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## THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY: ITS MISSION AND ITS FUTURE.

[AS EXPLAINED BY M. EMILE BURNOUF, THE FRENCH ORIENTALIST.]

“ It is another’s fault if he be ungrateful ;  
but it is mine if I do not give. To find one  
thankful man I will oblige many who are  
not.”—SENECA.

“ . . . . . The veil is rent  
Which blinded me ! I am as all these men  
Who cry upon their gods and are not heard,  
Or are not heeded—yet there must be aid !  
For them and me and all there must be help !  
Perchance the gods have need of help themselves,  
Being so feeble that when sad lips cry  
They cannot save ! I would not let one cry  
Whom I could save ! . . . . .”

THE LIGHT OF ASIA.

**I**T has seldom been the good fortune of the Theosophical Society to meet with such courteous and even sympathetic treatment as it has received at the hands of M. Emile Burnouf, the well-known Sanskritist, in an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (July 15, 1888)—“ *Le Bouddhisme en Occident.*”

Such an article proves that the Society has at last taken its rightful place in the thought-life of the XIXth century. It marks the dawn of a new era in its history, and, as such, deserves the most careful consideration of all those who are devoting their energies to its work. M. Burnouf’s position in the world of Eastern scholarship entitles his opinions to respect ; while his name, that of one of the first and most justly honoured of Sanskrit scholars (the late M. Eugène Burnouf), renders it more than probable that a man bearing such a name will make no hasty statements and draw no premature conclusions, but that his deductions will be founded on careful and accurate study.

His article is devoted to a triple subject: the origins of three religions or associations, whose fundamental doctrines M. Burnouf regards as identical, whose aim is the same, and which are derived from a common source. These are Buddhism, Christianity, and—the Theosophical Society.

As he writes page 341 :—

“This source, which is oriental, was hitherto contested ; to-day it has been fully brought to light by scientific research, notably by the English scientists and the publication of original texts. Amongst these sagacious scrutinizers it is sufficient to name Sayce, Pool, Beal, Rhys-David, Spencer-Hardy, Bunsen. . . . It is a long time, indeed, since they were struck with resemblances, let us say, rather, identical elements, offered by the Christian religions and that of Buddha. . . . During the last century these analogies were explained by a pretended Nestorian influence ; but since then the Oriental chronology has been established, and it was shown that Buddha was anterior by several centuries to Nestorius, and even to Jesus Christ. . . . The problem remained an open one down to the recent day when the paths followed by Buddhism were recognised, and the stages traced on its way to finally reach Jerusalem. . . . And now we see born under our eyes a new association, created for the propagation in the world of the Buddhistic dogmas. It is of this triple subject that we shall treat.”

It is on this, to a degree erroneous, conception of the aims and object of the Theosophical Society that M. Burnouf's article, and the remarks and opinions that ensue therefrom, are based. He strikes a false note from the beginning, and proceeds on this line. The T. S. was not created to propagate any dogma of any exoteric, ritualistic church, whether Buddhist, Brahmanical, or Christian. This idea is a widespread and general mistake ; and that of the eminent Sanskritist is due to a self-evident source which misled him. M. Burnouf has read in the *Lotus*, the journal of the Theosophical Society of Paris, a polemical correspondence between one of the Editors of LUCIFER and the Abbé Roca. The latter persisting—very unwisely—in connecting theosophy with Papism and the Roman Catholic Church—which, of all the dogmatic world religions, is the one his correspondent loathes the most—the philosophy and ethics of Gautama Buddha, not his later church, whether northern or southern, were therein prominently brought forward. The said Editor is undeniably a Buddhist—*i.e.*, a follower of the esoteric school of the great “Light of Asia,” and so is the President of the Theosophical Society, Colonel H. S. Olcott. But this does not pin the theosophical body as a whole to ecclesiastical Buddhism. The Society was founded to become the Brotherhood of Humanity—a centre, philosophical and religious, common to all—not as a propaganda for Buddhism merely. Its first steps were directed toward the same great aim that M. Burnouf ascribes to Buddha Sakyamuni, who “opened his church to all men, without distinction of origin, caste, nation, colour, or sex,” (*Vide* Art. I. in the *Rules* of the T. S.), adding,

"My law is a law of Grace for all." In the same way the Theosophical Society is open to all, without distinction of "origin, caste, nation, colour, or sex," and what is more—of creed. . . .

The introductory paragraphs of this article show how truly the author has grasped, with this exception, within the compass of a few lines, the idea that all religions have a common basis and spring from a single root. After devoting a few pages to Buddhism, the religion and the association of men founded by the Prince of Kapilavastu; to Manicheism, miscalled a "heresy," in its relation to both Buddhism and Christianity, he winds up his article with—the Theosophical Society. He leads up to the latter by tracing (*a*) the life of Buddha, too well known to an English speaking public through Sir Edwin Arnold's magnificent poem to need recapitulation; (*b*) by showing in a few brief words that Nirvana is *not annihilation*; \* and (*c*) that the Greeks, Romans and even the Brahmans regarded the *priest* as the intermediary between men and God, an idea which involves the conception of a *personal God*, distributing his favours according to his own good pleasure—a sovereign of the universe, in short.

The few lines about Nirvana must find place here before the last proposition is discussed. Says the author:

"It is not my task here to discuss the nature of Nirvāna. I will only say that the idea of annihilation is absolutely foreign to India, that the Buddha's object was to deliver humanity from the miseries of earth life and its successive reincarnations; that, finally, he passed his long existence in battling against Māra and his angels, whom he himself called Death and the army of death. The word *Nirvāna* means, it is true, extinction, for instance, that of a lamp blown out; but it means also the absence of wind. I think, therefore, that Nirvāna is nothing else but that *requies aeterna*, that *lux perpetua* which Christians also desire for their dead."

With regard to the conception of the priestly office the author shows it entirely absent from Buddhism. Buddha is no God, but a *man* who has reached the supreme degree of wisdom and virtue. "Therefore Buddhist metaphysics conceives the absolute Principle of all things which other religions call God, in a totally different manner and does not make of it a being separate from the universe."

The writer then points out that the equality of all men among themselves is one of the fundamental conceptions of Buddhism.

He adds moreover and demonstrates that it was from Buddhism that the Jews derived their doctrine of a *Messiah*.

The Essenes, the Therapeuts and the Gnostics are identified as a result of this fusion of Indian and Semitic thought, and it is shown that, on comparing the lives of Jesus and Buddha, both biographies fall into

\* The fact that Nirvana does *not* mean *annihilation* was repeatedly asserted in *Isis Unveiled*, where its author discussed its etymological meaning as given by Max Müller and others and showed that the "blowing out of a lamp" does not even imply the idea that Nirvana is the "extinction of consciousness." (See vol. i. p. 290, & vol. ii. pp. 117, 286, 320, 566, &c.)

two parts : the ideal legend and the real facts. Of these the legendary part is identical in both ; as indeed must be the case from the theosophical standpoint, since both are based on the Initiatory cycle. Finally this "legendary" part is contrasted with the corresponding features in other religions, notably with the Vedic story of Visvakarman.\* According to his view, it was only at the council of Nicea that Christianity broke officially with the ecclesiastical Buddhism, though he regards the Nicene Creed as simply the development of the formula : "the Buddha, the Law, the Church" (Buddha, Dharma, Sangha).

The Manicheans were originally *Samans* or Sramanas, Buddhist ascetics whose presence at Rome in the third century is recorded by St. Hippolytus. M. Burnouf explains their dualism as referring to the double nature of man—good and evil—the evil principle being the *Māra* of Buddhist legend. He shows that the Manicheans derived their doctrines more immediately from Buddhism than did Christianity and consequently a life and death struggle arose between the two, when the Christian Church became a body which claimed to be the sole and exclusive possessor of Truth. This idea is in direct contradiction to the most fundamental conceptions of Buddhism and therefore its professors could not but be bitterly opposed to the Manicheans. It was thus the Jewish spirit of exclusiveness which armed against the Manicheans the secular arm of the Christian states.

Having thus traced the evolution of Buddhist thought from India to Palestine and Europe, M. Burnouf points out that the Albigenses on the one hand, and the Pauline school (whose influence is traceable in Protestantism) on the other, are the two latest survivals of this influence. He then continues :—

"Analysis shows us in contemporary society two essential elements : the idea of a *personal God* among believers and, among the philosophers, the almost complete disappearance of charity. The Jewish element has regained the upper hand, and the Buddhistic element in Christianity has been obscured."

"Thus one of the most interesting, if not the most unexpected, phenomena of our day is the attempt which is now being made to revive and create in the world a new society, resting on the same foundations as Buddhism. Although only in its beginnings, its growth is so rapid that our readers will be glad to have their attention called to this subject. This society is still in some measure in the condition of a mission, and its spread is accomplished noiselessly and without violence. It has not even a definitive name ; its members grouping themselves under eastern names, placed as titles to their publications : *Isis*, *Lotus*, *Sphinx*, LUCIFER. The name common to all which predominates among them for the moment is that of *Theosophical Society*."

\* This identity between the *Logoi* of various religions and in particular the identity between the legends of Buddha and Jesus Christ, was again proven years ago in "Isis Unveiled," and the legend of Visvakarman more recently in the *Lotus* and other Theosophical publications. The whole story is analysed at length in the "Secret Doctrine," in some chapters which were written more than two years ago.

After giving a very accurate account of the formation and history of the Society—even to the number of its working branches in India, namely, 135—he then continues:—

“The society is very young, nevertheless it has already its history. . . . . It has neither money nor patrons ; it acts solely with its own eventual resources. It contains no worldly element. It flatters no private or public interest. It has set itself a moral ideal of great elevation, it combats vice and egoism. It tends towards the unification of religions, which it considers as identical in their philosophical origin ; but it recognises the supremacy of truth only. . . .”

“With these principles, and in the time in which we live, the society could hardly impose on itself more trying conditions of existence. Still it has grown with astonishing rapidity. . . .”

Having summarised the history of the development of the T. S. and the growth of its organisation, the writer asks : “What is the spirit which animates it ?” To this he replies by quoting the three objects of the Society, remarking in reference to the second and third of these (the study of literatures, religions and sciences of the Aryan nations and the investigation of latent psychic faculties, &c.), that, although these might seem to give the Society a sort of academic colouring, remote from the affairs of actual life, yet in reality this is not the case ; and he quotes the following passage from the close of the Editorial in LUCIFER for November 1887 :—

“He who does not practise altruism ; he who is not prepared to share his last morsel with a weaker or a poorer than himself ; he who neglects to help his brother man, of whatever race, nation, or creed, whenever and wherever he meets suffering, and who turns a deaf ear to the cry of human misery ; he who hears an innocent person slandered, whether a brother Theosophist or not, and does not undertake his defence as he would undertake his own—is no Theosophist.”—(LUCIFER No. 3.)

“This declaration,” continues M. Burnouf, “is not Christian because it takes no account of belief, because it does not proselytise for any communion, and because, in fact, the Christians have usually made use of calumny against their adversaries, for example, the Manicheans, Protestants and Jews.\* It is even less Mussulman or Brahminical. It is purely Buddhistic : the practical publications of the Society are either translations of Buddhist books, or original works inspired by the teaching of Buddha. Therefore the Society has a Buddhist character.”

“Against this it protests a little, fearing to take on an exclusive and sectarian character. It is mistaken : the true and original Buddhism is not a sect, it is hardly a religion. It is rather a moral and intellectual reform, which excludes no belief, but adopts none. This is what is done by the Theosophical Society.”

We have given our reasons for protesting. We are pinned to no faith. In stating that the T. S. is “Buddhist,” M. Burnouf is quite right,

\* And—the author forgets to add—“the Theosophists.” No Society has ever been more ferociously calumniated and persecuted by the *odium theologicum* since the Christian Churches are reduced to use their tongues as their sole weapon—than the Theosophical Association and its Founders.—[ED.]

however, from one point of view. It has a Buddhist colouring simply because that religion, or rather philosophy, approaches more nearly to the TRUTH (the secret wisdom) than does any other exoteric form of belief. Hence the close connexion between the two. But on the other hand the T. S. is perfectly right in protesting against being mistaken for a merely Buddhist propaganda, for the reasons given by us at the beginning of the present article, and by our critic himself. For although in complete agreement with him as to the *true* nature and character of primitive Buddhism, yet the Buddhism of to-day is none the less a rather dogmatic religion, split into many and heterogenous sects. We follow the Buddha alone. Therefore, once it becomes necessary to go behind the actually existing form, and who will deny this necessity in respect to Buddhism?—once this is done, is it not infinitely better to go back to the pure and unadulterated source of Buddhism itself, rather than halt at an intermediate stage? Such a half and half reform was tried when Protestantism broke away from the elder Church, and are the results satisfactory?

Such then is the simple and very natural reason why the T. S. does not raise the standard of exoteric Buddhism and proclaim itself a follower of the *Church* of the Lord Buddha. It desires too sincerely to remain within that *unadulterated* "light" to allow itself to be absorbed by its distorted shadow. This is well understood by M. Burnouf, since he expresses as much in the following passage :—

"From the doctrinal point of creed, Buddhism has no mysteries; Buddha preached in parables; but a parable is a developed simile, and has nothing symbolical in it. The Theosophists have seen very clearly that, in religions, there have always been two teachings; the one very simple in appearance and full of images or fables which are put forward as realities; this is the public teaching, called exoteric. The other, esoteric or inner, reserved for the more educated and discreet adepts, the initiates of the second degree. There is, finally, a sort of science, which may formerly have been cultivated in the secrecy of the sanctuaries, a science called *hermetism*, which gives the final explanation of the symbols. When this science is applied to various religions, we see that their symbolisms, though in appearance different, yet rest upon the same stock of ideas, and are traceable to one single manner of interpreting nature.

"The characteristic feature of Buddhism is precisely the absence of this hermetism, the exiguity of its symbolism, and the fact that it presents to men, in their ordinary language, the truth without a veil. This it is which the Theosophical Society is repeating. . . ."

And no better model could the Society follow: but this is not all. It is true that no *mysteries* or esotericism exists in the two chief Buddhist Churches, the Southern and the Northern. Buddhists may well be content with the dead letter of Siddārtha Buddha's teachings, as fortunately no higher or nobler ones in their effects upon the ethics of the masses exist, to this day. But herein lies the great mistake of all the

Orientalists. There *is* an esoteric doctrine, a soul-ennobling philosophy, behind the outward body of ecclesiastical Buddhism. The latter, pure, chaste and immaculate as the virgin snow on the ice-capped crests of the Himalayan ranges, is, however, as cold and desolate as they with regard to the *post-mortem* condition of man. This secret system was taught to the *Arhats* alone, generally in the Saptaparna (Mahavansa's *Sattapani*) cave, known to Ta-hian as the *Chetu* cave near the Mount Baibhâr (in Pali Webhâra), in Rajagriha, the ancient capital of Maghada, by the Lord Buddha himself, between the hours of *Dhyana* (or mystic contemplation). It is from this cave—called in the days of Sakyamuni, Saraswati or “Bamboo-cave”—that the Arhats initiated into the Secret Wisdom carried away their learning and knowledge beyond the Himalayan range, wherein the Secret Doctrine is taught to this day. Had not the South Indian invaders of Ceylon “heaped into piles as high as the top of the cocoanut trees” the *ollas* of the Buddhists, and burnt them, as the Christian conquerors burnt all the secret records of the Gnostics and the Initiates, Orientalists would have the proof of it, and there would have been no need of asserting now this well-known fact.

Having fallen into the common error, M. Burnouf continues :

“Many will say : It is a chimerical enterprise ; it has no more a future before it than has the New Jerusalem of the Rue Thouin, and no more *raison d'être* than the Salvation Army. This may be so ; it is to be observed, however, that these two groups of people are *Biblical Societies*, retaining all the paraphernalia of the expiring religions. The Theosophical Society is the direct opposite ; it does away with figures, it neglects or relegates them to the background, putting in the foreground Science, as we understand it to-day, and the moral reformation, of which our old world stands in such need. What, then, are to-day the social elements which may be for or against it ? I shall state them in all frankness.”

In brief, M. Burnouf sees in the public *indifference* the first obstacle in the Society's way. “Indifference born from weariness ; weariness of the inability of religions to improve social life, and of the ceaseless spectacle of rites and ceremonies which the priest never explains.” Men demand to-day “scientific formulæ stating laws of nature, whether physical or moral. . . .” And this indifference the Society must encounter ; “its name, also, adding to its difficulties : for the word *Theosophy* has no meaning for the people, and, at best, a very vague one for the learned.” “It seems to imply a personal god,” M. Burnouf thinks, adding : “Whoever says personal god, says creation and miracle,” and he concludes that “the Society would do better to become frankly Buddhist or to cease to exist.”

With this advice of our friendly critic it is rather difficult to agree. He has evidently grasped the lofty ideal of primitive Buddhism, and rightly sees that this ideal is identical with that of the T. S. But he has not yet learned the lesson of its history, nor perceived that to graft

a young and healthy shoot on to a branch which has lost—less than any other, yet much of—its inner vitality, could not but be fatal to the new growth. The very essence of the position taken up by the T. S. is that it asserts and maintains the truth common to all religions; the truth which is true and undefiled by the concretions of ages of human passions and needs. But though Theosophy means Divine Wisdom, it implies nothing resembling belief in a personal god. It is *not* “the wisdom of God,” but *divine* wisdom. The Theosophists of the Alexandrian Neo-Platonic school believed in “gods” and “demons” and in one *impersonal* ABSOLUTE DEITY. To continue:—

“Our contemporary habits of life,” says M. Burnouf, “are not severe; they tend year by year to grow more gentle, but also more boneless. The moral stamina of the men of to-day is very feeble; the ideas of good and evil are not, perhaps, obscured, but the *will* to act rightly lacks energy. What men seek above all is pleasure and that somnolent state of existence called comfort. Try to preach the sacrifice of one’s possessions and of oneself to men who have entered on this path of selfishness! You will not convert many. Do we not see the doctrine of the ‘struggle for life’ applied to every function of human life? This formula has become for our contemporaries a sort of revelation, whose pontiffs they blindly follow and glorify. One may say to them, but in vain, that one must share one’s last morsel of bread with the hungry; they will smile and reply by the formula: ‘the struggle for life.’ They will go further: they will say that in advancing a contrary theory, you are yourself struggling for your existence and are not disinterested. How can one escape from this sophism, of which all men are full to-day? . . . .”

“This doctrine is certainly the worst adversary of Theosophy, for it is the most perfect formula of egoism. It seems to be based on scientific observation, and it sums up the moral tendencies of our day. . . . Those who accept it and invoke justice are in contradiction with themselves; those who practise it and who put God on their side are blasphemers. But those who disregard it and preach charity are considered wanting in intelligence, their kindness of heart leading them into folly. If the T. S. succeeds in refuting this pretended law of the ‘struggle for life’ and in extirpating it from men’s minds, it will have done in our day a miracle greater than those of Sakyamouni and of Jesus.”

And this miracle the Theosophical Society *will* perform. It will do this, not by disproving the relative existence of the law in question, but by assigning to it its due place in the harmonious order of the universe; by unveiling its true meaning and nature and by showing that this *pseudo* law is a “pretended” law indeed, as far as the human family is concerned, and a fiction of the most dangerous kind. “Self-preservation,” on these lines, is indeed and in truth a sure, if a slow, suicide, for it is a policy of mutual homicide, because men by descending to its practical application among themselves, merge more and more by a retrograde reinvolution into the animal kingdom. This is what the “struggle for life” is in reality, even on the purely materialistic lines of political economy. Once that this axiomatic truth is proved to all men;

the same instinct of self-preservation only directed into its true channel will make them turn to *altruism*—as their surest policy of salvation.

It is just because the real founders of the Society have ever recognised the wisdom of truth embodied in one of the concluding paragraphs of Mr. Burnouf's excellent article, that they have provided against that terrible emergency in their fundamental teachings. The "struggle for existence" applies only to the physical, never to the moral plane of being. Therefore when the author warns us in these awfully truthful words :

"Universal charity will appear out of date ; the rich will keep their wealth and will go on accumulating more ; the poor will become impoverished in proportion, until the day when, propelled by hunger, they will demand bread, not of theosophy but of revolution. Theosophy shall be swept away by the hurricane. . . ."

The Theosophical Society replies : "*It surely will, were we to follow out his well-meaning advice, yet one which is concerned but with the lower plane.*" It is not the policy of self-preservation, not the welfare of one or another personality in its finite and physical form that will or can ever secure the desired object and screen the Society from the effects of the social "hurricane" to come ; but only the weakening of the feeling of separateness in the units which compose its chief element. And such a weakening can only be achieved by a process of *inner enlightenment*. It is not violence that can ever insure bread and comfort for all ; nor is the kingdom of peace and love, of mutual help and charity and "food for all," to be conquered by a cold, reasoning, diplomatic policy. It is only by the close brotherly union of men's inner SELVES, of soul-solidarity, of the growth and development of that feeling which makes one suffer when one thinks of the suffering of others, that the reign of Justice and equality for all can ever be inaugurated. This is the first of the three fundamental objects for which the Theosophical Society was established, and called the "Universal Brotherhood of Man," without distinction of *race, colour or creed*.

When men will begin to realise that it is precisely that ferocious personal selfishness, the chief motor in the "struggle for life," that lies at the very bottom and is the one sole cause of human starvation ; that it is that other—national egoism and vanity which stirs up the States and rich individuals to bury enormous capitals in the unproductive erection of gorgeous churches and temples and the support of a swarm of social drones called Cardinals and Bishops, the true parasites on the bodies of their subordinates and their flocks—that they will try to remedy this universal evil by a healthy change of policy. And this salutary revolution can be *peacefully* accomplished only by the Theosophical Society and its teachings.

This is little understood by M. Burnouf, it seems, since while striking the true key-note of the situation elsewhere he ends by saying :

"The Society will find allies, if it knows how to take its place in the civilised world to-day. Since it will have against it all the positive cults, with the exception perhaps of a few dissenters and bold priests, the only other course open to it is to place itself in accord with the men of science. If its dogma of charity is a complementary doctrine which it furnishes to science, the society will be obliged to establish it on scientific data, under pain of remaining in the regions of sentimentality. The oft-repeated formula of the struggle for life is true, but not universal; it is true for the plants; it is less true for the animals in proportion as we climb the steps of the ladder, for the law of sacrifice is seen to appear and to grow in importance; in man, these two laws counter-balance one another, and the law of sacrifice, which is that of charity, tends to assume the upper hand, through the empire of the reason. It is reason which, in our societies, is the source of right, of justice, and of charity; through it we escape the inevitableness of the struggle for life, moral slavery, egoism and barbarism, in one word, that we escape from what Sakyamouni poetically called the power and the army of Mâra."

