

"REGISTERED" M. 91.



THE THEOSOPHIST

A MAGAZINE OF

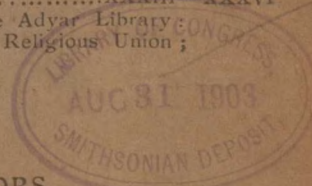
ORIENTAL PHILOSOPHY, ART, LITERATURE AND OCCULTISM.

[*Founded October, 1879.*]

CONDUCTED BY H. S. OLCOTT.

VOL. XXIV. No. 11.—AUGUST 1903.

	PAGE.
Old Diary Leaves, Fifth Series, XVI.....	H. S. OLCOTT..... 641
Mr. Leadbeater's American Lectures.	
The Rationale of Telepathy and Mind-Cure...	C. W. LEADBEATER..... 648
The Martyrs.....	MICHAEL WOOD..... 660
Theosophical Gleanings from Non-Theosophical Fields.....	CAROLINE KOFEL..... 669
The Life Side.....	ANNIE C. MCQUEEN..... 677
A Study in Mediæval Mysticism, Part I.....	W. A. MAYERS..... 682
"Light on the Path".....	GERTRUDE B. GREWE... 685
Birth of Zoroaster.....	C. E. ANKLESARIA..... 689
THEOSOPHY IN ALL LANDS.....	691
REVIEWS.....	693
Studies in the Bhagavad Gita ; Les Mystiques Devant La Science ; A Dream of Realms beyond us ; A Tibetan English Dictionary ; Free-will and Necessity ; Universal Problems ; Magazines.....	698
CUTTINGS AND COMMENTS.....	
The spread of Cremation—Resuscitating the seeming Dead—Surgical treatment and Massage in Snake-poison—The movement against Vivisection—The Invisible Brothers—A remarkable Will—Famous at Four—Mr. Sandow and Physical Culture—Another Version of the Origin of Man—The Judgment of God—A Buddhist Revival—Wild White People.....	xxxiii—xxxvi
SUPPLEMENT.....	
Monthly Financial Statement ; The Presidents' Tour ; The Adyar Library ; Choice of M. Boissevain as Director ; Work of the Hindu Religious Union ; Trichinopoly ; New Branches ; Obituary.....	



MADRAS :

PUBLISHED BY THE PROPRIETORS

AT THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY'S HEAD-QUARTERS, ADYAR.

MCMIII.

NOTICE.

—:0:—

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this or any other Journal, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

The *Theosophist* will appear each month, and will contain not less than 64 pages of reading matter. It is now in its 24th year of publication. The Magazine is offered as a vehicle for the dissemination of facts and opinions connected with the Asiatic religious, philosophies and sciences; contributions on all of which subjects will be gladly received. All literary communications should be addressed to the Editor, Adyar, Madras, and should be written on one side of the paper only. Rejected MSS. are not returned.

Press MSS. go by post at newspaper rates if both ends of the wrapper are left open. No anonymous documents will be accepted for insertion. Contributors should forward their MSS. in the early part of the month. Writers of contributed articles are alone responsible for opinions therein stated.

Permission is given to translate or copy articles upon the sole condition of crediting them to the *Theosophist*.

Only matter for publication in the *Theosophist* should be addressed to the Editor. Business letters must invariably go to the "Business Manager."

AGENTS.

The *Theosophist* Magazine and the publications of the Theosophical Society may be obtained from the undermentioned Agents:—

- London.—Theosophical Publishing Society, 3, Langham Place, W.
- New York.—Theosophical Publishing Society, 65, Fifth Avenue.
- Boston.—*Banner of Light* Publishing Co., 204, Dartmouth Street; The Occult Publishing Co., P.O. Box, 2646.
- Chicago.—Secretary, Chicago Theosophical Society, 26, Van Buren St.
- Paris.—Mme. Savalle, 23, Rue de Rivoli.
- San Francisco.—Manager, *Theosophic Messenger*, Room 7, Odd Fellows' Building.
- Australia.—Mrs. W. J. Hunt, Hon. Manager, 80, Swanston Street, Melbourne; or H. A. Wilson, 42, Margaret St., Sydney.
- New Zealand.—C. W. Sanders, Mutual Life Buildings, Strand Arcade, Auckland.
- The Far East.—Kelly and Walsh, Singapore, Shanghai and Yokohama.
- West Indies.—C. E. Taylor, St. Thomas.
- Ceylon.—Peter de Abrew, No. 40, Chatham St., Fort, Colombo; or, Manager of the *Buddhist*, 61, Maliban Street, Pettah, Colombo.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

	Single Copy.	Annual Subscription.
India	Re. 1	Rs. 8.
America	50 c.	\$ 5.
All other countries	2 s.	£ 1.

The Volume begins with the October number. All Subscriptions are payable in advance. Back numbers and volumes may be obtained at the same price.

Money Orders or Cheques for all publications should be made payable only to the Business Manager, *Theosophist* Office, and all business communications should be addressed to him at Adyar, Madras. *It is particularly requested that no remittances shall be made to individuals by name, as the members of the staff are often absent from Adyar on duty.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers to the THEOSOPHIST should notify any change of address to the Business Manager, so that the Magazine may reach them safely. The Proprietors of the THEOSOPHIST cannot undertake to furnish copies gratis to replace those that go astray through carelessness on the part of subscribers who neglect to notify their change of address. Great care is taken in mailing and copies lost in transit will not be replaced.

आ.

THE THEOSOPHIST.

(FOUNDED IN 1879.)

VOL. XXIV., NO. 11. AUGUST 1903.

"THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH."

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

OLD DIARY LEAVES.*

FIFTH SERIES, CHAPTER XVI.

(Year 1894.)

THE discontent shown by Mr. Old, as narrated in our last chapter, was seething throughout the whole Society; petitions, remonstrances, copies of Resolutions, poured in to me from all parts, many demanding that Mr. Judge should be called upon to publish a defence or resign; others, recommending him to make no defence, as their confidence in him was unshaken. A Circular put forth by him on the 4th of November, "By Master's Direction," purporting to be addressed to members of the E. S. T., instead of clearing up the affair made it still more entangled. He and Mrs. Besant had been jointly in charge of this secret body, but now Judge, with supreme audacity, arrogated to himself "in full all the functions and powers given to me by H. P. B. and that came to me by orderly succession after her passing from this life," and declared himself "the sole head of the E. S. T." "Hence," he continues, "under the authority given me by the Master and H. P. B., and *under Master's direction*, I declare Mrs. Annie Besant's headship in the E. S. T. at an end." Coming from a man who, during ten of the years of his pretended close relationship with the Masters, was writing me the most despairing letters and complaining that he was unable to get the smallest sign of their personal interest in him, this was a piece of audacity indeed. The whole Circular was a most unsatisfactory document, disingenuous and self-laudatory. Mrs. Besant is made out

* Four volumes, in series of thirty chapters, tracing the history of the Theosophical Society from its beginnings at New York, have appeared in the *Theosophist*, and two of the volumes are available in book form. Prices: Vol. I., cloth, illustrated, Rs. 3-12-0, or paper, Rs. 2-8-0. Vol. II., beautifully illustrated with views of the headquarters, Adyar; cloth, Rs. 5; paper, Rs. 3-8-0. Apply to the Manager *Theosophist* or to any Theosophical book agency throughout the world.

to be much less important than himself in the E. S. T., a "Secretary, because she had great ability in a literary way . . . but this did not make her a *teacher*." He goes on to say that he has a large body of instructions given him "all the time from 1875, which I shall give out and have given out, as far as I am directed;" a palpable misstatement if his letters to me mean anything. In support of his claim to be a qualified teacher he refers to what H. P. B. said in her Introduction to Vol. I. of the "Secret Doctrine," viz., that "she taught Colonel Olcott and two Europeans. I am one of the latter." He then proceeds with some confessions about myself which ought to surprise that large number of his followers and those of Mrs. Tingley who, in reading the history of the theosophical movement, have found all reference to me and my work persistently suppressed. He says:

"Colonel Olcott is the old standard-bearer, and has been the medium for teaching, himself having Chelas whom he has instructed, but always on the lines laid down by the Master through H. P. B. He was selected by the Master to do a certain and valuable work not possible for anyone else, and he was never taken into the E. S. by a pledge, for, like myself, he was in the very beginning pledged directly to the Master. His main work has been that great and far-reaching work in the world, among not only ordinary people, but with kings and rulers, for, the sake of this cause, which the Masters knew he was to do for them."

After paying compliments to Mrs. Besant's "devotion and sincerity of purpose," and confessing that she had given "many years of her life to the cause of the oppressed as she understood it," and admitting that, during the previous five years she had "done great service to the T. S. and devoted herself to it," he proceeds to paint in dark colours the downward path she was then treading because she had tried to force herself "along the path of practical work in that field. "Sincerity," he tells us, "does not confer of itself knowledge, much less wisdom:" he then becomes critical and didactic, holding her up as an example of failure to be avoided by other postulants for wisdom.

"Mistakes made by such a disciple will ultimately be turned to the advantage of the movement, and their immediate results will be mitigated to the person making them, provided they are not inspired by an evil intention on the person's part. And I wish it to be clearly understood that Mrs. Besant has had, herself, no conscious evil intention: she has simply gone for a while outside of the line of her Guru (H. P. B.), begun work with others, and fallen under their influence. We should not push her farther down, but neither will the true sympathy we have, blind our eyes so as to let her go on, to the detriment of the movement. I could easily retire from the whole T. S., but my conceptions of duty are different, although the personal cost to myself in this work is heavy, and as I am ordered to stay I will stay and try my best to aid her and everyone else as much as possible. And the same authority tells me that "could

she open her eyes and see her real line of work, and correct the present condition in herself as well as the one she has helped to make in the T. S. and E. S. T., she would find herself in mental, physical and spiritual conditions of a kind much better than ever before, for her present state is due to the attacks of the dark powers, unconsciously to her.'

And now it becomes necessary under instructions received, to give the members of the school some account of the things behind the scenes in connection with the recent investigation attempted at London upon the charges against me.

The two persons around whom its noise arose are Mrs. Besant and myself. Prior to that, in 1891, after the death of H. P. B., Col. H. S. Olcott, the President, was the centre of a disturbance due to his resignation, and that disturbance was due to the same forces working from behind to try and disintegrate the T. S. by causing its old-time President to leave office before his death. The recent troubles centred around us because I was made the object of an attack in the guise of an attempt to purify the Society, and Mrs. Besant was thrown forward as the official accuser of myself—a friend who was certified to her by H. P. B.; her teacher, and well known as working for the T. S. for many years. All this needs light, and the best interests of Mrs. Besant and of the E. S. T. demand that some of the secret history shall be given out, however disagreeable it may be, in order that the very purgation which was improperly directed to the wrong quarter shall take place now. The difficulty arose when in January or February Annie Besant finally lent herself unconsciously to the plot which I detail herein; but prior to that (from August 1893), those managing that plot had begun to work upon her.

The plot exists among the Black Magicians, who ever war against the White, and against those Black ones we were constantly warned by H. P. B. This is no fiction, but a very substantial fact. I have seen and also been shown the chief entity among those who thus work against us and who desire to destroy the whole movement and especially to nullify the great work which H. P. B. began for the Western nations. These Black Magicians have succeeded in influencing certain Brahmins in India, through race-pride and ambition, so that these, for their own advantage, desire to control and manage the T. S. through some agent and also through the E. S. T. They of course have sought, if possible, to use one of our body, and have picked out Mrs. Besant as a possible vehicle. One object of the plot is to stop the current of information and influence started by H. P. B. by deflecting thought back to modern India. To accomplish this it is absolutely necessary to tear down the tradition clustering around the work of H. P. B.; her powers and knowledge have to be derogated from; her right to speak for the Masters has to be impugned; those Masters have to be made a cold abstraction; her staunch friends who wish to see the real work and objects carried on have to be put in such a position as to be tied hand and foot so as not to be able to interfere with the plans of the plotters; it has to be shown that H. P. B. was a fraud and forger also. These men are not the Chelas of our Masters.

The name of the person who was worked upon so as to, if possible, use him as a minor agent of the Black Magicians and for the influencing of Mrs. Besant is Gyanendra N. Chakravarti, a Brahman of Alla-

habad, India, who came to America on our invitation to the Religious Parliament in 1893. At the first, sincerely desirous of helping the race by bringing to the American people the old truths of his forefathers, he nevertheless, like so many before him, permitted ambition to take subtle root in his heart. Fired with the ambition of taking position in the world as a Guru, though doubtless believing himself still a follower of the White Brotherhood, he is no longer in our lines; on the contrary, his mediumship and weakness leave him a vehicle for other influences also. * * * * * His ability to be used as an unconscious vehicle was made known to me when he was made to receive the message. Although he was not fully aware of it, not only was the whole of his tour here well guarded and arranged, but he was personally watched by agents of the Masters scattered throughout the country, unknown to him, who reported to me. On several occasions he has taken people into his confidence, believing that he was instructing them, when in fact they were observing him closely for the Lodge, helping him where right, and noting him fully, though they did not tell him so. This was also so in those parts of his tour when he believed himself alone or only with Mrs. Besant."

The strikingly cruel feature of this case is the eagerness shown by Judge to nullify, so far as possible, Mrs. Besant's personal influence and at the same time to inflict on her as much pain as he could as a punishment for her having obeyed the call of duty, at my instance, by formulating the charges of misconduct which were to have been laid before the Judicial Committee. To speak with all candor, I must say that I thought that Mrs. Besant, and nobody else, should stand as Accuser, because no other person had done so much as she in creating for him the factitious appearance of occult knowledge and confidential relations with the Masters upon which he had traded in his scheme for acquiring not only the Presidentship but also the occult Successorship to H. P. B. Without this endorsement by her he would never have dared to assume the authoritative tone which runs through the document we have been quoting from and all his literary output from the date of the London Committee meeting onward until his death. Mrs. Besant was simply led away by her congenital nobility of motive and honourable confidence in her co-workers. In this instance, to doubt Judge seemed to her monstrous, and the animosity which she and those most nearly associated with her felt for myself had this blind trust in him for a basis, for I was never carried away for one moment by his pretensions: how should I be, in the face of the multitude of disclaimers and appeals for help that he had addressed to me? Her tender-heartedness for him led her to put information about the case into his hands before it was time to use it judicially, and it was only in December of that year, when she came to Adyar and compared notes with me, that she could bring herself to believe that her estimate of his character and acts had been wholly wrong. Yet we see in the above-cited passages that he accuses this dear, unselfish, loyal friend, this sister of the distressed and the oppressed, this potential martyr for humanity, with having gone about America before and after the Parliament

of religious believing him to be a criminal, yet treating him as a dear and valued friend, in short, playing the part of an abandoned hypocrite. And then see how he repaid her services to him and his Section that season, especially at the Parliament of Religions where her splendid eloquence crowned our Theosophical Congress with such brilliant success as, it was said, was greater than that of the Congress of any of the great world-faiths represented there by delegates. He depicts her not only as a hypocrite, nourishing the futile ambition to be my official successor, but worse than that, a practitioner of Black Magic allied with the fiendish enemies of mankind, and the helpless, hypnotised tool of one of the most brilliant scholars of modern India, Prof. Chakravarti, whose private character is without a stain and whose life has been lived in sight of the whole world. For an educated Indian the worst of all charges that could be made against a man is this very one of dabbling in sorcery, for, as I have often explained, the Hindus have voluntarily no dealings with the dead nor with sub-human spirits : such things are pursued only by the least advanced of the races inhabiting Hindustan. So the malice which prompted this accusation is palpable. I might quote much more from this evil-intentioned circular " issued in the E. S. T. under the protection of pledges made by all its members," but my mind revolts, and I find, as I marshal the facts of this history before me for condensed record, that it is very hard to see all this turpitude uncovered without losing that judicial impartiality which should be my guide.

Let us turn our backs for the moment upon this whole matter and take a look around the theosophical field while we are waiting for the month of December to pass away and bring us to the meeting of the Convention at which the Judge case was brought up and passed upon. One of the important events of this season was the creation of a theosophical centre at Johannesburg, South Africa, by two or three earnest men who have kept our torch burning throughout the whole stormy period of the late war and who, with the coming of peace, are reviving its activity with unabated zeal. Mr. Kitchin, formerly of the Leeds Lodge, had joined them in September 1894 ; a lending library was formed and a press propaganda begun after a systematic plan. After the Parliament of Religions adjourned, Vivekananda, Dharmapala and other eastern speakers travelled about the country, giving lectures and creating that wide-spread interest in theosophical ideas which has never since been extinguished. Mrs. Besant's Australasian tour moved on its course of triumphant success and, after finishing the Australian continent it took her over to New Zealand. It is amusing to see how completely the popular idea of her personality was belied by the facts. It appears, from what one writer said, that they had " half expected to see a fire-eating virago, full of fury and repulsive personal eccentricities, whereas there stepped into view one of the most modest and womanly women they had ever seen. Instead of her bellowing in strident

tones a diatribe against social order, they heard a silvery voice speaking wisdom in faultless phrases, acting for a mind which seemed to have stored away in itself a profound knowledge of each of the several subjects of her lectures. The most eminent statesmen and judges gladly presided at her meetings and introduced her to the Australian public in terms of the highest respect." The *Sydney Herald* said of her fourth lecture:

"It was a great oratorical effort—probably the most eloquent discourse ever delivered from a platform in this city—and the large house was visibly affected.

"It was quite a study to watch the audience during the hour and a half that Mrs. Besant was addressing them. There was no coughing, no sneezing, no whispering, no going out for a drink.***

"The listener who sat upright in his chair was the exception. The great majority bent forward towards the stage luminary, and the house resembled, to a certain extent, a plot of sunflowers or a bevy of fire-worshippers with their faces turned towards the sun.

"But the lecture was something more than a mere flow of oratory. Mrs. Besant appealed to the reason and not to the imagination of her hearers, and adduced strong arguments in support of the propositions she put forward. In the course of her address she attacked the scientific theories of heredity and atavism, and in the encounter with science, Theosophy usually came out on top.

"Three or four times during the evening the pent-up feelings of the audience found vent in cheers. But the applause seemed to disconcert rather than to encourage the lecturer, and seemed almost as much out of place as it would have been in a cathedral during the progress of the service. The ovation tendered to Mrs. Besant at the close of the lecture was well-timed, and could not fail to be acceptable to the recipient."

An earnest Christian writes to a Sydney paper, proposing that the attempt be made to induce Mrs. Besant to hold a public meeting of all the Christian sects, at which they should be persuaded to unite on a common platform for the advancement of the religious spirit. He says:

"I am sure our religious teachers and people, somewhat blinded by prejudice, do not know what sort of a woman we have in our midst. Could she, as an apostle of the broadest and truest Catholicism, be missioned forth so to the wide religious worlds, she would do more to promote universal union and harmony than any other could do. The crying need of this is on our Anglo-Saxon tongue everywhere. I firmly believe in the practicability of her power of achieving such a work: and it would be an achievement second to nothing but the founding of the Great Evangel itself by the Divine Master, devoutly revered by the dominant civilized races of the present epoch of the world.

