

LUCIFER.

ON THE WATCH TOWER.

THE most important Theosophical news of the month is the secession from the Theosophical Society of Mr. Judge and all his American adherents. A long historical statement was drawn up to lay before the Boston Convention, and "facts extracted from" this are printed in *The Path* for May. Shortly stated, the contention is that up to 1878 "all alterations of the By-laws were made in regular and formal manner by the Society at New York"—although we are also told, somewhat inconsistently, that about the end of 1875 "members fell away and there was no quorum," and that "a few odd meetings were held until 1878. The minute book was mislaid. Resolutions were made by two or three persons writing them out and declaring them passed." Whichever of these statements is true, it seems that Colonel Olcott and H. P. Blavatsky were in 1878 appointed as a Committee to visit foreign countries and report—to the New York Theosophical Society!—and they have never yet reported. The Theosophical Society elected General Doubleday President *pro tem.*, and "this election of President *pro tem.* was never revoked, nor was the appointment of the Committee." Colonel Olcott was elected under "the original constitution," and that fixed "his term at one year and was never amended." At this point we must take breath, for we suddenly realise, with a gasp of astonishment, that General Doubleday is still the President—in Kâma Loka or elsewhere, which thus seems to become the official headquarters of the Theosophical Society—and that Colonel Olcott and H. P. B. are nothing more than wandering Committeemen, still withholding their somewhat belated report.

Recovering from the shock, and pursuing our investigations, we find that some insolent "body which called itself the 'General Council of the Theosophical Society,' but had no legal existence whatever," had the impudence to issue from Bombay in October, 1879, "what purported to be revised rules of the Theosophical Society." This presumptuous collection of unauthorised persons—including such insignificant items as Colonel Olcott and H. P. B., the defaulting and non-reporting Committeemen—met again in 1880 at Benares, but the meeting, says *The Path* disdainfully, "was merely one held by H. S. Olcott without notice [to New York?] and was irregular." Here it was that "Colonel Olcott worked out the resolution that declared him President for life." "None of the admissions to membership" are in accordance with the original New York By-laws; none of the changes made have been "submitted to the Society in New York and that Society never voted on any of them." There have been Rules and Constitutions and General Councils, but none of them are authorised by the "Society in New York." There are no Rules, no President (save the possible Kâmalokic one), no Council, no members, no Theosophical Society, "no nothing," except—perhaps—the Society in New York, whose members fell away till there was no quorum. The present "so-called 'Theosophical Society'" has no legal connection with the Theosophical Society founded at New York, and being thus unrelated legally to that quorumless and shadowy body, it can have no existence within the three worlds. The only comfort remaining to the disembodied ghosts of the thousands of self-imagined members of the non-existent Society, and to Colonel Olcott, their shadowy and illegal chief, is that he is graciously allowed to retain the "unique and honorary title of President-Founder," by the Theosophical Society of America—an honorary title truly, as he presides over nothing, and is founder of a non-existent organisation.

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Well, Brothers mine all over the world, who imagined yourselves to be members of a world-wide Theosophical organisation, how do you feel after this astonishing proclamation of your nothingness?

Never was heard such a terrible curse.

But really, like the Jackdaw of Rheims,

Nobody seemed one penny the worse.

The whole thing is too funny for words. Here we have all been making Sections, Lodges, members, and we none of us exist. If we had all been blowing soap-bubbles, we should have gained more substantial results.

However, the whole business need not trouble us. It is only a roundabout way of saying that Mr. Judge and his friends repudiate the Theosophical Society, root and branch, all the world over, and to put this beyond dispute they celebrated what Mr. Spencer called "the birth of the real Theosophical Society," and held its "first Annual Convention;" they thus definitely marked themselves off from the Theosophical Society which held its nineteenth Annual Meeting at Adyar, in December, 1894, the Society identified with the two recalcitrant Committeemen, H. S. Olcott and H. P. Blavatsky. It does not seem quite fair for a newborn Society to take the name used for nineteen and a half years by another body, but—

The new Society adopts the seal of the old Society, but rejects the motto! Is it possible that people so devoid of all sense of humour as to remove the motto at the present time can be the countrymen of Bret Harte?

It is not likely that the European Section will follow the American seceders, and proclaim—but can a non-existent body proclaim anything?—that all its members and Lodges are mere empty shades. Over here, at least, everyone understands that the Theosophical Society is and has been a voluntary body, perfectly capable of shaping its own organisation, and varying that organization from time to time as it chose. It will not make itself a laughing-stock by solemnly turning its back on itself, and proclaiming its own non-existence. Those who think they do not exist as members of any Theosophical organisation cannot, of course, assume any of the privileges of existence, as no one "can be and not be" at the same time. We who assert our own existence, will go on as members of the Theosophical Society for which Colonel Olcott has worked for nearly twenty years, and for which H. P. Blavatsky lived and died. One can imagine the astonished indignation with which the lion-

hearted old lady would have heard the astonishing proposition that her beloved Theosophical Society had no existence. But happily she has left plenty behind her to carry her Theosophical Society over into the next century, name, organisation, seal, motto, and all. For these, the Theosophical Society was born in 1875, and they are not going to start fresh in 1895.

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In the last and most astounding of the pseudo-messages promulgated in America, the then American Section was ordered to cut off the rest of the Theosophical Society, which was described in language more vigorous than graceful as "the diseased parts." The limb thereupon performed the unprecedented operation of cutting off the body. As in more ordinary surgical operations, however, the astral limb has remained uninjured, and it is being materialised with great rapidity, so that in a few weeks' time—perhaps ere this is in print—the Theosophical Society will again possess its four Sections, in India, Europe, Australasia and America.

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So the great struggle is over, and the Theosophical Society remains unbroken, intact, and once more at peace within itself. The ship has survived the fiercest storm that has as yet threatened to overwhelm it, and though some well-loved members of its crew have rowed off in a little boat of their own, the ship sails onward steadily, and the storm is hushing itself to sleep, only a few tossing wavelets representing the billows that once threatened to submerge the stately bark.

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Some members are inclined to break away from the Theosophical Society because they have doubts about H. P. B., or because Theosophy has been so much assailed from outside and soiled from within, that they think the name should be dropped while the teachings it covers should be promulgated. But surely the first class should remember that, however much some of us may love and honour H. P. B., there is no obligation on members of the Theosophical Society to regard her as faultless, or to regard her at all, for the matter of that. And the second ought to think whether it is the part of brave men to shrink from defending a noble name merely because it is unpopular; verily, duty calls most loudly when

difficulty is at its height. An Indian friend writes me: "Surely *we* are not going to break up the Theosophical Society and form a new organization of our own. I, for one, will work all my life in the Theosophical Society, if any of the Theosophical Society is left, and on the lines I have hitherto followed. I have never for one moment wavered in my faith in H. P. B., or in my allegiance to the Theosophical Society, and happen what may, my energies shall always be directed towards purifying and elevating this Society, and not towards any new propaganda that may weaken the Theosophical Society. I have had this feeling in me ever since I entered the Theosophical Society, without a break, and I believe it comes from a source far deeper than mere emotion."

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The term "alter Ego" seems to have been a favourite one with H. P. B. for those to whom she was much attached and in whom she had confidence. Thus she used it addressing Mr. W. Q. Judge, and also of Dr. Archibald Keightley, and a letter of hers to myself begins, "My dearest alter Ego." It would of course be foolish to argue that this loving name of hers implied her endorsement of the thoughts and acts of those thus designated by her, and as if to reduce any such claim to absurdity we now find a diametrical contradiction of one of her "alter Egos" by another.

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A persistent attempt is being made by Mr. Judge and his adherents to circulate statements which they hope will injure me under cover of the E. S. T. pledge of secrecy. One of these is the false statement that "I have evidence of my own to prove that Mrs. Besant has now turned from H. P. B. and thinks she was largely a fraud." This is being circulated by Dr. Archibald Keightley, in letters sent to members of the E. S. T. in England. Some of these, indignant at the secret circulation of so false a statement, have sent on his letters to me. I mention this publicly, in the hope of provoking the publication of the "evidence," for love and duty alike prompt me to vindicate the memory of H. P. B. whenever I know it to be attacked, and the circulation of the statement that I regard her as "a fraud," will injure her in the minds of many. Another story is so funny that it deserves publicity. In a letter from Mr. Judge, dated January 24th, 1895, there is a P.S: "As a friend

I would advise you to be careful in statements as to H. P. B.'s ring ; you do not possess it." When I read this, I prepared for the circulation of a new myth, and I have just received a letter from America in which I am told that Mr. Judge, at a meeting of his School, in January last, "made the remarkable statement that by some peculiar means he came into possession of the ring which belonged to H. P. B., and that the one you have is a substitute." The facts as to the ring are very simple. H. P. B. often told me that I was to wear it after her death, in place of the duplicate she had given me in 1889. There were but the two large rings, the one she wore and the duplicate she had made for me, and these two are distinguishable by some very slight differences, only perceptible on close examination. I was absent when H. P. B. left her body, but she told Mrs. Cooper-Oakley that the ring was for me, and after her death it was drawn from her finger and locked up till I reached home, when it was given me, and I put off the duplicate and put on hers. It has never since left me, and I wore it continuously till the summer of 1893, tied on my finger by some threads of silk, because it was too large for me ; in the summer of 1893 I bought a gold ring to fit inside it, and so obviate the necessity of tying it on. The duplicate ring she gave me I gave to Mr. Judge, after he arrived in London in 1891, and this is the one he is showing as H. P. B.'s ring. Such are the simple facts which are apparently being developed into "The myth of the Ring."

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One little service my friends might render me just now—the making my lectures as widely known as possible. For in one, and may be in the two or three London and suburban Lodges which are bitterly hostile to me—outside the metropolitan area no such feeling seems to exist—bills of my lectures are not given publicity. A member of the Croydon Lodge, having accidentally heard of the St. James's Hall course, wrote up for a ticket, and said no notice had been given. Bills were sent to the Lodge, but its officers belong to Mr. Judge's party. I am glad to know that this boycotting policy is not adopted by any of the Lodges that are not administered by his adherents.

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The Headquarters' Staff is now hard at work, preparing for the

press the third volume of *The Secret Doctrine*; the first pages will have gone to the printers ere the present number of LUCIFER is on sale. This is our answer to the attacks made on H. P. B.

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Dr. Heber Newton, a famous New York divine, has made some very interesting remarks in a sermon on the "Resurrection." He argued that all living things were clothed in forms, however fine the matter of the forms might be, and that "the dead" must have bodies of some kind. Further, that these future bodies must exist in germ within the physical bodies of men: there must be, he said,

"Something which holds these bodies which we see and touch in continued identity here, notwithstanding their constant change of material. There is a constant change of material going on in the elements composing our bodies. Every seven years the material of our bodies is completely renewed, and yet there is something which holds this constant flux of matter in perpetual identity of form. That something which stamps this fluent matter with form, and so maintains its identity, must be the finer form, the vital and essential substance of our bodies. . . . This finer form of our bodies, even now and here in the flesh, holds the secret of its future marvellous powers, occasionally transfiguring the outer body from within, and lifting it above the laws which ordinarily enslave the outer body. Its powers burst forth under right conditions, and we have hints as to the nature of that body that shall be. These hints we find in the mystic experiences of men—the occult phenomena, the residuum of which are undoubtedly facts, so far as I can see, after all the allowance is made for fraud and deception. . . . At the touch of death, the outer, fleshly body falls away and the inner, spiritual body is freed for the new life. It may draw around itself from the body which it leaves, or from the spiritual elements in the encompassing ether, the elements for a new and finer material body, or in ways in which we cannot even dream of, the mystery of being 'clothed upon' may accomplish itself."

Theosophists will be interested in seeing how the speculations of Dr. Newton are leading him into touch with facts, although he evidently as yet has no precise knowledge of *post-mortem* states.

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The Theosophical Publishing Society is going to try an experiment in cheap literature; my translation of the *Bhagavad Gītā* is issued as one of the Lotus Leaves Library, in morocco, calf and cloth, uniform with *The Voice of the Silence*. But a cheap edition has also been printed on inferior paper and in paper covers, at sixpence, so as to put this Eastern treasure within the reach of the

poor. It will be interesting to see how far the experiment succeeds. It is very regrettable that the beautiful edition of *Light on the Path*—prepared for this series by the Theosophical Publishing Society under the mistaken idea that they held the copyright—with the comments from LUCIFER, has been prevented from appearing by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trübner and Company. The Theosophical Publishing Society was ready to pay a royalty to the writer, and to make any reasonable arrangement with her later publishers, but the demands of the latter were so excessive as to be prohibitory. In America the book is not copyright, and the authorisation to publish was given by the writer many years ago to a Theosophist there, so our American brethren are better off than we are here, and can procure it; but the sale there does not profit the author, whereas our edition, sold by ourselves all the world over, would have done so. So we are all the worse off, writer, publishers, and would-be readers, for the refusal to the Theosophical Publishing Society, and no one in England can legally reprint the comments in LUCIFER except the Theosophical Publishing Society, as I hold the copyright.

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The Lending Library which has hitherto been at 7, Duke Street is now transferred to Headquarters; books can be sent out to country readers as easily from the one place as from the other, and the pressure on the rather confined space at Duke Street, in consequence of the increasing business, makes the change a matter of great convenience. In addition to this, it will be an advantage to send out books to enquirers from Headquarters, as the sending opens up correspondence and help can thus be given in study to beginners. The terms are as before, twelve months' subscription, 10s.; six months, 6s.; three months, 3s. 6d.; the carriage of the books both ways being paid by the subscriber, who can of course call and change his book if he likes to do so.

ORPHEUS.

I. INTRODUCTION.

FOREWORD.

WHO has not heard the romantic legend of Orpheus and Eurydice? The polished verse of Virgil, in his *Georgics* (iv. 452-527), has immortalised the story, told by "Cærulean Proteus" (*ibid.*, 388). But few know the importance that mythical Orpheus plays in Grecian legends, nor the many arts and sciences attributed to him by fond posterity. Orpheus was the father of the pan-hellenic faith, the great theologer, the man who brought to Greece the sacred rites of secret worship and taught the mysteries of nature and of God. To him the Greeks confessed they owed religion, the arts, the sciences, both sacred and profane; and, therefore, in dealing with the subject I have proposed to myself in this essay, it will be necessary to treat of a theology "which was first mystically and symbolically promulgated by Orpheus, afterwards disseminated enigmatically through images by Pythagoras, and in the last place scientifically unfolded by Plato and his genuine disciples" (T. Taylor's translation of Proclus' *On the Theology of Plato*, Introd., i.); or to use the words of Proclus, the last great master of Neoplatonism, "all the theology of the Greeks comes from Orphic mystagogy," that is to say, initiation into the mysteries (Lobeck, *Aglaophamus*, p. 723). Not only did the learned of the Pagan world ascribe the sacred science to the same source, but also the instructed of the Christian fathers (*ibid.*, p. 466). It must not, however, be supposed that Orpheus was regarded as the 'inventor' of theology, but rather as the transmitter of the science of divine things to the Grecian world, or even as the reformer of an existing cult that, even in the early times before the legendary Trojan era, had already fallen into decay. The well-informed among the ancients recog-

nised a common basis in the inner rites of the then existing religions, and even the least mystical of writers admit a 'common bond of discipline,' as, for instance, Lobeck, who demonstrates that the ideas of the Egyptians, Chaldæans, Orphics and Pythagoreans were derived from a common source (*ibid.*, p. 946).

THE SCOPE OF THE ESSAY.

Seeing, then, that any essay on the legendary personality of Orpheus might legitimately take into its scope the whole theology and mythology of the Greeks, it is evident that the present attempt, which only aims at sketching a rough outline of the subject, will be more exercised in curtailing than in expanding the mass of heterogeneous information that could be gathered together. No human being could do full justice to the task, for even the courage of the most stout-hearted German encyclopædist would quail before the libraries of volumes dealing directly or indirectly with the general subject. Of books dealing directly with Orpheus and the Orphics, however, there is no great number, and of these the only one of my acquaintance that treats the subject with genuine sympathy is the small volume of Thomas Taylor, *The Mystical Hymns of Orpheus*.

For many quotations from classical writers I am indebted to the encyclopædic volumes of Chr. Augustus Lobeck, *Aglaophamus, sive de Theologiæ Mysticæ Græcorum Causis*, but only for the quotations, not for the opinions on them. With regard to the Mysteries themselves, I shall speak but incidentally in this essay, as that all important subject must be left for greater leisure and knowledge than are mine at present.

THE MATERIALS.

At the end of the essay the reader will find a Bibliography, many of the books in which I have searched through with but poor reward; there is, to my knowledge, no other bibliography on the subject, and the present attempt only mentions the most important works. Not, however, that works bearing directly on Orpheus are by any means numerous, as M. de Sales laments in the early years of the century in his *Mémoire*:

"A few texts scattered among the writers of antiquity and of the middle ages, a feeble notice of Fabricius, six pages of Memoirs

of an Academy, the *Epigenes* of Eschenbach, and the *Orpheôs* 'Apana of Gesner—there, in last analysis, you have all the really elementary materials on Orpheus" (*Histoire d'Homère et d'Orphée*, p. 21).

Since then, besides the work of Lobeck, but little of a satisfactory nature has been done; little on the Continent, nothing in England, as may be easily seen by referring to the best classical dictionaries and encyclopædias, the articles in which on this subject are hardly worth the paper on which they are printed.

From antiquity we have no text of a *Life of Orpheus*. M. de Sales says, that if we are to believe Olympiodorus, Herodotus, the father of Grecian history, wrote a *Life of Orpheus*, but that this work could no longer be found at the end of the Alexandrine cycle (*op. cit.*, p. 3). As his authority, he quotes Photius (*Bibliotheca*, cod., 80), but I am unable to find the passage in my copy of Photius (1653). That there were several *Lives* known to the ancients is not improbable, and Constantin Lascaris in the first volume of his *Marmor Taurinensis* (1743), containing a description of a marble in the Turin Museum, supposed to represent the death of Orpheus, adds the Greek text and Latin translation of a MS. which appears to be based upon these missing works. How little was known on the subject during the scholastic period may be gleaned from the fact that the huge *Thesaurus Græcarum Antiquitatum* of Gronovius (1695), consisting of no less than eighty-five volumes, contains nothing on the subject.

In spite of this, the legend of Orpheus, as stated by the writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (9th ed., art. "Orpheus") persisted throughout the middle ages and was finally "transformed into the likeness of a northern fairy tale," and a rich store of materials for working out the tale may be found in the catalogue of the British Museum under "Orpheus."

"In English mediæval literature it appears in three somewhat different versions:—*Sir Orpheo*, a 'Lay of Brittany' printed from the Harleian MS. in Ritson's *Ancient Metrical Romances*, vol. ii; *Orpheo and Heurodis* from the Auchinleck MS. in David Laing's *Select Remains of the Ancient Popular Poetry of Scotland*; and *Kyng Orfew* from the Ashmolean MS. in Halliwell's *Illustrations of Fairy Mythology* (Shakespeare Soc., 1842). The poems bear trace of French influence."

Surely a legend so wide-spread and so persistent must have had a vigorous life to start with, and that this was the case I hope to show in the following pages.

II. THE ORPHIC ORIGINS.

THE MYTHOLOGICAL ORPHEUS.

It would be too tedious to recite here the various glosses of the Orphic legend, or to enter into a critical examination of its history. On the whole the legend has been preserved with sufficient fidelity in the recitals of the poets and the works of mythographers, and the general outlines of it are sketched as follows by P. Decharme in his *Mythologie de la Grèce Antique* (pp. 616 sq.).

