

The Lamp

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THE HIGHER PLAGIARISM.

Some of the more recondite aspects of science teach many strange things regarding the power of sound, and in this light the evolution of language becomes a fascinating study in consideration of the modifying effects of sound, vocal or not, upon human evolution. The development of a great nation is usually co-ordinate with the growth of a great language, and there may be food for thought in this direction for those who are concerned with the problems of colonial literatures. In the case of a dependency like Canada there can be no hope of a national literature that is not to a large degree, but in the highest manner, plagiaristic. There must be a freedom and independence of thought, which, untrammelled by the fear of poaching on ancient preserves, will produce that which seems good to it, that which appears true, that which looks beautiful. This is vastly different from the vulgar purloining of existing material, which dies of its own stupidity, lacking the recuperative and sustaining power which originality alone imparts. There must, and always has been, from age to age, the reproduction of old thoughts in new form, and it is particularly true of the literary world that there is nothing new under the sun. All thought being in existence on mental planes, it is the part of the literary workman to give it expression on the objective plane as he may best be able. As I argued some time ago in an article in the Toronto *Sunday World*, it is of less importance to the world who gives expression to the best thought, than that the best thought should receive adequate expression; and while one superior critic in the *Week* ridiculed my opinions I was glad to see that he adopted them to some extent after a few weeks' reflection. It is

merely the personality of the poet who is interested in attracting attention for itself, from motives of vanity, avarice, or what not. The real Self, who sits at the centre, knowing all things, cares as little for literary recognition, as for the fashion of men's clothes. The same critic in the *Week*, who lacks humour, as instanced in his inability to distinguish between ironic grandiloquence and bathos, also failed to see the point of a Ballade especially written to emphasize this point, and which I reproduce elsewhere. And that Self-ancestral, incarnating from age to age, in the process of self-realization which we call Evolution, knows all men as kin, and sees itself reflected in the image of every man that wears the fleshly robe. The squid, enabled to prolong an invertebrate existence by the discoloration of its own medium, creeps up to a higher order of manifestation; as thick-skinned rhinoceros or humble ass it fulfils its higher station in the economy of Nature; but even when the Monad enters the human sphere, not all the ancient traits are left behind, and lowlier qualities cling about the human entity.

So the poet, who is a perceiver,—as broadly distinguished from the prosier, who is a conceiver,—according to his powers of expression voices that which he sees, either in external life, or in the subtler psychic life which is more real to him than to his fellows. It is evident that as men reach equality of perfection in the art of expression, and accuracy of perception of the realities around them, there must be much of duplication and apparent imitation. In the delicacy of the response to Nature's moods, and the appreciation of Nature's beauties we may then find the origin of much of the plagiarism that vexes certain seekers after

the unattainable. When two poets dwell sympathetically upon the same fact, and endeavour truthfully to describe what they see, there must be a similarity. The same thing occurs in the varying methods of expressing spiritual facts in different religions. One of the most striking instances of this higher plagiarism of which I am aware, and which I adduce from the evidently total independence of treatment of the theme may be studied in the following poems. The beautiful onomatopœia should have been evident to the whole poetic brotherhood, but only two have been delicately enough organised to perceive it. Mr. Andrew Lang's poem was written previous to 1888, and published in his "Grass of Parnassus." Mr. James A. Tucker published his poem in *Saturday Night*, 3rd September, 1892.

SCYTHE SONG.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Mowers, weary and brown, and blithe,
What is the word methinks ye know,
Endless over world that the Scythe
Sings to the blades of the grass below?
Scythes that swing in the grass and clover,
So one hush, still, they sing as they pass;
What is the word that, over and over,
Sings the Scythe to the flowers and grass?

*Hush, ah hush, the Scythes are saying,
Hush, and heed not, and fall asleep;
Hush, they say to the grass's swaying,
Hush, they sing to the clover deep!
Hush—'tis the lullaby Time is singing—
Hush, and heed not, for all things pass,
Hush, ah hush! and the Scythes are swinging
Over the clover, over the grass!*

SCYTHE SONG.

BY JAS. A. TUCKER.

Thro' shudd'ring fields of yellow wheat
That would but cannot make retreat,
Accurst of every blade and ear,
I sway and swing afar, anear;
And as I sweep my swath along,
I murmur forth a soothing song:
"Hush, ah, hush! and cease to weep,
I bear no sorrow, I give you sleep.
Life is a toilsome, painful breath—
I come with balm, I give you death.
To-day is sighing, to-day is sorrow;
Behold, ye sleep in peace to-morrow.
Hush, then hush, and cease to weep—
I heal your sorrows, I give you sleep."

Amid the haunts of men I pass;
To me they are as ripened grass.
They fall before me day by day—
Not one can brave me in my way.
Yet, curst and fear'd as earth's worst foe,
I scatter blessing as I go:
"So hush, be silent, and cease to weep,
I bear no sorrow, I give you sleep.
Life is a toilsome, painful breath—
I bring you healing, I give you death.

To-day is sighing, to-day is sorrow.
Behold, ye rest, ye rest to-morrow.
Hush, ah hush! and cease to weep—
I heal your sorrow, I give you sleep."

My harvest is to come. Ye hear
My song already in your ear.
Drawing ever anear, anear!
From Russian steppe and Persian plain
I sweep—before, the ripen'd grain;
Behind, in heaps the harvest lain.
Like shudd'ring fields of waiting wheat,
Ye would but cannot make retreat.
"Then hush, ah hush! and cease to weep,
I bear no sorrow, I give you sleep.
Life is a toilsome, painful breath—
Behold, I come with the balm of death.
To-day ye sigh and to-day ye sorrow,
But ye sleep, ye sleep in peace to-morrow.
Hush, then hush, and cease to weep—
I heal your sorrow, I give you sleep."

FIVE MINUTES ON REINCARNATION.

The most portentous question man can ask is that of the ancient mystic James—"What is your life?" If the definitely scientific teaching of the New Testament had not been veiled by inaccurate translations, the Christian world would have been quite as well informed concerning the answer as the Brahmin or Buddhist. As it is, western religious teachers are feign to quiet the enquiries of their followers by assurances which have to rest on faith, or by warnings not to approach too near the sacred altar of mystery. But it was not so with the older teachers, who instructed their followers, as in the Apocalypse, that they were all kings and priests, so that it is not merely a privilege to know these mysteries, but a right and a duty.