"No one can listen to her, especially in her semi-private gather-

ings, without being impressed that she is possessed of transcendental ability, and of the truest Catholic, Christ-like piety and love. She is so overflowing with wisdom and knowledge that if she is not divinely inspired, I have no higher conception what such a one would be. She is so logical and eloquent, yet simple, apt, and convincing of speech, that I have never witnessed her equal in either man or woman."

Another leading Sydney paper said about her lecture on the "Meaning and Working of Reincarnation: "

"This is one of the fundamental principles of the Theosophic creed, and although at first acquaintance it would seem to contain nothing but uninteresting and unattractive elements, yet when the matter is gone into, and especially when it is so eloquently expounded by such a remarkable thinker and orator as Mrs. Besant, there will be found in it much that is worth thought, and much that will repay careful and reasonable investigation. One of the extraordinary features of Mrs. Besant's charm and force as an orator is that, no matter how technical is the subject of her discourse, she always manages to deal with it in an attractive light, gripping the attention of her audience at the start, and by the force of her oratory, the perspicuity of her reasoning, and the instructiveness of her matter, never releasing that hold until the end. Last night the lecturess had what in other hands would have been a painfully dry scientific and ethical subject to deal with, but for an hour and a quarter she engrossed the attention of her audience while she combated the widely accepted evolutionary theories of heredity and atavism, and offered the doctrine of reincarnation as a basis on which to found a new conception of human duty, and as an explanation of many apparently irreconcilable and unintelligible facts in life."

There, let this series of vivid pictures of the real Annie Besant as she appears when doing her work as a teacher and the friend of all, of whatsoever creed or nationality, who may aspire towards the attainment of noble ideals of life, thought and conduct, stand out in contrast with the painful caricature, painted in gall and mud by an ungrateful co-worker, and the reader will be prepared to appreciate the remarks made by the several speakers about the Judge case at the then forthcoming Annual Convention of our Society, the report of which will come before us in the next chapter.

H. S. OLCOTT.

THE RATIONALE OF TELEPATHY AND MIND-CURE.

LET us commence by defining the meaning of our terms. The term telepathy is derived from two Greek words, and its literal meaning is "feeling at a distance," but it is now generally used almost synonymously with thought-transference, and may be taken to cover any transfer of an image, a thought or a sensation from one person to another by non-physical means—means unknown to ordinary science. The word "mind-cure" bears its meaning on its face—unless indeed one reverses the arrangement of the words; it does not mean a cure for a mind diseased, but the curing of physical ills by the use of the mind, or at least by distinctly non-physical means. So we see that both these subjects are very closely connected with the influence and power of thought, and a comprehension of them will therefore largely depend upon thoroughly understanding these latter questions. First of all, then, let us spend a few minutes in considering exactly how we think.

To us thought seems an instantaneous process; we have a proverb "as quick as thought." Yet, rapid though it be, it is a more complicated process than we suppose. In that respect it resembles the process by which sensation reaches the brain from the different parts of the body. We commonly think of that also as almost instantaneous, but science assures us that it is not so in reality. When for example, we grasp something which is too hot, we very quickly drop it; yet in that moment of time two entirely distinct processes have taken place. The nerves of the hand have, as it were, telegraphed to the brain the message "This object is too hot," and the brain has sent back the answer "Then drop it," and it is only in response to this order that the hand relaxes, and the object is released. The rate at which these messages travel has been measured by students of physics, so that the time occupied is appreciable by their instruments, though to us it seems undistinguishable.

A process exactly analogous takes place every time we think, though in this case it needs clairvoyant sight to watch what happens. To one who possesses the sight of the mental plane, thought is distinguishable in its formation as a vibration of the matter of the mental body of the thinker. Then it would be observable that by that vibration another was set up—a vibration an octave lower, as it were, in the grosser matter of the thinker's astral body, and from that in turn the etheric particles of the man's brain would be affected, and through them at last the denser grey matter would be brought into action. As these successive processes must take place before a thought can be translated into action on the physical plane; it may be said that the thought has to pass through two whole planes and part of another before it can come into effect down here. I must de-

scribe to you how this process appears from the clairvoyant point of view, so that you may have a clear mental image before you.

Every cell in the physical brain—every particle of its matter even—has its corresponding and interpenetrating astral matter, and then behind or rather within that, it has also the still finer mental matter. The brain, as you are aware, is a cubical mass, but for the purposes of our examination let us suppose that it could be spread out upon a surface so that it was only one particle thick. Let us further suppose that the astral and mental matter corresponding to it could also be laid out in layers in a similar manner, the astral layer a little above the physical, and the mental a little above the astral in turn. Then we should have three layers of matter of different degrees of density, all corresponding one to the other, but not joined together in any way, except that here and there wires of communication existed between the physical and mental particles, and were continued up into the mental matter. That would fairly represent the condition of affairs existing in the brain of the average man. In the Adept, the perfected man, every particle would have its own wire, and the communication would be perfect in every part of the brain alike; but the ordinary man has at present only very few of these channels of communication opened. Now we know that the brain is mapped out into certain areas, each corresponding to a certain set of qualities. In the perfect man all these qualities would be fully developed, for the wires belonging to all of them would be active; but in the ordinary man the great majority of the wires are as yet inactive, or hardly formed at all, and so the qualities corresponding to them are dormant in his brain.

You may image these wires as tubes, through which the true man within has to send down his thought to the physical plane. In the fully developed man, each thought would have its own channel appropriate to it, through which it could descend directly to the correspondingly appropriate matter in the physical brain; but in the average man many of those channels are not yet open, and so the thought which ought to flow through them must go a long way out of its way, as it were—must find its expression through other and inappropriate channels, going laterally through the brain of mental matter until it can find a way down, passing eventually through a tube not at all suited to it, and then, when it does reach the physical level, having to move laterally again in the physical before it encounters the physical particles which are capable of expressing it. You will readily see how awkward and clumsy such a roundabout expression is likely to be, and you will understand why it is that some people have no comprehension of mathematics, or no taste for music or art, as the case may be. It is simply that in the part of the brain devoted to that particular quality the communications have not yet been opened up, so that all thought connected with that subject has to go round through unsuitable channels; the

brain is not yet in full working order, and therefore the thought cannot yet work freely in all directions. The physical brain is a solid mass, and the astral and mental brains interpenetrate it, so that the layers and tubes do not really exist; but nevertheless the symbol is an accurate one as describing the want of communication between the mental, astral and physical particles.

Picture to yourself what happens when we interchange ideas down here upon the physical plane. I formulate a thought, but before it can reach you it must pass from my mind through the astral matter of my brain down to the physical, and be translated into speech or writing. Then it appeals to you either through the waves of air which strike upon the tympanum of your ear, or through the light reflected to your eyes from the printed page; the idea enters the physical brain, but even then it has to pass up through the astral to the mental before it reaches the true man within, thus reversing the process which took place in my brain when I sent out that thought. Once more you will see that this is a very laborious method—that the message has to go a very long way round; and it will inevitably occur to you to ask whether this circuitous route is really necessary—whether it is not possible to take a short cut, to tap the telegraph wire at some intermediate point. Since the starting-point and the terminus are alike on the mental plane, since both on the way up and on the way down the message must pass through the astral and the etheric levels, is there no communication possible at any of these points, without lengthening the process by descent to the physical?

There is such a possibility; indeed, there are three such possibilities; and this is precisely what is meant by telepathy. We may under favorable circumstances open up a direct communication between two mental bodies, between two astral bodies, or between two etheric brains; and this gives us three varieties of telepathy. Let us begin with the lowest.

If I think strongly of any simple concrete form in my physical brain, I make that form in etheric matter, so that it can be seen by a clairvoyant, but in the effort of making that image I send out etheric waves all round me, like the waves which radiate from the spot where a stone falls into a pond. When these waves strike upon another etheric brain, they tend to reproduce in it the same image. It is not the image itself which is sent out, but a set of vibrations which will reproduce the image. It is not like a speaking-tube, through which the voice itself passes, and could be heard as a voice at any point of its journey. It rather resembles a telephone, in which it is not the voice itself which is conveyed, but a number of electrical vibrations set up by the voice, which when they enter the receiver are transmuted into the sounds of that voice once more. If you cut the telephone wire and listened at the end of it without a receiver, you would hear nothing, for the

vibrations are not the sound, but under proper conditions they will reproduce the sound.

In exactly this way a simple form may readily be transferred from one brain to another. It is an experiment that may easily be tried, if any two people are sufficiently interested to take a little trouble with it. One would have to think strongly of some quite simple geometrical form such as a cross, for example, or a triangle, while the other would have to sit quite quietly, and note what ideas formed themselves in his mind. In quite a number of cases such an effort would be successful the second or third time it was tried, though of course some people are more sensitive than others, and some people can form clearer images than others. In this case we have come down to the etheric state of matter, so that we are only one remove from the ordinary method of speech or writing; in fact what we have done is very like Marconi's wireless telegraphy. Let us see whether the same thing can be effected a stage earlier, at the astral level.

Not only can it be done, but it is constantly being done all round us, though we do not notice it. The astral body is the vehicle of emotion and passion, as we have seen in previous lectures, so that what is conveyed from one person to another at this level will be an impression of a passional or emotional nature. Notice it for yourselves in family life. When one person is in a condition of deep depression, it will be found that others round him are very liable to be affected in the same way. If one person is especially irritable, then it will soon be observed that others in turn become less serene and more readily affected than usual. This simply means that any person who gives way to a strong wave of feeling of any sort is radiating a certain rate of astral vibrations, which tends to reproduce that state of feeling in others as it impinges upon their astral bodies. The case in which above all others this is important is with regard to the dead, for they are living entirely in the astral vehicle, and so are more sensitive to these waves of emotion than the living, who are to some extent protected by the density and dullness of their physical bodies. So if a man selfishly gives way to uncontrolled grief for the dead, he often causes his departed friend the most acute and profound depression. On the other hand, if he thinks of his friend with love and an earnest desire for his progress, he may help very much instead of hindering, because these feelings also will reproduce themselves with perfect fidelity in the astral body of the dead man. This is a case of real telepathy, or "feeling at a distance."

Now let us advance one stage more, and see whether it is not possible that the thought may be communicated directly from mind to mind on its own level, without descending even so far as the astral plane. This also can undoubtedly be done, and often is done, but it is a means of converse for the more exalted souls only, as a regular

thing. One who is highly developed may thus flash his ideas through space with literally the speed of thought, but for ordinary men as yet such power is rare. Nevertheless, it sometimes exists where there is unusually perfect sympathy between two persons, and I feel sure that when mankind is further evolved this will be our common method of communication. It is already employed by the great Masters of Wisdom in the instruction of their pupils, and in this way they can convey the most complicated ideas with perfect ease.

We have before us, then, these three kinds of telepathy, all of them consisting simply of the conveyance of vibrations at their respective levels—liable, perhaps, to be confused by the superficial observer, but very readily distinguishable by the trained clairvoyant. In a minor way we may find evidence of one or other of them almost daily, for we so often observe cases in which some friend is thinking simultaneously along the same lines as ourselves—thinking, it may be, about a subject which has not occurred to either of us for months previously.

We shall at once see how closely associated is telepathy with mind-cure, which aims to transfer good strong thoughts from the operator to the patient. We meet with various types of mind-cure, differing considerably in their teachings, commonly called Christian science, mental science, mind-healing, &c., but they all agree in endeavouring to produce physical cures by non-physical means. There seems to be a vague general opinion afloat that Theosophy is opposed to these systems, but this is entirely inaccurate. Theosophy is opposed to no form of faith; on the contrary, it points out whatever is good in each of them, emphasizes and explains it, and thus combines them all into one harmonious whole. It objects only to misunderstanding and misuse of dogma or practice; it seeks, not to attack these multitudinous religions, but to comprehend them intelligently and to select from them impartially whatsoever things in them are beautiful and true. Our strong belief is that it is a very serious mistake for religious people to quarrel over trifles as they do. On broad principles of right and wrong they are all at one; they all agree that man ought to leave the lower and seek the higher; let them then band together to convert the rest of the world to that much of religious faith, and leave the discussion of unimportant details until that great task is accomplished. That seems to us to be a suggestion of the merest common-sense; yet how few can be induced to listen to it for a moment!

So we who study Theosophy are in no way opposed to mind-cure, though there are some things connected with it to which we should take exception. Its leading idea is a very grand one—that of the power of thought. It is in no way a new conception, for the old religions have always taught it; you will find it, for example, very clearly laid down in the very first chapter of the great Buddhist

book, The Dhammapada. To claim for the mind-curists the credit of discovering the power of thought is a mistake, and shows a sad ignorance of the teaching of the great Oriental faiths ; but it is quite true that they are making many people in this country see it now for the first time. For this, then, we owe thanks to them, that they are raising some people out of materialism, and opening their eyes to something higher and more rational ; and that is a great thing to do, for when it has once been done, further advance becomes possible. All honour to them for their share in this work of elevating the thought of the time ; and though there are points in their schemes that we may criticise, let us never forget that they have this always to their credit. Let me briefly mention first certain dogmas of theirs with which I cannot agree, and get those out of our way, so that afterwards we may turn to the more congenial task of stating the ideas with which we find ourselves fully in sympathy.

First of all, I have never been able to see why a medical process should be erected into a religion ; one might as well make a religion of homœopathy or hydropathy. So to those who are working upon such an unsatisfactory mental basis, I would offer the magnificent system of philosophy which they will find in Theosophy—a scheme which will give them food for thought, and supply them with a rational theory of the universe. One of the principal schools of mind-cure denies altogether the existence of matter—one which calls itself Christian science ; though it is difficult to see upon what grounds such a name was assumed, since to deny the existence of matter is neither Christian nor scientific. Certainly it cannot be the latter, for it is matter only that science can cognize, and all its experiments are conducted by its means. And this doctrine of the non-existence of material things is emphatically not Christian, but pagan, for it is the teaching of one of the oldest Oriental systems. Of course there is a truth behind it, if it is rightly understood. All manifestation comes forth from the Absolute, and presumably will all one day return to Him. All manifestation therefore is impermanent, and from the point of view of eternity may be regarded as fleeting and momentary and hardly worth taking into account at all. Still, to say that it does not exist seems to me misleading, since it is in truth just as much one of the manifestations of the Logos as is that spirit, which is its other pole. The Lord Buddha has said that there are two things which are eternal, âkâsa and nirvâna ; and the context seems to show us that he means what we now call matter and force. Herein modern science agrees with him ; and it seems to me that it is both truer and safer to recognize that while manifestation exists each type of matter is real on its own plane. It is quite true that while we are on the physical plane only physical matter is real to us, and astral and mental matter remain invisible to the lower senses, while when we raise our consciousness to the higher planes this condition of things is reversed ; but it is the

focus of our consciousness that has changed, not the manifestation of the Logos. So while we most fully recognize that the unseen things are the more important, we yet prefer to regard matter as real to us so long as we are upon its level. It scarcely seems sensible first to deny the existence of the body, and then to point to an improvement in its condition as the result of the denial of its existence; for how can one cure that which does not exist?

I incline to believe that this denial of matter is probably in essence a reaction against the old and horrible theory of a personal devil. Our friends feel intuitively that the idea of evil imposed upon us from without is an absurdity, since every man makes his own good and evil destiny for himself; so they say there is in truth no evil but that which we make—all is subjective; and then, since they constantly find themselves struggling against matter and its qualities, they make the old mistake of identifying matter with evil, and so come to the conclusion that there is really no matter. It is strange thus to find Bishop Berkeley's theory reappearing amidst such different surroundings, and we find ourselves reminded of Swift's remark about him: "If Berkely says there is no matter, then surely it is no matter what he says!"

But the point in all these theories to which I feel myself most bound to take exception is the idea of securing wealth by undue influence; with that I must most emphatically disagree altogether. Even to ask money for the use of mental power in curing disease seems to me undesirable; to use mental power in order unlawfully to extract it from others is a degradation and prostitution of the higher knowledge which ought to be held sacred for unselfish work. He who would seek wealth through mental effort should do so through legitimate channels only, and his attempt should be rather to limit his desires than to increase his possessions, for that alone is the path of true wisdom.

Yet again—I know the value of strong faith and affirmation as well as any man, yet truth would forbid that I should deny that the body can ever be in ill-health. The true man, the ego, the soul, is not ill, and if the denial is understood in that sense there can be no objection to it. But it is not usually understood in that sense; the statement is clearly made that the way to get rid of a headache is to assert "I have no headache;" an assertion which may presently become true, but is undoubtedly false when it is first made. I do not deny that by persistently making that false statement an effect may be produced; but it seems to me that the falsehood is a much more serious evil than the headache or the toothache which it eventually removes. Any man may lawfully say: "My head or my tooth shall not ache," and in thus setting his will persistently against the pain he may very probably drive it away. Such an effort of will is quite legitimate and even admirable; the concentration of thought which it implies is a splendid exercise for any man. In this way

one may well think *against* any disease, and thus repel its attacks, avoiding it altogether if it has not yet effected a lodgment in the body, and very greatly enhancing the effect of remedial measures if it is already in possession. The power of thought is enormous, and can hardly be exaggerated.

This brings us to that part of the mental science teaching which we can unreservedly approve. When they exhort their clients to think always cheerful thoughts, to cast away from them fear and worry, to avoid sedulously that fault-finding which always intensifies the evil to which it draws attention—in all this, and much more that they say, we can have for them nothing but unstinted praise. In one of their books a few days ago I found this advice given to a man:—"If you feel depression or sad thought coming over you, think of something to be glad about, quick! you have no time to waste over depression!" And as to fear, again and again they assure us that most things that are feared never come to pass, and that whether they do or not, we double our trouble if we suffer the pain of fearing it beforehand—all of which is utterly true and healthy doctrine. Sometimes even this runs somewhat into extremes. I have read the statement that if men had no fear of disease there would be no infection, which of course is not true, since men often catch disease when they do not know of its existence. But what is true is that the man who is absolutely fearless about a disease is very much less likely to catch it; though even then it may happen to him, if he is overtired, if the forces of the body are not active enough to repel the infection. So that in that exaggerated form the remark is untrue, though it has a basis of truth.

The realization of the effect of thought upon others, and therefore of our responsibility for our thoughts, is also most admirable. We find it constantly in the mental science literature of the better class. For example, it is stated that "false conceptions of God, and especially belief in eternal vindictive punishment, make their unwholesome influence felt in every bodily tissue." A startling and yet obvious truth, which it would be well for many people who think themselves orthodox to take very seriously to heart. Again, I find them asking us how we can wonder that we have such an increase of all diseases among us, especially nervous diseases, when for many generations the whole atmosphere has been full of chronic, fearful, selfish thought about religious matters—loaded with the thought-forms of terror-stricken men about an angry god, a horned devil with a barbed tail, the flames of hell, and other abominable figments of the diseased ecclesiastical imagination—an idea with much truth in it, surely, as any Theosophist will readily realise.