Orpheus was son of Œagrus, King of Thrace, and Calliope, one of the Muses. He was the first poet and first inspired singer, and his whole life is the history of the results of divine harmony. Lord of the seven-stringed lyre, all men flocked to hear him, and wild beasts lay peacefully at his feet; trees and stones were not unmoved at the music of his heavenly instrument. The denizens of the unseen world and the princes of Hades rejoiced at the tones of his harp. Companion of the Argonauts in their famous expedition, the good ship Argo glides gently over the peaceful sea at the will of his magic strains; the fearsome moving rocks of the Symplegades, that threatened Argo with destruction, were held motionless; the dragon of Colchis that watched the golden fleece was plunged in sleep profound.

His master was Apollo; Apollo taught him the lyre. Rising in the night he would climb the heights of Pangæus to be the first to greet the glorious god of day.

But great grief was in store for the singer of Apollo. His beloved wife Eurydice, while fleeing from the importunities of Aristæus, was bitten by a serpent hidden in the grass. In vain the desperate husband strove to assuage the pain of his beloved, and the hills of Thrace resounded with his tuneful plaints. . . Eurydice is dead. . . In mad distraction he determines to follow her even to Hades, and there so charms the king of death that Eurydice is permitted to return to earth once more—but on one condition—Orpheus must not look back. And now they had almost recrossed the bounds

of death, when at the very last step, so great is his anxiety to see whether his dear wife is still behind him, that he turns to gaze, and Eurydice is instantly reft from his sight (Virgil, *Geor.*, iv. 499) :

“*ex oculis subito ceu fumus in auras
commixtus tenues, fugit diversa ;*”

“quick from his eyes she fled in every way, like smoke in gentle zephyr disappearing.”

The death of Orpheus is variously recounted. Either he died of grief for the second loss of Eurydice, or was killed by the infuriated Bacchanals, or consumed by the lightning of Zeus for revealing the sacred mysteries to mortals. After his death the Muses collected his torn members and buried them. His head and lyre were carried by the waves to Lesbos.

ORPHEUS, A GENERIC NAME.

Such is the bare outline of the romantic Orphic Legend. That Orpheus ever existed as one particular person is highly improbable ; that Orpheus was the living symbol that marked the birth of theology and science and art in Greece, is in keeping with the general method of mythology, and relieves us from the many absurd hypotheses that historians have devised to reconcile the irreconcilable.

Orpheus was to the Greeks what Veda Vyâsa was to the Hindus, Enoch to the Ethiopians, and Hermes to the Egyptians. He was the great compiler of sacred scriptures ; he invented nothing, he handed on. Orpheus, Veda Vyâsa, Enoch, Hermes and others, are generic names. Veda Vyâsa means the ‘Veda-arranger.’ It is said that the hieroglyphical treatise on the famous Columns of Hermes or Seth, which Josephus affirms were still existing in his time (De Mirville, *Pneumatologie*, iii. 70), was the source of the sacred science of ancient Khem, and that Orpheus, Hesiod, Pythagoras and Plato took therefrom the elements of their theology. There was a number of Hermes, the greatest being called Trismegistus, the “thrice greatest,” because he spoke of the “three greatest” powers that “veiled the one Divinity” (*Chron. Alexand.*, p. 47). We also learn from the MS. of Lascaris (*Mar. Taurin.*, “Prolegg. in Orph.”, p. 98) that there were no less than six Orpheis known to antiquity.

Ficinus (*De Immort. Anim.*, XVII. i. 386) traces what the Hindus call the Guru-paramparâ chain, or succession of teachers, as follows :

“ In things pertaining to theology there were in former times six great teachers expounding similar doctrines. The first was Zoroaster, the chief of the Magi ; the second Hermes Trismegistus, the head of the Egyptian priesthood ; Orpheus succeeded Hermes ; Aglaophamus was initiated into the sacred mysteries of Orpheus ; Pythagoras was initiated into theology by Aglaophamus ; and Plato by Pythagoras. Plato summed up the whole of their wisdom in his Letters.”

THE DERIVATION OF THE NAME.

Although Orpheus is commonly reported to have been a Thracian, there is no certainty in the matter, and this uncertainty has given licence to the most fantastic derivations of his name, put forward by experienced and amateur philologists to bolster up their own pet themes. The name Orpheus is derived from the Egyptian, Hebrew, Phœnician, Assyrian, Arabic, Persian or Sanskrit, according to the taste or inventive faculty of the philological apologist. Professor Max Müller, in order to support the solar myth theory, derives the name from ‘Ribhu’ or ‘Arbhu,’ of the *Rig Veda*, an epithet of Indra ; Indra being said to be one of the names of the Sun (cf. *Comparative Mythology*). The name is also traced to the Alp or Elf of Teutonic folk-lore. Larcher says that Orpheus was an Egyptian ; *or* or *oros* standing for Horus, and *phe* or *pho* in Coptic signifying ‘to engender,’ (*Trad. d’Hérod.*, ii. 266. n.). And no doubt there will be writers who will ‘prove’ that the name Orpheus is from radicals in Chinese, Esquimaux, Maya, or even Volapük ! There is very little that cannot be proved or disproved by such philology.

THE ORPHIC DIALECT.

It is, however, interesting to note that the original Hymns were written in a very ancient dialect. Clavier supposes that it was only after the Homeric poets had accustomed Grecian ears to a smoother tongue that the original dialect of these sacred Hymns was altered (*Hist. des Premiers Temps de la Grèce*, i. 85 ; quoted by Rolle,

Recherches sur le Culte de Bacchus, iii. 21). Jamblichus says that the Hymns were originally written in the Doric dialect (*De Vita Pythag.*, xxxiv.), but Diodorus Siculus (iii. 66) simply uses the word 'archaic' (ἀρχαϊκῶς τῇ τε διαλέκτῃ καὶ τοῖς γράμμασι χρησάμενος). What the particular dialect was, it is difficult to say; the learned among the ancients who busied themselves about such matters, said that the names of the gods and the most sacred things were from the 'language of the gods' (cf. Proclus, *Com. in Polit.*, p. 397; *Com. in Crat.*, p. 38; *Com. in Tim.*, ii. 84; also Gregory Naz., *Or.*, iii. 99, and Maximus Tyrius, vi. 86). This is most clearly set forth by Jamblichus (*De Mysteriis*, vii. 4):

"For it was the gods who taught the sacred nations . . . the whole of their sacred dialect. They who learned the first names concerning the gods, mingled them with their own tongue. . . . and handed them down to us."

PELAGIC, ETRURIAN, OR ÆOLIAN.

Thomas Taylor (*The Mystical Hymns of Orpheus*, p. xli) asserts that the letters referred to in the words of Diodorus Siculus, which I have quoted above, were Pelasgic, and adds in a note, "these letters are the old Etrurian or Eolian, and are perhaps more ancient than the Cadmian or Ionic." The interesting point is that this agrees with the conclusions of a number of writers, among others J. F. Gail (*Recherches sur la Nature du Culte de Bacchus en Grèce*, p. 3), that the poems of Orpheus date back to Pelasgic Greece, to the days of legend, to pre-historic times. Taylor speaks of these letters being Etrurian; if that be so, they may have belonged to the alphabet of that great nation which came from the West, beyond the Pillars of Hercules, and subdued "Africa within the Straits as far as Egypt, and Europe as far as Tyrrhenia (Etruria)," as Plato tells us in the *Critias* (sec. iii). This nation came from the Atlantic Ocean, from an archipelago consisting of an "island larger than Africa and Asia put together" and "many other smaller ones." The Africa and Asia of Solon's time were not of the present dimensions, but consisted of Africa as known to the Egyptians and our present Asia Minor—a sufficiently large territory, however, even at that.

What the language of 'Orpheus' was I must, therefore, leave to more capable philologists than myself.

THE 'FABLE' OF THE ÆOLIANS.

Taylor, however, says that the Pelasgic letters were "the old Etrurian or Eolian," but whether he connects the old Etruscans with the Æolians, or simply puts an alternative, is not clear. In either case it is interesting to refer to the suggestion put forward in the series of articles in the old numbers of *The Theosophist*, entitled "Some Enquiries suggested by 'Esoteric Buddhism'" (see *Five Years of Theosophy*, pp. 209 sq.). These articles speak of the "old" Greeks and Romans as being "remnants of the Atlanteans," and defines the attribute "old" as referring to "the eponymous ancestors (as they are called by Europeans) of the Æolians, Dorians and Ionians." Now this Atlantis of Plato, that may for convenience be called Poseidonis, was submerged some 13,000 years ago, according to the priests of Saïs, but "a number of small islands scattered around Poseidonis had been vacated, in consequence of earthquakes, long before the final catastrophe. . . . Tradition says that one of the small tribes (the Æolians) who had become islanders after emigrating from far northern countries, had to leave their home again for fear of a deluge. . . . Frightened by the frequent earthquakes and the visible approach of the cataclysm, this tribe is said to have filled a flotilla of *arks*, to have sailed from beyond the Pillars of Hercules, and, sailing along the coasts, after several years of travel, to have landed on the shores of the Ægean Sea in the land of Pyrrha (now Thessaly), to which they gave the name of Æolia. . . . All along the coasts of Spain, France, and Italy the Æolians often halted, and the memory of their 'magical feats' still survives among the descendants of the old Massilians, of the tribes of the later Carthago Nova, and the seaports of Etruria and Syracuse." The writer then goes on to enquire what was the language of the Atlantean Æolians (p. 212), and finally speaks of it as a "sacred hieratic or sacerdotal language" (p. 214).

THE RECEDING DATE OF ORPHEUS.

This fabled immigration of the Æolians fits in well with the Orphic Argonautica and opens up a most fruitful field of enquiry

in the pre-historic Hellenic period. Moreover, it pushes back the date of Orpheus and his times many cycles of years and widens out the scope of Pelasgic speculations. Who were these Pelasgians who are said to be the 'autochthones,' when the legendary Inachus, Cecrops, Cadmus, Danaus and Deucalion, are fabled to have led their colonies from Phœnicia and elsewhere into the land of Hellas? If we are to believe Plato, these Pelasgi were the degenerate descendants of a great race that once had its capital in Attica, and was the successful opponent of the Atlantic empire in its palmy days. Of these men, he says (*Critias*, sec. iv), "the names are preserved; though their deeds have become extinct through the death of those that handed them down and the lapse of time." For "the race that survived were a set of unlettered mountaineers, who had heard the *names* only of the (once) ruling people of the land, but very little of their deeds." These names they gave to their children and so handed them down.

CASTE IN THE 'DAYS OF ORPHEUS.'

At the time of the Great War women had equal rights with men (*Critias*, *loc. cit.*).

"The figure and image of the goddess [Athene] shows that at that time both men and women entered in common on the pursuits of war; . . . a proof that all animals that consort together, females as well as males, have a natural ability to pursue in common every suitable virtue."

This once great nation was divided into castes, or tribes (*ἔθνη*), *viz.*, those "engaged in crafts and culture of the soil" (Vaishyas), and the "warrior" caste (*τὸ μάχιμον*), which received nothing from the rest of the citizens but a sufficiency of food and requisites for training. These (Kshatriyas) were set apart by "divine men" (*ὑπ' ἀνδρῶν θείων*) who were the real rulers. In other words the government was that of an adept priesthood (the true Brâhmans).

What was the language of these "divine men"? Who can say? But I fear that I have wandered far in pursuing this interesting clue, and will conclude the present part of my subject by endorsing the words of Münter (*Comment. Antiq.*, p. 42): "it is evident that the language of the gods, according to the view of the ancients, was the

archaic speech of living men." And Arnobius (*Contra Gentes*, iv. 29) tells us that the "gods were once men" (*deos homines fuisse*). And for some similar reason it is that the Hindus call the character in which their ancient sacred books are written, the Deva-nâgarî or "alphabet of the gods."

THE BEGINNINGS OF ORPHIC HISTORY.

From the above it may be easily seen that it is hopeless, in the present state of our information, to attempt to treat the legend of Orpheus from a historical point of view, in the ordinary acceptation of the term. We only approach the historical period when we descend to the times of Homer, though indeed even then we have not entirely reached it. The Stemma, or line of descent, of the Gens Orphica, places ten generations of poets, or schools of poets, between Orpheus and Homer, as may be seen from Charax (apud Sud., *sub voc.*, "Homerus") and Proclus (*Vit. Hom.*, in *Bib. Vet. Lit. et Art.*, i. 8).

HOMER AND HESIOD.

Homer, or the Homeric School, however, does not mention Orpheus by name, but Clemens Alexandrinus (*Strom.*, vi. 738) affirms that he took many things from Orpheus, and Taylor, translating from the Scholia of Proclus on the *Cratylus* of Plato, shows how and why Homer does not venture on the loftier flight of Orpheus, and so also with regard to Hesiod (*Myst. Hymns of Orpheus*, pp. 184, 185). From all of which we gather that the original poems of Orpheus are lost in the night of time.

We are further informed that the substance of these poems was preserved by various translations into the then vernacular; that there were various collections and recensions of them made by various poets, philosophers, and schools.

PHERECYDES.

The first to undertake the task was Pherecydes (*Suidas, sub voc.*). Pherecydes is said to have been the master of Pythagoras, and to have obtained his knowledge from the secret books of the Phœnicians (*Smith's Dict. of Gr. and Rom. Biog. and Mythol., sub voc.*). He is further stated to have been the pupil of the Chaldæans and Egyptians

(Joseph., *c. Apion.*, p. 1034, e.; Cedrenus, i. 94, b.; Theodorus Melitenista, *Proœm. in Astron.*, c. 12). The most important subject he treated of, was the doctrine of metempsychosis and the immortality of the soul (Suidas, and Cicero, *Tusc.*, i. 16), and this he set forth in his great prose work *Theologia*, generally known as the "Seven Adyta" (Ἑπτὰ-μυχος). He is said to have been the first who used prose for such a subject. From all of which it appears that Pherecydes, by his training and knowledge, was a very fit person to undertake so important a task, and it is further an additional proof of the mystical nature of the Orphic Scriptures.

ONOMACRITUS.

Onomacritus is the next known editor of Orpheus in antiquity. His date is given generally as B.C. 520-485, but if we are to believe Clemens Alexandrinus (*Strom.*, i. 332) and Tatian (*Adv. Græc.*, 62), he must be put back as far as B.C. 580. It would be too tedious to recount here the long controversy as to the precise relation of Onomacritus to the Orphic writings. Some have even gone so far as to say that he 'invented' them. We learn, however, that Onomacritus was rather a priest than a poet, who collected all the ancient writings he could in support of the mystic theology of the Greeks. Hence he has always been looked upon as one of the chief leaders of the Orphic theology and the Orphic societies (Smith, *op. cit.*, *sub voc.*). Onomacritus is said to have been instructed by the priests of Delphi (Müller, *Prolegg. Mythol.*, p. 309), and Pausanius (viii. 37) states that he was the 'founder' of Dionysian rites. But there is nothing very certain in all this, and the controversy can be infinitely prolonged. Other editors are mentioned, such as Brontius, Cercops, Zopyrus, Prodicus, Theognetus, and Persinus (Lobeck, *op. cit.*, 347 and 350), but of these nothing of importance is known.

THE PYTHAGOREANS AND NEOPYTHAGOREANS.

M. Fréret (*Mém. de l'Acad.*, xxiii. 261) states that after the dispersal of the Pythagorean School in Magna Græcia, at the end of the sixth century B.C., the surviving disciples attached themselves to the Orphic Communities. The School of Pythagoras had become suspected by the civil power, and those members who survived the persecution, following as they did a peculiar discipline and a life apart

from men, could only find refuge among the adherents of a cult with an inner doctrine, and this they found in the so-called Bacchic Communities. There they could follow out that life of self-discipline and abnegation which Plato calls the 'Orphic Life.' This for a time vitalized the sacred tradition, which was gradually growing fainter and fainter, and in the days of Plato (*De Legg.* ii) fell into much disrepute. Then it was that Plato *intellectualized* it as being the only way to preserve it from further profanation. Thus it is that Plato in Greece did for the theology of Orpheus what Shankarâchârya in India did for the theosophy of the Upanishads. So it continued until the days when the spiritual forces were seething in the chaldron of the first centuries of the Christian era.

THE NEOPLATONISTS.

For it is to the Neoplatonists of these centuries that we owe most of our information as to the inner meanings of the Orphic theology; and, indeed, scepticism enthroned in high places dismisses the whole matter blandly by informing us that this School of Later Platonists not only wrote the interpretation of the Theology, but the original poems themselves! We respectfully bow before the brilliancy of scepticism's imagination, but even were we dazzled by it, would have to admit that the successors of Plotinus were, even so, very wonderful people.

Suidas tells us that about the end of the first century A.D., Charax, priest of Pergamus, wrote a "Synthesis of the Logia of Orpheus, Pythagoras, and Plato" (*συνφωνία Ὀρμείως, Πυθαγόρου καὶ Πλάτωνος περὶ τὰ λόγια*), also that Damascius, the Syrian, the last of the Neoplatonists, who lived at the end of the fifth and the beginning of the sixth century, wrote on the same subject.

Marinus (*Vit. Proc.*, xx) also tells us that the Lycian Proclus, surnamed the Platonic Successor (*Διάδοχος Πλατωνικός*), who was born A.D. 412, so loved these hymns that he had them recited to him in his dying moments. Proclus' master, Syrianus, also, as Suidas relates, composed a "Synthesis of Orpheus, Pythagoras, and Plato." Both master and pupil wrote "Commentaries on the Orphic Theology," and Syrianus also wrote "Readings in Orpheus" (*Ὀρφικαὶ Συναρσῖαι*), but not one of these valuable works, unfortunately, has come down to us (*cf.* Bode, *Orpheus Poetarum Græcorum Antiquis-*

simus, p. 38; Proclus in *Plat. Tim.* 2, Fabric. i. 142; Eschenbach, *Epig. præf.* Ouwaroff, *De Myst. Eleus.*, p. 57).

Hierocles, the Alexandrian, who also lived about the middle of the fifth century, wrote a Synthesis of the Logia (Photius, *Bibl.*, ccxxiv.).

Asclepiades Mendes, an Egyptian theologian, attempted the same task in a work called "Synthesis of all Theologies" (*τῶν θεολογιῶν ἀπασῶν ἢ συμφωνία*, Suidas, *sub voc.* "Heraïscus"; generally known as *τὰ θεολογούμενα*, cf. Suetonius in Aug. c. 94).

Such synthetic treatises were numerous enough in those days, but all have been lost. The efforts to restore the universal traditional wisdom (Pammythosophia) failed, and the work that had been done was destroyed and burned, not without the accompaniment of much cursing. Thus it is that we read the record of the work of some now unknown theosophist Aristocrites, preserved in the following anathema: "I anathematize also the book of Aristocrites, which he calls *Theosophy*, in which he attempts to show that Judaism and Hellenism, and Christianity and Manichæism are one and the same doctrine" (from the "Cursing of the Manichæans," Cotlerius ad *Clement. Recog.*, iv. 544).

Photius also (*Bibl.*, clxx) tells us of an anonymous Constantinopolitan of the seventh century, who made a synthesis of the theosophical teachings of the Greeks, Persians, Thracians, Egyptians, Babylonians, Chaldæans, and Romans, and endeavoured to show their agreement with Christianity; at which Lobeck (*op. cit.*, p. 346) can do no better than sneer.

GENERAL CONCLUSION.