Several Greek words are all translated in the New Testament by the English word "life," which naturally leads to much confusion of thought. The commonest word is *zoe*, which means life in the sense of activity or motion; then comes *psuche*, which means animal life, soul, or breath; *bios*, may be rendered as the manner, means, or period of life; while *pneuma*, sometimes translated wind, and once at least, as life, properly means spirit, in the mystic sense of spirit being the breath of the Absolute One. If these distinctions were properly appreciated all the laboured efforts to reconcile apparently contradictory statements in the Testament would be unnecessary. For instance when Jesus says "Take no thought for your life," it is the *psuche*, or animal life to which he refers; it is this life which the Good Shepherd gives for

His sheep; it is this life that Jesus speaks of laying down; this life is never referred to as eternal or æonian and belongs to the lower physical nature.

The life, *zoe*, which implies motion, activity, the realization and knowledge of which leads to the continuous consciousness known as immortality, is the condition of existence which all the religious teachers exhort men to attain. "Strive to enter in," says Jesus of the way leading to this life, marking the distinction between that state and the other of which men are to take no thought.

Now keeping these two different kinds of "life" in view, it is, or should be easy to understand what is meant by reincarnation, whether one believes it or not. Re-embodiment is a somewhat simpler term and indicates the process more clearly. For the manifestation of life is a process on this earth-plane, very real to those who know the five thousand years old teaching of the Hindu Christ—"I myself never was not, nor thou, nor all the princes of the earth, nor shall we ever hereafter cease to be," so beautifully versified by Sir Edwin Arnold:

Never the spirit was born; the spirit shall
cease to be never;
Never was time it was not; End and Begin-
ning are dreams;
Birthless and deathless and changeless remain-
eth the spirit forever;
Death hath not touched it at all, dead though
the house of it seems.

Men have come to think of themselves in Christian countries so entirely as "bodies" that they have come to confuse the house, the earthly habitation or tabernacle of the spirit, as Paul calls it, with the spirit itself. In other words they confound the real man with his clothes. It is true that the body of flesh is not the only garment of the spirit, there is a psychic body (the translators say "natural"), and a spiritual body, as well as the physical one in which the spirit clothes itself. But the outer "coat of skin" is enough to consider at first. A little reflection will enable anyone to realize that the body may be controlled and directed according to the will of the owner. This control did not always exist and babies may be observed making frantic efforts to use their limbs in an unsteady, aimless kind of manner, the result of the first attempts of the spirit within to exercise its will in controlling

and utilizing the various organs and members at its disposal. The last organ of which the real man gets full control in ordinary cases, is the brain, and when this is accomplished the age of reason or intelligence is said to have been reached. The brain is then enlightened by the experience gained by the man through previous brains in his own past lives, and he is enabled to go on acquiring new experiences. There are some other organs beside the brain which comparatively few men are able to use, but as the evolution of the race proceeds these will be brought into use and corresponding faculties developed.

The two kinds of "life" will now be appreciated. All that pertains to the mere bodily manifestation during the seventy years more or less of earthly existence, the period of embodiment, is the *psyche*-life; while all that pertains to the higher existence on spiritual planes, and to aspects of consciousness higher than can possibly be attained through the ordinary brain, is spoken of in the Testament as the *zoe*-life. When the mortal man as we know him is able to reach up to and unite himself with this higher condition, or, in other words, combine his human with his divine nature, what is called the regeneration or "new birth" occurs, and this must not be confounded with the descent of the spiritual divine man into his house of clay, which is spoken of as re-embodiment or reincarnation. All men are potential gods, and they may enter into their inheritance, they may ignore it, they may barter it for the desires of the flesh, or they may deny it, but they all come under the operation of the law of re-birth, whether they believe it or not.

BEN MADIGHAN.

The Past is over and fled;
Named new, we name it the old;
Thereof some tale hath been told,
But no word comes from the dead;
Whether at all they be,
Or whether as bond or free,
Or whether they too were we,
Or by what spell they have sped.
Still we say as we go,—
"Strange to think by the way
Whatever there is to know
That shall we know one day."
—Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. LESSONS:

September 22. Joshua xxiv: 14-25.

The discrepancies of the narrative from an historical point of view may be seen by comparing Exodus ii: 23-25; iv: 29-31, and in the fifth chapter of Exodus in which it is nowhere made to appear that the Israelites followed the Egyptian forms of worship. Moses was certainly rather coldly received by his compatriots, but not apparently on religious grounds so much as from the seemingly hopeless character of his mission politically. In any case Joshua's exhortation to worship the Lord was merely the adoption of the real religion of the Egyptians as indicated by Prof. Rawlinson in the extract printed in another column. Esoterically the gods who rule beyond the River stand for the psychic and astral powers and intelligences whose personification as aspects of the Supreme is the foundation of all polytheism. There is apt to be as much superstition in their non-recognition as in their worship. It must be remembered, however, that scholars say that Jehovah was only one of the highest of these lesser gods, and not the One Absolute as understood by modern Christians, the God of whom Jesus taught that no man hath seen Him at any time; while we are told in Exodus xxiv.: 9-11 that Moses and Aaron, and all the elders saw the god of Israel.

September 29. Review.

The Golden Text selected from I Kings viii: 56, "There hath not failed one word of all his good promise, which he promised by the hand of Moses his servant," if taken literally would place a limitation upon prophecy which church authorities will not admit. The Messianic prophecies which we are told Moses incorporated in the Pentateuch were not fulfilled until centuries after Solomon's time. The literal meaning is not therefore tenable. Esoterically, Moses, who was "drawn out" of the water, symbolises the astral plane or plan of form, and he is the designer of these things which are to be. The promises are promised "by his hand." Solomon, who is the builder of the temple, the creative agent, who executes the plan, very fitly testifies upon its completion that not one word has failed

or "fallen" as the marginal reading gives it. The building of the temple, a temple not made with hands, is the great work of the Word.

October 6. Judges ii: 1-12. 16.

The literal meaning of Baal is Master or Possessor, and the Baalim, a name which, like the Elohim, has the peculiarity of being used in the plural, and of always having the definite article prefixed, was the chief male aspect of the Deity recognised by the Phœnicians and Canaanites. So Ashtoreth was the chief female aspect of the Deity, corresponding with Jupiter and Venus of the Romans, and the Father and the Spirit of later forms, or again, the Spirit and the Bride. It is not remarkable that the uncultured tribes of the Exodus should have fallen into disputes over the names of the Divine attributes when our modern scholarship and devout research still disagrees about its own conclusions. There was really less difference among the beliefs of these several nationalities than among Greek, Roman and Anglican forms of Christianity. The Angel of Jehovah who came to the children of Israel is paralleled by other Angels who appeared to the children of Moab, the Amorites, the Hittites, the Phœnicians, and others equally devout in their worship, and quite as moral and generally less blood-thirsty than Israel. Baal who is the God of Fire, is, of course, the same Fire God who appeared to Moses in the Bush, and who was a pillar of fire to the Hebrews on their journey. The same Fire God also supplied Elijah with fire from heaven to consume his altars, proving, not that Baal was a false god, but that his priests were false priests, Elijah being the true priest of Baal under His name Jehovah. The confounding of names for things seems to be a notable source of error among students. The idea that there were a number of Gods, one called Baal and another Moloch and another Jehovah, and so one, and that they were engaged in a perpetual struggle for supremacy which could only be attained through the recognition of certain half-civilized nations, is one not calculated to dignify the idea of religion, or to ennoble one's conceptions of theology. It is easier to understand that these nations quar-

relled about the respective merits of their various ideas of the One God.