I heartily agree also with the dictum which I find our friends laying down, that if a man thinks himself a poor worm and a miserable sinner, full of natural depravity, that is exactly the way

to make him really an unpleasant entity of that description ! If he despises himself to begin with, he is likely to become despicable ; if he respects himself he is likely to remain worthy of respect. If he realises himself as a spark of the Divine Life, and so knows that he can do all things through the Christ within which strengtheneth him, he is far less likely to be swept away by the storm of passion, far less likely to yield to the insistent temptation. It is very true that we all are sinners, but we surely need not aggravate our offences by being *miserable* sinners ; and as to worms, we have passed through the reptilian stage many æons ago, and there is nothing to be gained by talking nonsense ! We are far more likely to be encouraged to forsake sin and to rise to virtue if we comprehend our true place and dignity than if we believe, or profess to believe, a degrading falsehood. The " miserable sinner " can excuse himself by taking refuge in platitudes about human frailty ; the Divine spark knows that he himself is responsible for his own actions and his own evolution, and that he has the power to make himself what he will.

One passage upon the use of thought-power in common everyday life which I met with in reading books on mental cure I should like to quote verbatim, for it is a most beautiful idea, and as entirely Theosophical as though it had come straight from one of our own teachers. " Knead love into the bread you bake ; wrap strength and courage in the parcel you tie for the woman with the weary face ; hand trust and candour with the coin you pay to the man with the suspicious eyes." Quaint in expression, but lovely in its thought ; truly the Theosophical concept that every connection is an opportunity, and that every man whom we meet even casually is a person to be helped. Thus the student of the Good Law goes through life distributing blessings all about him, doing good unobtrusively, everywhere, though often the recipients of the blessing and the help may have no idea whence it comes. In such benefaction every man can take his share, the poorest as well as the richest ; all who can think can send out kindly, helpful thoughts, and no such thought has ever failed, or can ever fail while the laws of the universe hold. You may not see the result, but the result is there, and you know not what fruit may spring from that tiny seed which you sow in passing along your path of peace and love.

Turning from the general principles to the definite cures which are frequently effected, it remains for us to consider how they are produced. There are several methods, and I think we may divide them into four classes, though there is also a fifth to which I must refer—one quite apart from any ordinary cures such as we have to consider, but nevertheless necessary to make our list perfect.

1. The first type is that which denies the existence of matter and of disease, and aims at curing the person simply by making him

believe he is well. A considerable amount of hypnotic influence is frequently exercised in the course of such efforts, and the hope is that if the man really believes himself well, the mind acting upon the body (which however does not exist) will force it into harmony with itself, and so produce a cure. They never can call it a cure, I notice, but always employ the scriptural word "healing," so as to throw a sort of religious glamour over the transaction, and suggest a comparison with the miracles described in the Bible. It seems to me better to divest the subject of all unusual terms which tend to obscure the matter and throw a veil of sentiment over plain fact. We say that the ordinary doctor "cures" us by his skill; why then must we abandon the Latin word for the Saxon when we speak of the result of a mind-cure?

2. The second class holds (truly enough) that all illness means inharmony of some sort in the system, and their effort is simply to restore harmony, usually by the transfer of vibrations from themselves. That is to say, the operator endeavours to bring himself into a condition of intense harmony and peace and devotion, and then to project this influence upon the patient, or to enfold him in it. The practitioner of either this type or the first does not care to know what is the matter with the patient; the nature of the disease is of no importance to him; in any case it must be disharmony, and he can cure it by establishing harmony once more.

3. The third class just pours vitality into the patient, again largely irrespective of the nature of the disease, though some practitioners of this method do make an attempt to direct their stream to the portion of the body which is affected. Many people who are themselves in strong health radiate a great deal of vitality quite unconsciously, and the sick or weak feel better and stronger from their very presence.

4. Our fourth class adopts what we may call, by comparison with the others, a scientific method. They try to discover exactly what is wrong, picture to themselves mentally the diseased organ, and then image it as it ought to be. The idea here is that the strong thought will mould etheric matter into the desired form, and that will help Nature to build up new tissues much more rapidly than would otherwise be possible. It is obvious that this plan demands a great deal more knowledge than the others; to be successful along this line a person must have at least some acquaintance with anatomy and some idea of physiology.

There is no doubt whatever that all these methods sometimes succeed, and they would do so oftener and more fully if they were employed more scientifically and with greater knowledge of the human body and its structure. Consider the various classes of diseases to which we are subject. The mind-curists are quite right in their contention that many of them proceed from want of harmony

and it is chiefly want of harmony between the etheric and the physical particles in some part of the body—most often of all in the brain. We must remember that there is a very close connection between the mental body, the astral body and the etheric double in man, so that it is well within the bounds of possibility to influence one of them through the others. Now all nervous diseases imply a jangled, inharmonious condition of the etheric double ; and that seems very often to be the cause of diseases of the digestive organs, of headache and sleeplessness. In all such cases what is needed is first of all to quiet the hurried irregular vibrations, and give Nature an opportunity to reassert herself. The strong, quiet, persistent thought of the operator would undoubtedly tend to produce such an effect, and would leave the patient soothed and strengthened. The system of pouring in vitality would also be helpful, if it were not of a type that would aggravate the restless symptoms. In almost any kind of illness, to take the patient's mind off it, and calm and encourage him, is a long way towards a cure. Many a doctor of the older schools does far more good by the confidence he inspires than by his drugs.

But there is a class of human ills where there is a definite lesion or wound. Could mind-cure do anything with them ? The first and second kind would seem less effective here, though always to quiet and encourage the sufferer would increase his chance of recovery. The third plan would also assist Nature to recuperate ; but such cases as these are certainly best met by the fourth method, according to which an effort would be made to image the wounded part as it should be in health, and thus assist the building in of new tissue. This is of course merely an expedient to hasten the natural process of recovery.

In another class of human disease we have the presence of some poison in the blood, and in yet another the illness is in reality the life-history of a microbe, as is the case probably in all infectious diseases. It would probably be difficult to deal directly with these by mental cure, but it certainly might assist greatly by giving the patient greater strength to enable the natural guardians of his body to drive out the foreign invader. I hear that the head of the least scientific of the schools of mind-cure has recently issued an order that infectious cases should not be treated by her followers. If people would only look at this matter scientifically and reasonably, and consider exactly what mental treatment can do, and what it cannot be expected to achieve, they would be saved much trouble and danger. If they could understand that in many cases it is a valuable auxiliary to the ordinary treatment but is by no means competent to take its place, it might be much more successful than it is now. It is surely obvious that different diseases must be met by different methods, and that though there may perhaps be a universal cure for all physical ills, none of these plans which I have described contain it. The strong centre of quiet thought set up in the second

of them cannot fail to do good to any man ; yet regarded as an effort to cure a wound, let us say, it would be a great waste of force ; it would be like pouring a bucket of water over a man in order to wash his finger ! And being, as far as the wound was concerned, a blind effort, it could never be so concentrated an effort as one made on the fourth plan, which would form a mould to assist Nature in repairing the damage. It is probable that a great Adept could so hasten the natural process as to cause an almost instantaneous building into shape of the tissues which had been injured or destroyed ; but the thought of an ordinary man would never be strong enough for that, and he could only hope to produce his result by continuous action.

5. Nevertheless, there is another method of which we know very little, though unmistakable traces of it occasionally appear. No one who hears or reads of it need presumptuously suppose that he or she possesses the power which it gives ; though unfortunately human self-conceit is so great that some are quite sure to do so instantly ! We who have to lecture or to write know this only too well. If we, for the sake of our earnest students and as an encouragement for them, make an effort to describe the sight of the Buddhic plane, immediately somebody who has perhaps once had half a glimpse of something astral will come trotting up to say that their experiences on the Buddhic plane were far grander than those which the unfortunate lecturer or writer endeavoured to describe ! But in spite of this certainty that the information will be misapplied, I must yet mention that there is another method connected with the great healing principle in Nature—with a mighty life-force from some far higher level, which may under certain circumstances and for a limited time be poured out through a man without his detailed knowledge or volition. In that case his very touch will heal, and there seems to be no limit to the power employed, and no disease that cannot be cured by it. We know little of it, I say, except that it is among the powers of one of the great orders of the devas, or angels, as our orthodox friends would call them. The power undoubtedly exists, but beyond that we can say very little. Our own President, Colonel Olcott, once possessed this marvellous power for a time, and effected some most extraordinary cures while it remained with him.

Out of it all emerges this great fact, that through this idea of mind-cure many thousands have been induced to accept the reality of the power of thought, and to understand that there is something outside of this mere world of physical matter ; and that at least is a very good thing, and an achievement upon which mind-cure may reasonably be congratulated. But it will be well for those who study it to learn that it should be used only for altruistic purposes, and to try to raise their thought to something higher than the mere curing of the physical body. For those who have no

thought beyond that will presently find their occupation gone ; since as the world evolves there will surely come a time when disease shall be no more, because man will at last have learnt to live reasonably, purely and healthily. But if they turn their knowledge to a higher use, and leave the physical for the mental, the curing of the body for the development of the soul, they may be a very mighty force for the evolution of the world. Let them think less of body, and more of life and soul ; less of removing physical ailment, and more of removing ignorance and prejudice ; less of bodily health and of personal gain, and more of love and compassion and brotherhood ; so shall their rapidly-spreading movement become a power for good which cannot readily be over-estimated, a world-wide blessing which shall endure and flourish through the ages which are yet to come.

C. W. LEADBEATER.

THE MARTYRS.

IN old London there was once a house which stood near the river in a spot then known as Smart's Keye. The place was a tavern ; but it was also a house of ill-fame, and a resort of thieves of all grades of eminence and obscurity in the world of criminals. There dwelt within it, too, certain children who were being taught the alphabet of their future callings. In modern London, as we know, there are houses that hide within their walls dramas of violence, of suffering, and of sin ; but perhaps there is no house in the London of to-day quite so foul, so lawless, so utterly shameless as the house whereof I speak. The owner, a man known as Ned Winch, paid the officers of the law heavily that he might go unmolested. He was the despotic ruler of a foul world ; within ten years there were no less than five unpunished murders beneath his roof ; two were carried out by his orders, and were of the nature of executions. There was no redress for those who suffered at his hands ; his victims, and he had many, could not appeal against his cruelty. Who would hear the cry of the boy thief, and the young prostitute, against their master—the plea of the law-breaker for protection from the law-breaker ? Winch ill-treated the weak, cringed to the strong, and bribed the law. There were no "Rescue Homes," "Farm Schools" or "Reformatories" in those days ; only the cart's tail, the branding iron, the stocks, the pillory, the prison, or—most merciful—the gallows. The cry of the children, the wandering, helpless, evil children, old and young, went up continually from the place.

Into this house whereof I speak, a child was born who, by lineage, did not belong thereto ; a strong and gentle soul, with pure instincts and aspirations, and innate love of things lovely and of good report, was born for a brief and bitter life into the house presided over by Ned Winch. What in his past had earned the

judgment of the unerring Law, that he should be born there, I know not. I tell the tale as it came to me.

One autumn night when dark mist crawled over the river banks from the Essex marshes, a certain footpad found a fainting woman on the shore ; because she was richly dressed and wore jewels, he carried her to Ned Winch's house.

There it became apparent in what grievous straits she was ; there she gave birth to a child, and died without seeing the faces that surrounded her, or even glancing at her babe. Whether she died in sorrow and in shame, or whether in sorrow only, no man knew ; her silken garments and her jewels showed her to be used to ease and wealth ; her sweet pure face was that of a gentle woman or repute ; howsoever she died in a house of ill-fame ; and the men and women who lived there stripped from her both clothes and jewels, and cast her naked body into the river, the waters whereof bore it to the sea. The living child would have followed the dead mother, but the powers unseen, or else the inner power that abides in sinners as in saints, stirred the heart of the mistress of the thief who found the dying woman ; she saved the baby and reared him. She, the foster mother, died of a fever when the boy was six years old. He did not miss her ; the faint stirrings of womanly tenderness which prompted her to save the helpless infant, were quickly stilled.

The boy was a remarkably pretty child ; and there was now no question of murdering the little fellow ; he cost nothing ; and he was beginning to be a source of income. He was learning to pilfer trifling matters ; and even to be trained to enter the churches and clip gold buttons and jewels from the dress of the devout. To be a church thief was a lucrative trade, and one at which the little fingers of children learned to be deft. To this trade the child was trained ; and he had, moreover, a face so sweet and saintlike (as the veriest imps of small boys sometimes have) that the charitable often flung alms to the beautiful and pious child who seemed to love to hang about the steps of the churches. Winch ordered him not to beg ; for it was found people gave more freely when the boy speechlessly raised his grave wistful eyes to their faces. He was quiet, docile, and very sweet tempered ; no one knew his capacity for silent musing, for greatly loving, and for holding firmly to his purpose when his will was fixed on aught that he had greatly at heart. A child of an alien race, he lived and grew among the foulest and most evil folk in the city ; and, a criminal in practice—for he was taught nothing but methods of dishonesty, reproached with idleness, and punished if he neglected to practise them—he yet remained curiously honest, gentle, and clean of soul. An observer might have seen that he never initiated any wrong-doing on his own account ; he was obedient, and he stole with the fear of the rod before his eyes, as other children might learn their catechism ; but

he never was ill-humoured, greedy, selfish, cruel, or vicious in his ways ; nor was he ever untruthful. He had not even a name ; only a nickname. The spot where his mother was found was called " Garry's Flat." Therefore they called him " Garry."

When this boy was fifteen years old he was Ned Winch's most promising pupil, because he was graceful, deft, intelligent, trustworthy, and well spoken. Winch took some pains with him, hoping to develop him into a swindler who might mix with gentlemen as one of themselves, and cheat them at his leisure. He was a very silent boy, and one who inspired confidence ; he was popular with his fellows, although he was isolated from them in methods of speech and in most of his habits.

He frequented the churches for the sake of robbery, and was much alone ; he grew to love the peaceful, silent places ; thus, with evil purpose imposed on him from without, he spent some time daily in an atmosphere permeated with thoughts of pious devotion and religious aspiration ; and the dual influences—of which, as influences, he was quite unconscious—of Smart's Key and the Christian churches, exercised a very curious effect on the lad's mind and emotions. Thus he lived an odd, lonely life ; acting without putting any great intention or desire of his own into his actions, and little affected by them. Groping dreamily inwards, since nothing external appealed to him in his present surroundings ; groping inwards, even when he was apparently alert and active ; groping—but in a queer shadow world of reminiscence, not consciously introspective, and outwardly not very critical, or he would have seen and compared the incongruity of his inner and outer life ; of himself and his actions.

One day a comrade directed his attention to a richly dressed man whom Garry followed into a church, to steal from him. In this church was a side chapel ; in the chapel was a little altar, and the picture of a saint. The saint was St. John the Beloved ; but the picture was a portrait ; for the artist had taken as his model a man—some said a God-sent prophet—who was martyred for his teachings. He was a recluse, and long reputed a saint, a worker of miracles and seer of visions. Suddenly this man left his retirement, and went among the people preaching a wondrous doctrine given him by God ; but the doctrine sounded strangely in the ears of the church, and he was burned for heresy.

But one had watched him while he preached, and painted his portrait ; and after he was dead, and forgotten save by the very few, this artist sold it to a lady as a picture of the Beloved Disciple ; and she, a devout woman, gave it to the church where she was wont to pray ; which was dedicated to St. John. Thus the heretic's portrait hung in the church ; and the man whom Garry followed, who had known and revered the dead Prophet, entered there, that he might pray with his eyes fixed on the face of one, whose voice had been to

him as the voice of God's messenger. The lad came into the chapel, and his eyes and those of the portrait met. He felt a sudden shock; something stirred in him and pinched at his heart; a link of the past—nay, a link of the present—bound his soul to that greater soul, whose body was destroyed by fire. Instead of stealing he sat down and watched, dream-wise, the face of the portrait. He sat there after the man left unrobbed; he sat there till it was too dark to see; then he went home without booty, and was flogged for it. So absorbed had he been, that he forgot the inevitable result of returning empty handed; and yet, being sensitive, nervous, and made of finer clay than were his fellows, he had a great dread of physical pain; so much so, that had he once been arrested and punished for his actions, after the barbarous fashion of the day, he would probably have been roused to the necessity of changing his method of life.

The next day he returned to the church; and finally he made a practice of going there every day, morning and evening. He did not understand the feelings that stirred in him as he sat before the picture; and he never dreamed of applying them to life and action, as to his moral standards; if one so spontaneous in his instincts and so utterly untaught from without, could be said to possess conscious moral standards at all. "Beings follow nature," and he followed his; without reasoning as to morality; his actions were, however, those of Ned Winch; they were quite disconnected from his own personal instincts and vague aspirations.

He never stole in that church, because he watched the pictures; but he stole in other churches. Observing that people brought flowers and candles to the altar, he brought them too, and took pleasure in it; he bought them with stolen money: the small sums Winch allowed him; for with honest dishonesty Garry faithfully gave Winch all he "earned," and would have been vaguely shocked at the thought of defrauding him. The other lads often did so, but not so Garry.

Since too it was the custom of the place to kneel, he also knelt; and stared and stared at the picture, till he and it were all alone in the world; alone in a shifting haze of many-hued light; sometimes a halo grew round the head; sometimes the eyes began to live, and gain colour, and smile at him.

The first moral shock he received in connection with all this was on this wise: He came out of the church after an hour's picture-worship, and saw, without, a good pilgrim friar who was hot and tired, having walked far. This man, beholding, as he thought, a pious lad fresh from his devotions, called to him, crying, "My son, fetch me a little water that I may drink."

Garry was always good-humoured and kindly. He saw the old pilgrim looked weary; he ran to a tavern and bought a little cup of wine. There came by a man who knew Garry for an inmate of Ned

Winch's house. He cried out on him, and warned the friar not to drink.

"It's poisoned, like enough," he said, "or if it be not, it's stolen, or the money that bought it is, I'll be sworn. Come to my house, good father. Meat and drink there are honestly come by."

The friar, frowning at the boy, put the cup aside, and followed the accuser. Garry was frightened and hurt. He poured the wine in the gutter and carried the cup to the tavern. His hand was shaking as he gave it back, so that the man who took it asked what ailed him.

Garry did not answer. If he must not offer wine to the holy, the like might apply to flowers and candles. He went back to the foul tavern, looking so ill that Winch forbore to punish him for empty handedness, thinking he was sickening of fever, which was rife in the neighbourhood. Garry hid himself; he felt beggared; stripped of all the possessions of his soul, and hungry in his heart. The next day he was more silent than ever; his face was white, and his eyes crimson with sleeplessness and crying. He reflected that the friar objected to the wine because it was bought with stolen money; but he knew money need not necessarily be stolen; it was sometimes earned in other ways. He might earn money otherwise, to buy flowers and candles; he did not apply this idea to life generally; he was content to steal; he thought of honesty as of a standard for the few; just as a respectable layman might view a priestly life, wholly devoted to God and the service of man. If you will observe the matter, such a method of thinking is not wholly unknown among people to-day; only theft is not one of the sins to which they apply this reasoning; every respectable person must refrain from pocket-picking in its crudest form.

