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WHAT GOOD HAS THEOSOPHY DONE IN INDIA?

"The race of mankind would perish, did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head, till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death-damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid, have a right to ask it from their fellow-mortals. No one who holds the power of granting, can refuse it without guilt."

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SEVERAL correspondents and enquirers have lately asked us "What good have you done in India?" To answer it would be easy. One has but to ask the doubters to read the January Number, 1888, of the Madras *Theosophist*—our official organ—and, turning to the report in it on the Anniversary Meeting of the Theosophical Society, whose delegates meet yearly at Adyar, see for himself. Many and various are the good works done by the 127 active branches of the Theosophical Society scattered throughout the length and breadth of India. But as most of those works are of a moral and reformatory character, the ethical results upon the members are difficult to describe. Free Sanskrit schools have been opened wherever it was possible; gratuitous classes are held; free dispensaries—homœopathic and allopathic—established for the poor, and many of our Theosophists feed and clothe the needy.

All this, however, might have been done by people without belonging to our Brotherhood, we may be told. True; and much the same has been done before the T. S. appeared in India, and from time immemorial Yet such work has been hitherto done, and such help given by the wealthier members of one caste or religious community exclusively to the poorer members of the same caste and religious denomination. No Brahmin would have held brotherly intercourse even with a Brahmin of another division of his own high caste, let alone with a Jain or Buddhist. A Parsee would only protect and defend his own brother follower of

Zoroaster. A Jain would feed and take care of a lame and sick animal, but would turn away from a Hindu of the Vaishnava or any other sect. He would spend thousands on the "Hospital for Animals" where bullocks, old crippled tigers and dogs are nursed, but would not approach a fellow-man in need unless he was a Jain like himself. But now, since the advent of the Theosophical Society, things in India are, slowly it is true, yet gradually, becoming otherwise.

We have, then, to show rather the good moral effect produced by the Society in general, and each branch of it in its own district on the population, than to boast of works of charity, for which India has ever been noted. We shall not enter even into a disquisition upon the benefits to be reaped by the establishment of a Sanskrit, or rather an Oriental and European library at Adyar, which, thanks to the indefatigable efforts of the President-Founder and his colleagues, begins now to assume quite hopeful proportions. But we will draw at once the attention of the enquirers to the ethical aspect of the question; for all the visible or objective works, whether of charity or any other kind, must pale before the results achieved through the influence of the chief universal, ethical aim and idea of our Society.

Yes; the seeds of a true *Universal Brotherhood* of man, not of brother-religionists or sectarians only, have been finally sown on the sacred soil of India! The letter that follows these lines proves it most undeniably. These seeds have been thrown since 1881 into that soil, which, for thousands of years, has stubbornly and systematically ejected everything foreign to its system of caste, and refused to assimilate any heterogeneous element alien to Brahmanism, the chief master of the soil of Aryavarta, or to accept any ideas not based upon the Laws of Manu. The Orientalist and the Anglo-Indian, who know something of that tyranny of caste which has hitherto formed an impassable barrier, an almost fathomless gulf between Brahmanism and every other religion, know also of the great hatred of the orthodox "twice born," the *dwija* Brahmin, to the Buddhist *nastika* (the atheist, he who refuses to recognise the Brahminical gods and idols); and they, above all others, will realise, even if they do not fully appreciate, the importance of what has now been achieved by the Theosophical Society. It took several years of incessant efforts to bring about even the beginning of a *rapprochement* between the Brahmin and Buddhist theosophists. A few years ago the President-Founder of the Society, Colonel H. S. Olcott, had almost succeeded in making a breach in the Chinese wall of Brahmanism. It was an unprecedented event; and it created a great stir among the natives, a sincere enthusiasm among the "Heathen," and much malicious opposition, gossip, and slanderous denial from those who, above all men, ought to work for the idea of Universal Brotherhood preached by their Master—the *good* Christian Missionaries. Colonel Olcott had succeeded in arranging a kind of preliminary reconciliation between the

Brahminical Theosophical Society of Tinevelly and their brother Theosophists and neighbours of Ceylon. Several Buddhists had been brought from Lanka, led by the President, carrying with them, as an emblem of peace and reconciliation, a sprout of the sacred *rajah* (king) cocoanut-tree. This actually was to be planted in one of the courts of the Tinevelly pagoda, as a living and growing witness to the event. It was an extraordinary and imposing sight that day, namely October 25th, 1881, when, before an immense crowd numbering several thousands of Hindus and other natives, the Delegates of the Buddhist Theosophical Societies of Ceylon, met with their brother Theosophists of the Tinevelly Branch and their Brahmin priests of the pagoda. For over 2,000 years an irreconcilable religious feud had raged between the two creeds and their respective followers. And now they were brought once more together on Hindu soil, and even within the thrice sacred, and to all strangers almost impenetrable, precincts of a Hindu temple, which would have been, only a few days previous to the occurrence, regarded as irretrievably desecrated had even the very shadow of a Buddhist *nastika* fallen upon its outward walls. Signs of the times, indeed! The cocoanut sprout was planted with great ceremony, and to the sounds of the music of the pagoda orchestra. After that, year after year, Hindus and Buddhists met together at Adyar, at the Annual Conventions for the Anniversary Meetings of the Theosophical Parent Society; but no Brahmin Theosophist had hitherto returned the visit to Ceylon to his Buddhist Brethren. The ice of the centuries had been split, but not sufficiently broken to permit anyone to dive deep enough under it to call this an entire and full reconciliation. But the impressive and long-expected and wished-for event has at last taken place. All honour and glory to the son of Brahmins—the proudest, perhaps, of all India, the Northern Brahmins of Kashmir—who was the first to place the sacred duties of Universal Brotherhood above the prejudices, as potent as they are narrow, of caste and custom. We publish below extracts from his own address, which appeared in *Sarasavisandaresa*, the Cinghalese organ of the Buddhists of Ceylon, and let the eloquent narrative speak for itself.

But after reading the extracts let not our critics rise once more against the policy of the Theosophical Society, and take the opportunity of calling it intolerant and uncharitable *only as regards one creed, namely Christianity*, because facts will be found in this *Address* which speak loudly against its vicious system. No Theosophist has ever spoken against the teachings of Christ, no more than he did against those of Krishna, Buddha, or Sankaracharya; and willingly would he treat every Christian as a Brother, if the Christian himself would not persistently turn his back on the Theosophist. But a man would lose every right to the appellation of a member of the Universal Brotherhood, were he to keep silent in the face of the crying bigotry and falseness of all the

theological, or rather sacerdotal, systems—the world over. We, Europeans, expatiate loudly and cry against Brahminical tyranny, against caste, against infant and widow marriage, and call every religious dogmatic rule (save our own) idiotic, pernicious, and devilish, and do it orally as in print. Why should not we confess and even denounce the abuses and defects of Christian theology and sacerdotalism as well? How dare we say to our "brother"—Let me cast out the mote out of thine eye, and refuse to consider "the *beam that is in our own eye*"? Christians have to choose—Either they "shall not judge that they be not judged," or if they do—and one has but to read the missionary and clerical organs to see how cruel, unchristian, and uncharitable *their* judgments are—they *must be prepared to be judged in their turn.*

These are portions of an address delivered at the Theosophical Hall, Colombo, on January 29th, 1888, by PUNDIT GOPI NATH, of Lahore.*

I am a Kashmiri Brahmin; and Kashmir, as you know, is some three thousand miles away from Ceylon, so you may imagine it was not very easy for me to come here to see you. And the difficulty of the journey represents only a very small part of the real difficulty, for the barriers of caste and custom in India make it a serious matter to depart from the ordinary course of the life of one's neighbours. What was it then that gave me strength and courage to overleap those barriers, and to undertake such a long and weary pilgrimage? It was the influence of the Theosophical Society and of its teaching—that influence which led me to realize my brotherhood with you, the Buddhists of Ceylon, and put into my heart such an earnest desire to make your acquaintance. And now at last I am here among you; and, wonderful to say, though I am of another race and another religion, yet I feel as much at home here as I do in Kashmir. To what do I owe this happiness? I have again to thank the Theosophical Society—this great and noble organization—for this, and the magnificent work which it has done. My very presence here is a proof of that work, and I can testify that I have travelled through many parts of India, and everywhere found myself received as a dearly-loved brother by the members of this beneficent Association. Go to India, and you also will find it so—you will find that what was long thought the Utopian dream of universal brotherhood, is now being rapidly realized by the work of this glorious Society, to which India's greatest sons esteem it an honour to belong. I know that various Christian missionary organs have thought it expedient to attack the Society, and to vilify its revered founders, ... but in India we know better than to pay any attention to the nonsense and falsehood which emanate from such sources. They have said that Colonel Olcott is a strange sort of person, who tries to please everybody—that with the Hindoos he calls himself a Hindoo, with the Buddhists a Buddhist, with the Parsees a Parsee, with the Mohammedans a Mohammedan. From my own personal knowledge I am happy to be able to deny this utterly, and to affirm that in whatever part of India Colonel Olcott may be, he always unhesitatingly proclaims himself a Buddhist. Therefore, my advice to you is,

* See the Ceylon paper, the *Sarasavisandaresa*, of January 31st, 1888.

in this matter as in all others, not to mind what the missionaries say, but to stick fast to your own religion, and stand by those who are working so nobly for it.

It is the rule of the Theosophical Society that its members, whatever their creed may be, shall treat the religions of other members with deference; and its principle is that all religions have some truth underlying them—at least at first—for the founders of all faiths give out some truths, each in his own way, however much the followers may afterwards distort and depart from the original teachings. But between Brahminism and Buddhism we may have something much greater than mere toleration—we must have the deepest mutual esteem and reverence, for all learned people know that there is but little difference between our philosophies. Why then, you may ask, was there such bitter opposition between them in India since long ago? I think recent history provides us with the answer. For several years it happened that the Mohauram Festival of the Mohammedans coincided with one of our great Hindoo festivals; and I am sorry to say that in consequence there were frequent quarrels between the rival processions, and quite serious rioting occurred. But who were the people who took part in this rioting? Always and exclusively the most ignorant and uneducated of both religions; never once the learned men or the real leaders on either side; for these always agreed in sincerely deploring all such illiberality and folly. So, surely, must it have been with Buddhism and Brahminism; since the learned men on both sides must always have known how slight the differences are between them, the quarrels must have been fomented only by ignorant and interested people. And for the fact that men of both religions are now beginning to realize this, and draw closer together in the bonds of mutual esteem, we have again very largely to thank for it the Theosophical Society and its noble Founders.

One thing has surprised me very much during my visit to Ceylon, and this is that I find so many good Buddhists called by purely Christian names. That shows of course that Christian influence has been at work among you, and I am informed that it is due chiefly to the tyranny of the Dutch and Portuguese governments of this Island. But now under the English government this is quite unnecessary, and it should at once be changed. Do not for a moment imagine that you are more respected by the Europeans because you use Christian names or adopt the Christian religion—far from it. Indeed just the reverse is the fact, and I will relate to you some anecdotes from my own personal experience to prove what I say.

The Europeans sometimes denounce our caste system, but it seems to me—and I am speaking from observed facts—that they have a much worse kind of caste among themselves. Now I am a Kashmiri Brahmin, and every other Brahmin, no matter how poor he may be, or how ragged his clothes are, is my brother, and I could never dream of treating him otherwise; but among Christians this does not appear to be so. At the installation of the Maharajah of Kashmir, some time ago, at Jummoo, I was present, along with many other native gentlemen, some few Europeans, and some half-caste or Eurasian men—what you, in this country, call Burghers. Of course the officers of the Maharajah treated all the guests alike, and set them down to one table; but the Europeans, headed by the Resident, refused to eat with the Eurasians, *though they were all Christians*, and these latter had to be driven away to another table.

I recollect another incident. When I went to the great exhibition at Jeypore,

Rajputana, in the year 1883, I and some other students went to play cricket in the gardens. After a time a European gentleman came and asked if he might join us, and of course we were very glad to allow him to do so; but after a time, discovering from the name of one of our companions that he was a Christian Eurasian, the European at once left the game, saying that he was perfectly willing to join with Hindoo gentlemen, but would not play with an Eurasian!

I once knew a leading Mahommedan pleader who was favourably impressed by Christianity, and, in fact, was about to become a Christian. But suddenly he broke off all connection with that faith, and retained his own religion. Upon my enquiring his reason for so sudden a revulsion of feeling, he told me that a few days before he had called upon a missionary, and been as usual hospitably received and offered a seat. But while he was there, an old and reverend-looking Mahommedan gentleman entered. My friend at once rose to yield him the place of honour; but he was much surprised to see that no seat was offered to the old gentleman, and that he was allowed to sit on the floor among the missionary's dogs! On asking the reason of this unseemly neglect, the missionary carelessly replied: "Oh! he is a Christian!" This opened my friend's eyes, and he understood that the respect paid to him now was only to induce him to become a Christian, and would cease as soon as its object was attained.

Again; in Madras a few days ago I entered a Christian church in order to see its services, and took a seat on a chair. An official at once came and drove me away, telling me that the chairs were only for Europeans, and that native Christians must sit on mats in another part of the building! You see, even in the house of their god they must have their distinctions; and surely this is worse than anything in our caste system.

So you see, if you think you will be respected by Europeans for becoming Christians, or adopting Christian names, you are very much mistaken. Quite the contrary; when you abandon your ancestral faith and become a renegade for the sake of gain, they despise you, and they are right in doing so. What would you think of an old servant of twenty years' standing, if you found he was ready at a moment's notice to abandon his old master in order to make a little more money in your service? Of course you would feel that you could place no reliance upon him, since if it suited him he would be equally ready to abandon you in turn. No; if you wish to be respected, first respect yourselves; if you wish men of other religions to respect your creed, first respect it yourself.

The missionaries often ask us why we should follow or obey our priests, since they possess no supernatural powers; yet we do not hear that the missionaries themselves possess any, though the founder of their faith specially promised that various wonderful signs should follow all who believed in him. We need never shrink from a comparison between our priests and those of the Christians; at least the former are not seen living like princes, and being guilty of all kinds of extravagance, as the latter are.

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Never be afraid to speak boldly in contradiction to falsehoods and to answer them. Remember you are now living under a Government which is impartial to us all. A few days ago when I landed at this harbour I met two Christians,

who asked me where I was going. I told them that I was coming to the Headquarters of the Theosophical Society to see Mr. Leadbeater. They thereupon asked who he was, and when I told them that he had been a Church of England clergyman, but had now embraced Buddhism, they at once said that he must have had some interested motive for giving up his old religion—something connected with money matters, perhaps. Knowing how absurdly untrue such a suggestion was, I became annoyed, and replied: "If that be your logic, then every native Christian must also have had interested motives in giving up *his* old religion." I do not wish to speak against Christianity; as a Theosophist it is not my business to speak against any religion; but I do speak against bigotry and selfishness, whenever and wherever they are to be found. Let every man defend his own religion—that is well and good; but the missionaries spend time, labour, and money to bring other religions into contempt. What I say is not by way of attack, but simply as a defence.

I should like to say a word about the religious education of our ladies, which I consider a most important point. The child is influenced more by its mother than even by its father; if the mother be religious, then the child will be so too. The Christians know that well, and that is why they take so much trouble about their zenana mission, to teach our girls and women. Look at the primers they have prepared for use in their zenana missions, and you will perpetually find hints as to how cruel the Hindoos are to women, how they treat them like slaves, give female children fewer ornaments than the male, and so on; in every way endeavouring to make the girls hate their own homes and religion, and become Christians. My last and most special advice to you as your Indian brother is this: don't trust your ladies—don't trust your children in the hands of the missionaries. These foreigners do not come here and spend money for *our* benefit; no—they have one, and only one, great object always in view, and that is to make proselytes. However fair may be the outward appearance of their work, that design underlies everything they do, like a snake hidden under a flower, and for this object they will hesitate at no misrepresentation of your religion. . . .

This sincere and unpretentious address shows better than pages written by ourselves could, the work that the Theosophical Society has done in India, as also the reason why the missionaries in that country bear to us such a mortal hatred, hence—why they slander us. They degrade the pure ethics of Christ by their Jesuitical and deceptive attitude towards the natives; and we protect the latter against such deception by telling them "There is but ONE Eternal Truth, one universal, infinite and changeless Spirit of Love, Truth and Wisdom, impersonal, therefore bearing a different name with every nation, one Light for all, in which the whole Humanity lives and moves, and has its being Like the spectrum in optics, giving multicoloured and various rays, which are yet caused by one and the same sun, so theologies and sacerdotal systems are many. But the Universal religion *can only be one*, if we accept the real, primitive meaning of the root of that word. We, Theosophists, so accept it; and therefore say, "We are all brothers—by the laws of Nature, of birth, and death, as also by the laws of our utter helplessness from birth to death in this world of sorrow and deceptive illusions. Let us, then, love, help, and mutually defend each other against this spirit of deception; and while holding to that which each of us accepts as his ideal of truth and reality—*i.e.*, to the religion which suits each of us best—let us unite ourselves to form a practical "nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity WITHOUT DISTINCTION OF RACE, CREED, OR COLOUR."

SELF-EVIDENT TRUTHS AND LOGICAL DEDUCTIONS.*

II.

TRUTH IS TRUTH.

ILLUSIONS ARE MERELY ILLUSIONS.

TRUTH means Reality, Substantiality, Being, Self-existence. Illusion means unreality, unsubstantiality, non-being, external appearances produced by invisible causes. Truth *is*, it cannot be made or destroyed, it cannot be an illusion, even if those who cannot see it imagine it to be one; an illusion cannot be a truth, even if it is mistaken for one. Truth is an internal Reality, and, therefore, invisible to the external senses. Form, shape, or appearance, is an external quality which cannot exist without substance, and which is, therefore, an illusion, and unreal, although it may be perceived by the senses.

A form can represent a character, but it cannot create one; a truth cannot manifest itself without some appropriate form. A form which represents the true character of the idea which it is intended to represent, represents a truth; a form which does not truly express the idea which it is intended to express, is not representing the truth.

Substance may be without a definite form, but there can be no form without substance. Even the shape seen in a mirror is something substantial, having for its substance the ether, whose vibrations produce the phenomenon of light and cause the reflection. Even the forms seen in visions and dreams are substantial, having for their substance the mind-matter of which thoughts are composed. Man is a form intended for the manifestation of Divine Wisdom. Even the most beautiful human form is merely an illusion, and if it is without Reason it represents neither Wisdom nor Truth. Only the truth in man is self-existent and real, the body in which it manifests itself is not self-existent and is subject to continual transformation.

Truth being self-existent and eternal, can only be known to itself. That which is not self-existent and not true, cannot be self-conscious of the truth, nor possess any self-knowledge of it. It may see the external representations of the truth in symbols and forms, but not the truth itself. *Real Knowledge* is obtained only by *Self-knowledge* and by the *Knowledge of Self.*

Note.—Truth can be seen in its purity only when it is kept free from false intellectual speculation and argumentation. Reason requires no arguments to see that which has become self-evident to it; but the intellect requires arguments to produce within itself a belief in the existence of that which it is not able to see. Language and letters do not contain the truth; they are merely external symbols and representations. There is no truth to be found in books by those who are not already in possession of truth. The reading of books is useful if it supplies us with useful information; but information is not self-knowledge; it is only useful if it aids us to

* Continued from the March Number.

understand the truth that already exists within ourselves. By the reading of books we may obtain information about the opinion or knowledge of their authors; but even if the author of a book possesses real self-knowledge; that which he can communicate to us will be to us merely a matter of speculation, as long as we do not recognise the identical truth within ourselves. The self-knowledge of another person is not our own, and our self-knowledge is not that of another. This self-evident truth is very little understood, because comparatively few people possess self-knowledge. We sometimes hear persons speak of the "speculations" of the Rosicrucians, and of the "fancies" of Saints; because whatever any real Rosicrucian or Saint may have known by self-knowledge, the information he gives can be nothing more than a speculation and fancy to those who, being neither Adepts nor Saints, are not able to perceive spiritual truths for themselves. External objects can be seen by means of the external senses; intellectual verities can be perceived only by those who are in possession of Intelligence; spiritual realities can be perceived and understood only by the Spirit, having become self-conscious of its own existence in Man.

III.

NO EFFECT IS EVER PRODUCED EXCEPT BY A CAUSE.

A cause can exist without producing an effect, but no effect can exist without a previous cause adequate to its production. A self-existent cause is not an effect; effects are never self-existent; they are always produced by causes. Nothing can come out of nothing, and where something exists, there must have been something to cause its existence, even if that cause is an internal one, consisting in its own power and ability to exist.

Nothing can come into existence unless the conditions necessary for it are present at the time when it comes into existence. A seed cannot grow unless it has the power to grow, and is surrounded by the conditions necessary for its growth. Ignorance cannot produce knowledge, imperfection cannot create perfection; unconsciousness cannot produce consciousness; the regeneration of man cannot take place without the action of the regenerating spirit. If a superior thing grows out of an inferior one, there must be a superior cause acting within it, even if that cause is invisible and beyond human conception.

A cause must be adequate to produce the effect it produces. A continually occurring effect must have a continually existing cause. Forms die, and new but similar ones continually come into existence. This could not take place if the cause that produces these forms were to die or to cease to exist for a while. The relative manifestations of motion, life, consciousness, love, will, and wisdom, could not take place unless all these powers existed in the *Absolute* without being manifest.

That which is self-existent has within itself the power to exist. That which is not self-existent depends for its existence on the influence of some external power. Unspiritual man is not self-existent; his body, his emotions, his intellectual activity, are all the effects of cosmic influences and external conditions; only that which is divine in Man is self-existent, and, therefore, immortal. That which is not self-existent

in Man can become self-existent in no other way than by assimilating with that which is self-existent and eternal in him.

Note.—The Cause of the Self-existent, Unmeasurable, and Eternal, will for ever be incomprehensible to that which is not in possession of these qualities. By the power of Reason (Intuition, Conscience) we may recognize that this Cause is universal, self-existent, unmeasurable to us, eternal, and the producer of all, and the Intellect by the power of logic confirms these self-evident truths ; but the Intellect cannot understand them, because it is itself neither universal, nor self-existent, nor eternal. Conscience does not reside in the brain, it exists in the "heart." God is not self-conscious in the human intellect ; it can become so only within the divine soul. The intellect is merely a secondary production of the light of the Spirit, in the same sense as the light of the Moon is borrowed from the Sun. Those who perceive the presence of the divine power within their own hearts are far nearer to God than the theologian who is well informed about all that men have ever speculated regarding the qualities of God, and who is unconscious of the presence of divine power within himself.

By the spiritual power of Intuition (spiritual consciousness) man may perceive beyond the possibility of a doubt, that such a divine or spiritual power exists within himself, and feel that this power is fed and nourished from the invisible beyond, in the same sense as the life of a plant is stimulated into action by the sunshine, which the plant may feel but which it cannot see.

Likewise, the omnipresence of the divine power may be perceived by the interior sense of feeling, but it cannot be intellectually known. Real knowledge in regard to God is attainable only by God, having attained self-knowledge in the spirit of Man.

IV.

MAN CAN BE CONSCIOUS ONLY OF THAT WHICH EXISTS IN HIS CONSCIOUSNESS.

Unspiritual man has no absolute knowledge in regard to anything whatsoever. He lives entirely in the realm of inferences and illusions. The Intellect has no actual knowledge, not even in regard to any external and visible thing, for we do not perceive the things themselves by means of our external senses ; we only perceive the impressions and mental images which they produce in the sphere of our mind, and we then logically infer that the things we see, feel, hear, etc., exist, because their impressions come to our consciousness.

We cannot be conscious of the existence of any external thing unless its impression comes to our consciousness ; we can form no intellectual conception of anything except of that which exists within our own intellect. We cannot think a thought which does not enter our mind ; we can receive, transform and remodel existing ideas ; but nobody can create a new idea by his own power.

No man has the power to create anything out of nothing, nor could he produce in himself the power to think, if that power did not already exist in him. A plant does not create Life, it is the Universal Cause which manifests its presence as "Life" in the organism of a plant or an animal. It is not man who creates Mind, but it is the *One* that manifests itself as "Mind" by means of the organism of man. Instead

of saying: "I think," it would be more correct to say: "The Unknown is thinking in me." Instead of saying: "I live," it would be far more reasonable to say: "That which we call 'Life' is active in me." Instead of saying: "I am conscious," it would be more correct to say: "The absolute consciousness of the *One* is manifesting itself as relative consciousness in me."

Only the spirit is self-existent and real; man's organism, the physical one as well as that of the soul, is merely an instrument by means of which the Spirit may act upon matter and manifest its various modes of activity in a state of *Unconsciousness*, *Consciousness*, or *Self-consciousness*. Each particle composing the constitution of man is in either one of these three states, and the sum of these various states of consciousness produces in man the *illusion of self* and what he imagines to be his own individual consciousness. Only that which is divine in man can possess any real self-consciousness; for it alone is self-existent and real.

Note.—A due consideration of the above propositions will furnish us the Way to the understanding of some of the greatest mysteries of nature, such as the division of consciousness, double existence, the states after the death of the body, etc.

Intellectual man in his vanity imagines himself to be something self-existent and real, while an examination of that which he calls his own self would easily discover to him the fact that he is nothing but an ever-changing product of cosmic and pre-existing influences and external conditions, and that when these influences cease to act in his form, the illusion of self will necessarily cease to exist.

That which man calls his self-consciousness and of which our modern philosophers imagine that it cannot be divided, is merely the ever-changing product of the sum of the various states of consciousness, manifested in each of his component parts, focussing together into one centre, the seat where the will resides. If the Will becomes divided, two or more such centres of consciousness may be formed; but real spiritual self-consciousness can exist only within the self-existent immortal spirit in man, which in those who live in the illusion of their lower self and more especially in those who are seeking to develop their intellect at the expense of their spirituality, is still in a state of unconsciousness.

They who have attained divine self-knowledge, know that they—their illusive selves—are nothing but an illusion and that they—in their aspect as human beings—can have no real knowledge; but the ignorant and conceited, not knowing that they know nothing, cling to the sphere of their illusive self and remain imbedded in ignorance.

Man imagines to know; but it is only the God in Man who can have any real knowledge, because he alone has the power to be conscious of himself.

If instead of worrying our brains with idle speculations, regarding the Unknown, with philosophical vagaries and inferences drawn from erroneous premises, we would open our hearts to the light of *Divine Wisdom* and permit the *Spirit (The Logos)* to "do its thinking" within ourselves, instead of impeding its action by our theories, assumptions and prejudices, we should be on the true road to *Theosophy*, and we should become able to see and to understand the Truth by its own Light instead of groping for it in the dark. To develop the truth within ourselves by acting according to the dictates of the truth, and to seek for the truth within our own selves, this alone is the *practical way*.

F. HARTMANN, M.D.

A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

DURING a tour on the Continent with my friend C. we stayed in a town wherein was an ancient house of horrible reputation, concerning which we received the following account. At the top of the house was a suite of rooms from which no one who entered at night ever again emerged. No corpse was ever found; but it was said by some that the victims were absorbed bodily by the walls; by others that there were in the rooms a number of pictures in frames, one frame, however, containing a blank canvas, which had the dreadful power, first, of fascinating the beholder, and next of drawing him towards it, so that he was compelled to approach and gaze at it. Then, by the same hideous enchantment, he was forced to touch it, and the touch was fatal. For the canvas seized him as a devil-fish seizes its prey, and sucked him in so that he perished without leaving a trace of himself, or of the manner of his death. The legend said further that if any person could succeed in passing a night in these rooms and in resisting their deadly influence, the spell would for ever be broken and no one would thenceforth be sacrificed.

Hearing all this, and being somewhat of the knight-errant order, C. and I determined if possible to face the danger and deliver the town from the enchantment. We were assured that the attempt would be vain, for that it had already been many times made, and the Devils of the place were always triumphant. They had the power, we were told, of hallucinating the senses of their victims; we should be subjected to some illusion, and be fatally deceived. Nevertheless, we were resolved to try what we could do, and in order to acquaint ourselves with the scene of the ordeal, we visited the place in the daytime. It was a gloomy-looking building, consisting of several vast rooms, filled with lumber of old furniture, worm-eaten and decaying; scaffoldings, which seemed to have been erected for the sake of making repairs and then left; the windows were curtainless, the floors bare, and rats ran hither and thither among the rubbish accumulated in the corners. Nothing could possibly look more desolate and gruesome. We saw no pictures; but as we did not explore every part of the rooms, they may have been there without our seeing them.