October 13. Judges vii: 13-23.

It is interesting to note the similarity of the methods of warfare pursued by the modern Chinese and these ancient tribesmen of Israel. It is said that when the English troops invaded China they were met by hordes of soldiers making the most inconceivable noise in every conceivable manner. The din and racket was quite sufficient to put an army to rout, had alarm been an effective weapon. When the English soldiers failed to run away the Chinese did, and Gideon's host probably would have adopted similar tactics had the noise failed of its object. All these ideas are based upon the occult powers of sound, traditions of which probably linger among the Chinese, and were present among these early races. The fall of Jericho belongs to the same class of events. The war-whoop of Indian tribes is related to these occurrences, and possesses mantram powers of the nature of incantations or spells.

NIRVANA.

Great have been the disputes among the learned as to the meaning of the word Nirvana—whether it indicates a state of no-consciousness or a state of vastly enhanced consciousness. Probably both views have their justification; the thing does not admit of definition in the terms of ordinary language. The important thing to see and admit is that under cover of this and other similar terms, there does exist a real and recognizable fact (that is a state of consciousness in some sense), which has been experienced over and over again, and which to those who have experienced it in ever so slight a degree, has appeared worthy of life-long pursuit and devotion. It is easy, of course, to represent the thing as a mere word, a theory, a speculation of the dreamy Hindu; but people do not sacrifice their lives for empty words, nor do mere philosophical abstractions rule the destinies of continents. No, the word represents a reality, something very basic and inevitable in human nature. The question is really not to define the fact—for we cannot do that—

but to get at and experience it * * *
The Gnana-yogis adopt two practices, (1) that of intense consecration of the thoughts on a fixed object, (2) that of the effacement of thought altogether. * * *
To concentrate at all times wholly and unreservedly in what you are doing at the moment is, they say, a distinct step in Gnanam.

The next step, the effacement of Thought, is a much more difficult one. Only when the power of concentration has been gained can this be attempted with any prospect of success. The body must be kept, as before, perfectly motionless, and in a quiet place free from disturbance; not in an attitude of ease or slumber, but sitting or standing erect with muscles tense. All will-power is required, and the greatest vigilance. Every thought must be destroyed on the instant of its appearance. But the enemy is subtle, and failure—over a long period—inevitable. Then when success seems to be coming, and Thought is dwindling, Oblivion, the twin-foe, appears and must also be conquered. For if Thought merely give place to Sleep, what is there gained? After months, but more probably years, of intermittent practice, the power of control grows; curious but distinct physiological changes take place; one day the student finds that Thought has gone; he stands for a moment in Oblivion; then that veil lifts, and there streams through his being a vast and illumined consciousness, glorious, that fills and overflows him, "surrounding him so that he is like a pot in water, which has the liquid within it and without." In this consciousness there is divine knowledge but no thought. It is Samadhi, the universal "I Am."—EDWARD CARPENTER, *"From Adam's Peak to Elephanta."*

Never a word is said
But it trembles in the air,
And the truant voice has sped
To vibrate everywhere;
And perhaps far off in eternal years
The echo may ring upon our ears.

—Henry Burton.

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THE FLOOD IN THE BURN.

A Little Folks' True Tale.

At the foot of a little hill, in an old land, there runs a little stream, a burn, as it is called, no wider at its widest shallows than the scholar-lads in summer days might leap across. And where the burn comes from, a little boy who thought he could know by only wondering, could never find out. It ran along near The Cottage where he slept at night, and once he walked a long way through the farm lands whence it came; but he grew tired long before the little stream seemed any smaller or nearer a beginning. They told him that it began somewhere far away, in the union of other streamlets, and how these trickled out of the fields wherever the rain had fallen—the rain that fell from the clouds that had risen from the great ocean; and they said that the burn ran on till it reached a river, and this river flowed into another, which poured its waters into a great lake, and the lake in turn formed another river which at last emptied itself into the ocean again. And then one day the boy followed the burn, as it ran, till he saw the river which received it, and the river was broad and quiet there, and the burn seemed lost, and the waters strange, so he turned back to play where he knew it best.

There was a clear well-spring of water near there, which was called Vincent's Well, deep and cool, and the boy used to lay himself down and drink of it, and in the waters of the well he could see two blue eyes, and behind or below a great depth of blue sky. And women came for water to the well, but when they carried away all they needed the well was still full, and the blue deepness of the well-sky that he had seen still remained. A little feeder ran from the well to the burn, and in its fresh, cool water there grew cress. And all along the burn-banks grew flowers, and grasses dipped in the water. Strange flies and shiny beetles, flitting butterflies, gleaming dragonflies, and busy spiders thronged about it. Where little bays and quiet shallows held still water the "whirligigs" spun around, and the "boatmen" unceasingly glided and sat, glided and sat, on the surface.

Once in a while a string of ducks would come trooping down to the burn and plunge in with a lordly drake at their head; and they poked in all the holes and rummaged along the banks, and where it was deep enough stood on their heads and flourished their yellow feet in the air, and then the little boy was sorry for the worms; but he loved to look at the lustrous blue-squared wings, the green-glinting head and velvety neck of the leader; the stainless white, the soft grey, the smooth brown, and all the different downy coats of the others from which the crystal water-drops rolled so easily as they dipped and splashed.

He spent hours sailing little boats, tiny craft, paper-rigged, after the models of all the vessels he had ever seen in picture books,—yachts and schooners, ships and junks, frigates and dhows, and others that he only knew by sight, for he could not say their names; but he followed their voyages in the straight, smooth channels, and past the swirling eddy where a boulder blocked the stream, and into the chattering shallows near the bridge that bore the Old Road over the burn, and out beyond on the other side where it narrowed and deepened, and where the grasses trailed in the water, and great stones made the passage difficult for such helmless craft, and a willow wand was of immense assistance to navigation.