We, therefore, conclude that Orpheus is not a 'historical' personage in the accepted sense of the term; that the tracing of the origins of the Orphic writings, though opening up many interesting questions, is a matter of great difficulty; that, in spite of this, the persistent tradition of the mythical founder of Grecian theology, and the great honour in which Orpheus was held by so many generations and by the highest intellects of antiquity, are all-sufficient proofs that that theology came from a venerable and archaic source; that this source is such as a student of comparative religion and theosophy would naturally expect; and that, therefore, the opinion of

Aristotle that "Orpheus never existed" does not come to us as a shock, but rather as a confirmation of the truth of our contention from the point of view of a careful and critical intellect. We admit the truth of Aristotle's opinion as stated by Cicero (*De Nat. Deorum*, i. 38), though this sentence cannot be traced in the known texts of the famous Stageirite, but limit the phrase "*Orpheum poetam docet Aristoteles numquam fuisse*" to the sense of a historically known poet, such as, for instance, Pindar. In brief, the Orphic Origins are lost in the night of Time.

G. R. S. MEAD.

(*To be continued.*)

IN every age of the world's history man has stood between two impulses—one, which, carried him outward by way of the senses, and sought in the external world the realisation of a material ideal; the other, which drew him inwards by way of the mind, and sought to discover in the deepest recesses of his own being the realisation of a spiritual ideal. The first too often landed him in the mire of sensual luxury; the other too often carried him into the fogs of blinding superstition. At the end of the nineteenth century, man stands at this ever-recurring point of choice, and the nations jostle each other in the pursuit of material wealth. But there stands as ever, waiting till they turn to her, the radiant figure of "The Divine Wisdom," bearing in her hands knowledge as the basis of religion, truth that may be verified as to the unseen. Of old in India she was named Brahma Vidyâ, in Greece Theosophy; she unites in herself Religion, Philosophy, Science, and the nation that shall choose her will live.

THE PURPOSE OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

IN the world outside our Society, and even within its ranks, one not infrequently encounters the feeling, either tacit or outspoken, that the concrete actuality of the Theosophical Society, as it is exemplified in the literature associated with its name, in the words, the life, and the work of its most prominent and influential members, in the studies, the attitude, the work of its various branches, in short, in the whole character which the Theosophical Society presents to an observer, is radically inconsistent with its profession of having no creed, of not being a sect or religious body of any kind, of recognising no "authority," of imposing no beliefs, not even in Re-incarnation, or Karma, or the existence of the Masters. This feeling seems to me not altogether groundless, for it has its root in the fact, which we must all admit, that there is probably not a single one of those actively interested in the Theosophical Society whose whole thought is not profoundly coloured by the principles of the Esoteric Philosophy, whose chief aim is not the making more widely known of its teachings. And again, it is equally obvious that in practice the Theosophical Society would have little *raison d'être* and less vitality, if severed from the teaching of H. P. B., and those who have worked upon the lines she opened up to us. And yet we repudiate, and keep on repudiating all "authority"—whether of persons or books! Then, too, there is no shutting one's eyes to the religious element in much of the work of the Theosophical Society, nor to the fact that most of our members and all our active workers hold very definite beliefs which are undeniably of a religious character. Yet we claim not to be a sect, we insist that the Theosophical Society is not a religious organisation! We claim to have no creed or dogma, yet practically nearly every real worker in the Theosophical Society would admit that, to himself at least, his

whole life and work would be meaningless and dead, were not the existence of the Masters of Wisdom an actual fact.

So strongly have these seeming inconsistencies been felt at times, that more than one earnest member has suggested the remodelling of the present basis of the Theosophical Society, so as to bring it into accordance with the concrete reality of the organisation. But all such suggestions have been uniformly rejected, as it would seem chiefly from a sort of instinct, since those most active in discountenancing these attempts, have been precisely those to whom the above remarks apply with most force. In the following pages an attempt will be made to give articulate expression to this instinct, to show that it springs from an obscure sense of what may be termed the real purpose of the Theosophical Society, and so to help our members to see and understand more clearly what in reality it is which we are striving to accomplish by our work for Theosophy and for the Theosophical Society.

In speeches, in lectures, in pamphlets dealing with the Theosophical Society and its work, as well as in the text of our constitution, it is our first object, Universal Brotherhood, which is most emphasized and insisted upon. So much so, that many a sneer is cast upon us from the public when differences arise in our body, and conflicts spring up in our ranks. Some even of our members feel these sneers to be merited, and think these differences and conflicts are inconsistent with the very nature and purpose of the Theosophical Society. But is this really so? I think not, holding rather that these things are inseparable from the real purpose of our Society, and that their occurrence is only evidence that the Society is fulfilling that purpose, while their absence would demonstrate its complete failure in that essential respect. For what is the first object of the Theosophical Society declared to be? To *be* a Universal Brotherhood? No. To form a Universal Brotherhood, then? No again. It is to form *a nucleus* of such a Brotherhood. Now, what does this mean; and first, what does the term "Universal Brotherhood" itself imply? Surely not a mere body of people calling themselves Brothers, with all the latent and overt divergencies pointed to by the words, "race, caste, sex, colour or creed," merely slurred over and not eradicated? Surely not a mere sentimental association of people who lazily shut their eyes to questions

of moral right and wrong, and prefer to be blandly oblivious of the difference between truth and falsehood? For reality and unity are one with Truth, and the word "Universal" means that the Brotherhood so characterised is that of the Universal, namely, Spirit which is Reality and Truth. And indeed a moment's thought will show us that it is only in the realised spiritual life that these oppositions and divergencies of caste, colour, race, etc., which make Brotherhood a bye-word in our present age, can really be merged and disappear. Hence the Brotherhood, a *nucleus* whereof it is our first object to form, is, and can be, only the Brotherhood of the realised life of the Spirit; in other words, the Great Lodge itself, for only within it can true Universal Brotherhood exist, or be found.

That this is what the Universal Brotherhood spoken of in our first object *really* means, and that what is said above is no mere after-thought or subterfuge resorted to in an effort to escape from the inconsistencies of our actual position, may, I think, be seen from the following considerations.

First, the Theosophical Society, is not, and cannot be, itself the Universal Brotherhood in question, as is obvious from the simple fact that the Theosophical Society is a finite organisation, requiring definite conditions and steps for entrance into its membership; while the very fact of its making a difference between members and non-members would render any claim to *be* a "Universal Brotherhood" a foolish and obvious absurdity.

Nor, even if the Theosophical Society embraced in its membership every living human being, would it *be* that Universal Brotherhood; for unless human nature were changed utterly, and the personalities of men had been completely dissolved, the same strifes, bitterness, and hatreds, would still exist as now, and we should only have substituted the empty name "Universal Brotherhood," for our present word "Humanity."

True it is that unity *is* the central, underlying fact in nature, and that every phase and form of life *is* indissolubly bound together by organic ties which can never be broken. But though this is the fact, yet we do not—any of us—actually realise it in our present consciousness, and unless Universal Brotherhood is to mean no more than an empty truism, the use of that term must imply the actual, fully conscious realisation of the fact.

Thus while Theosophy proclaims this unity, the first object of the Theosophical Society is to form a nucleus of people who actually and conscientiously *realise* that unity—in other words, to lead them onwards and upwards, till they are ready and fit to become part of the Great Lodge of the Masters, in which that unity is manifested and actualised.

This was clearly and unmistakably indicated in the original constitution of the Theosophical Society, according to which the Society comprised Three Sections. The First Section was formed by the "Brothers," that is, by the Great Lodge itself, and Their actual accepted Disciples who had completed the preliminary Path of Purification; the Second Section embraced those members of the Society who had definitely entered upon this preliminary Path of Purification; while the Third contained the general body of members who were still in the stage of preliminary intellectual study. Our present-day Theosophical Society, officially speaking, is really the Third of the above Sections, the two higher ones having long ceased to be officially recognised in our Rules, although they have always continued to exist as part and parcel of our body. Thus when H. P. B. formed the "Esoteric Section" some years ago, she was simply reviving and re-organising what already existed, and had formed part of the Theosophical Society from the very outset. She changed the name of the Esoteric Section to that of the Eastern School in January, 1891, and that body is in full work at the present time.

This, it seems to me, brings us at once to that central point of view from which the real meaning and purpose of the Theosophical Society can be clearly seen, and, so seen, the entire history and development of the Society becomes intelligible, while the apparent inconsistencies and contradictions between theory and practice which we have noticed, at once fall into their natural place and become coherent parts of a living organic conception.

Viewed thus, the purpose of the Theosophical Society as indicated by its first object, may be described as the re-opening of the ancient road, which, through the Lesser Mysteries of Purification, led men by a defined and well-marked Path to the Gate of the Greater Mysteries, through whose portal admittance could be gained to the Masters' Lodge, where truly Universal Brotherhood becomes

realised. Indeed in the early days of our Society, Those whom now we speak of as Masters or Mahâtmâs, were known only as the "Brothers," a title which has always seemed to me most nobly descriptive of the position in Nature which They occupy.

Since the destruction of the last seat of the Mysteries at Arles in about A.D. 400, the very existence of the great spiritual Brotherhood to which the Masters belong had been completely forgotten in the Western world, and the road leading to it, aye, even the preliminary Path preceding the Greater Mysteries, had practically been lost sight of. It had disappeared indeed entirely from view as a definite Path; its finger-posts had been broken down; no map of it remained; no trustworthy description in plain language of its dangers and obstacles, its halting places and stages, was anywhere accessible. Thus the general world of men and women had become practically severed and cut off from the gates of life by a trackless desert, rife with subtle and unknown dangers, across which no foot-marks of those who had gone before remained to point the way, so that the weary pilgrim of life found himself astray therein, with neither guide nor map to direct his steps.

Across this desert leads the Path of Preparation, for it is the region of man's subtle personality, the subjugation and purification of which must precede the entry upon the further Path which leads to the Divine. This is the world of subtle desire, of egotism, vanity, spiritual pride, ambition, love of power, of sensation, of possession—the world of subtle selfishness in its most alluring and insidious forms. Therefore is it so hard to traverse, therefore does ordinary humanity spend æons of time, and shed oceans of bitter tears in its slow, normal, upward evolution through it. Here have failed and sunk to ruin the mighty civilizations of the past; here wanders, ever restless and unsatisfied, the Soul whose aspirations have awakened, goaded by the unquenchable longing for union with the Divine. But with the final destruction of the Mysteries, those who had passed beyond this desert and knew its dangers, who were familiar with the road, and could guide the eager Soul through its illusions and pitfalls, had ceased to be in organized, *physical* contact with the mass of Western mankind. They had withdrawn into the inner sanctuary, whence they could indeed guide those Souls of

men whose growth made it possible, but whence, save here and there, now and again, by the lips of Their Messengers, They could not speak directly to the waking mind of men, could not give to the individual in his waking life that immediate guidance and help which, through these disciples of the Great Lodge, had been given while yet the sacred Institution of the Mysteries was honoured and upheld among men. For in the "Lesser Mysteries" any aspiring Soul might find the well marked road, with finger-posts and helpful guides to point his way onward in the arduous task of purifying, subjugating, and finally dissolving the personality. And this in the physical waking life, accessible at hand. But with the disappearance of the Mysteries from the outer world this ceased, and soon even the memory of the road was almost lost.

So it continued in spite of the efforts of the Messengers from about 400 A.D. till our Theosophical Society was founded in 1875. Then began a renewed effort to reconstruct the old road, to re-establish the old sign-posts, to again open a door for all who earnestly desired to enter, through which they could come in waking life into contact with organised and systematic guidance, finding at hand companions, guides and a map of the road before them.

The purpose of the Theosophical Society was thus from the outset to rebuild this ancient road of the Lesser Mysteries and—if it succeeds—it will have embodied in itself a well-marked road, trusty guides, a clear map which will render it far, far easier for aspiring Souls in generations to come to tread the Path of Purification and traverse the desert of Desire in safety, than has been the case for many a century past.

Now such a road must be built with the lives of its makers; its stones are the hearts of those who have trodden it; its finger-posts are their failures and errors; its pitfalls are shown by the traces of those who have fallen into them. Such is the Law; for the full price must be paid for all we take from Nature, and they who would help others must do so by their own pain.

Therefore did H.P.B., our Architect, the Messenger of the Great Lodge, suffer as few can suffer, and in very deed built up the Society with her own life-blood. And so, too, though in lesser measure, others who have striven to travel by the road she showed;

each building a little, each making plainer the path, or maybe leaving a warning, won from his own experience, of some danger on the way.

In building then a Society, whose purpose it was to form this road, what, let us ask, were the basic conditions which its designer had to comply with?

First the basis of the Society must point the goal to be aimed at. Hence our first object, "to form a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood," etc.

Then he who treads this Path must learn to love Truth above all—living Truth, seen and realised by each for himself in his own heart. Hence our motto; hence, too, the fact that our Society *can* have no "creed," no "dogma," no set of beliefs without frustrating its very purpose. For the essence of a creed or a dogma is that it is imposed on the individual *from without*; it is not that actual, living truth which he feels and recognises as immediately true in his own heart. Thus any set of beliefs, any creeds or dogmas, however true to fact and nature in themselves, when imposed on the Soul from outside are to it of necessity a cramping limitation, an artificial restriction upon its own essential life, which lies in the living individual recognition of truth by itself. So that all such beliefs thrust on it from without are dead to the Soul which does not yet see them as truth for itself. Therefore, they distort, check, and may even prevent its growth—at the least they tend to weaken its grasp on truth by making it pretend to accept as true that which its own vision has not recognised, its own nature has not yet *felt* to be truth.

Hence, in our Society, while we strive to explain, to make clear, to prove to the reason the various teachings of the Esoteric Philosophy, yet we impose them on none. No acceptance of them is asked of any; we put them forward, if perchance some Soul may for itself see in them the light of truth making the mysterious depths of life luminous to its vision. But each must see for himself, each Soul and heart must for itself perceive just so much of the truth which for us lies in these teachings as its own nature enables it to do. For perfect freedom is essential if the Soul shall grow, and the knowledge or perception which springs not from within is sure to fail when the need is greatest.

Again, to traverse safely the illusions of Desire, each must know

and see and assimilate *for himself*, must be his own judge in morals as well as intellect, for he must learn to perceive ever the real essence of all that he encounters by the way, if he would safely reach the end of this Path. Hence our Society can recognise no "authority" of book or person entitled to overbear the inner voice of the heart. Hence, too, no belief in "Masters" can be imposed or required of its members, while yet their existence is implied in the very purpose of the Society.

And so with other points. The purpose of the Society, as thus viewed, involves implicitly the Esoteric Philosophy and all that that implies; yet it equally demands perfect freedom of thought for each and an utter absence of dogma, creed or authority. So, to me at least, are made intelligible those apparent inconsistencies and contradictions adverted to at the beginning of this article. Seen in this light, they cease to be contradictions or inconsistencies, and appear in their true nature as the necessary outcome of the essential purpose of our organisation.

This Path of Purification, of which our Theosophical Society purposes to be the embodiment, leads through subjugation and purification to the ultimate dissolution of the personality by the breaking up and transmutation of the lower nature. Such a process must clearly involve much of struggle and many a failure ere its aim can be accomplished. Just as in a fiery seething crucible wherein the nobler metals are being freed from the impurities which cling to them, the dross and scum gather on the surface to be ultimately thrown aside; so, too, it must needs be with Souls striving to tread this path. And our Society, just in so far as it succeeds in embodying the Lesser Mysteries of Purification, must exhibit in its history similar effects. We must expect to see in it all the turmoil, the seething, the fiery sparks, the sudden outbursts of flame, the dross accumulating on the surface, the throwing outwards of all that belongs to the baser and lower nature in its members. And many will fail altogether, falling victims to their personalities, unable to conquer, unable to pass onwards; most indeed will stumble and fall again and again, for few, very few are they who accomplish this Path in any one life, and many a half-learned lesson of bygone attempts has to be gone through again in this life until its teaching is at last fully assimilated.

Now one of the most striking features in our history is the constant succession of dissensions, quarrels, troubles, failures, disputes of every sort and kind, which have marked in one unbroken succession every phase of our movement, from its birth in 1875 down to the present day. The Society seems a veritable kaleidoscope, so constantly changing has been its appearance, so few among its members have kept their places in its ranks. And yet its work has gone on ever increasing and spreading. Thus we can see that all these changes and upheavals are signs not of death or failure, but that the Theosophical Society is actually, though slowly of course, fulfilling the purpose of its being, and stone by stone building up an edifice in which can again be enshrined the holy institution of the Mysteries. For each one who takes a step onward on this Path builds himself into the road, with each forward step the new and freshly built structure is consolidated and strengthened with these living stones, while still farther ahead labours the scanty band of pioneers, in whose thin ranks ever new gaps appear as one after another faints or falls in his task. But the work itself grows ever, clearer and plainer becomes the road, more numerous the finger-posts, better marked and stronger the warnings of pitfall or danger in the way, more numerous those who tread it, wiser and more experienced the guides who lead them along it.

But again for this the price must be paid, and the years that lie behind us since in 1875 H. P. B. laid our foundation stone, bear witness how heavy it has been. This price has been ridicule, sorrow and suffering, has been incessant storms and struggles, failures, betrayals, mistakes without end, through which we have learned to know this road we are building, and have thus, as it were, embodied it in the living framework of the Theosophical Society. For only as by trial and error, by effort and by pain, we ourselves have broken up our personalities, treading this Path with slow and tottering steps; only as thus we have learned to discriminate the real and true amid the glamour of the false and transitory, only as we have learned endurance, gained confidence born of our own self-knowledge and experience, acquired the fearless courage which springs up when self is renounced, achieved the inner severity of the balanced life, and learned the supreme lesson of devotion—only as we ourselves have thus grown into this Path, only so has our

Society fulfilled its true purpose, and by slow degrees come to embody at least the first and early steps along that Path of Purification which in the Lesser Mysteries once led from the life of desire to the life of service, to the open Portal of that diviner life in whose perfect compassion alone can the Universal Brotherhood of all that lives find its consummated realisation.

BERTRAM KEIGHTLEY.

AN ARIAN MARTYR.

FOR thine own words, O Christ, I die :
 " Greater my Father is than I."
 On bitter writs of sword and flame,
 Of wrath and hate, men forge thy name—
 Yet I worship Thee ;
 And God through thee ; for though He slay,
 The way of death is but the way
 Of life ; as Thou Thyself didst tell,
 And on the cross make visible
 To mankind and me.

The sea of dark and blinding woe
 That human hearts are whelmed below,
 The guilt that sinks them to the clod—
 These are the winepress of our God,
 That He treads for wine ;
 The world His vineyard is indeed,
 The lives of men the grapes that bleed ;
 Crushed, bruised and broken, they afford
 The purple vintage of the Lord,
 And a draught divine.

When all creation felt the smart,
 Was there no pain at God's great heart ?
 Aye, God hath suffered every way—
 He is the sculptor and the clay
 And the stone He cleft.

He only hath the right to give
 Fortune 'neath which man cannot live ;
 It is Himself that bears the blow,
 It is Himself in the world's woe,
 That is God-bereft.

Truly ye know not what ye do
 Who teach, He bids men travel through
 The desert, in the burning drought,
 To work some subtle contrast out,
 In eternal calm,
 'Twixt waste and meadow. 'Tis His life
 That surges in the saddest strife.
 He pours no cup He does not share,
 Not the last anguish of despair,
 Nor the glory-psalm.