And yet our critic does not seem satisfied with this state of things but advises us by adding as follows:—

"If the Theosophical Society," he says, "enters into this order of ideas and knows how to make them its fulcrum, it will quit the limbus of inchoate thought and will find its place in the modern world; remaining none the less faithful to its Indian origin and to its principles. It may find allies; for if men are weary of the symbolical cults, unintelligible to their own teachers, yet men of heart (and they are many) are weary also and terrified at the egoism and the corruption, which tend to engulf our civilisation and to replace it by a learned barbarism. Pure Buddhism possesses all the breadth that can be claimed from a doctrine at once religious and scientific. Its tolerance is the cause why it can excite the jealousy of none. At bottom, it is but the proclamation of the supremacy of reason and of its empire over the animal instincts, of which it is the regulator and the restrainer. Finally it has itself summed up its character in two words which admirably formulate the law of humanity, science and virtue."

And this formula the society has expanded by adopting that still more admirable axiom: "*There is no religion higher than truth.*"

At this juncture we shall take leave of our learned, and perhaps, too kind critic, to address a few words to Theosophists in general.

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Has our Society, as a whole, deserved the flattering words and notice bestowed upon it by M. Burnouf? How many of its individual members, how many of its branches, have carried out the precepts contained in the noble words of a Master of Wisdom, as quoted by our author from No. 3 of LUCIFER? "He who does not practise" this and the other "*is no Theosophist*," says the quotation. Nevertheless, those who have never shared even their superfluous—let alone their last morsel—with the poor; those who continue to make a difference in their hearts between a coloured and a white brother; as all those to whom

malicious remarks against their neighbours, uncharitable gossip and even slander under the slightest provocation, are like heavenly dew on their parched lips—call and regard themselves as *Theosophists*!

It is certainly not the fault of the minority of *true* Theosophists, who do try to follow *the path* and who make desperate efforts to reach it, if the majority of their fellow members do not. It is not to them therefore that this is addressed, but to those who, in their fierce love of Self and their vanity, instead of trying to carry out the original programme to the best of their ability, sow broadcast among the members the seeds of dissension; to those whose personal vanity, discontentment and love of power, often ending in ostentation, give the lie to the original programme and to the Society's motto.

Indeed, these original aims of the FIRST SECTION of the Theosophical Society under whose advice and guidance the second and third merged into one were first founded, can never be too often recalled to the minds of our members.\* The Spirit of these aims is clearly embodied in a letter from one of the Masters quoted in the "Occult World," on pages 71 and 73. Those Theosophists then,—who in the course of time and events would, or have, departed from those original aims, and instead of complying with them have suggested new policies of administration from the depths of their inner consciousness, *are not true to their pledges*.

"But we have always worked on the lines originally traced to us—some of them proudly assert.

"You have not" comes the reply from those who know more of the true Founders of the T. S. *behind the scenes* than they do—or ever will if they go on working in this mood of Self-illusion and self-sufficiency.

What are the lines traced by the "Masters"? Listen to the authentic words written by one of them in 1880 to the author of the "Occult World":

. . . "To our minds these motives sincere and worthy of every serious consideration *from the worldly stand point*, appear *selfish*. . . They are selfish, because you must be aware that the chief object of the Theosophical Society is *not so much to gratify individual aspirations as to serve our fellow men*. . . and in our view the highest aspirations for the welfare of humanity become tainted with selfishness, if, in the mind of the philanthropist, there lurks the shadow of a desire *for self-benefit, or a tendency to do injustice even there where these exist unconsciously to himself*. Yet, you have ever discussed, but to put down, the idea of a Universal Brotherhood, questioned its usefulness, and advised to remodel the Theosophical Society on the principle of a college for the special study of occultism. . . ."—("Occult World," p. 72.)

But another letter was written, also in 1880, which is not only a direct reproof to the Theosophists who neglect the main idea of Brotherhood, but also an anticipated answer to M. Emile Burnouf's chief argument.

\* *Idé* Rules in the 1st vol. of the "Theosophist," pp. 179 and 180.

Here are a few extracts from it. It was addressed again to those who sought to make away with the "sentimental title," and make of the Society but an arena for "cup-growing and astral bell-ringing":—

" . . . . In view of the ever-increasing triumph and, at the same time, misuse of freethought and liberty, how is the combative natural instinct of man to be restrained from inflicting hitherto unheard-of cruelties, enormities, tyranny, injustice, if not through the soothing influence of a Brotherhood, and of the practical application of Buddha's esoteric doctrines? . . . Buddhism is the surest path to lead men towards the one esoteric truth. As we find the world now, whether Christian, Mussulman, or Pagan, justice is disregarded and honour and mercy both flung to the winds. In a word, how, since that the main objects of the Theosophical Society are misinterpreted by those who are most willing to serve us personally, are we to deal with the rest of mankind, with that curse known as 'the struggle for life,' which is the real and most prolific parent of most woes and sorrows, and all crimes? Why has that struggle become the almost universal scheme of the universe? We answer: because no religion, with the exception of Buddhism, has hitherto taught a practical contempt for this earthly life, while each of them, always with that one solitary exception, has through its hells and damnations inculcated the greatest dread of death. Therefore do we find that 'struggle for life' raging most fiercely in Christian countries, most prevalent in Europe and America. It weakens in the pagan lands, and is nearly unknown among Buddhist populations. . . . Teach the people to see that life on this earth, even the happiest, is but a burden and an illusion, that it is but our own Karma, the cause producing the effect, that is our own judge, our saviour in future lives—and the great struggle for life will soon lose its intensity. . . . The world in general and Christendom especially left for two thousand years to the regime of a personal God, as well as its political and social systems based on that idea, has now proved a failure. If Theosophists say: 'We have nothing to do with all this, the lower classes and the inferior races [those of India for instance, in the conception of the British] cannot concern us and must manage as they can,' what becomes of our fine professions of benevolence, reform, etc.? Are these professions a mockery? and, if a mockery, can ours be the true path? . . . . Should we devote ourselves to teaching a few Europeans, fed on the fat of the land, many of them loaded with the gifts of blind fortune, the rationale of bell-ringing, cup-growing, spiritual telephone, etc., etc., and leave the teeming millions of the ignorant, of the poor and the despised, the lowly and the oppressed, to take care of themselves, and of their hereafter, the best they know how? Never! Perish rather the Theosophical Society. . . . than that we should permit it to become no better than an academy of magic and a hall of Occultism. That we, the devoted followers of the spirit incarnate of absolute self-sacrifice, of philanthropy and divine kindness

as of all the highest virtues attainable on this earth of sorrow, the man of men, Gautama Buddha, should ever allow the Theosophical Society to represent the embodiment of selfishness, to become the refuge of the few with no thought in them for the many, is a strange idea. . . . And it is we, the humble disciples of the perfect Lamas, who are expected to permit the Theosophical Society to drop its noblest title, that of the Brotherhood of Humanity, to become a simple school of Psychology. No! No! our brothers, you have been labouring under the mistake too long already. Let us understand each other. He who does not feel competent enough to grasp the noble idea sufficiently to work for it, need not undertake a task too heavy for him. . . .

"To be true, religion and philosophy must offer the solution of every problem. That the world is in such a bad condition morally is a conclusive evidence that none of its religions and philosophies—those of the civilized races less than any other—have ever possessed the TRUTH. The right and logical explanations on the subject of the problems of the great dual principles, right and wrong, good and evil, liberty and despotism, pain and pleasure, egotism and altruism, are as impossible to them now as they were 1880 years ago. They are as far from the solution as they ever were, but. . . .

"To these there must be somewhere a consistent solution, and if our doctrines will show their competence to offer it, then the world will be the first one to confess, that ours must be the true philosophy, the true religion, the true light, which gives truth and nothing but the TRUTH. . . ."

And this TRUTH is not Buddhism, but esoteric BUDHISM. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear. . . ."



## INDIAN PROVERBS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SANSKRIT.

Like moonbeams trembling on water, truly such is the life of mortals. Knowing this, let duty be performed.

The soul is a river whose holy source is self-control, whose water is truth, whose bank is righteousness, whose waves are compassion; bathe there, oh, son of Pandu, for not with water is the soul washed pure.

The mind of a king being severed, like a bracelet of crystal, who is the master to unite it?

Of a gift to be received or given, of an act to be done, time drinks up the flavour, unless it be quickly performed.

When the weak-minded is deprived of wealth, his actions are destroyed, like rivulets dried up in the hot season.

## TO LOVERS OF "LUCIFER."

As this is the last number of the first year of LUCIFER's existence, the Editors wish to tender their thanks to their supporters, and think it right to call attention to the following facts :—

1. The publishing business of LUCIFER is solely in the hands of the "Theosophical Publishing Company Limited" and all business is conducted at the office of the Company, No. 7, DUKE STREET, ADELPHI, W.C.
2. It has been found necessary to increase the subscription price of the Magazine to 15/- per annum and the price of single numbers to 1/6, dating from the September issue. This is to permit of a permanent increase of eight pages in the size of the Magazine, and to afford a sound financial basis for its future conduct.
3. Although the price is increased, the Proprietors assure their supporters that any profit arising from the sale of the Magazine will be devoted to spreading the knowledge of Theosophy.

Consequently the Editors request those who are interested in the subjects of which LUCIFER treats to assist them, by subscribing directly through the Office to the Magazine, and by making it known as widely as possible among their friends and acquaintances.

All communications and subscriptions should be addressed to

THE MANAGING DIRECTOR,

7, DUKE STREET,

ADELPHI.

LONDON, W.C.

## THE SRADDHA.

*(Concluded from the last Number.)*

**A**RIANISM was a reform of Brahminism; "Given against the Divas," was the title of the sacred writings. They are required to resist the sacrilege of burning, or burying, the body. They devote Indra to execration, and in fact attack the then existing system as directly as the United Colonies attacked the English Parliament, or as the Reformation attacked Catholicism. But Zoroaster lived in the sixth century before Christ, when the Parsees were an oppressed people, enslaved to the Assyrians, and situated at a great distance from India, where at that time the Buddhist reform had prevailed over Indra; besides the Parsees, when they regained national independence, had to struggle with the tribes and religion of Turan; Zoroaster himself fell a sacrifice to the political power and religious hatred of that race, who for a time prevailed over his country and faith. Thus entirely cut off from India, the Parsees were, moreover, engaged against two powerful enemies, the Assyrians to the west, the Turanians, or (as they are expressly called by the compilers of the Dabistan) Turks, to the north.

These doctrines must, therefore, have belonged to another epoch, and in fact Zoroaster professes only to restore "the religion of Jemshid," whom we may safely identify with the first Zoroaster, and the connexion is rendered indubitable by the ancestral sacrifice. The Arians who were established in India, were there conquered by the Hindus; but as the latter came from Tartary, Brahminism had been there established at a still earlier period, and so was in contact with the Arians on both fields and during a long period of time. Now the date which, after all the light which has been thrown on chronology, is assigned by the best authority to the origin of the Mahabadian dynasty, is not less than the twenty-third century before Christ, admitting a possible margin beyond that period of several centuries, the Oriental writers carrying it up to thirty-seven centuries B.C. We may, therefore, take the Parsee doctrines as a record of the ideas existing about the time of the Deluge, it being then a reform of a still more ancient system, which system is now admitted to date in India from 3,102 years B.C.

But Arianism seems to have been a reform of the religion of Hoang-Ti no less than of Brahminism, for it denounces the gravest imaginable penalties against a practice which that religion especially consecrated—that of mourning and lamentation.

The Hindus had a "river of hell" (Veitarani) which flowed with the tears of relatives; the Arians carried this river round their Paradise, so

as to render it unapproachable by those whose relatives supplied the lugubrious waves ; thus was the screaming ghost hurried away to that worse region, appropriated, as in Dante's Hell, to those who had neither virtues to recompense, nor crimes to punish. If this hypothesis be correct, the religion of Hoang-Ti must have co-existed with Arianism in Tartary no less than Brahminism.

Metempsychosis, though it did not prevail against the Sradtha, may have obliterated other doctrines ; as, for instance, that of a Final Judgment, the Resurrection of the body, and a Future state of Penalties and Recompenses, with all which it was incompatible, being itself a final judgment, the spirits passing according to their acts into other human bodies, or into those of beasts, or into Divine natures ; and each of these bodies would have an equal claim to the spirit which had inhabited them. Now the Parsees have a Paradise ; a Resurrection in the Body, and a Final Judgment ; we may therefore infer that such was the general belief prior to the introduction of metempsychosis. The ideas of the Hill tribes in many points support this conclusion, and traces of the Resurrection are to be found in the notion of the Hindus, of the restoration to the spirit of the organs that had been destroyed by the funeral pyre.

It would be sufficiently striking to find the doctrines enunciated in Judea by Christ and his disciples, in an Oriental creed. How much more so to discover that they belonged at one time to the whole ancient world. This issue depends on the superior antiquity of the Sradtha to the Metempsychosis ; so that, however objectionable the form it may have assumed, the Sradtha is the evidence of the primitive and universal simplicity of faith.

I cannot here omit mentioning one of the most beautiful of allegories which have descended to us from these times. The soul could reach the Paradise of the Arians only by a long narrow bridge. The ghost as he approached it was met by a spectre, which proved either a hideous monster, or a guardian angel. It is to lead him across, or to scare him into the gulf. He asks his name and is answered, " I am the spirit of thy life ! "

To us nothing can appear more repugnant in itself, or more revolting to every feeling of reverence for the dead, than the exposure of the dead body ; and our conclusion would be that the ancestral worship could not possibly have arisen amongst a people addicted to so horrid a practice. But the fact is, their reverence followed the soul and not the flesh, and the corpse was disregarded by the survivors, having been abandoned by its own life. Porphyry has preserved to us a corresponding idea. He says, dead flesh is in itself not impure ; but that of man is so because, having been united with a portion of the Divine Spirit, when that departs it is rejected. Thus they fell upon the process which Nature herself employs for preventing putrefaction. A Tartar brought

to the capital of this kingdom, and made to comprehend the process of burial and its consequences, might, religious ideas apart, be as much filled with disgust and indignation as any traveller from Europe in witnessing the method practised in his country. The Parsees have also, in this respect, alone, of the great systems, retained the original practice; and this is again important as showing that the worship of the elements was like Metempsychosis, a more recent invention. It is true that they held burial, cremation, or the confiding of the ashes, or the body, to the waters, to be a sacrilege against the elements, but it does not follow that that was the motive which introduced, in the first instance, the exposure of the body to birds and beasts. The Chinese as stated by Meng Tseou in the "earliest antiquity," threw out their parents into the ditches by the roadside; afterwards they hermetically closed them up in coffins, with the view of preventing the desecration of any of the elements: the Hindus still specially set aside, at the funeral obsequies, a portion for dogs and ravens, as if in compensation for their vested right in the corpse.

Turning to Tartary, we find conjointly practised all the methods of the Chinese, the Arians, the Buddhists, and the Hindus. They burn the body, bury it, expose it to the air, immerse it in water, or abandon it to animals and birds. The last prevails amongst the tribes of the desert. "The true nomadic tribes," says Huc, "convey the dead to the tops of hills, or the bottoms of ravines, there to be devoured by the beasts and birds of prey. It is really horrible to travellers through the deserts of Tartary to see, as they continually do, human remains, for which the eagles and wolves are contending."

In Thibet dogs are employed as sepulchres. The practice is so extraordinary in itself, and at the same time so valuable as a means of identification, in consequence of it having been remarked by the ancients, that I collate a recent description of it in Thibet, with what has been reported of the ancient Parthians, Caspians, Hyrcanians, and Bactrians.

"This marvellous infinitude of dogs arises from the extreme respect which the Thibetians have for these animals, and the use to which they apply them in burying the dead. There are four different species of sepulture practised in Thibet; the first, combustion; the second, immersion in the rivers and lakes; the third, exposure on the summit of mountains; and the fourth, which is considered the most complimentary of all, consists in cutting the dead body in pieces and giving these to be eaten by the dogs. The last method is by far the most popular. The poor have only as their mausoleum the common vagabond dogs of the locality; but the more distinguished defunct are treated with greater ceremony. In all the Lamaseries, a number of dogs are kept *ad hoc*, and within them the rich Thibetians are buried."

Justin says of the Parthians that "their burial was effected by means of dogs and birds," and that "the naked bones strewed the earth."

Porphyry relates the same of the Caspians. Cicero says of the Hyrcanians that the people supported *public dogs*—the chief men, private ones—each according to his faculty, to be torn by them, and that they deem this to be the best kind of sepulture. Of the Bactrians Strabo says :—"In the capital of Bactria they breed dogs, to *which they give a special name, which name, rendered into our language, means buriers*. The business of these dogs is to eat up all persons who are beginning to fall into decay from old age or sickness. Hence it is that no tomb is visible in the suburbs of the town, while the town itself is all filled with human bones. It is said that Alexander abolished this custom."

The Turks have two names for dogs, independently of those of different breeds. The proper name is Et, or It; but that in common use for those scavengers of the street is Kopek; Kapak is to "cover." Though no longer used for the original purpose, they are maintained by the public for a similar one, and present the otherwise inexplicable anomaly of being at once objects of charity and aversion. In the cuneiform inscription of Behistun, Darius no less than five times enumerates Sraddhas, but the translators, unacquainted with the ceremony, have not known what to make of the passages. Colonel Rawlinson has ingeniously made out the word which he renders *Thrada* to govern the sentence, and after exhausting every etymological and constructive resource, translates it "performance," or "record," and supposes it to be some "allusion to the ancestors of Darius." By the knowledge of this word four or five other words connected with it might have been made out.

While borne on the full tide of discovery, and swept along by the breath of applause, the bark freighted with hieroglyphical investigation has well nigh been wrecked upon a sunken rock—the Chamber of Karnak. This is an apartment without windows, and only a single door, having all around in four rows the kings of Egypt arranged in a peculiar and anomalous fashion. They are placed back to back, beginning from a perpendicular line facing the entrance; you see them as you enter, looking to the right and to the left, until, at the extremities on either side, there is the king whose name the chamber bears, Tothnes III. standing making his offering. But not only is he repeated on the right and on the left in face of these lines of Lares, but on each side he is figured twice in two compartments, one above the other. How so solemn a representation should have been enclosed in a secret chamber, shut out from the gaze of men, and yet not connected with a sepulchral edifice, remained a mystery wholly unfathomable. Nor less comprehensible nor more reducible to any established order, was the number of these princes. The lists of Manetho and Eratosthanes were in vain sifted and assorted anew. The successions, as made out by previous enquiry, were re-examined afresh, but no key was found. The learned

were at their wits' ends, but this was not all ; the names, as deciphered were no less intractable than their numbers.

Now, had any of the Egyptian travellers who happened to be attended by a Hindu servant, thought of applying to him, and asking him to explain the enigma, he would have done so at once ; he would have told him that it was *the Sraddha*, either *Kamya* or *Vridi* ; that is to say, a special votive offering before undertaking a war, or upon its successful issue. If then asked if these ancestors were the predecessors of the king, he would have answered : " By no means ; they are his father, grandfather, great-grandfather, great-grandfather's brother, son, etc., on the paternal and maternal sides, and he presents them various offerings, making oblation with the part of his hand sacred to the manes." If asked why they are placed back to back, and why the king does not perform the ceremony at once to all, he would answer : " They are so divided because they composed his paternal and maternal ancestors, the first of which are adored with their faces to the east, and the latter with their faces to the north." If asked why they were divided again into two sets, as the king is not repeated twice, but four times, he would answer : " There are two classes of progenitors ; the *Nandimukth*, or great ancestors, being addressed as *Pitris*, and as gods, are worshipped differently from *Viswadas* or immediate ancestors ; and as there are four classes of ancestors, greater and lesser, paternal and maternal, so must there be four *Sraddhas*." Finally if asked why so solemn a ceremony should be represented in a hidden and secret chamber, he would answer : " Because the ceremony itself could only be performed in a spot carefully enclosed ; neither gods nor progenitors will partake of the food if the obsequial rite be looked at by a eunuch, an outcast, heretic, drunkard, sick or unclean person, mendicant, cock or monkey."

I cannot omit an identity in the form of adoration in the two ceremonies, and the form of expression in the two languages. " I adore with my arms," is the expression of the hieroglyphics. In the Puranas it is said, that a man having no means to perform the oblation shall repair to a forest and lift up his arms to the sun and other regions of the spheres, and say aloud : " I hope the progenitors will be satisfied with these arms tossed up in the air in devotion." When, then, Sir Gardiner Wilkinson treats the fact of the Indian sepoys, during the occupation of Egypt, prostrating themselves in the Egyptian temples as a mere result of their ignorance, and as an incident which might equally have happened in any Gothic cathedral which contained the sculpture of a cow, it is only to be regretted that he had not made himself better acquainted with the religion of Brahma, and the customs of Hindustan.

The connexion between the present and the future state was thereby established in such a manner as to interweave future punishments with present existence ; assigning the terror of punishment inflicted in this world on those who had taken their departure for the next. This was

the check imposed upon absolute power ; this it was which secured the balance of the constitution without parliaments or press, and which gave a sanction to law beyond that of penal enactments ; hence that maxim of Civism which Cicero lays down as constituting the highest excellence of a free state, according to which each man should consider his remotest ancestor, and his furthest posterity in the same light as his nearest living relative. This end was attained under those despotisms from which the idea was transmitted, not by schools and philanthropy, but by *superstition*.

Amongst the Jews, of course, there was no ancestral sacrifice, but the traces of it as belonging to their old faith (that is to say, of the system to which Abraham had originally belonged) are impressed in indelible characters upon their ideas, laws, and institutions. To it we must refer the desire for children, the disgrace of a childless condition ; and if it were sought to interpret these feelings by general instincts or considerations, the answer is to be found in the law by which the wife of the deceased brother, if he died childless, was taken by the next brother in order to raise up to him seed. The first child of such a marriage did not belong to the father but to the uncle, and inherited his property. This was the rite of Levirate, which constitutes so important a chapter in their civil law. The case was one in which the property would not have gone out of the line, for there was the collateral male branch ; and the institutions of Moses so particular in respect to the descent of property, did not regard the descent by the family, but by the tribe. The object was not to establish primogeniture. The Levirate was therefore no portion of the system ; it was wholly extraneous, and is explicable only by the worship of the ancestors.

The lamentations of the Virgins of Israel over a premature death, is explained by us as losing the chance of giving birth to the Messiah.

The whole of the representations on the monuments of Egypt consist of Sradddhas. The oblation of Sradddhas to the living as well as to the dead was not unknown to the Hindus.

We thus see the progress of faith running parallel in Hindustan and in Egypt ; the ancestors worshipped as gods, and the gods reigning as kings, for the gods of the old world, that is, of the idolatrous one, were the *lares* of sovereigns. These Pantheistic associations point not only to a common faith, but to an original race. After those personages, with whom we are acquainted, or at least with whose names we are familiar, had passed to the rank of Divinities, belief might be propagated by the ordinary methods of conversion ; but in the ordinary form that was impracticable, not only initiation but affiliation was required.