Sometimes he watched the birds that flitted up and down the stream, and hunted gnats, or sought for grubs; a saucy robin, a pretty chaffinch, a yellow yorlin often hopped about; but best of all he liked the dainty willy-wagtail as it ran about among the stones or jumped from bank to bank; for he knew where its nest was hidden under the hanging grasses, and he would not dare to look in it, lest it should be deserted and his be the blame of disturbance. And most of all he envied the swallows, who on duller days came shrieking along the little burn-course through the clouds of midges; or the screaming swift that spread his great black wings and swept along past him like a flash of darkness before the boy could ever be sure he was coming; for he knew that the swift and the swallows spent most of their time in the blue sky and he longed to fly as they did among the clouds and thought no other gift but

wings was wanting to make life perfect. And this he knew because he could fly in his dreams as far as any bird on earth.

Next to flying in the air the little boy desired to live in the water like the little fish. And so he often waded in the burn, and caught the minnows and stickle-backs, and let them go again; or watched them dart and flash in play, and settle and wave their tiny delicate fins, for hours together. And he found out many curious things about them, and learned how they must be able to see things which his eyes were too dull for, and hear much of which his ears quite lost the sound. As he had no one to ask questions of, he found that when he wanted to know anything very much he could know it without asking, and nothing that he knew that way was ever wrong. It seemed like having someone inside himself, who told him these things, and he thought it must be the same part of him which was able to fly in dreams, for in a dream he always knew everything he wanted to know, and could go wherever he wished.

One day the little boy was playing in the water among the little fish and he waded under the bridge where the Old Road crossed the burn. It was an old bridge, not very wide nor very high, only just enough for a little boy to creep under without striking his head when he stooped. And he found it cool and shady there, and all the wise old minnows and fat red-breasted stickle-backs seemed to have come in too to enjoy themselves. So the little boy crept about from boulder to boulder under the bridge, and turned over some of the smaller stones, and laughed to see a stout old minnow rush away from his favourite hiding-place. And while he crouched and watched he suddenly observed the little fish,—minnows, stickle-backs and all, of every size, dart behind the stones and boulders as though to take shelter from something coming down the burn. The little boy hardly needed to ask why it was, for his Dream Self told him at once that there was a flood coming, and the little fish had taken shelter so that the force of it should not carry them away, and if he did not get out he would be drowned underneath the arch.

So the little boy scrambled out in a tremendous hurry and wet his clothes not a little as he did so; and sure enough, as

he got up on the road the flood came down, he never could learn from where, and filled the burn up to the keystone of the bridge. Now that he has grown up and his Dream Self seems wiser than ever, he thinks it must have learned all the clever things it knows in some other life before this one, for it knew why the little fish ran behind the stones, and it could never have known that without learning.

ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

BALLADE OF RE-EMBODIMENT.

In Lotus-land an age ago
Among the pyramids and palms,
Ignoring Nile's mysterious flow,
A Coptic neophyte of Brahm's—
Of Ra's, that is (I make salaams)—
O'er this same problem used to writhe
Which our new critic disembals—
"Pray, who *is* Albert E. S. Smythe?"

And later on in human woe,
Where Tweedside quaked with pious qualms
To hear the swinish piper blow
A bar from Michael's diagrams,
A novice, bred on Melrose alms,
Found all flesh grass and this the scythe
Between the salmon and the palms—
"Pray, who *is* Albert E. S. Smythe?"

When England's monarch proved her too
And Cromwell waged his war on shams,
Ere Newbury, one sought below
The benedictions and the damns,
The canticles and dithyrambs,
What overlord exacts Life's tithe—
Learned, haply, 'neath Death's oriflammes—
"Pray, who *is* Albert E. S. Smythe?"

ENVOL.

Ye gods, who sit as dumb as clams,
Reveal this word and make us blithe—
Crux in the cosmical exams—
"Pray, who *is* Albert E. S. Smythe?"

Sunday World, 7th July, '95.

A CURIOUS MISTAKE.

There is a dead letter office in France as in other countries, and letters to those dead or gone are returned as with us to the sender. A curious circumstance happened in Paris the other day, which may witness to the painful lack of religious knowledge so widespread in France. At Eastertide it is customary to send out a list of services from the Rue d'Aguesseau Church, with the text at the foot—"The Lord is Risen." One of these was addressed to a family who had left, and was returned to "The Lord is Risen, 5 Rue d'Aguesseau," the writer evidently taking the text as the name of some official at the church.

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To whom all communications are to be addressed, at the Medical Council Building, Toronto.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

Anyone with a copy of *The Path* for July, 1888, may get a dollar for it by sending to THE LAMP office.

*

MR. E. T. HARGROVE writes from New York in anticipation of his visit to Toronto. He expects to go to California, and his programme is now being arranged. Should he decide to go West before coming North his visit would be delayed, but he will probably come to Toronto *en route*. The earliest possible announcements will be made.

*

SPEAKING Huronically, a Port Huron paper says that "Mrs. Besant is vigorously scolding the theosophists. She should preserve a Karma aspect." This cockney pun is neither religious, philosophic nor scientific, and does not therefore come within the scope of theosophic enquiry, though of course we recognise the author as a man and a brother, and extend him our sympathies.

THE Lily Dale spiritualists have been attracting a good deal of attention this year and there seems to be no doubt that a large amount of fraudulent phenomena has been unveiled. As long as there is a demand for phenomena and people are willing to pay to see it, so long will there be unscrupulous people ready to supply the demand and accept the payment. But this does not prove the non-existence of phenomena. The Toronto *Evening News*, which we credited with more intelligence, grows almost hysterical in its denials of the existence of any genuine psychic marvels. Will the *Evening News* be sensible enough to read Prof. Crooke's "Researches into Phenomena called Spiritual," or Prof. Olive Lodge's recent utterances, or the account of Prof. Lombroso's investigations with a medium in Italy, or any of the other scientific test-condition accounts with which intelligent people are usually familiar? The argument of the *News* and similar debaters simply amounts to the contention that because thunder and lightning are imitated on the stage with rolling cannonballs and powdered resin, therefore all accounts of a genuine thunderstorm are preposterous and false. The apparent determination on the part of professedly religious people to place as wide a gap as may be—a hopelessly unbridgeable one if possible—between the ordinary states of consciousness and existence and any other, hypothetical or real, is simply the result of the innate materialism of thought, religious or otherwise, prevailing under so-called Christian teaching. Theosophy has no sympathy with phenomena-hunting, and least of all with the necromantic practices of the *seance* room, but there is a wide distinction between condemnation and denial. Denial is absurd to those who are convinced by genuine experiences; condemnation equally so, that is not prepared with convincing scientific reasons and explanations. In supplying this middle ground, theosophy appeals to the intelligent and the thoughtful.

The meetings at 136 Carlow Avenue, on Tuesday evenings at 8 o'clock, continue to be well attended and are of great interest to those who are seeking elementary information on Theosophy.

WHERE MOSES LEARNED OF GOD.

THE BEAVER BRANCH.

ANCIENT EGYPTIAN RELIGION.