My brothers, let us seek to shun
 No drop of the hemlock ! All are one,
 Your lives and mine, and your guilt and mine,
 And all are human, and all divine,
 And we have one goal.
 What ! We have sinned right deeply ? Then
 Let us take heart, begin again ;
 For through the sense-veil coarse and dim
 Not wholly fails to mirror Him
 The most erring soul.

And very gladly would I die
 If one of you could learn thereby
 How life goes deeper than death's strain.
 In truth, you deem yourselves my bane
 Who my life fulfil ;
 And one day we shall meet, and know
 What love lay all our hate below—
 Below our strife and doubt and death,
 A stronger bond, a firmer faith,
 And a vaster will.

What peace there'll be when the worlds win home !
 When the surging sea with stars for foam
 Lies still at last as a windless mere,

And there is no voice, and none to hear
 In the calm of God.
 What rest there'll be when the worlds are dead,
 Their lamps are out and their message said,
 Home at last for the stars and sun,
 The conflict over, the labour done,
 And the journey trod.

Not as the old shall the new worlds be,
 Whose lesson is learned eternally.
 In bitter travail, in sharp distress,
 The stones are hewed for God's palaces,
 Where Himself shall dwell.
 Thrilling with life is every stone,
 Light ineffable, bliss unknown,
 As the temple rises out of them,
 Walls of the New Jerusalem,
 The Lord's citadel.

Stars and creeds are His marble, who
 Fashions to glory all anew.
 All shall alter, but nought shall die,
 Every seed in his husbandry
 Shall bear fruit of gold.
 Ay, look over your mortal bars!
 With the life of the sun and stars
 You are swept to a further goal,
 Past the dream of a finite soul—
 Ever in His hold.

MARY KENDALL.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE HEART.

Learn to discern the real from the false, the ever-fleeting from the ever-lasting. Learn above all to separate Head-learning from Soul-wisdom, the "Eye" from the "Heart" doctrine.—*Voice of the Silence.*

[Under the above title I propose to print a series of papers, consisting chiefly of extracts of letters received from Indian friends. They are not given as being of any "authority," but merely as passages that I have found helpful, and that I wish to share with others. The series commenced in the May number of LUCIFER.—ANNIE BESANT.]

AMONG the many doubts thrown into the mind of the disciple to cause him distress, is the doubt whether physical weakness may be a bar to spiritual progress. The process of assimilation of spiritual nourishment involves no drain upon physical energies, and spiritual progress can go on while the body suffers. It is an entire fallacy, due to lack of knowledge and of balance, to suppose that the torture and starvation of the body make it responsive to *spiritual* experiences. It is by doing that which best serves the purpose of the Holy Ones that steady and real progress is made. When the right time comes for spiritual experiences to be impressed on the brain-consciousness, the body cannot stand in the way. The little difficulty that can be raised by the body can be swept away in a second. It is a delusion that any physical effort can advance spiritual progress by a single step. The way to approach Them is to do that which best furthers Their wish, and this done, nothing else needs to be done.

It seems to me that there is a peculiar sweetness in being resignedly patient, in gladly sacrificing one's own will to the will of Those Who know better and always guide aright. There is no such

thing as personal wish in the life of the Spirit. So the disciple may gladly sacrifice his own personal bliss, while They find occasion to work through him for others. He may sometimes feel as though forsaken when he is alone, but he will always find Them at his side when work has to be done. Periods of night must alternate with those of day, and it is surely well that darkness should come at a time when it affects ourselves alone, even though our personal pain should be thereby intensified. To feel Their presence and influence is indeed the divinest gift imaginable, but even that we should be willing to sacrifice, if by renouncing what we deem the highest and best the final good of the world be made easier of attainment.

Try and realise the beauty of suffering, when suffering only makes one better fitted for work. Surely we can never crave for peace if in strife the world must be helped. Try and feel that though darkness seems to be all round you, yet it is *not* real. If They sometimes veil Themselves in an outer Mâyâ of indifference, it is but to shed Their blessings with greater luxuriance when the season is ripe. Words avail not much when the darkness is overshadowing, yet the disciple should try to keep unshaken his faith in the nearness of the Great Ones, and to feel that though the light is temporarily withdrawn from the mind-consciousness, yet under Their wise and merciful dispensation, it is growing daily within. When the mind again becomes sensitive, it recognises with surprise and joy how the spiritual work has gone on without its having had any consciousness of the details. We know the law. In the spiritual world nights of greater or less horror invariably follow the day, and the wise one, recognising the darkness to be the outcome of a natural law, ceases to fret. We can rest assured that the darkness, in its turn, will lift. Remember always that behind the thickest smoke is ever the light from the Lotus Feet of the great Lords of the earth. Stand firm and never lose faith in Them, and there is then nothing to fear. Trials you may, and indeed must, have, but you will be sure to withstand them. When the darkness that hangs like a pall over the Soul lifts, then we are able to see how really shadowy and illusive it was. Yet this darkness as long as it lasts is real enough to bring ruin to many a noble Soul that has not yet acquired strength enough to endure.

Spiritual life and love are not exhausted by being spent. Expenditure only adds to the store and makes it richer and intenser. Try and be as happy and contented as you can, because in joy is the real spiritual life, and sorrow is but the result of our ignorance and absence of clear vision. So you should resist, as much as you can, the feeling of sadness; it clouds the spiritual atmosphere. And though you cannot entirely stop its coming, yet you should not altogether yield to it. For remember that at the very heart of the universe is Beatitude.

Despair should find no room in the heart of the devoted disciple, for it weakens faith and devotion, and thus furnishes an arena for the Dark Powers to wrestle in. The feeling is a glamour cast by them to torture the disciple, and if possible to reap some advantage for themselves out of the illusion. I have learned from the bitterest experiences that self-reliance is quite unavailing and even deceptive under trials of this nature, and the only way to escape unscathed from these illusions is to devote oneself completely to Them. The reason of this too is plain enough. The force, in order to be effective in its opposition, must be on the same plane as that on which the power to be counteracted plays. Now as these troubles and illusions come not from the self, the self is powerless against them. Proceeding as they do from the Dark Ones, they can only be neutralised by the White Brothers. Therefore it is necessary for safety to surrender ourselves—our separated selves—and to be freed from all Ahankâra.

Knowing as we do that our Society—or for the matter of that, every movement of any consequence—is under the watch and ward of vastly wiser and higher Powers than our little selves, we need not concern ourselves much about the ultimate destiny of the Society, but rest content with doing our duty by it conscientiously and diligently, playing the part assigned to us according to our best light and abilities. Care and solicitude have, no doubt, their own functions in the economy of Nature. In ordinary men they set the brains to work, and even the muscles to motion, and were it not for these the world would not make half the progress it has done on the physical and intellectual planes. But at a certain stage of

human evolution these are replaced by a sense of duty and a love of Truth, and the clearness of vision and impetus to work thus attained can never be furnished by any amount of molecular energy and nervous vigour. Therefore shake off all despondency, and with your Soul turned towards the Fountain of Light work on to that great end for which you are here, your heart embracing all mankind, but perfectly resigned as to the result of your labours. Thus have our Sages taught, thus did Shri Krishna exhort Arjuna on the battlefield, and thus shall we direct our energies.

My own feelings with regard to the sufferings of the world are precisely the same as yours. There is nothing which pains me more than the blind and frantic manner in which a vast majority of our fellow beings pursue the pleasures of the senses, and the utterly blank and erroneous view they take of life. The sight of this ignorance and madness touches my heart much more tenderly than the physical hardships that people undergo. And although Rantideva's noble prayer moved me deeply years ago, with the glimpse that I have since been allowed into the inner nature of things, I regard Buddha's sentiments as wiser and more transcendental. And though I would gladly suffer agony to relieve a disciple of the torture to which he is subjected, yet having regard to the causes as well as the intimate consequences of a disciple's sufferings, my grief for them is not half so intense as it is for the misery of those ignorant wretches who *unintelligently* pay the mere penalty of their past misdeeds.

The functions of intellect are merely comparison and ratiocination; spiritual knowledge is far beyond its scope. You are probably quite surfeited with intellectual subtleties in your present surroundings; but the world is, after all, only a school, a training academy, and no experience, however painful or ridiculous, is without its uses and value to the thoughtful man. The evils that we come across only make us wiser, and the very blunders we make serve us in good stead for the future. So we need not grumble at any lot, however outwardly unenviable.

Karma, as taught in the *Gîtâ* and the *Yoga Vashishtha*, means

acts and volitions proceeding from Vâsanâ, or desire. It is distinctly laid down in those ethical codes that nothing done from a pure sense of duty, nothing prompted by a feeling of "oughtness," so to say, can taint the *moral nature* of the doer, even if he is mistaken in his conception of duty and propriety. The mistake of course has to be expiated by suffering, which must be proportionate to the consequences of the error; but certainly it cannot degrade the character or tarnish the Jivâtmâ.

It is well to use all the events of life as lessons to be turned to advantage, and the pain caused by separation from friends we love may be thus used. What are space and time on the plane of the Spirit? Illusions of the brain, nonentities merely, acquiring a semblance of reality from the impotency of the mind, the involucra which imprison the Jivâtmâ. The suffering merely gives a fresh and more potent impulse to live altogether in the Spirit. Good will come in the end to every one of us out of the pain, and so we must not murmur. Nay, knowing that to disciples nothing of any consequence can happen which is not the will of their Lords, we must look upon every painful incident as a step towards spiritual progress, as a means to that inner development which will enable us to serve Them, and hence Humanity, better.

If we can but serve Them, if through all storms and conflagrations our Souls turn to their Lotus Feet, what matter the pain and the sufferings that these inflict on our transitory wrappings? Let us understand a little of the inner meanings of these sufferings, these vicissitudes of outer circumstances—how so much pain endured means so much bad Karma worked out, so much power of service gained, such a good lesson learned—are not these thoughts sufficient to support us through any amount of these illusory miseries? How sweet it is to suffer when one knows and has faith; how different from the wretchedness of the ignorant, and the sceptic, and the unbeliever. One could almost wish that all the suffering and misery of the world were ours, in order that the rest of our kind might be liberated and be happy. The crucifixion of Jesus Christ symbolises this phase of the disciple's mind. Do you not think so? Only be always firm in faith and devotion, and swerve not from the

sacred path of Truth and Love. This is your part—the rest shall be done for you by the Merciful Lords you serve. You know all this, and if I speak of it, it is only to strengthen you in your knowledge ; for we often forget some of our best lessons, and in times of trouble the duty of a friend is more to remind you of your own sayings than to inculcate new truths. Thus it is that Draupadī often consoled her sage husband Yudhishthira when dire misfortune would for a moment overthrow his usual serenity, and thus Vashishtha himself had to be soothed and comforted when torn with the pangs of his children's death. Truly unspeakable is the Mâyâ side of this world ! how beautiful and romantic on the one hand, and yet how horrible and wretched on the other. Yes, Mâyâ is the mystery of all mysteries, and one who has understood Mâyâ has found his own unity with Brahman—the Supreme Bliss and the Supreme Light.

(To be continued.)

BROTHERHOOD, TRUE AND FALSE.

"Brotherhood" may serve as the slogan of the devil.—J. D. BUCK. November, 1889, *Path*.

Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light.—2 COR. XI. 14.

DR. BUCK'S words have more than once in the history of the world proved themselves to be true, and it is indeed the noblest emotions that may sometimes be put to the basest uses. Good men are more likely to be led astray by subtly perverted virtues than by open vices, for the latter have no attraction for them, while the fair face and sweet voice of the seeming virtue may lure to destruction ere the Siren-claws are seen.

The great ideal of Brotherhood is again endangered by a perversion that makes it serve "as the slogan of the devil," as a shelter to the forces that undermine all union by destroying trust. Sentimentality—the burlesque of feeling—has claimed it for its own, and has degraded it into a cover for evil instead of a strong helper in doing the right and in retrieving the wrong. It may be well then to see what Brotherhood really implies, what qualities its presence connotes.

The ideal Brothers are those great Masters and Teachers, who stand out above the race as Divine Men. Studying their characters we see tenderness and strength combined in perfect balance; they are at once the "Masters of Compassion" and the embodiment of Justice. They manifest as Persons that which Nature manifests impersonally, the all-pervasiveness of Love and the inviolability of Law. And inasmuch as Nature is the Divine Thought in manifestation, and They are the Divine Life embodied, we learn from both that changeless Love and changeless Law are the dual aspects of the ONE, and that they are not incompatible and mutually destructive, but are inseparable constituents in all that is to endure. Closely studied, they are indeed seen to be

only aspects of the ONE, for Love without Law would be short-sighted passion, and Law without Love would be soulless order. Were there no Law, the universe would be a chaos; were there no Love the universe would be a machine. To develop these aspects in the Soul is the work of evolution, and only in their perfect balance is true Brotherhood attained.

In the average man of the world indignation against wrongdoing, against cruelty, lying, injustice, oppression, wickedness of every kind, helps to curb the open manifestation of evil, and holds in check the destructive passions of the less evolved. He has reached the partial conception of Law and of the duty of obedience to it for the common good; but his recognition of it is largely mixed up with personal elements, and his resentment against the wrong-doer is largely due to a fear that the wrong is—or may be in the future—done to himself; the wrong is, as it were, an implied menace to himself, and he guards himself by threat or penalty. In an increasing number of average people, the resentment is becoming more social than personal, each identifying himself more and more with his fellows, and feeling a wrong done to them as he would formerly have felt a wrong done to himself. The passionate indignation felt by many good people against those who inflict injury on the helpless, or who poison the social union with deceit, is a factor in purifying the moral atmosphere, and shows a far healthier condition of mind than an indifferent acquiescence in wrong-doing. The recognition of the duty of obedience to moral obligations and of the wrong committed by outraging them, is a definite stage in progress, and a community in which the duty of such obedience is upheld and in which such wrong is denounced and reprobated, is far nearer to Brotherhood than one in which all forms of wrong are allowed to flourish under the indifferent' complaisance of society.

None the less is this indignation the mark of a partially evolved nature, not yet harmoniously balanced. For as understanding grows, and the selfish instincts are gradually eradicated, the wrong-doer is brought within the circle of comprehension and sympathy, and while his wrong-doing is recognised, he is himself pitied and helped. No indignation is felt against him, for loving pity becomes the deeper and the tenderer the more his deed has outraged

the moral susceptibilities of his fellows ; no man can plunge so deeply into the ocean of evil that Love cannot plunge after him for rescue, and with strong hands upbear him and bring him once again into the sunlight of the upper air. But the very Love that saves will be content that the disregarded Law should assert its changelessness in the suffering of the wrong-doer, for Love wills its brother's helping, not his undoing, and the cruellest wrong that can be done to a Soul is to narcotise it into the sleep of moral indifference that ends in death. Love linked with unwisdom tries to shield the beloved from the working of Law, and so keeps him blind and unprogressed, nursing him for a delayed destruction ; Love that is wise welcomes the salutary working of the Law that purifies by suffering, but stands beside the beloved in the fire of agony, close clasping his hand, strong to bear the flames with him rather than withdraw him from their cleansing pain.

A wrong may be committed in ignorance, or a lie may be told to escape from some dreaded exposure ; what then should the true Brother do as opposed to the false ? The false will yield to the short-sighted sympathy which shrinks from seeing or inflicting pain, and will cover over the wrong—or even deny its existence—encouraging the wrong-doer in his denial, and thus tempting him into a more irretrievable mistake, perhaps to a hopeless ruin. The true will point out the wrong, urge its undoing, refuse to be a party to the falsehood, strive to help his brother to rise after his fall, and gladly stand by him, helping him to retrieve his position. He will not help to heap up future misery by persistence in error, but will joyfully share in the obloquy cast on the wrong-doer, the moment the wrong is repudiated and the face is turned the right way. Thus false Brotherhood impels to destruction by covering the pit-fall with flowers, while the true draws the deluded one towards the rocky path of safety, willing to tread the stones barefoot beside him, but refusing to take one step towards the blossom-strewn but fatal trap.

Passing from generals to details, let us see how the life of Love and Law, the life of Brotherhood, works itself out under different conditions. In the ordinary social life of the individual, Brotherhood will manifest itself by service gladly rendered wherever opportunity occurs, and by thought directed to make channels of service ; while the tongue speaks no word that is not true, it will also speak

no word that pains or wrongs; gentle, courteous, refined, pure, un-malicious, charitable speech will characterise one evolving towards perfect Brotherhood; such a one will ever be a peacemaker, suggesting kindly views, representing overlooked aspects, and smoothing incipient strifes. Such a one also will speak clearly against wrong-doing, and will stand between an oppressor and his victim, a deceiver and his dupe, but yet without anger, guarding the weak from injury, and quietly removing the mask from the face of any vice that may come into his presence, and, masked, might delude the unwary.

If the position of this evolving Brother be one of special responsibility, of head of a household, master of a business, leader of an organisation, in any way a ruler or guide of others, his duties become greater to those over whom his responsibility extends. He is as the elder brother in a family, and has duties to the younger other than those which he owes to his equals or superiors, for he owes to the younger, to those who look up to him, duties of guidance and protection. The head of a household who permits drunkenness, or vice, or waste, to go unrebuked and unchecked, is responsible for the extending harm wrought by the evil deed and the bad example, and by weak permission of the wrong shares in the Karma it generates. The householder is responsible for the good order of his household, and on well-ordered households the prosperity of the community depends. The man who shrinks from enforcing good order, if need be, should not take the position of head of a household, but should embrace a solitary life where no such responsibilities accrue. And so with everyone who occupies a position of influence over others, and to whom others look for guidance; all such become, in their measure, responsible to the Good Law for its administration in the area confided to their care. According to the measure of their power, so is the measure of their responsibility, and they answer to Karma if by their negligence or cowardly avoidance of duty the weak and unwary within the area of their responsibility are deceived or oppressed.

To take an extreme case: a murderer may be brought before a judge; if the judge, when the murderer's guilt is proven, shrinks from pronouncing sentence, and let the murderer loose on society, he fails in his duty and shares the Karma of that murderer's future acts of

violence. Yet must the judge be unbrotherly in pronouncing sentence—perhaps of life-imprisonment—on the criminal? Surely not. The judge remains brotherly if he feel compassion for the wrongdoer; if he feel no trace of wrath, no shadow of personal emotion against him; if he be ready to go to him in his punishment and seek to comfort him and help him to understand. The judge may show brotherhood to society by protecting it, brotherhood to the social criminal by punishing and helping him; aye, by punishing: for even human law in punishing may be the criminal's best friend, by teaching him a lesson necessary for his progress. That it is too often brutalising is because the nature of the punishment is unbrotherly, as is the method of its infliction.

Speaking generally, the discharge of a duty rendered incumbent upon an individual by his position does not involve a lapse of brotherhood even though, in the discharge, he inflict pain on others. But he must be "without attachment," feeling no anger, no personal desire, no motive beyond that of perfectly discharging his duty, no interest in the event.

Nor should the one who may inflict pain in discharge of his duty fail to be ready to render help to the very one whom he may have hurt. For helping another does not imply blindness to the wrong that other may have done. Only a weak love needs to be blind, strong love is open-eyed; and the weak love encourages in wrong-doing by its foolish complaisance, while the strong love saves by its rebuke and helping hand.