If the friar was of so excessive a holiness as to dislike stolen goods, thought Garry, of course the man in the picture might not like them either. You must not entrap a "total abstainer," for example, by offering him a dish with brandy therein; that is unjustifiable; though you may feast upon it yourself with great gusto.

Garry always thought of the man in the picture, as of one who was alive; perhaps, as will be seen, he was wise in this. He roamed about the next day, with a stolen purse in his pocket, looking for honest labour; he saw a grave faced, soberly clad man, chopping firewood in the street before his house. The boy drew near and offered to do it for him. The man answered that he needed no help; Garry sighed, and leaned lazily against the house wall. The man, whose heart was kinder than his grim severe speech, thought the boy might be in need, he looked up and offered him food. Garry, sadly enough considering his life and surroundings, was rather shy; he coloured, and said he was not hungry; he wanted work, not food.

"Thou'rt in great need of work, my boy?"

"If it please you, good master, yes."

"Then thou shalt chop this wood and I will pay thee some small matter."

Garry thanked him and began his task ; he was not used to hard work ; he was slow ; he blistered his hands ; when he finished he was tired and his face was flushed. The man noticed these things ; he smiled rather grimly as he paid him, and told him he was better used to idling than to labour. The boy answered with pathetic shamelessness : he was used to work, he said, but not to honest work. He spoke as though these were two perfectly legitimate branches of human activity ; and indeed they were always thus spoken of at Smart's Key. The man seemed to be surprised and slightly interested by the simple avowal, which was neither shamefaced nor recklessly impenitent. He began to ask questions. Garry answered quite truthfully and politely but refused to give the name of his task-master. As he spoke, his questioner's face and voice grew gentler and more pitiful. At last he rested his hand on Garry's shoulder and read him a mindly homily on sin ; he told him the view taken by the honest, of the dishonest ; he told him his life was disgraceful, and he urged him to amendment. Garry listened, then grew very white and looked frightened and nervous. He scraped his foot to and fro on the earth and said, pleadingly :

"I—I should earn little, sir."

"What does it matter so you save your soul alive ?"

Garry had never thought of the salvation of his soul ; perhaps few boys have done so, even though well brought up and instructed that they possess such a secondary appendage to the body ; for this is practically the instruction of very good folk concerning the soul :

"I have a soul," say they, implying "I *am* a body."

At last Garry said with a trembling lip : "If I earned little, Ned—I mean the man I serve—would flog me every day of my life, sir."

"You should be prepared to suffer for conscience's sake."

The good man was in deadly earnest, and he had very little sense of humour. Garry was greatly distressed ; he belonged in truth to the ranks of the religious and law-abiding ; circumstances, and his own now distant past, had flung him into the ranks of the opposers ; he was too good, too honest, too intelligent and meditative by nature, to pass lightly by these interesting suggestions of the stern-faced Protestant ; besides, this voice from without was the first he had heard to which something in his own soul answered. Right and wrong—to suffer "for conscience's sake"—to do justly—to love and seek God—why, these things were familiar ; these he knew and had known ! But practical considerations pressed hardly upon him.

"You do not know what his beatings are like" he murmured at last ; offering, with tears in his eyes, a humble excuse for his own weakness.

The man looked at him ; on his stern face was a terrible and

disfiguring scar ; his right wrist was mutilated and handless ; he chopped with his left hand. When he spoke of suffering for conscience's sake he uttered no light lip precept ; but as he looked at the boy, and saw how young he was, and how nearly in tears, his face grew pitiful.

"Poor boy," he said ; "God forbid I should judge thee. I, the weakest of the saints ; yet He giveth strength in His own good time to those who cry to Him. I saw a young maid—"

He ceased ; a shudder shook his strong squarely built frame. Garry seemed to be on the point of gaining that help which he so greatly needed, when his questioner abruptly asked him why he had desired so much to work for, and earn, this money. At the answer his face darkened. The man was a stern, bigoted, passionately honest and pious soul ; one who had sorely suffered for his faith, and paid for it with blood and tears and anguish unspeakable of mind and body. He was not—perhaps few of his day would have been—interested in the psychological problem involved in the boy's extraordinarily incongruous actions ; the anomalies presented by his thought, speech, and behaviour. To him he was a Catholic ; one who offered meat to idols ; he saw in him an "idolrous Papist," a "persecutor of the saints," the "Son of the Scarlet Woman," the "spawn of her of Babylon," therein infinitely more sinful than mere theft could render him ; he could forgive a thief, he could not forgive the supposed follower of an alien creed. He invoked the curse of the All-Father on the boy and his fellow believers, went into the house, and banged the door.

The boy was surprised ; he was, of course, wholly outside the swirl of religious feeling and opposing forms of faith ; he did not know what bitter cause for hatred man can give to man in the name of Christ. He was not much distressed by the man's sudden wrath ; for he did not know his own great need, nor what he had missed ; and he had the money, which was a great point ; moreover he remembered much that the man had said, and said kindly, before he grew angry and cursed him. He never received any help from man ; his associates, his master, Winch, the good friar, the equally good Protestant, alike ill-treated and reviled him at times. One only did not denounce or punish him—that was the martyred messenger of God who was to him as a living presence.

He went to the Church and sat before the picture with a sigh of relief ; it was like entering the house of a trusted friend wherein he could be sure of welcome, and at peace. He was looking at the picture for the last time ; but he did not know that. A rosy sunset lit it ; the eyes were more wise, more deep, wondrous and soul-compelling than he had ever seen them. He sat there as long as he dared ; then he went "home" with the stolen purse, and sought for Winch. The man was with two or three associates ; when he saw Garry he swore at him for a loiterer ; it was only a method of

greeting, for the boy was in favour with him. He told him of great promotion in store for him, because he was so discreet and trustworthy and silent; he was needed, being slender, lithe, and active, to help a prince of the criminal world who had a great robbery on foot; it was a robbery that involved sacrilege, for it was to steal the jewels and plate that were bestowed by the pious on a church; a crime which, if the culprits were arrested, would involve a ghastly penalty.

The boy listened without assenting; he felt a strong sense of discontent and distress; a great desire for something which he could not put into words. At last, for the sake of showing some perception of what Winch was telling him, for perceptible inattention would mean a blow, he asked where the church was. The answer gave him a sense of being flung out into space, and brought back with a jerk: The Church of St. John—his picture's church.

Quite unreasoningly, but none the less surely for that, a soul within his soul, whose voice had never spoken clearly and loudly till now, said: "No." He echoed the word mechanically, and saw three surprised faces, stained red by the setting sun, turn towards him. Winch asked him what he meant. Garry repeated his refusal. The man asked him whether he was afraid. The boy shook his head, and stammered that he could not—not that church—any other house—any other church in England—but not that. To this he held, till Winch, very angry, dragged him from the room and up the crazy stairs to the garret where he was born.

"There are others, Ned," pleaded Garry, "There's Dick and Black Sim, and the rest."

"Sim's too big, and little Dick's a fool. Besides, you shall go where I choose to send you."

"I'll go anywhere, else, Ned."

"But you—won't go there, eh?"

Their eyes met. The older and the younger soul, the stronger and the weaker will, shone out from the two pairs of eyes. On the side of the younger and weaker was superior physical strength. The stronger spoke; his voice was steady and his eyes tearless, because he knew his case was hopeless and he was about to be tortured to death.

"I shall not go," he said.

"Then you'll go to your grave; nowhere else, I promise you."

That was at sunset. At midnight a boy younger than Garry crept cautiously garretwards. He pushed the door; it opened easily and he went in. Winch had tied his disobedient slave so that his feet barely touched the floor; he could not scream, he was half choked with a gag. The younger boy crept near.

"Garry," he whispered.

The other shuddered. The rescuer undid the gag and Garry spoke:

"Dick, for the love of God, untie me!"

"I would if I dared."

"Unbind me but for five minutes and let me lie on the floor."

"I daren't. There's one on the stairs. May be it's Ned. I must go."

He slunk away in terror. The martyr to his faith moaned wearily. Even this boy who had been reared with him had failed him when he needed him most. The very climax of the martyrdom of all martyrs is this failure of would-be succourers. This was a very humble soldier of the "noble army," but he was dying for his faith, such as it was, and the martyr's law had power on him.

Garry began to wonder why he had brought this on himself; pain had the power to blur the memory of the picture in the church; it seemed unreal; he must be crazy to let himself be tortured to death for the sake of a picture—the face of a dead man; perhaps of a mere fancied face of one who never lived. How silly it seemed! To-morrow he would tell Winch he would go with Wat to the church as soon as he was fit to do so. The house grew quite still, save for the gnawing of mice. The agony of the bonds, the pain of his weary body, the strain of the muscles as he hung, his feet barely touching the floor, became unendurable; he dared not shriek, and thus the possibility of shrieking became an added anguish; he wished the gag back. He longed to faint. To-morrow he would submit, and beg Winch's pardon in dust and ashes. Then he should feel himself finally given over to Winch; his body, his will, and his newly-discovered soul. It would be done with then; he should rob the church with Wat; he should knowingly choose the life the Protestant told him was disgraceful to him. A distant clock struck two. Almost at the same time he heard a man's step on the stairs. Half dying though he was, he thought of Winch and shuddered. His heart seemed to leap into his throat and pause there, quivering. The door swung open and some one came in. Garry saw in the faint light a tall man of very stately carriage; he was clad in a robe like that of a monk—but no priest ever entered that house. The air grew light and pure; it seemed to tremble. The scent of wild thyme filled the room. Hands loosened the ropes that bound Garry. He gave a sigh of relief. His visitor laid him gently on the floor and stood beside him. Garry drew the back of his hand over his dim eyes and peered upwards through the darkness. He had a vague sense of rest, peace, safety such as he had never known; a clear pale light began to dawn about his rescuer's head; it filled the room slowly, filled it from floor to ceiling, and in the light he saw the face of his visitor, shining through the darkness and the mists of pain that dimmed his eyes. He felt a wild sense of victory, of unspeakable thankfulness for his madness that made him say no when prudence bade him say yes; which had forbidden him to do

evil in the sight of the pictured eyes whose living reality shone upon him now.

"I shall say *no* again," he gasped; "I shall say *no* to-morrow, if—if—I am alive."

Thereat the eyes that gazed upon him smiled. The light faded. The man was gone. Garry lay there in the dark; he was content; he knew he had loved one who was not dead but living. Therefore with unshaken peace of heart he waited for the morning, and what it should bring. At sunset the next evening a Thames waterman found the body of a boy, half clad, floating in the river. He had not been drowned; in his heart there was a dagger; his eyes were shut and his mouth smiled.

MICHAEL WOOD.

THEOSOPHICAL GLEANINGS FROM NON-THEOSOPHICAL FIELDS.

[Concluded from p. 618.]

IT is interesting to note what "Magnetius" (in "Spirit, Soul and Body") writes about the souls of animals or what we might term the group-souls, and how far his ideas correspond with ours.

"No one below man has a whole or complete Soul. Every animal has only Soul organs, or parts of a Soul. In the lower animals this is a very simple one; the higher ones have more complex Soul organs; they have groups of organs, but every animal has only some kind of Soul organ to round off. This accounts for the great difference we find in the different animals. The tiger has a different kind of Soul organ to round off than the sheep.....

"A class of the lower animal world is divided into many families; the more we approach the apex the less families we find in a class, till we come to the apex itself, man, representing but one family."

We are told that during sleep we can do a great deal of useful work and also receive instruction ourselves. Once more we find the Spiritualists agreeing with us.

"How seldom does sleep receive the credit it deserves on any plane beyond the thoroughly familiar one of bodily repose and consequent refreshment....

"It is a matter of regret that many people entertain such narrow views of sleep that they imagine they can derive no instruction while asleep....

"During sleep we are often blessed with instructive and prophetic visions, and as this theme is one of great importance, and usually much misconceived, we heartily welcome all sympathetic treatment of it with a view to elucidating testimony to the higher uses of necessary repose." ("Editorial Notes," *Banner of Light*, April 4, 1903).

Ernest A. Tietkens, Biskra, Algeria, relates some of his experiences in *Light* (p. 176, April 11, 1903, London). If in the one we are going to cite we were to substitute the words "astral body" for "spirit," and "astral" for "spiritual," we might almost fancy ourselves reading the account of an astral experience of one of our writers. Thus he says :

"One night my spirit (*astral body*), freed from the trammels of the flesh, saw my physical body lying asleep on my bed. My body was luminous, my head and brain particularly so. I could see that my physical eyes were firmly closed in sleep. My spirit (*astral body*) could clearly discern that the atmosphere surrounding my physical body was also luminous and seemingly phosphorescent. The thought flashed through my brain, "How wonderful!" Which brain operated to produce this thought (for the spirit [*astral body*] is the exact counterpart of the [physical] body). I could not judge whether it was the physical or spiritual (*astral*). It might have been a joint production. Now followed the strangest part of the phenomenon. I distinctly saw with my physical eyes (though still fast asleep) my spirit (*astral body*) standing above and near me, clad in its spiritual (*astral*) dress, which shimmered and shone like the iris-coloured light to be seen reflected in the rays from the diamond or in that beautiful rainbowed flame of the electric light. The next moment I lost spiritual (*astral*) consciousness, and my spirit (*astral body*) had entered its tenement of flesh. I opened my physical eyes in the dark."

In the last Christmas number of *Harper's Magazine* (pp. 155-162) there is a sympathetically told story. "The Man and the Boy" (by Julie M. Lippmann), which we will briefly sketch.

The Man, a machinist, is killed while at work in a factory. *The Boy*, a delicate little fellow of eight, leaves the town soon after his father's death, as he is not happy in his rough surroundings. He carries off his belongings in a carpet-bag. Weary through his walk and the weight of his burden he rests by the wayside, when all of a sudden there falls a shadow on the path before him and looking up he sees the form of his father standing in front of him, silent, gazing tenderly at him. On the boy's softly whispered "Father!"—the man extends his arms, into which the child rushes unhesitatingly. After a prolonged and tender embrace the little fellow explains to his father what he intends doing, then he murmurs: "I didn't know—you—you could ever come back, when you had gone—*there*." Having described his weary days and nights of weeping, he winds up with: "But—but you *knew* I was lonesome, didn't you? An' you came back 'cause a father couldn't leave his little boy alone like that, could he? An' now you won't go away again, will you; not ever, ever again?" In a low voice the man answers: "I came back to you because, as you say, a father couldn't leave his little boy alone—like that. There's love—and there's law. It was love

brought me back. It's stronger than law, son ; stronger than law. It was so strong it broke the bonds and I came back. But the law is strong too. Oh yes, the law is strong ; and so I shall have to leave you again, but not till the time is fit ; not till I've found some one here to look after you as I would do."

As they start out, though the father does not help, the boy finds his burden quite light. At sunset they arrive at a town where the man straightway walks to a nice boarding-house. There they stay. The man finds work in one of the shops ; the boy attends Sunday-school and the father goes with him ; they are also regular church-goers. The minister becomes interested in them and tries to make the man unite with the church, wherein he does not succeed however, as the man always answers him : "I cannot." The clergyman nevertheless keeps up a friendly intercourse with him and is very much drawn to the boy who reminds him of his own lost one. His wife cautions him not to be too friendly, as she thinks the man had been in prison, because the boy had told some one that his father had "come back," and so on. The minister says, if he could he would adopt the child.

A day or two later, he repeats the same thing to the man, who makes him promise in a most solemn manner that he would love the boy as his own and be—*his father*.

The next day towards evening, in fact as even-song is chiming, the silent man at the factory is crushed ; but when the fellow workmen go to take away the mangled body, they are struck with awe, for—nothing is there !

The minister, who goes to break the news to the boy, is surprised at finding him weeping because he knows it all. He tells the clergyman what his father said to him when he "came back," and that that morning he had told him that he now has to leave him again, but can never come back, because the minister is there to take care of him and be his father.

The man of the gospel cannot understand how the man can have foretold that he is going to die ; but the boy hands him a piece of crushed newspaper in which there is an exact account of the accident that took place exactly a year before and under perfectly similar circumstances. The boy furthermore tells him that his father at the time of his return has said that love brought him back and would make him stay until the boy would need him no longer.

All that the minister answers is : "Come, my son," and he takes him home.

Though this is not an account of an actual event, yet we have taken it in among our "gleanings" because of some of the ideas expressed in the story. The writer evidently seems to believe that materialisation can take place, also that we through our attitude of mind can and do affect our loved ones who have gone from us, even to such a degree that we can draw them again within the physical

plane and also that their own impulses and desires may bring them back, chiefly if there is any important work that has been left unfinished by them.

Mr. Leadbeater in "Our Relation to Children" writes about the "germs of qualities" which a child brings over from his last birth: "Whether they develop once more in this life into the same definite tendencies as in the last one, will depend very largely upon the encouragement or otherwise given to them by the surroundings of the child during its early years. Any one of them, good or bad, may be very readily stimulated into activity by encouragement, or on the other hand may be, as it were, starved out for lack of that encouragement" (p. 12).

Further: "The very greatest care, then, ought to be taken as to the surroundings of children; and people who will persist in thinking coarse and unloving thoughts should at least learn that while they are doing so they are unfit to come near the young, lest they infect them with a contagion more virulent than fever" (p. 15, *ibid*).

"And not only should a parent watch his thoughts, but his moods also" (p. 17, *ibid*).

Now we shall hear how the same idea is expressed in "Our Children" (*Bibby's Quarterly*, Christmas Number, p. 97). "When the child is born, he is born with a character. He brings this character with him into the world, and the higher body is shaped according to this character. But there is one very important fact about this higher body; virtues and vices exist in it as seeds, not as fully developed qualities, and the growth of these seeds depends very largely on the thoughts and emotions of the people by whom the child is surrounded. All their good thoughts and emotions stimulate the growth of the seeds of virtues; all their bad thoughts and emotions stimulate the growth of the seeds of vices....."

"Thus the thoughts and emotions of his elders stimulate and nourish similar thoughts and emotions in him, and his character develops largely on their lines. Thus we see the immense importance of the surroundings of a child, and the wise parent will sedulously guard his child from all contact with evil or coarse-minded persons.

"Moreover, the seeds of evil which exist in a child may be starved out by surrounding him with good and kindly people. A child with the seeds of falsehood in him may have these starved out by being surrounded by thoughts of truth, and gentleness and trust, and so the evil may be eradicated in early life, when it is at its feeblest. And even when it is too strong to be entirely starved out, it can be so weakened in this way that the struggle against the vice in youth and manhood will be rendered far less painful and difficult.

"Finally, all who have to do with children should remember their extreme sensitiveness to the vibrations set up by the thoughts

and emotions of others, and the fact that they are more affected by these than by words."