Besides the common popular religion, the belief of the masses, there was another which prevailed among the priests and among the educated. The primary doctrine of this esoteric religion was the real essential unity of the Divine Nature. The sacred texts known only to the priests and the initiated taught that there was a single Being "the sole producer of all things both in heaven and earth, himself not produced of any;" "the only true living God, self-originated;" "who exists from the beginning," "who has made all things, but has not himself been made." This Being seems never to have been represented by any material, even symbolical form. It is thought that he had no name, or if he had, that it must have been unlawful to pronounce it or write it. He was a pure spirit, perfect in every respect—all-wise, almighty, supremely good. It is of him that the Egyptian poets use such expressions as the following: "He is not graven in marble; he is not beheld; his abode is not known; no shrine is found with painted figures of him; there is no building that can contain him;" and again: "Unknown is his name in heaven; he doth not manifest his forms; vain are all representations;" and yet again: "His commencement is from the beginning; he is the God who has existed from all time; there is no god without him; no mother bore him; no father hath begotten him, he is a god-goddess, created from himself; all gods came into existence when he began." The other gods, the gods of the popular mythology were understood in the esoteric religion to be either personified attributes of the Deity or parts of the nature which he had created, considered as informed and inspired by him. . . . It is difficult in many cases to fix on the the exact quality, act, or part of nature intended; but the principle admits of no doubt. No educated Egyptian conceived of the popular gods as really separate and distinct beings. All knew that there was but one God.—*George Rawlinson in "The Story of Ancient Egypt."*

The Forum, Yonge and Gerrard Sts.

ENTRANCE ON GERRARD STREET.

The Beaver Branch of the T. S. in America will hold the following meetings during

THE MONTH TO COME.

- Friday, Sept. 20, 8 p.m., "A Basis for Ethics." Mr. Beckett.
 Sunday, September 22, 9.45 a.m., "Secret Doctrine."
 Sunday, September 22, 7 p.m., "Who the Devil is." Mr. Port.
 Sunday, September 22, 8 p.m., Revelation iv.
 Wednesday, September 25, 8 p.m., "Magic White and Black," pp. 120-129.
 Friday, September 27, 8 p.m., "The Path of Initiation." Mr. Smythe.
 Sunday, September 29, 9.45 a.m., "Secret Doctrine."
 Sunday, September 29, 7 p.m., "Primitive Theosophy." Mr. Beckett.
 Sunday, September 29, 8 p.m., Revelation v.
 Wednesday, October 2, 8 p.m., "Magic, etc., pp. 129-137.
 Friday, October 4, 8 p.m., "Heaven as Viewed by Theosophy." Mr. Port.
 Sunday, October 6, 9.45 a.m., "Secret Doctrine."
 Sunday, October 6, 7 p.m., "Inspiration." Mr. Randall.
 Sunday, October 6, 8 p.m., Revelation vi.
 Wednesday, October 9, 8 p.m., "Magic," etc., pp. 138-146.
 Friday, October 11, 8 p.m., "Scientific Religion." Mr. Beckett.
 Sunday, October 13, 9.45 a.m., "Secret Doctrine."
 Sunday, October 13, 7 p.m., "Expression." Mrs. Broun.
 Sunday, October 13, 8 p.m., Revelation vi.
 Wednesday, October 16, "Magic," etc., pp. 147-156.
 Friday, October 18, "Who Are the Gods?" Mr. Port.

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED
TO ATTEND ON FRIDAYS AND
SUNDAYS.

A HOPELESS CASE.

He was just a common sinner,
But he'd buy a tramp a dinner,
An' he'd sort o' try to put him on his feet;
An' a feller might be needy,
An' his raiment worn and seedy,
Yet he'd stop an' visit with him in the street.

He made no ado about it—
Wouldn't brag around ner shout it,
Yet he did a heap to help his fellowmen;
When he'd find a fallen brother
In some easy way er other,
He would make him organize himself again.

He had money an' he spent it,
Er he give away er lent it;
Seemed ez if the more he lost the more he got.
Made all sorts of big donations,
Helped support his poor relations,
An' he bought a orphan school a house an' lot.

Never heard o' him a-shoutin'
Ner a-settin' 'round a-spoutin'
'Bout the everlastin' wickedness o' things;
But he just went on a-fandin'
Deeds to do, an' never mindin'
Much about a crown er harp with golden strings.

Yet the deacon's folks (it's very
Hard to say it), they was merry
When at last death came an' caught him in the
lurch,
For they knowed the devil got 'im,
An' it served 'im right, dod rot 'im!
For he never had united with the church.

—Nixon Waterman in *L.A.W. Bulletin*.

THE POTATO PLANTING SCHEME AND THE BUFFALO THEOSOPHISTS.

A visit paid to Buffalo towards the end of August by some of the Beaver members, revealed a solidity of basis in the Buffalo branch and a practical activity which must insure the most desirable kind of success. The potato-planting scheme, which has been rather bungled in Toronto, has been practically in charge of the Buffalo theosophists in their city, and with astonishing results. Mr. Stevens, the branch president, who has charge of the potato-planting charity, drove the Toronto visitors over his "farm," which consists of about two hundred and fifty acres in lots of various sizes from one or two to thirty or forty acres in extent, situated in various parts of the city, and all lent free of charge by owners for the purposes of the charity. Two thousand dollars were raised in the face of all the usual objections in such cases,—imagine the remarks of an enlightened Toronto press and public upon a similar proposal emanating from Toronto theosophists, but

the opposition yielded before earnest and persistent work, and the sum collected was expended in ploughing, harrowing and seeding. The city supplied an overseer in the person of a patrolman, an ex-farmer, who, with the experience he possessed was of the greatest assistance in directing the efforts of the amateur agriculturists. The land was divided into half-acre lots and apportioned among some six hundred families taken from the charity lists of the city. The lowest estimate of the value of the crop thus raised is \$15,000, and a week or two ago a market gardener made a *bona fide* offer of \$2,000 for the produce of one ten acre patch. Potatoes are the main crop, but each family was allowed to raise whatever it pleased. The German element naturally favoured cabbage for sauer kraut, but vast quantities of beans, corn, onions, celery, lettuce, etc., were also in sight and beyond any question the experiment has been an immense success, and this is so generally admitted that an application for \$5,000 of the \$85,000 apportioned annually by Buffalo for charity will, it is expected, be readily granted next year. The relief to local charities is perhaps not the most important result attained by this successful experiment. The object lesson rendered to every family assisted in the demonstration of the possibilities existing in garden farming must undoubtedly lead to the adoption of a rural life by many of these city toilers. On five acres a family may live in comparative luxury by efforts which cannot be either exerted or even utilized in other directions in the city.