We were further informed by the people of the town that in order to visit the rooms at night it was necessary to wear a special costume, and that without it we should have no chance whatever of issuing from them alive. This costume was of black and white, and each of us was to carry a black stave. So we put on this attire—which somewhat resembled

the garb of an ecclesiastical order—and when the appointed time came, repaired to the haunted house, where, after toiling up the great staircase in the darkness, we reached the door of the haunted apartments to find it closed. But light was plainly visible beneath it, and within was the sound of voices. This greatly surprised us ; but after a short conference we knocked. The door was presently opened by a servant, dressed as a modern in-door footman usually is, who civilly asked us to walk in. On entering we found the place altogether different from what we expected to find, and had found on our daylight visit. It was brightly lighted, had decorated walls, pretty ornaments, carpets, and every kind of modern garnishment, and, in short, bore all the appearance of an ordinary well-appointed private "flat." While we stood in the corridor, astonished, a gentleman in evening dress advanced towards us from one of the reception rooms. As he looked interrogatively at us, we thought it best to explain the intrusion, adding that we presumed we had either entered the wrong house, or stopped at the wrong apartment.

He laughed pleasantly at our tale, and said, "I don't know anything about haunted rooms, and, in fact, don't believe in anything of the kind. As for these rooms, they have for a long time been let for two or three nights every week to our Society for the purpose of social re-union. We are members of a musical and literary association, and are in the habit of holding conversaziones in these rooms on certain evenings, during which we entertain ourselves with dancing, singing, charades, and literary gossip. The rooms are spacious and lofty, and exactly adapted to our requirements. As you are here, I may say, in the name of the rest of the members, that we shall be happy if you will join us." At this I glanced at our dresses in some confusion, which being observed by the gentleman, he hastened to say : "You need be under no anxiety about your appearance ; for this is a costume night, and the greater number of our guests are in travesty." As he spoke he threw open the door of a large drawing-room and invited us in. On entering we found a company of men and women, well-dressed, some in ordinary evening attire, and some costumed. The room was brilliantly lighted and beautifully furnished and decorated. At one end was a grand piano, round which several persons were grouped ; others were seated on ottomans taking tea or coffee ; and others strolled about, talking. Our host, who appeared to be master of the ceremonies, introduced us to several persons, and we soon became deeply interested in a conversation on literary subjects. So the evening wore on pleasantly, but I never ceased to wonder how we could have mistaken the house or the staircase after the precaution we had taken of visiting it in the daytime in order to avoid the possibility of error.

Presently, being tired of conversation, I wandered away from the group with which C. was still engaged, to look at the beautiful decorations of the great salon, the walls of which were covered with artistic

designs in fresco. Between each couple of panels the whole length of the salon, was a beautiful painting, representing a landscape or a sea-piece. I passed from one to the other, admiring each, till I had reached the extreme end, and was far away from the rest of the company, where the lights were not so many or so bright as in the centre. The last fresco in the series then caught my attention. At first it appeared to me to be unfinished; and then I observed that there was upon its background no picture at all, but *only* a background of merging tints which seemed to change, and be now sky, now sea, now green grass. This empty picture had, moreover, an odd metallic colouring which fascinated me; and saying to myself "Is there really any painting on it?" I mechanically put out my hand and touched it. On this I was instantly seized by a frightful sensation, a shock that ran from the tips of my fingers to my brain, and steeped my whole being. Simultaneously I was aware of an overwhelming sense of sucking and dragging, which, from my hand and arm, and, as it were, through them, seemed to possess and envelop my whole person. Face, hair, eyes, bosom, limbs, every portion of my body was locked in an awful embrace which, like the vortex of a whirlpool, drew me irresistibly towards the picture. I felt the hideous impulse clinging over me and sucking me forward into the wall. I strove in vain to resist it. My efforts were more futile than the flutter of gossamer wings. And then there rushed upon my mind the consciousness that all we had been told about the haunted rooms was *true;* that a strong delusion had been cast over us; that all this brilliant throng of modern ladies and gentleman were fiends masquerading, prepared beforehand for our coming; that all the beauty and splendour of our surroundings were mere glamour; and that in reality the rooms were those we had seen in the daytime, filled with lumber and rot and vermin. As I realised all this, and was thrilled with the certainty of it, a sudden access of strength came to me, and I was impelled, as a last desperate effort, to turn my back on the awful fresco, and at least to save my face from coming into contact with it and being glued to its surface. With a shriek of anguish I wrenched myself round and fell prostrate on the ground, face downwards, with my back to the wall, feeling as though flesh had been torn from my hand and arm. Whether I was saved or not I knew not. My whole being was overpowered by the realisation of the deception to which I had succumbed. I had looked for something so different,—darkness, vacant, deserted rooms, and perhaps a tall, white, empty canvas in a frame, against which I should have been on my guard. Who could have anticipated or suspected this cheerful welcome, these entertaining *literati*, these innocent-looking frescoes? Who could have foreseen so deadly a horror in such a guise? Was I doomed? Should I, too, be sucked in and absorbed, and perhaps C. after me, knowing nothing of my fate? I had no voice; I could not warn him; all my force seemed to have been spent on the single shriek

I had uttered as I turned my back on the wall. I lay prone upon the floor, and knew that I had swooned. . . . . .

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ANNA KINGSFORD, M.D.

Now that the lamented writer of the above has passed away, and we are free to speak of her psychic gifts, it may be stated that both this story and that which appeared in our November number entitled "The Square in the Hand" were *dreams*, received by her on one and the same night in April last, while ill in Rome, and were written down by her on waking exactly as they occurred, this one having been received first, and are reproduced here from her MS.

ILLUMINATION.

I HAVE wandered through the ages,
  Comes a sigh with every breath,
For my soul is tired of living,
  I salute thee, Silent Death!

O, thou womanhood eternal!
  Thou whose garment is the Sun,
'Tis a Star adorns thy forehead,
  'Tis the Moon thy feet rest on.

O, thou radiant soul of beauty!
  With the perfume of thy breath;
Every heart-throb, sweetest music,
  Banishing both Fear and Death.

I have crossed the Sea of Silence,
  Drifting outward toward the Sun,
Soaring far above the lowlands,
  On thy bosom, Radiant One!

On the bosom of Athenê,
  Lulled by sacred *Soma's* charms;
And my weary soul hath rested,
  Like an infant in thine arms.

By the heaving of thy bosom,
  By the love-light in thine eyes,
I am breathing the *Amritâ*,
  Ah! 'tis only Death that dies.

Thus I now am breathing with thee,
And our souls together run ;
I am melted in Athenê
As thou'rt melted in the Sun.

Space and Time no more allure me,
I have found the perfect rest ;
I have tasted bliss of being
In the Islands of the Blest.

Like the glory of the morning
When the light bursts o'er the sea,
Is the glory of the dawning
Of Athenê's light to me.

Resting thus upon thy bosom,
With the love-light in thine eyes,
Every soul-throb is an anthem,
Floating soft through radiant skies

I have lost desire and heart-ache,
For fruition's joy is won ;
Soul to soul, with no to-morrow,
Thus united, two in one.

Every passion burned to ashes ;
Ashes scattered in the sea ;
Seas drawn up in heated vapours ;
Vapours hence no more to be.

For the love-light of Athenê
Soul of soul, and soul of mine ;
All of thought, all bliss of being,
Two in one, and all divine.

* * * * * *

I have wandered through the ages,
Like a child in search of rest ;
Now my soul hath found Nirvana
On divine Athenê's breast.

HARIJ.

March 4th, 1888. U. S. A.

THE WHITE MONK.

CHAPTER III.

NOT long after this we had a banquet and dancing—well I remember it!—to celebrate the birthday of little Marguerite. For my mother was proud of her child's loveliness and liked to see it implied in the looks of her many friends. So there were sounds of revelry, and the whirl of dances and bright music.

The little lady of the feast was herself its best ornament: methought as I looked on her, that Dante's love himself could scarce have been fairer. She wore a little silken gown of palest blue, broidered in daisies, and she carried a simple posy of corn-daisies, her own "Marguerites," in her hand, another in her golden hair. "And girdled was she and adorned in such sort as best suited with her very tender age"—like Beatrice, when her poet met her first. She was so daintily joyous with our guests; radiant, yet timid, with an exquisite child's modesty, full of care and thought for all our friends. I thought within myself "Ah, Marguerite, wilt thou be thus loving when thou knowest more of men?"

(For I have ever held that the truer the servant of Man, the greater his secret contempt for our race. Beware of those who talk much of the beauty of Humanity. Trust rather those who rail at human vices; they are the men to institute a change and to establish the higher ideal. The others love not so much Humanity, as Humanity's faults.)

Yes, Marguerite was a fair flower, and as I stood aside and heard a group of gallants judging and lauding our country beauties, I heard young Raymond Delorme (a right promising youth of excellent parts and high-breeding) say with ardour in his keen blue eye: "For my part I shall wait for Mistress Marguerite!"

And pending the time of her being older, the youth led her forth to the dance. I stepped outside from the ball-room with the brother's head strong jealousy hot within me.

Yes, he shall win my pearl, perchance easily, and they will prove one more ensample of lightly returned love. I, her brother, who worship her as a spark of God's power and beauty sent to make holiness comprehensible to men, shall never in all likelihood have of her one-half the gratitude that Raymond shall for a glance or two of his bright eyes. Devotion is not meant to be returned. Where were then the single-mindedness of Dante and Petrarca, had their ladies thrown over all obstacles to unite with them? Was not Astrophel's Stella wedded to another man who, perchance, lacked insight to value her?

So I in my trivial thinking, growing morose as the young spirit will in a crowd, when things are not to its liking.

And then I went forth into the cool star-light, and stepped a little distance from the illumined windows and the sound of fluting, to where the pale heaven-gleams played on the dewy roses, and the stars of the night sang and danced in my fancy a mystic measure that intoxicated me. I threw myself down on the soft lawn under the windows, by the fountain, which sparkled dimly and bounded as if to kiss the stars, and fell again as we all do after striving up to Heaven. Its spray fell on me and seemed the purer and the colder for its leaping upward. I tasted of its coolness and of the dew and of the starry silence out here and I fell into one of the trances that dreamy youth alone can fully share in—a trance of ignorance of the world and its impulses, a nearness of the Ideal, a newness of sensation and an omen of things for which the human intelligence is not naturally born. In such times—for no man knows how long they are—a man grows old in knowledge, but when the world reclaims him, he has oft forgot the half of what he saw, and must spend weary hours, told upon a dial in his study, or the great clock in the market-place, in trying to recollect what was then cast down to him in handfuls.

Something disturbed me; I know not what. Belike it was a stormy flourish of Goodman Devon's trumpet from within—or what if it were but the faraway last good-night coo of a murmuring wood-dove; I know not. I only know I rose from my trance in a great sadness and yearning hunger and thirst for more insight. How I hated the world to which I should have to creep back! I sighed; "One could bear all, if but one might be helped a step, taught *somewhat* of the things one is grasping after?" So I said, and, as if in answer, as I rose blindly enough and sighing, a flash of white from the further end of the black cut yews, and the White Monk came hastily along the stone terrace, close under the ball-room windows.

I heard the dance-music blaze out. I heard every note, laughing out to us. A whirl was in my brain, but a grand excitement in me. Now—now would I speak with the old enemy of our race; now should he be forced to serve me—the latest son of the house; now would I see if he be the poor fiction of a rhymester's brain, or no! I *knew* he was no mere picture—folly to speak of such a thing. He was real Spirit Life, and I dreaded, while I desired, our meeting. I went to the encounter, as our men had alway gone to danger—with a bright forwardness, but a well-based knowledge of its meaning.

I stood with folded arms in the midst of the terrace walk, with the yews cut into square thick walls on either side of us, and I awaited the quick-moving phantom. Before he came I would arrest him—else I knew the deadly cold terror would stun me whilst he passed. Whiter than the fountain, whiter than the white marble urns, whiter than the pure-flowering springy, whiter than the white cold light of stars. Most wonderful yearning! Why do I, a mortal, feel it towards this white

strange mystery? "Spirit—man!" I challenged him. "Thou hast the form of a brother to me. Disdain me not—tell me, for the secrets of life are pressing in upon me—tell me wherefore thou art here, unexplained, friendless?"

If I spoke thus to him, or if I have but put the cry of my heart into words here, I no longer know; but I yearned towards him and spread my arms wide abroad as if I might thus stay him. An instant I thought he was gone past me, for a chill blinding mist seemed to surround me, and I felt my spirits leaving their seat in heart and brain, and the opportunity of my keenest hopes becoming lost to me. I fell upon my knees; I besought the majestic, lonely phantom; I prayed him to speak to me and teach me; for I could learn (I entreated) and I would hear.

And then, as I knelt with my hands pressing tightly on my face, and head bent almost to the earth, I did hear.

There was a sigh, long and far away, like a sob for pitifulness, and the White Monk spoke to me.

"Boy," he said, "thou wilt hear nothing but sorrow from me. And what does that profit thee? Poor poet, ever seeking after the unknown regardless if it be baleful! Well, these have their reward. Those in whom the soul is ever straining away from earthliness may know a charm, in sorrow, and a glory in deep mysteries that I imagine not, nor comprehend."

And there was a pause. I knew he was by me still, by the cold white light that penetrated my closed eye-lids through my hands. But I feared to lose the priceless moment, and, though I spoke as if the air was thick and heavy, and a weight against my lips, I pleaded for a word from him.

"Nay," said the monk, it seemed to me with all the grandeur of some ruined demi-god; "no words from me can profit thee. I am walking in mystery that I cannot even learn to know, and which will not accept me. Before death, oh, youth, thou canst not know bewilderment."

I groaned; my last hope in life seemed cut from under my feet. What! if the problems with which our hearts ache here are tenfold more terrible and more inexplicable in the spirit life, when we are face to face with them, without the tempering of trivial pleasures to distract us? and yet, that it was so, I might hear from this errant spirit, once, perchance, a thinker like to me. I sobbed aloud, in impotence of will under this new infliction. Not only Life, but Death, and Life thereafter were horrible now.

"Dost thou know sorrow?" asked the spirit. I mutely shook my head.

"Perchance thou never mayest," returned the Monk. "A man may live, youth, even in this world of yours, and never understand it. Oh, be its foe, young dreamer! Seek not to fathom it, not be the cause why others learn it. It is unholy."

"Why should a man not brave it?" I urged. "It is the half of human life."

"Is that a merit?" the voice answered me.

"Sorrow is part of the truth," I challenged him.

"Privation of truth, rather. Sorrow is illusion."

"Teach me what sorrow is," said I. "Illusion itself is the greater part of fact—to us, in any case, if all be said. I am a poet—now I feel it—and I will learn the meaning of every point of knowledge that man can. What care I if the insight wrecks my happiness here—what is earth's happiness?—or my salvation after death—let me wander wretched as thou—learn I must! God himself ordains it. If sorrow be a secret (myself had rather deemed it common fare enough, and fitting to this our world as bravely as a glove upon a hand) then let me wrestle with its mysteries." I spoke in hot whispers, all defiance. Still I kept my hands against my eyes; I was a coward under all rebellion, and my soul trembled, lest knowledge should burn it up. I seemed to live a century till the answer came. And then, how different to what I had awaited! No thunder of the gods, no spark Promethean that I might pass to mortals to serve and give them light. Only a sad perplexity.

"Sorrow is never real without immortality," the White Monk said. "You are like children down here, who rage and weep an hour and then lie down to sleep away the time wearily, grasping a toy that seems new in your disappointed arms for comfort. We—it is not so with us; I cannot cause thee fathom it. Our sorrows are immortal, even as ourselves; note that. We have no toys to comfort us; and we cannot taste realities of happiness, for our sorrow inheres in us, and the real Sorrow and Joy do mutually repel each the other."

"Thou hast not revealed the nature of immortal sorrow."

"Thinkest thou that because I died to earth, I must needs be as a god?—I—Pietro Rinucci, the murderer—a hypocrite, a man of violence also? Thou hast no sense of grades, nor of divisible infinity, poor would-be Titan!"

There was scorn, but such a sadness rang in it, that I wept.

"I know not 'natures,'" said the Monk. "*They* know, the god-like learners, but I am repulsed. I know *my* sorrow; it is to have been exiled from every state in which I could use freedom, or understand the nature and reasons of things. It is to carry a deep grief of mine own unspoken in my heart in silence, without a friend, and to go from door to door in a world that has become hateful to me, seeing the misery of others, guessing at their after misery, and not able ever to forget one scene of it, nor of my own."

"Nay, truly, that is a fate that many share," I said.

"In your earth-life; yes—" agreed the spirit. "But, after death, thou knowest not what it is! Infinite capacity to receive infinite pain! Love not Sorrow over-much. I charge thee. Seeing it so powerful in the

earth, men have made a god of it and worship it—do not thou so. There is nothing in it, beyond what its name expresses."

His voice was so despairing to my ear, used to harsher but more vivid sounds, that I was impelled to look up at him. The sight caught my breath and brought my timid childhood back upon me. For he was terribly the same as in the old portrait of Pietro Rinucci that hung in disgrace in the corridor, away from the pictured ancestors of our house, as a curiosity, breeding dislike and fear. I had often trembled before the portrait, fancying that the deep frowning eyes followed me, and that the slight hand, that was depicted in the act of raising the white cowl back from the face, beckoned to me. And now I was face to face with Pietro Rinucci himself.

And yet, not so! Though he had claimed the name, what was there left of the murderer, save only the semblance of the features and the garb?

This spirit was a revelation of sorrow, all the wickedness had long been tamed away. Nay, how entirely had it doubtless been exorcised by the sharp finger of death, the cooler of all passions! The minute touch of raillery that seemed to me to dwell in the edges of the hard-drawn mouth, just served to put that coping-stone of contrast that is needed to make perfect woe. I was smaller in wisdom than he, and he could not choose but scoff at my braggart will to know, and my confidence that he could tell me, or would tell me, what I desired.

But the pathos of that solitary white figure that appeared to stand but some four paces from me, and yet was removed by one world from my touch—and the grandeur of self-knowledge and unchangeable dignity that looked forth from the piercing cold depths of those despairing eyes, drew my soul out again from myself to contemplate a destiny but half unveiled. At that moment, and still in ignorance so great of the vast After-death, I would have died to quench the wistful light in those deep eyes.

"And is there hope of thy release at last?" I sighed.

"I know not," breathed the Monk very low. "That is what I *cannot* learn. Of all mysteries, that is the most clouded. I am tortured —to speak it in such words as you can grasp—by yearning and suspense; even the knowledge of hopelessness were gain compared with this eating uncertainty. For, after all, when all is over, it is the knowledge of things for which we crave. Having that, the soul is fed; but doubt like mine is bitterness beyond comparison with any earthly smart. Ah, the intensity of baffled search for what may not exist for me!"

"Yet even so are we," I murmured, and the Monk bowed his head solemnly in agreement.

"You do not *understand* as we," he added, however.

"Art thou alone thus afflicted, oh spirit? Are not there others whose aid or sympathy can help?"

"Did I not tell thee I had no friend?" said the Monk. "There is room for all in the spirit-worlds. I am doomed to the sight only of those who dwell, ignorant and sensual, on your earth, or of those whose bare proximity strikes tenfold the confusion into my nature that the sight of me does into thine. There is no fellowship for me, because I abused my fellow-men. I did over-much harm on the earth; thus, when I grew trembling into consciousness, a rational soul in the new æther, my first knowledge was—that I was rejected. I had sinned over-boldly on the earth, so I was refused the boon of re-visiting it as a human being again, with the faint, fresh touch of spirituality that accompanies all new birth to give another chance in a more careful life. I might not again behold the dear light of the sun with eyes meet to joy in it. I was doomed to see the world I had loved and left in a new aspect—an aspect which struck horror, for I understood the evil in it, and the little joy of it (which I could feel no longer) seems o'er slight to compensate for the pains that mortals suffer. Worse than this, I was doomed to retain—for my humiliation and others' warning—the accursed murderer's frame in semblance—how I loathed it thou mayst guess. Any mortal's semblance were pain and harassment to a soul—how much more that very habit and form under which I did my sins. My soul cries out to God by day and by night, but His face is utterly turned from me. I seek every token of His presence—every hint of His mercy—every ray of the ideal Light—and through how many wanderings I have to go before I find them! Your religion, which I once professed, is now foreign to me. I scarcely know the God you worship. And I cannot comprehend the Idea of the spirits' God. I am broken and crushed by too much knowledge on the one hand, and by utter, sunless, conscious blindness on the other. I know your world now. Have I not seen it develope these two centuries, as you accompt of Time? I hate and utterly despise the things that fill men's thoughts under the sun. But when I look into the world of souls, I fear annihilation; for I cannot comprehend the vastness of the changed systems of Time, of Space, of Thought, of Being."

"I am nowhere at home, and no sympathy thrills the note of hope back to me."

"Why dost thou thus suffer—for sins done in partial ignorance?"

"From purely physical forces, which accompany a man to his tomb. In life I dealt out Sorrow to others—I was the genius of Sorrow; I belong, therefore to sorrow. The strongest part of my nature as man has infected my soul, and my ruling tendency remains in force, a weight that makes the earth still a magnet to me. I am compelled to stay by he place of sorrows, and to drink in all that can be learnt of it, in myself and through others. I am to see the saddest scenes of life according to the body, and, knowing by virtue of the few steps more of wisdom I possess what could avert these most horrible mischiefs, am

bound in chains that I cannot loose from stirring in help. How many awful tragedies have I seen, standing myself the while by the side of the man who, could I have breathed a word to him, would have changed all! Nay, worse; my presence is destructive, and I cannot enter a poor widow's cottage without her feeling double woe. Oh, Sorrow hath entered my soul, and spreads a thick mist to keep out the light! I am athirst for Happiness. I could not reach it, even if God gave it, now, for what you men call years. Boy, you have the gift of speech from a burning poet's heart. Bid men shun sorrow and the causes of it. Let me pass—here is my goal; there is discord in the dance-music; dost thou not hear it, happy one? Let me pass."

The last glow from the power of those dark, sad eyes. The unwonted permission of speech withdrawn, the human look faded, I knew the face no more—the terror returned—the dazzling whiteness and the shock of chilling giddiness—besides, I felt he must not pass the threshold of our home. I strove, I yearned, I strung my will to passionate tension.

He was gone, and whither I knew not, with the quick, resistless motion, stronger than Death. And I lay in frenzy, crushing the sharp gravel in my hands, and laying its harsh edges hard to my cheek, in passionate, terrified striving to feel the world again.

If Raymond Delorme will wait for Marguerite, he will be a true lover and a deep and tender one, for she is dead; she died that night.

THE END.

MY PHILOSOPHY.

THEY lie who say immortal spirit is nought
  Save summit of fleshly chain, save link between
  Blind motion of nerve and muscle:—they overween,
Groping in darkness of their arrogant thought;
Having fettered the soaring soul that else had sought
  To lighten the shadows 'twixt the God unseen
  And the human he made so strong that it dared lean
'Gainst heaven and triumph at the ruin it wrought.

Yea, spirit communes with spirit, as sense with sense;
  No soul is bound that truly would be free!
  Else were the human stronger than deity,
Else were the angels reft of all defence—
  Burst bonds, oh soul! Slay flesh that fetters thee!
So God shall dower thee with omnipotence!

EVELYN PYNE.

BUDDHIST DOCTRINE OF THE WESTERN HEAVEN.*

ON the interest attaching to the hope of a future life developed amongst the Northern Buddhists, not a word need to be said. This hope has been powerful amongst them for nearly 2,000 years. In their monastic homes in Tartary, where sometimes as many as 5,000 believers live together, under a system of Buddhist studies, prayers, and ascetic observances, the hope of a future life mingles as an important element. While some think more of the Nirvana as their hope, and give themselves up to happy reverie, as they think of the union with Buddha which is attained by the loss of personality,† many more prefer to meditate on the Paradise of Amitabha, the Buddha of a world situated in the West, beyond the region of the fixed stars, as the home they may attain by the merciful help of BUDDHA.

All over Thibet, China, Mongolia, and Japan, this hope exists amongst the Buddhists. And it is a curious question whether it was occasioned by Persian or by Christian influence, or whether it was entirely self-originated.‡ It is proposed in this paper to place before the reader the evidence from Chinese sources, by which it may be learned that this doctrine began in India and spread in the Punjaub and Affghanistan shortly before the Christian era, and that it was adopted by the Buddhist writers of the age for such reasons as the following: They regarded it as a powerful engine for aiding in the cure of worldliness by intensifying the meditative reveries of the monks. It was adapted to deepen the religious feelings and to multiply the religious activity of lay Buddhists of all classes and both sexes. Further, it added variety to the forms of happiness which Buddhism gives to believers.§

Buddhist works began to be translated into Chinese about the year 67 A.D. The first was the book of 42 sections. It is moral and didactic,

* The author of this paper is the Rev. Dr. Joseph Edkins, D.D., late of Peking, author also of "Chinese Buddhism," "Religion in China," "Introduction to the Study of the Chinese Characters," "A Mandarin Grammar," etc., etc.

† The loss of the *false* or temporary personality by its transformation into the ABSOLUTE "Ego." —[ED.]

‡ Most undeniably the idea was originated by neither of the above-named influences, no more than the knowledge of the Zodiac, astronomy or architecture was ever originated in India "by the Greek influence," agreeably with Dr. Weber's and Professor Max Müller's favourite hobbies. This "hope" is based on *knowledge*, on the secret esoteric doctrines preached by Gautama Buddha, and flashes of which are still found even in the semi-exoteric tenets of the schools of Mahayana, Aryasanga and others.—[ED.]

§ Buddhist works may have appeared in China not earlier than 67 A.D.; but there are as good proofs and evidence, from Chinese and Tibetan History as much as from Buddhist records, that the tenets of Gautama reached China as early as the year 683 of the Tzin era (436 B.C.). Of course in this instance we accept Buddhist chronology, not the fanciful annals of the Western Orientalists, who base their chronological and *historical* computations on the so-called "Vikramaditya era," while ignorant to this day of the date when Vikramaditya really lived.—[ED.]

and in no respect legendary. Nothing is said here of the Paradise of the Western Heaven; but the translator was born in Bengal and travelled to China by the route across the mountains in Central Asia. Previous to this he had visited Western India or the Bombay Presidency. Here in a small kingdom *Kashiapmadanga* our hero was invited to explain the "Book of Golden Light." Just as the assembly was gathered and he was preparing his instructions, an invading army from a neighbouring country arrived at the border. Here the enemy found difficulties and suspected some magic influence preventing his advance. He sent an ambassador, who, on reaching the capital, found the Buddhist monk addressing the assembly on the mode of protecting the state. The two states then made a treaty of peace at the instance of the invader, and Buddhism was taught in both countries.

Belief in the magical powers of the Buddhists had much to do with the spread of their religions, and not less influential was the superstitious regard for the sacred books,* which it was supposed could save kingdoms from war. Among the most famous of these works is the *Sutra of Golden Light.* It is the *Alten Gerel* of the Mongols, by whom it is regarded as a talisman of particular efficacy. It is the Chinese *Chin kwang ming ching*, and is viewed as the most honoured of all the Buddhist sacred books. Hence its title "King of the *Sutras*." With the Mongols it is an object of worship, and is kept on the same shelf or table which, in the tents of the land of grass, serves as an altar, and here it is regaled with the same incense and is honoured with the same offerings as the images. In this book, the Buddha of boundless age, Amitabha, is mentioned, and this is apparently the germ from which the doctrine of the Western Heaven was afterwards developed.