As in several of the foregoing "gleanings" allusions have been made to the power of thought and to the importance that ought to be attached to its control and culture, according to the teaching given to us by Mrs. Besant and in "The Science of the Emotions," we will content ourselves with quoting only from two more sources relating to this subject.

"We are continually giving and receiving impressions. Our spoken words are powerful, and their power may be not only equalled but exceeded by the silent word—the *thought*. Our thoughts are continually going forth into the sensitized ether, to meet and mingle with currents of thought from other minds—perhaps, if strong and well directed, and meeting no cross-current that will prove a ground-circuit, to dart like a lightning-shaft into some other mind and wield a mighty influence. Can we be too careful that our thoughts shall be life-giving instead of death-dealing?" ("Truths of Being," by Emily Wright Hood, *Mind*, Feb. p. 361). "To direct men's thoughts into right channels, then, is so vastly important that it cannot be over-estimated. We have dwelt too long in error-thought—in the thought of sin, sickness and death. We have even thought too long at random, for random thinking lacks the force of concentration necessary to produce desired results" (p. 363, *ibid.*).

Also: "There is no doubt that, while many thoughts tend to excite the mind, there are others that have the opposite tendency. If one is desirous of acquiring an even temperament, let him attend carefully to the character of his thoughts. A little attention to this matter will soon start one on the road to attainment. He should by sheer force of will keep out of mind all ideas that give rise to the emotions of anger, fear, hatred, anxiety and the like, and purposely entertain such as produce emotions of joy, peace and spiritual love." (From "The Strenuous Life," by Prof. W. A. McKeever, *Mind*, March 1903, p. 438).

What power is ascribed to concentration by followers of the New Thought movement is shown in the succeeding lines: "By practice in concentrating the mind upon a given thought two or three hours every day for a year, any portion of the physical body may be changed. If fire-walking is the problem, and mental concentration be continuously applied to the soles of the feet, the nerves will be withdrawn therefrom (?) and the tissues made insensible to pain. By a lesser degree of mental concentration a person with impaired eyesight may restore his eyes to the normal. We know some who have done it. (Several other examples are cited in the same article. "The Tahiti Fire-Walk," by Charles W. Smiley, *Mind*, Feb. 1903, p. 340).

"Some time ago, a *post mortem* examination of the hands of a blind person demonstrated the existence, in the ends of the fingers,

of convolutions of grey matter similar to that of the brain. The fingers had by their long continued *concentration of the consciousness* upon their action, developed in a marked degree the machinery by which the brain takes cognisance and acts intelligently." ("The Brain in the Hand;" by Clara Bewick Colby; *East and West*, March 1903).

In the "Secret Doctrine" we read: "To pronounce a word, is to evoke a thought, and make it present. . . . To utter a name is not only to define a Being [an Entity], but to place it under, and condemn it through the emission of the Word [Verbum] to the influence of, one or more occult potencies....."

"Yes, names [and words] are either beneficent or maleficent; they are, in a certain sense, either venomous or health-giving, according to the hidden influences attached by Supreme Wisdom to their elements, that is to say, to the *letters* which compose them, and the *numbers* correlative to these letters.

....."In the Sanskrit as also in the Hebrew and all other alphabets, every letter has its occult meaning and its *rationale*: it is a cause and an effect of a preceding cause, and a combination of these very often produces the most magical effect. The vowels, especially, contain the most occult and formidable potencies." (Vol. I., p. 121, 3rd revised edition.)

There is an interesting series of articles (not yet concluded) on "The Significance of Letters," by Bertram Sparhawk, F. S. S., in *Mind*, wherein is stated: "Words are tangible expressions of thought...Vowels are naturally the most important of all letters." (March number, p. 420).

After a lengthy definition of the qualities of "A," especially in the names of persons, the writer adds (p. 422):

"Having reached names of persons, is it possible names do not 'happen,' to be given to mortals; and do they contain a potency affecting the individuals bearing them? (Mr. Sparhawk begins his article with: Nothing 'happens,' he seems not to believe in chance or accidents).

"Studying the significance of letters and naming a child according to the best knowledge of favouring influences ought to be of use . . ." (p. 423, *ibid.*).

The nature and properties of the vowels as given in those articles differ somewhat from those ascribed to them by Jacob Boehme in "Mysterium Magnum" and in "Vierzig Fragen."

After a dissertation on Fohat and the elements, Madame Blavatsky writes: "Were a truly learned Occultist-Alchemist to try to write the "Life and Adventures of an Atom," he would secure thereby the supreme scorn of the modern Chemist, though perchance also his subsequent gratitude. Indeed, if such an imaginary chemist happened to be intuitional, and would for a moment step out of the habitual groove of strictly "Exact Science," as the Alche-

mists of old did, he might be repaid for his audacity." (S.D., Vol. I., p. 167, 3rd revised edition).

We can almost imagine ourselves to be approaching the times when her words will become true, as we read in the newspaper under the heading "The Romance of Science:" "The scientists are the romancers of the twentieth century." (*The Advocate*, April 23, 1903.) Why this?—Because Mr. Curie had stated that he had discovered in Radium a property which subverts all the present known laws respecting heat. This communication "would have been received with absolute incredulity had it been offered on less unimpeachable authority," as would have been Sir William Crookes' discovery of "'Ions' made Visible," which is described thus: "If the minutest invisible particle of radium, or its nitrate, falls upon the screen (Sidot's hexagonal blende [zinc sulphide] is used) it becomes a brilliant speck of green light; and the marvel of Sir William Crookes' discovery becomes manifest when these little specks of phosphorescent light are examined beneath a microscope. The appearance of the specks is then changed to a meteor shower of tiny sparks. Also, when a piece of radium is brought close to the screen, and the phosphorescence is examined under the microscope the surface of the screen is seen to be sparkling with innumerable bright scintillations, twinkling in and out like stars upon a black sky. And these scintillations, it is reasonable to suppose, are due to the bombardment of "ions," the ultimate finest particles or emanations of matter; so impalpable that a molecule, which is itself unrealisably small, stands to it in the relation of St. Paul's Cathedral to a billiard ball; travelling with a velocity of the order of that of light; and each "ion," as it is hurled off on to the screen, causing by its disturbance of the others a luminous splash, large enough to be visible under a microscope." (*The Friend of India*, April 9, 1903).

Thus we see that the man of science, the spiritualist, the theosophist, each is working in his own way to find out the Truth higher than which there is no Religion. Therefore "whatever line we may be on we can do something to help one another, if we can only be persuaded to sink our bigotry and intolerance—and bigotry and intolerance may be scientific or artistic as well as religious."

"We may be sure that the man who has followed earnestly a different path to our own will have perceived some aspect of truth that we have not. If we converse with him as a brother he will be able to help us, and probably we also shall be able to help him.

"For Truth is one, but we are many. We all possess some gleam of it—enough to live by. The trouble arises when we mistake our own little bit of coloured ray for that of the white light of the great Spiritual Sun that shines everywhere." ("Many Paths, One Goal," by Colin Sterne, *Bibby's Quarterly*, Dec. 1902).

Leaders of "New Thought" and spiritualists are beginning to recognize the *work* that is done by the theosophists, as is clearly shown in the next quotations.

"Leadbeater and other popular writers on Theosophy draw largely upon clairvoyance to illustrate their theories of man visible and invisible; and although their conclusions seem rational and more satisfactory than the views of those who repudiate Theosophy, yet it remains an open question among the bulk of enquirers how we can verify for ourselves the statements of clairvoyants." (Clairvoyance and Clairaudience," by W. J. Colville. *Mind*, April 1903, p. 37).

Also in the *Harbinger of Light*, April 1, 1903 :

"Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, a prominent English Theosophist, who is touring America, has been lecturing there on a variety of subjects akin to Theosophy and Spiritualism, covering a field far broader than that occupied by the somewhat hackneyed themes of Re-incarnation, Karma, and the Secret Doctrine, which so frequently meet our ears and eyes, in Theosophic oratory and literature. Mr. Leadbeater's lectures are interesting; he speaks as one who knows, though he does not tell us how his knowledge was obtained or how it can be verified, nor in any of those that have come under our notice does he claim inspiration; the charm in them lies in the beauty of his diction, in his undogmatic tone, and in the kindly and tolerant way in which he refers to others holding different views."

After a summary of "Life After Death—The Heaven World," interspersed with quotations from that lecture, we read further: "Thanks for this, Mr. Leadbeater; thanks for this spiritualistic jewel, one of the brightest and most precious in the spiritual diadem; set it in your theosophic badges, it will comfort many a bereaved one...."

"If this is Theosophy, we give it a whole-souled welcome, and will not object to a few doctrines that are not obligatory."

We have seen in these various "gleanings" from near and distant fields, sprung up from seeds scattered by many different workers, that there is a tendency towards a union of thought and ideals. What will bring about this union more quickly? It will be the practice of *love*, that love which is "the reverence of one soul for another," which "pours its life into the life it loves;" that love which "suffereth long and is kind," which is "than death itself more strong." Therefore let us all strive earnestly, and perseveringly in *Faith* and *Hope* that soon *Love* may reign supreme.

CAROLINE KOFEL.

THE LIFE SIDE.

IF we could see evolving life as clearly as we see evolving form, what a change would come over our thoughts and emotions. If we all had the wider vision that pierces physical barriers and traces life and form on higher planes, what joy and contentment would take the place of sorrow and resentment. Some have that sight, some few who have pushed forward, strong in faith, unresisting to the onward sweep of the life-wave, yielding form willingly, trustingly, and these try to help us to do the same, patiently measuring their step to ours and encouraging us to look forward, not backward.

Life does not suffer, form suffers. And why? Because form resists, because form struggles and by that struggle brings pain upon itself; if form would cease to struggle, there would be no pain, but form strengthens itself in habits of resistance and holds on to what it has, unseeing, doubting its power to expand, and fearing the unknown, the untested. We are able to see very little of the great scheme of Nature, and yet we acquire habits of judging all things by the measure of our own eyes, our own brains, and our little measures become to us reliable estimates of all things. True, the measure enlarges as the brain evolves and we look back in dismay and humility to our past estimates and see how paltry and mistaken they were, but, nevertheless, the power of the present is dominant with us and the tendency to think one's individual brain-measure all-reliable is strong and assertive. We stand unabashed in ignorant self-assertiveness before the greatness of Nature and, like Lilliputians with a Gulliver, solemnly measure distances from joint to joint and argue over exact figures; and in our petty arguments the beauty of the thing over which we disagree is lost sight of, and we pin our thoughts to some small detail, and fuss and worry. There is the beginning of pain: we confine our thought in a detail and see only the limits of its form.

The tendency to regard form rather than life has grown to be so strong a habit that our eyes droop in sadness, our ears quiver to cries of distress, our hearts are heavy with the burden of sorrow for suffering form; and, meanwhile, life springs gladly from all things, whether their apparent aspect be joyous or sorrowful, and flows onward harmoniously. We have not acquired the habit of listening to the song of evolving life and we hear only the cry of resisting form. We weep over the faded flowers of a past season and cherish the dried petals, not seeing the eternal essence making ready for a new blossoming. And yet faith looks forward tearfully, like a procrastinating child who has lost sight of its mother in a bend of the road, and we go onward while we weep. We are such little children!

Our range of vision is so short that we cannot grasp even what intuition whispers to be true. And we sigh great sighs of relief at each tiny unfolding of the wider sight and go forward so full of anxiety for our safety that we scarcely see the beauties of the way-side or feel the loving influences that surround us.

If instead of seeing the struggling form we could fix our sight upon the buoyant life striving for larger expression, straining under the limitations that hold it back, how gladly would we turn over to the life side, undoing instead of tightening the clinging grasp of form. But we don't see, we gaze on the agonizing, the disintegrating form, and our hearts are full of sorrow. In our blindness, our narrowness, we pinion, persecute and impede the life that is the spirit of the form we care for, and look downward in regret while advancing life cries joyously to us to look upward and mark its higher flight. Cold, want, death, persecution, war, raise their shrill cries in our ears and drown out the subtle harmony of evolving Nature. We tarry in the midst of discord and rebel with the rebellious, while the clear, glad music of the inner sounds is drowned out by confusion. If thought could be still, for one brief pause, if sight could be opened wide for just one instant, if hearing could expand for just one little space of time, if all the senses could be suddenly merged into the one great sense-perception, our souls would sing onward for evermore. And at times, in an obscure, indefinite way, this truth comes to us; not long enough or strong enough to be grasped and held, but only as a dim sensing of that which *really is*, of that which we shall some day *know to be*; peace floods us and all things, briefly, in a still, pure light, and then the waves of matter rise up and the struggle begins anew.

And so we go bravely again into the midst of it and, guided by a faint, uncertain memory, try to see, try to hold one small piece of the great puzzle before the mind and look deep into it. We take Cold, that seemingly remorseless persecutor, and try to fix its iniquities, to pierce its malevolent methods, and as we survey it passively we find our preconceived opinion of its cruelty breaking down in places, melting out of shape, slipping away from us, and in place of a terrible reality, we find an innocent unreality. We find that tormenting conception a towering shape composed of millions of thought forms sent out by individuals; that concrete "Is" and that impalpable "Is not," only the contrasting aspects that mark all things. Emotion cries, "Cold is," and puts down her foot; Reason says, "Let us investigate and see if it is," and impassively sets to work. And the result is what? Wisdom says, "It is and it is not," and there we are. It is, because we have built up a habit of thinking that it is; we are influenced by the law of contrast; we have made our minds and our bodies sensitive to certain conditions of the atmosphere and these conditions affect us more or less, according to the strength of the habit.

A native of Africa will shiver through a winter; an Esquimaux will find the climate too mild. The ideas of one are associated with a certain state of the elements, those of the other with one directly opposed. And if we deal with a group of people settled in any given place, we find suffering and enjoyment of identical atmospheric states in different degrees. An entity whose last earth-life was passed in a warm country will have brought over mental habits that fix suffering at a certain barometrical (*sic*) degree; another who has known frigid regions, will only reach the point of suffering at a degree far lower; one suffers, the other enjoys, the same atmospheric condition. A hypnotist will tell a subject that it is intensely warm on a bitter cold day and the man will throw off wraps and mop the perspiration from his brow; or he will tell him that it is freezing cold, in the midst of summer heat, and the sensitive will suffer all the agonies of cold; here is another example of condition being subject to mental attitude. What becomes of our "long and dreary winter," our "cold and cruel winter," in face of such evidence? It stands like a great innocent snow-man and we have to shift our accusations.

Those who have learned the use of the astral body tell us that they feel neither heat nor cold on the astral plane, and the conclusion naturally is, that these things are delusions of the physical plane, delusions built up by mind, and relative according to habit and experience. As man evolves and draws nearer to normal life on higher planes, he recognises the delusion, copes with the habit of thought and minimizes his suffering by changing the attitude of his mind. But this is possible now only to the few, the vast majority of the human race writhe and groan under their limitations. We cannot ease the suffering of the masses by telling them of these higher possibilities; suffering *is*—man made, relative, like any other condition—but it *is* wherever a mind takes that view, wherever habit chains the life-force to its throes, and if we would lessen the suffering of the world we must bend to the conception of each mind and soothe it according to its needs. What it needs, what it feels, is real, terrible to itself, and as helpers, that is the only estimate that we should allow ourselves to go by. We must comprehend the delusion of every mind and from that standpoint find the remedy suited to the case. We are all creatures of habit; even while theory tells us bravely the higher truth, practice cries, "I have not gained it, I believe but I suffer still." Suffering is real, physical man has made it real, but spiritual man sees through the delusion, and under the madness of suffering sees the life-force gathering in its harvest of experiences, its results of lessons, mounting gradually to the full vision, to the seeing of all sides at once, all as one, the end of suffering, the accomplishment of peace.

If we single out that piece of the puzzle called Want, we find again the same existent and non-existent aspects. Let us look at it

in this way. As generally understood, want means the lack of food; people suffer, die of want, of lack of food. Now usually this means lack of the particular kind of food that they are accustomed to eat, for what kind of food and how much food is required is a matter of individual habit. A materially-minded man, accustomed to three hearty meals a day, will go mad if suddenly reduced to the frugal portion of a recluse; habit makes his body demand a certain amount of food and when that amount is denied, it suffers. On the other hand, the recluse has acquired the habit of subsisting on little; much food interferes with his meditations; he is not willing to take a great deal of time from thought for the function of digestion; his mental control is such that he avoids the outrushing of nervous force that wears and tears the body and so, by conservation of energy, preserves it and does not need much food, for the need of building up the body is not so great.

We read of famine-stricken people in India refusing certain kinds of grain supplied them by the Government because they have been accustomed to another kind; refusing wheat because they knew only rice as food; men die and are eaten by rats or dogs because they have only the habit of eating cows and sheep; bodies are yielded up in fields full of green vegetation, because the minds inhabiting them have not yet evolved to a knowledge of the use of these particular kinds; a little more knowledge would have prevented this suffering. We have heard of people who learned to use grass as food by boiling it and pouring off the water several times; we know of tribes that live on acorn flour that has been purified in a sand-filter; yet men suffer and relinquish their forms, surrounded by just such things. We have numberless instances of men who by knowledge have preserved their bodies for days or months or years without food. These instances have come from the East, from Yogis in India for the most part; but here in our own material West we have had examples of fasters who have passed thirty and forty days without food. Men can do these things if they only have will and knowledge. Look at the number of animals, (the polar bear for instance,) that hibernate, living on their own fat; reptiles, toads and numberless forms of lower animal life lie dormant for long seasons; man could do the same if he had the habit of doing so. Where then is the awful injustice of Want? Where is the monster, Want? It is in man's brain, it is a production of his own, or rather a limitation of his own.

"But want does exist," you may say in indignation. Yes, it does exist, but not as an affliction sent by or permitted by an almighty power. It is no wide-sweeping, annihilating, natural force; it is a circumstance that man brings upon himself through ignorance. But we have been looking at the form side, now let us turn to that of life.

Man is reduced, we will say, to want, and suffers from depriva-

tion of food. He suffers in proportion to the suddenness of the change in his circumstances ; if it is a gradual reduction of food, form gradually acquires the habit of subsisting on less, and mind, the life side of man, learns that it can do with less. It has evolved that much further along the path of evolution when it finds this out and has gained that much more of the full store of knowledge that is to be gained by experience. Still far off is the realization of the tested, demonstrated knowledge of the advanced man, that food as we take it in concrete form is not absolutely necessary to life ; but a little bit of that knowledge has been won and life is stronger, freer, for the experience of suffering form.