Regarding the matter from the standpoint of Brotherhood, what is the duty of the Theosophical Society to the world? The movement is meant for human service, for work in the outer world, and its general reputation is therefore a matter of importance. Its members should feel themselves bound not to bring discredit on the movement by conduct that, in any relation of life, outrages the moral sense of any community in which the Society may be at work. They may rightly guide their conduct by a higher rule of morality than that which surrounds them, but they should not sink below it; and if to any one of them that is right which is absolutely immoral in the view of the surrounding community, such a one should surrender his membership, that he may not, for his own private view, imperil the position of the whole movement in the eyes of those the movement is meant to help.

In small matters, in which no principle is concerned, the brotherly man will accommodate himself to his surroundings to his own inconvenience, realising the proportion of things, and that he ought not to raise prejudice against a great movement by insisting on a private fad. He will yield in trivial matters even to the prejudices of his neighbours, that he may win them in serious ones.

Realising the unimportance of outward things, he will in these render himself unobtrusive, so that when he has to dissent from the community on some matter of principle, his objection may have weight and not be put down to general crankiness and love of singularity. For he will remember that he owes brotherhood to *all* around him, and that he fails in his duty when he alienates anyone by his mere personal whims. Granted that most who would thus be alienated are more or less weak and shallow—else would they not be driven away from the solidly good by the eccentricities of its advocates—yet is any member who thus puts difficulties in the way of the weak failing in his duty to these, who are also his brothers.

Nor will a brotherly man, in teaching the Esoteric Philosophy, disregard the type of the persons he is trying to teach. He will present to them ideals and conceptions they are able to receive, preferring to give a fragment that can be received and assimilated rather than a whole too startling and complicated to do anything but confuse. An ideal, however sublime in itself, which nowhere comes into touch with those it is meant to attract, will only repel and so fail of its purpose altogether. The brotherly teacher adapts himself to his pupils, and seeks to instruct them on lines they can follow, even though those lines may not show the profundity of his own knowledge.

This same spirit of Brotherhood should be shown in the conduct of our Lodges. Those responsible for the Lodge meetings should remember that the public credit of the Society is in their hands, and should carry on their meetings with dignity, with pure and refined language, with the bearing of courteous gentlemen. Especially in the poorer quarters should a Lodge of the Theosophical Society serve as a pattern of courtesy and purity, which should introduce a touch of "sweeter manners" into the hard rough life of the neighbourhood,

For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature and of noble mind.

A little self-restraint and consideration are the natural result of the recognition of Brotherhood.

To form a nucleus of Brotherhood—such is our mission, and to begin our work we must begin in ourselves; the stones must be hewn and polished ere the temple can be built. And in order that we may *be* brotherly, let us form for ourselves a distinct idea of what we mean by Brotherhood, that we may follow the true, not the false, and may grow towards the perfect expression in unity of Law and Love, and not sink into the mire of a diseased sentimentality.

ANNIE BESANT.

EARLY CHRISTIANITY AND ITS TEACHINGS.

(Continued from p. 216.)

II. THE SECRET DOCTRINE.

As much of the evidence to be discussed in this paper and following ones is supplied by Origen, it will be useful to have before us a few facts relating to his life and position in the Christian Church, and especially to the alleged heterodoxy of some of his ideas.

As to his personal character there can be but one opinion. It stands out even in an army of martyrs as a bright example of perfect devotion, which endured persecution and torture bravely and patiently, which sacrificed all pleasures to the great ideal it possessed. He combined with this rare devotion a still rarer power of mind which could grasp the deepest thoughts in Christian and Pagan scriptures and which received freely and without prejudice, from all sources, whatever appealed to it as true. The philosophy of the ancients was not to him a work of the devil, but showed the influence of that spiritual power he perceived as eternally present and eternally active.

The main facts of his life may be briefly stated. Born about A.D. 185, his life was remarkable from infancy, and in youth he studied with an eagerness and power that singled him out from all others. His first recorded writing, at the age of sixteen, is a letter to his father, urging him to let no thought for his family shake him in his trials, but to suffer martyrdom if needs be. The father was put to death and his property confiscated, and so, early in life, as in his later years, Origen had experience of persecution. After his father's death he began giving lessons in literature and then in Christian doctrine, and in his eighteenth year took charge of the Catechetical School of Alexandria. Shortly afterwards he became

official head, and thus, while in his teens, led the most learned section of the Christian Church.

His life was a singular illustration of practical devotion. He lived in severe simplicity, sleeping on the ground, eating little and wearing a single robe. Strange to say, he accepted literally precepts of conduct and asceticism in the Scriptures, while interpreting doctrinal points mystically. He went so far as to take the verse in Matthew xix. 12, literally, and to commit an act which he afterwards regretted and which led to difficulties in the Church, and to the opposition he met with from some of its bishops.

His literary labours were enormous, and after writing his work, *De Principiis*, on the principles of the faith, the Bishop of Alexandria endeavoured to check his influence, the opposition probably having some reference to the fact that Origen was only a layman. He was later on ordained as a presbyter, but owing apparently to his early act and to formal irregularities, he was considered by the Egyptian synod to have unfitted himself for ordination as a priest. The bishops of other churches, however, quite disregarded this decision.

He continued his writing and other work uninterruptedly till late in life, and was invited by various churches to expound to them the doctrines of Christianity and to correct heresies. In the persecution of Decius, A.D. 250, he suffered many tortures, among them the rack, dying two or three years later, owing mainly to the injuries he received.

Turning to the opinion held of him in his own and later times, we may take first the *Panegyric* of Gregory Thaumaturgus, one of his most famous pupils, and an honoured teacher in the Church. These few extracts will illustrate the character of the man:

“It is my purpose to speak of one who has indeed the resemblance and repute of being a man, but who seems, to those who are able to contemplate the greatness of his intellectual calibre, to be endowed with powers nobler and well-nigh divine. . . . But all that pertains to thee is beyond the touch of injury and ridicule, O dear soul; or, much rather let me say, that the divine herein remains ever as it is, unmoved and harmed in nothing by our paltry and unworthy words.”

Gregory minutely describes his methods of training, in which all

phases of learning were included and presents us with an ideal picture of a noble life that is not likely to be forgotten by any reader, for it has the tone of reality and is not a mere formal eulogy.

The same intense admiration is shown in almost all others who wrote of him, some few disagreeing with certain of his ideas, but the majority, and those the most authoritative, agreeing in admiration for his life and teaching.

But at present the question of his orthodoxy is the most important point. Can he be taken as a fair representative of early orthodox faith, or is he a heretic? That certain of his teachings were frequently regarded in much later days as heretical is undoubted, but that is no proof of the views of the earlier Church. The following evidence, a very minute selection from a great body, is worth considering in connection with this.

One of his chief defenders is Eusebius, the greatest of Church historians, to whose learning and industry we are indebted for most of our information as to early Christianity. In this defence he follows out his master Pamphilus, who devoted himself to the writings of Origen, regarding them almost as inspired scriptures. Eusebius made a collection of about a hundred of Origen's letters, which have unfortunately almost all been lost.

One of the most striking illustrations of the standing of Origen is found in the *Philocalia*, a series of extracts, or "Choice thoughts," from Origen, made by Gregory of Nazianzus and Basil the Great.

These two illustrious men regarded Origen as a master worthy of being followed, and this book is of especial interest in showing what can be taken as the general views prevailing at least among the more learned members of the Church. The selections relate, among other things, to the method of interpreting the Scriptures according to mystical keys, and to the impossibility of accepting a literal view of the sacred writings.

In concluding the notes on the character and position of Origen, I cannot do better than give some extracts from the *Ecclesiastical History* of Socrates, one of the fairest and most open-minded of Church writers. Socrates wrote in the earlier portion of the fifth century and gives a singularly unbiassed account of the century preceding his own. His views are orthodox, with a slight leaning towards the Novatian School, which one may almost regard as ultra-orthodoxy, as the

orthodox creed with its orthodox interpretation was held, along with intolerably strict views regarding sinners and backsliders. Socrates, therefore, is not likely to be too lenient to heresy, from any bias given by his own faith. Some of the points here given are of value, not only as regards Origen, but as providing corroboration of the statements in Clement, Origen and others regarding the secret teaching.

He writes in Book III., chap. 5, that at a council held in Alexandria, the substantiality of the Trinity was affirmed, and goes on to say, as giving great authority for the declaration :

“The same thing is everywhere admitted by Origen, but he more particularly explains the mystery in the ninth volume of his *Comments upon Genesis*, where he shows that Adam and Eve were types of Christ and his Church. That holy man Pamphilus, and Eusebius who was surnamed after him (the Church historian), are authorities on this subject not to be condemned ; both these writers in their joint life of Origen, and admirable defence of him in answer to such as were prejudiced against him, prove that he was not the first who made this declaration, but that in doing so he was the mere expositor of the mystical tradition of the Church.”

Here we have the “mystical tradition of the Church,” spoken as quite an accepted idea, and the authority of Pamphilus and Eusebius given. It is impossible to avoid perceiving that in those times the written and published scriptures were regarded as of less importance than this unwritten and secret tradition. This is of course what a Roman Catholic would still proclaim, but if we are to judge from the evidence obtainable, the “mystical tradition” of that time and the strange traditions that have reached us through the “infallible Mother Church,” have but little in common.

In Book VI. Socrates describes the means by which a council at Alexandria was caused to condemn Origen's books, owing to a petty spite on the part of the bishop, and absurd disputes among a body of monks. His picture of the Church at that time is not flattering. He states that Theophilus (a former admirer of Origen), wrote to the bishops of various cities, condemning the books of Origen,

“Forgetting that Athanasius, who preceded him long before, had, in confirmation of his own faith, frequently appealed to the

testimony and authority of Origen's writings, in his orations against the Arians."

In a later chapter Socrates adds :

" Athanasius, the defender of the doctrine of consubstantiality, in his *Discourses against the Arians*, continually cites this author as a witness of his own faith, intervening his words with his own. Thus for instance: 'the most admirable and laborious Origen,' says he, 'by his own testimony confirms our doctrine concerning the Son of God, affirming him to be co-eternal with the Father.' Those, therefore who load Origen with vituperation, overlook the fact that their maledictions fall at the same time on Athanasius, the eulogist of Origen."

Surely if the great apostle of the most stringent orthodoxy (whose name has, for some unknown reason, become attached to the famous damnatory creed) could appeal to Origen as a recognized authority, it cannot be a heresy to regard his opinions as of weight, and his statements of faith as fairly corresponding to the orthodox view.

In concluding this short note on Origen as a man and a writer, it will be well to mention briefly the points on which he may be regarded as heretical, judging from more modern, or perhaps I should say, mediæval standards. These are: (1) The pre-existence of souls, and the doctrine that our present life is the outcome of our past, resulting from the fall of spiritual beings into matter, owing to previous sin. (2) Following on these lines, the pre-existence of the human soul of Jesus, which had, before his birth on earth, been united with the Logos, or Son of God. (3) The general scheme of evolution, in which all beings tend to return to their divine source, having worked out all the results of sin and received due punishment in accordance with their deeds, no punishment being eternal.

There are one or two more doubtful points where argument on both sides could be taken, such as his views on the Trinity, the nature of the human body after the resurrection, and the nature of Christ's body after his rising from the grave. On none of these subjects, however, could he be looked upon as heretical at the present time, when greater freedom of thought is allowed, and the resurrection has become etherealized into a poetical image.

The fact that the early Church relied greatly upon tradition,

transmitted verbally from teacher to pupil, and proceeding in an unbroken line from the apostles and Jesus himself, cannot be denied. Orthodoxy, then, was the teaching that agreed with this tradition, carefully preserved from corruption, as far as this could be done, though naturally destined in time to fade from memory. Thus Origen, in the preface to *De Principiis*, the most speculative of his writings, appeals to this tradition as the test of doctrine :

“ Seeing that there are many who think they hold the opinions of Christ, and yet some of these think differently from their predecessors, yet as the teaching of the Church, transmitted in orderly succession from the apostles and remaining in the churches to the present day, is still preserved, that alone is to be accepted as truth which differs in no respect from ecclesiastical and apostolical tradition.”

The evidence of secret teaching or doctrine to be found in Origen alone would take up considerable space, but the most striking passages from his largest work, *Contra Celsum*, will be given. It must be remembered that Origen was one of the most voluminous writers known in history. The vast majority of his writings are not now in existence, but even the small portion that remains would be more than most writers could accomplish in a lifetime. Of these only a few are to be met with in English translations.

The following passage is from Book I., chap. 7., of the work above mentioned. Celsus had proclaimed the Christian religion to be a secret one, and therefore dangerous, and his charge clearly shows the methods of the Church at that time, but Origen's reply or defence is much more surprising than the charge itself.

“ To speak of the Christian doctrine as a *secret* system is altogether absurd. But that there should be certain doctrines, not made known to the multitude, which are [revealed] after the exoteric ones have been taught, is not a peculiarity of Christianity alone, but also of philosophic systems, in which certain truths are exoteric and others esoteric. Some of the hearers of Pythagoras were content with his *ipse dixit*; while others were taught in secret those doctrines which were not deemed fit to be communicated to profane and insufficiently prepared ears. Moreover, all the mysteries that are celebrated everywhere throughout Greece and barbarous countries, although held in secret, have no discredit thrown upon them, so

that it is in vain that he endeavours to calumniate the secret doctrines of Christianity, seeing he does not correctly understand its nature."

Was there ever a stranger defence given in answer to such a charge? Here is a great champion of the Church defending it from an enemy and endeavouring to answer calumnies, and in reply to one of them, saying it is just like other religions in that respect, and asking why this opponent should single it out for attack on those lines. We thus find that there was a close resemblance between the old mysteries and the Christian faith. They both followed the same methods of work, with their outer and inner doctrines.

We can go further than this. The doctrines themselves are similar. In Book VIII., chap. 48, Origen discusses an assertion made by Celsus, and says:

"Celsus . . . adds, strangely enough, some remarks in which he wishes to show that our doctrines are similar to those delivered by the priests at the celebration of the heathen mysteries. . . . He would have us believe that we and the interpreters of the mysteries equally teach the doctrine of eternal punishment, and that it is a matter for enquiry on which side of the two the truth lies. Now I should say that the truth lies with those who are able to induce their hearers to live as men who are convinced of the truth of what they have heard."

Here, again, instead of denying the assertions of his opponent, which he is evidently unable to do, he takes his stand upon a point not raised. The difference between the Christian religion and the decaying Pagan faith does not lie in the difference of teaching, but in the effect upon the lives of the followers. The one, Origen asserts, is a corrupt thing without true life, the other is a living power which makes itself felt on the character of its followers. This is the real difference; not one of creed, but one of power. It is an apology for all new faiths, a reason for their existence. That reason, as we well know if we search through history, is not that new teaching is brought, but that new life, fresh fire and better thought are aroused in the race. That is the test to be brought to bear upon the old and the new faith, and upon it depends success or failure.

The point raised in the quotation as to the doctrine of eternal punishment may be taken up later on, for, as already stated, Origen

did not accept the doctrine in its literal sense. The following quotation taken from Book V., chap. 15, bears upon this subject. Celsus has been making some ribald jokes on the doctrine as presented in Christianity, and Origen, after carefully expounding his ideas, says :

“ We have thus been under the necessity of referring in obscure terms to questions not fitted to the capacity of simple believers, who require a simpler instruction in words, that we might not appear to leave unrefuted the accusation of Celsus, that ‘ God introduces a fire [which is to destroy the world] as if he were a cook.’ ”

In the nineteenth chapter of the same book, the author discusses the verses in I. Cor. xv., relating to the resurrection, and remarks :

“ And although the apostle wished to conceal the secret meaning of the passage, which was not adapted to the simpler class of believers and to the understanding of the common people, who are led by their faith to enter on a better course of life, he was nevertheless obliged afterwards to say (in order that we might not misapprehend his meaning), after ‘ Let us bear the image of the heavenly,’ these words also : ‘ Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God ; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.’ Then, knowing that there was a secret and mystical meaning in the passage, as was becoming in one who was leaving in his epistles to those who were to come after him words full of significance, he adds the following : ‘ Behold, I tell you a mystery ;’ which is his usual style in introducing matters of a profounder and more mystical nature, and such as is fittingly concealed from the multitude.”

In Book VI., chap. 6, he repeats the ancient tradition referred to previously, showing it to have been widely, if not universally, received.

“ It is related of Jesus . . . that He conversed with His disciples in private, and especially in their secret retreats, concerning the gospel of God ; but the words which He uttered have not been preserved, because it appeared to the Evangelists that they could not be adequately conveyed to the multitude in writing or in speech.”

While it is in the Alexandrian school that we find the esoteric

side of Christianity most marked, the quotations given from other writers show that the idea of a secret doctrine or teaching was not confined to that school, but was a generally acknowledged fact. It is no easy matter to pick from the voluminous writings of the numerous authors the few passages that bear upon the subject, so that, at most, only a very small portion of the actual evidence could be obtained unless a whole lifetime were devoted to research on such lines. The literary activity of the early Christian Fathers is something to be marvelled at. It cannot be said that the quality bears much comparison with the quantity, and hence, with the exception of the more noted authors, the literature is not much studied, and a wearisome work it is to wade through long discourses on the most abstruse points of doctrine which start from nowhere in particular, and return, after travelling along a very tortuous path, to their starting place.

In concluding this portion of the subject, the following quotation from the Epistle of Ignatius to the Trallians will afford some evidence to show that an inner teaching existed continuously from the time of Christ and the apostles for at least a few centuries. Ignatius wrote in apostolic times and therefore, if the epistles be genuine, he affords us information of the condition of the Church immediately after the period in which the various books of the New Testament were written. That we have not the works of Ignatius in a pure form may be granted. At the best they are certainly corrupted, and some may be spurious, but the writings attributed to him undoubtedly belong to a very early period, so that we may regard them as having the authority of age. He writes as follows (*Trallians*, chap. 5):

“Am I not able to write to you of heavenly things? But I fear lest I should harm you, who are yet but babes in Christ (excuse me this care) and lest perchance being not able to receive them, ye should be choked with them. For even I myself, although I am in bonds (orders), yet am not therefore able to understand heavenly things: as the places of the angels and the several companies of them, under their respective princes: things visible and invisible, but in this I am yet a learner.”

Some idea as to the complicated nature of the doctrines may be gathered from this passage. Nothing can be clearer than the fact

that there was from the first a great body of doctrine which required deep and earnest study, of which only a mere outline was popularly known. Though, perhaps, we cannot go so far as to say that such an inner doctrine was universally admitted, the evidence here given is sufficient to show that such was the general belief in the early Church, retiring into obscurity as the Church itself emerged into the full blaze of temporal power.

This is true for the orthodox Catholic Church as well as for the various forms of heresy which frequently claimed sanction for their views by referring to special and secret teachings transmitted from Jesus through some of the apostles. As an instance, we have in Hippolytus' *Refutation of all Heresies* or *Philosophumena* the following record of one of the Gnostic schools of thought and the claims of its founders :

“ Basilides, therefore, and Isidorus, the true son and disciple of Basilides, say that Matthias communicated to them secret discourses, which, being specially instructed, he heard from the Saviour.”

The conception of secret or esoteric teaching played therefore, as important a part in primitive Christianity as in any of the Pagan religions or mysteries.

A. M. GLASS.

(*To be continued.*)

Mr. Sturdy asks us to make the following announcement, which we do with great regret :

“ E. T. Sturdy begs to notify readers of LUCIFER and members of the Theosophical Society generally, that he has resigned his fellowship in the Society, dating from January, 1886, and hereafter will in no way be identified with its organisation.”

The Nineteenth Century for June contains an article from Mrs. Besant in answer to Mr. Gladstone's attack on her, in which she presents a conception of the Atonement based on Theosophical teachings.

A LAY SERMON.