In our uncertainty with regard to the origin of the Buddhist hope of a Western Paradise, it is an advantage to find in this book some definite statements. The legend is connected with the city of *Rajagriha* in Central India, and it originated, it would seem, in a vision of a *Bodhisattwa* who was named *Sinsiang* (image of faith). He felt uneasy at the thought that Buddha had only lived to be eighty years of age and yet was so full of merit, as shewn in his avoiding the destruction of life, and his abundant gifts of food to the hungry. To meet his doubts, as he sits at home, his house suddenly begins to grow larger. The floor was tesselated with precious stones and red porcelain. The aspect of everything was glorified as if it were the peaceful land of the Buddhas. Sweet odours breathed through the air, and four thrones were seen, one on each side. Flowers were placed around them, and on each sat a Buddha. That on the east was *Akshobya*, and that on the west the

* No more, we say, than the "miracles" of the New Testament had to do with the spread of the Christian religion. Then why should any fair-minded person, even if a missionary, denounce the reverence of Buddhists for their sacred books as "a *superstitious* regard," while enforcing the same "superstitious regard" for the Bible, under the penalty, moreover, of eternal damnation?—[ED.]

Buddha of boundless age. Light shot forth from each lion-throne, illuminating the city of *Rajagriha* and the whole universe.

The happy land of the West is not here mentioned, but the Buddha of boundless age, who belonged to the West, would lead to it. The legend then appears here in an imperfect form. The probability is that this is the legend in the germ, and that the works in which it is found fully developed are later. If this supposition be correct, and if this be the germ of the paradise of the Western Heaven, it is a matter of great importance to know that it began in the city of *Rajagriha*, one of the first cities where Buddhism prevailed, and further, that the occasion of inventing the legend was a desire felt to magnify the perfection of Buddha. The Western paradise is the happy abode of the Buddha of boundless age, and was not, in the first instance, planted in the regions of infinite space, to provide a refuge for those human sufferers to whom the extinction of *Nirvana* was not a sufficient hope.

The name of the translator who is first mentioned in connection with this legend is *Tirukachanva*, a native of the Punjaub. Several of his works are named in the list* of Buddhist books made in the year A.D. 730, and one of them is said to have been translated A.D. 147. But for the statement in the Book of Golden Light we might suppose, from this translator being a native of the Punjaub, that the legend originated there. In that part of India there is no doubt that many of the Buddhist books were first compiled, As we proceed we shall learn if other reasons support the hypothesis of origin in North Western India.

The author of the list made in the year A.D. 730 was a learned monk, who divides the books, now in libraries, and which he had himself personally seen, from those which were lost. He says of a book called the *Sutra* of the boundless and pure, that this was the same with the greater *Amitabha Sutra*. But this is equivalent to saying, that it taught the legend of the Western paradise, and we may, therefore, look upon it as certain that this legend was taught in China, in the years A.D. 147 to 186, when the translator was occupied in his duties in the Chinese capital. It appears that he also rendered from Sanscrit a work on *Akshobya*, the companion Buddha to *Amitabha* and ruler of the Eastern Universe. This legend belongs to the same class as the legend of the Western Paradise, and in the "Book of Golden Light" these two Buddhas are mentioned together. They were, therefore, contemporaneous in origin.†

The Buddhist works containing the legend of the Western Heaven belong to the school of the great development of the Northern Buddhists, and this class of works was definitely adopted in Cashmere, at the council held in the reign of *Kanishka*. This prince is stated by the traveller,

* This is called the *Kai yuen* list, and is contained in seven large vols.

† That origin must be archaic indeed, since both the names are found in the "Book of Dzyan," classed with the Dhyan-Chohans (*Pitris*), the "Fathers of man," who answer to the seven Elohim. —[ED.]

Hiuen Chwang, in more than one place, to have reigned 400 years after the *Nirvana*. Now Buddha is said to have died B.C. 543.* *Kanishka* was reigning, therefore, in the first century before Christ. He belonged to the *Yue ti* race, who, according to Chinese accounts, in the third and second century lived to the north-west of China, between the province of Kansu and Lake Lob. From this home they were driven by the powerful Tartar race known as the *Hiung noo*, who, about B.C. 200, or even later, led by their Emperor *Moklek*, inflicted on them a severe defeat, and killed their king, whose skull was used as a drinking-cup by his victorious enemy.

The *Yue ti* are, in fact, the *Massagetæ*, of Herodotus, whose Queen was *Tomoris*, the Amazon sovereign that defeated and killed Cyrus, founder of the Persian monarchy. The Massagetæ were a large stock, and among their many branches it was this which had moved most to the eastward. On this occasion, when ousted from their lands near China, this wandering tribe crossed the high passes west of Cashgar, and came down upon the valley of the Oxus. Here they looked south on the Hindoo Koosh, and west on the Caspian. Encountering the *Dahae*, they conquered them, and occupied Balkh and Badakshan. The kingdoms of Cabul and Cashmere had now become their neighbours, and here they were located when the famous Chinese traveller, *Chang chien*, visited them about B.C. 140. He made diplomatic use of his experiences amongst the *Hiung noo*, who had kept him as a captive till he escaped. He knew Turkish, because he had lived amongst the *Hiung noo*. In this new region he would also obtain an acquaintance with some Indo-European dialect; at any rate, he learned the chief facts respecting the wanderings of the *Yue ti*, and when he went back to China these were embodied in the history of *Szma chien*, who was then a youth.

In the later Han history it is recorded that about a century after the time of *Chang chien*, the *Yue ti* made an irruption into Cabul and India and formed a large and powerful kingdom. They were now possessed of Candahar, Cashmere, and much country beside belonging to India and the modern Affghanistan. *Kanishka* was their king, and he became a zealous Buddhist. He called the Council of Cashmere, at which Buddhist doctrine according to the northern form was determined. And it included the legend of the Western Paradise. The reign of *Kanishka* has been fixed by Koeppen and others as extending from B.C. 15 to A.D. 45, and when we remember what is said in the later *Han* history, and by the traveller *Hiuen chwang*, we feel that Chinese evidence supports this chronology so far as it goes. We must then assign the legend of the Western Heaven to this time for its definite adoption, and to an earlier period for its origination. The *Yue ti* in

* Read in this connection in "Five Years of Theoosophy," the article: "Sakya Muni's place in History," pp. 371-375.—[ED.]

their new kingdom practised many useful arts, and it was by artificers from their country that in the fifth century the Chinese learned the secret of glass manufacture, and of the ware called *Lieu li*. Buddhism in those times helped in communicating civilized arts to new races, and in many countries its missionaries were the first to teach reading and writing. These men were in the third century very assiduous in translating into Chinese the books of their religion. Several hundred titles are preserved, while the books themselves are mostly lost irrecoverably. Many short narratives are among them, containing stories adapted to stir up the feelings and to give popularity to the addresses of Buddhist preachers. Among them are found occasionally the names of books which taught the paradise of the Western Heaven, a belief at that time become thoroughly naturalized in the religion of the northern Buddhists. They are placed in the second class of canonical works, called the "precious collection," with an allusion to the special attractiveness of this legend.

The country on the west of the Kingdom of the Indian *Getae* was Parthia, which lasted till the year A.D. 226, when the Persians recovered their independence. One of the translators was *An shi kan*, son of the Parthian king, his mother being the principal queen. He would naturally know the *Zendavesta*, and the doctrine of the resurrection. Parthian Jews, too, returned from keeping the Pentecost at Jerusalem to their own country, and carried with them Christian * convictions and experiences. This was about a hundred years before this prince went as a missionary to China, He was actively engaged in translation in that country from A.D. 147 to 170. Among the titles of the 95 books he translated, are some which appear in the "precious collection," such as "the book of unlimited age." He has two which treat of worlds of punishment (*Naraka*), which to the Buddhists are prisons, fiery hot, or icy cold, where every kind of torture is used.† This prince may be better judged, however, by a little tract translated by him, and still extant, and which teaches the vanity of all appearances, the misery of giving rein to the passions, the evil of greed, the happiness of poverty, the constant victory to be gained over the four evil ones, so as to escape the prisons of the metempsychosis. He also taught that true joy is to be found in acquiring wisdom, and in instructing and saving the lost. He enjoins the practice of pitying wicked men instead of hating them, of forgiving injuries, of avoiding worldly pleasure, while living in the world, always content with the monk's robe, the rice-bowl, and the time-beater which he uses when reciting his prayers. At the end he adds willingness to suffer for others as their substitute.

* It would be more correct, perhaps, to say "Gnostic," instead of "Christian" convictions. The Jews could be Gnostics without renouncing Judaism.—[ED.]

† Which, however, are all metaphorical expressions, whenever used. Buddhists have never believed in their philosophy in any Hell as a locality. Avitchi is a *state* and a condition, and the tortures therein are all mental.—[ED.]

On the whole, what this man taught in China was Christian morality in the Buddhist shape. The forgiveness of injuries, contentment, pity for men when they sin, suffering in the place of others, are very Christian.* But he personifies evil in a four-fold form. He is a thorough monk from habit and conviction, and a firm believer in the delusion practised upon our senses by all the forms of matter. Yet, in this point, the metaphysical doctrine is less to him than the moral danger and evil from contact with the world.

This prince was an adept in astrology, in medicine, and meteorology. He could find a meaning in the sounds uttered by birds and beasts. When walking, he would suddenly say, if a flock of swallows passed, "A swallow tells me I am to have food brought to me." Soon some messenger with food would arrive. He taught the doctrine of the pulse and the needle used in acupuncture, and could tell the disease from the colour of the patient. While he remained in his father's palace he kept the Buddhist vows, studied the *Sutras*, and practised almsgiving. On the death of the king his father, he resolved to resign his throne to his uncle, because the fictitious grandeur of the world was what he had no taste for. He entered a monastery, and gave himself up to the study of Buddhist philosophy. Going abroad to teach, he visited various countries, and at last reached China, where he remained permanently.

King Chosroes, who fought with Trajan, was succeeded about A.D. 122 by *Vologeses* his son, the second of that name, This *Vologeses* is thought to have died about A.D. 149, and at this point the succession is uncertain. The Chinese account in stating that the heir-apparent became a monk, leaving the succession to his uncle, adds details that are new to European history. This uncle would be *Vologeses* the third.

During the second and third centuries, other foreigners from the West and from India were engaged in China in translating books which taught the legend of the Western Heaven, and the other parts of Buddhist doctrine. It is quite possible for the opinions of Zoroaster to have been well known at that time to Chinese Buddhists, for Hindoo fire-worshippers often became Buddhists. One of the Hindoo translators who was in Nanking, the capital of the *Wu* Kingdom, in A.D. 224, was originally a fire-worshipper. When he was a lad in his old home in India, a Buddhist travelling monk came one night to ask for a lodging. Since the fire-worshippers hated the Buddhists he was told to sleep outside in the court. The Buddhist soon made use of his arts and extinguished the sacred fire without himself approaching it. The fire went out to the astonishment of the family after flaming up in a remarkable manner. They all came out and invited the monk to enter. He did so, and by the

* They are "Christian" only because Christianity has accepted them. All these virtues were taught and practised by Buddha 600 years B.C.; as other Chinese and Indian good men and adepts accepted and taught them to the multitudes thousands of years B.B., or before Buddha. Why call them "Christian," since they are universal?—[ED.]

use of his power caused the fire to rekindle. The lad saw this, became a believer in Buddhism, abandoned the religion of fire, and changing his mode of life adopted the monkish garb. He may have well been acquainted with the opinion on the resurrection held by Zoroaster and the fire-worshippers generally.

The form the doctrine takes is that given to it by the writers of the *Sutras*, and it is in harmony with the Hindoo metempsychosis. Heaven is in any Paradise inhabited by the *Devas*. Hell is any subterranean or other prison employed for the punishment of the wicked. The thirty-three heavens mean the heaven of *Shakra*, inhabited by *Devas* or angels who are favoured with great longevity, but are not immortal. While the population diminishes by death it is increased by new births from other worlds. So the earth's prison is divided into eighteen, adapted to punish the guilty in various ways according to their deserts. This view is part of a larger one which embraces six separate paths into which souls wander, or six retributory worlds, viz., heaven, the air occupied by giants, the world of men, the region of hungry ghosts, animals, and hell. This is a Hindoo conception as it stands, but it is not found in the *Vedas*, and the language of elaboration and definition is Buddhistic, while the metempsychosis belongs equally to all the other Hindoo schools. It is a national and not merely a Buddhist belief. We find in the *Nyaya* system that the cause of transmigration is in wrong notions which lead to stupidity and vice. Transmigration is one of the many evils which men bring on themselves by wrong notions. The *Sankhya* philosophy derives all evils suffered by mankind from the connection of man with nature. The *Vedanta* philosophy finds the origin of transmigration and other evils in God who is the cause of virtue and vice.*

Buddhism in its statement of the cause of transmigration finds it in a moral necessity of things, and being atheistic† it stops there. Retribution follows all actions by unseen fate compelling it.‡ Here it is that the human conscience utters its voice. Good actions are rewarded by happiness, and evil actions by misery. The force of Buddhist teaching in persuading mankind to accept it surely rested partly on this foundation, it appealed to human conscience as to whether sin is not wrong and deserving of punishment, or if it did not ask the question it assumed the fact, and no one contradicted it.

Indeed it may be said that the acceptance of transmigration by all the Hindoo systems shows that the Hindoo conscience is like that of the rest of the world, an index pointing to moral truth. Whether the

* The *Vedanta* philosophy finds nothing of the kind, nor does it teach of a God (least of all with a capital *G*). But there is a sect of Vedantins, the *Visishtadwaita*, who, refusing to accept *dualism*, have, *nolens volens*, to place the origin of all evil as of all good in Parabrahmam. But Parabrahmam *is not* "God" in the Christian sense, at any rate in the Vedanta philosophy.—[ED.]

† Atheistic, inasmuch as it very reasonably rejects the idea of any personal anthropomorphous god. Its secret philosophy, however, explains the causes of rebirths or "transmigration."—[ED.]

‡ This "unseen fate" is KARMA.—[ED.]

Hindoo systems known as the *Nyaya* and *Vedanta* which are theistic, or those known as *Sankhya* and Buddhistic which are atheistic, be consulted, all are at one on this point, they regard transmigration as a fact and as a just reward to every man according to his merit or demerit. It is a singular and interesting fact that conscience is here seen acting as the acknowledged umpire in questions appertaining to the moral sphere. The Hindoo sages found a harmony existing between nature without and conscience within, and never thought of questioning the facts offered by the use of the authority claimed by the others.

What Buddhism did in regard to the doctrine of a future life was to make it more definite so far as belief in the *Nirvana* would allow. In this, what was done by *Shakyamuni* was simply to state distinctly the popular view and endorse it by his authority in his exoteric teaching. In his exoteric instructions he taught the *Nirvana.* He was followed by his disciples in this kind of teaching till *Ashwagosha's* time, about A.D. 100, who was one of the early champions of the *Mahayana* school and a prime mover in the inculcation of the doctrine of the Western Heaven. *Ashwagosha*, called in Chinese *Ma ming pu sa*, wrote the *Shastra* called *Chi sin lun*, and in this argued that the legend of the Western Heaven was necessary on account of the weakness of men's minds. On their first learning Buddhist doctrines correct faith was difficult for them, and to reverence the Buddhas was impossible. In order to aid faith and to prevent falling back, you should know that Buddha has a most excellent aid. This aid in guiding and guarding the believing heart, consists in becoming entirely absorbed in thinking of Buddha, and in the desire to be born in a Buddha world in the West, to be there seen by Buddha, to leave all wicked doctrines for ever, and as the Sutra says, meditate exclusively on *Amida*, attain fixity in thought, a right purpose, steady progress, and the constant view of Buddha in the form of the body of the law.

Such is the statement of *Ashwagosha* as to the intention of the legend of *Amida.* It was to help in producing and strengthening faith.* It was an aid to the Buddhist teachers against scepticism and would prove valuable in their missions among new races not accustomed to Hindoo modes of thought. This appears to have been the object of the invention of the Western Heaven legend.

The occurrence of this passage in a book by *Ashwagosha* the twelfth patriarch, shows that the legend was quite anterior to the time of *Nagarjuna* or *Lungshu* the most prolific of Buddhist writers and the fourteenth patriarch. But its extensive adoption was the work of both, and of other eminent defenders of Buddhism in North Western India, Affghanistan, and countries near. In this there would be the influence of Christianity felt, not possibly in causing the first formation of the legend, but very probably in leading to its spread through the regions just mentioned, and also in the onward progress of the religion through

* Buddha preached against *blind* faith and enforced knowledge and reason.—[ED.]

Tibet and China in after years. It seems reasonable that so far as the Parthians were acquainted with Christianity in the early centuries, and the Persians of the Sassanide dynasty afterwards, the Buddhists would, being in close connection with them, become aware of Christian tenets. They would notice how much Christians were influenced by the hope of a future life, how it occupied their thoughts and made them superior to the fear of death! This would lead them to reason as did *Ma ming* in regard to the hope of future happiness in a world without sin as a means of increasing faith. The Apostle Peter is said to have preached the gospel in Parthia, and Bardesanes of Edessa, in the second century, states that Christianity had spread into Parthia, Media, Persia, and Bactria.*

The form of the legend, as it is partially dualistic, is more likely to have borrowed, if it borrowed at all, from Persian sources than Christian. Thus *Amitabha*, ruling in a world of light and holiness, is like *Ormuzd*. While *Shakyamuni's* world, filled with evil, and remaining after his great efforts still unpurified from sin and darkness, reminds of the world of *Ahriman*. But this is more likely to be accidental resemblance than positive borrowing.

The Persian persecution under Sapor took place in the fourth century. The martyrs were so numerous, and their faithfulness and constancy in the face of death so decided, that Christianity must have become widely known on their account, and a great impulse would be given thus to faith in a happy future life.

Although the shape of the Buddhist doctrine of a future life appears on the whole to be independent of Christian doctrine on the same subject, to which it was anterior by only a few years, yet the stimulus imparted by the many examples of Christian constancy in martyrdoms cannot very well have been without an effect upon the Buddhist missionaries, who spread this peculiar doctrine in Tartary and China as in other northern countries. The Buddhist change of front from the *Nirvana* to the promise of the Western Heaven may in this have been caused in no slight degree by their knowledge of the great power possessed by the Christians, in their hope of a happy existence hereafter.

Since we find a famous Buddhist author, about A.D. 100, explaining the advantage of faith in the Western Paradise as a help to devotion, and translations teaching the legend made into Chinese A.D. 167, we are not at liberty to regard the legend of the Western Heaven as borrowed

* It would be far more correct to say that it is the early Christians, or the Gnostics rather, who were influenced by Buddhist doctrines, than the reverse." All these ideas of Devachan, etc., were inculcated by Buddhism from the first. No foreign influence there, surely. It cannot be proved *historically*, that the "Apostle Peter" had preached the gospel in Parthia, not even that the blessed "Apostle," whose relics are shown at Goa, went there at all. But it is an *historical fact*, that a century before the Christian era, Buddhist monks crowded into Syria and Babylon, and that Buddhasp (Bodhisattva), the so-called Chaldean, was the founder of Sabism or *baptism*. And Renan, in his *Vie de Jesus*, says, that "the religion of multiplied baptisms, the scion of the still existent sect, named the 'Christians of St. John' or Mendœans, whom the Arabs call *el-Mogtasila* and Baptists. The Aramean verb *seba*, origin of the name *Sabian*, is a synonym of *βαπτιζω*."—[ED.]

from Christianity. The Buddhist view on this subject is, in fact, an expansion of the Hindoo universe of the metempsychosis made for argumentative purposes and to aid in promoting faith.

If we wish to go further back, we find that the Hindoo philosophical schools all, very singularly, believed in the metempsychosis, while a few centuries before in the later Vedic treatises it is found only in a rudimentary form. In those works there is language which implies that a man may go through a succession of deaths. Hindoo thinkers had begun to look on life as capable of repetition, but when the philosophical sects were founded, including Buddhism, in the seventh, sixth, and fifth centuries before Christ, the metempsychosis had become the universal belief of India. This change of opinion throughout India regarding the future state must be viewed in connection with the foreign intercourse caused by the very powerful Mesopotamian and Persian monarchies, as also the progress in navigation under Egyptian monarchs. The Persian Empire, B.C. 538 to 331, embraced North-Western India, and promoted intercourse between South-Western Asia and India by land. The communication by sea through the trade in Indian productions, and those of Ultra India, was always active between India and the Persian Gulf. This led necessarily to the residence in Indian seaports and at the courts and capitals of Rajahs, of Babylonian astrologers and diviners. These men would communicate the views held in the West on the future life, and it would be in this way that the Indians, predisposed by the Vedas to believe in a future state, would be led on to the adoption with astrology and the art of writing, of some of the Babylonian and Egyptian doctrines on cosmogony and the future state.* This helps to account for the striking contrast between Hindoo opinion on these matters in the Vedas and in the older books of Buddhism.

Ashwasgosha's principle must be steadily kept in view if we would understand the progress of Buddhist faith in India in those times Religious leaders held that an expanded universe was a help to faith They therefore in their writings invented such a universe and advocated it in their *Shastras* as of great utility. On the other hand primitive Christianity in its teaching on the future state was animated by faith in the doctrine, and not by considerations of utility. It would be impossible to find in any of the early Christian writings a parallel to the passage here given from the *Chi sin lun* of *Ashwagosha.*

Buddhism disbelieves the reality of the material universe, and invents at will a fictitious universe as an aid to faith. Christianity believes in the reality of the existing universe made known in nature, and of the future state made known in the Christian books of revelation.

The stand-point of the two religions is, therefore, wide as the poles asunder.

REV. JOSEPH EDKINS, D.D.

* There is one little impediment, however, in the way of such a "Weberian" theory. There is no *historical* evidence that the "Chaldean astrologers and diviners" were ever at the courts of Indian Rajahs *before the* days of Alexander. But it is a perfectly established historical fact, as pointed out by Colonel Vans Kennedy, that it was, on the contrary, Babylonia which was once the seat of the Sanskrit language and of Brahmanical influence.—[ED.]

THE BLOSSOM AND THE FRUIT

THE TRUE STORY OF A MAGICIAN.

(Continued.)

BY MABEL COLLINS.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(*Continued.*)

THE first move was to send a large detachment to the frontier, where there was a great plain on which the army was to camp. Here it was anticipated that the first blows would be struck. The King and the General both went with this part of the army; and now Fleta was to go too. Everybody envied these lucky men, who were pretty certain to lose their lives, but would nevertheless be smiled on by the young queen; so wild are the sentiments of war when once roused. They were all awake in Fleta herself. She found a fierce relaxation in this excitement which had entered her veins and made her blood grow warm again; it was a reprieve, a rest from the terrible anxieties of her life, and it seemed to her as if it had perhaps just come in time to prevent the strain under which she was suffering from driving her mad. As the thought came into her mind she paused in what she was doing at the moment and raised her hands to her head. "It is possible," she said to herself, "it might have been a lifetime wasted in a mad-house. This war-fever has come as a rest; I will not let myself think while it lasts—I will take the passion and live in it." And so, with fresh vigour, she hurried the maids who were packing and arranging for her. The hour of starting from the city had not given her very long to get ready in; but she was more than punctual—she was in her place some minutes before she was expected. She stood up in her carriage to bow in answer to the enthusiastic greeting she received. By the side of the carriage rode a servant leading a very spirited young horse. It was Fleta's favourite, the one she had ridden to and fro from her garden house at home into the city; it had been brought with her to her new home. She had given orders that it was to accompany her now. Otto inquired why she had brought it; but she made no answer. The march was not a long one; it only lasted a day and a half. Fleta's carriage was closed when they started on the next morning; no one had seen her since they had camped for the night, not even Otto. Nor did anyone see her till the midday halt was called, when she stepped out of

her carriage, wearing a riding habit of very soft, fine, crimson cloth. Her non-appearance had somewhat dulled the spirits of the men; but now that they saw her, and dressed in this way, moving about among them, it was just as if the sun had suddenly burst out in the heavens, so the old General told her; and he begged her not to shut herself up again at once.

"I am not going to," cried Fleta, who seemed to be in her gayest and most gracious humour. "I am going to ride the rest of the way."

What a march that was, that afternoon! None of the men who survived the night could ever forget it; they talked of it afterwards more than of anything else. The slender figure in its crimson dress, riding so gaily between the King and the General, was a kind of load-stone to which all eyes were drawn. It was extraordinary to observe the swift subtle influence which Fleta exercised. Her presence inspired the whole troop, and the feeling everywhere was that of courage and success.

Late in the day, when the twilight began to fall, Fleta fell into a dim reverie. She was not thinking of anything in particular, her mind appeared to be veiled and asleep. She forgot to turn her face from one side to the other as she had done during the afternoon, firing the men with the light from her brilliant eyes. Her gaze was fixed before her, but unseeingly, and she simply rode on without thought. As it grew darker she became aware that something was happening around her; but so buried was she in the abyss of thought or imagination she had entered that she did not pause nor did she give her attention in any way. Possibly, she could not, for her eyes were as set and strange as those of a sleep-walker. She rode rapidly on through the gathering darkness, and at last her horse grew uncontrollably terrified and darted away at a tremendous pace. Fleta kept her seat, swaying lightly with the movements of the maddened horse, over whom she no longer attempted any guidance; indeed she let the reins fall from her hands, and simply grasped a handful of the long flying mane in order to steady herself.

A wild cry reached her ear at last, and roused her partly from the abstraction in which she was plunged. A wild cry, in a familiar voice and yet one that was unrecognisable from the terror that filled it. "Fleta! Fleta!" came to her on the wind. At the same moment her horse reared, stumbled and fell backward. He gave a shriek of agony as he did so that almost stunned Fleta's senses, it was so terrible. He was dead in another moment, for he had been shot, and mercifully the shot was immediately fatal. Fleta rose to her feet, and looking round her discovered the most extraordinary scene. She was right under the enemy's fire, and near her were only a few dying men and horses, who had been shot down in their attempt to fly in the direction in which

she had been riding. There was a blurred moon, half hidden by clouds, but enough light was given by it for Fleta to see very plainly that her own soldiers were flying from the scene in every direction; and also that the ground was cumbered with dead bodies, further back. She stood perfectly still, gazing round her in a kind of frozen horror; and she was still a target, for the shot fell all about her. But she seemed to bear a charmed life; and she stood unmoved. A horse, urged to its wildest pace, was approaching her with thundering hoofs; and the cry rang out again: "Fleta! Fleta!" Then in another moment the horse was at her side, stopped suddenly, and stood panting and trembling. Someone leaned down towards her. "Make haste, spring up behind me," cried a hoarse voice, thick with fear for her. She stared at the face. How long had she known those eyes? Had they not spoken love to her through ages? And yet they were strange to her now, for she had indeed forgotten the very existence of this man who loved her so dearly.

"You, Hilary!" she exclaimed.

"Spring up," he exclaimed. Don't you see you are being shot at? Make haste!"

She obeyed him, without any further words, and in another moment the great horse he rode was tearing away with them through the gloomy night.

When they were in moderate safety, Hilary slackened speed, for he knew that unless he was merciful to the horse now it would fail them later on.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE dawn broke in the sky at last, to Hilary's great relief; for he had had no easy task to guide the horse while it was dark. Now they could ride on quietly, and his greatest anxiety for the moment was allayed. In the strange stillness of the first few moments of the light he turned in his saddle and looked at Fleta. She returned his gaze very quietly, but she seemed preoccupied and absorbed in some hidden thoughts of her own. "Safe!" said Hilary aloud. He alone knew the torturing anxiety he had suffered about her, the frenzy of despair he endured when he saw her standing coolly beneath the fire of the enemy.

"O, you of little faith," said Fleta, with a smile.

"You might have been shot!" he answered, a quiver in his voice. "Your courage is indomitable, I know; but it is madness to stand as a target, not courage."

"I have some work to do yet," answered Fleta. "I am in no danger of death. You have buried all the knowledge you have ever acquired beneath so deep a crust, Hilary, that you cannot even find a little faith to work with."

She spoke in a tone of cool contempt, undisguised. It nettled Hilary,

whose irritable nature had suffered severely from the terrible anxiety he had been through.

"The shot has been hard at work on your men, the men you led on to their destruction, Fleta; and you don't even think of the poor wretches, apparently. I think you are utterly heartless."

"The men *I* led on?" exclaimed Fleta, in unfeigned amazement. "I wonder what you can mean?"

"Why, you know well enough. They would have turned and run away long before if you had not always kept ahead; for it was perfectly plain that nothing but destruction could come of going on. But the men would have followed you anywhere—they followed you to their death."