Now is it not cause for rejoicing that life has gained something, that even though form has suffered, perhaps broken down, life, consciousness, has expanded and won for itself wider knowledge, therefore wider power ? Habit makes us mourn with form, why not learn to rejoice with life ? We who have reached the vantage ground from which the winding path of evolution is seen stretching out toward a definite goal, ought to be more resolute in pulling ourselves out of the old habit and more willing and energetic in our efforts to show the true meaning of things to others. It is true we have still lessons to learn, we are not beyond the suffering of form but we too have helpers, helpers at every stage of the road ; we must not forget to turn back and teach where we have been taught, to aid suffering where we have suffered, to make the lesson easier for others because we remember how hard it was for us. "I asked for bread and ye gave me a stone," should not be said of us, even though it be the philosopher's stone that we have to offer. Material food for material needs, spiritual food for spiritual needs ; both needs are real, as man makes them so ; we must use discrimination and give of each in proportion to the need.

And now let us look at death, that black robing of life, which is the most heart-rending mistake, the most unjust reflection upon the loving care of the watchers over humanity, of all man's misconceptions. Life, that should be seen rising gladly from its outward garment of clay, is unheeded, neglected, for the memory of its latest form. If, as they bear away the sombre coffin and emphasize the gloom, man could gaze with the wider vision upon the life whose up-rising has brought about this mournful state, he would shrink back in horror at such proceedings, at the manifest wrongfulness of his own doings. Religion has for so long offered only sentimental vagaries upon the subject of death, that men, for the most part, imagine that it is something to be accepted, because it is evident, but quite beyond investigation. The average churchman thinks, in an indefinite way, that those who leave the body probably arrive in some country somewhere in space, and are happy ; how, when and where, he does not attempt to fathom. He repeats the poetical phrases printed

upon the subject in his hymnal or prayer-book, grieves a little, perhaps a great deal, calls attention to his grief as much as possible and makes himself a centre for sentimental attention. It does not occur to him for a moment that he can in any way affect for good or ill the departed one ; he considers himself separated from that one for the rest of his natural life and trusts to the chances of a future meeting, sometime, somewhere, without any idea of responsibility whatever. Meanwhile, a whole world of reality, of higher life, breathes all around him. His indefinite heaven is within touch of his hand, within sight of his eye, as far as space is concerned, but he has not been instructed to look for it so near, and to do any independent thinking or investigation does not occur to him. The few who have dared to face material blindness and proclaim the next world as infinitely near, he turns from in horror, and, with neither fact nor hypothesis to offer, himself, refutes the self-verified assertions of others with scorn and resentment. He is a creature of habit, and the habit of relying on a code endorsed by a majority is so strong upon him that he never suspects the power for attaining knowledge that lies within his own thinking apparatus if he would but exercise it.

ANNIE C. MCQUEEN.

[*To be concluded.*]

A STUDY IN MEDIÆVAL MYSTICISM, PART I.

"THE IMITATION OF CHRIST."

A VERY hopeful feature of the present is, the awakened interest in Mysticism, and the consequent study of the productions of the more eminent mystics of past ages. We may hope that this will be increasingly the case as the bonds of creeds and dogmas are dissolved, and their power over the soul broken. It is with the desire of being helpful to the class of enquirers whose emancipation has commenced and who are seeking their way into the delightful fields of mysticism that the present study is undertaken.

Among these spiritual treasures the 'Imitation' is almost universally accorded a place in the first rank. It is said to have first seen the light in its completed form in the year 1441 and thenceforward so general has the demand for it arisen that it has been translated into all the languages within, as well as outside, the pale of Christendom : as many as 6,000 editions of it having, it is reckoned, issued from the press, and the price it has been sold at has ranged from a few pence up to £620 a copy.

In the 'Imitation' we have the rich fruitage of Mediæval Mysticism expressed in the orthodox phraseology of the period of its

inception. It is the work of a recluse, and breathes the spirit of one from beginning to end ; of one who experimentally knew the inner mysteries of the divine life. It is a *vade mecum* for all who have any high spiritual yearnings, and a guide, as few other books, into the secrets of the inner life of the soul. The experience portrayed is presented as a life-long discipline, in which the lower self is crucified and merged in the Christ as one with and in God ; self becoming more and more nothing and He more and more All. It is a mystic life which is presented and sweetly and tenderly pressed on the reader, in which God is viewed as communicating of his own essence to the soul, and by means of which the soul becomes one with Being Itself, and first properly *Is*. The supreme end of life according to the 'Imitation,' and indeed of every other form of true mysticism, is not to see and hear and think and feel and fancy, but *to be that* which is before and beyond all that is seen, is heard, is thought, is felt,[†] or fancied ; to be one with and part of the reality of Being as it really is.

The reputed author of the 'Imitation' as we now have it, Thomas à Kempis, was born in the year 1380 at Kempen, a small town not far from Düsseldorf, on the flat country between the Rhine and the Meuse. At the early age of 13 years Thomas left the paternal roof and entered a monastic institution named the "Brotherhood of Common Life," a fraternity of pious-minded men who, withdrawn from the corruption of the time in both Church and State, and supported by their own industry, devoted themselves to the training and care of such as sought, apart from the evil around them, a pure and godly life. In one of these communities constituted after the rule of the Canons Regular of St. Augustine, he chiefly resided until the day of his death in 1471 at the advanced age of 91. I have said à Kempis is the reputed author of the 'Imitation'; in point of fact, in common with most of our richest literature, its contents appear to have reached us through various channels. In the history of literature there is no work, perhaps, whose paternity is more obscure. The original author has not left a trace of himself. Time and space do not exist for him. Therefore, may we not conclude that it came through a divinely prepared and inspired channel ; that in it a voice speaks which is completely disengaged from all individuality, save as tinged with the modes of thought and expression which rendered it a suitable vehicle for the times and peoples to whom it was given, as a guide and aid in their spiritual evolution. The claim of the Christian scriptures springs in great part from the fact that the author of each book is so frequently unknown. Homer and Shakespeare are to us but names, synonyms for the impersonal creation of the form and modes under which are given some universal truths : truths for all times and peoples. We have parallels in an even wider sense, in the "Gîtâ," "Light on the Path," and the "Voice of the Silence : " those priceless gems of mystic lore which we place on the same shelf with the 'Imitation,'

Regarding its authorship Renan says : " The Thomas à Kempis hypothesis is but little more acceptable than that of Gerson, although it embraces, from other points of view, a certain amount of truth . . . The renown has not acted in a purely capricious manner in the honour which it has given to the scribe of Zwoll. The truth, as it seems to me, is that Thomas à Kempis was the author, not of the book itself, but of the unheard-of vogue which it obtained, beginning with the second half of the fifteenth century, over all Christendom. He composed a collection of ascetic opuscles, at the head of which he placed, as distinct treatises, the four books which, till then little known, became afterwards, under the title of "*Imitation of Jesus Christ*," the code of religious life. This collection was much appreciated in the Low Countries and on the banks of the Rhine. Many confraternities became eager to have copies "made of the book written by Brother Thomas." In one sense the pious à Kempis has, then, veritable claims to the book of The '*Imitation*'. He did not compose it, but compiled it, and we can say that, without him, this production, so characteristic of Christian mysticism, might have been lost, or might have remained unheard of. The Middle Ages has thus a few characteristic copyists altogether estimable, who, by their studious habits, attained to a position of great intellectual nobleness. The gentle and guileless "Soul of this good scribe," who is declared to have everywhere sought repose without finding it, "except in a little book in a little corner" (*in angello cum libello*), "was worthy of responding, across two centuries of oblivion, to the equally pure but more elevated soul of the unknown ascetic whose destiny would not have been completed if it had not been precluded by obscurity, to the incomparable *éclat* which the future had reserved for it." Continuing, he says :— "A second result which appears very probable, is that the book of the '*Imitation*' originally appeared in Italian. It bears marks of the genius of the latter, superficial yet limpid, far removed from abstract speculations, yet marvellously in keeping with practical philosophical researches . . . From Petrarch to Manzoni and Pellico, we can trace in Italy an unbroken series of minds, refined and distinguished, moderately ambitious in philosophy, though very delicate in morals, and at the head of these I should place the author of the '*Imitation*.' It is most closely allied to the spiritual family of the Johns of Parma and the Ubertins of Casale, who, starting from the mysterious Abbot of Calabria, Joachim of Flor, if you will, under the banner of the "Eternal Gospel" joined hands with the order of St. Francis, and continued in Italy, during the Middle Ages, the cult of the free Spirit. On the other hand, the Low Countries and the Rhine provinces were destined, by reason of the placid mysticism which they inspired, to become the adopted country of the '*Imitation*.' Cradled in Italy, it came first to be fully appreciated in the country of Ruysbrock, Gerard, Groot and of à Kempis."

With this brief review of its genesis, in the next paper we will give our attention to an examination and comparison of it with other mystical scriptures and thus bring to view a few of the precious pearls it contains.

W. A. MAYERS.

“LIGHT ON THE PATH.”

FROM NOTES ON STUDIES.

[Continued from p. 622.]

“It, this silent ‘voice’, cannot be described by any metaphor.”

Metaphor is valuable as far as it goes, but there are some phases of life which cannot be described or alluded to by any formula of words. Then again each individual sees from his own point of view, colored by past experience, temperament and the latest environment, so that no two people would be affected exactly alike by this new expansion of consciousness. It must be remembered that the soul has three stages of development, the animal, human, and divine. The animal soul as a group factor is dropped on entering the human kingdom but the realm to which it belongs is not open to conscious investigation of the individual until the period here spoken of,

“But it can be felt after, looked for and desired, even amid the raging of the storm.”

As long as a man is functioning in the purely human kingdom and has not yet entered the divine, he requires an incentive for continued effort in the way of progress. He must have something to look forward to, something that serves as an inspiration, and this great epoch in the evolution of the individual is one of the critical stages which marks his growth and which he anticipates with awe and wonder. It is a step into the unknown that has no comparison to previous experiences; he cannot picture it by any effort of the imagination, he simply knows nothing of what lies beyond, yet he is not afraid, he has the utmost confidence in the unseen power that has thus far borne him safely on even amidst the wildest storms, the fiercest of nature’s catastrophes.

“The silence may last a moment of time or it may last a thousand years.”

The silence that comes to the disciple at this time is a respite from struggle, a season of perfect peace and calm and inward joy, an interval of rest when all nature seems to stand still while he luxuriates in his new-found happiness. It does not last long, as time is counted in the phenomenal world, even though it be for a thousand years, they are as a day when calculated against the ages that have come and gone since man began the climb toward divinity—a goal which still stretches immeasurably into the distant future.

"But it will end."

To mortal sense all things have a beginning and an end, and time is measured by cycles of Nature. The first great event as an accepted chela cannot last always yet the memory of it stands out with wonderful clearness in the history of the individual. It may have an end—all things do in the phenomenal worlds; the illusion of time is broken only by the spiritual man, but it cannot matter to the immortal ego; this is his first lesson in the Hall of Learning, and it will remain with him.

"Yet you will carry its strength with you."

A subtle elixir—a potion of divine energy—has now been infused into the being of the disciple. Even should he turn back again or be led into other paths for a while, this hour has left its brand upon him. Its return will be something to be watched and worked for, while life holds a new and deeper meaning, involving added power and responsibility and a wider sphere of usefulness. Never again will he be the same man he was before, even though for an incarnation or more he may not be able to carry over the memory of this wonderful experience. The Self has felt the magic touch of awakened consciousness and will respond when no knowledge is recorded by the physical brain.

RE'SUME'.

A disciple has the most imperative need of courage, strength and endurance because by his own act he has drawn vibrations to himself that are so rapid and powerful as to require the utmost self-possession and calmness to meet. The farther advanced he becomes the heavier will be his burden, but he will learn how to bear it nobly and well, he will be taught to think not of the aching weight but of Him for whom it is carried and how much it will lighten the load of his brother man. Love, the universal comforter, spreads its soft influence over the heart and mind, bringing the disciple into fraternal unity with all who suffer through ignorance and thereby he is permitted to help in the quiet stillness.

"Again and again the battle must be fought and won."

The disciple striving toward the goal of divinity is like the swimmer out at sea attempting to get ashore; many times he almost reaches the safety-line only to be borne back again by the strong undercurrent. Again and again he fights desperately against the forces that would drag him out into deep water and he realizes that his only salvation rests in making the most of favorable circumstances and saving his strength for the final in-going tide. Evolution is essentially the synonym of progressive action in which man is at once the sacrifice and the sacrificer during the term occupied in the three evolving worlds.

"It is only for an interval that Nature can be still."

The stillness of Nature may be only another illusion of the senses, what we take to be absolute quiet without may be serene calm within. By observation we find many of the conditions in life depend on our own state of consciousness and the point of view from which we look. There are intervals when the soul seems to have attained perfect rest and peace and every thing for the time being stands still as though in sympathy, and a point in space is reached that may answer to the Over-Soul in which the joy of divine unity is felt as a living reality. But this cannot last, so long as man is only man and not a God.

"These written above are the first of the rules which are written on the walls of the Hall of Learning."

If we take a broad sweep of the meaning of the term "Hall of Learning" and apply it to the physical, astral and mental planes as the continuous scene of human evolution these lessons take on a different aspect. We know at the beginning of man's probation to higher thought he is obliged to acknowledge the necessity of self-control and learn by slow degrees how to be master of his bodies, how to purify them and make them effective instruments for service. There are rules and regulations to which the probationer must conform, there are inviolable laws of Nature which he must obey, and all along the way he adapts himself more and more to the inevitable, and gradually loses sight of the personal self. This cannot be done on one plane alone since vibrations generated on any level react upon corresponding centres of other planes and a simultaneous effect is produced that is bound to change the bodies according to the nature of the vibration. In this manner progression is made in the Hall of Learning and the disciple advances according to the energy and persistence he puts into his work.

"Those that ask shall have."

"Ask and ye shall receive, knock and it shall be opened unto you." Many of the Masters have made this same promise but the result depends largely on the *manner* of asking. A certain amount of preparation has to be made before such a request is taken into consideration. A disciple must first deserve a hearing, he must have become sufficiently evolved to appreciate the privilege for which he asks and have made himself ready for the next step. It is utter folly to ask for anything that is still beyond us, which we cannot comprehend or make use of after we have it—it would be like giving a complicated piece of machinery into the hands of a little child. Premature asking is not encouraged by the Lords of Karma, so if our requests are not granted when we think they ought to be, it is not because they are unheard but that we did not meet the necessary requirements.

"Those that desire to read shall read."

Everything in the universe occurs in its appointed time, governed in its action by a law of proportion or ratio. The desire to read and the opportunity to read prove the existence of a reader and a capacity for reading. If the three factors of reader, capacity and desire are furnished, it is a foregone conclusion that the opportunity is not far off. Thus mathematics underlies every force generated, no matter where it may be. The desire to read presupposes an adjustment in the mental nature of the reader causing receptivity or capacity, without which there would be no desire and consequently no opportunity.

RE'SUME'.

There are many qualifications necessary for the disciple to evolve and cultivate before he can hope to reach anything like special training in occultism. For to have special training one must first show special receptivity and this state is only the result of previous endeavor on the part of the aspirant. The unfoldment of qualifications is the natural growth of the soul aided by wise and judicious selection of the material used in the formation; there is no chance, no favoritism of the elements thus drawn together.

"Those who desire to learn shall learn."

The same law which pertains to the desire to read also governs the desire to learn, all depends on our own faculty or capacity for understanding, and until that is acquired there would be no use to give us instruments which we would be unable to handle. So we must begin and work up to the point where reading and learning will fall in as a natural and helpful part of our progression at a time when we need them. This is not reading and learning in a material sense, but through psychic and spiritual centres that correspond to eyes and ears.

"Peace be with you."

This holy benediction when uttered by a good man and accompanied by the earnest desire that Peace will rest upon a person actually creates around him an atmosphere of Peace that is helpful, strengthening and uplifting. Everyone, no matter how undeveloped, can do some good in this way toward making life easier and more endurable for others. By casting out thoughts of jealousy, envy and hatred, and substituting those of goodwill we elevate our own characters and bless those who may have done us wrong. In returning good for evil the element of Peace will grow about us to dissipate the effects of evil that may be directed toward us.

GERTRUDE B. GREWE.

BIRTH OF ZOROASTER.

ZOROASTER was called by the ancients the Prophet of Mystery. He not only taught mystery but his life itself is a mystery. Looking to the lives of the great Incarnations of God we find that they are twofold. In their thoughts, speech and acts we find models for outward life: their lives were not merely ideal characters, but in these lives there lay deep hidden, the history of the birth, evolution, and emancipation of the soul of man. This is shown in the life of Christ, Krishna, Buddha and various other great souls, but nowhere is given the esoteric meaning of the life of Zoroaster. In my study I have found that this can very well apply to the life of Zoroaster too; so I simply beg to lay some of my views on this matter before the readers. In this article I shall confine myself to the birth of Zoroaster, leaving further details of the life for some future period, or for others.

The Khureh of Zoroaster, according to the legends, was with Ahuramazda. In order to be sent to the earth it was required to have threefold union, union of Khureh, Fravashi and body. This Khureh separates from the eternal light of Ahuramazda and goes down to the material world and enters the body of the mother of Zoroaster, Dughdoh, and illuminates her whole body to such dazzling glory that the father of the lady thinks her to be possessed by some evil powers, owing to the insinuation of the demons, and sends her away to the place where Zoroaster's father, Porushaspa, lived, who later on marries her.

Next Vohumano and Ashavahista prepare a Hoam tree branch of the height of a man, and putting the Fravashi of Zoroaster on it come down from heaven. For some time this branch with the Fravashi of Zoroaster is put in the nest of the two birds whose young ones a monster serpent used to kill. But this branch protects the young ones and kills the serpent. After the marriage of Porushaspa with Dughdoh, the Amshaspands, Vohumano and Ashavahishta, meet him on a pasture ground and deliver the branch to him (removing it from the charge of the birds) who gives this branch to his wife to take care of.

The third element, the physical or material essence, is taken by Khordad and Amardad and is mixed with milk, but dark powers and demons try to destroy it, therefore this milk is mixed with Hoam, and the parents of Zoroaster drink the decoction. This becomes the seed of Zoroaster in the womb of his mother.

Such is the wonderful origin of the birth of Zoroaster. The Orientalists and the educated do not believe in such imaginary and fabulous accounts, as they take them to be. Let us see if any sense

can be made out of it, for such things are very interesting to theosophists and they see high philosophy and wisdom in a great many things which appear imaginary and fabulous to outsiders.

The Khureh, Fravashi and body are A'tma-Buddhi-Manas, the immortal Triad. First the Khureh was with Ahuramazda, but it separated and went down to the material world. This means that A'tma was one with Ahuramazda, Paramâtma, but for manifestation a ray from the Paramâtma separated, individualized and confined itself in the Buddhic matter (Dughdoh the mother of Zoroaster).

