the method by which in his opinion this happiness is to be attained—both of which, as many people think, tend rather to obscure than to make plain his real meaning and object. "Be just, be kind, be honest, be reasonable, be self-respecting," says Tolstoi. This is all summed up by him in the exordium, "Obey Christ." Tolstoi bids us "follow Christ" as our ideal. There are probably many really religious men, different in mental type from Tolstoi, who believe that to suffer wrong to self and others without resistance—even resistance "by violence"—would be anything but reasonable, honest, kind, just, or self-respecting; it might, on the contrary, seem to them that such non-resistance is the acme of ignominious cowardice, and utterly incompatible with happiness. For people of this different cast of mind, Tolstoi's exordium "Follow Christ" might be translated into different language—language somewhat similar to that which Christ is said to have used to the Jews of his age—namely; "Don't be hypocrites—don't any longer be cowardly, stupid, cruel hypocrites"; for that is what Tolstoi's teaching practically amounts to.

But the Christ whom Tolstoi bids us imitate and obey is an ideal Christ of his own creating; and this ideal Christ, when we look steadily at him, loses the appearance both of the Christ of the Gospels and of the Jesus of modern sentiment, and puts on the features of Tolstoi. Count Tolstoi is firmly convinced that if men cease to resist evil, especially to resist it "by violence," evil would disappear from the world, and that opinion he attributes, whether rightly or wrongly, to Christ. Now, to discover—as Tolstoi professes to have done—that Christ held the same opinions about non-resistance that he does himself, is equivalent

to attributing his own ideas to Christ, and this makes any criticism of Tolstoi himself rather awkward; but, whether non-resistance be Christ's doctrine or not, it certainly is Tolstoi's, and it is quite sufficient for us to consider it under that aspect, and leave it to the champions of orthodox Christianity to consider it under the other.

Some twenty-five years ago Count Tolstoi was an unbeliever—"a Nihilist," as he calls it. Then he began to study the Bible, and to "Follow Christ." A momentary flash of light soon made all clear to him, and caused so complete a change in his ideas that thenceforth good and evil for him "changed places." The conclusions to which he then arrived, briefly stated, are, that "God became man in Christ;"* that in the Sermon on the Mount we have the "words of God;" that "all men, however they may differ in knowledge and mental capacity, are equal before God"; that "Resist not evil" is "the whole substance of Christ's doctrine"; that the Bible is the law of God, while the "laws of the nation" are the laws of man, and that the former must be obeyed. All this is stated in the first few pages of the earliest of his serious works, "My Religion;" and Tolstoism, as we have it now, is simply an elaboration of those elementary conceptions.

Tolstoi, as we see, poses as a converted unbeliever, and the strength of that position consists in the inference that the convert is acquainted with all that can be said in favour of unbelief, and finds the arguments on the side of belief more convincing. He gives us to understand that, before taking to the examination of the Bible, he studied philosophy and science, and that the only effect of all that upon his mind was "anguish at the thought of life and death". Tolstoi says that "science and philosophy treat of everything except the one important point: How man is to improve his condition and lead a better life?" He declares that, "the more men are raised above want, the more telegraphs, the more telephones, books, newspapers and reviews they possess, the more numerous will be the channels for the diffusion of falsehood and hypocrisy, and the more at variance and miserable will men become." He thinks that Church and Government, Culture, Arts, Civilisation, are all "toga," that is to say, *empty idols*; and he tells us that "Christ warns us against them all" as the cause of "perdition." He declares that "the enlightened men of our time, the advanced thinkers, are speciously degrading society, plunging it into a condition worse than Pagan—into a state of Primeval barbarism." Tolstoi is throughout particularly severe on science. He seems to regard its discoveries as actually mischievous, since they tend to draw men away from "the truth"—a phrase which he uses, not in the logical sense of "sum of all true propositions," but in the theological sense of "that which I myself believe." He does not recognise our modern civilisation as an organic growth, with a life of its own, and as much the product of heredity and adaptation as

* "God came down from heaven"—"the Son of God, the Second Person of the Holy Trinity became man to redeem us from the punishment entailed by the sin of Adam."

any material organism. He does not appear to have any conception of the "general course of historic development;" he speaks contemptuously of those who believe in Evolution; and in "the Kingdom of God" he writes, "How can the destruction of certain lives improve the condition of other lives? The destruction of life is not an act that tends to improve it; it is suicide." In "My religion" he says, "It is the duty of men not to struggle. Struggle is against nature."

Philosophers and men of science are not the only people who come under Tolstoi's knout, he scourges even more vigorously all those who are in authority, and the rich. In "My Religion" he says of those who are "advanced in worldly prosperity"; "The greater part of them are adulterers and voluntarily renounce all family ties. Even if they be not adulterers, they consider children as a burden rather than a joy, and try all possible means to make their union sterile." So out of touch, indeed, is Tolstoi with human nature as it exists on earth at present, that he declares in the same book, "every act of embellishing our person is shameful and degrading." Again, he says, "a refined, elegant life, the passionate and poetic life, extolled by all poets and artists, has become wicked and hideous in my eyes." And again, "love for our native land, pride in our country, our administration, in military exploits, now seem not only painful but hideous to me."

The fact is that Tolstoi never was an unbeliever—"My Confession" shows this conclusively. No man who has ever "doubted with Schopenhauer" and who has "thoroughly grasped the reasoning of Kant" could, if he remained sane, return with child-like simplicity to find comfort in the ceremonies of his church, as Tolstoi tells us he did. Philosophy and science he found suggestive only of despair and suicide, and turning again to religion, he reasoned that "all that men sincerely believe in must be true." Thanks to this, and other equally logical "reasoning," he "was able to practise all the rites of the orthodox church, but without understanding the greater part of them." He tells us, "I prepared for the communion, fasted, and observed regular hours for prayers at home and at church." It seems to have been his unfortunate desire to understand a little of what he believed, that led to his fall from Orthodoxy; for he says, "No sooner did I mix with learned believers, or consult their books, than doubts, uneasiness, and the bitterness of dispute came over me." For three years he remained in this unsatisfactory condition. He tells us, "When I failed to understand anything, I said, 'I am wrong, I am wicked.'" Then it occurred to him to cease for a moment his habitual introspection, and "look around him;" and, he says "When I looked around me at all that was done in the name of religion, I was horrified, and almost entirely withdrew from the Orthodox Church."

It is evident enough that Count Tolstoi is one of those who plunge into the "river of unbelief," but never swim across it to the other shore. They go a short way, and presently get frightened and turn back, and then they tell the comrades what a dreadful place they

found that other side! The only peculiarity in Tolstoi's case is that there was no "plunge";—he waded in, and never seems to have gone into the "flood" much higher than his ankles. That from which such people suffer is not "unbelief" but muddle-headedness; and when this dire disease becomes chronic, the sufferer finds relief from mental tension only in the intellectual collapse known as "conversion." That strange psychic phenomenon is said to be "an upsetting of the mind," followed by a setting of it up again on other lines, and this is a phenomenon which corresponds exactly with Count Tolstoi's "momentary flash of light" that made good and evil change places in his eyes. Moreover the usual consequence of conversion is conspicuously present in Tolstoi's case—that henceforth the convert never doubts or reasons about the doctrines which at that critical moment were impressed upon his mind, but only argues from them as premises and first principles.

The point that flashed upon Tolstoi most forcibly was that the command "Resist not evil" is the essence of Christ's doctrine. In "My Religion" he naïvely wonders how it was that it should have been reserved for him, after 1800 years, to make that great discovery! In his later works he acknowledges that not only have many others found it out before him, but that societies have been formed to spread the same idea. Starting from that conception, Tolstoi works out a "Christianity" of his own which conforms thereto; and this Christianity presents two very curious features,—it completely discards the miraculous, and it abolishes the continuance of individual existence after death. For a religion based upon miracle, and whose peculiar claim is that it "brings immortality to light," it is rather hard to be eviscerated in that fashion; but, although Tolstoi does not argue the matter out, nothing can be clearer than his assertions on those points. In "My Religion" he writes: "A belief in a future individual life is the lowest and grossest conception, based only on the confusion of sleep with death, which is common to all barbarous nations." Again, he says, "It is not a life beyond the grave that Christ opposes to individual life, but a life bound up with the present, past, and future of mankind;"—whatever that life may be! So very mistaken, indeed, are most Christians about Christianity that it is "salvation from individual life" that Christ, according to Tolstoi, really preaches: "Denying individual and carnal resurrection, Christ asserts that the raising from the dead lies in the transfusion of man's life into God. Christ preaches salvation from individual life, and sets that salvation in the exaltation of the Son of Man and a life in God." Again, he writes in italics, "*Never in a single passage does Christ speak of His Own personal resurrection.*" The idea of future rewards, he says, is based on the conception of rights: "But man has no rights—never can have any rights; he is only a debtor for the happiness given him, and therefore he has no right to expect anything." Tolstoi forgets in this argument that it is not for his happiness but for his unhappiness that man hopes to be compensated;—every account has two sides. In Tolstoi's latest work, "The Kingdom of

God," even the shadowy and indefinite existence implied by a "life in God" is denied us; and man is described as one "who after an eternity of non-existence, is called by the will of some One from unconsciousness into life, and who may at any moment return whence he came by the same will."

Still absorption into Christ, whether with consciousness of some kind or without it, is undoubtedly Tolstoi's doctrine, and he also calls it "Life in God." This is a colourable imitation of the Eastern doctrine; and, indeed, Tolstoi expresses much sympathy with the doctrines of Buddha, but the Eastern doctrine is monastic—its "God" fills the universe, visible and invisible, material and spiritual. But, with Tolstoi, "God" is only one element in a duality, for He is opposed by "Nature"; and we are told that so long as we are in Nature we cannot be in God—which is not unlike the Zoroastrian dualism, with "Nature" substituted for Ahriman. In fact, the same thing may be said of Tolstoism as has been said of all pessimistic religions: That to criticise them is to defend human nature, and in a more remote way to defend Nature herself,—that is to say, to justify God, if "God" be understood not as a fetish, ideal or material, but as a divine Power behind the Universe, working towards ethical ends.