"Merciful Powers!" exclaimed Fleta, "and I let myself go a thousand miles from that battle-field—I know absolutely nothing of what went on through the evening and night, Hilary, till you found me—absolutely nothing. Those deaths are on my soul, I know it—I do not try to evade it. But only through thoughtlessness. I was away on what was to me the first and chief work I had to do—I was out of my body the whole time. And that body, that mere animal, that physical presentment of me led these unfortunate men to death! What demon was it held the reins of my horse? It was not I—no, I was far away. If I had stayed, we should have won the battle."

Hilary was sobered and subdued by the extraordinary tone of excitement and the deep seriousness with which she spoke.

"Is that true?" he said. "Had you the power to win that battle?"

"No," answered Fleta, "for you see I have failed. I thought of one soul that I love, and forgot the many to whom I was indifferent. This is a fearful sin, Hilary, on the path I am treading. I must suffer for it. I failed for want of strength. I should have had patience till the battle was over."

"But," said Hilary, "perhaps we had to lose that battle."

"There was the national destiny to reckon with, I know," answered Fleta, "but I was strong enough, at one time to-day, to reckon with that. For you know very well, Hilary, that a being who has won power at such cost as I have can control the forces which rule the masses of men."

Hilary made no answer, but fell into a profound fit of thought.

"We must get to a town, and to a station, as soon as possible," said Fleta, presently. "We have a long way to go."

"Where are we going?" inquired Hilary. "I did not know we had any goal but to reach a place of safety."

"Safety!" said Fleta, impatiently.

"Well, where are we going then?" said Hilary, repeating his question with an air as if he were determined no longer to express surprise or even anxiety.

"To England," replied Fleta.

"England!" Hilary could not help repeating the word, this time with great surprise. "And why?"

"We have to find someone in England. At least, I have."

"It is my place to take care of you," said Hilary in a rather strained voice, as if he were endeavouring to control himself under great emotion. Fleta noticed it in spite of the fact that her thoughts were even now elsewhere——very far away from the country road they were traversing.

"Why do you speak so strangely?" she asked.

"Do I speak strangely?" said Hilary. "Well, I have been through a good deal to-night. I have seen you right under fire—that was enough by itself. But I was never on a battle-field before, and it is no light thing to see, for the first time, hundreds of men shot down." A faint sigh from Fleta interrupted him here, but he went on, apparently with an effort. "I have seen more—I saw someone with whom I had been very much associated shot, and die in agony."

Fleta leaned forward and looked into Hilary's face, putting her hand on his shoulder, and compelling him to turn towards her. To Hilary it seemed as if her eyes penetrated his brain and read all that was in it.

"I know," she said at last, very quietly yet with a vein of anguish in her voice that cut Hilary to the heart with grief for her grief. She let her hand drop from his shoulder and took her eyes from his face.

"I know," she said. "You need not tell me. 'Everything will crumble away from you, your friends, your king and your kingdom.' It has come, and come quickly. You spoke well, Etrenella. Otto is dead. And his death is at my door. My destiny sweeps on so fiercely that men die when their lives touch mine. It is horrible. 'Your friends,' too, she said. I think I have no friend, Hilary, unless I reckon you as the only one. I hardly know, for I think love in you drowns all friendship. Well, you will leave me, at all events, and that soon. And Otto is dead!"

She relapsed into thought or some mood of feeling which was so profound Hilary could not determine to address her; it required some courage to do so when she wore the severe and terrible look that was on her face now. What did it mean? Was it grief? Hilary had no idea. She was close to him, and he felt her form touch him with every movement of the horse. And yet she was as far removed as a star in the sky. She was an enigma to him, unreadable. That her words were unintelligible did not trouble him; he often found it impossible to follow her as she talked. But he resented this heavy veil which fell between them, and left him a whole world away from her, so far that he knew she was unconscious even of his physical neighbourhood. Could he ever make her feel him? Could he ever make her love him? This heart-breaking question seemed to come upon him as one quite new, and also

as one unanswerable. He forgot how long he had been striving to win her love—he only knew that now, this moment, his need of it had become a thousand-fold intensified. He succumbed to the pain with which he became conscious that his love was a hopeless one—for how could he make this star, this creature so far removed from any ordinary forms of life, how could he make her give him any part of her heart? And so they went on, each buried in sad thought, and removed from each other by a wide gulf. For Fleta's soul was set on one great thought, one all-absorbing aim; it rose up and obscured all else, even the memories of the horrors of the night, just as it had obscured them when they were actually happening.

And that thought was of the star of her life, the other soul towards which all her existence was set. Ah, unhappy child of the lofty star! Why is it that your human nature must drag you back to the dark place of feeling where the great light is invisible and only another soul, an individual life, can shine to you with any powerful brilliance? Fleta felt herself tottering—knew her soul to be standing on the brink of a terrible abyss. But one thoughtless step, and she would find herself loving as other women love—adoring, concentrating all thought on the object of adoration, and so limiting the horizon of her life to the span of that other's soul and intellect. Suddenly a quiver passed through Fleta's form which shook her like an aspen. "Is it true what Etrenella said?" she was asking herself. "Do I already love him? Is the fate on me, not merely a thing possible to happen? And was he, too, that great one, on the verge of this abyss, so that he needed but one touch? Is it possible to fall from such a height?" This she thought of with a deep shame, sadness and humility. For though her own heart was being torn by a fierce human longing, yet she knew well what standard of selflessness was required of the members of the White Brotherhood; and she felt Ivan's possible failure to be a thing inconceivably greater than her own, so much greater that the idea awed and shamed her even in the midst of her longing. The idea of Ivan was a religious one to her; the thought of his failure was to her as the thought of sacrilege. So that she got not one gleam of joy from the thought that possibly he might have learned to love her. Not one gleam—strange though it may sound, when she had reached a state of feeling in which his image filled all space and stood alone. For she understood, in her sad heart, that to love her would be to him despair and pain, while to her it would mean endless remorse, should she be the instrument to drag him from his high estate. Such was her folly—so deep the delusion she was plunged in! A deep sigh escaped her, so deep that it made Hilary turn to look at her face; but no answering look came to him, and he turned away again. Thus they went on till they reached the neighbourhood of a small town.

"We can take the train from here," said Hilary. "But I do not see how to get into the town while you wear that dress. I don't know

whether we are safe here or not. Can you think of any way to get some different dress?"

He stopped the horse and Fleta sprang to the ground. She discovered now that she was roused, how tired she was.

"I must have some breakfast before I even try to think," she answered, "let us go to the nearest house and beg food first of all."

She set off on foot without waiting for any answer. Hilary followed her, leading the tired horse. For some distance she hurried on, with quick steps, then stopped by a gate in a thicket hedge. The house was invisible, Hilary had no idea there was one there. But Fleta used finer senses than those which men usually employ; she had followed her instinct, as we say when we speak disparagingly of the animals, creatures still possessed of actual knowledge because their development has not yet brought them within the light of intellect which, like a powerful lamp, makes darkness deeper beyond the reach of its rays. Fleta opened the gate and entered, not staying to think but obeying her instinct; she walked up a narrow pathway thickly bordered by flowers which shone and glittered with the morning dew. This path seemed to end in nothing but a thicket of trees. Yet under these trees when she reached them, lay a widening way which turned suddenly aside; and the entrance to a tiny cottage was marked by two grand yew trees. Fleta stopped suddenly, clasped her hands together, and it seemed as if she breathed either a prayer or a thanksgiving. Hilary had reached her side by now, having fastened his horse at the gateway and hastened after her. He was puzzled that she did not advance, and asked her why she paused.

"My fate," she said, "is for the moment blended with the fate of the noble one I go to. I have only just understood this; and I understand also that this can only continue while I think and feel without any dark shadow of selfishness in my thoughts and feelings."

"What makes you say this now?" asked Hilary, controlling a certain impatience that rose within him at what seemed to him complete irrelevance. But he now knew enough of Fleta to feel that if he could see and hear as she saw and heard she would never seem irrelevant.

"What makes me say it? A very simple thing. I have committed a great crime in this murderous thoughtlessness of mine; a crime which must be punished sooner or later by Nature's immutable laws. Is it likely then that of my own fate I should encounter, in the moment of need, with a servant of the White Brotherhood? No; it is the fate of that other whose servant I am. That you may never again be so ignorant I tell you this—that yew trees mark the entrance to the home of every one in the world who is pledged to the service of the silver star. And why?—because the yew tree has extraordinary power and properties. Come, let us go in."

They went on, Fleta leading the way. The cottage door stood wide

open. Within was the most simple and primitive interior of the country. The cot evidently consisted of but two rooms, one behind the other; in the further one all domestic work was done. In the larger, the one into which the front door opened, the resident slept, and lived, and dined, and studied. This last was an unusual characteristic of peasants, and therefore one unusual feature appeared in the room—a small shelf of books, the volumes being very old. No one was in the house; two glances were sufficient for the search of the rooms. Fleta after these two glances, went straight to a corner cupboard and opened it. Before Hilary had quite recovered from his surprise at this, she had half laid the table, putting first on it a white cloth and then producing cheese and bread and milk, and a jar of honey.

"Come," she said. "This is food freely given us. Let us eat."

Without staying to question her assurance, as he might have done had he been less hungry, Hilary sat down and assisted with a great sense of comfort in this impromptu meal.

They had appeased the first pangs of hunger when a shadow suddenly darkened the doorway.

"It is you!" cried Fleta in a tone of the greatest amazement.

Hilary, who was sitting with his back to the door, started and turned round. He recognised immediately, in spite of the peasant dress he wore, the priest, Father Amyot.

CHAPTER XX.

"YES," said Father Amyot. "Are you surprised to see me?"

"I am, indeed," replied Fleta, slowly.

"Then you are losing knowledge fast. Can you have forgotten that there are duties to perform at the death of even a blind slave of the Great Brotherhood, much more so of one who actually has taken an elementary vow?"

Fleta looked at him as he spoke with the same puzzled air she had worn since his entrance. Then suddenly she cried out, "Ah, you mean Otto!" and suddenly, leaning her head on her hands, burst into a passion of tears.

Hilary felt numbed, as if some blow had struck him dumb. He had never seen Fleta weep like this—he had never conceived it possible she could do so. He had come to regard her self-reliance and immoveable composure as essential and invariable parts of her character. And now, at the mention of her dead husband's name, she broke down like a child, and wept as a woman of the people might weep when reminded of her widowhood.

But it was only a fierce, passionate storm, that passed as quickly as it came. With a quick movement Fleta rose from her bowed attitude, and started to her feet. Amyot's eyes, a great severity in them, had been

fixed on her all the while. He now held out his hands, both filled with flowering herbs, a vast bunch of them.

"Who is to do this?" he asked. "You know what it is."

Fleta looked at the delicate little flowers and shuddered.

"Yes, I know what it is," she answered in a voice of pain. "I shall do it. That work is mine. I am grateful to you for meeting me here, and checking me in my selfish folly. I am grateful to you for already having done so much of the work."

She advanced towards him, and, with bowed head, like a penitent, she took the herbs into her own hands. Father Amyot surrendered them, without any further word. Then he crossed the narrow floor and stood in front of Hilary.

"Your mother," he said, "is ill, very ill; and her sufferings are greatly increased because of her anxiety about you. It is your business to go to her.

Hilary did not reply, but turned his head and looked at Fleta. Amyot answered the gesture. "She is my charge," he said.

Thoughts came with an unwelcome swiftness into Hilary's mind. Father Amyot would not only be as devoted an attendant upon Fleta, but one far more fitted; and he had moreover mysterious powers at command which Hilary lacked. He knew all this in a second of thought. And then came the wild outcry of his heart, "I will not leave her!" and the desperate pang of knowing it to be the wrench from Fleta which made his duty impossible. More than once had he left her in anger and vowed never to return to her; yet he found himself always at her feet again, helpless, hungry, unable to live without her voice and her presence. Poor human soul that lives on love and passion, and mingles the two so that one cannot be told from the other. But this it is, this mixture of the beast and the god, the animal and the divine, which is humanity. A hard place to live through truly; but once we were as innocent as the gentle brutes, and later we shall be pure as our own divinity. But the blur has to be lived through and learned from, as the child has to go through youth to manhood, and in that space of youth learn the powers and arts which make manhood admirable.

And Hilary was learning this fierce lesson at its hardest point. For the facet of the many-sided soul of man which is turned most nearly on his earth-life is that of desire. Sex is its most ready provocative; and so the world goes on without pause, the creation of forms being the easiest task for man. Then come the hundred-eyed shapes of desire, filling the soul with hunger of all sorts; making even the tender mother's love into a passion because it asks return and knows not how to give generously unless it is repaid by love for love.

Hilary did not answer Amyot, or ask any further question. He accepted the truth of his news and the reasonableness of his command without doubt. For Amyot had been the example of a saintly life and

a holy character in the city which was Hilary's birth-place ever since he could remember.

He did not hesitate about obedience. He rose from his chair ready to depart, and to yield Fleta up to the priest's guardianship. But he did not know how to go without one word, or look, or touch, from the woman he worshipped—yes, worshipped, in spite of the fierce efforts he had himself made to tear himself from her. He knew now, as he stood for a long minute gazing at her, that he had been held high in hope and delight at the idea of being the companion of her flight, of shielding her, so far as he could, from the dangers of her path, even though the object which she pursued actually separated them and destroyed all sympathy. He advanced a step nearer to her.

"Good-bye," he said, in a choked voice; "you don't need me now."

Fleta turned and looked at him, and a sudden deep softness passed into her face and added deeply to her beauty.

"You know that I need you always," she said quietly, yet with a ring of sadness in her voice that seemed to touch Hilary to the very soul. "I have told you so; you do know it, Hilary. Because duty separates us for a while do not look at me like this, as if you were leaving me for ever. That can never be, Hilary, unless you forcibly separate your destiny from mine. We were born under the same star. Willingly we had entered on the same fate. Try to look afar and recognise the great laws which govern us, the vast area of life in which we have to move, and then you will not suffer like this for a mere sorrow of the moment. It is like a child with whom the grief for a broken toy becomes so great that it seems to blot out all the possibilities of his future life. So with you, Hilary; you let your passion and longing of the passing moment blot out the giant way you have to tread. Do not be so delayed!"

She spoke this little sermon-like reproof with so much gentleness and tenderness, that it robbed it of that appearance, and Hilary, who had often resented her words before, did not resent them now. The tender look within her beautiful eyes touched him in some obscure place of feeling, which, until now, she had never reached. A deep sadness seemed to suddenly come upon him like a wave; for the first time a dim sense reached him of the fact that it was not Fleta who refused him her love, but fate, inexorable and without appeal, which forbade it to him. It was not Fleta's to give—and yet had her soul melted towards him. He saw it in her eyes, he heard it in her voice! What was this tenderness? He could not tell; but he knew it was not the love he desired, and a fierce grief, a devouring sadness, took possession of his heart—never again to be dislodged, though it might be, perhaps, forgotten in the absorption of work. It was the first yielding of himself to the fates, the first giving up of all hope of joy which was possible to him in ordinary life.

With a heavy sigh he passed out of the cottage without any word of farewell. Then he stood for a moment outside, stupefied at his own

barbarism. "Because it hurts me to say good-bye, I leave her without a word, like a savage!" He flung himself back to the doorway.

"May you have peace, my queen," he said. Fleta looked up from the flowers in her hands. He saw that starry tears stood shining in her eyes. She only smiled, but the smile was so sweet that it was enough. Hilary hurried away, not pausing another moment lest his courage should forsake him.

Amyot followed him.

"Can you walk," he asked, "or are you worn out?"

"Not as far as walking is concerned," answered Hilary. "It will be the best thing for me."

"Then leave us the horse. He is spent now, but will recover with a day's rest. There is a cart here in which I can harness him, and so carry the queen. It will be better so, for we must keep in the country and go a long way before we can take any other kind of conveyance. But you have only to walk into the next village, where you will find a diligence starts which will take you on your way home."

"Tell me which way to turn," said Hilary, as he stood at the gate. Amyot gave him directions, and then, just as Hilary was starting, caught his shoulder in a strong grip.

"My son," he said, "I have tried to teach you religion. I want to teach you that there is something beyond all religions, the divine power which creates them, the divine power of man himself. It is in you, it is strong and powerful, else you could not be loved as you are. Grasp it, make it part of your consciousness. You must suffer, I know; but try to forget that. Growth in itself is sometimes scarcely distinguishable from pain. Go, my son, and face the duties of your life. And remember when you are in need of knowledge, that your one-time confessor is known to you now as the humble servant of great masters; come to me if you want help."

"And how," inquired Hilary, who was outside the gate, but pausing to listen to the priest, "am I to find you?"

Amyot drew a ring from his finger. A single stone of a deep yellow colour was set in a gold circlet.

"Never use it for any other purpose," he said, "but if you really need me, look intently into that stone. Good-bye."

He went back up the narrow pathway to the cottage; and Hilary started on his walk.

Fleta stood between the yew trees of the doorway.

"I am ready," she said with an abstracted air, as he approached her.

"I will leave you," he answered. "You know your work better than I do; I must attend to the horse, and to other matters. At sundown we will start. I know a straight way which will enable us to reach the spot we want when the moon has risen."

Fleta retired into the cottage and closed and fastened the door. She would be alone here now for some hours. But she had plenty to do which would occupy her; and she commenced at once upon her task.

It would have puzzled anyone who could have observed her now, that she seemed to be completely at home in the cottage. She opened certain well-concealed cupboards and put her hand unhesitatingly upon vessels or other things she might need, even though these were hidden in dark recesses.

But there was nothing extraordinary in this after all, for these cottages which have yew trees at the porch are all built after a certain fashion and adapted for certain purposes; once having been shown the uses of such a place one is the same as another. And Fleta had several times been in these obscure sanctuaries and knew well their contents. She passed on into the room beyond, and here by a few touches effected an extraordinary transformation. The little kitchen, which had the appearance of the very simplest peasant's kitchen possible, was altered by a certain rearrangement of its furniture, a putting away of certain vessels and bringing forth of others, into a primitive holy of holies containing a plain altar. Over this altar a strangely-shaped copper vessel hung above a vase of burning spirit. And in this copper vessel a liquid of dark colour boiled and threw up a white scum. Fleta had obtained this liquid out of various great glass jars, securely stoppered and hidden in a secret cupboard. She had taken different quantities from the several jars, deciding these quantities with no hesitation. Only sometimes pausing, with her hand to her forehead, before commencing some new part of the business she had in hand, as though anxiously testing her memory. And indeed this was necessary, for the least mistake would cause great loss and suffering, not for herself, but another—and that other, one to whom she owed a serious duty.

When the liquid had thrown up a quantity of scum which Fleta had carefully taken from it, and had become almost clear, she began to throw in the herbs which Father Amyot had gathered. These she had sorted and arranged in various heaps upon the altar; and now she gathered one here and one there from the heaps, seemingly taking each one up with a definite purpose. As she threw each small and delicate flower or leaf into the seething liquid she became more and more enrapt and her face grew unlike its natural self. Gradually her movements between the different bunches took a dancing or rythmic character, and she began to sing in a very low, almost inaudible voice. The rapidity of her movements increased and they also became more complicated, so that at last the dance had acquired a perfectly marked character. When the last of the herbs was cast in she whirled away from the altar and plunged at once into the most fantastic and elaborate figures. Her consciousness seemed altogether gone, or so one would have fancied from the death-like expressionlessness of her face; but yet her eyes

were kept always fixed on the deep recess of the chimney, where now a great volume of grey smoke was ascending from the vessel.

Suddenly she stopped and became quite motionless, standing in the front of the altar. To her eyes there was a shape now visible amid the grey smoke.

CHAPTER XXI.

STANDING there in silence and alone, Fleta awaited the complete working of the spell. Its fruition needed a deep and profound quiet following upon the vibration of the air which she had artfully produced.

The whole of the little room seemed full of a grey smoke now. And then the shape her eyes perceived stood close in front of her.

"It is thou?" she demanded.

"At your bidding I am here," answered a voice, which seemed to come from a long distance. "But it is torment. Why do you call me?"

"Come nearer," was the answer, spoken in so positive a tone that no demur from the command seemed possible. Nor was there any. In another moment the shape which had seemed but a darker cloud of smoke became definite, and Otto, the dead king, stood before her, dressed as he had been for battle, and with his face covered with blood from a wound in his head.

"Let me go," he said angrily; "you bring me back to the pains of death. I want rest and pleasure. There is a pleasant place which I had nearly reached—let me return there. Why torment me?"

"I torment you," replied Fleta, in an even voice, "because I have to keep you from that place of pleasure where the spirits of the dead waste ages in enjoyment. This is not for you, who have taken the first vow of the White Brotherhood. Unceasing effort is now a law of your being. If you go to that place of pleasure you will enjoy, but never fully, for a voice within will always be warning you of your wasted strength. You are no longer of those who pass from earth to Heaven. You have entered on the great calling—consciously you work for the world, consciously you have to learn and grow. I would be willing to warn you only, that in Heaven every cup of pleasure would be to you poison, and let you choose. But I cannot do that. I am no longer your wife, nor even to you one you love, or a friend. At this moment we stand in our true relation; you a neophyte of the Great Order, bound only by its earliest vow, yet bound inexorably; I, a neophyte also, but having passed all early initiations and standing at the very door of supreme knowledge. To you I am as a master. And I am, in fact, an absolute master at this moment, for it is the whole Brotherhood which speaks in my voice. I command you to take no rest in any

paradise or state of peace, but to go unflinchingly on upon your path of noble effort; enter at once again upon earth life, and set yourself in humility and with unflinching courage to learn the lesson that earth life teaches. Go, soul of the dead, and become once more the soul of the living, entering on your new life with the resolution that during it you will take the next vow of the neophyte."

She had raised her left hand in a gesture of command as she spoke the latter part of her speech. The gesture was a peculiar one, and full of an extraordinary unconscious pride almost Satanic in its strength. The shade drew back before it and made no further protest. Some overpowering spell seemed to hold his will in check. As her last words were uttered the form became merged in the grey smoke. Fleta flung up both hands and waved them above her head. The cloud cleared away from her, and slowly the smoke began to disappear altogether from the room. Fleta threw herself upon the ground with an air of complete exhaustion, and lay there, as still as though she too were one of the dead. The time passed on, and all the little house remained still and silent. The quiet was intense. At last Fleta sighed; a sigh of great weariness and sadness. She moved a little, and presently raised herself, with some difficulty as it seemed. But she did it, and then, standing up, looked round the room. She was faint and dizzy, and her great beauty had paled and grown dim. But she sustained herself by resolute will for the tasks which lay before her. They were heavy ones, as she well knew, and she had not recovered herself in any measure from the ordeal of the past night; but this only intensified her resolution.

It was dusk now, and she could but just see to re-arrange the little room so that it should again present its ordinary appearance. The full day had gone in the effort she had made. She set about removing all traces of it, and when this was done she went through the front room, opened the door of the house and passed out into the air. This seemed to be a great relief to her. She stood for a while beneath the yew trees breathing the soft air of the twilight as if it gave her life. While she stood thus Father Amyot came up the pathway. He gave her a keen searching glance.

"You are ready to go?" he said.

"Yes," she answered, "I am ready to go."

She turned back into the house and stood hesitating a moment on the threshold.

"Shall I wear this dress?" she asked doubtfully, looking down at her scarlet habit.

"No," he answered. "I have a peasant's dress for you. It is outside, in the cart, which is ready to take us. I will fetch it for you, and you had better lay aside that dress at once. Indeed, I think, if you will give it me I will bury it so that it shall be safely concealed."

When all this was done, Amyot led the way to the gate where the

horse Hilary had ridden stood harnessed to a small peasant's cart. Some of the horses which had run riderless from the battle-field were taken care of and used by the peasants, so Amyot hoped that using this horse would not attract any attention. The animal usually used in the cart was a small mule, and he was anxious to do what they had to do more quickly than they could if they drove this.

They got into the cart and drove off, retracing the steps that Fleta had come on the previous night. To any passer-by they would at the first glance wear all the appearance of two ordinary peasants; and yet only the dullest could have avoided a second glance at the strange faces; Father Amyot's so skeleton-like, so spiritual in expression, Fleta's so beautiful, and so full of the marks of absorbing thought.

It was not until quite late at night that they reached the battle-field. The moon was at its full, and shone in a clear pale sky, lighting up the ghastly scene with terrible vividness. Father Amyot fastened the horse to a tree when they had come to the spot he wished to reach; and then they set out on foot searching among the dead.

Presently Amyot, looking up, saw that Fleta was walking steadily on in a definite direction; he immediately gave up his general search, and followed her.

Her steps did not falter at all, and Father Amyot had to walk very rapidly in order to reach her side. When he was close beside her he looked into her face, and saw there the abstract expression common, as a rule, only to sleep-walkers. He appeared at once quite satisfied, dropped his eyes to the ground and simply walked as she walked. He was roused, after some half hour, or perhaps a little less, by Fleta's stopping quite suddenly. She passed her hand over her face, and heaved a deep sigh.

"Well," she said, "I have found it!"

She looked down, as she spoke, on to a confused mass of human bodies which lay at her feet. In the heap, easily distinguishable at a glance, was the young king's figure; it looked heroic and superb as it lay there, the arms spread wide, the face upturned to the sky, and on the face was an expression which had never been on it during life, one of profound peace, of complete contentment.

Fleta dropped on her knees and looked at the face for a long moment, but still, only a moment. Then she quickly rose and turned to Amyot.

"Now," she said, "what is to be done? Must we carry him into the woods?"

"No need for it," said Amyot. "This spot is the loneliest in the world just now. No one will visit this battle-field at night. There is a spot there, see, where the shrubs grow thickly."

"Be it so," said Fleta. "But we must make a circle to keep away the phantoms and ghouls."

"You can do that quickly enough," answered Amyot. "I will carry him there first."

Fleta stood back. She would very willingly have helped in the task, but she knew that Amyot, who looked so worn that most persons imagined him to be very frail, was in reality a perfect Hercules. He had undertaken physical labours and achieved heroic efforts, which only a man of iron frame could have lived through. Fleta knew this well, and therefore gave her sole attention to her own special part of the task they had in hand. Having watched Amyot separate the body of the young king from those of the soldiers and officers it lay among, she moved away to the shrubbed space Amyot had pointed out. Here there lay no bodies of horses or men; partly perhaps because it was somewhat raised above the surrounding ground and partly also because of the shrubs. She stood for a short time in the centre of the spot; remained there almost motionless until Amyot, carrying his heavy burden, was close beside her. "Lay it there," she said, pointing to a piece of rough ground where there were scarcely any shrubs and which was almost in the centre of the shrubby space. Amyot laid the young king down, gently enough, but letting the weight of the body crush beneath it the few plants which were in its way. Fleta came near and bent over the prostrate figure. She did not close the eyes, which with most persons is the first instinctive action. She left them open, staring strangely at the moonlit sky. But she raised his hands and clasped them together on his breast. As she did so she noticed the signet ring on his finger. She looked at it for a moment and then drew it off and placed it on her own finger above her wedding-ring.

"I was your queen for a day only," she said, "but never your wife. Still, this is mine. You had no other queen; and alas, poor Otto I think, had no other love. Poor Otto! to love such a woman as I am, who has no heart to give you back!"

She fell on her knees by the side of the figure, and buried her face in her hands. Scarcely a moment had passed before Amyot touched her on the shoulder. She looked up and saw him standing, tall and gaunt, more like a spectre than a man, at her side.

What was that strange look on his face? Was it horror or disgust at this fearful magical rite in which she was engaged?

"Beware," he said, "this is no time for emotion. I speak knowingly, for could I kill out the feelings of my soul I should not be the slave I am. You run a thousand-fold risk in yielding to them now, when you have but just defied the demons that throng this battle-field. Rise up and be yourself and keep them back; else you may be overpowered, yes, even you, a chosen child of the White Star."

Why did he speak these words with such ironic emphasis? She could not stay to conjecture; her chosen work lay before her.

Fleta rose without a word, and without any hesitation. Her face

changed; the softer lines gave place to strong ones; a fierce vigour shone from her eyes, which but a moment before had held tears in them.