Everyone that doeth ill hateth the light, and cometh not to the light, lest his works should be reprov'd. But he that doeth the truth cometh to the light, that his works may be made manifest, that they have been wrought in God.—
ST. JOHN iii. 20-21.

THE love of the guilty for darkness, and of the innocent for sunlight, is a very familiar phenomenon to students of social science and to criminal lawyers. St. John clearly gives the rationale, saying in substance that the one is safest when the least is known about him, and the other safest when the most. If a man is aware that his deeds will not bear scrutiny and that a chance question or a relentless probe may bring out the very secret he needs to hide, his security is evidently in avoiding every possible inspection. And, on the other hand, he who is conscious that there is nothing whatever in his life or character which all men may not know, is eager for the most thorough examination into accusations against him, very well assured that, the more abundant the search-light through his nature, the more certain that only good will be found and all imputations dispelled.

This very old and well-established principle is often an even better guide to conclusions than is direct evidence. Evidence may be uncertain or confusing or contradictory, but the consciousness of a respondent as disclosed by his policy is most significant. Careful observers very often therefore go first to the action of the attorneys for the defence. If they make fight over every legal technicality—the competency of the Court, the phraseology of the indictment, the informality of process; if they take exception to each insignificant detail and ask discharge because of each petty punctilio; if they are fertile in evasions and expedients and stratagems; if they seek to confuse the issue, or to lead off from the direct question, or to throw dust in the jury's eyes; if, in short, their continued effort is to secure acquittal in every possible way save that of established innocence through exhaustive examination of evidence; these careful observers infer that coming to the light is the one thing to be avoided, and to be avoided because of its superlative danger.

Conversely, of course, prompt response to accusation, ready welcome to all facts which may elucidate the charge, an open door to every pertinent testimony, a thorough co-operation with accusers

in exposing to the sun each constituent in the allegation and the proofs adduced of it, are understood to mean that the accused has nothing to fear from investigation and dreads only a minimising of light.

But sometimes such observers are confronted with another class of defendants. A man is accused of unfair dealing, practices intended to impose on the unwary, methods to which his supposed superior knowledge will give ready acceptance. Brought to bay, he pleads that his accusers are tied to mere conventional notions, are not fitted to judge of motives and ways loftier than the common, have no competency to investigate their superiors. An emancipated soul, he claims, is above vulgar ethics: "let the dead bury their dead," but let him go and preach the gospel of liberty. Something of this is known in early ecclesiastical history. The Antinomians insisted that they were above all law, being justified by grace, and that a soul truly united to God could not be harmed by mere earthly matters like intoxication or adultery. And a modern Antinomian might very well urge that, if this be so, much less need one who "knows the Self" be tainted by exoteric illusions such as forgery or sleight of hand. To call in question would be presumptuous; to pry and investigate and adjudicate, little short of profanation. Anyhow, who is competent to pass on celestial ethics but one who has achieved celestial rank? How can any one but such as "know the Self" know also its privileges and immunities?

Terrestrial moralists may abstain from dogmatising upon the nature of ethics in super-physical realms, even though they may surmise that a region in which fraud was legalised would be less tolerable than one where it was discountenanced. But they are somewhat positive in propositions like these: that if only the possessor of Self-knowledge is qualified to pass upon questions of celestial morals, and if it is impossible for any one (save, perhaps, a German physician) to identify such possessor, ordinary mortals are left powerless before the doings of whoever may choose to claim that prerogative; that, whatever may be the interchangeability of truth and lies on occult planes, the exigencies of human society demand a sharp separation on earth; that the attempt to escape responsibility for "shady" practices by representing them as so effulgent with

spiritual light that only the spiritually illuminated can truly sense them, has so much the appearance of what earth-bound souls call "humbug" that an enormous majority of the human family would probably so consider it, in which case its efficacy would be lost. And to these considerations they sometimes add that the Adept Paul wrote to the Ephesian saints, "Wherefore, putting away falsehood, speak ye truth each one with his neighbour; for we are members one of another," which looks as if occult advance favoured rather honesty than the reverse. And anyhow, if reaching the terrace of enlightenment confers a freedom in morals which on earthly planes is enjoyed on earth only by what are called the "criminal classes," why should there not be explained the rationale of this curious "meeting of extremes"?

The frequenter of Courts and the inspired Apostle are quite at one, then, in their conviction that the guilty shrink from light because they are afraid of it, and the innocent seek it because it guarantees their safety. Ordinary moralists and another Apostle, himself an Initiate, unite in judgment that imposture does not receive immunity by claiming a place in transcendental ethics: indeed, the Apostle elsewhere intimates that those who are full of deceit have been given up to a reprobate mind, which hardly sounds like a commendation of practices against which the criminal law is aimed. It is scarcely conceivable that in an age of newspapers and diffused intelligence Antinomian theories should secure any very large acceptance; and yet so singular are the operations of the human mind when a supposed elevation frees it from customary trammels, and so ingenious are the devices of the Adversary when transforming himself into an angel of light, that this era may never be safe from public claim or private insistence that spiritual attainment empowers to secular bamboozling. That Jeremy Diddler or the Artful Dodger should demand recognition as representative of a really more advanced stage of philosophic and religious culture may seem an almost impossible hypothesis; belief in either as means to the nucleus of a universal brotherhood may seem even more so; and yet observing readers of the daily press, especially that of America, feel no certainty that phenomena as strange may not amaze the intelligent and dismay the religious world. Let us be wary, Brethren, of the beguilements of the time, knowing both the ingenuity of the perpetrators and the respectability of the victims.

ALEX. FULLERTON.

TWO HOUSES.

(Continued from p. 224).

CHAPTER III.

JESSAMY sat in the close, untidy room that represented home to her now. With her adoption of the body of the sickly girl, she had been obliged in a measure to adopt her limitations and methods of thought.

The brain of Jess Arden held the strong colouring of her personality; Jessamy had learnt much in the space of a week, not alone of suffering, coarse speech, and evil deeds, but she had veritably been able to live in the life of another.

Jess's weak health was her weak health; Jess's sensitive nervous system was hers. Liz took the lead naturally, and alternately hectored and petted her sister. It was a new experience for Jessamy Mainwaring; she resented it, she even tried at times to assert herself, but gradually discovered that Jess's idiosyncrasies rendered it more fitting that she should assume the second place.

She thrilled with strange terrors, such as she had never known before; fears that she had mocked as affectation were now hers. She loved animals, horses and dogs more especially, but could not control the nervous dread that the latter animal now inspired in her. Jess Arden's fear of dogs being well known, the amiable inhabitants of Red Cross Court were in the habit of pretending to set them at her when she issued forth, and the cultured intelligence of Miss Mainwaring could not prevent Jess's nerves from quivering with dread.

She slept badly at night, her cough troubled her, and curious coloured gleams of light danced before her aching eyes; they would vary in hue and brilliancy, they would now advance, now retreat; sometimes they would form themselves into geometrical figures, sometimes into what appeared to be Kabalistic characters.

The heaviest cross of the new life was Susan Arden; that witch-like old person was a daily terror, and when Liz was out, which she nearly always was, she was in the habit of venting her evil temper upon her younger granddaughter. She vented it by various methods, varying from virulent scolding to physical violence. She had reared both her granddaughters by these gentle means, but Liz was emancipated; she had made herself to be feared, and assumed the sacred rights of the bread-winner. Being devoid of reverence, she would not scruple to enforce her arguments by her clenched fist or her ten nails, and Susan held discretion to be the better part of valour. Liz was generous, affectionate, strong-minded, and shrewd, and Jessamy grew to regard her as her one plank in a stormy sea. She was haunted by one ever-present fear—the glass ball on the chimney-piece. She had often seen the old woman muttering over the tarot cards, but no clients had visited the dirty room, and Jessamy dreaded their advent. She would be expected to assume the *rôle* of Jess, and she would not do it, though she was beginning to recognise the dead girl's difficulties, and to feel a curious half tender, half contemptuous compassion for those physical weaknesses and shortcomings which held the reflection of the freed soul. She could not help the weakened brain and nerves, but she could help participating in fraud.

The house in which the Ardens lived was let to various lodgers, of varying degrees of poverty. Harsh voices screamed upon the staircase, quarrels were rife, intemperance was a rule proved by few exceptions; the landlady had the slipshod good nature of the lax; there was no beauty, no comfort in the life. The humanity was of a singularly unlovely type. It was a hideous lot for Jessamy Mainwaring, with memory and culture joined to delicate health and weak nerves. Her loneliness was supreme, she shrank away from the inhabitants of the house and they resented it, for Jess had been gentle and good-humoured, and had played with and "minded" their children, when she was well enough to do so.

There was but one spot in the house where she could find quiet; a little window that was at the head of the staircase, and that looked westward. There was one room on that floor; she did not know who lived in it; it was some one who was very quiet, and the door was always shut. Jessamy crouched at the window on the evening

of the tenth day. There was a red sunset, and she watched it listlessly. She had stolen out that day to seek Vasarhély, whom she held to be mysteriously responsible for her misery. She found his house and was met with the intelligence that he had left England, and she sank into the dullness of despair.

She crouched on the floor and watched the sky. Liz was "in work," and was occupied at a laundry as an ironer; she would not return for an hour. Jessamy had grown to feel her presence to be a protection against the old woman. She heard a step upon the stairs, a light step, quick and springing. It drew nearer—nearer yet, it mounted the flight immediately below; it must be that of the owner of the closed room. It stopped abruptly, recommenced more slowly, and heavily; a figure came in sight, reeling dizzily; it was a man's figure, and as it reached the stair-head it lurched forward.

Jessamy sprang up; she laid it down as a general principle, that a male inhabitant of Red Cross Court was not sober.

"Don't," said a voice faintly and thickly. "Don't—I'm not drunk. I'm—," the figure collapsed upon the stairhead and fainted.

Jessamy perceived that the man was ill; womanliness, compassion, the desire to help, stirred in her, and the more so because the voice had been refined and pleasant, a fresh young voice with an agreeable *timbre*. She opened the door of the closed room—a very bare room—no bed, only a mattress in a corner, a chair, a table, an old portmanteau, ink, pens, and MSS.—MSS., everywhere, scribbled in a sprawling hand; neatly written and tied up; a Chatterton's garret, evidently.

There was a water jug in one corner. She carried it out, knelt, and loosened the throat of the man's shirt; quite a young man, with a thin, strongly marked brown face, sensitive lips, and a deeply cloven chin. She splashed the water in his face, and fanned him till he opened his eyes and stared at her.

"Did I faint?" he muttered, "It was running upstairs."

It was hunger, and his face showed it.

"I'm all right," he went on, "I'm much obliged to you. Oh! you're Jess Arden, aren't you?"

"Yes. Come into your room. I'll carry the jug."

Curiosity as to who he might be woke in her, and lent a feeble

zest to her life. He looked at her with a half-puzzled expression; then he entered his room, and she followed and set the jug down.

"Are you sure you are better?"

"Yes—I am well."

He sat down and clutched his pen nervously. Jessamy lingered.

"Do—do—you write?" she said. Again the puzzled look crossed his face.

"Yes," he said bitterly, "I do. More fool I."

"Why?"

"Why do I write? Because I'm a fool. Because I think I've got something to say, and no one wants to hear."

He spoke to himself, rose and took a quick turn to and fro.

"But they shall hear," he cried suddenly, turning his eyes upon her, "So help me God, they shall! I'll make them."

"I didn't mean, why do you write? What do you write?"

He looked surprised.

"Poetry," he said. "Moonshine!"

He laughed again; a laugh that was not good to hear.

"Is this all poetry?"

"Yes. Would you—what an idiot I am!"

"Why?"

"Because I was going to ask whether you cared to hear."

"Oh!—I should—if you will let me."

He sat down, clutched the paper nearest him, and began. He was soon oblivious of the girl's presence, mad with the joy of creating, possessed by a passion that lifted him above the squalid garret, the chilly discomfort, the hunger, the loneliness, the bitter disappointment. At length he stopped. His eyes were dazed, dazzled with excess of light. He dropped the paper and drew his hand across his brow.

"They ought to listen," said Jessamy rapt from her surroundings. "If they do not listen they are deaf—stone deaf."

He started violently.

"You!" he said, "you! Aren't you Liz Arden's sister?"

Jessamy hesitated, then, the spell of the poetry upon her, she answered softly:

"Yes—yes, I am—Liz Arden's sister."

"I never talked to you before."

"I think you must have done so."

"Did you know me?"

"No. I do not even know your name."

"Carol Rowe. I have lived here three months. I came to London to make my fortune; and you see I am on the high road to—what?"

He laughed once more, a laugh sadder than a sob, looked at the scattered papers, suddenly bowed his head on them, and sat there, shuddering from head to foot. Jessamy stole out and closed the door. There are moments when it is good to be alone, with one's pain and one's God, and an eye resting upon our mood is sacrilege.

But, in the ensuing days, Jessamy learned to know more of Carol Rowe, the son of a country farmer, and himself a penniless genius of twenty; he had made the acquaintance of the editor of a certain Radical organ in his country town, and, himself no politician, but fired with the rebellion of youthful unrecognised talent against the powers which be, which, by the nature of things, keep it down, had penned a fiendishly clever satire, directed against the Conservative member, which appeared in the said Radical organ at election time. The Conservative member was the landlord of Rowe senior. Complications ensued, the upshot of which was that Carol Rowe left home and came to London. There, poor, friendless, unknown, he sank into greater and greater poverty, for who was going to step aside from the busy mart to see whether this eager-looking, shabbily dressed lad, who carried parcels, did copying work, did anything that would gain him pens, ink, paper—and bread, was a heaven-born genius, or a conceited scribbler of balderdash?

No one would listen! His father returned the letters which the poet's yearning to deliver his message forced from the starving boy's pride; and Carol Rowe grew so poor, that he lived in a garret in Red Cross Court, and was in arrears for his rent.

Jessamy's sympathy was like a cup of cold water in the desert to Carol, and she exerted more influence over him than she knew; it was the pain and fright in her eyes that made him swear an oath never to call them there again, after the one occasion when rage, bitterness, and misery, had driven him out to seek oblivion by the easy, fatal, soul-destroying method prevalent in Red Cross Court.

One day she went up to his garret with a message from the landlady, and found him sitting idly, his head sunk between his hands. He did not speak when she spoke to him, and she, drawing near, rested her long, thin, tapering fingers on his arm; he looked up, and his eyes were full of tears.

"I can't write," he said brokenly.

"You can't write when you're numbed with cold—and half starved."

"Great God! We're nothing but bodies! There is no soul! There is no God!"

"Oh hush!"

"There is not! I do bad work for lack of a dinner. They'll not listen—and I—I'm weak—I'm broken—I'm done for—I throw up the game!"

"Ah, not yet, Carol—not yet!"

"Not yet? Yes, I do, Jess. There's one work I might do, and I'll not do it."

"What is it?"

"There's a man below who sings at a place they call 'The Mousetrap.' Do you know it?"

"No—I think Liz does."

"Yes. Don't you go there, Jess. He would pay me for verses for him to sing."

"Why don't you write them?"

"Because I can't."

"Can't! You can write anything."

Carol laid his hand over hers—

"Jess, dear," he said. "We're friends, you and I—I never thought to make a friend here. Don't bid me write them, little friend!"

"Tell me."

"That fellow wants something to 'catch on with the public'—to make the people laugh. You know what would make the Mousetrap audience laugh."

"Yes."

"I can't do it, Jess—I could lie—I could rob—I could murder—at least I feel as though I could, to save that in me which God gave—but *that* I can't do. It's the sin against the Holy Ghost—there is no other."

There was a silence.

"Tell me," said Carol. "Shall I go down to 'The Mouse-trap' to-night and sell those verses, or shall I stay here—and starve?"

Jessamy held out her hands, and he took them.

"Stay here," she said.

"I'm glad you said that," said Carol. "There is no forgiveness for that sin—for blasphemy against the God of a man's own soul."

He sat scribbling idly on a piece of paper; she slipped to the ground at his side, and drew up her feet under her; it was Jess Arden's attitude.

"Do you know you puzzle me," said Carol Rowe.

"Why do I puzzle you?"

"Because you are like two people, not one; and the second—it is a miracle to find the second here."

Jessamy did not answer.

"When you think of it," said Carol, musingly, "We are all dual, I suppose. Dual! we're more than dual, we are triple, quadruple, only within—"

"What do you think is within?"

"There is the Holy of Holies, the shrine of the God. There's a meaning, a real deep meaning in the old Jewish myths, that theologians miss."

Jessamy Mainwaring was shocked; Jess Arden was wearied, dull of comprehension. She coughed and closed her eyes.

"Tired, Jess?"

"Yes, very tired."

The voice of Liz, screaming her sister's name, disturbed the pair, and Jessamy rose and departed. Liz had brought in fried fish for supper, and they revelled thereupon.

To Carol, in the ensuing days, came release from his bondage, a letter, an unexpected, bewildering letter, from an unknown patron—an interview, and the young poet departed from Red Cross Court, delirious with joy and hope, and Jessamy was left behind.

Carol, divinely glorified egotist, apparently forgot his slender, grey-eyed girl friend. He promised to write, to return, but he never kept his word, and Jessamy mourned him in silence.

IVY HOOPER.

(To be continued.)

THE NECESSITY OF SPIRITUAL CULTURE.

[*A Paper read before the Young Men's Association, Baroda.*]

(*Concluded from p. 244.*)

It will thus appear that as science is wanting in life, philosophy is wanting in thought, morality in love. It is all a struggle out and out, and he succeeds who under the toughest sinew conceals the most subtle cunning. We do not understand that love which knows no jealousy, creates no rivalry, which settles in calm peacefulness and unity. The love we understand is *mechanical* love, love that can be put out by death, put off by divorce, and measured by civil damages.

Thus we see how science, philosophy, and morals, all centre round the Individual, round the animal; not only in each of these being nothing more than individual opinion, but in setting up the individual, enjoying the greatest liberty and secure of its imaginary rights, as the ideal worth approaching, after all our study, all our observation, all our philosophy. This is an ideal without life, without emotion, without thought, without love. The individual which has been the ground of the compromise between right and liberty is a dead machine ever at strife in the struggle for existence. Our education, our science, our philosophy, are all individualistic, stop at the individual, circle round it, and know no bridge from individual to individual, caste to caste, country to country, nation to nation.

The inductive method has confined us so much to particulars, that we have lost the general in the particular. Science gives us no life, philosophy gives us no thought, morality gives us no love; and we are taught to approach an ideal of material organization, nervous processes, governed by what is called the struggle for existence, leading to survival of what we must call the strongest. The whole spirit of the education based upon these conclusions is purely individualistic, it does not profess to see, and cannot see, beyond matter, beyond nervous processes, and beyond the struggle for existence. Education ignores the emotional moral man, it addresses itself only to the

physical and intellectual man. And further, what it ignores in the man it ignores in the universe, and fails to conceive it as the expression of the highest moral law of equality and love. Even liberty and right, as put to us through this education, are nothing more than physical or intellectual liberty and physical or intellectual right, and the compromise is the terrible struggle for existence. That this education does not promote unity, peace and harmony, does not place before us the highest ideal warranted by facts within the individual and his wants, cannot be doubted after this explanation. That this individualistic education does not generate in us that abstract love of truth, that supreme love of every living thing in nature, that high sense of self-sacrifice, and that exalted ideal of duty, which make man and nations, is proof sufficient to show that while speaking of the necessity of spiritual culture, we cannot meet that necessity with what we have and are having, in and through our present education.