The other peculiarity of Tolstoi's Christianity—its repudiation of miracles—is a natural consequence of his disbelief in what is commonly called the Supernatural. Tolstoi has no belief in entities, whether angelic or diabolic, who influence the course of human life objectively or subjectively, either to help or to hinder us,—a disbelief, which, of course, he attributes also to Christ. Miracle, he considers an adulteration of Christianity. Not yet having the translation from the Russian of Count Tolstoi's exegetical work on the Gospels, the fruit of his six years study of the Bible, we cannot judge how successful he may have been in the task of eliminating miracle from the account of Christ's life; but in "My Religion" he has given us a sample of his powers as a Biblical critic which might well cause anyone with a sense of humour to "ask for more." Not believing in miracles, but humbly accepting the gospel narrative, Tolstoi thus accounts for the "miracle of the Loaves and Fishes". He thinks that a large proportion of those present brought provisions with them; otherwise, he shrewdly asks, Where did the baskets come from which were afterwards filled with scraps? Now, the multitude being selfish, no one would have shared his dinner with his less provident neighbour had not Jesus seated them in such a manner that, *volens volens*, they all got an object lesson in altruism. "Those who had provisions with them," he says, "would have eaten all they had, would have over-eaten themselves rather than that anything should be left. Misers would, perhaps, have taken the remainder home. Those who had nothing would have remained hungry, looking on with selfish envy at those who ate, and some would very likely have stolen from those who had provisions. Quarrelling and fighting would have ensued, and some would have gone home satisfied, and others hungry

and cross. But Jesus knew what he meant to do ; He told them all to sit in a circle, and enjoined His disciples to offer to those next them, and to tell others to do the same. The result was that there was enough for all." As there are only a little over 5,000 feet in a mile, that circle must have had a circumference of something like two miles, if "the multitude" had elbow-room.*

It is evident that Count Tolstoi's Christianity is not of the "common or garden" kind. Indeed, it is questionable whether a religion can be called a Christianity at all, save by an unusual stretch of courtesy, which, notwithstanding its holder's emphatic declaration of belief in the Godhead of Christ, is so eccentric as not only to discard every kind of religious observance and "function," but even to ignore the Atonement, and to dismiss as superstitious the Christian Heaven and Hell. Still, so elastic has the name "Christian" become at present, that the world seems inclined to allow it to any form of belief which can claim Christ as in any sense its originator and head ; and even though a good many people are of opinion that Tolstoi's Christianity "is not Christianity" at all, they seem to mean only that it is not *their* idea of Christianity, rather than to intend a formal indictment against its originator for arrogating to his ideas a style and title to which they have no right.

Tolstoi borrows from the Churches only the bare skeleton of Christianity, and clothes this skeleton in flesh and blood after a unique model of his own. It is in this original part of his Christianity that its life resides, and it is this breathing, speaking, palpitating, new "religion" that it behoves us now to consider, but it cannot be approached in the routine way applicable to the study of those new religions which are run up according to a more regular design ; and in which the practised theologian has only to distinguish the usual elements,—as in the plan of a house, a person locates the cellar and the attics, the hall, the stairs, the bedrooms, and so on.

Tolstoi begins at the very beginning—by defining religion. Religion, he says, "is not as science regards it, a phenomenon which formerly travelled hand in hand with the development of mankind, and which has since been left behind ; on the contrary, it is a phenomenon inherent to human existence itself, and never more distinctly manifested than at the present day ;" for, "*it is exactly the principle on which men's lives are*

* These are only a few instances of Biblical criticism scattered through Tolstoi's works. For instance, "Love your enemies" means, "Love the people of another nation." It is impossible to love our personal enemies. "Our neighbours are our fellow-countrymen." Again, Christ said, "Whoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment." Tolstoi thinks that "without a cause" is an interpolation of the Fifth Century. Also, believing that divorce should be absolutely prohibited, he considers the qualification "except for the sake of adultery" a late interpolation. Again, contradicting what he says elsewhere, he writes, "The man who can believe that a cruel and unreasonable God had condemned humanity to eternal death and sacrificed His Own Son, and who had destined a certain portion of mankind to everlasting torture, cannot believe in a God of Love." Again, he says, "If a man is to be saved by redemption, the sacraments and prayers, good works are no longer of any value to him."

based which is their religion." The principle that became Tolstoi's religion at the moment of his conversion was the principle of non-resistance. "Those in power who want forcibly to put down rebellion, and those who rebel and wish to forcibly eject those in power" have—apparently, upon the strength of such incidents as the Cursing of the Fig-tree, and the Driving out of the Money-changers—"boldly affirmed that Christ sanctioned violence, but Tolstoi does not condescend to combat such arguments, since in his opinion, "the recognition of truth does not depend on outward conditions, but on certain inherent qualities that escape recognition,"—qualities which, in his own case, cause him, in spite of all contradiction, to affirm positively that "*Christ says that the law of resistance by violence is unnatural and wrong.*"

But Tolstoi allows that it is not only those who have an interest at stake, but also the dispassionate, that question this first principle of his religion. He admits that "the scientists consider the command of non-resistance to evil by violence an exaggeration, and even an act of folly." He cannot, indeed, ignore the many arguments against his position that suggest themselves spontaneously to the ordinary mind, and which prove that the principle of non-resistance to evil, whether with or without violence, is incompatible with the present order of things, and would, if adopted, necessitate a complete change in the course of human life, and utterly demolish all our present institutions. But instead of attempting to combat the arguments of those who foresee this consequence, Tolstoi boldly accepts their conclusions. He allows that the principle of non-resistance *would* turn the world topsy-turvy, but this, he declares, would not be its *perdition*, but its *salvation*. For not only would we be obliged, were we to accept the principle of non-resistance, to part with all our present institutions, but we should even have to abandon the conception of life which we now entertain; and this in his opinion would be a gain. As good and evil "changed places" with Tolstoi at the moment of his conversion, so they will have to be reversed for the world in general if it is to follow "Christ's commandments," as interpreted by Tolstoi. Over and over again, he impresses on us that "the Christian ideal is subversive of the very structure of our social existence."

"Resist not evil" is "the Christian ideal" and the essence of Christianity. It is that principle only which is new in Christianity, says Tolstoi, "Share what you have with others; do not amass riches; be not vain; do not rob, torture, or murder men; do not to others what you would not that others should do to you,—these things have been said not 1800 but 5000 years ago, and there can be no doubt of the truth of them." We acknowledge those maxims to be true and right, even as men did 5000 years ago, but with our present "life-conception" we are just as utterly unable to practise them as were the men of old. "Christianity is above all a new conception of life," and it is the acceptance of this new life-conception, he declares, that will enable us to act in the way which for five thousand years men have acknowledged

to be right, but which our present life-conception prevents us from realising. The Christian life-conception is, in fact, a step in human Evolution. "Each age has its own life-conception, which a man must adopt whether he will or not. Those who do not adopt it consciously, adopt it unconsciously." For each age its new life-conception appears irrational and revolutionary. "We cannot know the conditions of the new order of things, because we have to work them out for ourselves. The meaning of life is to search out that which is hidden, and then to conform our activity to our new knowledge." That position is ours at present,—the acceptance of the new life-conception is necessarily a leap in the dark.

RICHARD HARTE.

(To be continued.)

THE BRAHMO SAMAJ AND THE RELIGIOUS REFORM.

IN the *Theosophist* for January, 1888, there appeared an article on the "Decay of the Brahma Samaj." Now that a sufficient number of years has elapsed since then, we can again review with benefit the present condition of that movement. As Indian Theosophists, we are interested in whatever tends to mould the religious thoughts of India. Mrs. Besant and the Countess Wachtmeister having chosen India as their future home, the subject of Indian religious and social reform will invite much of our attention. A consideration of the weakening causes of the Brahma Samaj movement cannot fail to be interesting, and may probably throw some light on the polemical questions of Indian reform. The following will be an attempt to put in words the observation of a member of the Theosophical Society, socially a Brahma, a Hindu as regards philosophical and religious views.

The published writings of Rajah Ram Mohan Roy, the initiator of Brahmoism, unmistakably lead us to the conclusion that he was a Theosophist in principle. To the Vedas, the Bible and the Koran, he assigned the same place of religious and philosophical importance. He always took a true *Vaidantik* and cosmopolitan view of things; unlike his followers, who have run his ideas into narrow sectarian grooves. When the wave of Western freedom of thought, speech and action reached India and tried to shake off India's intellectual, moral and religious torpidity, the Brahma Samaj sprang into existence as a necessary product of the collision. Keshub Chunder Sen and others aroused young India and opened their eyes to the many religious corruptions and degraded systems of worship that have crept into the Hindu society; young India brooded for sometime and then flocked in numbers to the banners of Brahmoism. There can be no misgivings as to the Brahma Samaj having contributed a great deal in shaping the religious ideas of young Bengal and also of young India; that the souls who then embraced and joined the Brahma Samaj were, and are even at the present time, earnest, devoted and spiritual-minded, nobody can gainsay; but the talent, energy and devotional zeal thus centred, were mainly used in