She looked round her with a haughty glance, as a princess might look on a rough mob which threatened to close in upon her; yet to the ordinary sight there was nothing visible in the flooding moonlight but the motionless forms of the dead men and horses who lay intermingled in so ghastly a manner. Fleta smiled a little as she turned from side to side.

"Stand you here, father," she said, "keep watch on this spot.

She went slowly from him, moving very easily; yet it was evident after a little while that she was guiding her steps so as to form a figure. It was a complex figure, and Amyot, watching her, though he knew well what it was her movements shaped, wondered at the ease with which she did it. In fact she had forgotten her body; the magic figure was written in her mind, and her footsteps followed the lines which lay before her inner sight.

As she moved she sang, in a sort of monotone, some words which Amyot could not hear, close though he was to her; and every now and then flung out her arms with an imperious gesture. At least, when she had moved all round and returned to the place from which she had begun to move, she drew the signet ring from her finger, and described some shape in the air before her with it.

"Are you willing for the torment?" she asked. She kept her eyes fixed on the ring, and whence she drew her answer Amyot could not tell; but evidently she was satisfied, for a moment later she said: "Be it so."

Then she stepped to Amyot's side, and drawing a jewelled box which hung by a chain from her waist, into her hands, she opened it and took out a primitive flint and steel. Amyot stook like a statue, apparently absorbed in thought or in prayer, while she struck a light and set the shrubs and dying ferns on fire. At first no flame came, and it seemed as though no fire could be kindled in the green wood; and Fleta, starting up, spoke some fierce words as she struck a light afresh. Then the flame rose and leaped from side to side; and in a few minutes there was a great blaze. Fleta stood with her hands over it, seeming to draw it hither and thither and always leading it towards the body of the young king. And as the tongue of flame touched him and licked his face, a strange thing happened. It seemed as though the fiery contact had galvanised the body, for it half rose and a strange groan broke the deadly silence. But this was all. The head and shoulders fell back into a lake of fire, and silence followed, save for the noise made by the fire itself. The two living forms stood perfectly still watching the horrid sight, till Fleta at last moved, turned towards Amyot and said: "We may go now."

She led the way quickly from tha fiery ground; but suddenly stopped as she reached the line of the figure she had made.

"What am I to do?" she said wildly. I cannot go on! I am not strong enough to meet these devils! See Otto himself stands here waiting to kill me."

"Otto himself!" repeated Amyotlin a voice of amazement.

"No, no," said Fleta hurriedly. "Not Otto, but that animal part of himself which I have separated from him. Now I have to deal with it. Ah, but it wears his very shape and face—Amyot, it is awful."

"*You* a coward!" said Amyot in a tone of disdain and disbelief.

"But do not hurry me on!" exclaimed Fleta. "I must have time to think, to know how to meet this. Do you not see that this fiend has power to dog my steps?"

"You must go on," said Amyot, "unless you would die a miserable death. The fire is close on us. Have you power to check it?"

Fleta looked back and uttered one word in an accent of despair.

"No," she said.

"Neither have I," said Amyot. "I am willing to stay with you and die, if there is no other course for you."

"Oh, it would be so much the easiest," said Fleta, "but I cannot. How is it possible? My life is not my own. Ivan needs me. No, I must go on. But how can I quell this monster, this animal which stands here? Am I to be killed by a ghoul if I escape the fire?"

As she spoke the fire leaped up and caught her cloak, and rushed upon her right arm. She sprang forward and flung herself into a great pool of blood, which quenched the fire, while Amyot, snatching his cloak from his shoulders, threw it upon her, and pressed out the sparks.

"Rise up," he said hoarsely. "Come on, now that you have decided. The fire is spreading quickly."

"It will not go far," said Fleta, in a strange, feeble voice; "there is too much blood." But she rose up as she spoke. What a figure was this standing there in the moonlight? Even Amyot, whose eyes were always turned inward, looked wonderingly at her. In the white light her beauty was more extraordinary than ever it had seemed in a brilliantly-lit room. Her face was perfectly white and her eyes shone like blazing stars. She held out, to gaze at it, the cruelly burned arm, all stained most horribly with blood.

"I cannot restore that," she said, with a strange smile.

"It is the mark of the deed you have just done," said Amyot. "Perhaps that disfigurement may gain you admission when next you try to enter the Great Order."

Fleta made no reply, but turned and walked rapidly away, Amyot following her quickly and silently.

(To be continued.)

ULTIMATE PHILOSOPHY.*

THOSE interested in the philosophy which, for lack of a better name, we style Hylo-Ideaism (or for sake of euphony Hylo-Idealism), as connoting the continuity of Ancient and Modern Thought, certainly owe a debt of gratitude to LUCIFER, for the generous manner in which its columns have been opened for the consideration of this most vital, but at present unpopular and grossly misunderstood question ; † and, if I may be allowed to trespass yet a little further on your valuable space, I will endeavour to finally clear the matter of all misunderstanding.

Now I must at the outset allow in the fullest manner possible that in this argument absolute consistency of expression cannot be expected from us, in view of the great difficulties with which we have to cope. To begin with, we must, to be understood, address prospective converts in their own language, and this does not at all fit. For when for the moment we take their special ground, and, attempting to reach our position from theirs, make use for the moment of their language and ideas, we constantly have these make-shift and afterwards repudiated concessions mistaken for our own position (!), as for instance when your reviewer ‡ cuts my argument in the middle, and, disregarding my hedging on the next page, blames me for my temporary and accidental use of the word "light-wave." Another difficulty consists in a general mistake regarding the aim and scope of our argument; our hearers not only persistently attempting to grasp by comprehension that which can only be touched by apprehension, but thinking that this is what we wish them to do. For, be it marked, we cannot directly address one another's apprehension (which is simple non-understood perception), but only through the medium of comprehension (understanding), to which all our arguments must be addressed, and it is therefore exceedingly difficult to show that we are *not* really attempting to solve or concentrate the problem in that sphere at all, but, in a word, to simply persuade each to apprehend that the whole matter entirely passes comprehension. Then again there is the misunderstanding that consolidation in the *ego* means destruction of something that *was* beyond, instead of simply being the realization of the fact that this "something" *never was* beyond—hence still remains what it always was, and is to be treated accordingly. Because, for instance, an idea *is* only an idea, it is no reason for its abandonment *as idea*.§ Misconceptions of this character blight all argument, and obviously render the satisfactory conveyance of thought from one mind to another a task difficult in the extreme. I must therefore crave the utmost indulgence when I appear ot be trying to out-think my own *ego* in order to prove that it cannot be so out-thought.

* The "last," however, are not always *the first*—on this plane of existence, whatever may be the case in "Heaven." [ED.]

† Mr. Carlyle, *e.g.* (see Journal for January 1870), after gross abuse of its founder, brands it as "*the jubilant howl of the hyæna on finding the universe to be actually carrion.*"

‡ See review of pamphlet, "The New Gospel of Hylo-Idealism," in December Number of LUCIFER.

§ *Ex. g.* Because "you" is merged in "I," does not alter the fact of the idea, and therefore "you" is still consistently incorporated in argument, and the seeming paradox of attempting to convert a repudiated "you" thereby explained.

For the issue between us is in brief as to what can be reasonably assumed or proved beyond the "I am," viz. the conscious existence of the *ego*. *This is the issue, the only issue, and the whole issue at stake.* To grant the *ego* is to assume existence, the possibility of which assumption necessitates consciousness (sensation). And it needs but to grasp the full signification of the word consciousness, to see at a glance the drift of the whole argument. I am bound to play upon some word, and I have my choice of several—in this instance let me use the word consciousness. Now is there *(to me)* * aught beyond consciousness?† If there is, give me a larger name, good critic, and let me use that instead—I wish a word which shall include the whole sum of personal existence. I need but one simple equation for the sake of argument. Let "I am"=consciousness—or "sensation" or any other word you please, so that it includes all thought, feeling, desire, or fancy, in short all connected with the *ego* in itself. ‡

It needs now but to state the question, in order to prove the validity of the Hylo-Ideaistic position. Can I in myself be conscious beyond myself? That is to say, can thought out-think the thinker, feeling out-feel the feeler, or dream out-dream the dreamer? To be conscious beyond myself is to exist beyond myself, that is to say "I am"="I am not!" *Ego*=I am: *non-ego*=I am not:—and to suppose that there can be tne slightest relationship between the two, between the "I am" of reasonable apprehension and the mere meaningless absurdity ("I am not"!) is to suppose an idea worthy only of Bedlam.§ Self cannot transcend self, and the *ego* conceiving a "beyond" only through its own medium and according to its own measure does not go "beyond" at all. That which is conceived by me is part of me—if not, by what means have I transcended my own consciousness? How can I be self and yet *not* self at the same time?‖ How have I reached the "beyond"—how, yes, HOW? The line may not be taken up in the imaginary beyond and traced inwards, for this is assuming the point in question; but, to disprove my position, the oparation of consciousness must be fairly taken at its beginning, *within* consciousness and traced *outwards—i.e.*, outside itself!

For expressions such as "self being but dim reflection of the universal soul

* For the moment I use the phrase "to me," afterwards shown to be quite superfluous.

† Most decidedly not. "There is naught *beyond consciousness*," a Vedantin and a Theosophist would say, because Absolute Consciousness is infinite and limitless, and there is nothing that can be said to be "beyond" that which is ALL, the self-container, containing all. But the Hylo-Idealists deny the Vedantic idea of *non-separateness*, they deny that we are but parts of the whole; deny, in common parlance, "God," Soul and Spirit, and yet they will talk of "apprehension" and intuition—the function and attribute of man's *immortal* Ego, and make of it a function *of matter*. Thus they vitiate every one of their arguments.—[ED.]

‡ In this paragraph we find the old crux of philosophy—the question as to whether there *is* any "external reality" in nature—cropping up again. The solution offered is a pure assumption, reached by ignoring one of the fundamental facts of *human* consciousness, the *feeling* that the *cause* of sensation, &c., lies outside the limited, human self. Mr. Courtney, we believe, aims at expressing a conception identical with that of the Adwaita Vedantins of India. But his language is inaccurate and misleading to those who understand his words in their usual sense, *e.g.*, when he speaks of the "I am" outside of which nothing can exist, he is stating a purely Vedantin tenet; but then the "I" in question is *not* the "I" which acts, feels or thinks, but that absolute consciousness which is no consciousness.

It is this confusion between the various ideas represented by "I" which lies at the root of the difficulty—the only philosophical explanation of which rests in the *esoteric* Vedantin doctrine of "Maya," or Illusion. [ED.]

§ From the standpoint of a *materialist*, most decidedly; not from that of a Vedantin.—[ED.]

‖ Very easily. You have only to postulate that *self* is *one, eternal* and infinite the *only* REALITY; and your little self a transient illusion, a reflected ray of the SELF, therefore a *not*-Self. If the Vedantin idea is "meaningless" to the writer, his theory is still more so—to us.—[ED.]

of the Kosmos" * are to my mind entirely meaningless. How on earth or in heaven do, or can I, know anything about this "Kosmos"? All that I know, or think, or fancy, or conceive (if multiplicity of terms can make the matter clear), is *part of myself*, because (if, again, repetition can make the matter clear), if it be not so, I must have out-thought or out-conceived myself, &c.† Beyond consciousness all is (to me) a blank, and all that enters consciousness becomes part of myself thereby; ‡ —nor beyond myself can any origin be traced, for if it can be, then has consciousness gone beyond itself and then would "I am"= "I am not." Therefore my slightest apprehension of any "beyond" makes that just beyond, so far as it is in any way apprehended, part of me and not me part of it.

Take any sub-division of consciousness (of the "I am") that you please and the analytical result is the same. You speak of "knowledge" for example. Now all knowledge must be *in self*, for since existence precedes knowledge, therefore to know outside myself is to exist outside myself, that is again "I am" ="I am not." Therefore knowledge is not outside self, *i. e.* it is in self and that which is in self is part of self, and existing only in relation to the whole. ‖ Being able in like manner to exhaust every possible analysis, let us now proceed to synthesis and sum up each and every part in one all-embracing whole. And let it be marked that in attempting such generalization we entirely quit the sphere of analytical reason, *i. e.* failing in comprehension I only vaguely apprehend. Where now shall this generalization be save in the "I am"? Suppose for example there *were* an actually existing "I am not" (!)—can "I" generalize therein or thereon? How suicidally absurd is that reasoning which attempts to treat non-egoism, "I am not," nothingness as actuality, *i. e.* as though nothing=something after all! § With non-egoism or nothingness I have naught to do. I and my universe are ONE and other universe there is none and never can be—because my universe is ALL. If not all, show me what it is not; and realize, O, short-sighted reasoner, that this would be impossible, for the fact of my seeing it (or in any way representing it in consciousness) would make it part of me thereby, else I should have out-seen, or out-thought, or out-fancied myself, which is absurd. To cut the matter short, that which exists not *to the*

* I avoid the absurdity of saying "selves" (!). "You" is both necessary and fairly to be assumed in controversial argument, but absurd when we proceed to real philosophical analysis—it would be in fact assuming the very point at question.

† This is *dwarfing* human consciousness and bringing it to the level of animal instinct and no more. —[ED.]

‡ "All that *enters* consciousness *becomes* part of myself thereby." This phrase is an admirable illustration in proof of the remarks made in the last foot-note. "Things *enter* consciousness," says Mr. Courtney, and it is no word-splitting to point out to him, that not only is it impossible for him to speak without these words or others equivalent to them, but further that he *cannot think* at all except in terms of these conceptions. It follows that, since he is not talking nonsense, he is trying to express in terms of the mind, what properly transcends mind—in other words we are brought back to the ancient doctrine of "Maya" again.

Daily experience shows him that things do *enter* consciousness and, in some sense, become part of himself—but where and what were they, before entering *his* consciousness? Let him study the doctrine of limitation and "reflected" centres of consciousness, and he will understand himself more clearly. [ED.]

‖ Corollary—*All and any existence can only know (or be conscious) in itself*—neither know or be known beyond.

§ Had Mr. Courtney studied, even superficially, Eastern metaphysics, and known something of the definition of ENSOPH in the Kabala, let alone the Vedantin Parabrahm, he would not call so rashly the philosophy of a long series of sages "suicidal absurdity." There really were "thinking" minds and brains before the day of Hylo-Idealism.—[ED.]

ego is non-existent. And since "I" equals only itself, it is absurd to try and occupy some impossible stand-point outside myself, and therefore I can dispense with the needless idea of relationship (the existence *to me*) introduced as though I existed in the not-I. I am that I am, and that "am" is all in all; therefore instead of I=*my* universe, let me say, which is the exact equivalent, I=*the* universe.

And now in conclusion of the argument let me call particular attention to, which is the crucial point, the difference between the apprehension and comprehension of reason, between synthesis and analysis. Note that apprehension (as the word is here used) does not *precede* comprehension but *follows* it, taking up the running where comprehension leaves off;—it is the generalization following after analysis. Hence there can be no question of apprehension "outside" self because there has been no comprehension, *i. e.* no synthesis is reachable without preceding analysis. Now the result of each and all analysis has been to prove that in no one particular way can the *ego* establish the slightest relation with the *non-ego*, the result of each separate analysis proving that no such relationship exists. And then proceeding beyond analysis the further truth dawns upon me that no such relationship *can* exist, but that self is all in all both actually and potentially. But this I cannot *prove*,* for I should have to get into the non-existent *non-ego* in order to do it; that is to say reasonable analysis entirely breaks down, obviously *must* break down, when it attempts to analyse its own origin, for this is simply chasing its own shadow. *Upon the fact of its own existence the ego cannot reason.*† Yet of all facts this is to me the one indisputably true, the one fortress that no analysis can touch, but which is unfolded in its true extent by a grand synthesis summing up all individual analysis.

In my search therefore for the origin and centre of existence, I find the former to be totally unknowable and incomprehensible, nor can I imagine any process by which it could in the vaguest manner be guessed at, and the only way in which I can treat the question is by throwing both beginning and ending out of court by reducing all time and all existence to one indefinable and yet eternal Present—which ever entirely passes comprehension and defies analysis.‡ As regards the centre of existence I can sustain naught save the apprehension of the "I am." Both roads therefore lead me to the same conclusion. In searching for an "origin" I can find naught save the "am" of the present, and in searching for a centre I reduce all existence to the *ego*, the I—to which the "am" naturally and necessarily belongs.

Granted therefore the apprehension of the "I am," as the synthetical outcome of all analysis. The whole problem of existence is thus focussed and centred in a Unity, and *this* is "Hylo-Ideaism," the one centre into which the myriad lines of all possible analysis converge as to one fountain head. Hylo-Ideaism therefore is the focussing and centreing of all existence into the "I am," but has nothing to do with any impossible "explanation." The

* Just so. A self evident truth.—[ED.]

† A Mystic would take exception to this statement, at least if the word "reason" is used by Mr. Courtney in the sense of "know":—for his great achievement is "Self"-knowledge, meaning not only the analytical knowledge of his own limited personality, but the synthetical knowledge of the "ONE" EGO from which that passing personality sprang.—[ED.]

‡ And, if so, why talk of it?—[ED.]

"I am" can only be resolved into exactly equivalent terms and therefore admits of no comprehensible definition—any attempt to define being an attempt to comprehend, which, in this case, is an attempt on the part of self to change the very nature of its own existence; that is to say, to reasonable comprehension the fact of existence (="I am") ever remains the algebraical x, the unknowable, the Incomprehensible and Infinite Absolute. Nevertheless, in the recognition, of this truth of absolute and genuine Self-centricism, we have reached a generalization surpassing all generalizations yet formulated. Nay, I make bold to say, surpassing all that *can* be formulated, for how can we go further than to reduce all existence to the idea of a point, mathematically undefinable and unknowable because the limit of possible divisibility can never be reached; whilst equally on the other hand to the existence of the *Ego* or to the range of consciousness, no bounds are assignable, and we therefore have a Unity of Existence in which is combined both ideas equally of infinite contraction as of infinite extension—and this as regards both Space and Time.

And now I think the apparent contradictions in Dr. Lewins' pamphlet are fully explained.* Hylo-Idealism is not, as your reviewer seems to take it, a mere *réchauffé* of Idealism. Unless idea can outstrip ideation, the "I am," does not admit of being styled idea, since of it no idea can be formed save that it passes idea. How indeed can that be styled mere idea which not only includes *all* idea, but is the source of ideation? Hylo-Ideaism is therefore no more committed to the latter part of its nomenclature than to the former; it transcends, includes and unifies both Idealism and Materialism, each of which taken separately is but a mere one-sided attempt to divide the indivisible and define the indefinable. The Idealist query, How can we know matter save in and by idea? is counterbalanced by the materialistic position, How can there be idea save in and by matter? Each taken separately involves an attempt on the part of the *Ego* to escape beyond itself in defining its own composition. But in the double-faced unity of Hylo-Ideaism, *where the ego includes in itself* EVERY POSSIBILITY, both positions are equally accepted and admitted and each counterbalances the other.† For if in the "I am" is summed up all existence in one absolute Unity without distinction or difference, as in one indefinable point transcending all distinctive comprehension—then, not only, as the Idealists express their half of the truth, is matter comprehended in idea, nor as the Materialists insist on the other half, is idea comprehended in matter; but with regard to the ultimate composition of existence, all=all. Matter is comprehended in idea *and* idea is comprehended in matter, both propositions being equally valid, *i. e.*, each assumable for momentary purposes of argument and neither having the slightest precedence over the other. Therefore—*All hail the One Unity of All Existence.*

And now, thanking you for your kind courtesy in sparing me this space, I quit a subject on which I could think and write for ever and a day,—and yet not free myself from the painful feeling that I have not really accomplished

* Why, by the way, does your reviewer pass over the explanation given in this connection in my previous letter—where I style matter and idea as but different sides of the same shield?

† This controversy is similar to the equally useless and interminable controversy on "Free-will," equally solved in Hylo-Ideaistic philosophy; where both Voluntarianism and Necessitarianism find equally valid expression in ultimate unity.

that which I attempted, for in so far as I attempt to express in words (in symbols of comprehension) that which is and can be only *apprehension* above all possible comprehension—to this extent I must partially fail of my purpose. I can only communicate particular analysis, the crowning synthesis must grow up for itself. In the concluding words of my poor little makeshift pamphlet and expressed in popular parlance, How to a congenitally blind man can we adequately convey any idea of light? O, light divine, thy reproduction is impossible.* I cannot picture thee to others, yet I know thee in myself. Would others know thee, they must *see* thee. So with all truth. Thyself, O hearer, must win the battle, none other can do it for thee.

HERBERT L. COURTNEY.

P.S.—As you mention it, I ought to add that I am unable to take to myself the credit attaching *par excellence* to C. N., a "girl-graduate," at present pilgriming in the East, including the sacred land of India.

EDITORS' NOTE.

The editors were kindly informed by Dr. Lewins that Miss C. Naden was on her way to India *viâ* Egypt (whence she sent us her excellent little letter published in the February LUCIFER), well furnished with letters from Professor Max Müller to introduce her to sundry eminent "Sanskrit Pundits in the Three Presidencies for the purpose of studying Occultism on its native soil," as Dr. Lewins explains. We heartily wish Miss Naden success; but we feel as sure she will return not a whit wiser in Occultism than when she went. We lived in India for many years, and have never yet met with a "Sanskrit Pundit"—officially recognised as such—who knew anything of Occultism. We met with several occultists in India who will not speak; and with but one who is a really learned Occultist (the most learned, perhaps, of all in India), who condescends occasionally to open his mouth and teach. This he never does, however, outside a very small group of Theosophists. Nor do we feel like concealing the sad fact, that a letter from Mr. Max Müller, asking the pundits to divulge occult matter to an English traveller, would rather produce the opposite effect to the one anticipated. The Oxford Professor is very much beloved by the orthodox Hindus, innocent of all knowledge of their esoteric philosophy. Those who are Occultists, however, feel less enthusiastic, for the sins of omission and commission by the great Anglo-German Sanskritist are many. His ridiculous dwarfing of the Hindu chronology, to pander to the Mosaic, probably, and his denying to the ancient Aryas any knowledge of even Astronomy except through Greek channels—are not calculated to make of him a new Rishi in the eyes of Aryanophils. If learning about Occultism is Miss Naden's chief object in going to India, then, it is to be feared, she has started on a wild goose's chase. Hindus and Brahmins are not such fools as we Europeans are, on the subject of the sacred sciences, and they will hardly desecrate that which is holy, by giving it unnecessary publicity.

* How are we to understand "light *divine*," in the thought of a Hylo-Idealist, who limits the whole universe to the phantasms of the grey matter of the brain—that matter and its productions being alike illusions? In our humble opinion this philosophy is twin sister to the cosmogony of the *orthodox* Brahmins, who teach that the world is supported by an elephant, which stands upon a tortoise, the tortoise wagging its tail in absolute Void. We beg our friends, the Hylo-Idealists', pardon; but, so long as such evident contradictions are not more satisfactorily explained, we can hardly take them seriously, or give them henceforth *so much* space.—[ED.]

CHRISTIAN LECTURERS ON BUDDHISM, AND PLAIN FACTS ABOUT THE SAME, BY BUDDHISTS.

"Then, spake Jesus . . . saying: *The Scribes and the Pharisees sit in Moses' seat* . . . BUT DO NOT YE AFTER THEIR WORKS, FOR THEY SAY AND DO NOT . . . but *all their works they do for to be seen by men* . . . they make broad their phylacteries and enlarge the borders of their garments . . . and love the uppermost rooms at feasts, and *the chief seats in the Synagogues* . . .

"But woe unto you, scribes and pharisees, hypocrites! *for ye shut up the Kingdom of Heaven against men* . . . Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel . . . Woe unto you . . . *for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made*, YE MAKE HIM TWO-FOLD MORE THE CHILD OF HELL THAN YOURSELVES!"—(Matt. xxiii.)

THE *Scotsman* of March 8th, 1888, is high in its praises of some recent lectures on Buddhism, delivered by Sir Monier Williams, K.C.I.E., D.C.L., of Oxford. Notwithstanding the chairman's (Lord Polwarth's) allegation that

"On the subject of Buddhism, he thought there was no one more gifted or more qualified to instruct them than the gentleman who had undertaken the present course" (*i.e.*, Sir Monier Williams),

most of the statements made by the titled lecturer court contradiction and need correction. Plain and unvarnished truths may not elicit the applause certain arbitrary assumptions made by the lecturer called forth in the land of Fingal, but they may help to sweep away a few cobwebs of latent prejudice from the minds of some of your readers—and that's all a Buddhist cares about.

The learned lecturer premised by saying that:

"Buddhism had been alleged to be the religion of the majority of the human race, but happily that was not now true. Christianity now stood, even numerically, at the head of all the creeds of the world. (Applause.)"—[*Scotsman.*]

Is this really so? Applause is no argument in favour of the correctness of a statement. Nor does one know of any special qualification in the Oxford professor that could make him override statistical proofs to the contrary, unless it be that his wish is father to the thought, as usual. The 200 millions of proselytes to the Mussulman faith as against one million of converts to Christianity in this century alone, a *fact* complained of at the Church Conference by Dr. Taylor, hardly a few weeks ago, would rather clash with this statement.* The Rev. Joseph Edkins, who passed almost all his life in China,

* "The faith of Islam is spreading over Africa with giant strides. . . . Christianity is receding before Islam, while attempts to proselytise Mohammedans are notoriously unsuccessful. We not only fail to gain ground, but even fail to hold our own. . . . An African tribe once converted to Islam never returns to Paganism, and never embraces Christianity. . . . When Mohammedanism is embraced by a negro tribe devil-worship, cannibalism, human sacrifice, witchcraft, and infanticide disappear. Filth is replaced by cleanliness, and they acquire personal dignity and self-respect. Hospitality becomes a religious duty, drunkenness rare, gambling is forbidden. A feeling of humanity, benevolence, and brotherhood is inculcated. . . . The strictly-regulated polygamy of Moslem lands is infinitely less degrading to women and less injurious to men than the promiscuous polyandry which is the curse of Christian cities, and which is absolutely unknown in Islam. The polyandrous English are not entitled to cast stones at polygamous Moslems. . . . . Islam, above all, is the most powerful total abstinence society in the world; whereas the extension of European trade means the extension of drunkenness and vice and the degradation of the people. Islam introduces a knowledge of reading and writing, decent clothes, personal cleanliness, and self-respect. . . . How little have we to show for the vast sums of money and precious lives lavished upon Africa! Christian converts are reckoned by thousands; Moslem converts by millions. . . (CANON TAYLOR, *Christianity and Mohammedanism.*)

studying Buddhism and its growth, says in "Chinese Buddhism" (1880, p. viii., Preface) that Buddhism is now "one among the world's religions which has acquired the greatest multitude of adherents." Nor can this learned Chinese scholar, a zealous missionary, be suspected of unfairness to *his* religion. Nor does the very conservative *Standard*, when complaining that England is *no longer a Christian nation* and that *a very large percentage of its population no longer accepts* the religion embodied in the Bible, bear out Sir Monier Williams' optimistic views. Nor yet is this opinion supported by what the whole world knows of modern France, Germany and Italy, eaten to the core with free-thought and Atheism.

To say, therefore, as the lecturer did, that he doubts "were a trustworthy census possible" if Buddhism

"would give even 150 millions of Buddhists, or rather pseudo-Buddhists, as against 450 millions of Christians in the world's population, estimated at 1,500 millions"——.*—[*Scotsman.*]

—is rather a risky thing. Let us not talk of "*pseudo*-Buddhists" in the face of millions of "*pseudo*-Christians," nominal and more "Grundy-fearing" than God-fearing; and for this reason still pretending to be called Christians. And if the term *pseudo* was applied by the lecturer to the teeming millions of China, Japan, and Tibet, who have fallen off from the purity of the primitive church of Buddha, burning low even in Siam, Burmah, and Ceylon, and which have split themselves into many sects, then just the same is found in the 300 or so of Protestant sects, which differ so widely and fight for dogmatic differences, and still call themselves Christians. "Were a trustworthy census possible," and a fair appreciation of truth prefered to self-glorification, then the 2,000,000 of Freethinkers, and the 11,000,000 of those "of no particular religion," as specified even in Whitaker's Almanack, might grow to tenfold their number and produce a salutary check on inaccurate lecturers. This inaccuracy may be better appreciated by throwing a glance at the census-tables of India of 1881. In that country indeed, where missionaries have been labouring for centuries, and where they are now as numerous—and quite as mischievous—as the crows in the land of Manu, the distribution of its religious denominations stands in round numbers as follows:—

Hindus (male and female)	188,000,000
Mahommedans	50,000,000
Aborigines	7,000,000
Buddhists	3,050,000
Jains (Buddhists)	1,020,000
Christians	1,800,000

The 1,800,000 of Christians, note well, include all the Europeans resident in India, the army, the civil servants, the Eurasians and native Christians.