The Buffalo theosophists are winning public respect by their identification with work of this nature. Another activity of theirs to which the *Enquirer* of the 7th inst., devotes over a column is the "Way-fare," a home for women of education and refinement who may meet with sudden and temporary misfortune, who are for the time being objects of charity, and who must suffer, in the absence of any institution specially devoted to them, being classed with the pauper or criminal. Over eighty a month on an average have been received and cared for at the "Way-fare" since its inauguration, and in such a large railway centre as Buffalo it is easily understood how many belated travellers turn up. The police render

much assistance in directing the deserving to the "Wayfare," but all are received on application and transferred to other charities next day if found to more especially come under their provisions. The "Wayfare" is of course conducted on an entirely unsectarian basis, inspired only by the principle of the society, "the brotherhood of man."

Mr. W. A. Stevens and the other Buffalo members deserve the greatest credit for the devotion which has rendered these projects possible. The appreciation of theosophy and the growth of interest in theosophical teachings by the general public will prove the most satisfactory outcome of their labours, for after all, "the living bread" of knowledge of spiritual things, the realisation that man does not live by bread alone, is of more importance to the race individually and collectively than the temporary relief of the few units that can be assisted in regard to temporary wants.

The Buffalo Branch meets in the Colonial Parlours of the Genesee Hotel, and has arranged an interesting programme for the ensuing five months of the meetings to be held at three o'clock on Sunday afternoons.

NOTES ON THE MAGAZINES.

The Path has some timely notes on the Bhagavad Gita, the literature of which subject is accumulating. Mr. Brehon brings out the value of fixity of purpose and shows how rebirth must occur again and again for those who have no definite plan of existence. "The mind is the actor, the person who is attached. When it is deluded it is not able to throw off the subtle chains that bind it to reincarnation. Having spent an incarnation in looking after results it is full of earthly impressions, and has made the outerskandhas [tendencies] very powerful. So when its stay in Devachan is at its end the old images, impressions and the powerful skandhas drag it back to another life. At the time of bodily death the mind is temporarily almost altered into the image of the dominant thought of life, and so is beside itself or insane by comparison with the sage, and with what ought to be its proper state. Being so, it is impossible for it either to prevent rebirth or to select and take up an incar-

arnation with a definite end and work in the world in view." Another suggestive remark is that mechanical codes of ethics "have led people to mistake etiquette for morality." Mr. Fussell continues his essay on Devachan and Mr. Judge deals with "Theosophy and Capital Punishment." More room might be made for fresh matter by omitting the extensive reports and notices already circulated in *The Forum*.

The Irish Theosophist is the best of this month's magazines. "Yes, and Hope" has something of the strenuous glories of the dawn. What other meanings lie in all language, unseen, unheard, unknown, than that which men deem the evident. "Yes, and hope," for Mr. Garrett, nay, even now, for better-informed souls, bears no message; to other ears it comes God-voiced and gladdening. The affirmation is eternal; the assurance triumphant. Mrs. Cleather takes ground similar to that of *THE LAMP* last month, and deals very forcibly with Mrs. Besant's recent utterances on martyrdom. If martyrs would attend strictly to their own business and not insist upon sacrificing other people, we believe this would solve many of the difficulties that are said to arise. Mr. Judge contributes a wholesome view of the question on page 198. The "Letters to a Lodge" are as usual invaluable, and contain the most direct account of certain arcana that has yet been published.

Lucifer completes volume 16. There is one appropriate tribute to its founder which is worth quoting. "Mme. Blavatsky and her doings cannot 'be buried and forgotten' while increasing numbers of thoughtful people owe to her that definite proof of the existence of the Soul that popular Christianity fails to supply, and that definite training of the spiritual life in man which few modern Christian teachers are able to impart. Her memory will live, not because she could perform marvels, but because she could feed starving Souls with the bread of Spiritual Wisdom; and because she showed that Religion was not a beautiful dream but a solid verity, based on truths in Nature, not only on hopes in Man." "Orpheus" is of more general interest, the section on "Monadology" especially so. "The Doctrine of the Heart" is a

study. The charmingly unconscious humour it displays atones for the "fallacies that are committed" (*vide* page 487). Unless one has a pain, and a strong active pain at that, life would be worth nothing (page 488). Sometimes (page 486), the pain works "a regular havoc inside" the disciple, and then "he has to sit upon the ruins of himself quietly waiting." In justice to her contributor the Editor of *Lucifer* should put these statements in a form which will make them less available for the columns of the *Westminster Gazette*, *et al.* At the same time it is difficult to believe of the higher aspects of consciousness that "the elimination of the pain must inevitably be followed by oblivion of the realities of existence, and with the disappearance of the shadow of spiritual life its light would vanish too." How does this agree with a state of freedom from the "pairs of opposites?" A new section of the Theosophical Society is announced as being organised with headquarters at Chicago. The presence of a vigorous internal pain will probably testify to its vitality on the lines laid down above.

The Vahan consists chiefly of reports. Mrs. Besant acknowledges the existence of the "Theosophical Society in Europe" though a few months ago the formation of a similar body in America was considered unconstitutional.

Booknotes announces the publication of T. Subba Row's collected writings in a 350 page volume, price 3s. 6d.

Modern Astrology presents an attractive appearance which is not discounted by the contents. "Sepharia's" translation of "The Legend of the Red Man of the Tuileries" is one of the most important items. Various astrological topics are dealt with; regarding the Queen's horoscope there is a disposition to hedge over the prediction, for the month of November, made some years ago.

The Metaphysical Magazine for September has an article by the New York palmist, "Cheiro," on his special subject; Carl le Vinsin writes on "The Moral Influence of Music;" Dr. Hotchkiss con-

tinues her paper on "Concentricity"; while Prof. Bjerregaard adds another to his series of articles on "Being," taking the Vedantin view for consideration. Mr. Whipple's magazine is evidently making a place for itself among the liberal-conservative philosophers.

The Monist for the July quarter is wonderfully interesting to the theosophist who desires external confirmation for the eastern esoteric doctrines. As far as Dr. Carus is prepared to go he is in perfect harmony, as indeed all logical and earnest thinkers must be, with esoteric teachings. The scientific student and the materialist will be enabled to approach the "Secret Doctrine" through the channels Dr. Carus presents, and the change of terminology, if subsequently felt to be necessary, can readily be made. Prof. Dolbear's remarks on vortex rings may be considered from this aspect, and also this paragraph from Dr. Carus' article on "The Metaphysical x in Cognition": "The forces of nature which in their innermost essence appear to us as inaccessible, are nearer to us than we imagine, and we know them better and more intimately than anything else, for our own soul is the metaphysical essence of our bodily being and the company of strangers who introduce themselves as their brothers and cousins are not only akin to one another, but also to our own existence. The gravity of the falling stone, the heat of the sun, electricity, magnetism, and all other energies are the cousins of our own vitality. They are life of our life, and our organism is but a transformation of these supposed strangers. We hold the key to Nature's secrets in our possession, for our own being is an immediate and most direct revelation of her metaphysical interior." Sir Robert Ball's paper is somewhat elaborated for the rather self-evident proposition it expounds.