The individualized A'tma, A'tma-Buddhi, Fravashi of Zoroaster, is put in the branch of Hoam by Vohumano and Ashavahishta and put in the nest of a bird. Vohumano corresponds with Buddhi and with the Buddhic plane, and Ashavahishta with Higher Manas and Arupa manasic plane, and Hoam is the tree of Life, and the bird is Aum, the Kala Hamsa. The serpent which killed the young ones of the bird is wisdom, knowledge. That is, the Monad, A'tma-Buddhi, differentiated further on, remained on the Higher mental plane, preserved in the cycle of time, protecting time from wisdom, in which time does not exist. After the marriage of Porushaspa and Dughdoh, the Hoam Branch with Fravashi is given to Porushaspa who gives it in charge of Dughdoh. Now Porushaspa is Manasic, that is, when Buddhi-Manas unites, further differentiation of the Monad takes place, or the Monad remains on the Buddhi-Manasic plane, and individuality is formed. But still the physical element is not prepared. The physical essence, the lower Manasic matter, is mixed with milk, the astral plane matter, and the milk is drunk by the parents. This work is done by Khurdad and Amerdad. Khurdad corresponds with the Rupa-manasic plane, or lower Manas, and Amerdad with the Astral plane, Kama-Rupa. When A'tma-Buddhi-Manas, the individuality, was formed, it required the body, the personality, which was supplied by Khurdad and Amerdad, Lower Manasic and Astral matter, or Lower Manas and Astral body. Thus man, Zoroaster, was completed and was born to Dughdoh, that is, entered the physical body.

Such is the glorious philosophy in the myth, and fabulous account of the birth of Zoroaster.

C. E. ANKLESARIA.

Theosophy in all Lands.

EUROPE.

LONDON, June 30, 1903.

Matters in the world Theosophical have run the usual course as regards lectures and meetings during the month. But this Section has to record the loss of two well-known members by death during the days of June. Miss Louisa Shaw of Harrogate, for many years Secretary of the Lodge and ever full of ardent devotion for its well-being, was lost to us by sudden accident while visiting the Dutch Head-quarters at Amsterdam. A fall from a window in the early morning of Sunday, June 7th, caused her death later in the same day, and the news came as a great shock to her many friends in the North of England where her work was best known, as well as to all who had come into contact with her devoted spirit. If we do not mourn as the world counts mourning it is that we realise that for our friend the transition is gain, the gain of moving on into some fresh sphere of work for the great movement that she had most at heart.

Countess Schack, a German Colleague, long resident in London, passed away after a short but painful illness. Her earnestness and great kindness of heart had made her much beloved and she will be missed by many to whom she was a real friend.

We are now on the eve of the Convention and members are beginning to assemble in London. The President-Founder is hourly expected and the most smiling of skies is promising fine weather for our reunion with our many continental friends. The events of Convention must wait for another letter, but there is much business to discuss and it bids fair to be a busy and important Convention.

The Romanes lecturer for this year was Prof. Sir Oliver Lodge. His subject was "Modern Views on Matter," and truly all Theosophists will hear with interest that Modern Views on Matter are remarkably like theosophical views and extremely suggestive of the "Secret Doctrine" Compare, for example, the following passages:—

Sir Oliver Lodge 1903.

"My first thesis is that an electric charge possesses the most fundamental and characteristic property of matter, *viz.*, mass or inertia; so that if any one were to speak of a milligramme or an ounce or a ton of electricity, though he would certainly be speaking inconveniently, he might not necessarily be speaking erroneously. In order to have any appreciable mass, however, an electric charge must either be extremely great or must be extremely concentrated...that is to say it must exist on bodies of far less than ultra-microscopic size."

Mme. Blavatsky, 1889.

"In 1882 the President of the T.S., Colonel Olcott, was taken to task for asserting in one of his lectures that Electricity is matter. Such nevertheless is the teaching of the Occult Doctrine.....Yet matter it is, as much as Ether is matter, since it is as atomic, though indeed several removes from Ether."

"It is not matter, as defined by science, *i.e.*, matter in any of its known states." "We must seek for the ultimate causes of light, heat, etc., in Matter existing in super-sensuous states—states, however, as fully objective to the spiritual eye of man, as a horse or a tree is to the ordinary mortal."

Of equal interest is it to note that the learned Professor leans unmistakably to an electric theory of mass or inertia in preference to a gravitational one. He touches upon it in the lecture quoted from, and treats it at much greater length in his address to the Institute of Electrical Engineers. We all remember how H.P.B. has set forth that the phenomena which have been attributed to gravitation are in reality due to magnetism—well!—Compare once more the “Secret Doctrine” and “Modern Views of Matter.”

Sir Oliver Lodge.

“It is possible, but to me very unlikely, that the electron, as we know it, contains a material nucleus in addition to its charge..... The mass which is explicable electrically is to a considerable extent understood, but the mass which is merely material (whatever that may mean) is not understood at all. We know more about electricity than about matter..... There *may* possibly be two different kinds of inertia, which exactly simulate each other, one electrical and the other material; and those who hold this as a reasonable possibility are careful to speak of electrons as “Corpuscles,” meaning charged particles of matter of extremely small size, much smaller than an atom consisting of a definite electric charge and an unknown material nucleus; which nucleus, as they recognize but have not yet finally proved, may quite possibly be zero.”

But one might continue such quotations *ad infinitum*. They all point to the justification of occult science. Students certainly should not miss filing Sir Oliver Lodge's address* and comparing what he calls a “fascinating guess” about negative and positive electrons with Mrs. Besant's Occult Chemistry article in *Lucifer* of November 1895.

T. P.'s Weekly for June 12th contained quite a sympathetic article on a paper by Pierre Loti, the well-known French writer, which appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It appears that Pierre Loti visited Adyar and Benares in turn, meeting theosophists and finding something in the teaching of Mrs. Besant at Benares of which he writes: “I know that this renoucement will pass, and that little by little, escaped from this sphere of influence, I shall re-attach myself to life, but never as before; the new germ which has been placed in my soul is destined to over-spread it, and will probably bring me back to Benares.” And we say “Amen, let it be.”

A. B. C.

Mme. Blavatsky.

“Thus, supposing attraction or gravitation should be given up in favour of the Sun being a huge magnet... a magnet that acts on the planets as [gravitational] attraction is not supposed to do, where-to or how much further, would it lead the astronomers from where they are now?” H. P. B. goes on to say, “Not an inch,” because they have already been familiar with the idea in Kepler, who “gave a pretty fair description of cosmic magnetism. That *such magnetism* exists in nature *is as certain as that gravitation does not*; not at any rate in the way taught by Science.”

(Italics are mine.)

Reviews.

STUDIES IN THE BHAGAVAD GĪTĀ.

(SECOND SERIES, BY 'THE DREAMER.')

There is no definite literary connection between this book and the First Series, which was entitled "Stray Thoughts on the Bhagavad Gītā," though both have been called into being by the study of that apparently inexhaustible work. The Second Series deals, for the most part, with that fundamental, universal law, the law of Karma, and eight of its eleven chapters are devoted to it, as follows: 'Karma and Automatism,' 'Renunciation,' 'Self-Consciousness,' 'The Process of Growth,' 'The stages of Karma,' 'Karma and Harmony,' 'Duty,' and 'Sacrifice.' The remaining chapters treat of 'Occultism.' The First Series, having treated of the first two chapters of the Bhagavad Gītā, the Second Series finds in the third chapter the "*Raison d'être* of Karma Yoga," hence the prominence of that subject. The key-note of the treatment of the subject is found in the statement of the writer that. "The first and the initial mistake into which the aspirant naturally falls is that of confounding karma with the inner life—the real man. From the stand point of the illuminated self there is no karma." This naturally leads to the subject of Occultism, and the nature of the "inner man," in the concluding chapters. The writer's views are expressed clearly and with a feeling of devotion, and will help the aspirant both intellectually and spiritually, thus serving a double purpose.

F. D.

LES MYSTIQUES DEVANT LA SCIENCE

ON

ESSAI SUR LE MYSTICISME UNIVERSEL. *

As the editor of this work has written a review which he wishes to have published in these pages, we gladly do so in giving a free translation of it, inasmuch as we quite agree with his ideas upon the subject in hand.

"This study deserves the attention of all those who are interested in the religious problem and in that of human destiny. It is a very condensed analysis of the mystical question from an impartial point of view, entirely free from all religious profession. The author has his treatise supported by the opinion of the most illustrious thinkers, both ancient and modern, and he clearly points out the essential difference which exists between the religious and esoteric traditions. He also tries to demonstrate that there exists a secret and mysterious bond between all the mystic schools and that these rest upon a common ground of essential dogmas which form a permanent ground of speculative mysticism.

* By L. Revel, Lucien Bodin, Libraire, 5 Rue Christine. Price, 2 Frs.

" Thus, after having searched for the origin of Catholic and Alexandrian mysticism, he closely brings together the mystic doctrines of the Gnostics, of the Gallic Bards, and of the Hindus.

" The author has only roughly sketched this part of his subject doubtless wishing that the reader himself should dive into it more fully, but one is struck with the identity which is underlying these different conceptions. What does it matter whether the divine sphere be called *Ceugant* by the Gallic Bards, *Pleroma* by the Gnostics, or the *A'tmic Plane* by the Hindus; whether the circle of Abreb be that of transmigration or re-incarnation among the Gnostics and other mystics, whether the circle of felicity (Gwynfyd) of the Bards be that of the Pneumatics, the Gnostics, or yet the Buddhic or Nirvânic sphere of the Hindus; in short, the form of the ideas does not matter, as long as they all express, under different aspects, the rays of the One and indestructible Truth."—
The Editor.

The book is well written and a good many references are made to different works of our most prominent authors.

C. K.

A DREAM OF REALMS BEYOND US.*

The author of the little book under review has chosen to detail his Philosophical ideas under the garb of a dream and in the fanciful dress of a drama, in poetry. A spirit, who had been on a visit to earth and had returned to her own abode is questioned by other spirits as to what she has seen. Among other things she says:

I noted this : men did not
See that themselves are makers of themselves ;
Makers of flowers and fruits, of dearths and famines;
And that the years in which would famines come
Were in themselves inscribed, and years of plenty.
That when they grasping grew and sought without,
Where is the place of sand, flow and effects,
Prosperity, came after dearth of growths ;
But honest deeds of nations would make birds
Carol and their earth blossom. That they knew not
They should be glad for hardships placed upon them,
And know them wealth for their soul's treasure-house—
Seeing, who has the heaviest put upon him
Is one, for strength selected, to make richest
If that same strength can hold him, when wronged,
Silent.....
Higher than institutions, beyond schools,
Must men go would they learn more than their most.
Ceasing to hope for gain, to store up stores,
Out of the depths, out of misfortune's well,
Must know that wisdom comes.

Unfortunately the price of this little book is extremely high, being about Rs.3 for the small pamphlet, but the author is willing that copies should be made by any one and the copies sold for some small price.

X.

* By Adair Welcker. Fifth American Edition.

A TIBETAN-ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

We have received a copy of the Tibetan-English Dictionary with Sanskrit Synonyms, recently issued by the Bengal Secretariat Book Depôt. It is the work of Sarat Chandra Das, Rai Bahadur, C.I.E., and has been revised and edited by Graham Sandberg, B.A., and A. William Heyde, both of whom are recognised Tibetan scholars. The author is to be congratulated on the completion of his great work.

X.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of Mr. Pranjivandas Odhavaji's translation into Gujarati of Mrs. Besant's "Sri Ramachandra." Of the translation we can say nothing, but the book itself is nicely printed and bound and has, as frontispiece, an engraving of a photo of Mrs. Besant. Such translations open to large numbers of the Indian peoples that wealth of theosophical explanation which will tend to bring about a re-awakening of the old religious ideals and thus to make her people more worthy custodians of her spiritual inheritance and better exponents of her faith.

X.

FREEWILL AND NECESSITY.

The excellent article by Mr. A. Schwarz which appeared in two recent issues of this magazine, under the above title, has now been printed in pamphlet form and can be had of the Manager, "Theosophist Office," for Annas 3.

UNIVERSAL PROBLEMS.*

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the above little book. It contains much that is good and helpful, but at the same time there is much that is misleading concerning the methods of Western countries and, I think, concerning the intentions of Government in India. One serious mistake the author makes is to class the Australian aborigines and the American red Indians with the natives of India. There can be no comparison whatever in the minds of well-informed people, for the two former are scarcely above the savage state, if they can be said to be at all above it, while the latter are the custodians of great religious teachings which are spreading all over the world, and contain among their numbers some of the finest thinkers and logicians of the modern world.

X.

The Presidential Agent for South America, Mr. Luis Scheiner, has sent us a copy of the little pamphlet just issued by the Vi-Dharma Branch, T. S., for propaganda work, entitled, "Algunas Nociones de Teosofia."

* Or Arya Sanathana Dharmas, Vol. I., by S. Virabhadra Sarma. Price. Rs. 4.

MAGAZINES.

The Theosophical Review for July opens with an instructive dream, somewhat allegorical in character, by I. B., entitled, "In God's Vineyard." "The Relation of Theosophy to the Churches," by Hodgson Smith, is the last of the "Series of lectures delivered under the auspices of the Harrogate Branch of the T.S., during February and March of the present year, under the title 'Unity with Diversity in the Christian Churches.'" Referring to the many religions which exist throughout the world, the lecturer said:

"As these religions appear to us, they seem a mixture of wisdom and folly, of light and darkness, of power and weakness, of good and evil. All alike . . . have been founded in Divine Wisdom and limited by human ignorance. This ideal Theosophy or Divine Wisdom is the source of all Religions, and I hold that there have existed, exist and will exist, Beings who have charge of our evolving humanity and who from time to time incarnate as Divine Teachers. Each religion, therefore, proclaims the same fundamental truths in a manner fitting the time and circumstances. Each has a great Teacher, a Divine Messenger, who has charge of and inspires His own special believers."

"Glimpses of the Eighth Muse," by Robert Calignoc is concluded.

In dealing further with Mr. F. W. Myers' great work, "Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death," Mr. Bertram Keightley writes on "The Problem of Post Mortem Communications," giving special attention to 'Phantasms of the Dead,' and 'Motor automatism.' Mrs. Annie Besant contributes one of her highly important articles, on 'Will, Desire and Emotion.' Mr. G. Dyne writes on "A Chemical Caduceus" (an illustration is added.) "Art and Literature in Theosophy," by H. D. Web, has the following paragraph, which is worthy of careful consideration:—

"I hope I do not minimise the importance of science, physical or superphysical, but it seems to me there are things more important for us to learn, than the workings of nature on other planes. Surely we shall feel there, as we do here, when a soul loves us, without waiting to see whether it turns red. And the thing of interest to all time is to learn to love; not to learn how even the causal body looks when it loves. Great literature and great art should help us—who do not get help from the churches—to love."

"The purpose of the Theosophical Society," by Miss Louisa Shaw (lately deceased), is an excellent and very useful article bearing the imprint of a soul deeply imbued with high theosophic ideals.

Theosophy in Australasia (June) has an important and thoughtful paper on "The True Self of Man," by S. Studd, which is followed by a helpful and suggestive one on "Variety in Branch Activity."

Mind (the American New Thought exponent), which is always full of choice reading, deals with the following subjects in its July issue: "Gods, Heroes, Dwarfs, and Giants," "Adolph Roeder: a Biographical Sketch" (with a fine portrait), "Brotherhood and the New Thought," "Reincarnation," "The Creation Astrologically Interpreted," "Environment as related to Growth," "The Festival of Life," "Milton, and Dante," "Success is Man's Inheritance," "The Nature of Sin." There is also an Editorial on the "Nature and Value of Prayer," and several delightful articles in the department of "The Family Circle."

The Phrenological Journal, and *Health*, are two other of our valuable exchanges published in New York City.

Revue Théosophique. The June number opens with a report of the celebration of White Lotus Day at the French head-quarters, at which the President-Founder was present. The articles by Mr. Leadbeater and Dr. Pascal are continued and that by Mr. Revel is completed. The monthly instalment of the "Secret Doctrine" is given and notes on the movement and reviews complete the issue.

Theosophia. The June issue opens with an account of the White Lotus Day meetings in the various lodges of the Section. There are original articles by Chr. J. Schuver and M. J. Vermeulen and translations of articles by Mr. Leadbeater and Mr. Sinnett.

The N. Z. Theosophical Magazine for June continues "Some Thoughts about Theosophy," by Kaber Harrison; this is followed by an article on "Bruno, the 'Awakener,'" by Eveline Lauder. We sincerely hope the financial scheme which is mentioned—that of the daily contribution by each member, of one penny, for meeting the various expenses of the Section—will prove a success.

The South African Theosophist, is a very creditable journal, well edited, and sure to be useful in spreading Theosophical ideas. Of the articles specially worthy of note in the June issue, we may mention, "Useful Qualities," by L. W. Ritch; "Hints on Study" (concluded) by W. Wybergh; "Easter" (concluded), by C. L. Peacocke; and "The True Source of Power," a selection from *The Hermetist*.

The Central Hindu College Magazine for July, presents its readers with five small pictures of the Central Hindu College buildings, a portrait of Prof. J. C. Bose, an illustration of the Human Eye, and of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, following which is a descriptive letter by Miss Edith Ward. Among other instructive reading matter we notice a few pages of "Science Jottings" by the late Mrs. A. C. Lloyd. This collection is followed by an affectionate tribute to the memory of the deceased, or, rather, the risen one, by Mrs. Besant.

The Arya for May, the second number of Vol. III. opens with a contribution by Dr. Wm. Sharpe the poet, on "Christianity, its Worship, Forms, Litanies, Prayers and Exhortations." Following this are articles on "Yoga Principles in Sacrifices," "The Philosophy of Inoculation: The Pasteur Institute," "India, the Home of Philosophy," "Tiruvalluvar and his Contemporaries," "Philosophy of Marriage," "Râmas in Râmâyana," "The much-needed Education," "Religious Notes," "Notes and Comments" and "Stray Thoughts," comprising in all a very interesting table of contents.

Acknowledged with thanks:—*The Vâhan, Light, Review of Reviews, Banner of Light, Harbinger of Light, The Indian Journal of Education, The Light of Truth, The Arena, The Christian College Magazine, Journal of the Maha Bodhi Society, The Central Hindu College Magazine, The Light of the East, Our Dumb Animals, The Buddhist, Theosophic Messenger, Prasnotara, Indian Progress.*

CUTTINGS AND COMMENTS.

*The Spread
of
Cremation.*

We learn that the Calcutta Municipality has decided to purchase land for the erection of a crematorium. It is to be hoped that Madras will soon take steps in the same direction. In Western lands the practice of cremation is increasing year by year. Since the establishment of the crematorium at Woking, England, about twenty years ago, two thousand three hundred bodies have been cremated there. Another crematorium was recently opened in London, and a third is now proposed. Manchester, Glasgow, Hull, Liverpool, Darlington, Birmingham and Leicester are already supplied. It will be remembered that Colonel Olcott set the example to the United States, by the cremation of Baron de Palm. There are now twenty-five crematoriums in that country, seven in Germany, twenty-two in Italy, three in Switzerland, and one each in Paris, Copenhagen and Stockholm. There seems to be no other method so satisfactory for the disposal of human remains.