breaking and brushing against the mossy walls of Hinduism. The work of destruction advanced a good way but, unhappily, the work of construction was left in the hands of men trained in Western thoughts, ideals and ideas. The glitter of Western civilization and the glimmer of Christian modes, of worship confounded some, and those entrusted with the work of construction thought very little or nothing of the inadequacy of Western materials and, the Oriental ingredients not being at hand, the edifice of the Brahma Samaj thus constructed had a very weak foundation in having materials foreign and quite unsuitable to the Oriental mind, as its subsequent decline has indisputably shown. It was built after a foreign model, and the main efforts now being made by its principal adherents are in the shape of keeping that model intact. Indeed the Indian Messenger of 20th May, 1883, proudly declared, under the signature of H. L. H. but in the editorial columns, "we believe that Brahmaism is such an Indianized form of Christianity." That this view has stealthily possessed the hearts of the majority of my Brahma friends, finds colour in the same journal of 6th October, 1889, when it quoted and apparently approved of the remarks of the *Epiphany* on Mrs. Besant's conversion to Theosophy. Why a Theistic body should not rejoice but be sorry when one turns from an utter negation to an absolute belief in the universal spirit, be it through any system of thoughts except the "wildest mystical supernaturalism" of Christianity, must forever pass the comprehension of many Western friends of the Brahma Samaj; but they do not know that the Brahma Samaj in India is, or rather was, soaked through and through with the spirit of Churchianity, I mean the baser and unphilosophical part of Christianity. Happily, that spring tide of Western dogmatic theology is ebbing, and Mrs. Besant last year at Calcutta was invited to the house of Dr. P. K. Roy, an influential and most respected Brahma leader; and many Brahma thinkers are, to my knowledge, evincing great interest in the Eastern ideas of religious philosophy and philosophical religion. That far-sighted pioneer Orientalist, Sir W. Jones, sounded a great truth when he said in the last century, "We may assure ourselves, that neither Mussalmans nor Hindus will ever be converted by any mission from the Church of Rome or from any other church." *Asiatic Researches*, vol. I. Any close reader of Sanskrit literature will readily bear witness to the vastness and supreme usefulness of the knowledge and information which it contains on spiritual exercise and religious life of every phase of human beings. It is wanting in nothing and complete in itself. With this before even an ordinarily intelligent man, he is safe to predict the survival of this grand structure of religion and its strength to withstand any attack from outside. It has a record of a long series of immensely valuable experience in spiritual culture; and an earnest student has but to acquaint himself with the mass of information to be convinced of their genuine beauty and unmixed truth. One must study the science of the soul before he can venture crossing the sea of *Sansar* and can gain that strength which, alone, is capable of giving the soul peace and progress. It will not do to blindfold ourselves and rush unarmed to

the gate of the spiritual region, keeping busy the tongue all the time in calling God by all sorts of sweet names. Every pilgrim has to be mindful of the many black enemies of light and precipices on the way. Buoyed up by the confidence in divine merciful intervention, our Brahma friends lay themselves open to many evil influences during the time of congregational prayer. Many worshippers simply cultivate mediumship, rather than spiritual wakefulness, and those who are found to display emotional ebullition the most, are seen to show the strength of mind the least. Let the Brahma Samaj correct itself, profiting by the experience of this sort, of which it has an already plentiful record. It must be able to distinguish mediumship or spiritual passivity from spiritual wakefulness, before it can show beautiful examples of spiritual life amongst its adherents. The late Ishwar Chandra Vidyasagar very seldom talked of the divine principle, and many people were inclined to call him a *nastik*, but his life exhibited more religious consistency and spiritual worth than that of most religious preachers. "Words without thoughts never to heaven go" was a great truth of Shakespeare's, worthy of being committed to memory. Before uttering significant words, our Brahma brethren should first know how to control thoughts and cultivate wakeful concentration. Unhappily, they do not care to know it, and this is one of the principal defects in the Brahma system of worship. The principles of the Brahma Samaj are conspicuous by the absence of the twin doctrines of Reincarnation and *Karma*, without which no system of religion can support itself; these two fundamental religious doctrines are, however, beginning to make their way into the hearts of many a Brahma, through their intrinsic merits of reasonableness only.

The ranks of the Brahma Samaj are daily being thinned away. Pundit Bijoy Krishna Goswami, formerly a Brahma Missionary, makes the heart throb very quickly of the Brahma committees wherever he goes, as he recruits his followers principally from the Brahma Samaj. He initiates his disciples into a system of Yoga practice. Pundit Vidyaratna, another Missionary, has left the Brahma Church. Almost all the other Missionaries, except Pundit S. Shastri are half-hearted. Differences of religious opinion have also created breaches in the Brahma fraternity. In the Punjab, Pundit Agnihotri, the founder of the Devasamaj, having succumbed under expensive litigation, and being pressed hard to the inconspicuous corner of the Indian religious world, the Brahma Samaj may, however, get a few additions from the Devasamaj.

The Brahma Samaj as a Society is not a less failure. Being more in contact with Western civilization, it has imitated many Western vices with also many virtues. The children show signs quite opposite to spirituality; and the marriage system has not risen a bit to the ideal spiritual level. Mutual promise of marriage has been to the extent of 90 per cent. broken, to the breaking of many educated Brahma ladies' hearts. Disgraceful instances are also on record of educated and influential Brahmas trying in favour of their own daughters to break, with monetary and other inducements, ties of engagements, where only

the formal marriage celebration was known to be wanting. This clearly shows the precipices which such borrowed ideas of matrimonial purity and social reform will ultimately lead to.

The signs of unrest and clamour for more light that regularly pervade the organs of the Sadharan Brahmo Samaj, seem to point to the life and stamina for struggle that still linger in the movement; whereas, in the modern form of Hinduism, struggle for progress and the spirit of Catholic eclecticism, which alone distinguishes Hinduism from other religions, appear to have disappeared. It is hard to reconcile modern Hindu customs with the spirit of the Shastras, harder still to break through the modern Hindu orthodoxy and inertia, but the hardest work before the enthusiastical reformer is to make the speech and lives of the revivalists coincide. When Mrs. Besant shall have accomplished all that, she will have wrought a greater miracle than all the miracles of the world put together.

The Brahmo Samaj seems to me to be a nice, fertile field. It has been sterile not because the soil is bad, but because the seeds originally selected by Ram Mohan Roy were afterwards tampered with. If gardeners like Mrs. Besant can root out the weeds and judiciously sow seeds of spirituality, the Brahmo Samaj will produce wonderful crops. It can then represent an ideal form which the whole Hindu Samaj may, and should aspire to become, when divested of all its corruptions and the debris of ages.

ISHAN CHANDRA DEV.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—If our good friends, Pertab Chandra Mozumdar Shivanath Shastri, Dijendranath Tagore, Rajnarain Bose or any other Brahmo leader whose opinions carry weight, wish to traverse the above views, we shall be most happy to offer him the hospitality of our pages; Meanwhile, we note that the *Indian Witness* says:—

“One of the curiosities of the theological world is the fact that Mr. Mozumdar, the Brahmo leader and missionary, is mainly supported by funds raised in America. If the wealthy Brahmo community is content to remain in this dependent position, the day of their triumph will never come. God helps those who help themselves, and the first and the last way in which God requires men to help themselves, is by putting their hands in their own pockets. It is not an edifying spectacle to see a man with his hands in another's pocket.”

A REAL YOGI.

SCATTERED throughout India, as everyone knows, there are vast numbers of religious mendicants called by various names such as faquirs, gosseins, sâdhus, etc. They subsist on the charity of the people, they are often excessively dirty, and with it all they wear a proud look of independence and superiority, which is a mark of their calling. Shall we go to the feet of one of these to be taught our first lessons in spiritual dynamics? I trow not.

How many thousands of Europeans live their lives in India, retire, and die in England without so much as a suspicion that these hordes of roving devotees are but the false outer covering to a great body of living men whom we know by the name of Masters.

Many of us, again, who have read of the existence of such masters are willing to believe in them, and yet from want of actual personal experience of them we are often led into doubt. Our faith is so weak that a passing jest or an implied distrust by another of the reality of such exalted beings will often dissipate it—for a time at least.

It is but a few weeks ago that I fell in with one of these exalted beings, quite in an ordinary way, with no mystery attaching thereto, he it said.

Going from place to place he eventually came here and stayed here for about ten days, during which time I went and spoke with him daily for three or four hours at a time. I am therefore better able to judge of him than those who have only heard and not themselves seen him. During our conversations I put him every question I could think of with regard to the philosophy of life, man and his destiny, and the problems of spiritual science. To all of which he answered clearly and readily and with a force that carried conviction to the reason.

It would be impossible to tell of all he said, but the burden of it was to the effect that man must first and foremost purify his mind, and render it stable, through the constant practice of concentrative meditation on the mystery of self as apart from the individuality of the senses. Thus their transitory nature will be apparent, and amidst their functional variety, the unity of the mind, which underlies and which is the author of their activity, will be clearly seen. This is the first step, and with the purification of the mind the powers of the soul will awake, and other scenes will open out before the man, and after that others—but these scenes are illusive. Not until the Turya state is reached will he really *know*. It is the power of the Great Illusion, called *life*, that drives men from birth to birth; knowledge of spiritual laws is the means to weaken the fetters that bind us to earth.

He deprecated in the strongest terms any seeking after phenomena, any occult dabbling with the laws of nature; such proceedings he maintained are highly pernicious and terribly distract the mind from its higher aims. There was one I know, who went to the master, and,

for hours together, pleaded and begged for a sign. But no sign was given, for "had I," said he to me, "given the desired sign, I know well that it would have so worked upon the nervous temperament of the questioner as to leave the subject unfit for any more serious thought in the right direction." For myself, I can frankly say that whereas before I, too, was very interested to see some 'phenomena,' now all desire to witness such has mysteriously deserted me, and no particle of longing remains. And for this change I am very thankful, as this desire is a real and great distraction, and a hindrance to true progress. Association with the Mahâtma has of course brought about this change.

Questioned about the Theosophical Society, he said he knew very little of it as an organization, and that there might be masters in occult relation with it, but he had never heard those names, nor were they known amongst those Brothers who lived in the Himalayas. However, he said the principles of the Theosophical Society were excellent, and the teachings identical with what he taught.