While thus I have tried to show why we must at the present day look beyond education, why scientifically, philosophically, and morally, we are every minute compelled to look *beyond*, I have given you some idea of what I mean to convey under the word spirit. What science calls life and leaves ever unexplained, what philosophy describes as thought and is unable to find in physiological changes, what morality calls love and leaves far behind in ideas of utility, competition and struggle, may roughly be described as the spirit of them all. Spirit is ever uncreate, without beginning, without end, without form, without character, Life, thought, love, are all manifestations of spirit. Spirit, added on to science, philosophy, and morals, confers on each of them a reality which they otherwise can never have, for through spirit we understand every scientific fact as a step in the descent of spirit into matter, in every philosophic explanation we ascend a rung higher on that ladder which leads up to spirit, in every moral act we see a fulfilment of that idea of love which is the first embodiment of spirit. Life instead of being a painful struggle becomes a pleasant journey, the individual, instead of being at war with its environments, finds his happy place within the soothing and nourishing folds of universal love. Even right and liberty assume meanings entirely new. That amelioration of evil or promotion of good which we

look upon as the right, dissolves itself in the idea of so much experience necessary to the individual and the race, in its education to the realization of the All.

Liberty is impossible in any sense other than liberty of spirit, and the controversy between necessity and free-will, which has engaged the minds of philosophers from Thales to Kant, settles into the unmistakable freedom of spirit in the circle of necessity through which it travels to self-realization. We lose the particular in the general, and learn to employ that much misunderstood but time-honoured instrument of logical research, *viz.*, Deduction, in place of the misleading Induction of modern science. From spirit as the All, we can easily descend to every and any particular as so much manifestation of spirit. Spirit is thus the synthesis of all science, all philosophy, all morals; it is the All.

So far, gentlemen, it is only as a *hypothesis* that I put to you the idea of spirit. It is a hypothesis that would better explain science, better assure philosophy, better sustain morality. But I would now show you, if I can, by direct, positive proof that this assumption need not at all be a hypothesis. I would at the beginning request your attention to the names of Aristotle, Plato, Berkeley, Spinoza, Kant, Hegel, Schopenhauer, and many thinkers of ancient and modern note, not to mention Buddha, Shankara, Krishna, Christ, Mahomed, Zoroaster, Confucius, and all religious thinkers of every age of the world, who have asserted and proved the existence of spirit in this sense of the word. But apart from this testimony, let us examine a few of the facts of our experience and consciousness. In all our thoughts, all our acts, all our experiences, there is an underlying thread of consciousness which holds the variety of thoughts and things in one common yet sufficiently distinct whole, and enables every being to mark off, in time past as well as present, so much of experience as "*mine.*" This *Ego*, the "I" that binds all facts of consciousness, all thoughts, all feelings, all acts of the will, is something which no science can explain. It was, I think, Descartes who said "I think, therefore I am" (*cogito, ergo sum*); and this "I" has from the beginning been relied upon, as the most undeniable fact of our being. You must empty this "I" of all facts, all differences, all things, and what will yet remain as a unit of simple consciousness is identical with that which we

call spirit in nature, spirit the necessary complement of science, philosophy and morals.

Phenomena presuppose causation, a consequent and an antecedent. Antecedent and consequent imply time, and the very idea of existence presumed in all these thoughts implies space. But for the ideas of time, space, causality, no phenomenon, no experience, is possible. These three are as it were the modes through which our consciousness or spirit proceeds to experience, goes out to things and the world of phenomena. Phenomena cease to exist when spirit realises itself in everything. The universe is a phenomenon of spirit; the spirit that works in the universe and the individual is identical, is one. Without taking you into the fruitful though difficult modes of idealistic thinking, I would content myself with having brought you to understand the simple truth that the facts of consciousness warrant as much the idea of spirit, as the phenomena of the universe, or the conclusions of science and philosophy, force upon us the idea in its universal form. And it is this idea, that received a name at the hand of every religious or metaphysical thinker all the world over, whether as the Demiurgos or Brahman, whether as Ain or the Tao, whether as idea or apperception, whether as spirit or mind, whether as thought or transcendental essence.

But spirit, I must warn you, is not that which we thus approach through the intellect. Spirit alone can *know* spirit, heart can read heart. Every ancient philosopher places it in the heart, and the Upanishads continually tell you to seek for it not in books, not from teachers, not through the intellect, but only in and through the heart. The heart is the seat of emotion and love as we all know; and love is the nearest expression of the heart. Plato understood and taught this so clearly that the love he identified with spirit has received the title of Platonic Love. I refer to this expression as the easiest explanation of what I mean by love. We love nothing so much as our own self, and when we enlarge this idea of self into the whole, we understand the ideal of love and spirit, realise the true sense of duty and self-realisation. Realisation of the universe as spirit through love is the proper realisation of the All; for in that ideal, reason unites with love to produce peace, justice, and unity. "Know thyself" is a precept as old as Socrates, and the Upanishads

declare this knowledge to consist in knowing love of every self as one's own self. This done, you realise the meaning of the text, "Thou art That." Heart-culture is a theme vast and interesting, but the time at my disposal forbids me from pursuing it further than referring to the absence of heart-culture or spiritual culture in all our present-day science, morality and education.

The drying-up of the sources of the spiritual watering our daily life and experience received here in India is due to the scorching influence of the West. And we who are still living under the dead forms of spirit, so to speak, may well understand the force of these remarks if we stop to examine a few of our Eastern ideals and modes of life and education. Let us, for instance, see how education was here conducted in ancient times. There were schools, but no classes, no examinations, no competitions, and yet you find the best scholars, the best writers, the best statesmen, the world has ever produced. Even the course of studies led naturally to the spiritual ideal which every being was expected to approach and realise in its life. If you begin the study of grammar, for instance, you will necessarily come to that part of it which, dealing with the relation between names and things, will take you into logic or Nyâya. The study of logic must lead the student to the question of truth and evidence, which finds an answer in the first Mîmânsâ. The moral issues involved in logical evidence force upon you the Sâkhya and Yoga systems of life. And the world-conception, the moral ideal, found in these and the first Mîmânsâ lead naturally to the Advaita, the true ideal of spirit. Even if you read rhetoric, or medicine, or any work of technical art, you will find the treatise begin and end with enunciating and establishing the connection of that science or art with the highest science and the highest art, the ideal of spirit. All study thus pointed to the spiritual philosophy as its source, guide and aim.

Many of you have studied Sanskrit, have learnt Vyâkarana and Nyâya and Vedânta, but how many of you have been conscious of the link between each and each, the chain that leads from one to another, till it loses itself in the Advaita? And yet you feel quite unconcerned at having lost the old methods of teaching, you feel very comfortable with your labour rendered easy in manuals and abstracts of Sanskrit grammar and Sanskrit philosophy. Even the

ancient teaching partook largely of the spiritual. The teacher taught every one according to his capability, created no sense of competition among his pupils, and brought his pupils always to love one another as brethren of the same family. The grace of the Guru was the diploma of graduation, and the man was free to go into the world and practically realise the truth of what he had learnt. Apart from any particular skill he may have acquired, his moral and spiritual culture, commenced under the teacher, was henceforth continued under the woman in ties of love and marriage. Everything he did had religion, realisation of self, recognition of the All, as its end and aim, and from the smallest thing to the greatest, in all experience whatever, he was but learning to widen the meaning and deepen the personal realisation of that love which was to ripen into universal love, described generally as renunciation (*sannyâsa*), to bring out clearly the idea of such love as above all condition, all circumstance, all matter, and all thought.

To take another instance, even the institution of government had the same object in view, nay, the noble institution of Varna, now degenerated into the dead bondage of caste, was conceived in the same spirit. It was the duty of government, which was truly paternal in the literal sense of the word, to see that every community and every individual did his best by himself and by the ideal he followed; it was the duty of every Varna to see that all the members carried out the ideal they represented. The centre of this system was not the individual, not the inductive fact, but the aggregation of individuals called family, the deductive universal called spirit. They had no idea of the struggle for existence, for, the centre of the system being aggregation, every idea of struggle was foreign to the conception.

We have lost these ideals, we do not understand our ancient institutions, customs, manners; and under the influence of Western ideals we are slowly learning to depreciate and abuse all that is ours. But the results of modern science and education, the positive philosophy of lifeless, mindless, soulless Agnosticism, the morality of strife and struggle, has, in our search after a better understanding of life, better fulfilment of duty, better acquittal of ourselves as a nation, led us back to the ideals we are taught to look down upon as ignorance and superstition, has brought us back to the necessity

of that spiritual culture which is visibly embodied in our ancient religion and literature, institutions and customs.

Before, however, asserting the claims of ancient Indian wisdom to spiritual culture, justice requires us to consider some of the modern attempts at what is popularly called Reform. That the necessity for a better conception of life, a better understanding of our place and duty, than that assured us by the existing state of things has been realised since the days of Rammohan Roy, is proof of the dissatisfaction we express at the ideals at present offered us through education. I do not mean to say that the Brahmo Samâj was at all a movement back from the ideal of the West ; I only mean to assert that the high sense of life and duty ingrained in our very nature never allows us to be satisfied with anything not guaranteed as genuine by our consciousness. And in this native turn of mind lies perhaps the true principle of all reform whatever. That reform which rudely breaks away from the instincts of a nation never takes root, and ends in failure. You can never force development or growth ; it is a slow process, and the living germs available in the soil are always the best help to future harvest.

Though I do not mean to disparage it, I think the Brahmo Samâj was a reform of this kind ; it was totally *re*-form, it aimed at re-constructing ancient tradition by destroying it, and planting a new graft on the soil. It is largely a combination of clerical Christianity and Hinduism, and it did not largely agree with the innate tendencies of the people. Swâmi Dayânand sounded the note of retreat—a noble, exalted, venerable return to the ideals of the Veda, from the misleading, disagreeable ideal of Christian religion and Christian science. He succeeded in breaking the charm of Western enlightenment, but, so far as I can judge, he appears to have overridden his hobby of looking for everything in the Veda, and in finding, in his zeal to satisfy modern enquiries, some mechanical explanation of every ancient institution.

The Theosophical Society, much maligned for phenomena and humbug, has, in my opinion, awakened us to a sense of the spiritual greatness that belongs to us, to the treasures of spiritual lore concealed in our books and literature, to the spiritual aim in all our institutions and customs. Last, but not least, the National Congress is awakening us to a sense of public responsibility, and I have every

hope that there is a bright future before it, if it only enlists in its behalf the services of that spiritual revival which alone can promote love of truth, strengthen the duty of self-sacrifice, and lead to unity and action. These attempts at regeneration point pretty distinctly to spiritual culture, to the past of our country bright with the results of that culture. When, therefore, education, science, philosophy and morals point to spiritual culture as the only salvation of thought and life, when all reforms lead us back to the spiritual ideals of our country, and when, above all, reason and the facts of our consciousness bear out the immense importance and enormous fruitfulness of the spiritual ideal, I make bold to assert that there is every necessity of spiritual culture at the present day, and that the future of man, society, government, science, and philosophy is closely bound up with the development of spiritual culture, with the realisation of the ideal of spirit.

I shall now conclude by answering a doubt which, I am sure, has been continually cropping up in the mind of many a hearer in this hall. Will not spiritual culture lead to fatalistic indolence and undermine the working energy of individuals and nations? Will not subordination of the individual slacken some of the springs of great action? A writer in the *Review of Reviews* laid, a few months back, all responsibility for the downfall of India to spiritual culture. I hold that these opinions come from want of correct understanding. The distinction I have made, at the beginning, between culture and education is sufficient to suggest an easy explanation. If culture means *to be* what we *profess*, how can culture of spirit prevent men from being what they profess? When the whole universe is the visible embodiment of spirit, when every atom partakes of the life of spirit, and when every experience is an advance of spirit to self-realisation, it is impossible that any man of real spiritual culture can ever find the realisation of his ideal in indolence, slothfulness, irresponsible fatalism. Spirit is ever free, and he who circumscribes his ideal with any limit whatever, knows not the freedom of spirit, the beauty of spiritual life and culture.

The causes of our downfall do not lie in excess of spiritual culture but rather in the want of it. We lost touch with all that was admirable, venerable, lovable, in the ideals of the Veda, the Upanishads, the Smritis, the Itihâsas and the Purânas; nay, we lost

sight of the deep meaning underlying every rite and custom ; and losing the only mother who can keep these things tenderly fresh in our heart and memory, the living Sanskrit language, we learned to despise ourselves, to distrust ourselves, and thus lost also the land we called our own. No slavery more degrading, no curse more withering, can ever be inflicted upon a nation than teaching it to be irreverent to its glorious past. Intellect understands intellect, spirit can understand spirit ; and the spirit having been lost, we lost everything bound up with spirit. It is vain therefore to think of such frivolous objections to the ideal of spirit. It never teaches indolence ; it promotes activity, it orders work. Look there at Arjuna desponding on the field of Kurukshetra, indulging in those arguments of right and wrong which intellect addresses to intellect, and virtually making up his mind to waive all idea of fight with his relatives and friends. The divine teacher, Shri Krishna, explains to him the ideal of spiritual life and exhorts Arjuna to do his duty by himself without doing or enjoying the act. Says Krishna : " He who relates himself not with the act as doer, nor with the result as sufferer, lays by no store of *karma*, nor *does* the act, though he should destroy all the three worlds at one stroke." And Arjuna, too, bowing down in reverence, declares himself cured of all doubt, and ready to do his Master's bidding. The rest is too well-known to you ; but the moral is plain that spiritual culture cannot lead to indolence or want of the sense of responsible duty. Luxury, sweet indolence, effeminate forms of fashion, false etiquette, gather easily and naturally round a life bound to the material or the intellectual ideal, where, in the struggle for existence, every individual tries to get the better of his neighbour, through the inconceivably secret means of hypocrisy and cant. Spiritual life is straight, honest, free, dutiful, all love and light. It has no dissembling, no monster of *ennui* to be relieved from, it being ever cheerful and active.

If thus far then is made out for the necessity of spiritual culture, at the present day, you will naturally ask how such culture can be brought about. I think I have done my part when I have brought you to understand the necessity of spiritual culture, and it will be your own look out to see whether you will seek for it in the idea of personal God or impersonal Brahman ; whether within the pale of this religion or that. You, friends, have the spiritual germ in you ; do not

smother its promptings; hear them, and test whatever you accept as spirit, in their light. Learn thus to foster this germ, and seek it beyond the surface from which alone in these days of ease, accommodation and short time, you are accustomed to understand and think. Above all, cultivate the study of ancient Indian Philosophy; if you have time, compare its conclusions and its ideals with those of other philosophies and other modes of thought; and learn to respect the inner meaning of every native institution you go by and live under. Apply yourselves next to the study of the history of your nation, history not as told by Mill and Elphinstone, but as narrated by Manu, Vyâsa and Vâlmiki in the Smritis, the Mahâbhârata, the Râmâyana, and the Purânas. Drink always at the fountain-head; put no trust in translations, especially such as are given you by scholars who are incapable of mediating between you and your forefathers through spirit and spirit alone. Learn and cultivate the Sanskrit language to this end. In all this, however, be as free as the spirit you desire to realise, be as just as the ideal you aspire to, be as loving as the universal All you wish to become. Our past is a field enormously vast and extending from the beginning of time; you may find the tares of material grossness growing side by side with the wheat of spiritual refinement. Learn to distinguish, appreciate and identify. In the realisation of the spiritual ideal herein set forth lies the future salvation of man, society, government, science, philosophy and religion. In this ideal alone consists the hope of our ever rising to our place in the scale of really civilised nations.

MANILAL N. DVIVEDI.

THEOSOPHICAL ACTIVITIES.

THE President-Founder of the Theosophical Society reached Marseilles on May 30th, and was met there by a heavy mail from various parts of the world, including the news of the American secession. He has gone on to Madrid, to stay with H. P. B.'s old friend, Senor Xifré, the President of the Madrid Lodge, and will shortly come on to England, to the European Headquarters, where he will take up his abode. The veteran President, judging from his letter to the General Secretary of the European Section, seems to be a good deal amused at the wonderful legal arguments which are supposed to demolish his beloved Society, and, like most people, feels it impossible to take them seriously.

INDIAN SECTION.

From Adyar we have an account of the usual celebration of White Lotus Day; Mr. Tokuzava read a chapter from the *Light of Asia*, and some Brâhmans read the 15th chapter of the *Bhagavad Gîtâ*; much good feeling for H. P. B. was shown.

At Calcutta—where the Acting General Secretary was staying at the time—White Lotus Day was also celebrated, but at the time of writing the usual Indian news has not arrived, and no particulars are therefore to hand.

Two Branches that had been in obscurity—those of Periacolam and Vellore—are again regularly at work.

We learn from *The Theosophist* of the very useful work done by Pandit Anantakrishna Shâstri, the learned and amiable presiding deity of the Adyar Library, in collecting some fifty valuable MSS. in Southern India. The Mahârâja of Travancore gave Rs. 250 towards publishing an edition of Shankarâchârya's *Ananda Lahiri*.

The President's School for Pariahs is flourishing, and much gratitude is felt towards him for this charitable work.

EUROPEAN SECTION.

The donations to the European Section have been very small for the past few months and quite out of proportion to the requirements. The amount received from April 20th to May 20th was £11 17s. 9d.

A Conference of the North of England Federation of Lodges of the Theosophical Society was held at Harrogate on May 11th, about sixty members being present. Mrs. Besant took the chair and gave a short account of her travels in Australia and India. "Theosophical Propaganda" was discussed in the afternoon, and also the Rules and Constitution of the Society; a general opinion that the Constitution should be less rigid and formal being expressed. In the evening Mrs. Besant lectured on "Brotherhood, True and False," a free discussion following. The Conferences will in future be held twice a year instead of quarterly as before, the next meeting being held in October.

During her visit to the North of England, Mrs. Besant lectured to a small audience in York, two good ones in Harrogate, and very large ones in Leeds and Bradford. In Bradford it was especially gratifying to note that the religious element, represented by some of the best-known ministers, showed great interest and appreciation. Mrs. Besant also lectured at Ramsgate to a moderate audience.

Mr. Mead paid a short, but very pleasant, visit to Bristol, lecturing to the Lodge on Tuesday, May 28th. The Lodge room was crowded.

"White Lotus Day" was celebrated at several Lodges in the usual manner, appropriate passages from various books being read and short addresses given. At the Blavatsky Lodge large quantities of flowers were displayed, sent by members and friends. Passages from the *Bhagavad Gita* and *The Voice of the Silence* were read by Mr. Mead and Mr. Keightley, and an address was delivered by Mrs. Besant.

A *Conversazione* was held at Headquarters on May 21st. There was a large attendance. Towards the conclusion Mrs. Besant was requested by some visitors to answer a few questions relating to Theosophy. This she proceeded to do, although rather tired from previous work, Mrs. Mona Caird being the chief questioner. Mrs. Besant has also been to several drawing-room meetings on Theosophy, chiefly attended by literary people, in order to give an opportunity for friendly and unfettered discussion.

The Blavatsky Lodge meetings during the month have been very well attended, the lecturers on the five Thursdays having been Messrs. Mead and Keightley and Mrs. Annie Besant. There have been many visitors at Headquarters, including Mes. Meulemann and Windust and Mr. Fricke from Holland, Messrs. A. H. Spencer and C. Thurston from New York, as well as several from the provinces.

Count Axel Wachtmeister, who accompanied Annie Besant on her northern tour, has now gone to Sweden, to try and help those who wish to work in unity with their European brethren. The Annual

Convention of the Sub-section has been held, but no report has yet been forwarded to us.