The religion of the forefathers thus reached in the first instance Egypt, Phœnicia, Greece and Italy, as seen in the Herves, Manes, Lares, Patres and Penates, constituting at once a general faith and genea-

logical bond in particular families. So the distinction of the deities of the "Majorum et Minorum Gentium," reproducing the greater and lesser Ancestors of the Sraddha.

Whatever theoretical or social distinctions may have arisen in the religion of Asia, they noways interfered with the uniformity of this ceremonial, which was, in rites, identical from the Yellow Sea to the Mediterranean, and to Abyssinia. The objects figured on the monuments of that Egypt which two thousand years ago descended to the tomb, correspond with the Chinese oblations two thousand five hundred years before that period, and with those offered to this hour in Hindustan. The eldest of religious practices remains as firmly seated to-day as the oldest of human monuments ; and as the Pyramids stand amongst structures, so amongst ceremonies does the Sraddha.

ANDREW T. SIBBALD.



#### POSSESSION.

He found a diamond gleaming where it lay  
 Half hidden, guarded by the jealous earth.  
 Caught by its glitter, he was fain to stoop  
 And garner it, but guessed not half its worth.

Into the world, with gay and careless air,  
 Unconsecrate, he wore the precious prize ;  
 Unmindful that it drew the curious glance,  
 Or baleful gleam of eager, covetous eyes.

But worth so true no usage could debase,  
 Nor gaze, howe'er unhallowed, could impair  
 The beauty wiser men beheld amazed  
 That he so lightly held a thing so fair.

Yet he could not forget its lowly birth,  
 Or that no eye admired it till his own ;  
 And proudly thought its splendid radiance due  
 To its grand setting, and to it alone.

And still men envied him the matchless gem.  
 And still he wore it, blind to its true worth,  
 Till death, one day, all suddenly revealed  
 That he—not it—held kinship with the earth.

And then he knew the jewel he had deemed  
 Naught but the vassal of his royal will,  
 When he should be but common dust, would shine  
 Serene and pure, a priceless diamond still.

MARY R. SHIPPEY.

## WAVES OF SYMPATHY.

*(True Facts from Life.)*

**M**ANY years ago there were two sisters in much sympathy with each other, although of widely different characters. The elder was clever, with a strong, firm mind in a healthy, bright body.

The younger was not clever, neither did she read or learn, and she was fragile. She clung to and looked up to her elder sister.

They were very happy in those girlish days, and as an instance of the sympathy in these widely differing characters, they found the same joys in nature and music. The 1st of May was their favourite day, and they would mount their horses in the very early morning and ride off to the hills, bringing home garlands of lovely, white, wild flowers with which to deck themselves and their rooms. They used to spend the day singing together, their voices being different, like themselves, the elder a rich contralto and the other a high soprano. This 1st of May and its lovely May blossoms had an influence on the life of the younger sister.

As time went on, the elder married and went to a far country, and in another year the younger married too, and settled in England. Some years later their mother and a younger sister went to stay with the one far away, who was living during the summer in the country; and the sister in England often pictured to herself the happy party amongst the trees. At this time, not being well, she had to lie in bed one day, when she had the following vision dream.

She found herself looking on at a scene in a room which had the appearance of a bachelor officer's apartment.

She noted well all the furniture. On one side was a sofa, and on it the figure of a very tall man, for his legs hung down over the end. The upper part of his body and head were covered with what appeared to be a dark shawl, which she thought she recognised as one belonging to her sister.

Immediately she knew that the husband was lying there dead. Then quickly appeared in the room her mother, with hands over her face, weeping, and the little sister looking on with a frightened expression. Her elder sister, with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes, was speaking excitedly to the mother. The sister in England *heard* all that was said (but she cannot write it), and then she knew the shock had been too much for her loved sister.

She awoke and wrote this down. Her husband told her not to be superstitious—it was “only one of your dreams.”

In those days it took a week to get a letter in England from that

country. The week ended and the letter came. The husband was dead and the day and hour were the same as those of the dream.

The elder sister had all her life when in sorrow or joy thought at once of the sister in England, and when startled would call out her name. So it is easily explained why the "wave" ever rushed towards her sister-soul in the midst of every great agony.

When they all came to England the mother said the description was correct (except about the shawl). It had been sudden death in a room where they were to meet that day coming up from the country.

But it was not a shawl she saw over the body ; it must have been a dark shadow which her imagination conjured into her sister's shawl, and intuition telling her that the form she saw was her brother-in-law.

As she learned after, the poor form had been removed before her sister came in. Therefore she must have first seen it on the sofa and the scene with her mother and sisters after.

This shifting of scenes is usual in all her visions—a whole series of pictures passing before her inner sight both in waking and sleeping visions like dissolving views, and bringing the full event to her mind.

This happened 40 years ago, but the scene is still vivid in her memory.

#### ANOTHER DREAM VISION OF THE SAME PERSON.

MANY years later, when she was getting oldish, a younger brother had gone to live in the East and had taken with him one of her sons, quite a youth. This son was not demonstrative, but had a deep nature, extremely daring and quite foolhardy as to danger. In his uncle's house he had rooms on the flat roof from whence there was egress into the street, and on one occasion a robber had got into his room and robbed him. These rooms were shut off from the rest of the house and he wondered whether a robber could manage, by letting himself down on to the ledges of the windows of a gallery below, to get into the house. These windows were generally left open. His mother had never been in that country nor had she any idea what her brother's house was like.

One night she had a dream. She found herself in a large Eastern house and felt it her duty to go into a gallery to open a window. She did not know the house or which way to go, but went on as if led. The moon was shining and she saw the windows shut as she passed along ; but to her horror she came, towards the end of the gallery, to one behind which she saw the face of her son, outside. It spoke his thought, and seemed to say : " Oh, mother ! what a fool I am to give you this agony—nothing can save me ! "

She opened quickly the window and dragged her son in ; he had been hanging by the tips of his fingers to the window ledge and was just going to drop—and if he had, he would have been dashed to pieces in the courtyard below.

The dream ended with the son clasped tight to his mother's bosom.

She wrote the next day to him to ask if all was well, but it took a month to receive an answer ; and so she thought it was a foolish dream. Yet she could not forget it.

Three years later that brother came to see her in England. He had been as a son to her, and had lived with her when a boy and gone to school from her house ; he had sympathy with his sister and did not think her superstitious.

She told him of her dream, and gave him the date, and found that all had happened on that moonlight night as she had seen it. He had gone after midnight alone along the gallery and there saw his nephew's face as in the dream, and had dragged him in just in time to save his life. The nephew begged he would not distress his mother by telling her what a fool he had been in risking his life for such an experiment.

This may be explained that the brother being in sympathy with his sister, the mother of the boy, felt the pang for her when reading the expression on his face at the window. And so the wave of thought from brother and son had flowed sympathetically on to her and produced the vision.

E. C. H. C.



#### A NEW LIGHT.

As one who, born and bred in brooding night  
 Of some deep mine, and drank not other ray,  
 But torches' glimmer, first beholds the dawn  
 Grow in the east and glorify the earth,  
 First hears the birds' sweet rapture, first beholds  
 The blossomed trees, fair flow'rs, and pastures green,  
 First hears old ocean's anthem, sees the waves  
 Ride thund'ring on the rocks—*so feel I now.*  
 One ray of Mystic Truth has touched my life  
 To hope, to love, to godlike aims and ends.  
 The seed in husky death so long enrolled  
 Has burst to light and blossomed life. I feel  
 Great chains of painful yearning draw my life  
 Up from the deep abyss of doubt and dread,  
 And with a smile I shake my errors down,  
 As æronauts drop sand to speed their flight  
 From the receding, cloud-encompassed earth.

M. MARTIN RYAN.

## THE BLOSSOM AND THE FRUIT.

THE TRUE STORY OF A MAGICIAN.

*(Continued.)*

BY MABEL COLLINS AND ———.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

**T**HE whole nobility of her nature had risen up to resist that fierce and awful temptation placed before her in the moment of her greatest weakness. To be his slave ! She knew it now, as she had never known it before ; she knew that she loved him. She, who had interpreted the highest mysteries to Otto and to Hilary ! She, who had burned her soul on the altar ! Yes, it was so. Purified utterly, deprived of every gross quality—yet it remained, it was love.

What a temptation was this, so suddenly offered her, when she had almost maddened herself by her despairing efforts ! What a revulsion of feeling rushed over her ! It was unendurable. She had the courage and the power to refuse it before she succumbed to the emotion it produced.

When she awoke again it was to realise all this in a flash. And, as she awoke she suffered a sensation never yet known to her while she had been Fleta, the strong. It was the sharp sting of a tortured heart.

O, that moment of waking ! How dreadful it is.

But Fleta had gathered some strength from her sleep. She had no idea how long it had lasted.

She awoke to such a turmoil of feeling as she had not experienced in the whole of her strange life. Hitherto, she had been able to hold herself above emotion ; conscious of it, yet apart from it. But now it seemed as though she were paying a long debt all at once.

“ I am a woman still, after all,” she said wearily to herself. Then she sat up and looked round her.

While she slept, the room had been made like a home again. The light burned softly, the fire was lit, and the silver tray stood ready for her. A sense of fierce exhaustion took possession of her at the sight of it. She sprang up and ate some food, but while she ate and drank she moved restlessly about. This was not the quiet, powerful Fleta who had conquered and won in so many strange battles. But in those former battles she had fought against the passions of others ; now she was fighting herself.

She set down the cup of milk, and clasping her hands behind her

began to pace to and fro, to and fro, all the length of the great room, from end to end. Her trailing dress swept the withered leaves hither and thither, till a long bare pathway was made where she moved.

As she was turning back from the curtained window she saw the door open, and Ivan entered the room. He stood still and regarded her very earnestly.

"The tiger within you is strong," he said. "I need not tempt it. Know this, that I think it needless to practise such tests on you as you yourself have had power to use with Hilary Estanol, else I would have sent my shadow to mock and tempt you. It is unnecessary. Your imagination is powerful enough to bring before you every temptation from which it would be possible for you to suffer. Why then should I tease you with images?"

Fleta made no answer, though he paused. She stood silently gazing before her, as though something was visible to her which held all her attention.

"Do you see your own image?" he said, with a faint smile, noticing this look in her face. "Yes, it has accompanied me always since you entered this place. Be careful; you are creating a creature with which you will have to wrestle. Do not let it grow too strong, or there will come a day when you must test your strength against it—and perhaps you may succumb in the battle. Are you pleased with it? Do you like it? It does but reflect your thoughts. You have refused to listen to those thoughts, but they were strong enough to create this image of a passionate woman which follows and annoys me wheresoever I go. Come, be strong, and banish it as you banished Adine."

Fleta drew herself up and seemed to rise far above her usual height, and raised her hands with a commanding gesture. A moment later she fell back a step, she seemed to dwarf suddenly, to stoop as if old age had fallen upon her.

"It is well," he said, "you have destroyed that creature. Now it is easier for you to work on. Rouse yourself, listen to me. Do you know who has waited on you here, and guarded you?"

"No," she answered dully.

"You have been haunted—visited by a gentle shape of airy elements, once my mother's servant—nothing else. It knew you must have a friend and so it came to you in this shape. More than that—it has kept this place for you and for your work here."

"Was it foreseen then?" enquired Fleta.

"Certainly, this spot is full of the elements you want, and they have been preserved for you. But the service is over. The poor ghost, as ignorant people supposed it to be, has dwelled in this abnormal shape long enough for your use. Wake yourself, rouse yourself, for you have to be sole guardian of your own fate henceforward. Otherwise you must surrender this effort."

"I shall not surrender it," replied Fleta. "I am ready to go on, at any cost."

"Be it so," he said. "Then I have a history to tell you. Listen."

He went to the hearth and stood by it, leaning against the mantelshelf. Fleta remained standing, as she had stood since his entrance, but now, instead of looking vaguely before her she fixed her gaze on him.

"My ancestors came to this country with an army of conquerors, but they came to save the land and implant a growth upon it which should redeem it in its unhappy future. The conflicting forces on this island are terrific ; it is eaten up by a giant growth of materialism springing from the blackness of its psychic nature. Listen, Fleta, you must remember these things. There is a wind that comes across England bringing with it a whole mass of invisible beings which settle on it and spread over it and darken the psychic and moral atmosphere. It is they who make it so great although it is so small ; it is they who bring it power and wealth. But they obscure the sky above. They are like the thoughts of men, which, when centred on matters of one form of life too steadily, make a mental veil which conceals from them the conception of larger and wider forms of life. In fact, these beings are little else than such thoughts individualised and grown powerful. There is a great belt of the globe in which they live most powerfully, being led always by the races of men who dwell in that belt and who continue through century after century, and æon after æon, in living within the horizon of materialism. But there is another power, a counteracting one, also on this island. Through all history and before it there has been a profound life dwelling side by side with this other dark one, and the knowledge of the obscure and great facts of existence have found a narrow but permanent home here. There are points in England which, when an occultist looks at the country, shine out like flames. They are the ancient and hereditary centres of this inner life. London, Birmingham, Manchester, show on the maps, and stand out in most men's minds ; and the railways lead to these places. But there is a shining track right across and through the island visible to a seer ; and the points on this track have always the astral flame alight. This castle is one of them. This room has been preserved absolutely, darkness never having been allowed to reign in it, until last night when you, in your struggle with yourself, permitted it to enter. Here is a perfected atmosphere, but it is quiescent. I have come to this country to fulfil one of the duties of my life. I have to wake this atmosphere, to make it again a living thing. When it has been done here it has to be done at other points on the track. This must be done now, or the track would grow faint and the power would pale, and in the next generation it would be harder to find. This task I want your aid in."

Fleta made no answer. It did not appear to her that any answer was possible or necessary.

She had experienced a dull and bitter shock while he was speaking. She recognised at once that it was part of her training, and although she scarcely understood its character immediately, she accepted it without complaint, even in her heart.

But now in the silence that followed, and which Ivan did not break for some time, the knowledge came to her of what this pain was which hurt her so keenly.

She who had lived so long for others, who had sacrificed herself so utterly for their salvation, was hungry for some help for herself, some personal guidance, some stray word of help or encouragement. Instead, she was given a more impersonal task than any she had yet undertaken. A bitter sense of the uselessness and hopelessness of life overcame her. Of what use was aid given to the crowd of men if, after all, the persons who made up that crowd were indeed to have no greater sum of happiness? This question took shape in her mind, and at last seemed to fill it. She was standing moodily, her eyes now fixed on the ground. Suddenly some impulse made her look up, and she saw close beside her a creature, neither man nor woman, yet human in shape, with fierce eyes burning with passion, which were fixed on her and appeared to express by their gaze the thought in her mind. A moment, and the shape was gone—a dim cloud which had been in the room was gone also; and Ivan was standing quietly before her, regarding her very seriously.

"That is one of the beings from whom I desire to deliver this race of men," he said.

So saying he turned and left the room.

Wearied out, and very sad, Fleta lay down on the rugs which made her couch, and closing her eyes, tried to rest. But immediately this creature which she had seen returned to her, and appeared more vivid and real than before.

But its shape was altered; or rather it changed by degrees before her eyes. It was like a horrible nightmare to watch the change, for Fleta had enough knowledge to be perfectly aware that she herself, by her suppressed thought and emotion, was actually forming this thing into a human shape. It was Ivan who stood before her after a few seconds; Ivan, with the sternness gone from his face, and a gentle light upon it instead.

He approached her, and Fleta watched him with a fascination which seemed to hold her like fetters of iron.

"Because you work for humanity there is no reason to sacrifice your own happiness," he said, in a softer voice than she had ever heard from his lips. "I shall claim your absolute devotion to the work, it is true; but, remember, you will be associated with me through it all; we shall be together. The very nature of the work will bring us together. Will not that give you a little pleasure? We need not be apart any more, Fleta, now that you are with me in my work. Be it so; the order and

law of life have decreed this. We have not looked for the pleasure for ourselves. It has come to us. Why not take it without question, as the flowers take the sunshine?"

He drew a step nearer to her, and this one step seemed to break the spell that held Fleta; it was more than she could endure. With a wild shriek she sprang to her feet.

"Go, devil!" she cried out. "I am stronger than you, subtle though you are!"

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#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

How dark—how dull, and quiet, and still!

Fleta woke to this consciousness and to nothing more. All life, and fire, and hope, seemed to have left the world. And why? That was what she asked herself the moment she awoke. But before she could attempt to answer the question she wondered from what she had awakened. It had not been sleep. What sort of unconsciousness had it been?

A moment later and a full knowledge of it all came to her.

She was like a person who has seen death suddenly, and been deprived by death of the one beloved creature in all the world. Yes, that was the meaning of this unutterable pain.

She looked back and saw herself—how long ago she could not tell—banishing from her the being she had so dearly loved; banishing him so utterly in that form, that he was, in fact, dead.

She desired him as her master, not as a lover, not even as a friend.

She had talked and thought of this act of renunciation before now many a time; but, as happens always with any great event in life, she had had no conception of the reality and agony of the thing until it was upon her. It was like tearing out her heart-strings. And the pain went on, or rather grew in intensity.

Through ages she had suffered alone and stood alone and acted alone. But she had never before faced that last and final and most awful isolation of the occultist; she had never been without love for any human being. Her heart had always clung to someone, perhaps often to someone weaker than herself. But now there was nothing for its tendrils to cling to. She had destroyed the last image left her, the last idol which had not already been destroyed by the development and circumstances of life. She had struck a death blow to the power of her imagination in connection with Ivan, and now that it was done she knew, looking back, how for years of her life that figure created by her imagination had been beside her. Never had she consciously recognised it till now, when her stronger and finer nature had instantly taken the initiative and killed it out; but she had been consoled and comforted, and indeed supported by it through her severest struggles in the past.

Well, it was gone ; and she was utterly alone, even in thought.

The pain which was caused by this state arose from the sense of dullness, darkness, void. With an effort she thought of Ivan ; and the thought was weariness. His image no longer brought her enthusiasm, faith, longing, as it used to do.

What then was there to live for ? Nothing. That was what she said to herself as she lay listlessly on her strange couch of withered leaves and furs and looked wearily at the strange, bare room. Her eyes closed from mere want of purpose. But they had hardly shut before they were opened wide again and she was staring before her with a gaze of horror. Slowly she raised herself up and sat there like one petrified. No horrid sight, no ordeal, had ever stricken her soul like this ! Was it possible to go on living, without interest, without affection, object-less, heart-less ? No ! For no ghost or devil could vie with this unutterable void within for horror.

She crouched—yes, Fleta, the powerful, the confident—she crouched before this vision of her own emptiness !

It was impossible to go on living in this manner. Yet to Fleta there was no alternative as there is to ordinary men and women. Suicide offered no opportunity to her. She knew that she had advanced too far to find oblivion anywhere. Death would bring no respite ; she would carry memory with her, and wake to it afresh, as people wake to the pain of some new grief after sleep. She saw herself going on through æons of existence, blank, hopeless, heartless, for what was there to fill her horizon ? what was there to hope for ? who was there to love ? None ! Nothing ! These were all her answers. And she needed none but herself to answer them ; she questioned her own soul and found her replies within it. She desired no speech of anyone, not even of Ivan, for she could not imagine that any comfort could come to her from it. Poor Fleta ! she tasted now the complete bitterness of failure and the despair it brings.

And comfort was what she wanted ! Yes, her whole being was hungry for it. But there was none for her. She found herself back, far back, ranged beside the stoic philosopher. What an arid, intolerable waste was life thus viewed !

The moments were so weary and so full of pain that it appeared as if each were an eternity in itself. She rose at last goaded by disgust of her endurance, and began to pace the room to and fro, to and fro, in a kind of madness. How long was it since she had suffered like this ? Not since that flowery long ago, that age of bloom and pain beneath the wild apricot trees. She was as blind, as full of longing, of a wild and useless desire for action now as then. Was it then, wasted, all this long and terrible noviciate of hers ? Wasted ? As the thought came to her, she stood, passion-struck, her hands clasped rigidly together. If so then indeed there was no choice. Madness must be king and hell the kingdom.

We all know, as the span of human life wears itself out, the agony of anxiety and the despair of loss, which personal love brings with it. To us all, sooner or later, must come the overpowering pain, the one consummate moment of distress, when a personal love is for ever torn away from the soul. Fleta was not ignorant—she was blind, for the wall she faced had no way through it, no window in it. But she was not ignorant. She knew the ordeal she was enduring, she knew its nature. This knowledge seemed to add the keenest sting, the final torture. For she knew that if she could not endure she must sink back into the blank darkness of ordinary human life. She was at the door of initiation; she knew it—and none may linger there—he must enter or turn back.

And it seemed to her—to Fleta the strong—that entrance was impossible. She could not endure this pain—she had not the strength.

She turned back in her thoughts to Hilary Estanol—could she have lived for him, even in this one life? Impossible! She would have wearied of the bondage of love in an hour. She could not even have given him any happiness, so immeasurable was the distance between them. What use was it to look back, knowing this? Otto—no! still less. And then her mind swung back to the thought of Ivan; and Etenella's words flashed into her memory:

“You must go to the door of hell to find him.”

Well, she was there now! But what folly had Etenella spoken! It was absurd to suppose she had any power to save Ivan—it was absurd to suppose that he could love her even for an instant—except as his pupil. And yet what was that figure which had sickened her so utterly by its temptings? Was not that the figure of Ivan? No—she answered herself—it was a phantom, born of her own passion. In that sense, then, all Etenella said might be true—she prophesied this hideous moment. And this hell now yawning before Fleta might be as much of a phantom as Ivan's image!

“Bid it go,” said a gentle voice, “and it will vanish as Ivan's image vanished.”

Fleta recognised the voice of the tender presence which had twice come to her before in her bitterest moments. Without moving or looking round she replied:

“But how am I to save my master's soul? Surely that must have been a lie?”

“Draw on your cloak and follow where I lead,” was the answer.

Fleta obeyed. Her cloak lay where she had thrown it when she had come back to this room disgusted at finding herself a prisoner. She put it on and turned to follow her guide, but no one was visible; and for a moment she stood confused and bewildered. A moment later and she had recalled her knowledge. She knew that she must simply obey her instinct.

She left the room and went through the next and out on to the stairway. The great gate stood open ; she passed down and found herself in the great hall of the castle. The door stood ajar, and she went out into the air.

Now came a certain perplexity again—which way was she to turn ? But she had will enough to control her vague desire for guidance, and to compel herself to follow her own spiritual instinct. It was late in the evening and the stars shone ; she looked at them and at the dark sea—what desolation there is in the beauty of nature only those know who have really suffered.

She hurried away over the grass, determined to let her feet find their own way and use her will to silence her mind. This was how she had found Ivan in this, to her, unknown country. She had to find him again in the same manner ; it seemed a little more difficult to compel herself to the task now, because her soul was so full of fierce rebellion.