There are one or two points, however, that on the surface present a difference, and they are so interesting that I must put them down here. Speaking about the interval of time between the death and rebirth of an individual, I said that it was supposed to average about 1,500 years.

"Yes," he replied, "between one and two hours, never more."

I asked him to kindly explain this puzzling statement, which he appeared to reconcile in such an extraordinary way with my own. He said: "There is an occult interpretation to these far periods. You must know that each human breath stands for one year. Now as there are 900 breaths in one hour, 900 years in exoteric terminology correspond to a period of one hour, as our human time is reckoned. So that when a man dies, he collects within the space of two hours, the astral matter of the elements around him, and, thus furnished, incarnates into the five-months'-child in the womb, according as Karma may have decreed for him. This he assured me was the fact, and the occult interpretation. I think it is new to many of us. Again, talking of Karma, he assured me that each new life on earth exhausted the Karma engendered in the life immediately anterior to it; and that, besides, fresh Karma was started, which was again immediately exhausted in the very next life following. That it was true that a Thoughtbody, composed of knowledge gained and good achieved, was built up towards the making of the Ideal Man, and that also associations formed in former births constantly led to like associations in succeeding ones, where a common interest was involved, whether of friendship or enmity.

"How is it," he said one day, "that those who are supposed to be the real founders of your Society keep themselves enveloped in such mystery? I am a Theosophist (though a member of your Society at Bombay took the trouble to write to the papers repudiating me as

having any connection with the Society, which indeed is quite true), and being in my last earth-life I have considered it my duty to try and help all those who come to me of their own accord, and I have not enveloped myself in any mystery, nor can I understand why those who lie behind a great movement like your Society should be so inaccessible. The Real Yogi is he who is ready to meet and answer any question, and this at once, without being obliged to ponder and think over the matter; the question put, the answer is immediately ready." And so I found.

Many come to see him, out of curiosity or to further their own material interests in some way. To these he is like a closed book, he does not speak much, as he knows well how useless it would be. He has nothing to give them but spiritual food, and in their heart of hearts it is not that which they crave for. "Such," he says, "are mere brute-logue," they sit and look at me, asking no questions—I can do nothing for them, they must return empty. They would not understand if I did speak to them. But when a man, be he a king or a sweeper, comes to me hungering after spiritual food, I give him as much as he can carry away with him.

It is the Karma of a man that decides whether he shall seek me out and find contentment in the answers I give him, or not. He spoke of soulless men as a reality, and that there were many of them. Those ascetics, he said, who hold themselves apart with stern face and down-cast eyes, are as yet only on the journey; the perfected man is unaffected by the world, he sees no distinction whatever in individuals, as such; the whole world is Himself. He has realised Ananda, (Bliss). Every thing is Bliss.

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Much more could I tell of this Great Soul, who is accessible to all and whose every word breaks the highest counsel and the strictest subordination of the lower self to the Higher, but I must stop.

In appearance, Mahâtma Nirvikalpa Yogîndra is a tall, finely built man, with plain feature. He wears a kind of thin black shirt reaching below his knees, and a small white cloth round his loins. His voice is very powerful. His English is not very fluent so we conversed in Hindustani. He, however, throws in an English word here and there, which is often very *à propos*.

He often laughs heartily and thereby brings home the fact that, to be a Mahâtma it is not necessary to wear a long face.

He takes no notice of outside objects, trees, houses or people, but if you sit down by him he will talk to you and explain to you the great problems of life, with a patience and a lucidity that are marvellous. The interest you take in his words is his reward.

Some have taxed him with anger, but I know well that it is only apparent, and used as a means, where no other means could prevail.

It is what has been called righteous anger. As, when you want an ox to move, a mere word is insufficient and you have to use a stick. So with certain people, certain treatment.

I have got a book of his teachings in Hindi, and am hoping to get it translated into English.

Happy the day, and of Karmic import, when I first met the greatest Theosophist I know !

W. BEALE.

Editor's Note :—In connection with the above article, if the reader will refer to the 'Cutting and Comment', on page 533 of the (May No.) present volume, entitled "A bogus Mahâtma", he will see how dangerous it is to credit without investigation, evil stories about ascetics. For the same Yogi is described in the two narratives from two opposite points of view, by two observers of diametrically different prepossessions. We are very glad that Captain Beale should have sent us his article soon enough after the appearance of the other, to prevent the impression made by it from becoming fixed. It would have appeared last month if, unfortunately, the whole body of the Magazine had not been put to press before the first of May under the compulsion of the Editor's pending departure for Europe.

Reviews.

APRIL MAGAZINES.

Lucifer.—This is an interesting number. Mr. Mead has omitted the "Watch Tower" paragraphs to make room for an article of his on Plotinus, which is to serve as the Introduction to a new Edition of Thomas Taylor's "Select Works of Plotinus", which will take its place in the Bohn Libraries series of classics. Taylor was a re-born Alexandrian Greek, one would be led to think from his fervent love of the literature of that school and of Greece generally. A great and intuitive scholar expired with him; one who, in a way, might be classified with Burnouf, that sun of Orientalism. In Mr. Mead, Taylor has a sympathetic and scholarly critic. Mme. Jelihovsky's concluding chapter of souvenirs of H. P. B. is in her usual charming style. Special note should be taken by the calumniators of Mrs. Besant, of H. P. B.'s enthusiastic encomiums on her. Mr. E. Tregear's continuation of "Myths of Observation" is as interesting as heretofore; "The New Ulysses" full of thought. "A Samoyed seeress" gives one a strong thought-picture of the frozen North, where seership finds a congenial home; Mr. B. Keightley continues his excellent translations of Eliphas Lévi; etc. The strident note in the harmony is the portion devoted to the harsh letters about the Judge case which, let us hope, will be soon disposed of in some effectual way. The magazine reviewer permits himself (or herself) some heavy pleasantry over the historical plan of the Founders, to unite the T. S. with the Freemasons as a higher school of ancient Esotericism. It is unfortunate that H. P. B. and I could not have been able to profit by his (her?) wise counsel when the scheme was being discussed.

Path.—Mr. Judge sticks to it that the evolutionary force of the Theosophical movement is and has always been from the first, in the West. The T. S. was founded there, he says, and asks “why it was not begun in India if that country is the one of all we are to look to.” I cannot say, but perhaps it was because the two people whose Karma decreed that they were to lead and, unaided, carry on the movement during the first ten years had been born at the West. It is, at least, evident enough that when the Head-quarters were shifted to India, after three years’ vain struggle in New York, the Founders left behind them but a corporal’s guard of members, and it needed seven or eight years of triumphant work in Asia to send back the vital swell which, under Mr. Judge’s leadership, has created the splendid American Section. So far as can now be seen, if we had stopped in New York, the T. S. would have become either a 34th Degree of Masonry, or the twin corpse to the Miracle Club.

Mr. Johnston gives the badly needed tone of scholarship to the magazine, in his second chapter of “Talks about Indian Books”. Kali Babu has a brief sketch of his visit to Benares; Dr. Hartmann thinks Judge the only fitting leader for the Society, since he is undoubtedly a Gnâni and (as quoted in Mrs. Cleather’s letter) the only person having the power of communicating with the Masters and of holding together the Society: about which there is not what might be called a unanimous opinion. In this instalment of “Letters of H. P. Blavatsky,” the concluding sentence alludes to a prophecy of the Saint Simonists, that “in 1831 a woman would be born who would reconcile the belief of the extreme East, with the Christian belief of the West, and would be the Founder of a Society which would create a great change in the minds of men.” Since H. P. B. drew the attention of her family to this paragraph, as it appeared in Madame d’Adhémar’s too short-lived magazine, the inference is that she meant it to apply to herself. Would not somebody in possession of the book containing the alleged prophecy, be so obliging as to publish its text, with exact reference to chapter and page? It should not be passed over.

The *Sphinx*, *Sophia*, *Lotus Blüthen*, *Theosophisk Tidsskrift*, *Theosophia*, and our other minor periodicals, are up to their usual mark of excellence.

THE BUDDHIST CATECHISM.

M. D. Marceron writes in the *Bulletin de la Société d’Ethnographie*:—“This charming little volume, translated from the English of the 31st Edition, enlarged with 28 new questions and preceded with a special Introduction by the author, is one of those cheap works which aid in popularising Buddhistic studies and bringing them within the reach of the great public. Within the past three or four years, thanks to the teaching of M. Léon de Rosny, at the Ecole des Hautes Etudes, there is hardly any one, among the people of the world, even a little learned, who does not know the principles of the great religious philosophy of Sakhya Muni. Those who will read the *Catechism* of Col. Olcott will learn far more of this philosophy than in studying the voluminous and undigested works of our savants. In its way this little treatise is a master-piece of clearness and intelligence.

SOME PRACTICAL THEOSOPHY.

Theosophy is not only the knowledge of the divine but the wisdom of it, and wisdom is not only some intellectual theory, but more so, practice. This practice is in the first instance self-improvement and self-management, but

at the same time self-sacrifice and active work for the advancement of mankind towards its goal of perfection. This is Universal Brotherhood, the first object of our Society.

One of our most prominent members has lately done some such work. It is Dr. Franz Hartmann, now in Hallein near Salzburg (Austria), whose many occult and theosophical writings are among the best known and widest circulated of our Society. He has made a discovery which is of like importance to all nations of mankind, but which is also of particular interest for India and the East.

One of the greatest scourges of mankind is consumption (tuberculosis). Especially in cooler climates there are very few families who have not lost one or more of their members or near friends, or are in danger of losing them, by this dire scourge. When, a few years ago, Professor Dr. Koch, who discovered the Cholera-bacillus here in India, recommended an isopathic treatment of consumption by a new preparation of his, made from the infectious matter itself, all the world cried out, "Hail"! to him as a benefactor of mankind—but prematurely.