We are pleased to hear that many testify to the great use they find in the *Secret Doctrine* and *Seven Principles* classes.

AMERICA.

The majority of members of the American Society have withdrawn from the Theosophical Society and have established a new Society under the title of "the Theosophical Society in America." It held its "first Convention" immediately after the secession, and proclaimed its Constitution on April 29th, 1895. The Constitution is said to be "for the Theosophical Society in the Western Hemisphere," but allows organizations and persons, "wherever situated," to "be affiliated with, or become members of, this Society." The Society has elected Mr. W. Q. Judge President for life, with power to nominate his successor; Dr. Buck is Vice-President. Having concluded its elections and discussions the "First Annual Convention of the Theosophical Society in America adjourned."

The particulars above given are taken from *New England Notes* for May 1st, and the important points are textually quoted. The *Path* confirms the fact that the Convention which began as the "Ninth Annual Convention" changed into the "First Annual Convention," thus marking the severance from the Theosophical Society and the birth of a new Society.

An interesting event was the reading by Dr. Archibald Keightley of Mr. Judge's defence to the charges laid against him by Mrs. Besant. It is satisfactory to see that Mr. Judge was able to deal so fully with the evidence that the defence took an hour and a half to read, and was considered to be quite satisfactory, although Mr. Judge had no more exact knowledge of the evidence than he has had since May or June last, and he had hitherto pleaded that he could not answer because of his ignorance of the evidence.

Mr. Judge has written to the President of the T. S. that he is not and never has been the Vice-President of the T. S., and that the office is therefore vacant. As it is undeniably vacant by the secession of Mr. Judge from the T. S. it is not worth while to enter into any debate on the matter.

Mr. Fullerton has sent round to members of the T. S. a "Narrative," stating various things that had shaken his faith in Mr. Judge's integrity, and detailing the circumstances that led to his final severance of all connexion with him in work.

The fraudulent messages ascribed to Mahâtmâs reached their culminating point in the following letter :

"You have faithfully worked for us by aiding the T. S. and often wondering if we really exist. That we do you should know from intuition alone, as phenomena cannot prove it. But a crisis has now come, foreseen by us, the importance of which you do not know. It demands judgment, not sentiment; intuition, not reason, and a firm support of the cause. The T. S. is in such a condition that there is no hope, save in America. It has at last become a danger, menacing the real theosophical movement, instead of a help to the cause. The duty of the American group is cut off from the diseased parts (*sic*) so that itself can live. If that is not done a few more years full of strife will come to a close in ruins—the work of twenty years ruined through ambition, aided by sentimentality, exercised at the wrong time. Reflect then before you set an organisation above our great cause. Much is expected of you. The destroyers of Theosophy have used their year of probation in increasing and extending unbrotherly acts and thoughts, and have ruined much. No longer temporise, but act. A wide and noble future lies before those who shall aid us by aiding our real movement, the salvation of the human race."

This document was written in the M. script, on heavy rice-paper, scented with sandal-wood, and was surreptitiously placed in the desk of Mr. G. E. Wright, a prominent Theosophist of Chicago, who was opposed to secession, and had been vainly bombarded with letters from well-known members, pressing him to consent to it. Mr. Wright discovered who had smuggled the letter into his desk, and when Dr. Anderson of San Francisco passed through Chicago on his way to the Convention, Mr. Wright gave him the letter, informing him of the facts, to take it on to Mr. Judge with the object of discovering the perpetrator. Mr. Judge, Mr. Claude Wright and Dr. and Mrs. Keightley pronounced the letter "genuine," and it promptly found its way to the press as having reached Mr. Wright "occultly," that its publication might influence wavering members to vote for secession, the fact being concealed that Mr. G. E. Wright repudiated the letter, and knew exactly the "occult" means by which it had reached his desk.

How far this proceeding influenced Chicago feeling, it is hard to say; the Chicago Branch met, and the following resolution was submitted to it :

"*Resolved*: that the Chicago Branch of the T. S. ratify the action of said Boston Convention, and does hereby adopt said constitution of the T. S. in America."

Dr. Allen Griffiths came to Chicago to work for Mr. Judge, and seven new members pledged to secession were taken in on the day of meeting; despite this, an amendment was carried by thirty to twenty-nine inserting the word "repudiate" for "ratify," and striking out all after "Convention." The Branch then elected Mr. G. E. Wright as President. The Shila Branch of Chicago is unanimous against secession, and we have news of seven other branches, making nine to begin with for the re-organising Section. The twenty-nine dissident members of the Chicago Branch have withdrawn, and formed a Lodge of the new Society.

AUSTRALASIAN SECTION.

The *Secret Doctrine* class which meets for Tuesday evenings is still well attended, and the interest in it well kept up. Miss Edger has recently started a Corresponding Class in connection with the Lodge, which is so far proving useful, not only to local members, but to the more isolated members in the southern districts of the colony. On the suggestion of C. W. Sanders, a class has recently been formed for the systematic study of *The Voice of the Silence*. It meets every fortnight, and interest in it is well maintained.

During the month the following is the record of our public efforts: on March 22nd, open Lodge meeting, W. Will read a paper upon "Self-made Men and Women;" March 29th was devoted to selecting Mrs. Draffin as the delegate for the Auckland branch to the inaugural Convention of the newly constituted Australasian Section. She left on April 3rd, accompanied by Miss L. J. Browne, who went on her own account. On Sunday evening, March 31st, in the Choral Hall, W. H. Draffin lectured on "The Dangers which Threaten our Children," referring to the forms of vice characteristic of colonial youth; April 5th, open Lodge meeting, Mrs. Cooper read a good paper upon "The Higher Self," and on Sunday evening, April 14th, in the Choral Hall, Miss L. Edger, M.A., lectured upon "The Theosophic View of the Atonement."

AUCKLAND, N.Z.

W.

REVIEWS.

THE UNKNOWN WORLD.

Edited by A. E. Waite. [J. Elliott and Co., Temple Chambers, Falcon Court, Fleet Street. Monthly, 6d.]

THIS magazine is now approaching the close of its first year, and will soon be able to issue its second six-monthly volume. Glancing over the handsome volume already issued, we can gladly say that the magazine contains some interesting and instructive articles, and that it deserves a place on the bookshelves of the student. The "Magic Calendar" is a curious and interesting compilation, every day in the year but one, December 22nd, having a record of some birth or death or event bearing on matters attractive to students of Occultism. Mdme. de Steiger's graceful art lends a distinct charm to the journal. We trust that Mr. Waite may receive sufficient support to give his venture a long life.

JAMBlichus ON THE MYSTERIES.

Translated by Thomas Taylor (Reprint). [London: The Theosophical Publishing Society, 7, Duke Street, Adelphi; 1895. Price 7s. 6d. net.]

WE have great pleasure in announcing the reprint of Thomas Taylor's scarce translation of Jamblichus' famous work, *The Mysteries of the Egyptians, Chaldeans, and Assyrians*. The 1821 edition is reproduced in almost exactly the same type, paging, etc., and makes a handsome volume of 365 pages. Jamblichus, the pupil of Porphyry, was renowned as one of the links of the Golden Chain of philosophers, and was especially distinguished as an adept in the theurgic art; his work is, therefore, perhaps the most precious document that has come down to us from antiquity, concerning the mysteries, and its present reappearance should be warmly welcomed by all true lovers of antiquity and theosophical students. It is remarkable that the works of Thomas Taylor are being sought with greater and greater avidity, and that second-hand copies are snapped up at higher and higher prices as the months roll on. We have here a concrete proof of the steady growth of interest in "philosophy," in the real sense of the term as distinguished from the aridity of official metaphysic. "Philosophy," to Pythagoras, Plato, and their direct followers, meant rather what we call Theosophy than philosophy in the present restricted sense of the word. It would

be somewhat late in the day to review Taylor's translation. Those who are acquainted with that brave pioneer's work will require no recommendation, for they know that Taylor was more than a mere scholar, he was a "philosopher" also. Those who do not know of Taylor, and who cannot read Greek, must also be content, for there is no other translation into the English tongue. We repeat again that the appearance in the same year of two reprints of Taylor's works, *The Select Works of Plotinus* (Bohn Libraries), and the book under notice, is a sign of the times, and if the present writer can do anything in the matter, the series of reprints will not end here. Meantime *Jamblichus de Mysteriis* is strongly recommended to the notice of all serious students.

G. R. S. M.

LES CROYANCES FONDAMENTALES DU BOUDDHISME.

By Arthur Arnould. [Paris: Publications de la Société Théosophique, 11, Rue de la Chaussée-d'Antin; 1895. Price 1 fr. 50.]

THIS little book of seventy-two pages is intended entirely as a propagandist effort, and does not profess to do more than set forth the subject in a popular and understandable form. Mons. Arthur Arnould, whose taking style is so well-known to the readers of *Le Figaro*, *L'Éclair*, etc., has adorned his subject with the results of a long life of literary activity, and brings a polished pen to the accomplishment of his task. The booklet of the President of our French Branch should have a wide circle of readers, and though it goes far outside the official limits of Buddhism, should make them acquainted with the main outlines of the teaching of Gautama Shâkya Muni.

Though we cannot agree with Mons. Arnould that Buddhism is "la fille aînée" of Theosophy, regarded as the mother of all religions (p. 7), we felicitate him on his happy phrase on Protestantism, "Il n'a jamais eu d'Esotérisme, n'étant guère qu'une *amputation du Symbolisme*" (p. 19). Admirable again is the simile our colleague employs to emphasise the danger of flying to the opposite extreme when dissatisfied with either materialism or superstition—"Il gèle au pôle Nord. Nous nous précipitons au pôle Sud — *et il y gèle également*" (p. 35). In brief, *Les Croyances Fondamentales du Bouddhisme* is a useful addition to theosophical literature in France.

G. R. S. M

THEOSOPHICAL
AND
MYSTIC PUBLICATIONS.

THE THEOSOPHIST (*Adyar*).

Vol. XVI, No. 8:—Col. Olcott fills his "Old Diary Leaves" this month with accounts of disputes and troubles, H. P. B. being, of course, the central figure and generally the most active one. The Colonel is evidently still sore from the old wounds, but a cold-blooded reader will probably have his sense of humour more affected than his sympathy by the account of their worries and vexations. "This was always my lot," the Colonel exclaims, "H. P. B. made the row, and I had to take the kicks and clear out the intruders." The first visit to Mr. Sinnett's house is described, and also a meeting with the Vedāntist Māji. The tale, "Overshadowed," is concluded in this number, as is the article on "Zoroastrianism." "Some Aspects of the Sikh Religions" is a paper giving interesting information on a little known subject. L. Salzer writes on Metempsychosis and the Vedas, and the usual short notes on various subjects conclude the issue.

A.

THE PATH (*New York*).

Vol. X, No. 2:—Madame Blavatsky's letters scarcely sustain the promise of those published at first, though they are not lacking in interest. Alexander Fullerton writes on Masters and the Theosophical Society. Lovers of humour will welcome back the "Testimony as to Mahātmas," consisting of the visions of

"I," "A. B. C." and "A. E." and—the message circulated by Mr. Fullerton (!!). Perhaps we shall hear more of the last "Testimony." "A Basis for Ethics," by Miss Hillard, is an interesting exposition of Universal Brotherhood.

A.

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THE VĀHAN (*London*).

Vol. IV, No. 11:—Contains two communications of interest, the Resolutions passed at the late Convention of the American Section, and a letter from Mr. Judge to Colonel Olcott, stating that he was not and had never been Vice-President of the Theosophical Society. The "Enquirez" was received with varying degrees of favour when it formed, in what seem now to be almost prehistoric times, a regular portion of *The Vāhan*, but most readers will welcome it now, even in the very minute dose administered in this issue. The problem raised and answered (?) is that of reincarnation on other planes.

A.

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LE LOTUS BLEU (*Paris*).

Vol. VI, No. 3:—*Le Lotus Bleu* is fortunate in its literary contributors, and this number is especially excellent. It begins with the first portion of an article by M. Emile Burnouf, the eminent Orientalist, on Metaphysics. Time and space are taken up in the portion given in this issue. Dr. Pascal writes on Theosophical teaching, and M. Guymiot on Gunas

and Tattvas. Dr. Hartmann expounds the nature of Pitris, Larvæ, and Demons according to Madame Blavatsky's teaching. Other short articles and notes of an interesting character complete the number.

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SOPHIA (*Madrid*).

Vol. III, No. 5:—H. P. B.'s article on the "Babel of Modern Thought" is concluded in this number. The translations of *Letters that have helped me*, the life of Madame Blavatsky by her sister, and the *Building of the Kosmos* are continued. M. Treviño begins a critical exposition of a recently published book, *El Origen Polidrico de las Especies*, which attempts to work out a scheme of evolution along geometrical and mathematical lines, taking the formation of regular solids as the basis of the theory.

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ANTAHKARANA (*Barcelona*).

Vol. II, No. 17:—This issue of our little Spanish periodical contains a translation of an article on Death and Rebirth from *Le Lotus Bleu*, Chapter II of the new translation of the *Bhagavad Gita* and the conclusion of the *A B C of Theosophy*.

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THE THEOSOPHIC GLEANER
(*Bombay*).

Vol. IV, No. 9:—This is an unusually good number, containing a short article on "Our Legitimate Work in this Life," the first portion of a paper on the Sun, and well selected extracts from other periodicals. The number concludes with short notes on various subjects.

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THE TRANSACTIONS OF THE
SCOTTISH LODGE (*Edinburgh*).

Vol. II, No. 19:—This number includes a paper on "Regeneration," and one on "The Tattvas in Modern Science." to-

gether with a short introduction to the former paper. The writer of "Regeneration" expounds most peculiar mystical ideas in an able manner, the point of view being a somewhat extreme Christian one. The concluding paper is merely a short note on the formation of the brain and nerves, describing the various centres.

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OURSELVES (*London*).

Vol. I, No. 2:—Contains a nicely written article by P. C. Tovey. "Helios" requires severe repression, and appears rather confused as to the difference between very blank verse and prose.

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JOURNAL OF THE MAHĀ-BODHI
SOCIETY (*Calcutta*).

Vol. IV, No. 1:—Contains a translation of part of the *Brāhmana Dhammikasutta* and the beginning of a list of Pāli technical terms, an article on "The Sacred Science," and a number of short notes and papers of varying interest. There are no articles of special note.

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JOURNAL OF THE BUDDHIST TEXT
SOCIETY OF INDIA (*Calcutta*).

Vol. II, No. 3:—The "Proceedings" of the Society are of the most severely technical nature, and form dry reading for the ordinary person. The *Journal* contains a Buddhist tale, "The Merchant's Wife," with the usual prominence of the "moral," a translation of a chapter of the *Ashla Sahasika*, "The Story of King Mandhātā," and an article on "Buddhism in Japan." "The Sequel of the Story of Izotiskka" is also given, in verse of a rather stumbling order.

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TEOSOFISK TIDSKRIFT (*Stockholm*).

June, 1895:—This number seems to be quite one of the best. We first meet with a paper on "The Killing out of the Lower Self," by Mr. Ljungström, one of

whose very beautiful poems, "The Secret of the Higher Life," is inserted later on. Mr. Zettersten's address on "Love and Forbearance," given at the Stockholm Lodge, is well deserving of attention, as also his account of the Theosophical Society Convention is noteworthy in its own place. Besides a quotation—full of valuable ethical exhortations—from one of H. P. B.'s letters, there is a rendering in Swedish of Mrs. Cooper-Oakley's "On Devotion," both by C. S. The "Commentaries," on *Light on the Path*, are continued in Translation (E. Z.), and the number winds up with some literary notices.

FR.

NEW ENGLAND NOTES (*Boston*).

Vol. I, No. 4:—This new periodical is already well versed in American methods of humour, and consists entirely of a Historical Sketch of the Theosophical Society, and a "Counsel's Opinion" on the Society. The conclusions legally arrived at are: that the headquarters of the Society are at New York; that Colonel Olcott is not President; that supposed members of the Society outside America are neither *de jure* nor *de facto* members, as their applications were not made to the council at New York; that the branches in America are the only ones which have a *de jure* existence, and that consequently the so-called American Section is the whole Society. The American character is certainly well supplied with ingenuity.

A.

THEOSOPHIA (*Amsterdam*).

Vol. IV, No. 37:—Contains some remarks on H. P. B. and White Lotus Day, and an article entitled "What is the meaning of Theosophy?" The translations of *The Key to Theosophy*, *Through Storm to Peace*, *Letters that have helped me*, and *The Idyll of the White Lotus* are continued.

A.

MERCURY (*San Francisco*).

Vol. I, No. 10:—One can hardly desire anything better of the kind than this little periodical. It is written for children, and it is also written by people who understand children and know what to give them. This issue opens with a very pretty tale, "In the Heart of the Rose," and though it ends with a moral, the moral has not the usual flavour of the dispensary. The stories of "The Sleeping Beauty" and "Cinderella" are expounded in an appropriate manner, and the Editor writes a letter to the children on the present difficulties in the Theosophical Society.

A.

THE LAMP (*Toronto*).

Vol. I, No. 10:—*The Lamp* must be congratulated on the improvement in its illustration this month. The result is distinctly less libellous than heretofore. The subject is H. P. B. Judging from the somewhat disturbed editorial remarks, LUCIFER can claim some credit for the pictorial reform. The suggestion as to a comic almanack is excellent, and has been discussed more than once. "The Rationale of Theosophy" is a nicely written and sensible article. "The Mystery of the Moon" is a skit on scientific methods, which does not give much promise in its first instalments.

A.

THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE (*New York*).

Vol. I, No. 5:—In "The New Psychology," with which this issue opens, an attempt is made to point out the direction in which modern research is moving, with regard to the nature of man. Alexander Fullerton in "Steps in Occult Philosophy," endeavours to work out a rational scheme of Philosophy based on ordinary observation, and writes in a clear and logical manner. The number also includes articles on "Tao: the Chinese Being," "Moral Healing through

Mental Suggestion," and "Thought Direction."

A.

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THE NORTHERN THEOSOPHIST
(Redcar).

Vol. II, No. 19:—The editor begins with some remarks on the constitution of the Theosophical Society, which appears to be no Society, but a chaotic collection of Lodges. The awkward fact of unattached members is airily disposed of, to the editor's satisfaction, if not to theirs. The editor has evidently been trying to solve the problem as to whether he exists *de jure* or only *de facto*, and has been somewhat unhinged by the effort. "The Revolt of the Personality" deals with self-control, and Miss Shaw writes on "Womanhood."

A.

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THE BUDDHIST (Colombo).

Vol. VII, Nos. 13 to 16:—The series

of articles on "What is Modern Christianity?" is continued in these numbers.

The review of *The Buddhism of Tibet* is reprinted from LUCIFER, and the translation of the elaborate *Visuddhimagga* proceeds.

A.

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OTHER PUBLICATIONS.

We have also received the following: *The Moslem World; Book Notes*, consisting mainly of a list of second-hand books to be obtained at 7, Duke St.; *The Sanmarga Bodhint; Revue Sciences Herméliques*, which is no review, but a bookseller's catalogue; American *Oriental Department Paper*, containing translations of parts of the *Mundaka Upanishad* and *Vāyu Purāna*; *The Agnostic Journal*, with its usual crusade against orthodox Christianity; *Light*, containing many interesting articles and reports of lectures, among the latter Mr. Taylor's lecture on Spirit Photographs.