* *

*Resuscitating
the seeming
dead.*

Doctor Robert Kemp, of New York City, has recently made a wonderful discovery, and claims to have restored animation to eleven out of twenty-three animals that had been certified as dead. His method consists in "heart massage combined with an injection of a saline solution into the blood, and vigorous stimulation, by a special apparatus, of the respiratory organs." The Doctor has not yet tested his method on human beings, nor does he claim that it would be successful save in special cases. The heart must still have sufficient vitality to respond to stimulation, which could not be the case if life were entirely absent in the tissues; but in cases of sudden shock, heart-failure, drowning, etc., the vital organs being uninjured, success would be quite probable. We judge the Doctor makes use of electricity, but "heart massage" needs explanation.

* *

*Surgical
treatment
and massage
in Snake-
poison.*

A case is reported in the *British Medical Journal*, by Captain V. B. Bennett, Civil Surgeon of Broach. A cooly had been brought to him who had been bitten on the top of his toe by a venomous snake. The Doctor tied a string round the base of the toe, and put a twisted bandage above the knee, and sent his patient to the hospital where six deep incisions were made on the top of the swollen foot. No blood flowed and no pain was felt. An elastic bandage was then adjusted between the knee and the ankle, and the foot being vigorously kneaded a very small quantity of thick, dark blood oozed out. Then the bandage was taken off and the upper tourniquet loosened, and on adjusting the elastic bandage again more blood came from the foot on being kneaded. This was repeated, and then the blood began to flow naturally and some pain was experienced. The bandages were then removed and two men massaged the leg from the knee downwards, for fifteen minutes. The wounds being cleansed with perchloride solution and dressed antiseptically, healed slowly, without slough or supuration.

* *

*The move-
ment against
Vivisection.* The London Anti-Vivisection Society held its annual meeting on May 26th. Many people of distinction were present, including prominent physicians of London, and Deputy Surgeon General Watson of Edinburgh. Many letters of regret were received from people who were unable to attend, but as our space is limited we only quote the following from medical men:—

M'Iachlan (Oxford): "I trust the day is not far distant when this unclean and useless thing will be made illegal" (Cheers).—Dr. G. H. Jackson (Ashburton, Eastbourne): "If a small portion of the public had seen what I have witnessed, they would not permit such terrible tortures to be continued."—Dr. Robert Perks (Paignton): "I rejoice to know that so many of my professional brethren are to take an active part in your meeting, and am entirely at one with them in their efforts to bring about the total abolition of the immoral practice of vivisection. Dr. J. R. Mallard (Hammersmith): "Vivisection involving torture should be abolished utterly."—Dr. Herbert Lilley (Oxford): "I hope to live to see vivisection absolutely abolished." Dr. A. Stoddard Kennedy (London): "I have never practised vivisection, and have always firmly believed that every so-called advance in medicine which has been ascribed to it might have been better achieved by more humane and more rational methods of research." Dr. J. Howe Hughes (Droitwich): "I earnestly wish the clergy could be induced to place the cause of the poor suffering animals more prominently before the people."

The Chairman, Col. Sandys, M. P., said he "could only compare vivisection to the tortures of the Inquisition: it was a cruel and he had almost said a Satanic, abuse (Cheers). He had put down an amendment to the Bill before the House of Commons, to the effect that no measure would be satisfactory unless it entirely forbade, under penalties, the practice of vivisection on animals" (Hear, hear).

Dr. Alexander Bowie moved the adoption of the report of the Committee, and said the abnormal and distorted conditions under which an animal necessarily existed in an experiment, made a comparison of vivisection with the sciences impossible, Vivisection was not necessary, nor was it conducive to morality or utility.

The Rev. Nevison Loraine (Chiswick) seconded the resolution, and maintained that while doctors were divided on the subject of vivisection, animals ought not to be allowed to suffer under it.

The resolution was adopted unanimously.

* * *

*The Invisible
Brothers.* Now and then we see in the pages of a contemporary a criticism of ourselves, the Theosophical Society, or its teachings, which contains such a curious mixture of superficial familiarity with Theosophical matters, and of lamentable ignorance of them, that we think it well to preserve it for the benefit of our members. Such is the following, reprinted from the *Hindu*, which credits the *Morning Leader* with it. We reproduce spelling and punctuation:

TIBET, INDIA AND LONDON.

Shudder; for the scene is Tibet. Ah! a rugged most mountainous country; with rocks and "passes" and torrents and caverns and awful precipices! Also, terrifying men, who hate the stranger; and a terrifying ruler whose orders are that the stranger be put to death. No use pleading: the stranger must die, die. And down into the deepest precipice is hurled his poor body. So far as power goes the Grand Lama is the most powerful persons age in the universe. His word is law, law. He is the supremest of the supreme. And so I wonder why he tolerates the presence in Tibet of one Koot Hoomi, a Mahatma, who in his own way is just equally powerful and supreme. One would think that he would rise in wrath and say, "Go or, you shall be put to

death like the merest stranger." The picture that suggests itself is of a thousand terrible Tibetans conducting Koot Hoomi to the frontier. And—. A voice a contemptuous voice that interrupts me: "Fool, we pity your ignorance. You, one of the vulgar Herd cannot understand these things. So know that Koot Hoomi is greater far than the Grand Lama for he is miraculous!"

KOOT HOOMI.

So Koot Hoomi, the Mahatma, is miraculous. And it necessarily follows that he is greater for than the Grand Lama who is mortal. Nothing more powerful than the Miraculous. Why, the Miraculous can influence the entire world work wonders work the best and highest and noblest changes. And what does Koot Hoomi? What glorious changes has he worked? Ah Koot Hoomi, you who might adestroy the Grand Land at any moment, you who might improve and elevate humanity, you who could do anything anything, content yourself with sending "psychological" telegrams to the leaders of the Theosophical Society. Happy to be so favoured! Especially happy Mr. Sinnett—for Mr. Sinnett has received countless telegrams from the "Brother," and in the queerest manner. Why, Mr. Sinnett has found Koot Hoomi's occult communications in his dinner napkin; and sometimes they have thrust themselves into the sealed envelopes of private letters, and sometimes they have fallen on his head, "out of nothing," so to speak; and more than once they have had to be cut out of sofa cushions! And out of gratitude, Mr. Sinnett has dedicated his book, "The Occult World," to "The Mahatma Koot Hoomi," while the late Mme. Blavatsky admits in "The Secret Doctrine" and "Isis Unveiled" that the infallible truths she embodied in those volumes were inspired by Brother Koot Hoomi's telegrams. So without Koot Hoomi, there would be no Theosophical Society. The leaders are surrounded by thousands of allies in all parts of the world who are stirred by the telegrams of the "Brother." Add these three, readers and their allies regard you and me with scorn and refer to us as the Herd, because you and I cannot bring ourselves to be impressed by the telegrams.

MME. BLAVATSKY.

Alas! that Mme. Blavatsky is no longer here to hold her, seances to rig up her room after the fashion of the stage of the Egyptian Hall. Alas that she is not here to attend picnics, and then when we find ourselves a cup and saucer short, to say, "Dig over by yonder tree!" And alas that, after digging, we may not come upon the cup and the saucer and all of us have tea! Also, Mme. Blavatsky found rings that had been lost for years. Again, she recovered in occult fashion more than one brooch. And her telegrams, her telegrams! You were never free of telegrams in the presence of Mme. Blavatsky. They arrived, or were despatched at all hours of the day and night. No matter the place, India or England the telegrams were there. Koot Hoomi loved Mme. Blavatsky; Koot Hoomi in that rugged and most mountainous country of Tibet, was always thinking of Mme. Blavatsky. And here, for the first time, Koot Hoomi displayed some intelligence—for Mme. Blavatsky was also a wit.

THEOSOPHISTS OF TO-DAY.

But, to-day! To-day, alas! we have dull mediocre leders; and we have, in thousands and thousands their dreary, misguided allies. Who is this puny little man in a soft hat and spectacles? He is Theosophist. Who is this thin, plain woman in thick boots and a walking skirt, with the elastic of her hat under her chin? She is a Theosophist. And what do they say, this thin, plain woman and this puny little man? They say: "I am afraid these things are above you I am afraid you cannot understand these things." Things! always "these things." Things in Tibet; things in India; things in the Avenuerd. But these things, sir, have made you an insufferable little man; and these things, madam, have made you the most absurd of

women. You are not clever, you are not witty ; you are not even original, and I am sure that if Koot Hoomi were to see and hear you we would withdraw his patronage at once. It is well, then, for you, sir, and for you, madam, that Koot Hoomi liveth far away in rugged, mountainous Tibet. Koot Hoomi is necessary to you ; you cannot tolerate mortals. We shock you we are distasteful to you—we, the vulgarians who keep the world going in a thousand different ways, we the Herd. Ah, sir ; ah madam it must indeed be annoying to have us meddling with your own lofty, ineffable affairs. It must be indeed repulsive to you to hear us speak that magic name—Koot Hoomi. And yet I repeat it, Yes aloud I say it—If Koot Humi the Mahatma could but see and hear you, sir and you madam, he would withdraw his patronage at once.

* * *

The subjoined clipping from a Chicago paper will be read with interest :—
A remarkable Will.

The following document, a will framed with such perfection of form and detail that no flaw could be found in its legal phraseology or matters, yet “devising” only those beauties and blessings which the great Father long ago devised to all human creatures, was recently rescued from a large collection of other legal but less interesting papers. It was written by Charles Lounsberry, a Chicago lawyer of much skill at one period of his existence, but who died an insane patient in the Cook County Asylum at Dunning. This strange will has only just reached its resting place in the vaults of a Chicago trust company. Being composed so perfectly, it was duly sent, after the writer’s demise, to the Probate Court. There being nothing to probate, however, since the poetic deviser died absolutely destitute and penniless, it was merely placed on file.

The document is now given for the sake of its intrinsic beauty and peculiar interest. Possible friends or relatives of the writer could scarcely fail to be pleased with the inevitable admiration and appreciation of the document that must unfailingly follow publication. This is the document :

“I, Charles Lounsberry, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby make and publish this, my last will and testament, in order, as justly as may be, to distribute my interest in the world among succeeding men.

“That part of my interest which is known in law and recognized in the sheep-bound volumes as my property, being inconsiderable and of none account, I make no disposal of in this my will. My right to live, being but a life estate, is not at my disposal, but these things excepted, all else in the world, I now proceed to devise and bequeath.

“Item : I give to good fathers and mothers, in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement, and all quaint pet names and endearments, and I charge said parents to use them justly, but generously, as the needs of their children shall require.

“Item : I leave to children inclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, all and every, the flowers of the fields and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely, according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odors of the willows that dip therein and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees.

“And I leave the children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night, and the moon and the train of the milky way to wonder at, but subject nevertheless to the rights hereinafter given to lovers.

“Item : I devise to boys jointly, all the useful, idle fields and commons, where ball may be played ; all pleasant waters where one may swim ; all snow-clad hills where one may coast ; and all streams and ponds where one may fish, or where, when grim winter comes, one may skate ; to have and to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. And all

meadows, with the clover blossoms and butterflies thereof, the woods with their appurtenances, the squirrels and birds and echoes and strange noises, and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance, and without any incumbrance of care.

"Item: To lovers, I devise their imaginary world with whatever they may need: as the stars of the sky, the red roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorne, the sweet strains of music and aught else they may desire, to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

"Item: To young men jointly, I devise and bequeath all boisterous, inspiring sports of rivalry, and I give to them the disdain of weakness and undaunted confidence in their own strength. Though they are rude, I leave to them the power to make lasting friendships, and of possessing companions, and to them exclusively I give all merry songs and brave choruses to sing with lusty voices.

"Item: And to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers, I leave memory; and I bequeath to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare and of other poets, if there be others, to the end that they may live the old days over again, freely and fully, without tithe or diminution.

"Item: To our loved ones with snowy crowns, I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children, until they fall asleep."

The question naturally arises, which of two men ought really to be considered the more insane; the man who devotes his whole life to a sordid scramble for wealth, or the man whose soul abounds in such beautiful thoughts as above noted?

*
**

From a contemporary we quote the following:

*Famous
at four.*

At a time when Felix de Mandas, the Spanish ten-year-old schoolboy, has electrified half a continent by producing a novel which competent critics have pronounced little inferior to "Don Quixote," and when the wonderful verses of a little French school-girl of eleven summers are being read with amazement in both hemispheres, it may not be without interest to recall a few of the geniuses who have startled the world before they had even emerged from the schoolroom.

The most marvellous of them all was surely little Christian Heineken, of Lubeck, who died crowned with honour and gluttoned with fame when he was only a few months over four years old, and whose biography will be read centuries hence—side by side with those of Shakespeare and Goethe.

When he was but twelve months old, Christian had mastered the Pentateuch so thoroughly that he could pass the most searching examination in it; a year later, when other infants were absorbed in bottle and rattles he had made the whole of sacred history his own; at three years old he could converse fluently in French and Latin, and was familiar with the history and geography of the entire world, ancient as well as modern; while in his fourth year he mastered the study of the world's religions and Church history. Thousands flocked to Lubeck to see and test this miraculous child, and he was summoned to the Danish Court to receive the homage of the King. But his career was doomed to be as short as it was brilliant, for he died when he was but four years and four months old.

Can any one find a better explanation of this wonder than that contained in the theory of re-incarnation?

*
**

*Mr. Sandow
and Physical
Culture.*

In the Adelaide *Evening Journal* there is a report of an interview with Mr. Sandow, the noted apostle of physical culture, during which he made some very wise remarks, and some that, if reported correctly, we should consider other than wise. It seems that in youth he was quite frail, and was taken to Italy by his parents for his health. While viewing its perfect models of physical form chiselled in marble he was greatly interested and wondered how such strength as was thus depicted could be obtained, and if it would be possible for him to secure it. With this thought in his mind he began to study anatomy and to practise regular exercise. He says:—

"I have worked more with the object of establishing schools and institutions all over the world, and of trying to make physical culture compulsory, and to get the Governments of the various countries to take it up. I think I have succeeded in England. At any rate a bill is to be introduced into the British House of Commons, with the object of making physical culture compulsory in the schools. That is the greatest ambition in my life."

He says he has twenty institutions for the study and practice of physical culture in England, six of which are in London. He intends sending some trained teachers to Australia. Further on he says, "My system demands the use of the mind in connection with the muscles you are working:" and again, "You must use your mind, and you must learn a little anatomy so as to know on which muscles to concentrate your mind."

Concerning indigestion and the many physical ailments which are so common he says: "The liver and stomach get out of order through eating too much and taking too little exercise." "I don't believe at all in much eating." He thinks we should always rise from a meal before the appetite is sated.

"To get up from the table saying, 'Well, I've had enough; I'm full,' is a very bad state to get into. Exercise is just as necessary as food; more so, in fact. Ten minutes exercise every day is quite sufficient. (Perhaps so, for him.) In time you can exercise yourself while you are writing or talking or sitting still. That is done by will-power. I can exercise every muscle in my body while I am sitting talking to you. . . . You see I can contract my muscles like lightning without moving a limb of my body. That is a sign that the nerve between the muscle and the brain is strong and well developed."

Being asked if every one can be strong he says, "even every man; it doesn't matter about his age or how delicate he is."*

"You must use your mind and do the exercise gradually. There must be nothing violent about it. It must be very careful and gradual exercise to be effective. My feats of strength are the result of slow, gradual exercise. It is for the sake of health that I advocate physical culture."

So far, very good, but he continues: "If a man indulges in physical exercise he can eat, drink and smoke, and, in fact, do anything." We must draw the line here. If a free license to gratify our lower appetites is to be placed before us as an inducement toward the practice of physical exercise, may heaven help us! Probably, however, the reporter did not convey Mr. Sandow's meaning fully; but, as it stands, it gives us a shock. In regard to health, he says:—

"I have never had anything the matter with me. I can sleep at any time and anywhere. I could stand on my head and go to sleep. That is command, again. You develop control so much that you command yourself to sleep. My system develops your moral character. It gives you a strong will. If you make up your mind that you won't do a thing, you won't do it. It is the finest thing in the world for the brain."

* It would be better to add—if free from organic disease. Ed.

He says: "A drunkard will live longer than a glutton. People eat a great deal too much." Again:

"I get hundreds of letters from people who think that the question of food has everything to do with growing strong. Nothing of the sort, it doesn't matter what you eat."

Doesn't it? Well, we prefer to use our common sense a while longer, rather than ignore questions of purity, occupation, climate, physical condition, etc. Notwithstanding some of these extravagant statements, the fact remains that well regulated exercise is necessary that the body may become a fit instrument for the use of the ego; and many a frail and sickly youth has, by means of such exercise, with earnest mental co-operation, grown to sturdy manhood, rejoicing in health and strength. Mr. Sandow is doing a good work.

* * *

A Buddhist Revival.

Referring to the oncoming of a Buddhist revival, the Hon. Norendro Nath Sen said, during the course of his remarks at the Wesak Day celebration in Calcutta:

We have, in this direction, encouragement on every side and in many lands. There is a Buddhistic revival not only in India, and it is not so much in evidence here as it might be, but throughout Asia. Once more are pilgrims from Burmah, Ceylon, Siam, Thibet, Central Asia, China and Japan coming to this country in reverence and homage, as to the holy land which gave them their eternal Buddha. And these foreigners, great in their humility, look up to us in love and service, and their faith is great in a country and a people, sanctified in their eyes for all time by Buddha's birth and universal creed. That the creed is universal, everybody can see. Why, take the continents of Europe and America, where Buddhism is rapidly becoming the cult of the most thoughtful and the most cultured classes. There are unnamed Buddhist shrines throughout Europe and America with the Europeans and Americans themselves as Mahatheras and Anutheras. And Buddhism is being accepted by the thoughtful and cultured classes, because its teachings and doctrines militate neither against their reason nor even against the accepted facts and theories of modern Western science. In fact, true religion and true science are identical. Both tend to human liberation from ignorance and error, and both tend to progress and happiness. What Buddhism was, Buddhism again shall be. And should that day come, which I fervently pray it may, India will again become the Mistress of the World.

* * *

The following paragraph appeared in the *Pioneer*

Wild White of June 20th:—
people.

Despatches from the Philippines describe the discovery of a mysterious white people living in the mountains in Mindoro Island. They are tall, and have long, straight hair and blue eyes. They are unapproachable, always fleeing at the sight of Americans. An expedition is to be sent to learn as much as possible about them.

In the *Theosophist* of February 1900 (pp. 286-7), reference is made by Captain Thomas Banon, in his article "The Kingdom of Ravan, Part II.," to a tribe of white people "living on the high, dividing ranges between India and Thibet, that have never yet been discovered by Europeans." He also quotes something of interest from Rev. Baring Gould's "West Country Lore," concerning the prehistoric inhabitants of the British isles, and draws the conclusion that "there is something more than a grain of truth in the old Hindu legend that the descendants of Hanuman's Warriors and the Rakshasins of Lanka peopled Europe."

The reader may also have heard of a tribe of white people who are said to inhabit the wilds of Central Africa. In view of all the foregoing it is evident that there are some interesting puzzles yet to be solved by ethnologists.