In a few moments she was at the door of Ivan's cottage. She went in without hesitation, for the door stood open. She paused on the threshold of a lighted room, looking in wonder at the scene before her. It seemed to be full of people, so real did the figures on the tapestry appear. Ivan sat at a large table which had nothing on it but a great map outspread. Fleta's occult knowledge, not utterly lost to her, awakened fully in the rapt atmosphere she found herself in. Ivan sat a long while studying the map, and then looked round at the figures on the wall. These changed in appearance sometimes, and Fleta knew at once that they were to him what the lay figure in her laboratory had been to her. But she had never had the power to control more than this one, though she could impose upon it a series of personalities, while here she saw Ivan influencing a great number of persons by the same magical process ; and after a few moments' observation her heart began to beat high, for she saw with what great stakes he was playing. These figures had taken on the characters of kings, princes, emperors, diplomats, politicians. The fate of Europe, and, later on, the fate of the whole civilised surface of the globe, appeared to lie in this man's hand, or rather in his thoughts. Fleta, looking from the walls to the map, saw that the central point of the whole drama which was being enacted was that monastery in her father's forests. This was protected, made powerful, kept hidden ; and in order that this might be so war devastated whole countries. The sight, made so plainly visible to her filled her soul with compassion, and she uttered a cry of dismay. Ivan turned and looked at her.

"Oh, have pity !" she said. "What does the fate of our order matter compared to that of these poor wretches, these masses of humanity who have no life but in humanity?"

There came on Ivan's face a faint smile of extraordinary sweetness.

"My child," he said, "understand that the Order exists upon earth

and in human form simply for the benefit of these masses of humanity, to save them from a darkness and helplessness worse than hell. It is right, then, that they should give their lives to preserve it in existence from one generation to another. Is it not so?"

"Yes," she answered reluctantly, "but it is terrible to see these sufferings! these dead men, these broken hearts, these desolate homes! Oh, master, have pity!"

"Is your heart empty now?" said Ivan.

"No!" she cried out, absorbed by her thought. "It cannot be till I have helped these people. Oh, master, let me help them! Show me the way."

"Follow in my path," answered Ivan. "It is the only one. Help their souls, not their bodies. Put aside the illusion now before you, the imagination which makes me seem to you heartless, cruel, because my sight and knowledge reaches farther than yours and calculates for greater distances of time. Put this illusion aside as you have put the others—for your hell is banished already from you by the great love for man which has burst out in your heart—put this one aside also, and try to stand beside me. Work for the spirit of humanity, not for the pleasure of its individual members, and you will find yourself a part of it, and, therefore, never alone or loveless again. Is it not so?"

"Yes," she said slowly. As she spoke she became aware that there were others besides herself and Ivan in the room. Looking round at them she started and trembled; for here were the pale, passionless faces of the Brothers of the White Star. How beautiful they were; how tender!

"To-morrow night," said Ivan, "you shall enter the Hall of Learning. You have earned the right and obtained the power. Go back now to your resting-place and reflect. Go in peace."

Fleta turned and left the room immediately, and slowly retraced her steps.

How near the stars seemed now! How soft the sea!

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## CHAPTER XXXIV.

THAT was a night of peace for Fleta, such as she had not had for a long time. She lay down on the tiger-skin in the corner of the haunted room—a place no man in the county would have entered alone after dark, even for a king's ransom—and slept like a tired child.

When she awoke it was dawn, and a dim, soft light came into the room through the wide windows. A profound sense of tenderness, of companionship, filled her heart. What a wonderful and beautiful thing was life when full of love like this. She was amazed at her own content, and set herself to understand the cause of it. Immediately she

saw innumerable human faces, just touched faintly by the light of the dawn and stirring slowly towards the life of the day. Processions of men and women passed through her consciousness—working people, beggars, toilers of all sorts ; kings, queens, and counsellors, passed by also, but more faintly, for they had not the same power of number, of duplication and re-duplication, of types repeated and reproduced with endless and scarcely perceptible variation. It was this, the likeness, the similarity, among the ant-like multitudes that attracted and fascinated her, and warmed her heart with a new and hitherto unknown feeling. Before her inner vision passed all sorts of pictures—homes with sleeping children, seamstresses rising early with faded eyes to begin another day, as like the last as each of the women was like the one next her ! Men roused from deep sleep at the first sign of daylight to go out in gangs and engage on hard work, fit only for beasts ; yet, perfectly natural and satisfying to their unaroused natures. Men working underground in mines, among the gnomes and salamanders, knowing as little of the gladness of sunshine as of the inspiration of the spirit. The unnumbered great race of men engaged in offices all over the world, busy with produce and money, clerks, ambitionless, alike, shrewd and yet without knowledge, their souls asleep. Women living in the streets of the cities, and in the countless houses that trade in vice, women even more-alike than the men of the cities, women that are of only three or four types, and numbering millions under each of these types, as similar as the peas in one pod are to each other. Men and women with money, with wealth, not working, but looking always for pleasure and amusement—what thousands of these, too, and how little difference among them, and how little and narrow the field in which they looked for pleasure ! Oh, this great surging sea of human life, what a grand, giant force would it be if once awakened, if once intelligent, impersonal, united, aware of its own spiritual dignity and meaning. “ I see it ! I see it ! ” cried out Fleta. “ I see your power, your possibilities, you, the human race that I am such a small fragment of. Oh, let me speak to you, rouse you, help you, work for you ! ”

She sprang to her feet, full of a new energy. The dawn had come fully now, the day had begun, and her work must begin too. She did not know yet what her work was to be, but, nevertheless, she knew she must be ready for it. All weariness had fallen from her, had left her for ever, as it seemed. She went into the next room and stepped into the great bath which stood there, filling it full of keenly cold water. With its freshness came a lightness as though her youth had come back. She laughed to herself at the fancy. She could never lose her youth again, for the human race is young always as well as old ! This was the thought that made her glad. For, indeed, what could it any longer concern her whether she had youth or age, beauty or ugliness, seeing that all these alike are parts of human life, forces in human nature ? And

with this indifference—or perhaps it would be better to say, with this wider possibility of content—came a new look on her face—a look neither of youth nor beauty, age nor illness—something indefinable, but more permanent than any of these.

“It is well,” she said to herself. “I need not be a magician any longer, or take the trouble to work miracles on myself or on others. For if I am weak, what does it matter? I shall be in the great stream of life still, and weakness can be ennobled as well as strength.”

As she moved to leave the room she came unexpectedly opposite to a great mirror. She stood for some moments, her brows knitted in perplexity. She scarcely recognised herself at first, her face was so changed. Its brilliance had gone, and in the place of it was an expression of quiet like that on the Egyptian statues. Her eyes wandered down, after a long, intense look at herself, to the dress she wore. And now for the first time did she realise how great an ordeal she had passed through, how far within herself she had retreated in these last hours. For she could not recollect for whom she wore this black dress. Hazy memories of different lives passed before her, when she had lost lover, husband, child, and worn this hateful colour. Who was it now? What grief was that which had unseated her reason and destroyed her memory? As she looked and wondered, at last her eyes fell on her helpless and disfigured arm. The memory of the battle in which that injury was received came suddenly back to her.

“I am Fleta!” she exclaimed. “I remember myself now, and the dark tragedies through which I have lived.”

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## CHAPTER XXXV.

SHE went out of the castle and walked over the lawn to the Lady's Walk, where she had met Ivan on her arrival. It was quite deserted now; but the sun made it pleasant, and she walked to and fro the whole length of it, with slow deliberate steps, thinking.

“Of what use is it to think!” she cried out suddenly, stopping in her walk. “Have I ever learned or done anything by thought? No—I must look to some higher place for guidance.”

She left the Walk and went down a long flight of steps cut in the cliff, which took her to the edge of the sea.

O, the magical charm of that morning, with its freshness and sweetness and clear light! Like a child's, Fleta's heart beat higher with the excitement of the morning sea. She walked at the edge of the waves, playing with their movements, and forgot all anxiety, all concern for herself or others, in the pleasure of the moment. Presently, looking up, she saw that someone was walking on the cliff. It was a black, gaunt figure, looking strangely out of place in the sunshine. In another mo-

ment she recognised Amyot, wearing his monk's dress. It was very natural he should be here, since Ivan was.

"My poor servant," she said to herself, "I had forgotten him."

She went to the steps in the cliff and climbed them. When she reached the top, she looked down the sunlit path and could not at first see Amyot, but soon she found that he had seated himself on the bench that faced the sea. She went quickly and sat down beside him; but Amyot took no notice of her.

"Speak to me, Amyot," she said, gently.

He raised his head and turned his haggard face and sunken eyes towards her.

"What shall I say?" he replied.

"Have you no word of greeting?"

"None. I know you no longer, you have passed in, while I am still outside."

"I have not yet passed in," replied Fleta. "I have to demand entrance. I was told that I had to bring two souls with me, one in either hand. I have learned that this cannot be, that such a delusion was only a trick by which chains might be bound on me and on others. Yet, must I indeed go in utterly alone? You should take your place at my right hand, a child of the Brotherhood, saved by your own knowledge, your own sense of truth."

"No," answered Amyot, "it cannot be. I am weary. I do not want to go in. I have served the Brotherhood well, but I cannot give them that last thing, the kernel of my soul, the self that is me. No, I cannot, Fleta, you are a child in the world's ways beside me. Yet I have been your servant and am no more than that now. I am too strong for success in this effort."

"Too strong! Impossible!" said Fleta.

"And yet true," answered Amyot gloomily. "I am so knit up with this world, so strongly compounded of its elements, that I cannot be separated from it without an unendurable agony worse than any sort of death. I have done all that man could do. When I found that by no other aid could I force myself to follow the necessary laws of life, nor acquire the necessary concentration, I offered myself for the service of religion. I have served truly. I, that am lost, have saved souls without number, I have done the work of the Brotherhood in the world. I, that have done that, am now devoured by the world. Yes, it is useless. This life, in which I have endeavoured expiation, in which I have worn this dress, has been blameless, has brought to me only suffering. But the darkness of the past is on me still. I cannot escape from it. Do you know why you are to enter to-night?"

"No," answered Fleta, a little surprised by the abrupt question.

"It is the dawn of the year; the full moon of that dawn. It is the

seventh year of seven years, the twenty-seventh of twenty-seven years. Do you know how old you are ? ”

Fleta rose suddenly, and walked away down the path without answering him.

And there, straight before her, stood Ivan. He immediately began to speak to her. There was something in his face which overawed and silenced her, something so strong and powerful that she stood trembling to await the exercise of this force which she recognised in him.

“ Amyot speaks well,” said Ivan, “ but it is not for you to listen to him. It is not you who can help him to enter among the initiates. You ! How have you carried out your mission ? After ages of degradation, in which you have sold your soul for magical powers, you are no stronger to help others than when first you came upon this earth, a savage and untaught creature. You are strong, Fleta, but, like Amyot, you are too strong. But he is a chosen one, and will remain guarded and cared for, because he desires no power for his own use, only power with which to help others. And you, who have had touch of the lofty order of the White Star, that brotherhood which lives for humanity, you have carried yourself so imperiously that you have not chosen to do good except by doing evil. Is it not so ? Have you not, through innumerable lives, valued your power over Hilary Estanol so highly that you could not surrender it ? Did you not give yourself beauty and charm in order that you might read love in his eyes ? Weary as you were of him and of his weakness, did you not still enchant him in order to feel the pleasure of his love for you ? And that, too, long after it was possible for you to love any creature, when I had purified your soul utterly from passion. Oh, Fleta, this hunger for the exercise of power is indeed your destruction. Why did you not call on the White Brotherhood to save Otto, instead of endeavouring the task alone ? You were driven back upon your old magical rites that you practised in the dark days when you and Etrenella worked together. Sorceress ! Witch ! Do you think you helped Otto to his salvation ? Do you think that in using such destructive and gross forms of power you could aid his divine spirit, or help to free it ? Not so. Awake from these delusions. You are a woman still, and cannot escape from the love of power and the love of pleasure, those laws which govern the life of sex. You no longer love ; but are you any better because you no longer love like other women ? Not so ; you have transferred the emotions of sex on to a higher plane, and have, therefore, sinned more deeply than if you had left them on the simple plane of ordinary human nature. Because you are freed from the ordinary passions which affect men and women, is it any better to desire to dominate, to charm, to fascinate, to control ? You, that have the divine possibility in you, the vigour and strength necessary for the occultist, is it possible that you are not yet

aware of the mire in which you are still wandering? Rouse yourself; look to the divine consciousness; fix your attention on that vision of humanity which I have given to you; think of no person and of no persons, but of all; forget that you are a woman, with power to charm; forget that you are a magician with power to control. You know that sorcery is of the same order as the passion of sex; it is selfish, it desires to acquire, to intensify all that is personal. You know this, for you have learned it from me; you have known it for ages. Yet you have madly let yourself follow this passion, in its nobler form, and refused to see that by merely elevating it you did not change its character. Hilary Estanol, from the cruel wound you inflicted on him when you flung him from you, will be able to learn the lesson you have failed yet to learn. He will not love again; he will no longer desire to have or to hold. He is free. He has lived through the experiences of sex; the blossom has fallen. There is no more illusion for him, for you killed the possibility of it in his soul by your heartless acts. It is over. But he has found the fruit. His soul has dissolved within him; it is soft, utterly tender, capable of all unselfishness. When you least knew it you gave him his salvation. Now he can no longer suffer at your hands. The thralldom he fell under ages ago in that wild apricot orchard, when he first loved you, and you showed him the fierce power that you possessed—it is at an end. He has been your slave, tormented and maddened; but now he has escaped. He suffers like one in physical torture, so great is his despair; but he is opening his soul to the divine power, and he will when he is born again to renew his effort, find himself strong, calm, no longer passionate, no longer a man; a divine being, impartial, indifferent, unselfish, all-loving, ready for my service. And you? Amyot has told you that this is a day which is a date in your life. To-day you must learn the truth, and cast the glamour from your eyes."

Fleta trembled, shuddered, and drew back a step. What glamour was there left to take from her? Had she anything left to lose? She uttered no word, for Ivan continued to speak:

"Did I not tell you that to-night you should enter the hall of learning? It is true; but only after you have fulfilled certain conditions. You will fulfil them, I know; for had you not contained the power to do this within you, you would long since have lost my aid and the protection of the White Star. At sundown this day, you have your chance; the dial there will show you the moment when you must seize it. When the moment of sundown comes you can enter the hall if you choose, and become a true pupil of the divine teachers. But your spirit must be freed. I shall not help you to enter the hall; for you will never again see me, in the flesh or in the spirit. You must of your own free will give up my help and my guidance. You are a magician and have the power, if you choose, to make a semblance of me which will supply my place. You must give up all these delusions; you must root out

your adoration for me from your heart and free me from it. I have to go on into another life, and you must willingly separate yourself from me utterly. You must give up for ever your love of power, and swear solemnly within yourself that you will never use the powers you possess for your own ends again. You must do this willingly. Go over in your mind the many delusions to which you have allowed yourself to succumb. Consider this last and subtlest of all, in which you fancied yourself about to become my ally and servant in keeping these astral pathways ready for later humanity. The experience helped you towards the idea of impersonal work ; and therefore I put you through it. But though your spirit was pure enough to resist that counterfeit presentment of myself which bade you remember that in doing this work you would be doing it with *me*—though you resisted that, were you strong enough to drain every drop of the delicious poison from out the chalice of your heart? Was there not the faint fond feeling there that you would not be utterly alone? That even if you might not adore me yet you might serve me? Root out these delusions utterly, Fleta. You have to forget you are a woman ; more, you have to forget you are a person. Was not that dream that you must save two other souls, and take them with you into the hall, only another form of your passion for power? Who was it gave you that order? Was it not your own imperious soul? Did you not hope to pay for your entrance by giving earnest at the doorway, of your power over others? Oh, Fleta, be honest with yourself. When I came to you, now, were you not on the threshold of another folly? Had not Amyot's sad words tempted you to believe that in him you might find one of these souls you had to save? Fond madness! Did it not thrill you with a sense of new glory, the fancy that you might carry to the hall one so great as Amyot! Be courageous, and face the fact that you are nothing in yourself, that you are only a fragment tossed on the tide of the great powers that sweep over the world. You are a part of these ; yes, in your inner self, you are, and cannot be entirely separated or cast off from them. But you have kept yourself a fragment instead of a part of the whole. Become that, dissolve your being in the infinite love, and it will be to you as death ; but the re-awakening will be a new birth such as you have never known. For in you will be not the strength of one poor human being, poor indeed, magician though you are, but the strength of the whole consciousness that makes the worlds. Come, Fleta, to that divine estate! The dark power that made you a sorceress will make more keen and vivid, when translated and transmuted, the sublime power which will make you divine. Come! But forget yourself, forget your power. Be courageous. Are you ready? Are you willing to surrender me, your master and friend, and let me go free, without any longing or lingering thought, from you? Are you ready to be utterly alone, without human face or voice, either near you in the world, or present

in the world of thought within you? Are you ready to put me out of your memory?"

Fleta stood, as she had stood ever since he began speaking, motionless, save for that one shudder of pain; gazing on him as if she were turned to stone. For a moment she remained thus, statue-like, and as if all her senses were paralysed, and she could neither speak nor move. But suddenly she seemed to regain power over herself; she flung out her hands with an imperative gesture. "I am ready," she said, "and your greater life is ready for you. I see it, shining gloriously. From those splendid heights of thought and feeling, from that noble place of self-sacrifice, it would be hard indeed for you to touch one so mistaken, so deeply stained as I am. Your pupil shall not fail, my master, mine no longer. I will forget you. I will detach every thought and memory from you. I am ready. Go!"

He turned and walked away down the path. Fleta watched him till he was out of sight. Then she turned and looked for Amyot; but he, too, was gone. She was alone, before the sea and sky. Then she remembered the sundial and went to look for it. It was a long search, for an old rose-bush had clambered all over it and she had to tear the branches away with her hands. She fell on her knees beside it and there remained through the silent hours of the sunny afternoon.

Alone. At first that one word filled the whole horizon of her thought. She could not escape from it; she could not remove the ghastly consciousness from her vision.

When intense physical pain continues without intermission, the sufferer begins to battle against it, and succeeds at last, when no other remedy is possible, in retreating to another place of consciousness where the pain becomes tolerable, and then to a place where it suddenly transforms itself into pleasure. This is the whole secret of that mystery spoken of by occultists, that pleasure and pain are the same. It is so, for both are sensation, and there is no true means of discriminating between the kinds of sensation. What is pleasure to one person is pain to another. Had Fleta been a magician at heart and nothing more, this solitude, this utter loneliness, would have wrapped her round with comfort, as a garment might. It would have given her opportunity for personal thought, for plotting and scheming. But she was not that; she was only a magician, because of her innate power and the blindness of her ignorance. Her heart was tender now, full of love; but she knew not how, with this love in her, to forget her utter loneliness.

Yet it must be forgotten. She succeeded in changing her attitude towards it, in retreating from the agony and making it only sensation, which it was possible to regard as pleasure. At last it became pleasure. But she knew it had to be more than this. It had to be nothing!

It came at last, suddenly, this *un*-consciousness. The fact that she was

alone, that everything and everyone had fallen away from her, was nothing. And why—because *she* was nothing.

And then a new vigour flashed into her being. Something so strong it was, as though light ran through her veins instead of blood. Something so pure, it blotted out all memory of self. She rose to her feet.

“For all that lives, I live!”

Her voice rang out on the air and startled herself. It seemed unrecognisable, it was so bell-like. She looked down, and her glance fell on the dial. It was sun-down.

For a second, which seemed like a superb eternity, she stood quite still, her mind, her soul, her being, bathed in an unconsciousness which was more vivid than any consciousness. And then she fell forward, her face upon the earth, beside the rose-bush, among the flowers. . . . .

### EPILOGUE.

TWO months later the agent visited the now deserted Dower-house, and, then the castle. He found the door of the haunted room standing open for the first time in his experience. He looked in timidly, and saw nothing but a few autumn leaves, seemingly blown by the wind about the bare floor. Shuddering, he closed the door and went away.

Some wayward impulse prompted him, before leaving the castle grounds, to go down to the Lady's Walk and look at the sea. But he did not look at it, for the moment he entered the Walk he saw a figure lying among the flowers, and his whole attention was given to that. A woman—motionless, richly dressed, and with beautiful hair, which had fallen loose and lay beside her on the earth. What could it mean? Nerving himself, he approached and touched her. Instantly he knew she was dead, and, with a shudder of dread, turned the face upwards. Ah, what a sight! None could tell this had been a human face save by the bones.

Where was Fleta's beauty now? Where was Fleta?

THE END.



### THE ARYAN BRANCH OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

THE Aryan Theosophists of New York have opened a day headquarters at 117, Nassau Street (Room 46), N. Y. City, which is open to F. T. S. and enquirers.

It is full of Indian pictures, will have a large album of members from all parts, books, theosophical magazines and so on. This is a good idea, and in other cities the example should be followed.

## THREE SONNETS.

## I.

## THE DREAM.

A wingless Love men feigned, when Time was young ;  
 A beauteous god, too happy, too divine,  
 Amid earth's purple grapes, to crave for wine  
 Pressed sweet from sorrow ; rose-crowned was he sung.  
 And dreaming snow of marble held exprest  
 The rapture, and the longing of each breast  
 That Love should be of earth : hearts yet unwrung  
 By passion and anguish that fringe love like foam  
 The gleaming wave, fabled our world his home.  
 And tossed and trembling to the sweet dream clung,  
 Till struck awake, morn broke, and Love had fled,  
 And joy with him, life's roses wan, and dead,  
 Fragrant no more, on thorny drooped sprays hung,  
 Their God had fled ; their sweet faith was down-flung.

## II.

## THE AWAKENING.

And earth grew songless : hot tears dimmed the white  
 Of marble Loves, that answered not, nor gave  
 One rose of comfort to make sweet the grave  
 Sad silence of the world : days waned, and night  
 All stars and softness, sank down o'er the sea,  
 And still the people wept all hopelessly,  
 For Love had left them ; and o'er brows once bright  
 With happy thoughts, in fair verse blossoming,  
 A black cloud hung, till they forgot to sing,  
 And drooped and faded far from Love's sweet light.  
 The very sun, flashed from his car of gold  
 No more the wild fair radiance of old,  
 His snowy coursers grew dim to their sight—  
 And all things languished in a sickening blight.

## III.

## THE REALISATION.

Then one smote on his harp, whose broken strings  
 Held but a ghost of music ; " Love," he sang,  
 " With sweet lips full of laughter, which out-rang  
 Like silvern bell at morn that falling clings  
 To the caressing air, that Love is dead ;

Yet to our souls a fairer Love is wed,  
 The Love that like a rose from anguish springs  
 In the dim spirit-land : death can reveal,  
 So seek I death, that Love your woes may heal !"  
 Heart-pierced he fell ; and as to one who flings  
 Gold grain to doves, a flutter and a rush  
 Of hasting pinions, then the soft deep hush  
 Of full content, so now, thro' tears clear rings  
 A voice divine, " true Love hath ever wings !"