Mercury wears a new garment and displays a broader sheet. Mr. Fullerton is the principal contributor and he "freely admits" that in the circumstances which have led to his withdrawal from 144, Madison Avenue, "humanity has undergone a check which cannot be gauged and may operate for years." It is to be hoped that the check is not of the magnitude which Mr. Fullerton seems to

fear. We regret that *Mercury* has relegated the children to a subsidiary position.

The Moslem World and *The Crescent* are published in the interests of Islam in the west, and it is to be wished that Christian readers could have access to these journals and learn what this great religion really teaches. From *The World* we learn that a new translation into English is being prepared of The Koran. It is being made in India and will be published in English-speaking countries. Very few Christians who condemn their Moslem brethren as heathen have ever read this great Scripture, though Sale's version gives a tolerable idea of the original, leaving out of account the gratuitous assumptions of his notes. An authoritative translation like that now announced will leave no grounds of excuse for the ignorant.

The Crescent is a weekly journal published by the Liverpool Moslem Society, is a record of Islamic progress throughout the world, and advocates belief in One God and Mahommed as His inspired Prophet. Send for a sample copy to Sheikh Abdullah Quilliam, 15 Manchester Street, Liverpool, England. Subscriptions 6s. 6d. per annum to all parts of the world.

Mr. W. A. Bulmer announces the discontinuance of *The Northern Theosophist* and the publication early in September of *The English Theosophist*. Readers will be glad to hear of the continued activity of one of the cleverest pens in the theosophical movement. Annual subscriptions of 50c. may be sent to Mr. Bulmer, Eaglescliffe, Yarm-on-Tees, England.

THE LAMP has also received *Boston Ideas*, *Editor*, *Womankind*, *Secular Thought*, *Farmer's Sun*, *Meaford Mirror*, *Notes and Queries*, *Theosophic Gleaner*, *Pacific Theosophist*, *Theosophy in Australia*, *Occult Review*, *Open Court*, *L.A.W. Bulletin*, *Amusement Gazette*.

"Poems Grave and Gay," Lyrics, Sonnets, etc., and The Peanut Ballads, by Albert E. S. Smythe, 184 pp., cloth, with portrait, post free, \$1, from THE LAMP Office, and at 1 Bo. ksellers.
"Very pretty melodies."—*Publishers' Circular*, London.

"Sonnets, some of which are of exceptional strength."—*Chicago Dial*.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MOON: Or the Laws and Logie of the Lunatics.

A SATIRE.

BY O. G. WHITTAKER.

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(Continued from page 18.)

The adoption of the flag was productive of much good in a general way, and also engendered a national spirit that was very pronounced. Lunatics vied with one another in lauding the natural resources of Luna and the tact, push, energy and public-spiritedness of the citizens generally, as compared with the semi-barbaric tribes in adjacent countries.

Under the fostering care of the government, industry of every kind flourished apace. Inside of three generations from the adoption of the national flag, wealth of every kind increased amazingly, particularly bonds and debentures, bank stocks, and insurance and mortgage securities. The only kinds of wealth that were as hard to procure as formerly, and for many scarcer than ever, were bread, boots, beef, boards, bricks, butter, and such like truck as was useful to the poor; but these exceptions only marked the rule, because the better qualities of these commodities were to be had in plenty by the holders of bonds, who, in a very charitable spirit, erected various public institutions where the deserving poor were looked after, and where, by judicious management these institutions became self-supporting and even yielded a revenue, their annual reports showing much progress and profit.

There was but one thing on which all Lunatics were of one mind, and that was that there was *but one true religion and one true God*; yet in this there were difficulties presented that were not set at rest for many centuries. Thus, while they were agreed that there was but One, several existed, or were looked upon as existing in the many differing conceptions of the One, and the supreme difficulty was, which one? Each of several leaders, representative of various sects, claimed for his favourite deity and religion a superiority over all others in richness, greatness, goodness and truth. As the debate increased in vigour, one delegate called another a liar and said that his God could do more things, was more in favour of peace and good-will and more

able to back it up than any other God living or dead. All the details could not be obtained, but the affair ended in a fight in which the survivors secured lasting peace to themselves by means of annihilation to their opponents. Strange to say it had not the effect of securing peace for posterity, as repeated conflicts testify. The only instances on which a truce was called were when some fools hinted that the really great God did not need help from Lunatics; on such an occasion the truly religious would all join forces and make mince meat of the meddlers. It was suggested by philosophers about this time that as a knowledge of the arts increased together with the softening influences of education, the tendency to burn or decapitate those whose religious views were heterodox would pass away and that eventually liberty of opinion would be established. Their predictions were entirely fulfilled. Religious liberty became universal; every one was free to believe what he pleased, provided it was popular and endorsed by a section of the upper classes. When any Lunatic's faith was very unpopular, he was dealt with in mercy, and with a surprising amount of consideration for the public welfare. Burning and decapitation were forbidden by law and starving to death substituted, as being less liable to excite the passions of the vulgar and uneducated, besides being cheaper in the end and quite as effective. So tender-hearted did the upper classes become that pagans and poor people were often given a pass to the next town in order that such heart-rending objects of misery might be removed. The mendicant generally did move on as requested, grateful for the fare and for the good grace of his betters, and very generally had the decency to die in addition, in return for which courtesy he was invariably buried without the cost to himself of a single cent.

Government at this time became responsible, that is, the ruling member was responsible to his electors, while his electors were responsible to him. He was able to show on all occasions that if they failed to elect him the other scoundrel would get elected. "This," said the *Daily Dodger*, "always fetched them."

About this time the Lunatics were moved to reform the abuses of Govern-

ment, and commenced by getting rid of Party. If we could now learn to adopt their methods then introduced, it would not only lessen bribery and corruption, but infinitely decrease the cost of government. So low would the tax-rate be that the working man would practically and even actually, have no taxes to pay.