Koch failed in his results, because he applied the too large doses of this allopathic school instead of homœopathic doses. His movement has only done harm and has collapsed.

Now Dr. Franz Hartmann has effected some wonderful cures by applying so-called "Lignosulfit" as a remedy for consumption. And this substance has also proved to be very efficacious in curing whooping-cough, influenza, and skin diseases.

On my way out to India I passed through Hallein to visit our friend Hartmann. I saw the pavilion which he has erected for this cure, and I found several gentlemen of European reputation being treated there, and heard from them satisfactory reports of their increase in strength and health.

The fact that vapours of sulfurous acid are very beneficial in curing many complaints of the respiratory organs has long been well known. Dr. Hartmann, however, does not apply these acid vapours pure, but rather as a refuse product, obtained in the making of cellulose from pine-wood, by the chemical reaction of sulfit. This refuse is "Lignosulfit," and its production is no secret. The only condition for obtaining the most wholesome preparation is in the aromatic parts of the pine-wood, those containing the etheric oils, being boiled out in the right way, and the liquid used for this purpose being extracted at the right moment, when the best mixture of all the ingredients is obtained. Thus obtained, the result is a preparation of greatest strength, and one that will keep. Only experience can teach this right procedure.

The application of this remedy is not internal but external. The air which the patient breathes has to be saturated with its vapor. For this purpose Dr. Franz Hartmann, with the assistance of the well-known chemical scientist and engineer, Dr. C. Kellner, of Austria, has invented an apparatus, very much like the brine-works used in the production of salt from brine. I saw such an apparatus at work in the Inhalatorium which Dr. Hartmann opened on the 2nd of October last. The liquid drips down through a pile of fir-twigs, and is thus freely dispersed as moist vapor throughout the air of the

room or hall of the pavilion. In this hall the patients can sit, read and write or walk; they feel comfortable there.

For home use, a similar but lesser effect is obtained by pouring the lignosulfit over a quantity of fir-twigs heaped up in a bucket or large plate. Another application of it is by inhaling it through a so-called "Duff's bottle." A few spoonfuls of lignosulfit are mixed with water in such a bottle, and the air from it is then inhaled through a tube, or, directly, by holding the mouth and nose over the opening of the bottle.

The lignosulfit, as well as the inhaling apparatuses, are sold by a chemist, Dr. Sedlitzky, in Hallein, (Salzburg), and in Vienna also. Dr. Hartmann has written a pamphlet on this subject "Die Heilung der Lungentuberculose, &c., durch Lignosulfit," Vienna, 1895. Verlag von Carl Kravani, Wien VI, Mariahilforst, 64.

This is as much as would be of general interest to our readers. But there is one more side to this question which may have particular importance for India.

It has been discovered that obstinate *skin-diseases*, psoriasis, eczema, &c., have been cured by applying lignosulfit to the skin with a brush, and such cures have been effected in a surprisingly short time. Now the question arises, whether this lignosulfit might not cure even *leprosy* or, at least, some phases of it. It appears most desirable that experiments in this respect should be made somewhere here in the East, say, for instance, on the leper island near Colombo.

If really *leprosy* can be cured by Lignosulfit then this will be an immense boon to India and all the East.

H. S.

A MODERN PRIESTESS OF ISIS.

A REVIEW.

A Modern Priestess of Isis, contains the latest attack on Mdme. Blavatsky, and has just appeared on our book stalls. It is being eagerly sought for by two classes of readers, those who hope to find some irrefutable charge against Theosophy and its most prominent members, and those who hope and believe that there is little in the book that will stand analysis, and loving truth above all things, read everything, for or against. The religious periodicals are reviewing it after their usual style; for Theosophy is much too dangerous a toy for the elect to handle unwarned. Nevertheless it is a book each of our branch libraries should contain, and each member should carefully read; thus only can we come to know the worth of our enemy's weapon, and how best to turn the point against himself while strengthening our own armour. I fancy we extract much of the poison by placing it on our own book-shelves. With this purpose I have analysed the attack made on Mdme. Blavatsky by M. Solovyoff, and hope to be able to show the credence due to the author, and the value of his evidence. One reviewer says "M. Solovyoff was for months her dupe, and afterwards she tried to make him her accomplice." For this statement I fail to find a warrant in *Modern Priestess of Isis*. He does not show that he was her dupe, indeed according to his account she could not succeed in duping this shrewd, cynical, ever-on-the-watch sceptic. For the assertion that she tried to make him her accomplice, we have only his word, not borne out by facts—the word of—on his showing, a treacherous hypocrite. (*vide* Letters N. O. R. and others in Appendix C.)

These letters were published by Mdme. Jelihovsky, translated by Walter Leaf, and appended to the work by the S. P. R. under whose auspices this fresh attack on our late esteemed Co-founder is issued to the public notice. Had M. Solovyoff fore-known that his own letters to H. P. B. would ultimately appear bound within the same covers as his attack on her, he might have been more careful in making some of his assertions. That he did his best to obtain possession of these documents before publication, we have no difficulty in accepting in Mdme. Jelihovsky's word. With the help of them, we see how shifty, superficial, contemptible and treacherous in friendship, M. Solovyoff can be: he even seems to take pains to show himself to be such. How such a character may be rated among his compatriots, I know not, but the Anglo-Saxon is apt to give credence to a man's word according to his moral worth, and proved integrity.

One Religious contemporary writes of him as "the Theosophist who got hold of certain facts which in 1886 broke up the Paris Theosophical Society." That he did much harm and caused much trouble to this particular branch of the Society in 1886, is true enough. It is the "certain facts" that require substantiation. He does not give them in *Modern Priestess of Isis*. By his propensity for tittle-tattle, (*vide* p. 308), and capacity to pervert truth, he caused the secession of Mdme. de Morsier, and possibly shook the faith of many others, is also true enough. Against this assertion I find, eighteen months later, in the Society's Official Reports, mention of the same Society, with the same name, (*L'Occident et L'Orient*) with the Duchess de Pomar still as its president, making headway against the materialism of Paris: and Paris still has her active societies. So much for M. Solovyoff's "smashing up of the Society."

Now as to the visit of the Mahatma, the account of which he gave, and afterwards attested to the Society for Psychical Research. It was no dream to him then. Years afterwards, he persuades himself, for literary purposes, into the belief that it is a dream or hypnotic suggestion, or the alternative is, that he was a wilfully perjured witness to the S. P. R.

In this connection, as proving his then belief in Mahatmas and the Phenomena, see letters I. P. and B. I. and others in Appendix A. written at the very period he professes to be only interested in catching H. P. B., tripping. Next we may consider "the pretty little piece of silver under her shawl." Taking his own account of it, he attributes to it quite ventriloquistic properties; for he says it rang "over our heads," "near the ceiling," out in the landing, and various other locations, "and astonished every one." Queer performances for a little silver bell under a woman's shawl, however delicate its workmanship! Thus Solovyoff detracts continually from the value of his own evidence; and his Editor has found himself in several places compelled, from his own knowledge of facts, to correct in foot-notes, his Author's statements and exaggerations, (pp. 92, 183 and others), while his translator remarks (p. XV. of preface). "It (letter B.) does, so far as I can judge, imply a real inconsistency with M. Solovyoff's narrative. It implies that he has not correctly represented the mental attitude in which he found himself, after the Würzburg conversations. "I confess," continues Mr. Leaf, "that I am not satisfied with his own explanation," etc.

Let us now treat "the confessions"—the "verbal confession" first. It bears throughout, the stamp of the novelist and romancer, and has an untrue ring about it. But no proof one way or the other, since one of the parties is dead, and the other is by profession a novelist, by confession an adept in

duplicity. On the written confession he puts a construction which it in itself, (supposing it to be genuine and without interpolation), does not bear out in the reading. In the allegory with which it opens, one gets the key to its meaning. Solovyoff by "this time," to use his own words, "had completed his budget," by gathering up in Russia, where Mdme. Blavatsky had not been since her girlhood, all kinds of slanderous statements, not all, by the way, relating to this particular Mdme. Blavatsky; any one of the name served the occasion. Mesdames Julie, Nathalie, Heloise, etc., (see *Old Diary Leaves* in *Theosophist*, May 1892, page 496, and *Sinnett's Incidents in the life of Mdme. Blavatsky*, p. 73). These he hushed up and giving form to half expressed fears held by certain of her orthodox relatives concerning her unorthodoxy, forwarded "the budgets" to members of the S. P. R. Overwhelmed by the enormity of the libel and the hopelessness of clearing herself, in her then state of poverty, and crippled by a complication of mortal diseases, she declares her willingness to sacrifice herself, as the only means left to prevent the sacrilege of all she most revered. "I shall not even attempt to defend myself" she says. She declares that in order to cover up all traces of her real occupation—occult studies—she, for 20 years, laughed at queries about it, and tried to make people attribute to her, deeds and conduct that would best effect her purpose. Then she tells "how her eyes were opened to her moral suicide" by such a course. One other expression she uses, not euphemistic certainly, but too true, as those know who have power to see the true dangers of mediumism and the séance room—"her own and others' filth." This refers to the years wasted in mediumistic experiments while she was as yet ignorant of the dangers she incurred, alike as of the true explanations of spiritualistic phenomena. My warrant for this interpretation is to be found in the context and in *Old Diary Leaves*, where a similar expression is used in a similar sense by H. P. Blavatsky and therein quoted. Even in this "Confession" she conditions her proposed self-sacrifice with "If Master will allow," and this he construes into an admission that "the masters" are her own fabrication. While on this point I might refer to phenomena, and "Master's letters" with which Mdme. Blavatsky could not have tampered, and before W. Q. Judge came on the scene. I mention these only to refute M. Solovyoff's sweeping condemnation of all phenomena with which at that time H. P. B. was directly or indirectly concerned. See *Old Diary Leaves*, p. 461 and 592. Also Countess Wachtmeister's personal *Reminiscences*, page 44, where the lamp is persistently relit though Mdme. Blavatsky is sound asleep; also ticking of psychic telegraph all through the night (p. 43); the letter found in a packet of soap, which was brought direct from the shop to the Countess's own room (p. 50). Such baseless charges of fraud as M. Solovyoff makes, especially when instigated by cruel malice, must inevitably break down under impartial analysis.