* Says Emil Schlagintweit, in his "Buddhism in Tibet," p. 11-12, in comparing the number of Buddhists to that of Christians—"For these regions of Asia (China, Japan, Indo-Chinese Peninsula, etc.), we obtain, therefore, according to these calculations (of Prof. Dieterici), an approximate total of 554 millions of inhabitants. *At least two-thirds of this population may be considered to be Buddhists:* the remainder includes the followers of Confucius and Lao-tse." Result, according to Dieterici, 340,000,000 of Buddhists and only 330,000,000 of Christians—all *nominal* Christians included."

And is it to curry further favour with his Sabbath-worshipping audience and elicit from it further applause, that the knighted lecturer characterised Buddhism as "a false, diseased and moribund system, which had continued (nevertheless ? !) for more than two thousand years to attract and delude immense populations" ? This, in the teeth of his great Oxford rival, Professor Max Müller, who pronounces the moral code of Buddhism "one of the most perfect the world has ever known." So do Barthelemy St. Hilaire, Claproth, and other Orientalists, more fair minded than the lecturer under notice.

Says Mr. P. Hordern, the Director of Public Instruction in Burmah :—

"The poor heathen is guided in his daily life by precepts older and *not less noble than the precepts of Christianity.* Centuries before the birth of Christ, men were taught *by the life and doctrine of one of the greatest men who ever lived*, lessons of pure morality. The child is taught to obey his parents, and to be tender to all animal life, *the man to love his neighbour as himself*, to be true and just in all his dealings, and to look beyond the vain shows of the world for true happiness. Every shade of vice is guarded by special precepts. Love in its widest sense of universal charity is declared to be the mother of all the virtues, *and even the peculiarly Christian precepts of the forgiveness of injuries, and the meek acceptance of insult were already taught in the farthest East*, ages before Christianity.*

Such is "the *false and diseased* system" of Buddhism, which is less "moribund" however, even now, than is in our present age the perverted system of Him whose Sermon on the Mount, grand as it is, yet taught nothing that had not been taught ages before. I will show presently, on the authority of statistics and the Church again, which of the two—Buddhists or Christians—live more nearly according to the grand and the same morality preached by their respective Masters.

The Professor is more lenient though to the Founder than to the system. He would not, he said :

"Be far wrong in asserting that intense individuality, fervid earnestness, severe simplicity of character, combined with singular beauty of countenance, calm dignity of bearing, and almost superhuman persuasiveness of speech, were conspicuous in the great teacher."—[*Scotsman.*]

Forthwith, however, and fearing he had said too much, the Professor hastened to throw a gloomy shadow on the bright picture drawn. To quote from the *Scotsman* once more :—

"Alluding to the first sermon of the Buddha, the lecturer remarked that, however unfavourably it might compare with the first discourse of Christ—a discourse, not addressed to a few monks, but to suffering sinners—it was of great interest, because it embodied the first teaching of one who, if *not worthy* to be called the '*Light of Asia*,' and certainly unworthy of comparison with the 'Light of the world,' was at least one of the world's most successful teachers."

To this charitable Christian criticism, ever forgetful of the wise Shakespear's remark that "*comparisons are odious*," a Buddhist, who only defends *his* faith, is amply justified in replying as follows : However much the worthiness of our Lord Buddha to be called by the appellation of the "Light of Asia," may be contested by religious intolerance, this title is, at any rate, addressed to an *historical* personage. The actual existence of Gautama Buddha cannot be called in question ; neither Materialist nor Christian, Jew nor Gentile, can ever

* Quoted in "Chinese Buddhism," by Rev. J. Edkins, page 201.

presume to call him a myth. On the other hand, (*a*) the "Light of the World," having failed to illume the whole of Humanity—as even on the lecturer's admission only 400 out of 1,500 millions of the world population are Christians —the title is a misnomer most evidently, and (*b*) the very personal existence of the Founder of Christianity—mostly on account of the supernatural character claimed for it, but also because no valid, real, historical evidence can be brought forward to prove it—is now denied by millions of not only Free-thinkers and Materialists, but even of intellectual Christians and critical Bible-scholars.

Nor are the remarks of Sir M. Williams concerning the death of Buddha "said to have been caused by eating too much pork, *or dried boar's flesh*," any happier. That fact alone that one, who claims to be regarded as a great Orientalist, and yet observes that: "As this statement was somewhat derogatory to his (Buddha's) dignity, it was less likely to have been fabricated," shows in a "Sanskrit scholar" a pitiable ignorance of Hindoo symbolism, as well as a wonderful lack of intuition.

How one who is acquainted with the primitive and original teachings of Buddha, as recorded by his personal disciples, can think for a moment that the great Asiatic Reformer ate flesh, passes comprehension! . Leaving aside every dogmatic and certainly later exoteric ecclesiastical reason fathered on Buddha for sparing the life of animals on the ground of metempsychosis,* one has but to read the Buddhist metaphysical treatises upon *Karma*, to see all the absurdity of such a statement. The great doctrine delivered by Gautama *a few days* before he entered Nirvana to Maha Kashiapa, contains among other prohibitions *that of eating animal food.* The "Great Development School refers it to this period," says the same authority upon Chinese Buddhism, and no lover of it, the Rev. J. Edkins; and the *Bodhisattwas* are even more strictly prohibited than even monks. In "the Book of Heaven through keeping the Ten prohibitions" a Deva informs Buddha that he was born in Indra Shakra's heaven "for keeping them; for not inflicting death, or stealing, or committing adultery . . . or *drinking wine, or eating flesh*," etc.

The scholar who knows that the first *Avatar* of Brahmâ was in *the shape of a boar*, and who is aware, (*a*) that the Brahmins have ever identified themselves with the God from whom they claim descent; and (*b*) know the bitter opposition they offered to the "World's Honoured One," Gautama Buddha, trying to take more than once his life, will readily comprehend the allusion in the allegory. It is an esoteric tradition, and is no longer extant in writing, any more than is the explanation of many other allegories. Yet the inconsistency alone of the charge ought to have suggested to the mind of any less prejudiced scholar the suspicion that the legend of Tsonda's meal of rice and pork was some esoteric allegory. No wonder if even Bishop Bigandet remarks that "a thick veil wraps in complete obscurity this *curious* episode of Buddha's life." It is "the obscurity" of *ignorance.*

It is quite true that Buddhists lay no claim to "*supernatural* inspiration" for their sacred scriptures, and it is in this that lies a portion of their success. The word "priest," the audience was told, could not be applied to Buddhist

* Neither in China nor Tibet, says the Rev. J. Edkins, do the Buddhist monks (the real *literati* of the nations) accept the exoteric teaching that the souls of men can migrate into animals. It is simply allegorical.

monks "because they have no divine revelation." At this rate there never were any priests before the Jews and Christians as no "*divine* revelation" is allowed to any nation outside these two? Further the lecturer elicited a great laugh and applause by telling his audience the following anecdote:

"Gautama Buddha also instituted an order of nuns, and the monks once asked Gautama, it was said, what they should do when they saw women. The Buddha replied, 'Do not see them.' They then asked, 'But if we do see them?' He replied, 'Then don't speak to them.' 'But,' they asked, 'if they speak to us?' And the Buddha answered, 'Then do not answer them; let your thoughts be fixed in profound meditation.' (Laughter.)"—[*Scotsman.*]

Verses 27 and 28 in Chapter V. of Matthew, lend themselves as easily to satirical remarks. The injunction by Buddha, "let your thoughts be fixed in profound meditation," is virtually implied in that other injunction, "Ye have heard . . . Thou shalt not commit adultery. But I say unto you, That whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart."

Were the Christians to follow this command of their noble Master as faithfully as Buddhists do the orders of their Lord—there would be no need for the establishment in England of a "Vigilance Society" for the protection of female children and girls; nor would the editor of the *Pall Mall* have got three months' imprisonment for telling the truth and speaking against a crying and horrid evil, unheard-of in Buddhist communities.

Further, the lecturer remarked, that "Gautama never tolerated priestcraft." Nor has Jesus, and I maintain it; His denunciations of sacerdotalism and the Rabbis who teach the Law of Moses and lay heavy burdens on men's shoulders which "they *themselves* will not move with one of their fingers," (Matt. xxiii.); His prohibition to make a parade of prayers in synagogues and command to enter into one's closet to pray (Matt. v.); as also the absence of any injunction from him to establish a *dogmatic* church—prove it. Therefore Sir M. Williams' accusation that Buddha's "followers in other countries became entangled in a network of sacerdotalism more enslaving than that from which he had rescued them," applies to Christianity with far greater force than to Buddhism. And if "the precept enjoining celibacy sufficiently accounted for the fact that Buddhism never gained any stability or permanency in India," how is it that the Roman Catholics, whose religion *enjoins the same precept* for priests and monks, show such tremendous odds against Protestantism? And if celibacy be "a transgression of the laws of nature," as the lecturer says—and so say the Brahmins, for even Gautama Buddha was married and had a son before he became an ascetic—why should Jesus have never married and advised celibacy, to his disciples? For it is celibacy at best, which is enjoined to those who *are able to receive it* in verses 10, 11 and 12, of Matthew xix., the literal term implying still worse . . . . "and there are eunuchs, *which made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake.* He that is able to receive it, let him receive it."

So that monastic Buddhism, it seems, is called *idiotic* by the lecturer only for doing that which Jesus Christ himself advised his disciples to do, *if they can.* A very curious way of glorifying one's God!

As to the respective merits of Buddhism and Christianity, as a Buddhist who may be suspected of partiality, I shall leave the burden of establishing the com-

parison to the Christians themselves. This is what one reads in the *Tablet*, the leading organ of Roman Catholic Englishmen, about Creeds and Criminality. I underline the most remarkable statements.

"The official statement as to the moral and material progress of India, which has recently been published, supplies a very interesting contribution to the controversy on the missionary question. It appears from these figures that while we effect *a very marked moral deterioration in the natives by converting them to our creed*, THEIR NATURAL STANDARD OF MORALITY IS SO HIGH that, however much we Christianize them, *we cannot succeed in making them altogether as bad as ourselves.*" The figures representing the proportions of criminality in the several classes, are as follows:—

EUROPEANS	1 in 274.
Eurasians*	1 in 509.
Native Christians	1 in 799.
Mahomedans	1 in 856.
Hindoos	1 in 1.361.
BUDDHISTS	1 in 3,787.

"The last item," says the *Tablet*, "is *a magnificent tribute to the exalted purity of Buddhism*, but the statistics are instructive throughout, and enforce with resistless power the conclusion that, as a mere matter of social polity, we should do much better if we devoted our superfluous cash and zeal, for a generation or two, to the ethical improvement of our own countrymen, instead of trying to upset the morality, together with the theology, of people WHO MIGHT REASONABLY SEND OUT MISSIONS TO CONVERT US."

No better answer than this could a Buddhist find as a reply to the uncharitable and incorrect comparisons between the two creeds instituted by Sir Monier Williams. He should remember, however, the words of his Master, "Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased; and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted."

To this rejoinder by a Buddhist to the Oxford Professor we may append a few more interesting facts from Buddhists, in this connection. They are very suggestive, inasmuch as firstly they show how religious bigotry and intolerance make people entirely blind and deaf to every fact and reason; and secondly how we, Europeans, understand fairness and justice. The extracts that follow are taken from a Singhalese newspaper, the organ of the Ceylon Buddhists and edited by Buddhist Theosophists. It is called *The Sarasavisandaresa.* The two editorials, written in English, of the 14th and the 27th of February of the present year, contain two complaints; the first of which is against the very notorious editor of the Colombo *Observer.* This personage, than whom no more slanderous or wicked bigot ever walked the earth, as shown by his being perpetually brought to justice for defamation by Christians and natives—is a deep-water Baptist, without one spark of Christian ethics in him. His sledge-hammer-like charges against Buddhism, will appear curious after the fair

* The fruits of European chastity and moral virtue, and of the obedience of Christians to the commands of Jesus.

confession of the *Tablet* just quoted. But we shall let our Brother editor—a Buddhist Theosophist—speak for his countrymen. For unless their grievances are brought to the notice of at least a portion of the English readers in LUCIFER, there is little chance indeed that the outside would should ever hear of them from other papers or magazines. Says the editorial on "Crime in Ceylon":—

We notice a paragraph in our contemporary the *Observer* referring to an atrocious crime recently committed in the neighbourhood of Ratnapura. According to the account given one man murdered another, and "then, standing over him, committed an offence which cannot even be mentioned." While we have no idea what this can mean, we have no doubt that some horrible atrocity is intended, and we sincerely hope that the fullest justice will be meted out to the abominable villain who committed it. But of course the insane bigotry of our contemporary would not allow him to be satisfied with merely giving the dreadful news; no, he must add a comment which is itself, in the eyes of all right-thinking men, an atrocity of the blackest description. We regret to give the publicity of our wider circulation to so scandalous a remark; yet we feel it our duty to let our countrymen see to what despicable shifts the missionary organ is reduced in its futile efforts to find some ground to vilify our faith. "Is there any country under the sun," it asks,—"any people save Buddhists—where and by whom such awful atrocities could be perpetrated?" Unhesitatingly we answer "Yes; whatever the crime may have been, its horror is more than equalled—it is surpassed—by the diabolical outrages committed in Christian England in this nineteenth century."

Follow several noted facts of crimes recently committed in England. But, pertinently remarks the editor:—

Does our contemporary wish that Christianity as a system should be held responsible for the ghastly crimes daily committed in its very strongholds? Such a course would be obviously unfair, yet his sense of honour permits him to treat Buddhism in the same manner.

Observe that there is no evidence at all that the criminal professes Buddhism; we know nothing of the facts of the case, but arguing from experience the presumption would be against such a supposition. At the present moment there are three prisoners under sentence of death in Welikada Jail, all of whom are Christians; and there are also two Christians (one of them a church official) convicted of murder at Kurunagala.

. . . . . .

The proportion of crime among Christians is about fifteen times as great as among Buddhists; and it is considered a truism in India to say that every person perverted to Christianity from some other religion adds one more to the suspected list of the police.

This is a fact, and all who have been in India will hardly deny it.

The other case is a crime of Vandalism, though to desecrate other nations' sacred relics is considered no crime at all by the Christian officials. It tells eloquently its own tale:

A DESECRATION.

A very unpleasant rumour has reached us from Anuradhapura. It is well known that men have been at work there for a long time under the orders of the Government Agent, professedly restoring the ruined Dagobas. This, so far, is a truly royal work, and one with which we have every sympathy. But now report says that the work of restoration, which consisted chiefly in clearing away the ruins and masses of fallen earth, so that the beautiful carvings and statues might once more be visible in their entirety as at first, has been abandoned in favour of excavations into the Dagobas themselves. We hear that a tunnel has been pierced almost into the centre of the great Abhayagiriya Dagoba in search of treasure, relics, and ancient books, and it is further reported that some important discoveries have already been made, but that whatever has been found has been secretly removed by night. It is said, too, that when the High Priest of the Sacred Bo-TREE, to whom the Dagoba belongs, applied for permission to see the articles exhumed, only a very small portion was shewn to him.

Now we can scarcely bring ourselves to admit the possibility of all this; it seems quite incredible that a government like that of the English should stain its annals with such an act of vandalism as the desecration of our sacred places, though certainly if it *could* descend to such an action it would be quite in keeping that the treasure-trove should be removed secretly and guiltily.

No doubt it would be difficult for even the more liberal-minded of our foreign rulers to understand fully the thrill of horror which every true Buddhist would feel on hearing of the disturbance of these

time-honoured monuments. It would probably be argued by Christians that whatever may be buried under the Dagobas, whether relics, treasure, or books, is quite useless where it is; whereas if brought to light the books would supply very valuable copies of old Pali texts, the treasures (if any) would be useful to the Government, and the relics would be an interesting acquisition to the shelves of the British Museum. Singhalese Buddhists, however, in spite of centuries of oppression and persecution under Dutch and Portugese adventurers, have still a deeply-rooted feeling of respect and love for the monuments of the golden age of their religion, and to hear that they are being disturbed by the sacrilegious hand of the foreigner will stir them to their inmost souls. These Dagobas are now objects of veneration to thousands of pilgrims, not only from all parts of Ceylon, but also from other Buddhist countries; but if once the relics buried in them are removed, they will be no more to us than any other mound of earth. Even if, as has been suggested, the Government intend merely to examine whatever may be discovered, and afterwards replace it, to our ideas the disturbance of the sacred monuments of our religion by alien hands would still be terrible desecration, against which every true-hearted Buddhist ought at once to protest most vigorously by every means in his power. If the sad news be true, Buddhists should at once combine to hold indignation meetings all over the country, and to get up a monster petition to the Governor begging him to prevent the recurrence of such an outrage on their religious feelings. But until confirmation arises we cling to the hope that the rumours may be baseless, and should this prove to be the case none will rejoice more heartily than we. We trust that the Government Agent of the Province, or some responsible official connected with the work, will embrace this opportunity of telling the public what is really being done at Anuradhapura, and thereby relieve the anxiety which must agitate all Buddhist hearts until the question is set at rest.

The Abhayagiriya Dagoba was erected by King Walagambahu in the year B.C. 89, to commemorate the recovery of his throne after the expulsion of the Malabar invaders. When entire, it was the most stupendous Dagoba in Ceylon, being 405 feet high, and standing on about eight acres of ground; but so ruthlessly have the older destroyers done their work that its present height is not much more than 230 feet. At its base are some very fine specimens of stone carving, and various fragments of bold frescoes. The Dagoba is quite encircled with the ruins of buildings large and small, for a larger college of priests was attached to this than to any of the other sacred places at Anuradhapura.

We hope our Singhalese Colleague and Brother will send us further information upon this subject. Every Theosophist and lover of antiquity, whether Christian or of alien faith, would deplore with the Buddhists the loss of such precious relics of a period the editor has so aptly described as "the golden age of their religion." We hope it may not be true. But alas, we are in *Kali Yuga.*

WORLD SAVIOURS.

OUR world hath had its saviours—Buddha, Christ,
Have lived, loved, striven for men, at last have died
Hungry and thirsty, bleeding, haggard-eyed—
By great love dreaming great love had sufficed
To save a sin-doomed world . . . Oh, faith unpriced!
Oh, high souls 'mid your anguish glorified!
Would God it were so, would sin's sorrowful tide
Rolled back to silence by such love enticed!

Alas, not so! Would men be saved, each one
Must be his own strong saviour—cross-bearing,
Bound, bruised, and bleeding, with his soul astrain
On the sharp rock of life—yet he hath won
Who bears for love the burden and the sting—
Buddha nor Christ nor meanest lives in vain!

EVELYN PYNE.

PRACTICAL OCCULTISM.

IMPORTANT TO STUDENTS.

As some of the letters in the CORRESPONDENCE of this month show, there are many people who are looking for practical instruction in Occultism. It becomes necessary, therefore, to state once for all :—

(*a*). The essential difference between theoretical and practical Occultism; or what is generally known as Theosophy on the one hand, and Occult science on the other, and :—

(*b*). The nature of the difficulties involved in the study of the latter.

It is easy to become a Theosophist. Any person of average intellectual capacities, and a leaning toward the meta-physical; of pure, unselfish life, who finds more joy in helping his neighbour than in receiving help himself; one who is ever ready to sacrifice his own pleasures for the sake of other people; and who loves Truth, Goodness and Wisdom for their own sake, not for the benefit they may confer—is a Theosophist.

But it is quite another matter to put oneself upon the path which leads to the knowledge of what is good to do, as to the right discrimination of good from evil; a path which also leads a man to that power through which he can do the good he desires, often without even apparently lifting a finger.

Moreover, there is one important fact with which the student should be made acquainted. Namely, the enormous, almost limitless, responsibility assumed by the teacher for the sake of the pupil. From the Gurus of the East who teach openly or secretly, down to the few Kabalists in Western lands who undertake to teach the rudiments of the Sacred Science to their disciples—those western Hierophants being often themselves ignorant of the danger they incur—one and all of these "Teachers" are subject to the same inviolable law. From the moment they begin *really* to teach, from the instant they confer *any* power—whether psychic, mental or physical—on their pupils, they take upon themselves *all* the sins of that pupil, in connection with the Occult Sciences, whether of omission or commission, until the moment when initiation makes the pupil a Master and responsible in his turn. There is a weird and mystic religious law, greatly reverenced and acted upon in the Greek, half-forgotten in the Roman Catholic, and absolutely extinct in the Protestant Church. It dates from the earliest days of Christianity and has its basis in the law just stated, of which it was a symbol and an expression. This is the dogma of the absolute sacredness of the relation between the god-parents who stand sponsors for a child.* These tacitly take upon themselves all the sins of the newly baptised child—(anointed, as at the initiation, a mystery truly!)—until the day when the child becomes a responsible unit, knowing good and evil. Thus it is clear why the "Teachers" are so reticent, and why "Chelas" are required to serve a

* So holy is the connection thus formed deemed in the Greek Church, that a marriage between god-parents of the same child is regarded as the worst kind of incest, is considered illegal and is dissolved by law; and this absolute prohibition extends even to the children of one of the sponsors as regards those of the other.

seven years probation to prove their fitness, and develop the qualities necessary to the security of both Master and pupil.

Occultism is not magic. It is *comparatively* easy to learn the trick of spells and the methods of using the subtler, but still material, forces of physical nature; the powers of the animal soul in man are soon awakened; the forces which his love, his hate, his passion, can call into operation, are readily developed. But this is Black Magic—*Sorcery*. For it is the motive, ***and the motive alone***, which makes any exercise of power become black, malignant, or white, beneficent Magic. It is impossible to employ *spiritual* forces if there is the slightest tinge of selfishness remaining in the operator. For, unless the intention is entirely unalloyed, the spiritual will transform itself into the psychic, act on the astral plane, and dire results may be produced by it. The powers and forces of animal nature can equally be used by the selfish and revengeful, as by the unselfish and the all-forgiving; the powers and forces of spirit lend themselves only to the perfectly pure in heart—and this is DIVINE MAGIC.

What are then the conditions required to become a student of the "Divina Sapientia"? For let it be known that no such instruction can possibly be given unless these certain conditions are complied with, and rigorously carried out during the years of study. This is a *sine quâ non*. No man can swim unless he enters deep water. No bird can fly unless its wings are grown, and it has space before it and courage to trust itself to the air. A man who will wield a two-edged sword, must be a thorough master of the blunt weapon, if he would not injure himself—or what is worse—others, at the first attempt.

To give an approximate idea of the conditions under which alone the study of Divine Wisdom can be pursued with safety, that is without danger that Divine will give place to Black Magic, a page is given from the "private rules," with which every instructor in the East is furnished. The few passages which follow are chosen from a great number and explained in brackets.

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1. The place selected for receiving instruction must be a spot calculated not to distract the mind, and filled with "influence-evolving" (magnetic) objects. The five sacred colours gathered in a circle must be there among other things. The place must be free from any malignant influences hanging about in the air.

[The place must be set apart, and used for no other purpose. The five "sacred colours" are the prismatic hues arranged in a certain way, as these colours are very magnetic. By "malignant influences" are meant any disturbances through strifes, quarrels, bad feelings, etc., as these are said to impress themselves immediately on the astral light, *i.e.*, in the atmosphere of the place, and to hang "about in the air." This first condition seems easy enough to accomplish, yet—on further consideration, it is one of the most difficult ones to obtain.]

2. Before the disciple shall be permitted to study "face to face," he has to acquire preliminary understanding in a select company of other lay *upasaka* (disciples), the number of whom must be odd.

["Face to face," means in this instance a study independent or apart from others, when the disciple gets his instruction *face to face* either with himself (his higher, Divine Self) or—his guru. It is then only that each receives *his due* of information, according to the use he has made of his knowledge. This can happen only toward the end of the cycle of instruction.]

3. Before thou (the teacher) shalt impart to thy *Lanoo* (disciple) the good (holy) words of LAMRIN, or shall permit him "to make ready" for *Dubjed*, thou shalt take care that his mind is thoroughly purified and at peace with all, especially *with his other Selves*. Otherwise the words of Wisdom and of the good Law, shall scatter and be picked up by the winds.

["Lamrin" is a work of practical instructions, by Tson-kha-pa, in two portions, one for ecclesiastical and exoteric purposes, the other for esoteric use. "To make ready" for *Dubjed*, is to prepare the vessels used for seership, such as mirrors and crystals. The "other selves," refers to the fellow students. Unless the greatest harmony reigns among the learners, *no* success is possible. It is the teacher who makes the selections according to the magnetic and electric natures of the students, bringing together and adjusting most carefully the positive and the negative elements.]

4. The *upasaka* while studying must take care to be united as the fingers on one hand. Thou shalt impress upon their minds that whatever hurts one should hurt the others, and if the rejoicing of one finds no echo in the breasts of the others, then the required conditions are absent, and it is useless to proceed.

[This can hardly happen if the preliminary choice made was consistent with the magnetic requirements. It is known that chelas otherwise promising and fit for the reception of truth, had to wait for years on account of their temper and the impossibility they felt to put themselves *in tune* with their companions. For—]

5. The co-disciples must be tuned by the guru as the strings of a lute (*vina*) each different from the others, yet each emitting sounds in harmony with all. Collectively they must form a key-board answering in all its parts to thy lightest touch (the touch of the Master). Thus their minds shall open for the harmonies of Wisdom, to vibrate as knowledge through each and all, resulting in effects pleasing to the presiding gods (tutelary or patron-angels) and useful to the Lanoo. So shall Wisdom be impressed for ever on their hearts and the harmony of the law shall never be broken.

6. Those who desire to acquire the knowledge leading to the *Siddhis* (occult powers) have to renounce all the vanities of life and of the world (here follows enumeration of the Siddhis).

7. None can feel the difference between himself and his fellow-students, such as "I am the wisest," "I am more holy and pleasing to the teacher, or in my community, than my brother," etc.,—and remain an upasaka. His thoughts must be predominantly fixed upon his heart, chasing therefrom every hostile thought to any living being. It (the heart) must be full of the feeling of its non-separateness from the rest of beings as from all in Nature; otherwise no success can follow.

8. A *Lanoo* (disciple) has to dread external living influence alone (magnetic emanations from living creatures). For this reason while at one with all, in his *inner nature*, he must take care to separate his outer (external) body from every foreign influence: none must drink out of, or eat in his cup but himself. He must avoid bodily contact (*i.e.* being touched or touch) with human, as with animal being.

[No pet animals are permitted and it is forbidden even to touch certain trees and plants. A disciple has to live, so to say, in his own atmosphere in order to individualize it for occult purposes.]

9. The mind must remain blunt to all but the universal truths in nature, lest the "Doctrine of the Heart" should become only the "Doctrine of the Eye," (*i.e.*, empty exoteric ritualism).

10. No animal food of whatever kind, nothing that has life in it, should be taken by the disciple. No wine, no spirits, or opium should be used; for these are like the *Lhamayin* (evil spirits), who fasten upon the unwary, they devour the understanding.

[Wine and Spirits are supposed to contain and preserve the bad magnetism of all the men who helped in their fabrication; the meat of each animal, to preserve the psychic characteristics of its kind.]

11. Meditation, abstinence in all, the observation of moral duties, gentle thoughts, good deeds and kind words, as good will to all and entire oblivion of Self, are the most efficacious means of obtaining knowledge and preparing for the reception of higher wisdom.

12. It is only by virtue of a strict observance of the foregoing rules that a Lanoo can hope to acquire in good time the Siddhis of the Arhats, the growth which makes him become gradually One with the UNIVERSAL ALL.