Two great parties had been for a great number of lunar periods expending a great amount of energy in showing those who could see it that way, that the fact of bad government was due to the efforts of the opposition to frustrate good government; while the opposition showed contra, as the lawyers, liars, and other diligent citizens would say. They had no ballot as we know it, but each citizen, male or female, had not only the privilege—the glorious privilege—of voting, but an act was passed that every citizen had to vote, whether he or she liked it or not. Well the radical reformers—they called them simply imbeciles then—had been crying out that if such a state of things came about there would be good government for all. But the "good time coming" seemed to be delayed by spring frosts or something. Denmark was not the only country containing decayed matter. Government grew steadily from bad to worse. Presently they got the secret ballot, so secret that you couldn't tell how a fellow voted unless you could find out. Things got no better. "Party" was responsible for every failure of justice. Then they tried giving everybody two votes, then three votes; and so on up to ten votes each, but it never seemed to set things right. Then somebody made a proposal that appeared to solve the problem of representation. This was that each adult citizen should have a vote for every year of his age since attaining his majority. The principle underlying this method of testing the popular will seems one of wisdom and simple justice. It is admitted that years bring experience; why then should the stripling of twenty-one have as much power to govern as the man of wrinkles and reflection? The *Daily Dodger* in chronicling the event said, "We venture to assert that candid readers will freely admit the entire simplicity and justice of the scheme, and be smitten dumb with astonishment that the plan had not occurred to them before." Does it not

seem humiliating that the honor of such a discovery in political economy should fall to the mere provincials or colonials which the Lunatics undoubtedly are? Not even Gladstone ever thought of it. What a power to secure Home Rule or settle the question of the Lords!

The plan was adopted, and according to the *Daily Dodger*, "While it was finally abandoned, the fault lay not in the scheme itself, but in the pusillanimous government that failed to preserve the peace while giving the new franchise law a trial."

This is what happened. At the first general election after the preparation of the new lists, the government was defeated by the largest majority and the largest vote ever polled in Luna. The opposition, having made large promises in the way of reduction of the taxes, went into power very strong in the public confidence. In the meantime the retiring ministry had looted the treasury. This left the government no alternative but to issue bonds to meet the emergency. Of course there was some talk of criminal prosecution, but as the leaders did not offer themselves for re-election, and as the money was all gone and past recovery, the government took the matter under their consideration and decided that though the fallen ones had no doubt done wrong, but were now sorry for their fault, and above all, were gentlemen, it would be magnanimous in the hour of victory to be merciful, besides somebody, they reflected, might also have to do as much for them some day. They did not prosecute. So taxes were up again and likely to stay up for a few years. Elections were pretty lively after that, and engaged the attention of a larger proportion of the electorate than formerly. The only thing that was now needed was to get out the right men to blot out party and make the people the sovereign rulers.

There were now observed some startling physiological effects of the new franchise. As every citizen had to vote, the women had less time to devote to missions and millinery. They voted, but they began to die early. Very few women reached thirty, while the majority dropped off about twenty-three! The race was threatened; the alarm became general. On the other hand the effect on the male portion of the population was without

parallel in Lunar history. Men aged fast and lived to number many years. A few recorded their plumpers at twenty-one, but it was common to find men of one hundred and seventy-five summers taking a hearty interest in politics, and voting with vigour. Not only did men age fast, but they did so without the signs of age usual to mankind. The sight was frequent of centenarians who must have had the blood of Moses in their veins (though how, it would be impossible to say), for their eye was not dimmed and their hair-crop was heavy and dark, while their step was light and brisk. Men marvelled much and rejoiced; while the women wailed and hoped for the better country. Then was born the first female poet. Long ere our Christian era it was that the great Lunatic (our scientist did not see her, but he knows she had grey eyes, high, smooth forehead and a far-away look), nibbled her crow quill and broke forth in strains which the later Christian plagiarists do not rival—"I would not live away,"—and she didn't, but hied her to that Home where the heeler quits his heeling and the ballot-stuffers cease.

(To be continued.)

Subscriptions will be reckoned from the first number issued after receipt of subscription; if you want any back numbers they will cost five cents each. We cannot include back numbers in yearly subscriptions. Only a few of the copies of the early numbers remain, except number 2, which is out of print. A few bound copies of Volume I may be had, price \$1.25.

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DEAN FARRAR ON THE ATONEMENT.

It should always be borne in mind that the Scriptural metaphors of Ransom and Propitiation describe the Atonement by its blessed effects *as regards man*. All speculation as to its bearing on the counsels of God, all attempts to frame a scholastic scheme out of metaphors only intended to indicate a transcendent mystery, *by its results for us*, have led to heresy and error. *To whom* was the ransom paid? The question is idle, because "ransom" is only a metaphor of *our deliverance* from slavery. For nearly a thousand years the Church was content with the most erroneous, and almost blasphemous notion that the ransom was *paid by God to the devil*, which led to still more grievous aberrations. Anselm, who exploded this error, substituted for it *another*—the hard forensic notion of indispensable *satisfaction*. Such terms, like those of "substitution," "vicarious punishment," "reconciliation of God to us" (for "of us to God"), have no sanction in Scripture, which only reveals what is necessary for man, and what man can understand, viz., that the love of God in Christ has provided for him a way of escape from ruin, and the forgiveness of sins.

—Notes on the Epistle to the Hebrews.

I am owner of the sphere,
Of the seven stars and the solar year,
Of Cæsar's hand and Plato's brain,
Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakspere's strain.
—Emerson.

YOU HAVE BEEN
LOOKING FOR HIM

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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

The Theosophical Society is not a secret or political organization. It was founded in New York in 1875. Its main object is the formation of a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood, without any distinctions whatever. Its subsidiary objects are the study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies, and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of that study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

The only essential requisite to become a member of the society is "To believe in Universal Brotherhood as a Principle, and to endeavour to practise it consistently."

Every member has the right to believe or disbelieve in any religious system or philosophy, and declare such belief or disbelief without affecting his standing as a member of the Society, each being required to show that tolerance for the opinions of others which he expects from them.

Attendance at the following meetings of the BEAVER Theosophical Society at The Forum, corner of Yonge and Gerrard, (entrance by Gerrard) is invited:

*

SUNDAY, 9.45 a.m. to 10.45 a.m., "Secret Doctrine" Class.

SUNDAY, 7 p.m., Public Meeting, at which Theosophical Addresses and Readings are given by members, and questions answered.

SUNDAY, 8 p.m., Class for the study of the Sacred Books of the various Religions.

FRIDAY, 8 p.m. to 10 p.m., Public Meeting for the informal discussion of the World's Religions, Philosophies and Sciences. This Meeting is specially intended for those who are unacquainted with Theosophical ideas.

*

A meeting for the members of the Society is held Wednesday evenings. Persons desiring to join the Society should apply to one of the officers or members. The entrance fee, including subscription for first year, is \$1.00. Annual subscription, \$1.00.

Books may be had from the Society's library on application to the librarian.

The programme for the ensuing month will be found on another page.

The down town office of the Society will be found in the Medical Council Building, 157 Bay street, and is usually open between the hours of 10 and 5.