EVELYN PYNE.



## THE VAMPIRE TREE ; OR, THE SUICIDE'S OLD PINE.

A TRUE TALE OF MODERN VEDO (TOKIO).

**N**OT very far from the present British Legation, on the western side of the Citadel, there is a bridge that crosses the moat, very deep and wide at this place, leading from one of the principal streets of that quarter of the city to a highway running round the inner edge of the moat, at the rear of the Imperial pleasure grounds.

At the Citadel end of the bridge there is a magnificent specimen of the Japanese Pine, the branches of which stretch out far over the moat.

Remarkable amongst numberless other fine trees, giants of the forest, this tree has an especially striking aspect—gaunt and weird-like, the huge limbs are contorted into grotesque shapes, suggestive of monster reptile-like forms.

Whatever its aspect in the daytime, by moonlight it becomes intensely suggestive, and the moaning of the passing breeze, in that exposed situation, through its leaves, is a mournful wailing accompaniment to the movement of its branches, and the play of moonlight and shadow.

The tree has an evil reputation, well known to residents in the neighbourhood, and no one aware of its story will venture to pass it in the dark alone ; nay, men fear it even when carrying lighted lanterns.

Suicide by hanging is not uncommon, amongst the poorer classes especially ; disappointment in love, pecuniary loss, and other causes, as with ourselves, producing the state of mind that results in this awful crime of self murder.

Now this tree is the scene, and the gallows, of many such tragedies ; it has happened that lovers have died together here, by the same means.

One of the branches hangs over the stone-faced ramparts of the moat,

in such a way that it is not difficult for the unfortunates contemplating the rash act to tie the fatal noose, usually a girdle, and then throw themselves off the bank, when they will swing high above the steep slope of the moat, which will be very many feet below.

Can it be wondered that the tree and the neighbourhood should have a fearful notoriety, and be avoided by not only timid women and craven-hearted men, but even by the more robust. There are legends, too, of crimes having been committed under the shadow of this awful tree, and that the ghosts of the victims hover round the spot.

The sensation hunter might have noticed the large number of incense offerings and other votive relics — although discouraged of late, and always discountenanced by the authorities. Indeed, it was seriously contemplated to cut down the tree; but only some of the limbs and branches were sacrificed, some strong feeling of opposition having been exhibited in influential quarters.

It is firmly believed by well-informed persons, acquainted with the locality and its history, that this was the remains of the site of an ancient shrine, the construction of the moat having swept away the greater part of the area occupied, and that this shrine was erected in a spot dedicated to the ancient cultus. It is one of the more elevated parts of this section of the higher levels of the great city, and traditions relate some memorable battles in the vicinity.

The current belief is that the ghoulish spirits inhabiting the tree live upon the "life" of the victims that die beneath its branches—that is the "life principle" that escapes when death seizes the human body.

The native occultist treats the matter in a very serious spirit, and this furnishes us with a clue to the opposition raised when it was suggested that the tree be cut down.

The wholesale felling of trees grown on "sacred" spots is strongly opposed, for reasons that we cannot now enter upon.

This is not a solitary instance of a tree endowed with some diabolical power, and visiting the spot more than once, after hearing the story, one can hardly wonder or be at all surprised whilst viewing the scene of so many domestic tragic acts.

The imagination need not be much strained to fancy the gaunt arms, octopus-like, beckoning to their victims, entwining themselves around, and drawing into a horrid embrace the hapless mortals who ventured within reach. The moaning of the wind, too, recalls the wailings of grief of the desperate, heart-broken, wretches who died in this now dreadful spot.

"Japan is a very wonder land, indeed, the Folk Lore and local traditions are full of the marvellous. A nation of occultists, suppressed by modern civilization.

OMORI FU-SO-NO FUMI NITO.

## ATLANTIS.

FROM THE TIMÆUS AND CRITIAS OF PLATO.

**A**FTER establishing his famous code of laws, Solon,\* the renowned Athenian legislator, left his native country for ten years. At Sais, in the Nile delta, he was honourably received by the priests of Neith,† for both Athens and Sais were under the protection of the same goddess. In conversing with the learned guardians of the temple on the antiquities of their respective countries, he discovered that there were records in the sacred edifice of events which had happened nine thousand years previously and in which the inhabitants of his own country had played a conspicuous part. Solon had spoken of the deluge of Deucalion and Pyrrha, giving the orthodox Greek chronology of the time ; on which an aged priest exclaimed : "O Solon, Solon, you Greeks are always children and aged Greek there is none !" And then he proceeded to explain to the astonished Athenian the astronomical meaning of the myth of Phaëthon, and how that there are successive cataclysms of fire and water, destroying whole nations, and that a noble race had once inhabited the land of Attica, whose deeds and institutions were said to have been the most excellent of all, and how they conquered the inhabitants of the Atlantean island, and both themselves and their enemies were destroyed by terrible earthquakes and deluges. On his return to Athens, Solon composed an epic poem embodying the information he had gleaned from the Saitic records, but political troubles prevented the entire accomplishment of his undertaking. Now Dropides his fellow kinsman, was his most intimate friend and fully acquainted with the whole story ; this Dropides was father of Critias the elder, who had many times delighted his young grandson, the Critias of the dialogue and afterwards the most notorious of the thirty tyrants, with a recital of these wonderful chronicles.

Among the many glorious deeds of the noble autochthones of Attica, was their victory over a mighty hostile power from the Atlantic Ocean, which had pushed its conquests over all Europe and Asia. Facing the Pillars of Hercules‡ was an island larger than Africa and Asia§ put together. Besides this main island, there were many other smaller ones, so that it was easy to cross from one to another as far as the *further continent*.|| And this continent was indeed a continent and the sea, the real sea, in comparison to which "The Sea"¶ of the Greeks was but a bay with a narrow mouth.

\* Circiter 638—558 B.C.      † Athena.      ‡ The Straits of Gibraltar.

§ As known to the Greeks ; that is to say, the northern coasts of Africa as far as Egypt and Asia Minor.

|| America.      ¶ The Mediterranean

In the Atlantic island a powerful confederation of kings was formed, who subdued the island itself and many of the smaller islands and also parts of the further continent. They also reduced Africa within the Straits as far as Egypt, and Europe as far as Tyrrhenia.\* Further aggression, however, was stopped by the heroic action of the then inhabitants of Attica, who, taking the lead of the oppressed states, finally secured liberty to all who dwelt within the Pillars of Hercules. Subsequently both races were destroyed by mighty cataclysms, which brought destruction in a single day and night, the natural features of the Attic land were entirely changed and the Atlantic island sank bodily beneath the waves.

Such is the general sketch of this terrible episode in ancient history, given by Critias in the *Timæus*, and so interested were his audience, that they requested some fuller account of these famous and highly civilized nations of antiquity. To his Grecian hearers the primæval polity and history of their own race were naturally the greater interest. As, however, the Atlantean conflict was the climax of the narrative, Critias proceeds to give an account of their history and institutions. And thus he begins with their mythical traditions:—

In the centre of the Atlantic island was a fair and beautiful plain. In the centre of this plain and fifty stades† from its confines, was a low range of hills. There dwelt an earth-born couple,‡ Evenor and Leucippe, who had an only daughter Clito; after the death of her parents, the god Poseidon, to whom the island had been assigned, became enamoured of the maiden. To make his love a safe dwelling-place, he surrounded the hills with alternate belts or zones of land and water, two of land and three of sea, each in its entire circumference equally distant from the centre. He also caused a hot and cold spring to flow in the centre island and made every kind of food to grow abundantly. Ten male children were born to the god in five twin-births. When they had grown to manhood, he divided the island into ten parts, giving one to each. And to the first born of the eldest pair he gave his mother's dwelling and allotment, for it was the largest and best, and made him king over his brethren and the others governors of land, giving them dominion over many people and great territories. And the eldest he named Atlas, and from him the whole island and sea were called Atlantic. So they and their descendants dwelt for many generations, holding extensive sway over the sea of islands, and extending their power as far as Egypt and Tyrrhenia. By far the most renowned however, was the race of Atlas, the kings ever handing down the succession to their eldest sons, and being possessed of such wealth as no

\* The Etruscan states in early times extended their sway over the greater part of Italy and furnished Rome with her polity and religious institutions.

† Nearly six miles.

‡ The names were originally Egyptian, but Solon, having studied the science of the power of names, translated them into his own tongue.

dynasty ever yet obtained or will easily procure hereafter. Now this wealth was both drawn from foreign tributary countries and from Atlantis itself, which was very rich in minerals, especially its mines of orichalcum, now a mere name, but then the most precious of all metals save gold. The country also was exceedingly rich in timber and pasturage. Moreover there were vast numbers of elephants. Spices, gums and odorous plants of every description, flowers, fruit trees and vegetables of all kinds and many other luxurious products, this wonderful island, owing to its magnificent climate, brought forth, sacred, beautiful, wonderful and infinite in number. Nor were the inhabitants content with the natural advantages of their glorious island, but displayed a marvellous industry and skill in engineering and the constructive arts. For in the centre island they built a royal palace, each succeeding king trying to surpass his predecessor in adorning and adding to the building, so that it struck all beholders with the greatest admiration. Now the formation of the zones or belts round the ancient abode of the god was very regular, the circumference of each zone being equally distant from the common centre ; and the outermost zones of sea and of land were each three stades\* broad, and the next pair of two stades each, the succeeding zone of sea being of one stade, while the central seat itself had a diameter of five stades. And they bridged† over the water zones, making a way from and to the palace, and dug a great canal‡ from the sea to the outermost zone of water, wide enough to admit the largest vessels.

They also made water-ways through the zones of land, wide enough for a trireme§ to pass, and roofed them over, for the height of the land zones above the water was considerable. Moreover, they enclosed the island, zones and bridges with stone walls, placing towers and gates at the bridges. The stone they quarried from the face of the centre island and from both faces of the land zones, at the same time fashioning a line of docks on each bank of the water zones, leaving a natural roof of rock.

The stone was of three colours, white, black and red, so that many of the buildings presented a gay appearance. The whole circuit of the wall of the outer zone was covered with brass, which they used like plaster, of the inner zone with tin, and of the acropolis itself with orichalcum, which was of a glittering appearance. The palace within the acropolis was constructed as follows. In the centre was the sacred shrine of Poseidan and Clito, surrounded by a golden enclosure. Hard by stood the great temple of Poseidon,|| of a different style of architecture to the Greek. The exterior was covered with silver, except the

\* A stade is about 606 feet.

† The width of the bridges was a plethrum, about 101 feet.

‡ Three stades broad, a plethrum wide and fifty stades long, some six miles.

§ A ship with three banks of oars.

|| It was a stade long, three plethra broad and of a proportionate height.

pediments and pinnacles, which were lined with gold. Within, the roof was a magnificent mosaic of gold, ivory and orichalcum, and all the walls, pillars and pavements were covered with orichalcum. The most remarkable object of the interior was a gigantic statue of the god, equal in height to the building, mounted on a chariot drawn by six winged horses, and round the car were a hundred Nereïds riding on dolphins; there were also many other statues and numerous votive offerings of the citizens. Round the exterior were placed golden statues of the princes and princesses of the royal blood, and statues erected by the kings and also by private individuals both of the city and of subject states. There was also an altar of proportionate magnificence. And they had baths for summer and winter, supplied by the hot and cold springs, there being baths for the royal family, for men, for women, for horses and other animals. By a system of aqueducts, the water of the springs was carried to the two land zones and utilized for the irrigation of plantations and beautiful gardens. In these zones were many temples of other gods, gardens and gymnasia both for men and horses. Indeed, in the larger belt was a splendid race-course, extending throughout its entire length, a stade broad, and lined on either side with barracks for the household troops. Those, however, of them who were conspicuous for their loyalty, were lodged in the smaller zone, and the most faithful of all in the citadel itself. Moreover, the docks were filled with shipping and naval stores of every description. At fifty stades from the outer water belt or harbour in every direction, another wall was built, enclosing the whole city and meeting the great canal at the sea entrance. The space between this wall and the first water belt was thickly built over and inhabited by a dense population; and the canal and largest harbour were crowded with merchant shipping from all parts, and the din and tumult of their commerce continued all day long and the night through. Such is a general sketch of their wonderful city. Now as regards the rest of the country; it was very mountainous with exceedingly precipitous coasts, and the plain surrounding the city was itself surrounded by mountain chains, broken only at the sea entrance. And the plain was smooth and level and of an oblong shape, lying north and south, three thousand stades in one direction and two thousand in the other. And the mountains were said to be the grandest in the world for their number, size and beauty; they were inhabited moreover by many prosperous and wealthy villages, for there was an abundance of rivers and lakes, meadows and pasturage for all kinds of cattle and quantities of timber. They surrounded the plain by an enormous canal or dike, the size of which is almost incredible for a work of human undertaking.\* By it the water from the mountains was conducted round the plain and flowed out to sea near the entrance of the great canal. Moreover,

\* 101 feet deep, 606 feet broad, and upwards of 1,250 miles in length.

parallel dikes \* were cut from the upper bounding canal to that on the sea side, one hundred stades distant from each other, and these were again joined by transverse water-ways. They also employed the canals for irrigation and so raised two crops in the year. And the plain was divided into sixty thousand wards or sections, each supplying a certain contingent of men to the army and navy ; and the army consisted of war chariots and a kind of light car, holding two warriors, one of whom dismounted and fought and the other drove, men-at-arms, archers, slingers, stone-shooters, javelin-men and light-armed troops.† Such was the military system of the city. And the other nine cities of the confederation had slightly different systems, which it would be tedious to narrate.

Now as regards the polity of the Atlanteans, the kings exercised an autocracy over the people ; but in their dealings with each other and for the common welfare, they followed the traditional law of their divine progenitor, which was also inscribed on a column of orichalcum by the first kings, and the column placed in the temple of the deity. Thither they assembled every alternate fifth and sixth year to decide any disputes that might have arisen between them. And these are the ceremonies they performed before proceeding to their decision. There were sacred bulls grazing in the precincts of the temple. And the ten kings, after first praying to the deity, armed only with staves and nooses, proceeded to capture one of the herd, and sacrificed him on the column over the inscription.

There was also an oath written on the column, invoking dire curses on those of them who infringed the statutes of their divine parent. And filling the sacrificial chalice,‡ they cast in a clot of blood for each, and purifying the column, they burnt the rest with fire. Then, with golden cups, they dipped from the chalice and poured a libation on the fire of sacrifice ; and swearing to do justice according to the laws on the column, and neither to rule nor suffer the rule of any of their number contrary to these ancestral laws, after invoking the prescribed curses both on themselves and their descendants, if untrue to their solemn pledge, they drank and deposited the cups in the temple. Then, having eaten the sacrificial meal and busied themselves with the other necessary offices, when evening grew on, clad in most beautiful dark blue robes they sat in darkness on the ground round the now cold embers of the sacrificial fire ; and through the night they judged and were judged, but when morning came, they inscribed their decisions on a golden tablet and deposited it, with their robes, in the temple as a memorial. And the chief of these enactments were that the kings should never wage war one against the other, but should ever give mutual aid should any

\* 101 feet broad.

† Their standing army consisted of upwards of a million men ; their navy of 240,000 and 1,200 ships.

‡ Crater or mixing bowl.

of the cities try to destroy the royal race ; and the chief power was assigned to the Atlantic race ; nor could any king put to death a kinsman, without first getting a majority of votes from his royal colleagues. For many generations, then, so long as the nature of their divine ancestry was strong within them, they remained obedient to these laws and well affected to their divine kinship. For they possessed true and altogether lofty ideas, and exercised mildness and practical wisdom, both in the ordinary vicissitudes of life and in their mutual relations ; and looking above everything except virtue, they considered things present of small importance and contentedly bore their weight of riches as a burden ; nor were they intoxicated with luxury, but clearly perceived that wealth and possessions are increased by mutual friendship and the practice of true virtue, whereas, by a too anxious pursuit of riches, both possessions themselves are corrupted and friendship likewise perishes therewith. And so it was that they reached the great prosperity that we have described.

But when their mortal natures began to dominate the divine within them, through their inability to bear present events, to those who can truly perceive, they began to display unbecoming conduct and to degenerate, destroying the fairest of their most valuable possessions. To those, however, who cannot perceive that true mode of life which leads to real happiness, they appeared most glorious and happy, though actually full of aggrandizement and unjust power. Zeus, however, the god of gods, who rules according to Law and can perceive such things, wishing to recall a once honourable race to the practice of virtue, assembled all the gods and said :

\* \* \* \* \*

E. E. Ø.

[Here, unfortunately, the text of the dialogue ceases abruptly.]



#### THE DAILY SACRIFICE.

TIME was when men believed their deities  
Appeased by scent of seethed and burning meat ;  
They have grown wiser now, and cannot cheat  
Themselves with such illusions. Yet the cries  
Of slaughtered victims sink not, but arise  
From countless sty and shamble. In the street  
The moan of ox, and lamb's pathetic bleat,  
Mount in one constant chorus to the skies,  
And call for Karma—Karma that surely falls  
As fevered passion, or as foul disease,  
With callous hearts of blighted sympathies,  
And narrowing lust of cruel blood-bought pelf.  
God's temple is profaned—within its walls  
Priest—altar—idol—one Almighty Self.

MARY W. GALE.

## A FRAGMENT.\*

**F**ROM a manuscript, so old no man knows when it was written, commencing where it treats of "The Beginning," we read the following:—

Silence is Power. Power is the Real. Silence, then, must be the Real. That which lives, moves, and gives being, of itself the Real, lies always in the Silence. When all manifestation has ceased, Silence *is*. Consequently, the Real must be, even if there is no manifestation.

Examine personal sense. There could be no manifestation from that source, for two reasons; first, there was no personal sense before manifestation, and second, there was no manifestation. There was darkness. There was dissolution, or unbinding of all law. Everything was set free. There was nothing but existence, into which all things had merged. The Real, the Silence had absorbed all things into itself. In this, which is now the Universe, was only Unity—the Unity of Brahma—God withdrawn.

Through cycles of æons IT, in-drawn, has meditated, conscious of nought but the action of its own thought—the thought which is IT-SELF. It perceives not Itself because It is That Self, intent on the connected current or sequence of that in which It is concerned, and not in the thought itself, or Himself. There is no time. There is no space. There is nothing but the Oneness.

That which lies in sequence is accomplished. The desire to perceive the consequences of the onflowing thought manifests. It is the first step in manifestation. In considering the conditions of Supreme Intelligence, remember all states and forms are the same to Unity. Light and darkness, life and death, motion and inaction, are not known as differences within the grasp of Infinite Thought.

The Creative Thought, acting from the desire for manifestation, clears, and steadies itself within the circumference that is boundless. Within is the centre. Thought reaches from the centre to the circumference. As man's thought clears itself; as his mentality steadies, after long-continued strain, and the thing which was hidden or doubtful seems lighted by the clearness of his perception, so the Creative Thought of Infinite Power, acting in the same manner, produces light as the very first outward sign of manifestation. As a man awaking from sleep becomes settled in mentality, so the light of Creative Thought from

\* Read before Ramayana Theosophical Society, Chicago, Ill., June 24th, 1888, by Mrs. M. M. Phelon, F.T.S.

THAT, reservoir of all thought,\* breaks upon the darkness, multiplying the memories of that which was by the deductions of that which may be the resultant or outcome of the long sleep or withdrawal of Brahmâ.

The line of Creative Thought moves on. Forms of beauty, shapes of harmony, and the untold millions of sequences fill that which has hitherto been the Silence. But it is still the Silence. That which we apprehend through personal sense, is apprehended only by Unity as the onflowing of the current of Creative Thought. No sound as we know it ever breaks upon ITS consciousness. No emotion of sight, as we perceive it, is ever cognised by IT. Between IT and us, as one broad ground of approach is simply motion—motion which is life. The Creative Thought projected by its own potency sets in motion all the ingathered forces of Unity.

The rolling millions upon millions of stars ; the conditions of all the Universe, are simply ITS robings—manifestations—the coverings of Brahma, or God manifested. One pole is the Infinite and Eternal One, the other is the manifestation, or shadowing forth of the Perfect Man, named by all the wise, as the Christ of the Ages.

The Logos thinks.† Potency vibrates ; all existence surrounding the central line of thought, the line of experience and knowledge, also vibrates. Through these vibrations, this thought, in its grosser form called Ether,‡ can be recognised, understood and studied. From it spring all the phenomena that man considers the result of law.

Law, then, is the Creative Thought. From its *dictum* there is no escape, and so the manifested move on in the sequence, which is awakened thought in involved and involving cycles, until that thought shall have perfected itself.

When the sequence shall have reached its bounds then the law ceases to act. All things bound under the law are again dissolved and set loose. It is the ripening and the garnering of the perfected results moving back again into the Silence which is darkness and inertia.

In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth, and without Him, was nothing made that was made. It was the beginning of an Infinite cycle, extending through immensity, and ending in the countless. As the evening and the morning were the first day, so Brahm and Brahmâ are Unity and Law.

\* In Indian philosophy this absolute Deity is always referred to as "THAT" (TAD) and "IT." It is "the reservoir of all thought" because it is *absolute* thought ; which having no relation to the finite and the conditioned, cannot be premised as something individual or separate from the universal mind, and minds. It is the causeless cause of every manifesting intellection, the eternal Source of ALL.—[ED.]

† Because the Logos is manifested ; but the ever-concealed Deity *does not*, since It is ABSOLUTE THOUGHT, and cannot be spoken of as we would of an individual *personal Thinker*. But then the Logos in the East is the synthesis, the collective aggregate of all the Gods or Powers in the manifested universe.—[ED.]

‡ And in its highest it is AKASA.—[ED.]

## MY UNCLE'S STRANGE STORY.

I WAS passing through Chicago lately on my way home from India to England, *via* San Francisco, having been engaged for several years in engineering work for the British Government in Bengal, when it struck me to look for an uncle of mine who lived in that city. I had but a vague idea of him, for he emigrated before I was born, and had kept up no correspondence with our family. All I knew of the old gentleman was, that in his youth he had given great promise as a physician, but that he had unaccountably thrown up a large and growing practice in London, and had gone to reside in Italy, where he married; and that soon after his marriage he sailed with his wife to the United States. We had once heard casually that he settled in a Western city, where he had considerable reputation as a "mad doctor," and we had lately learned that he had retired from practice and was living with his wife in a suburb of Chicago.

The doctor's name was in the Directory, and I was received most kindly. I found him a fine-looking old gentleman, tall, dignified, and courtly, and retaining more than the traces of the beauty of form and feature which were a tradition about him in our family. My aunt I found to be a very handsome old lady, white-haired and erect, with large dark eyes, and a smile that put me at my ease at once. They insisted that I should occupy their spare room during my stay in Chicago—an offer I very willingly accepted.