Of the whole story as M. Solovyoff tells it now and the contradictions of it, to be found in his own letters, (B, p. 288, and I, p. 298), dated at the time of which he writes, I may safely leave to all intelligent readers of a *Modern Priestess of Isis*, pointing only to the fact that Solovyoff wrote in the *St. Petersburg Rebus*, under date July 1st, 1884, a startling account of the phenomena, and in a letter to Mdme. Blavatsky, dated August 6th, calls attention to this to show how indispensable he is to the Society, and resents that "Madame should renounce him" or that "Master should say that he was not necessary." (Here perhaps lies the prick that goads to revenge). "He declares he is indifferent to ridicule" and is "not afraid of the titles of fool and madman."

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"*Maligie de conduite est truvée*" he writes. Again (letter E, p. 295) "you will be convinced of my courage in face of public opinion;" yet again (letter F, 296), "your reproaches are undeserved, my soul lies open before you." In letter K, 299, "I care nothing for the Theosophical Society, the significance of which escapes me, *thanks to your distrust of me*, (italics are mine). But I do care a great deal for *your reputation*." This is signed like many others, "yours with all my heart." But need I follow his treachery step by step. As an example of his exaggeration take this—"H. P. B." moved Heaven and Earth to get a copy of J. D. Miroille's works,—at last Miss K. brought one from Russia but H. P. B. would not let me see it. This puzzled me greatly but I obtained it from a second-hand bookseller." Would it not have been easier for H. P. B. to have tried the second-hand dealer before "moving Heaven and Earth" and Russia was more difficult of access than Paris. There are many such passages throughout the book, where there is evident exaggeration. A truthful narrator does not exaggerate. His whole acquaintance with her was limited to three months. How will his account of her compare with those of other intimate friends whose honesty even he would hardly dare to impugn.

Solovyoff's epistolary verdict on *Isis Unveiled* (letter C, p. 293) I may as well quote here, "I am quite convinced that it is a phenomenon," and again (letter D, p. 294) "The book must be published here, (Paris) without fail, for the benefit of the French." Compare his account of her American Marriage, (p. 165) with those given by Col. Olcott in *Old Diary Leaves* in *Theosophist*, July 1892, p. 584. The latter account seems much more feasible and in accordance with her known peculiarities.

One date only Solovyoff gives, Feb. 1886, that of his own resignation of membership, as a few days after her "written confession." This chariness of dates is hardly compatible with a true history which could be verified by living persons. However, taking this date as a starting point, and working backwards and forwards according to his "few days," "a week or two," "two months," etc., and the location as Würzburg, I find that the period he chooses is the same in which Countess Wachtmeister is domiciled with H. P. B., sleeping in the same room with her, acting as her copyist, and having access to all her "boxes and drawers;" having "read all the letters which she received, and those which she wrote;" and, "says the Countess," I now openly and honestly declare that I am ashamed of myself for having ever suspected her. (*Reminiscences*, p. 29).

All through the *Reminiscences*, which begin October 1885, and close about 1887, I find no mention of Solovyoff's name, even among the casual visitors of note; hence I conclude he was not the essential companion of Mdme. Blavatsky that he deems himself; nor do I find one reference to the "written confession" which must have passed under the Countess's supervision had it been written at the date assigned; Mdme. Blavatsky being in very bad health, sometimes bed-ridden, always confined to her couple of rooms. One other circumstance enabling me to detect variance in Solovyoff's version is the S. P. R., reports. Compare his "the frauds of H. P. Blavatsky and her confederates are unanswerably exposed," with his letter O, p. 302, where he writes to H. P. B. "the pamphlet (Coulomb) has produced universal indignation here, and I have not even had to defend you to anybody—so that after this dirty intrigue, they have only increased the sympathy felt for you—Oh! If I could only see you! Your sincerely devoted and affectionate Solovyoff." Who could call for such devotion as M. Solovyoff's? The

fewer of such devoted friends we each possess the happier we will be. How comes it that M. Solovyoff keeps all his discoveries and "written confessions" till the fourth year after Mme. Blavatsky's death, by which time "the confession" is nine years old. "I wonder if it occurred to him how difficult it would be for a dead woman to prove a forgery, or an interpolation in genuine MS. The latter supposition I hold as likely to be the explanation of this document. Appendix C. needs some comment as it states the whole of her voluminous works are quotations from one hundred nineteenth century authors. The *Reminiscences* state "the poverty of the travelling library, the handful of very ordinary books" possessed while she was throwing off the MS. of *Secret Doctrine*. "Her manuscripts were full to overflowing with references, quotations, allusions from a mass of rare and recondite works, on subjects of the most varied kind—it was only verification she needed. The matter she had, however she may have gained it." This is the statement of her amanuensis who was present when forms of MS. for the *Secret Doctrine* were passed from the hand of its compiler.

When Colman's book is published we may hope to be able to verify (or otherwise) a few of his statements. For until he gives book and page *Appendix C.* remains an assertion only.

WILHELMINE J. HUNT, F. T. S.

MELBOURNE, }
April 22nd 1895. }

Theosophy in all Lands.

EUROPE.

LONDON, April 26.

The chief event of this week has of course been the arrival of Mrs. Besant last Sunday night. She has, as usual, been besieged by interviewers from the leading papers. Her most definite statement has been to the effect that she first saw the Master, Morya, in 1889 at Fontainebleau, long before she met Mr. Judge. She further stated that she was preparing the charges, and the evidence on which they are based, for publication. There is therefore some prospect at last of a final settlement of the whole matter at the next Convention.

Just now everyone is anxiously awaiting the decision of the American Convention at the end of this week. According to the *Boston Herald* it is anticipated that it will be the largest ever held by any Section, about 200 delegates being expected, representing every State in the Union. The same authority states that one of the questions which will come up at the business session, will be that of the removal of the Head-quarters of the T. S. from India to America, "the alleged illegal transfer (!) having been made from New York to India in 1878."

The H. P. B. Lodge has been glad to learn that its President, Dr. Keightley, together with Mrs. Keightley, and Mrs. Cleather, arrived safely at New York on the 16th inst., after a slow and rather uncomfortable passage. The Lodge is now holding fortnightly receptions for members and friends on Saturday afternoons. The first was held on Saturday last and was a great success, nearly thirty people being present. A meeting will be held on the evening

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of White Lotus Day. Several members of the Dutch Lodge have recently joined, and as the Lodge has a number of country members it has been decided to start a type-written magazine, in which will be included written papers, reports of lectures, etc.

The Bow Lodge has remodelled its class for the study of Theosophy, which now meets every Saturday evening, and is much more active and interesting. An informal class has been formed for the heart's consideration of *Letters That Have Helped Me*; such study being considered to be especially valuable at the present time. The new paper, *Ourselves*, has "caught on," all East-end news-venders have agreed to take it, and it bids fair to become a great success. This is all the news I can glean this month, most of my correspondents having failed to send me any.

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Borderland for April is an interesting number. The Borderlander of the quarter is Molly Fancher, of Brooklyn, U. S. A., who presents the extraordinary phenomenon of a person with five distinct personalities. A severe injury to her head caused a most remarkable illness which culminated in a trance which lasted nine years, during which, another consciousness did various kinds of work, and kept a diary. During her illness she completely lost her sight, but on waking from her trance she was found to possess wonderful clairvoyant power, so that she can read the finest print, and distinguish the most delicate shades of colour, in pitch darkness. Professor West gives the following account of her powers:—

Her power of clairvoyance, or second sight, is marvellously developed. All places in which she takes an interest are open to her mental vision. Distance interposes no barriers. No retirement, however secluded, but yields to her penetrating gaze. She dictates the contents of sealed letters, which have never been in her hands, without the slightest error. She visits the family circle of her relations and acquaintances, in remote places, and describes their attire and occupations. She points out any disorder of dress, however slight, as the basting thread in the sleeve of a sash, which, to ordinary sight, was concealed by the arm. Any article which has been mislaid, she sees, and tells where it may be found. She discriminates in darkness, the most delicate colours, with an accuracy which never errs. She works in embroidery and wax, without patterns. She never studied botany, or took a lesson in wax work, and yet she never mistakes the form of a leaf or flower. . . . Holding pen or pencil in her left-hand, she writes with extraordinary rapidity. . . . She once wrote a poem of ten verses in as many minutes, her thoughts flowing with the rapidity of lightning.

Of the five personalities, the first is called "Sunbeam," and manifested when the long trance came to an end, remaining the normal molly of the day-time. Three years later, another personality arrived, which was named "Idol." The third, called "Rosebud," has all the ways of a little child of seven. "Pearl" is the fourth. The fifth is the most vivacious of all, and is called "Ruby." Before the coming of each, there are the usual spasms observable in trance mediums, when their "controls" take possession of their bodies.

Another interesting article contains particulars of a theory of reincarnation received through automatic writing. The following will be recognised as containing some of our teaching:

We have in us a divine spark, which is what makes it possible for us to hold conscious communion with God, and the animals have not, as yet, attained to this.

It has to be born in them, and is, of course, a most mysterious and important development of the spirit. All the training of the spirit through the animal creation leads up to this. When animals are domesticated and brought into close contact with man, there is given to them a sort of human spark, which prepares them for the divine spark which is to follow, and helps them greatly in the task of controlling the animal impulses and subordinating them to service.