These 12 extracts are taken from among some 73 rules, to enumerate which would be useless as they would be meaningless in Europe. But even these few are enough to show the immensity of the difficulties which beset the path of the would-be "Upasaka," who has been born and bred in Western lands.*

All western, and especially English, education is instinct with the principle of emulation and strife; each boy is urged to learn more quickly, to outstrip his companions, and to surpass them in every possible way. What is mis-called "friendly rivalry" is assiduously cultivated, and the same spirit is fostered and strengthened in every detail of life.

With such ideas "educated into" him from his childhood, how can a Western bring himself to feel towards his co-students "as the fingers on one hand"? Those co-students, too, are not of his *own selection*, or chosen by himself from personal sympathy and appreciation. They are chosen by his teacher on far other grounds, and he who would be a student must *first* be strong enough to kill out in his heart all feelings of dislike and antipathy to others. How many Westerns are ready even to attempt this in earnest?

And then the details of daily life, the command not to touch even the hand of one's nearest and dearest. How contrary to Western notions of affection and good feeling! How cold and hard it seems. Egotistical too, people would say, to abstain from giving pleasure to others for the sake of one's own development. Well, let those who think so defer till another lifetime the attempt to enter the path in real earnest. But let them not glory in their own fancied unselfishness. For, in reality, it is only the seeming appearances which they allow to deceive them, the conventional notions, based on emotionalism and gush, or so-called courtesy, things of the unreal life, not the dictates of Truth.

But even putting aside these difficulties, which may be considered "external," though their importance is none the less great, how are students in the West to "attune themselves" to harmony as here required of them? So strong has personality grown in Europe and America, that there is no school of artists even

* Be it remembered that *all* "Chelas," even lay disciples, are called Upasaka until after their first initiation, when they become lanoo-Upasaka. To that day, even those who belong to Lamaseries and are *set apart*, are considered as "laymen."

whose members do not hate and are not jealous of each other. "Professional" hatred and envy have become proverbial; men seek each to benefit himself at all costs, and even the so-called courtesies of life are but a hollow mask covering these demons of hatred and jealousy.

In the East the spirit of "non-separateness" is inculcated as steadily from childhood up, as in the West the spirit of rivalry. Personal ambition, personal feelings and desires, are not encouraged to grow so rampant there. When the soil is naturally good, it is cultivated in the right way, and the child grows into a man in whom the habit of subordination of one's lower to one's higher Self is strong and powerful. In the West men think that their own likes and dislikes of other men and things are guiding principles for them to act upon, even when they do not make of them the law of their lives and seek to impose them upon others.

Let those who complain that they have learned little in the Theosophical Society lay to heart the words written in an article in the *Path* for last February:—"The key in each degree is the *aspirant himself.*" It is not "the fear of God" which is "the beginning of Wisdom," but the knowledge of SELF which is WISDOM ITSELF.

How grand and true appears, thus, to the student of Occultism who has commenced to realise some of the foregoing truths, the answer given by the Delphic Oracle to all who came seeking after Occult Wisdom—words repeated and enforced again and again by the wise Socrates:—— MAN KNOW THYSELF. . . .

SOWING AND REAPING.

SHALL he who sows the thistle in his soul
  Garner gold wheat-ears for his harvest-tide?
  Or who sets thorn in heart, grow glorified
'Neath purple clusters for an aureole?
Shall fair red apples be his worthy dole
  Who scattereth tares around him far and wide?
  Or he who feeds the locusts crafty-eyed
On other's fruitage, pay no ransoming toll?

Before men gather roses from sown rue
  Death shall be king, and all these things shall be . . .
Satan shall strangle 'mid his fields of blue
  The sky's gold sun, and cast him in the sea.
God shall grow false, and even Christ untrue,
  Heaven a vain dream, and love mere phantasy!

EVELYN PYNE.

Correspondence.

To the Editors of LUCIFER.

As you invite questions, I take the liberty of submitting one to your consideration.

Is it not to be expected (basing one's reasoning on Theosophical teaching) that the meeting and intercourse in Kama loka of persons truly attached to each other must be fraught with disappointment, nay frequently even with deep grief? Let me illustrate my meaning by an example:

A mother departs this life twenty years before her son, who, deeply attached to her, longs to meet her again, and only finds her "shell," from which all those spiritual qualities have fled which to him were the essential part of the being he loved. Even the "shell" itself, by its resemblance to the former body, only adds to his grief by keeping early memories more vividly alive, and showing him the vast difference between the entity he knew on earth and the remnant he finds.

Or take a second case:

The son meets his mother in Kama loka after a short separation, only to find her entity in a state of disintegration, as her pure spirit has already begun to leave her astral body and to ascend towards Devachan. He has to witness this process of gradual dissolution, and day by day he feels his mother's spirit slip away whilst his more material nature prevents him from joining in her rapid progress.

I subjoin my name and address, though not for publication, and remain,

Very truly yours,

"F. T. S."

EDITORS' REPLY.—Our Correspondent seems to have been misled as to the state of consciousness which entities experience in Kama Loca. He seems to have formed his conceptions on the visions of *living* psychics and the revelations of *living* mediums. But all conclusions drawn from such data are vitiated by the fact, that a *living* organism intervenes between the observer and the Kama-loca state *per se*. There can be no *conscious* meeting in Kama-loka, hence no grief. There is no astral disintegration *pari passu* with the separation of the shell from the spirit.

According to the Eastern teaching the state of the deceased in Kama-loca is not what we, living men, would recognise as "conscious." It is rather that of a person stunned and dazed by a violent blow, who has momentarily "lost his senses." Hence in Kama-loca there is as a rule (apart from vicarious life and consciousness awakened through contact with mediums) no *recognition* of friends or relatives, and therefore such a case as stated here is impossible.

We meet those we loved only in Devachan, that subjective world of perfect bliss, the state which succeeds the Kama-loka, after the separation of the principles. In Devachan all our personal, unfulfilled *spiritual* desires and aspirations will be realised; for we shall not be living in the hard world of matter but in those subjective realms wherein a desire finds its instant realisation; because man himself is there a god and a creator.

In dealing with the dicta of psychics and mediums, it must always be remembered that they translate, automatically and unconsciously, their experiences on any plane of consciousness, into the language and experience of our normal physical plane. And this confusion can only be avoided by the

special study training of occultism, which teaches how to trace and guide the passage of impressions from one plane to another and fix them on the memory.

Kama-loca may be compared to the dressing-room of an actor, in which he divests himself of the costume of the last part he played before rebecoming himself properly—the immortal *Ego* or the Pilgrim cycling in his Round of Incarnations. The Eternal Ego being stripped in Kama-loca of its lower terrestrial principles, with their passions and desires, it enters into the state of Devachan. And therefore it is said that only the purely spiritual, the non-material emotions, affections, and aspirations accompany the Ego into that state of Bliss. But the process of stripping off the lower, the fourth and part of the fifth, principles is an unconscious one in all normal human beings. It is only in very exceptional cases that there is a slight return to consciousness in Kama-loka: and this is the case of very materialistic unspiritual personalities, who, devoid of the conditions requisite, cannot enter the state of absolute Rest and Bliss.

To the Editors of LUCIFER.

As a very new member of the Theosophical Society I have jotted down a few points which appear to me to be worthy of your notice.

What books do you specially advise to be read in connection with *Esoteric Buddhism*? and any remarks upon them (1.)

Have the Adepts grown or developed to their present state and powers by their own inherent capacities? If so how far can the steps of the process be described? (2.)

What is known of the training of the Yogees? (3.)

What is known of the Root races of man of which we are said to be the fifth? (4.)

What are Elementals?—their nature, powers and communication with man? (5.)

In what light are Theosophists to regard the whole *account* in the late republication of the T. P. S. of the marriage of the Spirit daughter of Colonel Eaton with the Spirit son of Franklin Pearce? ! (6.)

In the Articles on the Esoteric character of the Gospels I observe that as yet no notice has been taken of Prophecy and its alleged fulfilment in Jesus Christ. I have read these with intense interest, and regret that I was unable to obtain the first two numbers of LUCIFER. (7.)

I am, Yours truly,

J. M.

EDITORS' REPLY:—(1.) "Five Years of Theosophy," or better the back numbers of the "*Theosophist*," and the "*Path*," also "Light on the Path."

When the general outlines have been mastered, other books can be recommended; but it must always be borne in mind that with *very* few exceptions *all books on these subjects are the works of students, not of Masters*, and must therefore be studied with caution and a well-balanced mind. All *theories* should be tested by the reason and not accepted *en bloc* as revelation.

(2.) The process and growth of the Adepts is the secret of Occultism. Were adeptship easy of attainment many would achieve it, but it is the hardest task in nature, and volumes would be required even to give an outline of the philosophy of this development. (See "Practical Occultism," in this number.)

(3.) Nothing but what they give out themselves—which is very little. Read Patanjali's "Yoga Philosophy"; but with *caution*, for it is very apt to mislead, being written in symbolical language. Compare the article on "Sankhya and Yoga Philosophy" in the *Theosophist* for March.

(4.) Wait for H. P. Blavatsky's forthcoming work: "The Secret Doctrine."

(5.) See "The Secret Doctrine," also "Isis Unveiled," and various articles in

the *Theosophist*, especially "The Mineral Monad" (also reprinted in "Five Years of Theosophy").

(6.) The account referred to was quoted to show how absurdly materialistic are the common ideas, even among intelligent Spiritualists, of the post-mortem states. It was intended to bring home vividly the unphilosophical character, and the hopeless inadequacy, of such conceptions.

(7.) The subject of "Prophecy" may be dealt with in a future article of the series; but the questions involved are too irritating to the casual Christian reader, too important and need too much bibliographical research, to permit of their continuation from month to month.

To the Editors of LUCIFER.

In the last issue of LUCIFER is a paper "Self-Evident Truths and Logical Deductions." The paper is important, but is not, in my opinion, sufficiently clear. "*One is a Unity* and cannot be divided into two Ones. This is so if we understand Unity to be *many* entities, parts, or forms, organised into a body of harmony so forming a Unity.

I would like to ask, If the Universe, the One or All, must not be of a certain size; and if so, is the Original One, the ever produced, not of the same size?

Also, being an organic Whole, what is the form of the All? And is the form, whatever it is, not also the form of the self-existent Cause or God?

Is nature co-eternal with God? or was there a time, or rather state, when God, the self-existent One, was all in all, before nature was produced from himself? I cannot think of anything of nature, spirit, soul, or God, without the ideas of size, form, member, and relation. So there can be no Life, Law, Cause, or Force, formless in itself, yet causative of forms. All evolutions are in, by, and unto orms; the All-evolver is Himself all Form.

The truth of the Universe is the Form of the Universe. The Truth of God is the Form of God. What Form is that? To attain to that is the great attainment for the intelligence at least. In these few lines my aim is mainly an enquiry.

Respectfully yours,

Edinburgh, 29th March, 1888. J. W. HUNTER.

EDITORS' REPLY.—According to the Eastern philosophy a unity composed of "many entities, parts, or forms" is a compound unity on the plane of *Maya*—illusion or ignorance. The One universal divine Unity cannot be a differentiated whole, however much "organized into a body of harmony." Organization implies external work out of materials at hand, and can never be connected with the self-existent, eternal, and unconditioned Absolute Unity.

This ONE SELF, absolute intelligence and existence, therefore *non*-intelligence and non-existence (to the finite and conditioned perception of man), is "*impartite*, beyond the range of speech and thought and is the substract of all" teaches *Vedantasara* in its introductory Stanza.

How, then, can the *Infinite* and the *Boundless*, the unconditioned and the *absolute*, be of any *size?* The question can only apply to a dwarfed reflection of the uncreate ray on the *mayavic* plane, or our phenomenal Universe; *to one of the finite Elohim*, who was most probably in the mind of our correspondent. To the (philosophically) untrained Pantheist, who identifies the objective Kosmos with the abstract Deity, and for whom Kosmos and Deity are synonymous terms, the form of the illusive objectivity must be the form of that Deity. To the (philosophically) trained Pantheist, the abstraction, or the *noumenon*, is the ever to be unknown Deity, the one eternal reality, formless, because homogeneous and *impartite*; boundless, because Omnipresent—as

otherwise it would only be a contradiction in ideas not only in terms; and the concrete phenomenal form—its *vehicle*—no better than an aberration of the ever-deceiving physical senses.

"Is nature co-eternal with God?" It depends on what is meant by "nature." If it is objective phenomenal nature, then the answer is—though ever latent in divine Ideation, but being only periodical as a manifestation, it cannot be co-eternal. But "abstract" nature and Deity, or what our correspondent calls "Self-existent cause or God," are inseparable *and even identical.* Theosophy objects to the masculine pronoun used in connection with the Self-existent Cause, or Deity. It says IT—inasmuch as that "cause" the *rootless root* of all—is neither male, female, nor anything to which an attribute—something always conditioned, finite, and limited—can be applied. The confession made by our esteemed correspondent that he "cannot think of anything of nature, Spirit (!) Soul or God (!!) without the ideas of size, form, number, and relation," is a living example of the sad spirit of anthropomorphism in this age of ours. It is this theological and dogmatic anthropomorphism which has begotten and is the legitimate parent of materialism. If once we realize that form is merely a temporary perception dependent on our physical senses and the idiosyncrasies of our physical brain and has no existence, *per se*, then this illusion that formless cause cannot be *causative of forms* will soon vanish. To think of Space in relation to any limited area, basing oneself on its three dimensions of length, breadth, and thickness, is strictly in accordance with mechanical ideas; but it is inapplicable in metaphysics and transcendental philosophy. To say then that "the truth of God is the Form of God," is to ignore even the exotericism of the Old Testament. "The Lord spake unto you *out of the midst of the fire.* Ye heard the voice of the words, *but saw no similitude.*" (Deut. iv., 12.) And to think of the All-Evolver as something which has "size, form, number, and relation," *is to think of a finite and conditioned personal God*, a part only of the ALL. And in such case, why should this part be better than its fellow-parts? Why not believe in Gods—the other rays of the All-Light? To say—"Among the gods who is like Thee O Lord" does not make the God so addressed really "the god of gods" or any better than his fellow-gods; it simply shows that every nation made a god of its own, and then, in its great ignorance and superstition, served and flattered and tried to propitiate that god. Polytheism on *such* lines, is more rational and philosophical than anthropomorphous monotheism.

To the Editors of LUCIFER.

Several questions have of late occurred to me at the entry of the subject of Theosophy. . . . I am quite new to the study, and must perforce express myself crudely. I gather that an early result of entire devotion to and inner contemplative life, and a life also of fine unselfishness, such a life as is calculated to allow of the growth of faculties otherwise dormant, that a result of this life will be a growing recognition of the underlying unity of man and his surroundings, that to such a man truth will make itself known *from within*, and therefore will claim instant acceptance and unquestionable certitude; that in fact the longer that such a life is lived with unfading enthusiasm, the higher will the central spirit rise in self-assertion, the wider will be the survey of creation, and the more immediate the apprehension of truth; also that with these tends to develop a greater physical command of the forces of nature.

Now I submit that such a life as is here spoken of, *is* led by men who attain to none of these results.

Most of us know Christians who seem never to have a selfish thought; who exist in an atmosphere of self-sacrifice for others, and whose leisure is all spent in meditation and in emotional prayer, which surely is seeking after truth. Yet they do not attain it. They fail to rise out of Christianity into Theosophy; they remain for ever limited to, and satisfied with the narrow space they move in. (1.) It may be replied that they do expand slowly. Granted, for some of them. But my point is that there do exist (and one is enough for my purpose) men, and particularly women, leading lives both of spiritual meditation and of unselfishness, to whom nevertheless is not vouchsafed a clearer view of the great universe, a larger apprehension of Theosophic truth, nor any increased physical command of nature. (2.) As regards the last point, take for an example John Stuart Mill. Surely he lived always in the white light of exalted contemplation and in instant readiness of high unselfishness; yet to him came no dawn of Theosophic light, nor any larger hold upon the forces of material nature. (3.) May I ask now for a word of explanation on this point? I apologise for the trouble I give, and for my want of ability in unfolding my difficulty.

H. C.

EDITORS' REPLY.—(1.) Nowhere in the theosophic teachings was it stated that a life of entire devotion to one's duty alone, or "a contemplative life," graced even by "fine unselfishness" was sufficient in itself to awaken dormant faculties and lead man to the apprehension of final truths, let alone spiritual powers. To lead such life is an excellent and meritorious thing, under any circumstances, whether one be a Christian or a Mussulman, a Jew, Buddhist or Brahmin, and according to Eastern philosophy it must and will benefit a person, if not in his present then in his future existence on earth, or what we call *rebirth*. But to expect that leading the best of lives helps one—without the help of philosophy and esoteric wisdom—to perceive "the soul of things" and develops in him "a physical command of the forces of nature," *i.e.*, endows him with abnormal or adept powers—is really too sanguine. Less than by any one else can such results be achieved by a sectarian of whatever exoteric creed. For the path to which his meditation is confined, and upon which his contemplation travels, is too narrow, too thickly covered with the weeds of dogmatic beliefs—the fruits of human fancy and error—to permit the pure ray of any Universal truth to shine upon it. His is a blind faith, and when his eyes open he has to give it up and cease being a "Christian" in the theological sense. The instance is not a good one. It is like pointing to a man immersed in "holy" water in a bath-tub and asking why he has not learnt to swim in it, since he is sitting in such holy fluid. Moreover, "unfading *enthusiasm*" and "*emotional* prayer" are not exactly the conditions required for the achievement of true theosophic and spiritual development. These means can at best help to *psychic* development. If our correspondent is anxious to learn the difference between *Spiritual* and *Psychic* wisdom, between *Sophia* and *Psüche*, let him turn to the Greek text (the English translation is garbled) in the Epistle of James, iii., 15 and 16, and he will know that one is *divine* and the other terrestial, "sensual, devilish."

(2.) The same applies to the second case in hand, and even to the third.

(3.) Both—*i.e.*, persons in general, leading lives of spiritual meditation, and those who like John Stuart Mill live "always in the white light of exalted contemplation," do not pursue truth in the right direction, and therefore they fail; moreover John Stuart Mill set up for himself an arbitrary standard of truth, inasmuch as he made his *physical* consciousness the final court of appeal. His was a case of a wonderful development of the intellectual and terrestrial side of psüche or soul, but Spirit he rejected as all Agnostics do And how can any final truths be apprehended except by the Spirit, which is the only and eternal reality in Heaven as on Earth?

A lady writes from America:—

In the fourth number of LUCIFER on the 328th page are the words:

"Enough has been given out at various times regarding the conditions of post-mortem existence, to furnish a solid block of information on this point."

The writer would be glad to be told where this information may be found. Is it in print? or must one be Occultist enough to find it out in the "Symbology" of the Bible for himself?

"ONE WHO HUNGERS FOR SOME OF THIS KNOWLEDGE."

It is certainly necessary to be an "Occultist" before the post-mortem states of man can be correctly understood and realised, for this can only be accomplished through the actual experience of one who has the faculty of placing his consciousness on the *Kamalokic* and *Devachanic* planes. But a good deal *has* been given out in the "Theosophist." Much also can be learnt from the symbology not only of the Bible but of *all* religions, especially the Egyptian and the Hindu. Only again the key to that symbology is in the keeping of the Occult Sciences and their Custodians.

THE CRUCIFIXION OF JESUS: AN ALLEGORY.

STANDING alone at the foot of the Cross, in all the solemn darkness of night; e'en though it was day; a darkness so great that it was like that in Egypt which, we are told, could be felt. Standing alone with Jesus, deserted by all, uplifted on the Cross and crowned, yes! crowned, but with thorns, in bitter contempt and scorn of his asserted divine mission to draw all men unto him; standing thus alone with Jesus, in that awful and solemn presence, the presence of the dead.

"I asked the Heavens, what foe to God hath done this unexampled deed?" "'Twas man," the answer came, "and we in horror snatched the Sun from such a spectacle of grief."

Still standing nigh the Cross, with the wind roaring and a great tempest raging; whilst the rocks were rent, and the earth did quake as though she would open her mouth and swallow all men, as we are told that she swallowed Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, because of their rejection of Moses.

"I asked the Earth." "The Earth replied aghast 'Twas man; and such strange pangs my bosom rent, that still, e'en still, I fear and tremble at the past."

Leaving the foot of the Cross, where Jesus was left to die the death of a blasphemer, in the company of thieves, abandoned and deserted of all men and forsaken of God: "To man, gay, smiling man, I went, and asked him next. He turned a scornful eye, shook his proud head and gave me no reply."

And to this day there has been no reply, but only that the rejection and Crucifixion of Jesus are a mystery. And therefore the world is still asking: Why? And what is good and true in Christianity? Because a mystery is not light but darkness, and therefore when the light that is in us is darkness, how great must be that darkness? And is not this darkness felt even now by the world, whilst anxiously waiting for the Church to explain the Mystery of "Christ Crucified"?

REV. T. G. HEADLEY.

Reviews.

WOMAN: HER GLORY, HER SHAME, AND HER GOD.

BY SALADIN.*

The title of the above work is scarcely suggestive of Anti-Christian polemics, despite the fact that it emanates from the pen of so determined an iconoclast as Mr. Stewart Ross. The casual reader might expect to meet with some eulogy of the fair sex, dissociated from theological considerations. Such, however, is not the case. The neat volume before us contains one of the most powerful attacks on the practical ethics of Christianity which it is has ever been our lot to peruse. Mr. Ross is clearly of the opinion that a tree must be judged by its fruits, and in demolishing the romantic and chivalrous aspect of the history of woman in Christendom by the hard reality of fact and logic, he unhesitatingly condemns the whole fabric of orthodox theology as hopelessly rotten. Taking as his text the well-known, and perhaps reprehensible, statement of Archdeacon Farrar to the effect that Christianity "has elevated the woman; it shrouds as with a halo of innocence the tender years of the child," the author tests its validity by an appeal to Church and secular history, exposing the abominations of priestly vice in the Middle Ages and ruthlessly unmasking the darker aspects of modern life. He rightly scorns to pander to a spurious sentiment of delicacy, and does not hesitate to penetrate into the very arcana of vice when the necessities of his task demand it. The prurience of the Christian Fathers, the debaucheries of Inquisitors, the shameless prostitution of "Religion" to depravity which is noticeable in ancient and even in modern times, the indirect manner in which unfortunate passages in the Bible—interpolations let us hope—have ministered to the lust of bigots and fanatics, the fatal effects of "faith" and emotionalism in worship, all these things, and many more, are dealt with in a most forcible manner. The author's facts are unimpeachable, his criticism scathing, but the general conclusions which he draws from them are not always of a nature to command the acceptance of even the most resolute of liberal thinkers.

For instance, when he states that "the *essential essence* of Christianity is opposed to that deliberate and judicial self-restraint which forms the barrier against licentiousness," (p. 77), he is, in our opinion, carried too far by the vehemence of a just revolt against the moral atrocities which have rendered theology such a mockery in the past. The "faith" to which he alludes as so pernicious to mental stability has its darker side; but it has also illumined, however irrationally, the lives of thousands of noble men and women. Similarly, in his anxiety to shift the whole burden of the sexual depravity of Europe on to the back of Christianity, he extends his generalisation too freely. It has been remarked by many writers that the ghastly immoralities of ecclesiastical history are chargeable *to individuals*, not to the system itself. Vice must have had its outlet somehow, and all it needed was—opportunity. Consequently Mill and others have declined to regard the vices which spring up in the course of

* W. Stewart & Co., 41, Farringdon Street.

religious history as indicative of anything more than the necessary outcome of human evolution. Nations mould their religion, not *vice versâ*. With the ennobling of human ideas, a gradual metamorphosis of creeds must ensue.

Consequently, instead of holding that the degradation of woman by priests and religionists, is in itself a condemnation of the creed they profess, it would be more correct to put the truth thus: Christianity has done nothing to exalt woman, but has, on the contrary, *retarded her progress*. Mr. Ross' position would be, then, very difficult to assail. If, however, he ascribes her treatment in the earlier centuries to the influence of Christianity, to what does he attribute her gradual promotion in the social scale? To the same cause, or to the slow amelioration of human knowledge and culture since the Renaissance? We question very much whether creeds are responsible for all the horrors usually ascribed to their domination. Practical life and practical belief are rather *mirrors* of a nation's intellectual status than arbitrary facts which represent independent realities. Christianity has delayed human progress, rather than introduced a new noxious agency. It has, moreover, a distinctly fair side, viz:—in largely contributing to render International Law possible by cementing together the peoples of Europe. Impartial Freethinkers, such as Lecky and others, have shown clearly enough that the pros and cons are balanced after all. To-day, of course, the system is out of date; it has served a certain beneficial end in the economy of life, and achieved a reputation like that of Byron's Corsair:—

"Linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes."

It is this tissue of a "thousand crimes" which, in our author's words, makes his task—

"A hideous one, but I stand in desperate conflict against overwhelming imposture and a worldful of sham and cant and falsehood . . . you may count all the real writers on the fingers of one hand, who are striving to do what I am striving to do. My purpose is too tremendous . . . . for me to bathe myself in perfumes, array myself with ribbons, and with a debonair smile and a light rapier, parry with the dilettante grace of of a fencing master. With both hands I grasp the hilt of a claymore notched with clanging blows upon helmet and hauberk and red with the stains of battle, and thrust straight at the throat of the Old Dragon, fenced around by a hundred thousand pulpits and armed to the teeth with a panoply of lies."

In conclusion we need only say that the student will find much of great value in Mr. Ross' book. It is sparkling, brimful of wit and interest, and interspersed with passages of the most eloquent declamation. Altogether the author has produced a contribution to aggressive free-thought literature well worthy of his great reputation, and still greater talent.

ABSOLUTE RELATIVISM, OR ABSOLUTE IN RELATION.

By WILLIAM BELL MCTAGGART (W. Stewart & Co., London).

This volume, by Captain McTaggart, is one of those rare works in which the author forgets his personality and natural predilections, in favour of a plain statement of facts. He asks the reader to approach together with him the task of examining the various creeds and philosophical systems "with minds divested of preference, prejudice, or bias," and carries out the laudable policy to the end. One would vainly seek throughout the volume for any of those too oft-repeated sentences in other essays and disquisitions on philosophy, as "I claim to have discovered"—"I maintain," and so on. "The judgment seat must

know no bias," the thoughtful author tells us. He has rightly "deemed it necessary to represent . . . . the various creeds, not from afar off, or as one apart, but as entering into and being one with each, when under consideration," and he has admirably fulfilled his task.

In the above work Captain McTaggart presents us with the first instalment of a new philosophical system, the aim of the author being to sift the truth from the rubbish of modern thought, and to rear on the bases thus obtained a new edifice. Says the writer:

"Theologies are fading fast; one religion after another slips its hold on the lives of men. Philosophy is chaos; system after system, criticised by the acquired light of acquired knowlege and organised and trained intellect, is abandoned as untrue. Even the torch of science, to which so many minds had eagerly and hopefully turned, burns sadly dim, uncertain, and flickering, crossed and bedarkened with the shades of conflicting theories and unverified hypotheses."

Captain McTaggart is no Materialist, but an Agnostic, with a distinct leaning to one of the many phases of idealistic thought. The present volume does no more, however, than foreshadow the general drift of his conclusions on the subject of Perception, Materialism, and Idealism, without going into those details which are doubtless reserved for the future.

Commencing with an analysis of our ideas of Space and Time, he proceeds to examine the claims of Materialism. The case for the latter is presented with admirable impartiality, and illustrated with a selection of apt quotations which leave no room for confusion of ideas on the part of the reader. Exception may be taken to the apparent inclusion (pp. 30-31) of such men as Clerk, Maxwell, and Leibnitz in the materialistic fold, and a more definite representation of the modern schools of Continental Atheism would have, perhaps, enhanced the value of the discussion. But these are minor points.

To the materialistic doctrine that Matter *plus* Motion constitutes the one basis of the Universe, Captain McTaggart replies (1) that no theories based on the mere phenomena of perception can develop into a pure ontology. We cannot penetrate the veil of appearances, because the nature of our senses bars the way. Matter is not known in any sense except as given in consciousness. Abstract the idea of a percipient, and what remains?—an unknown Noumenon about which it is folly to dogmatise. (2) He rightly points out that:—

"*In the domain of even the phenomenal*—the legitimate sphere of experiment, deduction, and verification—experiments and observations are exceedingly limited by the shortcomings of our faculties. . . . Still, it is constantly found that these provisional and uncertain deductions are exalted to a position of equality with, but of superiority to, the conclusions of reason, based upon other premises, indeed, but of a far higher certainty than the somewhat vague generalities of Matter, Force, and Law." (p. 45.)