We had been talking one evening about those strange cases of insanity, in which not even the slightest trace of structural injury is found in the brain after death.

"I have seen so many cases of functional disorder cured," said the doctor at last, "that I am confident most of them would yield to continued care and treatment. In general, however, people have not the necessary time to devote to crazy relatives, and send them to an asylum instead. But, my dear," he added, turning to his wife, "suppose we have our supper?"

"Why, gracious me!" exclaimed my aunt, glancing at the clock, and putting down her knitting, "I had no idea it was so late! I have not heard the girl come in, and I fear the fire will be out. Tell him about that patient of yours in the Alps, while you are waiting." With that she hurried away.

My uncle fairly jumped round in his chair to stare after his wife, uttering the monosyllable "What!" in a tone that rendered it expressive of a whole vocabulary of astonishment.

"Pray do, sir," said I, seeing that he seemed to hesitate.

"I don't know that I ought to tell it to you," replied my uncle. "Still, as your aunt has suggested it, I will do so. But it is so strange a story, that I hardly believe it myself at times, although I have every reason to know it to be true."

Then lighting another cigar my uncle began his narrative :

"In the summer of 1845," he said, "I stopped for a few days at the village of Abendbrod in the Austrian Alps. I was then thirty years of age, and had taken my medical degree in London five years before. I had been for several months on the Continent, visiting lunatic asylums, having made insanity my special study. I had stopped last at Vienna, until the heat there had made me feel the necessity of rest and change, as I had for a long time been almost living among lunatics. For several weeks I had been in constant attendance at the State Asylum for the insane in that city, where I had been the guest of Dr. Otto Von Streidlitz, first resident physician, a young man of the highest order of intellect, between whom and myself a very strong friendship sprang up during our too short acquaintance. It was the month when Von Streidlitz should have taken his short holiday, but he was detained by the constant arrival of distressing cases, which were then being collected in all the provinces and sent in by order of the emperor, of mad persons found chained up by relations, or living in a wild state in deserted places. Von Streidlitz had urged me not to wait for him, promising to join me in the mountains as soon as he could get away.

"One evening I was sitting in the big hall of the inn at Abendbrod, listening to the gossip and tales of the villagers. The stories that evening turned chiefly on murders and robberies, for the village mind was excited by the lawless doings of a gang of escaped convicts, four of whom had been seen that day within a few miles of the place. Suddenly the door was flung open, and in strode a young Austrian artist, who was also a guest at the inn. He was greeted with acclamation, as he had usually some amusing adventure to tell.

"'Well, my friends,' he cried, 'I have seen your lovely madwoman, and, by the gods, I had an escape of my life. I should say she *is* mad, and beautiful too. Oh what a model she would make if we could catch and tame her!'

"Between mouthfuls of bread and cheese, he proceeded to tell us that after a long hunt he had found the cave in which mad Gretchen lived, which was situated about five miles from the village, and on one of the roughest mountain slopes. He approached it cautiously, and was peering into its darkness, when a stone whizzed close to his head and fell shattered from the rocky wall beside him; and turning, he beheld, within a few yards of him, the personification of fury, in the shape of the mad woman herself—ragged, erect, with gleaming eye and open nostril. He attempted to explain that he was only a harmless artist who had

lost his way, but she advanced on him, brandishing a formidable knife, and he beat a hasty retreat.

"Loud laughter followed this recital and many were the jokes at the young man's expense. On enquiry, I learned that this young woman had 'arrived from the West,' three years before. She was then travelling in good style with her father, who, however, was taken suddenly ill when passing through Terrino, a village which lies at the other side of the mountain, within the Italian frontier, and about eight miles from Abendbrod. The old gentleman soon died, which was such a shock to his daughter, then 17 years old, that the villagers had to nurse her through a fever; but she had almost recovered when one night she disappeared, and the next tidings of her was that she had taken up her quarters in the cave that the artist had visited, and was a raving maniac. Many but futile efforts had been made to induce, or even force her, to leave her wretched abode; she would allow no one to approach her, and would have probably perished during the winters, had not the kind-hearted villagers left supplies of food where she could find them. No friend or relation had ever enquired for her, and nothing was found among her effects which gave a clue to her identity. She was seldom seen in the day-time, but wandered round at night, sometimes singing in a strange, weird voice.

"This is one of the kind of cases that the authorities were looking for, and the cave was in Austrian territory, so I determined to try my luck with mad Gretchen as they called her. I have always got on well with lunatics, and when I was young I prided myself upon this power over them; besides, I had a strong curiosity to see this girl whom everybody described as so beautiful. I was bound for Terrino, where I expected letters, and the pathway passed near Gretchen's cave. So next morning I buckled on my knapsack, and bade adieu to the hospitable villagers, receiving in return many warnings not to go too near the madwoman.

"Five miles in the High-Alps is as bad as twenty on level ground, and a good deal worse if you lose your way, as I did mine on that occasion. I came to a tree that had been struck by lightning, and I had been told that such a tree marked the place where I should strike up the mountain side to find the madwoman's cave. Near the tree was a little path, which I took. Unfortunately, the tree was the wrong one, and the path turned out to be one of the innumerable cow or goat tracks of the mountains which gradually fade away and lead nowhere. I wandered all day in vain efforts to find the road again, and towards evening I sat down by a little stream and dabbled my aching feet in the cool water, wondering how I should make out for the night, and eating some bread and cheese I had luckily brought with me.

"I had fallen into a reverie when I suddenly felt a touch on my shoulder, and looking up, my eyes met those of mad Gretchen herself!

There she was, standing over me, and completely mistress of the situation. To my relief, however, I saw that her eyes were not gleaming, nor were her nostrils distended in anger, and her big knife nestled harmlessly in her girdle.

“‘I knew that you would come at last,’ she said; ‘but oh, what a long, long time I have been waiting for you.’ This was said in unmistakably native English, in a wonderfully sweet voice, and in a most pathetic tone.

“I scrambled to my feet, utterly bewildered by such an unexpected greeting, and stood before her. She was undoubtedly a beautiful creature. Tall, slender, and graceful, with dark brown hair and eyes, oval face, regular features and a forehead that ought to have betokened intellect. In fact, to describe her as she was then would require the pen of a novelist. For some seconds we stood looking at each other; then her face became illuminated by that peculiar ecstatic smile that is sometimes seen in emotional insanity, and she put out both her hands, which I mechanically took in mine.

“‘I knew the Gods would send you in time to save me,’ she said, ‘but to-morrow would have been too late, for they will be here to-night. Come, let us make haste, for I have got to get some things from the cave before we start.’

“I sat down without speaking, to put on my shoes and stockings. I was in a nice predicament. Mad Gretchen had evidently made up her mind to come with me, just as she was, dressed in a marvellous assortment of rags and tatters of clothing that once had been costly, but was now rather dirty and exceedingly ludicrous, although extremely picturesque. Moreover, I did not know at what moment her furious mania would break out again, and I knew of no place where to take her so suddenly. Before I met her, I was planning how I would get her away; now, when she wanted to come, I found myself planning how to get away from her. I made up my mind to humour her until she brought me to the path to Terrino, and until I saw how things would develop. I felt sure that Von Streidlitz would take an interest in her but I was not prepared for this suddenness.

“As I shouldered my knapsack she said: ‘Follow me’; and led the way over brook and boulder with an easy agility that taxed my powers to keep up with her. No word was spoken until we reached the cave, the entrance to which was a small opening in a high perpendicular wall of rock, in front of which wall the strata formed a grassy ledge of about fifty feet wide, beyond which again the forest began, and the mountain sloped downward. Seating herself on a fallen tree near the cave Gretchen said: ‘Now let us rest a little,’ and motioned to me to sit beside her.

“We sat in silence for a few moments. Accustomed as I was to lunatics, I felt a strange embarrassment with this poor girl. She had shown no symptom of the violence with which she was credited, her

manner was completely trustful, she could look in my eye without flinching—a most rare thing in insanity—and I reflected that her delusion that I had been sent to save her, might turn out a fact after all. Presently I said :

“‘How did you know I was coming?’

“‘I saw it in the water,’ she answered quietly, ‘besides, *they* told me you were coming.’

“‘Who are they?’ I asked.

“‘My visitors, of course,’ answered the girl.

“‘Your visitors!’ I said, ‘why I thought you would not allow anyone to come to see you.’

“‘They come without my leave, suddenly, at all hours, and I am very glad to see them, for I should be very lonely without them,’ she said.

“It struck me then that her visitors were of the ghostly order—hallucinations; and a few more questions made it clear that such was the fact. She said that ‘they’ had told her to speak to no one till I came for her. Suddenly she seized my hand and kissed it, and said, with eyes suffused with tears, ‘Oh! I am so happy you have come for me,’ with that she disappeared into the cave.

“Left to myself, I began for the first time to realize my peculiar situation. The sun was setting, and I was exceedingly tired. To get to Terrino would take me three hours in my weary condition, and I dared not trust myself to find the way until the moon rose, which was after midnight. Moreover, poor Gretchen had made up her mind to go with me, which was impossible. I began to think that it is not always an advantage to have a soothing influence with mad people!

“Presently she emerged from the cave, bringing with her a little bundle and something wrapped up in a piece of rag which she put into my hand. It was heavy. Opening it, I found about a hundred gold pieces.

“‘Let us go,’ she said.

“She seemed so quiet and in many ways so rational that I determined to try to persuade her to wait a few days till I came back for her, so I motioned to her to sit down beside me, which she did. Taking her hand in mine, I said :

“‘Gretchen, you say that I am your deliverer, but, if I am to save you you must let me do things my own way. We must not make a false start, and I am very tired and my feet are blistered.’

“She sighed and put her bundle down beside her. This encouraged me and I went on :

“‘I know that you are a sensible young woman and can understand that it would never do for you to go where there are well-dressed people in the clothes you have now. They would ridicule and insult you; and we should both be arrested, for you have no passport.’

“I looked at her now; she had become very pale, and her large eyes

were fixed on me in apparent astonishment. She said nothing, however, and I went on :

“‘What I intend to do is this To-morrow morning I will go to Terrino, and post on to a city, where I will get a lodging for you with a lady who will be kind to you, and where I can often come to see you Then I will come back for you, and bring you some nice clothes.’

“She stood up without speaking, and I was startled at her changed expression, and quickly rose to my feet.

“‘You will not take me with you?’ she almost shrieked.

“‘Not this time, dear Gretchen,’ I answered, gently but firmly, and picking up the package of gold I held it out to her.

“Quick as a flash she knocked the money out of my hand, scattering it in all directions, and sprang on me like a fury, seizing my throat with both her hands in a grip of iron. By a great effort I liberated my neck, and holding her hands down I said :

“‘Foolish girl, do you not know that I have come to save you?’

“I felt the muscles of her arms slowly relax and then the look of anger gradually faded from her face, changing into the same ecstatic smile I had noticed when we met. This lasted only for an instant however. I felt her muscles again becoming rigid ; her face lost all expression, her eyes grew glassy, and she had become completely cataleptic.

“It was an hour before I succeeded in bringing her back to consciousness. By that time it had become dark, and she did not recognise me at first, or realize where she was. Presently she sprang to her feet and said : “‘I have seen them, and oh ! they look so cruel ! There are four of them. One is very tall, another is very short, and the remaining two are middle-sized. They have ropes to tie me with. They have left Terrino and will be here soon. We must go at once ; you must not leave me here.’

“I knew, of course, that she had had a dream or vision of some sort, a not uncommon feature of the cataleptic condition, and I did my best to calm her ; but I could not remove from her mind the impression that four men were coming to attack her and carry her off. I had read of cases, apparently well authenticated, of persons in the cataleptic state giving evidence of abnormal powers of vision, although a case of ‘Clairvoyance’ had never occurred in my own practice. Finally it was agreed that we should wait till the moon was up, then by its light collect the scattered gold pieces, and make our way to Abendbrod, where I thought I could persuade my late host to give a temporary asylum to my poor patient, as I had now come to consider her.

“After a while she lay down on some dry leaves near her cave, and I stretched myself on the ground to wait for the moonlight. I was very weary but did not feel inclined to sleep. I must have dozed off, however, for I was startled by feeling something cold touch my hand, and

opening my eyes I saw Gretchen stooping over me with her big knife in her grasp, and a look of anger and terror in her face.

"‘They are coming,’ she whispered, excitedly, ‘get up and make no noise.’

"I jumped to my feet, and clutching my arm, she pointed in the direction of the path that led to her cave, and bade me listen. In the solemn silence of the Alpine night I heard a sound like the tramping of feet a long way off; but it was indistinct, and I thought it was only cattle. As if she guessed my thoughts, she said :

"‘The cows have bells; besides, *they* woke me and told me to prepare.’

"The moon had risen by this time and we stood listening in the shadow of a projecting piece of the rock. The sounds were growing more defined, and we now heard the crackling noise that is made by people walking through the dry underbush of a forest. Presently we heard someone laugh, and Gretchen whispered : ‘Get your pistols.’ I had laid them by my side when I lay down. I really think that, mad as she was, she had her wits about her, just then, better than I had mine.

"There could be no doubt now but that there were several men in the party, for we could hear different voices, and presently they burst into view about thirty yards away. When they emerged from under the trees they suddenly halted, and ceased talking, and I heard a voice say : ‘This is the place.’

"I felt a strange creepy sensation when I saw that there were four of them, answering perfectly to her description; one was a very tall man, another, below the middle height, and the other two, medium-sized.

"As they stood talking together in undertones, I could hear one voice better than the others. I heard this man whisper to another : ‘You will throw the cloth over her head.’ I heard him ask who had got the rope, and I heard him tell the others to beware of her knife. I cocked my pistols as noiselessly as I could.

"They began to edge up towards the spot where we stood, keeping in the shade. Suddenly Gretchen stepped from my side right out into the moonlight and asked in a ringing voice what they wanted.

"The little man answered with a laugh : ‘We want you, my darling.’ Then someone cried : ‘Go!’ and all four made a rush.

"Gretchen sprang to my side, and I raised my pistol and fired at the foremost man. He leaped in the air and fell forward on his face, nearly at our feet. The others stopped, hesitated for a moment, and then fled into the woods, and I sent my other bullet after them to quicken their retreat.

"The fallen man did not move, and I went forward to examine him. He was dead, and I turned the body over to look at the face."

My uncle's voice had gradually been growing husky, and now he paused, and blew his nose vigorously. Presently he said :

"My dear young nephew, when I turned that body over, I found myself confronted by one of the tragedies of my life. The man whom I had shot was Dr. Otto Von Streidlitz. I did not, however, for a moment realize that I had killed my friend. My first idea was that this escaped convict, as I thought him, bore an extraordinary likeness to him. Then a horrid suspicion stole over me. Von Streidlitz had an injured ear; half of his left ear had at some time been bitten off by one of his lunatics. I turned the head over and found that half of the left ear was missing. This was beyond the bounds of coincidence, and I knew then that I had killed my friend.

that in some unexplicable way it might possibly be my friend himself.

"I have no distinct recollection of what followed. I remember crying out, and that Gretchen ran to me. I must have fainted, for the next thing I knew was that she was kneeling beside me as I lay on the grass, and was bathing my hand with her tears, thinking I was dead.

I afterwards found that Von Streidlitz had written to me to Terrino, and had followed his letter in person. He had waited for me there for several days, not knowing I was so near him, and, like myself, had casually heard of the beautiful lunatic. His professional interest was enlisted, and he determined to capture the girl himself and send her to the asylum at Vienna. But Terrino being in Italian territory he could do nothing officially from that side, so he had organized a posse of villagers to help him to seize the girl, intending to carry her on to Abendbrod.

"My first impulse was to go and give myself up to the authorities; but I reflected that I should have to acquit myself of the charge of murder, and my only witness was precluded by her mental condition from giving evidence in a court of justice. I knew, also, that the affair would be probably misrepresented in the English papers, and my prospects ruined; and I had moreover seen something of Austrian prisons, and had no desire to form their more intimate acquaintance. I felt sure the three survivors of the raid had not seen who fired the shot, and that if I could escape into Switzerland, I should never be charged with the killing.

"I had also to consider poor Gretchen. I could not leave her behind now, for my own sake as well as hers. She was perfectly subdued, and the events of the night had drawn us closer together. I forgot her hallucinations in our common necessity to escape from our terrible surroundings. But how were we to escape? We were on the highest part of a mountain pass, with only two possible means of exit. Terrino, at one end, would be aroused by the time we got there, and we would be certainly stopped. The killing, however, would not be known as soon at Abendbrod, at the other end of the pass, and there was still time to pass that way before the villagers were astir, but poor Gretchen's terribly conspicuous rags made subsequent recognition a certainty.

"I was just wondering whether she would consent to put on a spare pair of trousers and shirt I had in my knapsack, when she touched my arm, and, pointing to the body, said :

"I will put on his clothes if you will take them off."

"She put on my shirt, for his was stained with blood, and arrayed in his other garments she looked like a handsome youth.

"We passed unobserved through Abendbrod at dawn and spent the day in the woods a few miles further on. We caught the night diligence for Switzerland as it passed us on the road, and, as I had my brother James's name as well as my own on my passport, we had no difficulty at the frontier."

At this point my aunt put her head into the room, and said :

"Now, come along, for I am sure you must be starving."

"Did poor Gretchen recover her reason?" I asked as we rose.

"Completely," replied my uncle. "I think the shock cured her. Her ghostly visitors kept their word and never returned, and no fresh hallucination appeared ; but for a long time the harmless delusion remained that she could see wonderful things by looking into clear water. Gretchen, by the bye, was only a name that the villagers gave her."

"What was her real name?" I asked.

"A very unusual one," answered my uncle. "Her real name was Zeretta."

"Zeretta!" I exclaimed, with eyes wide open, "why, that's my aunt's name!"

My uncle smiled ; put his finger to his lips, and said :

"Come along to supper."

R. HARTE.



### "CHAOS AND OLD NIGHT."

Big drops are falling ;  
Deep sighs are heaving ;  
Strong thews are trembling ;  
Stout hearts are breaking :

For "Chaos and Old Night" are threatening—  
Their doleful shades, alas ! are lowering !

Where hope ne'er comes and light 's ne'er seen,  
Where life is torment, death is sweet !

. M. MULL.

May 15, 1887.

## OUR CHRISTIAN NINETEENTH CENTURY ETHICS.

**A**S civilization progresses, moral darkness pervades the alleged light of Christianity. The chosen symbol of our boasted civilization ought to be a huge boa constrictor. Like that monstrous ophidian, with its velvety black and brilliant golden-hued spots, and its graceful motions, civilization proceeds insidiously, but as surely, to crush in its deadly coils every high aspiration, every noble feeling, aye, even to the very discrimination of right and wrong.

Conscience, "God's vicegerent in the soul," speaks no longer in man; for the whispers of the still small voice within are stifled by the ever-increasing din and roar of Selfishness.

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But—"our shops, our horses' legs, our boots . . . have all benefited by the introduction" of the "macadam of civilization," says Dickens. Yea; but have not our hearts turned, on the other hand, to stone also? Have they not been *macadamized* in their steady petrification, with this rapid spread of civilization? Highwaymen may, or may not, have disappeared with more perfect highways, yet it is certain that they have reappeared since in every class of life and trade, and that highway robbery is now taking place on still deadlier, if improved and legalized principles. "Crawling beggars and dirty inns" offend our esthetic feelings no longer; but starving beggars have found their numbers increasing tenfold and are multiplying at a rate in proportion to the extortionate charges of white-washed inns, now turned into palace-hotels. And if—still according to Dickens—"much of the ribbonism, landlord-stalking from behind hedges, and Skibbereen starvation of Ireland may be attributed to the baleful roads of bygone days," to what shall we attribute the same evils, only on a more gigantic scale, in the Emerald Island to-day?

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Politics does not enter into the programme of our magazine's activity. Yet as everything under the sun now seems to have become connected with politics, which appear to have become little else but a legal permission to break the ten commandments, a regular government license to the rich for the commission of all the sins which, when perpetrated by the poor, land the criminal in jail, or hoist him upon the gallows—it becomes difficult to avoid touching upon politics. There are cases which, emanating directly from the realm of political and diplomatic action, cry loudly to the common ethics of humanity for exposure and punishment. Such is the recent event which must now be mentioned.

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It is a truism of too long standing, a policy acted upon by every civilized nation from antiquity, that the prosperity of every state is based upon the orderly establishment of family principles. Nor is anyone likely to deny that social ethics depend largely upon the early education received by the growing-up generations. On whom does the duty devolve of guiding that education from early childhood? Who can do so better than a loving mother, once that her moral worth is recognised by all, and that no evil report has ever sullied her fame? The youth and his later intellectual training may well be left to the

firmer hand of the father: the care of his childhood belongs by all divine and human rights to the mother alone; the parent who gave her offspring not only a part of her flesh and blood, but a portion likewise of her immortal soul—that which shall create hereafter the real man, the true EGO. This is the A B C of the life-duties of mankind; and it is the first duty of those in power to guard the sacred maternal rights against any brutal violation.

How then shall we characterise the unparalleled act of violence, perpetrated on the modern principle that “might is right,” which has been offered in the face of all the world by a crowned husband to his innocent wife, and by the first statesman in Europe to an unprotected Queen—a *woman*? Has Queen Nathalie of Servia played false to her country, was she a faithless wife, or a bad mother? No; most decidedly not. Has she in any way deserved the insult dealt her at the hands of these two men, in the European scandal which has now disgraced the King, her husband, and the country to whose honour and protection she trusted herself? Once more, and a thousand times, no. All those who knew Milan Obrenovitch’s life, his low moral standard, his family relations for the last years, and especially his small intrinsic value as King, patriot and man, will deny emphatically any accusation against Queen Nathalie. On the other hand many are those who knew her personally, from her birth and throughout her girlhood. A good daughter cannot be a bad mother. A pure, noble-minded woman can hardly be a guilty wife.

Why then should she be so cruelly treated? Why should she have been forced to drain to the last drop the contents of the bitter cup of insult and moral agony for crimes that were not her own? It is a measure of political necessity, we are told. The Christian clergy of the land is forced to sanction it, and Christian law is thus made to act in defiance of every moral and divine law! Most undeservedly and brutally insulted in all her most sacred rights, the honest woman, the faithful wife of a faithless man and husband, is now doomed to be sacrificed to the Moloch of politics! She must remain separated from her only child, and witness, passive, helpless and powerless, year after year, the virus of moral depravity being inoculated in her boy’s nature by such a father! She, the legitimate wife and Queen, has to submit to be treated like a discharged *courtisane* and suffer another woman and women, fully deserving of that epithet, to take her place in the palace, perhaps to assume authority over her innocent son. “Politics” doom a future king to witness from his childhood daily scenes that seem copied from those which must have taken place in the palaces of Messalina and those of the Popes Borgia!