In the Astrological department I see that a perfect avalanche of disaster is foreshadowed for Great Britain, at the end of the year.

Mr. Stead makes a rather funny mistake; he gives a portrait of a Mr. K. Chakravarti as "Mr. Judge's 'Black Magician.'" The next part is called "Blavatskiana," and offers "some materials for judging H. P. B. by those who knew her." These consists of extensive quotations from Solovyoff's book, "an Appreciation", by Mr. Lane-Fox, and "an Explanation", by Mr. Edward Maitland. Among the reviews, I notice a long and appreciative one, of Mrs. Besant's *Building of the Kosmos*.

The personality of H. P. B. is once more receiving a full share of attention. In addition to the above, and the wide notice that the recent books by Solovyoff and Lillie have attracted, I note a short "study" in the *Arena* for April, by J. Ransom Bridge. It is accompanied by one of the well-known full face portraits signed "To Brother J. Ransom Bridge, from his, truly, gratefully and fraternally, H. P. Blavatsky, London, April, 1889." It is an indefinite sort of article but the closing paragraph is good:—

Those who sought out this strange paradox to discover fraud, invariably discovered it. Those who wanted something tangible to worship, generally found it, so long as they would work for her cause. Curiosity-seekers whom she could not use, she frequently abused, and dismissed in a ruffled condition. She had but one real care, in the last years of her life, one love—her Theosophical Society, and for it she planned and worked and suffered with an heroic devotion. The wisdom or morality of her methods may be condemned, but the reason for her Martyrdom has not, as yet, for those who doubt the existence of the "Masters," been satisfactorily explained.

"A Plea for Pantheism" by Heinrich Hensoldt is chiefly a reply to a criticism of a former article of his, in which the critic argued that "matter" was the reality. In the course of his reply, Dr. Hensoldt indulges in sundry sneers at the Mahâtmas, and the "communications with which, from time to time, they favour the ring-leaders and wire-pullers of a certain jesuitical organisation in this country." The allusion is obvious.

Mr. Arthur Balfour's recent book, on the "Foundations of Belief," has aroused much discussion among our learned divines and others, and one cannot take up a single monthly magazine without coming across a criticism from some eminent D. D. I hope to be able to refer to some of these, and to the book itself next month.

B. C.

We have crowded out many "Cuttings and Comments" to make room for the interesting review of "A Modern Priestess of Isis."

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CUTTINGS AND COMMENTS.

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

Mrs. Besant and Mahatmas. Mrs. Besant lectured at St. James's Hall, on the 27th April, to a crowded audience, on "Mahatmas as Facts and Ideals." She said that the laughter and ridicule which had gathered about the name of the Mahatmas was regarded by her as a danger having a far wider range than the Theosophical Society. Not one of the great religions of the world but had been founded upon the same ideal as that which the term Mahatma indicated. What was a Mahatma? He was a man who had become perfect, who had reached union with the divine, who by slow degrees had developed the possibilities of the spiritual nature, and stood triumphant while others remained struggling. Proceeding to discuss the question of the existence of Mahatmas from several standpoints, she asked, first, was not the theory of their existence a theory founded on the lines of natural evolution? Assuredly it was. This led her to the existence of divine men, great masters, and leaders in the past. She had only to point to glowing figures like Zoroaster in Persia, the Buddha in India, the Christ in Palestine. On the theory of evolution, on the evidence of the divine figures of the past, her case so far was, she thought, impregnable. Well, if there had been great masters in the past, might there not still be great masters—masters whom it was possible to communicate with, although they were withdrawn from among men? The final feature of Mrs. Besant's address was a summing up of the steps by which men might rise towards the Mahatmas. If it was only a dream it was the noblest dream humanity had ever dreamt—the Mahatma might at least be an ideal to those who did not know him as a fact.

* * *

Christianity vs. Hinduism. A Hindu youth who was getting dissatisfied with his native religion, and leaned towards Christianity, wrote Mrs. Besant, asking advice.

Hinduism. We give a few words of her reply, and shall not attempt any comments. We cannot add to its beauty and wisdom :—

"If the crude religious ideas, presented in the latter of the Jewish scriptures, are those which you can best assimilate, it only means that you are not able to grasp the deeper realities, unveiled in the Indian scriptures, and it may be that the lower form is the one which, for the present birth, best suits your needs. I fear, you are taking a step backwards, but you must bear your own responsibility, and if you turn from Shri Krishna to Jesus Christ, the result will be that you will go to the latter, and not to the Supreme. But I can have no right to dictate to you the form of your religion, and I can only hope that if you are really sincere, the purity of your motive may avail to lessen the evil of your intellectual mistake."

The Death Microbe. Dr. Wheeler of Chicago asserts that he has discovered the cause of death to be a distinct variety of microbe which he calls the "Microbe of Death," which may be destroyed. He says—"If it can be destroyed, nothing short of actual violence can put an end to any one's term of existence."

According to this theory the chemist has only to discover a potion or elixir that will destroy this little microbe, when presto, change—this elixir of microbic death becomes the elixir of everlasting life to mankind.

But it may not be wise to be too sanguine concerning this matter, even though the Doctor claims that "it has been demonstrated by experiments on animals, that this bacillus once destroyed, there is no further danger from any known disease," for there are many degrees of "actual violence."

We could enumerate a dozen or more ways in which human beings do daily violence to their own vitality, which results in such lowering of physical tone as makes them subject to a host of known and unknown diseases, which are the legitimate and unavoidable results, under karmic law, of these different methods of violence.

So long as our vital force is kept abundant and active, we need not fear the Microbe of Death, or any of his relatives; but when the vital force, or cohesive power of the atoms which are so polarized as to comprise *one* life, becomes too much lessened, then the innumerable lives which have been united in the *one*, become depolarized, and we have manifestations of chaos, inharmony, disease, and perhaps death.

Any great "*scientific discovery*," or wonderful nostrum, which, it may be claimed, will conveniently help people over the slough of karmic retribution, without the least contamination from the mire which has been accumulating therein, we are free to say we have not a particle of faith in. E.

* * *

Mrs. Besant, One gets queer names and titles in the Orient. a "*White-armed Deity.*" Tarini Proshad Jyotishi, a renowned astrologer of Calcutta, has just published his Forecast of the current year, comprising sixty-three items: (some of them prophecied after the event, it is said.) No. 34 is devoted to Hinduism and the prophet says:

"Mrs. Besant will come from the white islands like the white-armed deity and preach Hinduism in India. This will detract from the glory of the Hindus in the eyes of Europe and America (!) The prophecy of Vyasa will be fulfilled."

In his paragraph about 'Sea-voyages,' the astrologer says: "The Sea-borne trade is particularly inauspicious to fat-bodied people, who are of the same disposition as the planet Moon." That looks bad for the P. T. S., and it might be worth while insuring him against accidents, for the benefit of his pet child, the Adyar Library.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST.

JUNE 1895.

T. S. FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

I hereby beg leave to acknowledge with thanks the following donations and subscriptions to the various Funds of the T. S. since 21st April 1895.

HEAD-QUARTERS.

	RS.	A.	P.
Wellington T. S. Entrance Fee of 1 member
American Section T. S. Entrance Fee of 162 members and two Charter Fees	...	4	7 0
Mr. C. Sambiah, Mylapore. Subscription.	...	332	5 10
Miss F. Haselden, Auckland. Entrance Fee	...	6	0 0
Mr. J. Parkinson, Auckland, Entrance Fee	...	4	8 6
	...	4	8 6

ANNIVERSARY.

South Yarra T. S. Annual Dues of 3 members	...	5	5 0
Miss F. Haselden, Annual Due as unattached member	...	4	8 6
The Hope Lodge T. S., Colombo, Ceylon. Annual Dues for 1895	...	10	0 0
Mrs. J. Parkinson, Auckland. Annual Dues as unattached member	...	4	8 6

LIBRARY.

Sale of a Duplicate Book of the Library	...	1	0 0
Mr. C. Sambiah, Mylapore. Subscription	...	6	0 0

WHITE LOTUS DAY.

Mozafferpur T. S. Donation	...	3	0 0
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SUSPENSE ACCOUNT.

American Section T. S.	...	3	8 0
ADYAR, 21st May, 1895.

T. VIJAYARAGHAVA CHARLU,
Treasurer, T. S.

THE T. S. IN AMERICA.

On Feb. 20th a Charter was issued to the Lowell T. S., Lowell, Mass., there being eight Charter members; and on March 27th a Charter was issued to the St. Helena T. S., St. Helena, Calif. The Nirvana T. S., Grand Island, Neb., has surrendered its Charter and expired. There are now 102 Branches on the American roll.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE,
General Secretary.

WHITE LOTUS DAY.

As usual the White Lotus Day celebration was observed at Head-quarters on the 8th of May. The Head-quarters staff and members from Madras were present. The hall was decorated with White Lotus flowers and with the revered portrait of Madame Blavatsky. To the fishermen of Adyar, rice was distributed along with some gifts of small coin. According to the wish expressed by her whose life we commemorate a chapter from the Bhagavad Gita was read by the Hindu members present, also a chapter from the Light of Asia by Mr. Tokuzawa, F. T. S., of Japan, who is now pursuing his Sanskrit studies at the Adyar Library.

Though the absence of the President-Founder, Col. H. S. Olcott, was deeply felt by all present, the meeting was characterized by sincere fraternal feeling, and a reverence for the memory of her who was a devoted martyr to truth.

Fatehgarh.—The above ceremony was observed by this Branch on the 8th May 1895. In the morning, food to about one hundred poor and hungry, was distributed.

A special meeting was held in the evening at the premises of the President, when the tenth chapter of the Bhagavad Gita, and the last chapter of Light of Asia were read.

The proceedings were brought to a close, with a prayer for the well-being and furtherance of the noble cause undertaken by the Theosophical Society.