The Atomic theory he appears to regard as essentially materialistic, and some considerable portion of space is devoted to a criticism of its validity. We venture to think, however, that a recognition of that hypothesis—cleansed and purified from the contradictions which have grown up around it—is in no way incompatible with a lofty spiritual philosophy of things. Very forcible, on the other hand, is our author's attack on Materialism, on the ground of its hopeless inadequacy to explain the phenomena of our subjective consciousness. In the course of his discussion of this aspect of the problem, he conclusively shows that the customary imputation of Materialism to many of the most eminent scientists, such as Professor Huxley, is totally without justification.

Chapter II. is devoted to a consideration of Idealism, which in its pure form the gallant Captain seeks to show, is absurdly untenable. While Materialism resolves all things into phenomena of Matter, Idealism only admits the reality of the Ego, and regards all apparent "objects" as its mental states. Both these positions are equally open to objection; a transfigured realism being the safe mean. The "Not Self," if not "demonstrably" (?) existing, is at least a practical necessity of thought, without which the thinker is hopelessly at sea in his attempt to account for phenomena. About the nature of this Unknown Reality underlying the Universe, Captain McTaggart agrees with Mr. Spencer that we can know nothing save that it exists.

In conclusion, we need only say that the metaphysical reader will find no more bracing tonic than in the perusal of this eminently suggestive and uniformly impartial work.

VISIONS.

BY "M. A. (OXON.)"

In his *Introduction* to this little pamphlet, M. A. Oxon strikes the key-note of his Visions. They are "teaching" or "instruction" to those whose wants they meet. In saying this, the author has, perhaps unwittingly, expressed a great fact, *i.e.*, that for each one of us *that is truth* which meets our greatest need—whether moral, intellectual or emotional. As the author seems to feel, it matters very little whether these visions were subjective or objective. They conveyed to him certain moral truths with a directness and vividness which no other method of teaching could have attained. And whether we consider that these "Visions" were the thoughts of the intelligence teaching him impressed and objectivised in the recipient's brain; or whether we think that in these visions the seer beheld objective things—does not in any way alter their value as expressions of subtle truth. In many respects they resemble the visions seen by Swedenborg, and they share with the writings of that wonderful man the same curious personal colouring or shaping of the form in which they are cast, in accordance with the intellectual views and beliefs held by the seer.

The "Visions" are instructive from several points of view. They offer a curious study to the student of psychology, who will trace in them the various elements due to the Seer and to the influences acting upon him. To the man in search of moral light, they will express truths of the inner life, known and recorded in many forms during the past ages of man's life-history. They teach most impressively the cardinal doctrine of that inner life, viz., that man is absolutely his own creator. To the student of practical psychic development, they speak of the difficulties which attend the opening of the psychic senses, of the difficulty of distinguishing between the creation of man's own imagination and the more permanent creations of nature.

There is a pathetic touch here and there, bringing out clearly the difficulties just mentioned. The seer longs for the personal contact of earth and is told "to leave the personal." How long will it be before this, the deepest truth of Theosophy, is in any sense realised even by such seers as M. A. Oxon?

The clinging to personality is so strong that it is felt even in another state of consciousness. How then can it fail to colour and distort the pure truth, which

is and must be absolutely impersonal? But this lesson is one hard to learn, so hard that many lives suffice not even for its comprehension.

The statements on page 21 would seem to show that the visions recorded are those of the Devachanic state. For it said that all the scenery and surroundings, the natural world of that plane in short, are the creations of the particular spirit with whose sphere the seer is in contact. This coincides perfectly with the Theosophic view, and when once this truth is really grasped, Spiritualists will realise how mistaken they have been in attacking a doctrine which is in reality what they have so long been seeking for, and which offers them the logical and philosophic system which they need as a basis for their investigations.

The beauty of the thoughts expressed in the pages of this little book is very striking, and although the author expressly disclaims any literary merit, no one can fail to recognise the ability and truthfulness of expressions which characterise the work. All students will assuredly be grateful to M. A. Oxon for rendering these "Visions" easily accessible.

LES MYSTÈRES DE L'HOROSCOPE.

PAR ELY-STAR.

Preface by Camille Flammarion and a Letter from Josephin Peladan. Paris, Dentu, Editeur.

This book is mainly based on a work by P. Christian, "Le petit homme rouge des Tuileries." It is a combination of astronomical astrology with the keys and numerals of the Tarot, the point of departure being the name, surname and date of birth of the individual whose horoscope is to be cast.

It is a great improvement on the work of Christian in point of clearness and lucidity of exposition and in the convenience of its tables. Especially useful, from a practical point of view, is the table of the numerical values of the letters of the alphabet; though it is to be desired that the author should give some authority for these values, a detail which he has unfortunately omitted. He also does away with Christian's practice of translating the names, first of all, into Latin—a great convenience, though how far he is orthodox in so doing, remains a very open question.

The first conclusion to which the student is almost irresistibly impelled is that the "reading" of the horoscope is a matter of intuition and at least semi-clairvoyance. And the second is that a real seer could readily dispense with all such paraphernalia.

Still the book is an interesting and valuable contribution to occult literature, and in particular to the text-books which are of use to students in the training and development of their own faculties.

It is well worth the study of our readers, especially as it relieves one almost entirely from the mathematical calculations demanded by ordinary astrological methods.

"A DREAM OF THE GIRONDE AND OTHER POEMS." *

BY EVELYN PYNE.

The poem by whose name the book before us is christened, is a dramatic rendering of incidents of the "Reign of Terror," grouped around the central heroic figure of Madame Roland. The work is an early effort of Mr. Pyne's, and it is therefore all the more astonishing in its command of poetic thought and musical diction. It is one of those delicate idylls which would lose their reflective charm if represented on the stage; but for all that it has many dramatic incidents in its texture. The scene where the mob bursts into the King's chambers in the Tuileries; the intercession of Raoul with the former victim of his lust, the Amazon Théroigne; the arraignment of the heroine before the Tribunal; and the tender sympathy of Madame Roland for the old man who craves to be permitted to pass before her the ordeal of the guillotine, are all painted in vivid lines. The character of the central figure is instinct with noble, sensitive, liberty-loving life, and some of the finest lines in the drama are put into her mouth; such as, for instance, the following:—

"We seek for happiness instead of truth;
We choose out pleasure, and ignore the right,
Then call life dark: eternity will judge
If darkness be not shadow of ourselves
O'ercasting all—our love—our hope—our life!
Self must be blotted out—a thing of naught—
Forgotten—non-existent, ere we catch
The light which our life holds, but does not hide
From those who truly seek."

And again—

"My faith is sure,
Tho' sav'ring not of dogmas harshly held
By canting priest and persecuting church;
No! the eternal spirit, fetterless,
And boundless in its flight as the wide arch
Of unimaginable space above,
Bearing sun, moon, and stars within our ken
As but an atom in its boundlessness,
Can never be chained down to one alone
Of countless lights in this dark world of ours."

The blank verse in which the body of the drama is written is admirably treated and flowing in its rhythm, and occasionally offers us a dainty little Shakespearian conceit, such as Marie Antoinette's address to Louis:—

"Dear Louis, speak not thus: I would not change
Our danger if I could, so it be 'ours,'
Not 'mine' or 'thine,' but 'ours'—we are alone
When 'mine' or 'thine' comes first, but 'ours' sounds sweet
E'en now—the bitter-sweet they've left to us."

In the shorter poems contained in this book a remarkable ear for music is evinced by the cadence of the varied rhythm. In this respect that entitled "Lost Happiness" is perhaps the most finished, witness:—

"Sweetheart, 'tis the happy spring-time;
Crocus flames are springing bright,
Golden, purple, snowy-chaliced

* Published by Smith, Elder & Co., price 6s. We understand that there remain only a few copies of this volume, and that they are for the most part in the possession of the author, Mr. Evelyn Pyne, The Pines, Bagshot, Surrey, to whom we refer our readers.

In the light
Which the waking sun doth quiver
O'er the throbbing, pulsing earth-veil—
Here with snowdrops and narcissus
Fair and pale,
There with purple glory turning
Violets into lips to kiss us,
And now burning
Into daffodils whose beauty, golden, dewy-eyed and tall,
Seems like shadows of the star-lights gleaming clear thro' heaven's wall;
Ah, my sweetest, like a love-crown thy flower-face peeps thro' them all."

Mr. Pyne's love for nature is written large on every page of this volume; but, more and higher than that, he has thus early shown the poet's intuition which grasps in nature the truths that the philosopher more laboriously unearths. For him all nature is one undivided manifestation of the universal spirit, and we are often forcibly reminded, in reading these lines, of the greatest nature poet, Shelley. The true Theosophic spirit of brotherhood and the earnest purpose which would give up all things in the pursuit of Truth and Wisdom are more visible here than in any of our recent poets. Let us take for example these lines from "Thistle Blossom":—

"'Tis not 'I know;'
But 'I believe;' they *dare* not seek to know;
Alas that this should be! alas! alas!
What hope of happiness when all our life
Is founded on a fancy, not a truth?"

Or again:—

"Oh, true artist, swiftly listen, rise and hear while dewdrops glisten;
Watch the dawning and the waning of each star;
Ope thy fair soul's golden portal, let her hear the song immortal,
Send thy fearless spirit seeking down the far."

And:—

"Heav'n will be realised, and truly known,
When earth is understood—not trodden down,
But raised, and purified, and blossoming!
When human souls have learned the nobleness
Which makes a crime impossible, disease
And misery unknown.

The whole poem, "Thistle-Blossom," is to our mind the finest in this collection, portraying as it does the noble sacrifice of two souls who put behind them selfish thoughts of mutual and exclusive love, and each gives his and her whole life and energies to urging on mankind to higher aims, till kindly death at last unites each with the other in the bosom of Eternity. The last extract for which we have space, and with which we take reluctant leave of these fascinating poems, sums up the purpose of this tale:—

"Not so, oh love; it is not happiness
Which gains life's highest crown; it is not love,
But suffering alone which raises us
Unto the brightness of the mountain peak,
And fair glow of the stars—ah, not in vain
The lesson of thy grand philosophy . . .
. . . . . Oh, love, and can we not
Make our strong faith stand forth in stronger deeds,
And lead the march of triumph on its way?"

On a future occasion we hope to give our readers a few notes upon a later volume of poems by Mr. Pyne, and called "The Poet in May."

THEOSOPHICAL AND MYSTIC PUBLICATIONS

The THEOSOPHIST for the months of February and March 1888 is above its general average of interest and value. In the February number the continuation of the series of articles on "Nature's Finer Forces" is full of valuable information for psychics and practical students of the occult, which would otherwise cost them much study and labour to obtain.

The clue given by the Indian theory of the "Tatwas," or basic qualities in Nature, to the colours and forms seen by so many psychics is very important, and, combined as it is here with explanations as to the effects of different ways of breathing, will come as welcome instruction to many.

The paper on the "Golden Ratio," translated from a German periodical, deals with a subject which has attracted much attention there, and has been handled with masterly skill by at least one writer in that land of students.

Unfortunately, in England it is considered "unpractical," but this is very far from being the case, and students would find it well worth their time and labour to devote more attention to the laws of super-nature which are exemplified in this and other mathematical relations.

An essay on "Sanskrit Literature" contains some suggestive hints, and some rather far-reaching admissions as to the difficulties involved in arriving at the true esoteric sense of the older portion of these works.

The "*Angel Peacock*," a mystical tale which has been appearing in the last few numbers, grows very interesting. Some of our London readers may remember seeing the famous bird — the Melek Taous, the sacred symbol or image of the Yezidis, the much-maligned "Devil-Worshippers"—on exhibition in a certain Indian Art Gallery in Oxford Street. It was this bird—a marvellous work in graven and inlaid steel—which gave the suggestion for the story here worked out, and those who are sensitive to subtle influences will realise, on seeing the original, the veracity of the impression conveyed in the fiction.

Fourteen pages of this number are occupied with a review of the "Kabbalah Unveiled," which has already been noticed in the pages of LUCIFER. Of the present review it can only be said that it is exceedingly to be regretted that it should have ever been published in a Theosophical magazine.

In the March number the articles on the "Sankhya and Yoga Philosophy" and the "Kaivalyanavanita" especially deserve careful perusal.

The former contains, besides a mass of bibliographical information of value to special students, a brief and admirable summary of this philosophy, as well as some very useful hints for practical work. The latter is one of those translations from Eastern works which are of great use to the student of Hindu philosophy.

Besides these, Dr. Pratt continues his series of papers on "Travestied Teachings," under which name he means the various forms of doctrine taught in the Old Testament. He brings forward some very interesting considerations, which, however, raise issues too wide for discussion here. In Madame Blavatsky's new work, the *Secret Doctrine*, now ready for press, much information is given and many new lights are thrown on these questions, which are of so great an interest to men born and bred up in attachment to the Jewish scriptures.

An article on the "Anatomy of the Tantras" is also very suggestive and throws, thanks to the medical knowledge of one of the staff at Adyar, a good deal of light on some obscure points connected with the relations between the psychic and physical organisations of man.

The PATH for February opens with a continuation of Mr. Brehon's papers on the Bhagavat-Gita, the concluding sentence of which is so important that it must be quoted:—This (the only real) system of initiation "is secret, because founded in nature and having only real Hierophants at its head, its privacy cannot be invaded without the real key. And that key, in each degree, is the *aspirant himself*. . . ."

From the Bhagavat-Gita we pass to the *Seeress* of *Prevorst*, a portrait of whom is contained in the number. This

remarkable woman is an extremely curious example of a natural-born seeress, and her life and experiences are very curious and instructive reading.

Jasper Niemand's "Stray Thoughts" are, like everything he writes, full of deep truth and *knowledge*. To quote one, as an example:

"Pain is an effort of Nature to restore its lost harmonies; therefore pain is joy. Joy is the effort of Nature to disturb the proportions of harmony by the exclusive appropriation of a selected note: therefore joy is pain. These together are the second lesson of life. The first is sex, itself a permitted discord whereby true harmony is better conceived."

Compare these lines with the suggestive words in "Through the Gates of Gold"; remembering how well this truth is exemplified in the history of architecture. Ruskin's works are instinct with it, though nowhere is the principle so clearly and tersely formulated. A perfect architecture becomes extravagant and degenerates, through the undue stress laid on some one particular part of its perfection.

Charles Johnston's article on the "Lessons of Karma" is well thought out; but we need much more elucidation of this most important subject from someone who knows, before clear and true conceptions by which to guide life can be formed.

"The Way of the Wind," by J. C. Ver Plank, is well written and full of ideas, and Zadok's "Answers to Queries" are admirable in their brief pointedness.

"Tea-Table Talk" this month is rather more serious than usual, but Julius is evidently a writer of many moods from all of which much is to be profited.

In the March number, the Editor writes a page or two on the past history of the "PATH." His words are bold and noble, and should inspire courage in the hearts of those whom the difficulty of the arduous struggle of life has cast down.

Mr. Brehon concludes his articles on the Bhagavat-Gita, by showing how life itself, "the daily round, the common task," forms the preliminary stage of the "Path," the first initiation into *Knowledge*.

Two articles are especially remarkable in this number. One, "Give us One Fact," signed by Nilakant, and "East and West" from the pen of Jasper Niemand.

It would be well indeed for the Theosophical Society were all its members to "mark, learn and inwardly digest," as the noble old collect has it, what is written in this article.

And Jasper Niemand also brings home to us what we should do well to ponder till it is realised; for either Theosophy is life, and joy, and light in a man's life, or it is worse than useless, a shibboleth, an empty word, an amusement, a thing to be played with, not *lived*.

Were some of the hunters after phenomena and "experiences" to study the records contained every month in "Tea-Table Talk," they would soon find that each day is a regular mine of such occurrences. They would soon perceive in their own constant experience those tangible proofs for which they *profess* themselves to be waiting, and one would hear less of the parrot-cry: "Show us a sign, and we will believe."

Finally we would ask our readers to note that there are 18 Branches of the Theosophical Society now existing in America and 3 or 4 more in course of formation. Why are we so backward here in England? Are we less earnest or less capable of appreciating truth and doing unselfish work for others? Let each answer to his own conscience.

LE LOTUS for February contains a reply by the Abbé Roca to some observations made by one of the Editors of LUCIFER on an article by him of which a summary was given in a recent number of this Magazine. The gist of the Abbé's reply is that his meaning has been misunderstood, and so he says "*et tu quoque*," to her remarks. The readers of the *Lotus* will be able to judge for themselves on the points at issue; at any rate these articles are certainly interesting reading.

The second article is a translation from the German of Karl zu Leiningen's article on the Kabalistic conception of the soul and of death. This is followed by an ingenious and very learned paper by M. Papus on the Legend of Hiram Abiff—one of the great symbols in Free-Masonry.

As a study it is highly interesting, but M. Papus could assuredly—if he only chose—tell us much more of the *real* esotericism of this and other symbols than he has done.

Astral Perception, an article translated from the *Platonist*—an American Journal—is worth reading, though it is only a compilation containing neither new information nor new thought.

The concluding article in this number is an extract from the rare works of Fabre d'Olivet, who wrote at the beginning of this century, and is still remarkable for his intuitive perception of truths and facts which are now becoming well established.

From the concluding pages the follow-

ing extract is amusing enough to bear translation. The famous scientist Moleschott, in a lecture delivered on December 31st, sang the praises of modern civilisation, but above all the rest he glorified—the POSTAL CARD! Thus:—

"It could never have been foreseen that the pile would become the mother of the Postal Card, another mistress of simple and stirring words. Our younger generations know how to make such good use of it, that for some of them it is still too large. In wonderfully few lines they can assure their friends of their affection, produce in them the illusion that for a few moments they have had the pleasure of their presence, have felt their caresses, the touch of their minds. Even the economy of time leaves one leisure to write these short letters, for which time was lacking in the days of Pliny. And the interchange of ideas, as well as the habit of affectionate feeling, have gained therein inestimably.

"So true is it that every application of Science developes the moral power of man."

Ah! qu'en termes galants ces choses-là sont dites!

My brothers, let us adore materialistic science aureoled with post-cards!—concludes the *Lotus*.

The March number opens with a fragment from a new work on which M. Stanislaus de Guaita is at present engaged, and which is to be called "The Serpent of Genesis." It is to be feared that this work will contain along with very much of permanent value some rather fanciful esotericism—to judge by several of the statements made in these extracts.

But—we shall see.

Another translation from the German, an article this time by Dr. Carl du Prel on the scientific aspect of the post-morten state, very interesting, very learned, but neither quite so luminous nor so convincing as might be.

These two articles fill up the March number entirely, leaving space only for a translation of a short article from the *Path* in reply to the question:—What is the Theosophical Society?—and for the usual poetry and notes at the end.

LIGHT is becoming more philosophical, and, consequently, more interesting. Séance phenomena are apt to grow monotonous from their resemblance to each other, and perpetual columns of such records are a pain and a weariness to the flesh of the reader, whatever the performance of such feats may be to the "spirits," who do them.

Read in this aspect, the comments are instructive which it makes on a séance held by Dr. J. Rhodes Buchanan with a medium called Watkins, at which the "spirit" of the late Professor Carpenter is alleged to have communicated with the discoverer of Psychometry. "Says Dr. Buchanan to *Professor Wm. B. Carpenter:* In life you would not tolerate such views as mine; how do you now regard my discoveries?"

"When this paper was taken up the response did not come very promptly, and I remarked that I supposed the person questioned would require to exercise some deliberation, to which the reply promptly came: 'So would you if you were here and had to come back and acknowledge your mistake.' The answer was then written on the slate:—

"*Professor*—One is liable to make mistakes as long as one is in the body. I regard it as the grandest thing yet, and so easily understand your new science of which you are the representative. I also come back willingly and acknowledge that I was wrong. It is a very strange feeling—the coming back here in this manner." "WM. B. CARPENTER."

"Strange feeling indeed! A change has come over the spirit of his dream, since the days when Mr. Crookes demolished him, and held him up to inextinguishable laughter. Strange company, too, he found himself in. Beginning with St. John (who seems to have assured Dr. Buchanan that his (Dr. Buchanan's) intellectual work was "the most important ever done on earth"), we have Drs. Gall and Spurzheim, Dr. Rush and Wm. Denton, and then at the tail the remarkable man with his most remarkable communication. Who shall read us this riddle?"

"*We have not yet got down to the real truth on these matters, and perhaps we never shall.* Meantime it is the matter of the message, not the name at its close, that is of the most importance to us. Mr. Watkins is undoubtedly a very excellent medium, and the writings given to Dr. Buchanan are, no doubt, genuine."

When once such a highly intelligent spiritualist as M. A. Oxon, himself a psychic, admits frankly that the communicating "intelligences" of séance rooms are not always what *they call themselves*, a long step has been taken to the reconciliation of modern spiritualism with the philosophy and knowledge of the ancients and with Theosophy as the inheritor of these traditions.

But if the truth is to be found, it must be sought through reason and logic, and nothing must be taken on the *ipse dixit* of this or that influence or intelligence, but all things must be tried in the fire, and tested by comparison with the recorded experience of past generations of men.

CORRESPONDENCE

INTERESTING TO ASTROLOGERS.

ASTROLOGICAL NOTES—No. 5.

To the Editors of LUCIFER.

Morrison writes (Lilly's *Introduction to Astrology*, Bohn's Edition, p. 100): "The most difficult thing in all questions is to judge of time with accuracy." Yet, when achieved, such a verified calculation is one of the most convincing proofs of the truth of Horary Astrology. To figures which merely declare that an event will or will not happen, the objection is always raised that it may have been a mere coincidence; hence it requires a very large number of such figures to demonstrate to the honest sceptic that the *post hoc* is really also *propter hoc*. But that the time of an event should be accurately predicted considerably prior to the event itself, the circumstances of the case being also such that all ordinary means of calculation were impossible, is surely a proof which cannot rationally be gainsaid. That such should be a mere coincidence would be a greater marvel than that Horary Astrology should be true. Furthermore, a prediction devoid of a date, loses half its value; for whether it is a prediction of good of which we wish to avail ourselves to the fullest extent, or of evil which we desire to avert, or, if that be impossible, to minimise, we need to know the time of its predicted fulfilment with, at least, some degree of certainty, in order to regulate our actions accordingly.

There are two methods of judging time in Horary Astrology.

(1.) By noting in the ephemeris when the significators mutually come to an exact aspect, or when one of them comes to an exact aspect with the cusp of any particular house.

(2.) By calculating so many days, weeks, months, or years, according to the position of the significators, whether in angular, succeedent, or cadent houses, and in moveable, fixed, or common signs.

The first method needs no explanation, except this, that it seems only applicable to certain cases, and what those cases are have not yet been fully determined.

The second method, which is the one generally resorted to, would have also been easy of application, had it not been for the extraordinary confusions and contradictions to which astrologers have committed themselves. If the reader will refer to the above-mentioned work of Lilly, and compare what he has written at pp. 84, 93, 94, 100, 104, 105, 117, 118, 121, 131, 153, 191, 217, 239, 250, 263, 291, he will find proof of this.

C. Heydon, in his *New Astrology*, 1786, second edition, pp. 115-6, gives another mode of calculating by signs and houses, and Guido Bonatus (*Astrologers' Guide*, p. 33) a third method.

Morrison was the first to clear up this confusion, and enunciate the true rule; which has been accepted by Simmonite and Raphael. It is as follows:—

Moveable signs in	angles	denote	days.
,,	succeedents	,,	weeks.
,,	cadents	,,	months.
Common signs in	angles	,,	weeks.
,,	succeedents	,	months.
,,	cadents	,,	years.
Fixed signs in	angles	,,	months.
,,	succeedents	,,	years.
,,	cadents	,,	unknown.

He also tells us to regard only the house and sign which contain the *applying* significator; to which I may add, that if they apply to each other by reason of one being retrograde, the swiftest significator must be taken.

And here let me say that no astrologer has, so far as I know, definitely stated whether by a "month" a lunar or calendar month is meant: indeed Lilly (p. 94) seems to imply that he reckoned a calendar month. But this surely must be an error; if days, weeks, and years are to be reckoned as fixed and practically unvarying epochs of time corresponding to definite astronomical cycles; is it rational to calculate months by a purely arbitrary and varying division of time, out of harmony with the lunar cycle? This alone should be sufficient to prove that *lunar* months are to be reckoned, and my experiments have hitherto shown that it is so.

But there is another and most important point which has not yet been elucidated. We find, as a matter of fact, that the event does not always occur at the *exact* time predicted; and the question at once arises, what is the limit of margin to be allowed? If we can allow a possible margin of a single day, why not of a week, month or year? That some margin should be allowed is only reasonable, but, if Astrology is a real science, that margin must be estimated by rule.

Two suggestions have been made.

(1.) Simmonite says, and others agree with him: "Great south latitude prolongs the time; great north latitude often cuts it shorter; if the significators have no latitude, the exact time is made simply by the aspects. Degrees and minutes of latitude, if it be south, should it is said be added to the time, but if north, subtracted from it, but I have not much opinion of this."

This method of rectification does not agree with my own experiments. In the figure given in No. 3, the calculation was for 4 weeks 1 day, and the event occurred 2 days later. But at the time of the question, ☽ the applying significator was in lat. 3° 58′ S and ♂ the other significator in lat. 0° 50′ S. According to the rule of adding the degrees and minutes for South Latitude, 4° 48′ the sum of the two South Latitudes should have been added; and this, as each degree in this figure signified a week, would have prolonged the time to over 8¾ weeks, or more than 4 weeks beyond the actual event.

Furthermore, if we exclude this idea, and take only a less though indefinite prolongation or shortening of the time; even this mode of calculation (which even if true would be uncertain and imperfect) is not in accordance with facts. In the above figure, with a total of 4° 48′ South Latitude, which should have prolonged the time, the event happened only 2 days after the calculated date. But in the figure given in No. 4, ☿ was in lat. 1° 3′ 40″ N and ♅ in lat. 0° 43′ 25″ N, giving a total of 1° 47′ 5″ North Latitude, which should have shortened the time; nevertheless the commencement of the event was 2 days, and its culmination 6 days, after the date shown by the figure.

Raphael (*Horary Astrology*, p. 49) gives another explanation of the fact. "This is a difficult thing to judge exact, unless the planets be on the cusps of houses; for instance, the ☽ in ♈ on the cusp of the 10th denotes days; but if ☽ were in ♈ in the middle of the 10th, it would be longer time, for the time gradually increases from a day on the cusp [of the 10th] to a week on the cusp of the 11th; and from a week on the cusp of the 11th to a month on the cusp of the 12th, that is for moveable signs; and the other signs and houses are to be dealt with in a similar manner according to the locality of the planet." Were this so, it would be almost impossible to judge the large majority of figures, without a most tedious mathematical calculation.

But my experiments have so far contradicted this rule. Thus, in the first of the above figures, ☽ was 13° 22′ 36″ from the cusp of the house in which she was placed; yet the calculation, which extended over 4 weeks, was exact within 2 days. Again, in the next figure, though ☿ was 11° 51′ 15″ distant from the cusp, the calculation, which extended over 12 weeks, was exact within from 2 to 6 days.

So far as my observations have extended, I have found the rule to be this:—*allow a margin of one degree*, so that if a degree in the figure signifies a day, allow one day; if a month, allow a (lunar) month, &c.; but whether this margin is to be allowed *before*, as well as *after* the exact date shown by the figure, I have not yet made sufficient experiments to determine.

Another problem to be solved is whether the above rule of calculating the value in time of a degree by houses and signs is modified if the applying significator is about to leave the house or sign it is in, and so *within orbs of the next house or sign*. In the figure given in No. 4, though the applying significator ☿ was in 29° 36′ 15″ of ♓, and so decidedly within the orbs of the following sign ♈, it made no difference in the calculation; hence I should conclude, from analogy, that the same applies to the houses also.

NEMO.