Therefore every honest man and woman has a right to say that no more brutal, heartless, unqualifiable act has ever been perpetrated in the political dramas of this century of the greatest civilisation. Such an act committed by a *Milan* of Servia, the salaried *bravo* of Austria, could hardly astonish anyone. But that the deed should be sanctioned by one who had just proclaimed in the hearing of all Europe, that he “feared God alone,” is incomprehensible. We are far, it seems, from the barbarous Middle Ages, when the German *Ritter* fought and died to protect a woman. We are in the age of civilisation and politics. Poor, unhappy Nathalie Keshko! Who of those who knew her hardly a dozen years ago, the beautiful, happy, innocent girl, the ornament of

the high social circles of Odessa, would have ever dreamt of such a fate for her? Left early an orphan, she was brought up by her guardian as a beloved daughter. Love, wealth and happiness smiled upon her from her very cradle, until that unfortunate marriage of hers—a true *mésalliance*—with the unworthy nephew of the martyr-Hospodar, Michael Obrenovitch. The descendant of the swineherdsmen of Servia has since become an opera-comique King, who now dishonours the nation which chose him for its ruler. It was not her beauty that attracted him; but her millions. The noble uprighteousness of her character and her true womanly moral qualities must have made him dread her from the first; and while these repelled the profligate husband, the millions of Nathalie Keshko consoled him, by permitting him to enlarge his harem, and make his mistresses share the same palace with the virtuous legitimate wife. And now, having filled the life of the unfortunate young Queen with gall, he gives her the last deadly blow by depriving her of her only child, making of her a Rachel weeping and refusing to be comforted.

Why? For what crime and by what right? The last word of the mystery is in the safe keeping of Prince Bismarck and King Milan. The proud Imperial Chancellor might have defeated the ends of that puppet-King with one word; but he preferred to help him. Before the Prince, all male Europe bows. But no woman can fail to arise in righteous indignation against the politics of the "Iron Chancellor" and proclaim it to his face. The loud blame of millions of women, and of every mother in Christendom, are so many implied curses that must for once fall upon the head of the man they are addressed to. And what mother will fail to sympathise with this other bereaved and wronged mother? There is a law of Retribution, however, and it is this which gives us the liberty to ask: What, or who, gives you the right and audacity to so insult all law, divine and human? Is it in the name of Christianity that you perpetrate an act which would disgrace any "heathen" potentate and State?

Ye, unrighteous judges who fear neither moral law, nor do you feel ashamed before the open censure of the teeming millions of those who openly blame you; it is posterity which will render to you your just dues, and thus avenge the memory of this martyred Queen and mother. That day must come, when, passing into history, your *political* action will be read with disgust and horror even by the descendants of those who now keep silent, instead of raising their voices in the defence of that innocent woman.

But while whole nations of private individuals can do nothing except protest, sincerely and as vainly; all those who could do so effectually, will not lift a finger on behalf of Queen Nathalie. The public is willing, but powerless; the Sovereigns and potentates all-powerful, but evidently unwilling. But, O, ye Crowned women, mothers, and wives of Europe! Unless you join your voices in one mighty cry of indignation and protest against such an infamous act of despotism and undeserved cruelty, you have small right indeed to call yourselves Christians or to represent the religion of your Christ in the eyes of the masses. Although might is *really* right in our age of dissembling and of unexampled Selfishness, there may be something worse in store for those who fail to do the right thing by an oppressed sister. That which is now being done to the legitimate Queen of an insignificant little Kingdom, may be done to any of you—wives and mothers of the Sovereigns of mighty States and Empires—when the hour of just retributive justice strikes. Arise then and protest in the name of human rights while you are still in power. For who knows how long that power may yet last? Verily, in view of the rapid spread of *civilization* and the despotism of *such* politics, the day when that hour will strike is only a question of time and of expediency. . . .

ADVERSA

## Reviews.

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### REINCARNATION.\*

**M**R. WALKER cannot be too heartily congratulated on the manner in which he has written his book. He has arranged his facts in a masterly way, and has devoted so much time and study to the subject that he is able to cite in his favour a large majority of those writers and thinkers who have distinguished their race at all the historical epochs of human progress. Of course in such a subject there must necessarily appear some gaps to the specialist, but, in spite of all that critics may urge, there is no doubt that Mr. Walker's book forms the most admirable summary of the subject which has yet appeared.

The book is divided into various sections. In the first of these a definition is attempted. There is no uncertain sound in the words: "That man ever dwelt in the bodies of beasts, we deny as irrational, as such a retrogression would contradict the fundamental maxims of nature. That philosophy is a corruption of Reincarnation."

"Granting the permanence of the human spirit amid every change, the doctrine of rebirth is the only one yielding a metaphysical explanation of the phenomena of life. It is already accepted on the physical plane as evolution, and holds a firm ethical value in applying the law of justice to human experience."

Thus reincarnation simply resolves itself into the enunciation of a law that man lives and dies and lives again, and acts and takes rest on the plane of life as a whole just as he does in his life from day to day. The individual man clothes himself many times in different personalities.

Mr. Walker then proceeds to the arguments in favour of Reincarnation. He argues that the idea of immortality instinct in man, when assisted with the analogy of nature and by the conservation of energy and the correlation of forces, necessarily demands reincarnation as a fact. The Christian idea of special creation at birth involves a similar annihilation at death. Immortality then demands it. Analogy in the case of the life history of butterflies comes to the assistance of the theory and, when combined with the observations of embryology, leaves very little room for hesitation. Not so very long since even the evolution of the physical frame of man and animal was denied; but now that this evolution is a proven fact and we can see the traces of it as demonstrating reincarnation under different forms in the embryo, it is high time that we should turn our attention to the evolution of the soul as well. Mr. Walker cites many instances from physiology and biology to assist his case and makes his position very firm indeed.

Physiology further shows an entire reconstitution of the physical frame every

\* By E. D. Walker. Boston and New York, HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., 1888; and London, WARD & LOCK.

seven years, and the question naturally rises : " Why should not this 'reincarnation' be further extended ? "

The old argument is brought in as to the acquisition of all experience being impossible in one life and supported by the facts of early death.

Further Mr. Walker puts forward the idea that reincarnation forms a complete answer to the old theological difficulty of "original sin." And under his examination this proves to be the case. Further it explains many curious experiences. Of course the objection may be taken that these experiences admit of a different explanation ; on the other hand reincarnation affords the simplest explanation to all, and it is well known as a law that the economy of nature demands the simplest and most direct course.

It is perhaps a pity that the scope of the book did not permit Mr. Walker to deal more fully with the solution which Reincarnation, in company with its twin law of Karma, affords to the problem of moral inequality, and "the injustice and evil which otherwise overwhelms us." But the reader is given an outline which he can well fill up for himself. As Mr. Walker puts it, "the total experience of humanity forms a magnificent tapestry of perfect poetic justice."

Mr. Walker states four main objections to the theory. Of these, though he rightly gives it the last place in validity, the uncongeniality of the doctrine is that which operates in the minds of most people. The arguments of loss of memory and the opposition of heredity are the most serious to meet. But they are so well considered and met, that it would be worth while to purchase the book if only for this section. The argument of memory is shown to be fallacious by the facts and analogies afforded by one life only. The cases of double identity, and other kindred instances, prove the existence of a "higher memory" which is not always available for the consciousness of sense perception. As regards the justice of suffering for deeds which we are not conscious of having committed, it is answered rightly that it is really only to those who always attempt to shift the blame off their own shoulders that the idea of an arbitrary guide of man's destiny is acceptable. Nature never errs, and it is healthier for man to know that he only reaps the seed which he himself sows than to think that he can avoid payment by cheating himself of his dues. But to most minds the idea is repellant on account of the loss it involves of the consciousness of the persons dear to them. But it may be answered that love and sympathy usually have their basis, if they are real at all, in something beyond mere outward appearances. We are all pilgrims together and Mr. Walker adds : "our theory extends the journey in just proportion to the supernal destination."

The quotations from "Western Prose Writers" afford the reader a glimpse extending over such a wide range that, if merely for the insight into the minds of great thinkers, the book is worth reading. A part is devoted to the work of Mr. William R. Alger, who, though a clergyman, devoted 20 years of his life to the study and was so firmly convinced of its truth that the pagan idea of reincarnation became immoveably fixed in his mind as a fact proven to him indisputably.

Mr. Walker quotes largely from the poets. On the ground that they "are the seers of the race" who merely transmit, often unconsciously to themselves,

the truths which are "beyond the limits of reason" it is surely a phalanx of considerable strength to marshal 12 American poets, 17 British, six Continental, and seven Platonic, in favour of the theory.

Quotations from ancient prose writers and poets, from present-day Eastern writers, from the esoteric Oriental philosophies—all are cited by Mr. Walker in favour of the theory.

One fact is worth repeating here. The effect of this theory on the conduct of life is such that travellers in many parts of China. . . . Central India and Ceylon agree that the daily life of Buddhism is so like the realization of Christianity as to give strong support to the theory of the Indian origin of our religion. It would be a matter of curiosity to know what Eastern travellers would remark as to the theory and practice of Christianity in so-called "Christian countries."

To conclude in Mr. Walker's words :

"Reincarnation unites all the family of man into a universal brotherhood more effectively than the prevailing humanity. It promotes the solidarity of mankind by destroying the barriers that conceit and circumstances have raised between individuals, groups, nations, and races. All alike are favoured with poetic justice. . . . There are no special gifts. Physical blessings, mental talents, and moral successes are the laborious result of long merit. Sorrows, defects, and failures proceed from negligence."

Mr. Walker concludes with the conviction "that all the best teachers of mankind—religion, philosophy, science and poetry—urge the soul to

Be worthy of death ; and so learn to live  
That every incarnation of thy soul  
In varied realms, and worlds, and firmaments  
Shall be more pure and high."

The book is closed by a copious bibliography on the subject, which is immensely valuable. We can heartily recommend the book to all students of Theosophy and the *facts* of Nature, for we think Mr. Walker, even with the Mr. narrow limits of his book, has proved his case.

#### EMENDATIONS OF HAMLET.\*

**M**R. MULL'S book is undoubtedly one of the greatest additions to Shakespearean study which recent years have seen.

It is characterised by the most thorough scholarship, the most cautious and yet daring criticism, combined with a genius for perceiving intuitively the true reading of corrupt passages, only perhaps equalled by Porson.

Many of the author's emendations carry with them the instant conviction of self-evident truths, leaving a feeling of wonder that they have never been suggested before.

Delicate shades of meaning, hitherto concealed, are brought out by slight

\* "Hamlet ; Restorations and Emendations," by Matthias Mull. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & Co., 1885.

changes of punctuation, which display a closeness of application to the text only found elsewhere in Coleridge's Lectures.

The text is prefaced by a valuable essay on Hamlet's madness, and on this subject we cannot do better than let the author speak for himself :

"The next point is, did Hamlet consistently exhibit an 'antic disposition' on each and such occasions as his design demanded? In other words, was he, as a sane man, able to control his resolution so as to fit the time and season in which to display his 'crafty madness'? The whole drama affords abundant testimony that he did so control himself as to completely carry out the purpose he had in view, and by the startling contrast of the character he assumed, and of that in which he exhibited his lofty and weighty 'discourse of reason,' he furnishes overwhelming evidence that he was marvellously sane. . . . In all this is Hamlet himself, noble and transcendent, moved to 'fine issues,' self-controlled as the soaring eagle, firm as the stable pole-star. . . . His 'antic disposition' is marvellously accommodated to the several individuals before whom it is exhibited. . . ."

After reading this preface our chief feeling is one of regret that Mr. Mull has not supplemented it by an essay on that other vexed question, Hamlet's love for Ophelia.

In a brief note on the passage :—

"*Hamlet*. A little more than kin, and less than kind."

(Act I., sc. ii., l. 65.)

Mr. Mull paraphrases it thus :—

"A little (signifying very much) beyond mere relationship I stand to you. I am rightful heir to the crown ; I am by right your king, and you my subject."

This is undoubtedly a rendering which deserves the most respectful consideration ; but in weighing the question of Hamlet's title to the throne, and its bearing on doubtful passages, and questions of Hamlet's action, we must bear in mind the fact disclosed by recent juridical researches, that the rigid form of primogeniture to which we are accustomed in England, was by no means universal. Nothing was more common, in every section of the Aryan family, than for a brother of a dead chieftain to succeed instead of a son, as Shakespeare's studies in Hollinshed must have informed him ; hence Hamlet's "right" to the throne is far from being as certain as many critics assume.

But the most interesting part of the volume before us is undoubtedly that section devoted to the author's emendations, which exhibit pre-eminently his character and penetration as a critic.

Perhaps the most disputed reading in all Hamlet is that which occurs in the following lines. (We give Mr. Mull's reading) :—

"*King*. Our son shall win.

*Queen*. He's FAINT, and scant of breath.

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brow.

Come, let me wipe thy face."

Mr. Mull adds : "The accepted reading, it seems to me, is as gross in the mouth of the Queen as it is repugnant to the situation and the facts. The coarseness of the word *fat* well befits the stupidity of the mutilation. 'The mould of form' *corpulent* !"

If Mr. Mull can succeed in laying the ghost of the fat Hamlet, he will receive the endless gratitude of all Shakespere scholars.

Instead of the received reading :—

“*Ber.* How now, Horatio? you tremble, and look pale :  
Is not this something more than fantasy?”

Mr. Mull reads :—

“How now, Horatio,—you tremble and look pale—  
Is not this something more than fantasy?”

(Act I., sc. i., l. 53.)

In the second scene, line 229 :

“What! looked he frowningly?”

Mr. Mull reads :

“What looked he, frowningly?”

In the third scene, line 115, he punctuates the well-known passage as follows :—

“*Pol.* I do know,  
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul  
Lends the tongue vows : these blazes, daughter—  
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,  
Even in their promise as it is a-making—  
You must not take for fire.”

In scene iv. of the same act, line 46, Mr. Mull amends the received reading thus :—

“Let me not REST in ignorance, but tell  
Why thy canonis'd bones, . . . .”

Substituting *rest* for *burst*.

In scene v. line 121, he punctuates thus :

“How say you, then—would heart of man once think it !—  
But you'll be secret?”

In Polonius' warning to Ophelia at the beginning of the second act (scene i. line 111), Mr. Mull makes an important change :—

“*Pol.* I am sorry that with better heed and judgment,  
You had not quoted him.”

Not perhaps so happy is the following,—Act III. scene ii., line 244.

“*Ham.* The mouse-trap.

*King.* Marry, how?

*Ham.* Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna.”

It would seem better to keep to the old reading, by which Hamlet's speech reads :—

“*Ham.* The mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically.”

In answer to a gesture of interrogation from the king.

In the iv. scene, line 182, Mr. Mull punctuates as follows :—

“*Queen.* What shall I do?”

"*Ham.* Not this by no means, that I bid you do :  
 Let the bloat king. . . .  
 Make you to ravel all this matter out.  
 That I essentially am not in madness,  
 But mad in craft, 'twere good you let him know :  
 For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise."

In the fourth act, scene iv., line 39, we have an important emendation :—

" . . . . I do not know.  
 WHILE yet I live to say, 'this thing's to do'—  
 Sith I have cause, and will, and strength and means  
 To do 't—examples gross as earth exhort me."

We are constrained to notice in several passages, what seems almost a fault in sense of rhythm, a deficiency of ear.

We are certain however that Mr. Mull can satisfactorily explain the seeming fault in the following passages :—

"Why this same strict and most observant watch ?  
 WHY so nightly tolls the subject of the land?"  
 (Act I., sc. i., l. 72.)

And—

"For use almost can change the stamp of nature,  
 And TETHER the devil, or throw him out."  
 (Act III., sc. iv., l. 169.)

As for the text, it is excellently printed, and, were it not for the references to notes in the body of the text, would be the most readable we have seen.

In the margin are notes explanatory of verbal obscurities, while variants are noticed at the foot of the page.

We have given the most interesting of Mr. Mull's emendations, but every student of Shakespere ought to lose no time in securing this book, and studying it throughout.

Next month we hope to notice an annotated edition of "*Paradise Lost*," Books I. to VI. by the same author.

#### "A TRILOGY OF THE LIFE TO COME." \*

THE first part of the Trilogy, the "*Vision of Rhadamanthus*," gives us a glimpse of Elysian fields. The heroine :—

" . . . in a trance of mystic sleep,"  
 visits the realm of "*chaos and dark night*," the darkness opens, disclosing the blest regions beyond, and heroine speaks,

"What chanced I know not, nor remember more  
 Until awaking on an unknown shore,  
 In the rich setting of a glorious sea  
 Whose fadeless splendour was as fair as free,  
 And breathed upon by an immortal wind."

\* "*A Trilogy of the Life to Come*," and other Poems, by Robert Brown, jun., F.S.A. DAVID NUTT, 1887.

The rest of the "Vision" contains musical passages, shewing a fine sense of rhythmic beauty.

The second "Phase" of the Trilogy paints very dramatically the author's conception of the Rosy Cross, and the Crucifixion of the Rose, where the horrors of darkness :—

"Took the Rose, in the might of demon spite,  
To the depths of the midnight air ;  
Where, her hopes to deride, there they crucified  
The Rose on a burning Cross."

It contains musical passages, such as the following :—

" For, every soul, between pole and pole,  
That can love and to Love be true,  
In its crimson heart has a deathless part  
Which the Great Soul shall renew."

"Phase" III., "The Ascent of Souls," discloses the same power for musical rhythm, embodying philosophic thought, such as :—

"A rush of life through immortal being,  
A flashing of light in a god-born soul."

In "Patrokleia," the author has attempted to solve the insoluble problem of rendering the musical numbers of Homer into English verse.

A variety of metres are tried, but Chapman alone succeeded, even partially, in reproducing an effect at all similar to Homer. "Yule Tide" is a pretty poem, but, for mystical readers, the "Rose's Passion" is undoubtedly the poem of the volume.

### MONGOLIAN APHORISMS.

If thou lovest nature, thou lovest man. If thou hatest man, thou hatest nature, for the two are inseparable.

Learn from all thou comest in contact with. Learn from the wicked as from the good ; do, as the wise bee doeth, which extracts sweet honey from the bitterest plant, truly.

Slave, thou shalt not purchase thy freedom with the bondage of thy friends and next-of-kin ; nor shalt thou seek to obtain it, if that freedom be at the price of making the slavery of thy enemy more sorrowful.

Learn to discern light from darkness, and to perceive in the darkest night the bright dawn of the coming day.

Better that thou shouldst be twice deceived, and cursed thrice by LIE for no lie of thine, but thy truthful word, rather than deceive thy enemy even once, or so much as think of cursing thy greatest foe.

He who curses, poisons his own heart, losing thereby every spark of love in him.

Hate is the black skunk, and love, the pure, snow-white ermine : it is enough to let in one skunk to clear a whole plain of the ermines—aye, to the last.

## Correspondence.

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### IS THIS AN ERROR?

In the Editors' notes to the article on "The Crucifixion of Man," in the May number of LUCIFER, a quotation is given from *The Hebrew-Egyptian Mystery*. I have not seen this work and do not know the name of its author, but, judging from this specimen of his writings, he is very far from being a safe guide. From his way of treating the subject of the quotation, he is evidently not aware that the two Evangels in which the exclamation has been preserved reproduce the Chaldee translation or Targum of Psalm xxii., 1. This would have been more familiar than the Hebrew original to a Jew of the period in the habit of mixing with and teaching the people, and might well have fallen from the lips of such an one dying under such circumstances. To confront the Chaldee with the Hebrew here, and claim that the one is a falsification of the other is to make an unwarranted statement. But there is a still greater mistake even than this in the quotation, for, to get the reading, "My God, my God, how thou dost glorify me!" out of the Chaldee translation, the author substitutes שְׁבַחְתָּנִי for שְׁבַחְתָּנִי, and, by so doing, himself falsifies the accepted utterance. When it is realised that the exclamation handed down by the Evangelist is a Chaldee version of a Hebrew original, it cannot but be admitted that the meaning of the Chaldee is determined by that of the Hebrew, of which it is a translation. This unquestionably is "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" In the attributed rendering of the author, the Hebrew word he has adopted, to support preconceived views, only signifies "glorify" in the sense by singing the praises (and not by the illumination) of the glorified subject.

I have never met with an example of the use of the Hebrew formula referred to in the sense "My God, my God, how thou dost glorify me!" Will the learned Editors of LUCIFER, or any of its readers, who may have been more fortunate in this regard, kindly point one out to me?

EUPHRATES.

8th June, 1888.

[The above having been sent to the U.S.A. for the author of the "Source of Measures" to reply to his critic, the following is his answer.—Ed.]

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### NO ERROR.

The paper of "Euphrates" finds me in the country without books of reference. The reason of the novel translation of the words "eli, eli, lama sabachthani" is as follows:—The record of the New Testament must stand as its own original authority, for it has no other authentic source. We are bound, therefore, to

take, accept, and follow, its own statements for what they appear. A Greek sentence, lettering Hebrew words, must be rendered into the Hebrew agreeably to the equivalents of the letters in the Greek text. For instance, and in this case, there are two words in the Hebrew square letter, of the same sound but of differing letters and meanings. One is the Chaldee שִׁבַּק, and the other is the Hebrew שִׁבַּח. The first is, *anglicé*, "*shābāk*," meaning *to forsake*, and the other is *shābach*, meaning *to glorify*. These words are the ones supposed to be substituted for the word used in the Psalm, *azabthani*, the pure word for "*forsaken me*." If in the Greek text, which is the *only* guide and authority we have, the word is found as σαβαχ, it cannot properly be rendered otherwise in the Hebrew, or square letter, than by שִׁבַּח, or, *anglicé*, *shābāch*. The real word of the Greek text is σαβαχθανי, or in proper conversion שִׁבַּחְתָּנִי, or *shābachthani*, which does mean "*glorify me*," and nothing else. Any change from this must and can be only by perversion, and by way of *correction* of the text of the New Testament. As used in the climacteric sentence of the whole symbolic fabricated drama, it was taken from the Mysteries, and never had any reality whatever. The matter has been referred to very learned Jews, and surprise has been expressed that in such a manifest difference between the indicated word and the correction adopted, *no comment* should exist of the fact of discrepancy, probably because it was thought best to slur, rather than lay the symbolic jugglery bare to the unthinking, ignorant herd.