Yours fraternally,

HAR PRASAD,
Secretary.

Ludhiana.—At about 6 A.M., on Thursday, the 8th May 1895, a quiet meeting of the members of the Ludhiana Branch of the Theosophical Society took place in the Theosophical Hall, Ludhiana, in commemoration of the sacred memory of the world-known Madame H. P. Blavatsky, who devoted her whole noble life, and sacrificed every thing dear in the world to spread the sublime Truth of the Ancient Aryan Philosophy to the whole world. It was a most solemn occasion. Heaps of white flowers were collected. Pandit Atma Ram Vedantin recited the slokas from the first and eleventh chapters of Srimat Bhagavad Gîtâ, and Dr. Hübbe Schleiden, of Germany, read the eighth chapter from the "Light of Asia." After the termination of the Path, the flowers were thrown at the most noble and loving picture of "H. P. B." that hung right at the front of the little assembly. Amongst others, the well-known Rai Sri Ram, M.A., of Ludhiana, took delight in throwing flowers at her portrait, with his usual sweet chanting of Sanskrit Mantrams from the Védas.

RAI B. K. LAHIRI.

Cumbaconam.—"The White Lotus Day" was as usual observed at the Cumbaconam Theosophical Branch. In the morning, rice and copper coins were distributed among the poor. In the evening there was a pretty good gathering of members, sympathisers and others. A short essay on the significance, of the White Lotus Day was read; then a short biography of H. P. B. was read by another member; then there was the reading and expounding of the 12th chapter of the Bhagavad Gîtâ; then came the reading of a certain extract from the "Light of Asia;" and lastly there was a lecture on "Supreme beatitude," which proved very interesting.

Bangalore Branch.—The fourth anniversary of the death of H. P. B., was celebrated on the 8th May 1895, in the usual solemn and impressive manner. In the morning, the poor were fed at the Society's expense, in the compound of Subramanian's Temple. In the evening at 6-30 P.M., a commemorative meeting was held, when almost all the resident members, sympathisers, and a fair number of outsiders, were present. Extracts from "Bhagavad Gîtâ" and "Light of Asia" were read, and addresses delivered in Tamil, on "Purity," and in Kanaree, on "Manas" and the meeting terminated with a recitation of a few verses from "Thâyumânavar."

After this, some members went to a Temple where a special Abhishakam was conducted, and some cloths were distributed to the poor out of respect to the memory of H. P. B.

Coimbatore Branch.—The T. S. Branch celebrated on the 8th of May "The White Lotus Day." In the morning about 300 poor people were fed. In the evening a public meeting was held in the Society's Hall, at which the 13th chapter of the Bhagavad Gîtâ was ably expounded by Mr. T. T. Rangachariyar, F. T. S., and Dr. Munsiff. Select portions of the Light of Asia were also read and explained in Tamil. In the course of the meeting it was pointed out how H. P. B.'s writings, and especially her services to the Indian Religion and Philosophy, entitled her to our remembrance and gratitude.

Muzafferpoor Branch.—On the 8th of May 1895, an extraordinary meeting of this Branch T. S., was held to celebrate the anniversary of the "White

Lotus Day" in memory of our Reverend Teacher, H. P. B. Extracts from Bhagavad Gîtâ and Light of Asia were read.

A. B.

WHITE LOTUS DAY AT BOMBAY,

The accidental presence of the P.T.S. in Bombay was availed of to make a somewhat more demonstrative celebration of the White Lotus Day than usual. There was a large attendance of members and a very full programme of short addresses and recitations in English, Guzerati, Marathi, Sanskrit, Zend and Hindi, by the President-Founder, and Messrs. K. M. Shroff, President, Bombay Branch T.S.), Tookaram Tatya, D. Gostling, P. R. Mehta, Pânachand Anandji, J. N. and Burjorji Unwalla, Mammohundas Dyaldas, Pestonji Ghadiali, Keshavlal, Jussamalla, Santook, Martandras and Dr. Writer. It was very pleasant and encouraging to hear all—including Europeans, Parsis, and Hindus of several castes—expressing the same appreciation of Theosophy, of H.P.B.'s services to the world, and of the immense utility of the T.S. as a means for enlightenment. Among those present, were some of the earliest members in India, such as Messrs. Pânachand and Martandras, who date back to 1849, and Tookaram Tatya (1880), while Mr. K. M. Shroff's membership runs still farther back, he having joined by letter while the founders were still at New York. It was most gratifying to find that the accuracy of the records of the early Bombay days as given in "Old Diary Leaves," was fully acknowledged by those who had themselves been actors in some of the events. Several new members joined the Society on the 9th and 10th ult.

WHITE LOTUS DAY IN CEYLON.

The late anniversary of White Lotus Day was duly observed by the members of the HOPE LODGE T. S., of Colombo, Ceylon, at the Musacus School and Orphanage, in Cinnamon Gardens.

Additional interest was added to the occasion by the presence of Mr. John Biggs Wither, former President of Christ-Church Branch T.S., New Zealand, who, like most Theosophists who have to wait a day in Colombo for an outgoing steamer, had found his way to this Buddhist Girls' School where there is a small band of working T. S. members.

It is also to be noted that Wesak Day—the grand Buddhist festival which commemorates the birth and death of Lord Buddha—fell on the 8th of May this year, so the two anniversaries were combined. The front of the school building was decorated with Buddhist flags, and the life-size portrait of Madame Blavatsky, (presented by her to Mrs. Higgins,) was placed in the front verandah, and tastefully draped with two silken, American flags, and Lotus blossoms.

The President of the Lodge—Dr. English,—opened the meeting, and in a few introductory remarks dwelt upon the heroic devotion to truth and duty which characterized the life of H. P. B.

She worked on, regardless of pain, persecution, slander and treachery. Those who, like her, have possessed marked ability, and have used their talents for the uplifting of their race, and against the powers of ignorance and bigotry, have always had the warmest friends, and the bitterest enemies.

Whatever idiosyncrasies of personality may have been hers, they are as nothing, when compared with the results of her literary work, which comprises an enduring monument.

Mr. Wither of New Zealand, was then introduced, and spoke of the practical value of Madame Blavatsky's labors. He said it was her Key to Theosophy which had opened his eyes to the truth, and if only one or two, here and there, had been brought to a knowledge of these priceless truths, how great was the value of her life; but when we know that thousands have received the benefits of her teachings, and that these and others will continue to be thus blessed by them, we can realize in some small degree the results of her life.

Mrs. M. M. Higgins then gave some very interesting reminiscences of her personal acquaintance with H. P. B., who strongly advised her to come East and take up the work of educating the Sinhalese girls,—the work to which she has devoted herself.

Mr. P. D. Khan, an earnest Theosophist from Bombay, was the next speaker, who in some well chosen remarks paid earnest tribute to the memory of the originator of the T. S.

The speaking was interspersed with Wesak Choralis in Sinhalese and English, sung by the girls of the school, supported by Mrs. Higgins and Miss Allison.

Mr. P. De Abrew next gave an interesting account of an experience in cookery participated in by himself and H. P. B. jointly, which resulted in the production of an omelet. He then read some selections from the "VOICE OF THE SILENCE," and the meeting closed, after the chanting of the Jayaman-gala, by the pupils of the school.

E.

THE ADYAR LIBRARY.

SABDAKALPADRUMA.

We have now received the 13 to 17 parts of the 5th Kânda of the Sabdakalpadruma. The work has been creditably pushed on to its completion. We congratulate the Editors on this their unique success in bringing this useful and voluminous work to completion in the Devanagari characters, without even a single mistake. Even though there are now works extant like the Vâchaspatya of pro-Târânâtha Tarkavâcharpati, this work has its own importance over other works. Modern oriental researches of MSS. so far as they have advanced, have been added in this work. The service rendered by this enlarged and unique work in Sanskrit, is what encyclopædias do to the English language, science, art, &c. It is indispensable to, and I may venture to say, the only requisite for article-writers and people requiring information on various topics. It is in five volumes and each volume goes over 600 or 700 pages.

Considering the nice execution of the work, the amount of valuable information at disposal and the thick paper and bold print used the price of Rs. 75 is very moderate.

The following books and MSS. have been added during the last month;—
Donated:—

Sribrahmavidyâ from Mr. Durgâprasada Roy; *Kalâśaisledai Venpâ*, and other 8 Tamil books from His Holiness Ambalavânadesikar, Pandarasamadhî of Tiruvadatori; *Yoga of Christ or the Science of the Soul* from Miss Muller; *The remains of Las Tzn* from Mr. V. Dent; *Discriptive Catalogue of the Sanskrit MSS. in the library of the Sanskrit, College, Calcutta*, from Pandit Hrishikesa Sastry; *Some Early Sovereigns of Tricancrore*, *Introduction to Science in Tamil*, and *Manonmanîya* from Mr. P. Sundaram Pillai, M. A., Trivendram; *Gâyatri, Mantra, Yantra, Kârikâ, &c.* (paper MS.) from R. Ananthakrishna Sastry; *Râjarshi, Brahmajñâna Bhomis* and *Yogadarsana Anubhava* from Mr. N. U. Divedî, Surat; *Past, Present, and Future of India of Col. Olcott's* in Gujarati from Mr. M. Dayal Doss, Bombay; and *Sabdakalpadruma*, part 13 to 17 of 5th Kânda, 2 copies from the Editor.

Purchaser:—

Brahmârtarathamahâtmya, Badarînarâyanâ's, Ajodhyâ's, Mayapurî's, Dvârakâ's Mahâtmyas; Vidyodaya from 1890 to 95.

R. ANANTHAKRISHNA SASTRY,

Librarian.

ERRATA.—Page 570. Middle paragraph, for—"they reach one," read—they each one, for—"can thought be found." read—can thought be bound.