Difficulties arising from some fatal obstacle to the conversion of a fixed and necessary symbolic real reading, and some plausible popular rendering to cover the symbolism, are not infrequent either in the Hebrew or Greek. Such an one is in the Hebrew sentence descriptive of the first child born into the world, wherein the child is said to be Jehovah himself, and where the vulgar are thrown off by the interposition of the word "*from*," so as to be read: "a child *from*, or the gift of, Jehovah." A singular instance of a deceptive reading is as follows: Margoliouth, a very learned Jew, calls attention to the fact that the wearing of the "*fringes*" is alluded to in the New Testament—in the case of the woman troubled with an issue of blood, who thought that if she should but touch the "*hem of his garment*" she would recover. Here he says the Greek word is "*Craspedon*," meaning, literally, if she could but touch the "*fringes*" of his garment. The wearing of the *fringes* had been commanded, to keep one in mind of the laws and ordinances, to obey them, but in lapse of time the custom had merged into a superstitious use, and the fringes were thought of as possessing a potent magical virtue, in, and of themselves. By this the woman thought that she could be cured by the magical virtue if she but touched them. Then it is that perceiving that virtue had gone out of him, the Master said the woman was right, and thus endorsed the *fetich* and its curative property. But by the same reception *the garment* on which the fringes were worn was esteemed to be a much stronger *fetich*, and possessed of magical virtues far more potent than the fringes themselves. This garment had a name, and was specifically called the "*Talith*." Now in the Gospel of Mark the narrative is such as to set forth the conviction of the magical properties of both the *fringes* and the *Talith* on which they were worn. While the woman having the issue of blood is being cured by her touch of the fringes, the ruler enters the crowd with information

that his daughter is dead, and then follows the recital. He takes the girl by the hand and says "*Talitha cumi*," "which, being interpreted, is *Damsel, I say unto thee, arise*." The word "*Talith*," is from the Hebrew *tālāl*, meaning, *to clothe*, and means "*a garment*," and that garment on which the *fringes* were worn. It has no such meaning as "*damsel*." The sentence seems only proper as a command to a person addressed by a proper name, as "*Talitha arise!*" But in the connection, to mention the word itself, was to give the whole symbolism away as embracing the *Talith* and the *Fringes* worn on it, as a favourite *fetich*, therefore the word was given to those who understood, and the paraphrase of "*Damsel, I say unto thee, arise*," was made for the vulgar and the unlearned. It was an easy and cheap piece of innocent cheat. "Cheap John" miracles were performed with just as much ease as the fabrication of a nursery story to cover a corner puzzle or conundrum. It was of a piece with the story of boys making mud pies and birds, as to which the birds of one of the boys flew away. In another passage of the Greek we read "why are ye baptized for the dead?" where the broad unmeaning *ἐν* is placed in the margin for the real word of the text *ὑπὲρ* meaning "*for the salvation of*"; the real significance having reference to a custom of vicarious baptism by placing the dead unbaptised on a bench, with a live person underneath. The question was asked of the corpse: "Wilt thou be baptised?" with answer of proxy "I will," and the live man was baptized *ὑπὲρ τῶν νεκρῶν* in place of, or for the benefit or salvation of the dead. So transparent a fraud would not do for an average public, although it might tend to lead the stupid towards "High Church."

But one of the most interesting and instructive pieces of imposition is one recorded outside the sacred record, by a shepherd of the flock. It is contained in the rare history of that king of butchers Constantine, and of that chief theological diplomatist Eusebius. Constantine was a worshipper of Mithras the Sun-God, whose priests were the Magi, who observed the natal day of that God every 25th of December or Christmas day, and whose mode of religion embraced *baptism, a eucharistic feast, confession, resurrection from the dead, and angelology with hell*: so running on all fours with the Christianity which Constantine co-adapted with his Mithraic observance, that the Christian fathers had to claim, to save themselves from the charge of theft, that the Devil with his usual cunning and astuteness had prophetically anticipated the whole business, to make a claim of priority when the *time should come* to play his little game of thimble rig. Constantine was either for Mithras or the other, agreeably to circumstances, standing as he did half-way betwixt with the difference only of *a name to call the thing by*. His coin bore on the reverse, "*To the invincible Sun, my guardian*," while the other "*first called Christians at Antioch*," was lord of the *eighth* day, or the day of that same invincible Sun, called Sunday. Now the time came for this goody-goody to die, and he wished to make the work of his statesmanship complete, in the consolidation of the empire by the cementing influence of a new form of a very old Persian and Hebrew religion, to be enforced by the strong hand of the civil government. For this purpose he is baptised with great pomp and ceremony on Whitsun Sunday. And as to this that arch-fraud Eusebius comments as follows:—"And on the Pentecostal Sunday itself, the seventh Lord's day

from Easter, AT THE NOONTIDE HOUR of the day, BY THE SUN, *Constantine was received up to HIS GOD.*" Let us paraphrase the "lay" of our "Now you see it and now you don't." "The sun being in the South as the beauty and glory of the day—at high noon—on the meridian, the soul of our brother Constantine ascended in a *plumb line* directly to his God; and so says the master of the Lodge, Amen."

Let us, to close, refer to a bare-faced interpolation in the sacred record, serving by deceiving locution the commendable purpose of a chain to bind the edifice of the Church of Constantine and Eusebius more firmly and compactly together. When the Master says to Peter: "Thou art Peter the stone and on this stone I will found my *Church*, and the gates of Hell," etc., there was nothing known but the Temple and Synagogue. The word Synagogue meant the *Congregation*, whereas it was long after, that the faction or split or separation was formed which was called *Ecclesia*, Church, or *Separatists* or *Come-outers*. Peter must have had an exceedingly stupid vacant look as he listened to this Hottentot statement. Now a very learned divine, who caught on to the difficulty, said that this was evidently an expression used *prophetically*, which by the assistance of the power of the Holy Spirit Peter was enabled to understand by *clairvoyance*. But "Go to! Go to!" It displays irreverence to look too closely into the make-up of the sacred text, for its composition. We should accept the broad ideal without any vain and prurient curiosity.

J. R. S.

Cincinnati.

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#### NOTE.

"Euphrates" certainly appears to assume a good deal. For why should there be introduced an entirely *imaginary* Chaldee version, of which no one ever heard before? It is generally held that the dialect of Galilee in the time of Jesus was Aramaic or Syriac. Euphrates' substitution of the Chaldee *p* (*koph*) for the Hebrew *פ* (*cheth*) simply makes the whole passage inscrutably unintelligible.

The Editors of LUCIFER regret that they cannot give Euphrates chapter and verse in support of the words in question being a sacramental formula used in initiations, since such details can be found only in *secret* books. But *one* of the said Editors can give her personal assurance that these words *are* so given in the *secret* works on initiation, and that she has herself seen them. Moreover, they were common to all the greater Mysteries—those of Mithra and India, as well as the Egyptian and the Eleusinian. It is not improbable that a careful examination of the old Hindu works, and especially of the Egyptian papyri, may afford evidence of their use in the rites.—[Ed.]

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#### THE DEVIL! WHO IS HE?

JESUS, OR THE PRIEST? (John viii. 52; x. 20.)

There are two persons (allegorical impersonations of good and evil), called Jesus and the Devil, who hate one another exceedingly; but whilst Jesus would expose and condemn the sin and spare the sinner that he might live to repent

and reform, the Priest would and did condemn Jesus, the good and just one, to be slain as a blasphemer and devil, whose blood ought to be shed for an atonement, in order to escape and save himself from being exposed as the very incarnation of Pride seeking to obtain the Almighty power and supremacy of God upon earth ; even though the exalting of himself to the lofty position as our Father in God and God's vicegerent, necessitated the slaying of thousands and tens of thousands of men, women and children, who either dared to oppose him, or refused to worship him, by refusing to profess to accept and believe his creeds and doctrines and to utter his Shibboleth.

But as condemning the blood of the good and the just one to be shed as a blasphemer on the testimony of false witnesses and without a cause, revealed the trail of the Serpent and indelibly marked the Priest as a man of blood, and a murderer ; and as all the oceans of blood that he shed to exalt himself and blot out the name of Jesus utterly failed to stamp out the people's love for Jesus, and only helped to publish throughout the whole world that the Priest was a man of blood and a murderer ; therefore the Priest changed his policy. He shifted his tactics by using himself the very name of Jesus as an authority for a deep plan or scheme of salvation, by means of the blood of Jesus being offered and presented by himself as a sacrifice.

And this doctrine of the *Mass* the Priest has established, as necessary to be believed, by means of bribery, corruption, intimidation and violence, until there are thousands who have not only been imposed upon and enslaved to believe this doctrine to be true, but even good and noble persons have enlisted as teachers and preachers to pass it on as necessary to be believed, under fear of the Church's wrath here, and God's wrath hereafter, although neither they nor any human being can reconcile it to be either good or true.

And as the Priest, 1800 years ago, condemned Jesus to be crucified as a blasphemer and devil, and now use his name to condemn as infidels all who do not believe him to have been God, therefore the world is oftentimes made to blaspheme the name of Jesus through its being used as an authority for doing and teaching evil in God's service, as of old men were made to blaspheme the name of God, because it was also used as an authority for doing evil.

And therefore it is our duty to deliver the name of Jesus from being thus unjustly used, because Jesus left nothing undone that love could do or suffer to deliver the name of God from being similarly used. And to be offended for this with the name of Jesus would be to be like to those who were offended with the name of God because unjustly used.

There are some persons who would dethrone Jesus from being looked up to as the Christ and Son of God, because they do not see their way to dethroning the spread of Romanism, except by dethroning Jesus ; but Jesus and the Scriptures tell us that they were murderers who conspired to put Jesus to death (John viii. 37-59 ; Acts vii. 52 ; Acts xiii. 27 ; 1 Cor. ii. 7, 8). Therefore let God be manifested to be good and true, even though the truth dethrones the Priest by requiring him to confess that his doctrine of *the Mass* is opposed to the teaching of Jesus, and must be reformed, because Jesus taught God would have mercy and not sacrifice. If in the mind of Jesus we have seen the mind

of God, then in Christ's adversaries and slanderers, we have seen those whom we were pledged at our baptism to resist as the Devil (John xv. 24).

REV. T. G. HEADLEY.

Manor House, Petersham s.w.

[EDITORS' NOTE.—Amen ! It is quite true that there are not a few such illogical persons who seek to dethrone Romanism and Protestantism by destroying the innocent cause of these—Jesus. But no theosophist is among that class. Theosophists, even those who are no longer, as those who never were, Christians, regard, nevertheless, Jesus, or Jehoshua as an Initiate. It is not, therefore, against the “bearer” of that name—in whom they see one of the *Masters of Wisdom*—that they protest, but against that name as travestied by pseudo-Christian fancy and clad in the pagan robes borrowed from heathen gods, that they have set their hearts. It is those “priests” whom our reverend correspondent denounces as “murderers” and “devils”—at the risk of finding himself confounded with them in the ungodly crowd he himself belongs to—that every true theosophist ought to be ever ready to rise against. Few of them refuse to see in Jesus a Son of God, as well as *Chrestos* having reached by suffering the *Christos* condition. All they reject is, the modern travesty of the very, very old dogma of the Son becoming one with the Father; or that this “father” had ever anything to do with the Hebrew androgyne called Jehovah. It is not Jesus’ “father,” who “will have mercy, and not sacrifice,” in whose nostrils the blood of even a slain animal used as a burnt offering could have ever smelt sweet. How then could the human sacrifice offered by the allegorical Christ, and described in the Epistle to the *Ephesians* as one that had “a sweet smelling savour,” be regarded otherwise than with horror? Theosophists can discriminate—to say the least, as much as the reverend gentleman who signs himself T. G. Headley.]

#### A LESSON.

Regarding the first rule of Practical Occultism in the April number of your journal, it may not be known to many of your readers that in most of our (Hindu) rites and ceremonies, we have to use the “five coloured powders.” These are prepared in a particular way and then spread, one after the other, over a certain Yantza. The arrangements of these colours are however different in Tantric and Vedic rites. Pundit Kalibar Vedantabagish, the renowned Vedantist of Bengal, has promised to give me a detailed account of these colours, but I doubt whether he will allow me to publish it.

Your note on Ultimate Philosophy (the last lines on page 141 of the April number) is not quite correct. According to our Shastras “the tortoise does NOT wag its tail in absolute void,” the whole is supported by Ananta Naga, which means, *one who is endless and motionless*. The Elephants (not one) are the *Elephants of Space* (Dig Gaza), and the tortoise is a particular manifestation of Vishnu.

It is hardly fair to condemn Sir Monier Williams on account of his taking the “Boar’s flesh” in a literal sense, and then ridicule the Puranic allegories.

H. P. MUKERJI.

Berhampur (Bengal), 12th May, 1888.

[EDITORS' NOTE.—It would indeed be very "unfair," had the editor ever meant to "ridicule" the Purānic allegories. We are painfully alive to the fact, —if our critic, who, like most Hindus, can rarely see a joke, is not—that had we *ridiculed a little more*, and *exalted a little less*, the philosophy of the Purānic and other non-Christian Scriptures, we might have avoided being so much hated and pelted with printed mud as we have been for the last twelve years. The "note" in question was surely never meant to convey the accurate meaning, but simply the absurd image as perceived by some imaginative padris. We are sorry to see that even those whose religion and philosophies we have constantly defended against every unjust attack, misunderstand us more than most of our enemies. Let our severe Bengal critic know that though we have never either sought or expected any gratitude, yet we were sanguine enough to expect some show of justice—from the Hindus, at any rate. Our forthcoming work, "The Secret Doctrine," will show whether we "ridicule" the Purānas.]

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### THE "CHASTE TREE."

Will you tell me the botanical name of the "*Agnus Castus*" plant, also what authority there is for supposing Christ was crowned with Acanthus, and if so are any of that family indigenous to Syria?

*Paliurus australis* (Christ's Thorn) is spoken of by Loudon as the probable plant, of the order Rhamni. He adds, Hasselquist thought it was a kind of Rhamnus (Buckthorn), called by Linnæus "*Spina Christi*." The latter I have received from Syria, where it is common, and bears a small yellow berry.

W. N. GALE.

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[EDITORS' NOTE.—Loudon describes the *Agnus Castus* as "a species of *Vitex* —the chaste tree," from *ἄγνος*, a willow-like tree. This Greek term being similar to the word *ἄγνός*, "chaste," it was surnamed the "chaste tree." We do not know of any "authority" except *probability* that it was the *Acanthus* which was used for the "crown of thorns," as it is a genus of herbaceous prickly plant, with thorns protruding from it, most common in Palestine and Asia Minor, though as common in India. It was used there and also in Syria and elsewhere as belonging to the paraphernalia of initiation during the MYSTERIES.]

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THE EDITORS OF "LUCIFER" BEG TO THANK THEIR FRIENDS AND SUBSCRIBERS FOR THE SUPPORT ACCORDED TO THEM DURING THE FIRST YEAR OF ITS EXISTENCE. WITH THE NEXT NUMBER THE MAGAZINE ENTERS UPON ITS SECOND YEAR; AND THE EDITORS FEEL CONFIDENT THAT THEY WILL BE ENABLED TO MAKE IT STILL MORE ATTRACTIVE, BY INCREASING ITS INTRINSIC VALUE WITH THE PERMANENT INTEREST OF THE CONTRIBUTIONS APPEARING ON ITS PAGES. THEY THEREFORE APPEAL TO THE SUBSCRIBERS OF THE PAST YEAR, AND THEIR WELL-WISHERS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA, TO CONTINUE TO SUPPORT THEM IN THEIR EFFORTS FOR THE CAUSE THEY SERVE.

# THE THEOSOPHICAL AND MYSTIC PUBLICATIONS

THE THEOSOPHIST OF MADRAS. SINCE Colonel Olcott assumed the direction of the THEOSOPHIST, a few months ago, its successive numbers have shown a steady increase in interest.

The most noteworthy feature of the last three numbers is a series of articles on "*Nature's Finer Forcers*," dealing with the philosophy of Breath in connection with the *Tatwas*. The explanation of the so-called prismatic decomposition of white light, according to the theory of the Science of Breath, is exceedingly suggestive, though exception must be taken to the author's argumentation on the subject. According to the modern undulatory theory of light, it is not held that, in the case of absorption spectra, the motion of the ether is *absorbed*. The explanation of the phenomenon given by Science is, that when the crest of one ethereal wave comes over the *hollow* of another wave of the same length and period, they mutually annihilate each other and *darkness* is the result. Of course from the standpoint of occult physics the modern theory is unsatisfactory; but this does not justify Mr. Rama Prasad in demolishing his adversaries by the very simple expedient of mis-stating their case.

But apart from the few instances where the author comes into collision with science, his explanations and suggestions are most valuable, and the THEOSOPHIST must be congratulated on having opened a mine of such interest to practical students. We would advise all those who are naturally psychic to study these articles. The connection of Prana and the *Tatwas* with the planets and the light which is thrown thereby on the theory of planetary influences, deserves the attention of some western astrologer. It suggests a train of thought which is very far-reaching and which some student ought to take up and investigate.

Besides these articles, we note, in the May number, "*Emerson and Occult Laws*," by C. Johnston; "*Eastern and Western Science*" and the continuation of the "*Kaivalyanavanita*." Colonel Olcott has, it would seem, established sympathetic relations with Dr. Charcot of the Salpêtrière by sending him a Tamil copy of an ancient Sanskrit work wherein one of the latest discoveries, that of a *zone érogène* on the human body, was recorded thousands of years ago.

In the June number special attention is claimed by an article on the *Utturagita* by R. Jaya Raja Ran. It deals with the true conception of Deity in philosophy, and is, in some respects, so clear and ably reasoned as to deserve the attention of all students. "*The Hindu Trimurti*," in the same number, is also an able metaphysical paper on an analogous subject; but the somewhat severe character of this and the preceding issue is happily relieved by some further chapters of "*The Angel Peacock*," which has now reached a stage of thrilling interest.

The July issue opens with an extremely interesting article by Colonel Olcott on "*Precipitated Pictures*," interesting mainly on account of the personal reminiscences with which the Colonel has interwoven his account. But one is saddened on reaching the end by a postscript, from which it appears that the whole series of phenomena, obtained by Mr. Marsh and published by Dr. Buchanan, is tainted with suspicion owing to the bad character of the medium. An article on "*Suggestion*," follows and acquires additional significance from the juxtaposition. The "*Revival of Hinduism*," a further instalment of "*The Angel Peacock*," and an article by Mr. Charles Johnston on "*The Creed of Christendom*," are all of interest. Mr. Pratt's "*Travestied Teachings*," is continued, "*Heredity and Karma*," are the subject of a few remarks, and a full narrative of the recent American Theosophical Convention, followed by an account of the celebration of Buddha's birthday in Ceylon, complete the contents of a varied and highly interesting number.

## THE PATH (NEW YORK).

This journal, too, during the last three months, has more than maintained its usually high average of valuable and interesting matter. Mr. Brehon's series of articles on the *Bhagavat-Gita* form a striking contribution to the study of that marvellous Scripture.

In the May issue the reader will find a very able article on "*The Theosophical Field*," by Jasper Niemand, and a most suggestive conversation between a sage and a student on *Elementals and Elementaries*, which gives answers to many of the questions which inevitably suggest themselves to all who have witnessed mediumistic phenomena. Julius' "*Tea Table Talk*" for the month is in the

form of a charming little idyll of girl life, though it concludes in a more serious vein with some comments on Mr. Hodgson's—the Secretary of the Psychic Research Society—recent glorious fiasco in Boston.

A good deal of space in this issue is devoted to the American Annual Convention at Chicago, of which a detailed account is given.

The "Contents" for June are very attractive. Besides the continuation of various serial articles already noticed, there are several papers deserving of special attention. Among such, Jasper Niemand's essay on "*Reading and Thinking*" takes a prominent place. The subject itself is one of the greatest practical importance, and the reader who will apply to this essay the methods therein laid down will reap much fruit from its perusal.

A conversation on *Elementals* in connection with Karma is very suggestive, and follows well upon the discussion of *Elementals* and *Elementaries* in the June Number.

*Tea Table Talk* runs this time in a somewhat different strain from that of May; it is especially interesting and valuable, for it gives some hints of the way in which students should study the incidents of their daily life, and learn to trace therein the action of Karma and of those unseen influences which form so much greater a part of our life than we are wont to realise.

The July number opens with a well-timed and admirably expressed article addressed "*To Aspirants for Chelaship*." All those in whom has awakened the yearning after *real* knowledge and the firm will to help humanity are most earnestly advised to study and ponder the statements put forward.

In connection with this article an essay on the "*Culture of Concentration*," should also be studied, for they are mutually explanatory.

Another "*Conversation on Occultism*" is given in this number, which contains some valuable suggestions; and the *Tea Table Talk* is varied and interesting as usual.

#### LE LOTUS (PARIS).

LE LOTUS for June opens with the first part of an admirable and remarkably well-written article on "*Parabrahm*," from the pen of Amaravella. This is followed by a rather dithyrambic paper on "*Fabre d'Olivet et Saint Yves d'Alvèdre*," in which the latter receives more praise than he deserves, for his *magnum opus*, a truly ponderous tome, is full of errors and even gross blunders. The translations of articles from the *Sphinx* on *Ancient*

*Egyptian Psychology* and the *Post-Mortem State* are continued, and following them we find an essay on *Some Facts about the Zodiac*, translated by M. Dacourme from the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, which we cordially recommend to the attention of students.

An essay on Hallucination, by Guymiot, is striking, for he maintains the existence of the so-called "Gods," the higher intelligences which guide nature. This theme is treated of at length in Mme. Blavatsky's forthcoming "*Secret Doctrine*," and this article has special value as, in a measure, preparing the reader's mind for the study of that work.

A letter against Vivisection from the Mandarin Lou-Y, with some lovely verses by Amaravella, and the usual notices of books, &c., complete an interesting number.

The June issue is enlivened by the continuation of the controversy between Mme. Blavatsky and l'abbé Roca on the subject of *Christian Esotericism*. Amaravella's essay on *Parabrahm* is continued, and the translation of the article on *Ancient Egyptian Psychology* from the *Sphinx* is concluded.

These are followed by the reproduction of the twelfth chapter of the *Voyage du Sieur Paul Lucas*, published in 1712, in which the author gives a most curious account of a Fraternity of Adepts with whom he came in contact; and a review of J. Peladan's *À Cœur Perdu*, furnishes an instructive conclusion to this issue.

The July LOTUS opens with an article by the Editor, our esteemed friend and colleague, Mr. F. K. Gaboriau. A personal attack, equally unjustifiable and ungentlemanly, has been made upon him by a small minority, namely the three ex-members, of the Isis Lodge of Paris. To these, Mr. Gaboriau replies in an admirably calm, firm and dignified article, in which he vindicates the impartial and unsectarian character of his Editorship. While we deeply regret the occasion which has given rise to this article, we congratulate our colleague upon its tone.

The remaining contents of the number are some Notes by H. P. Blavatsky to the series of articles, already mentioned, on ancient Egyptian psychology; the continuation of Amaravella's article on "*Parabrahm*"; a translation of Colonel Olcott's "*Annual Address*"; and, finally, an article by X, on "*Seeing without the (physical) Eyes*."

THESE THREE MAGAZINES CAN ALL BE OBTAINED AT THE OFFICE OF "LUCIFER," 7 DUKE STREET, ADELPHI, W.C.