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“The goal that was named cannot be countermanded.”

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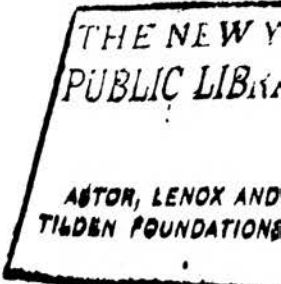
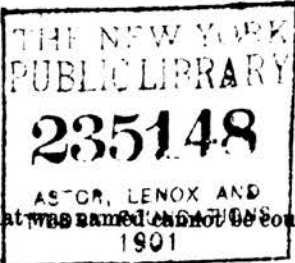
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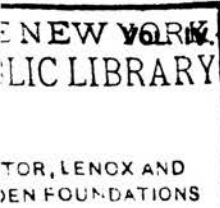
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"The goal that was named ~~the goal~~ countermanded."

# THE LAMP.



No. 1.

TORONTO, MARCH, 1900.

No. 37.

## "CAST NO ONE OUT OF YOUR HEART."

"The illuminated sage regards with equal mind an illuminated, selfless Brahmin, a cow, an elephant, a dog, and even an outcast who eats the flesh of dogs."—*Bhagavad Gita*.

ONLY a few years have passed since one who was called "the greatest of the Exiles" said, "Cast no one out of your heart," and to-day, as these words recurred to my mind, I thought what narrow dwelling places our hearts often are, and through what strange happenings we come to widen them. The other day I saw a look of such utter tenderness flash across a flower-girl's face as she glanced at her little infant, and covered it up more closely from the cold wind, that I felt compelled to question her about it, and when I said; "Is it not rather a trouble to take the little one about so?" She answered, with a little laugh and another loving look at the child, "Ah, sure, no, it's a blessing to have it to care for." This was a revelation to me of a heart fashioning itself as a dwelling-place for that divine compassion which at last will enfold all beings, and to-day, as the great exile's half-forgotten teaching returned to my memory, it seemed inseparably linked together with the poor flower-girl's words, and pondering over this I thought that perhaps the same tender spirit in both hearts formed the link.

I wondered, also, why these words should haunt me with such a strange persistency; had they a new significance for me, for often I have found that when a wise sentence lingers and floats about me it has been an interior voice recalling me to something which, though familiar to the mind, had been strange to the heart and unpractised by the will. Almost accusingly the voice continued to murmur, "Cast no one out of your heart," and as I walked through the city streets I sought for the meaning of the Exile's words, and thought that perhaps they applied to a certain contemptuous mental attitude to others I allowed myself to drift into sometimes.

The Ancient Wisdom declares we all have birth from one divine source; in that inner world of our inception there is perfect unity, though for a time we forget it in this external

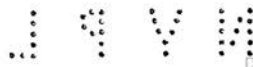
sphere. Perhaps there is something else we often forget also—that we only behold in others what we possess in ourselves. We love or hate in others what is developed or in the germ in ourselves; it is only when the divine eye is unclosed that we can sense the spirit in all, passing from the illusive light of the mind into the primeval darkness wherein is God.

“I am the origin of all; all things proceed from me,” Krishna says to Arjuna. Any utterance contrary to this, tending to produce disruption or severance, finds no spiritual echo within me, no sanction from my heart; nor do I find that anyone charged with a spiritual message to mankind—from Krishna down to the Exile whose words came into my mind—has ever taught that alienation one from another is necessary for those who desire to become messengers of the divine in time to come. Yet we are all messengers now; whatever of truth we have seized we must transmit to others, either in thought or word or deed, for a divine chain of influence extends through all degrees of humanity, and its links are formed of souls.

The universality of this old teaching cannot be excelled; but there are those who belittle it, who say that comradeship can be too “broad.” Whoever teaches this I proclaim to be a false teacher, with no understanding of either the letter or spirit of the Ancient Wisdom. No comradeship can be too broad, too high, too deep; all, from the spirits in the highest spheres to the devils in hell, are included in a vast unity, and at no one’s command can anyone be exiled from the heart, nor has any true messenger of the spirit ever issued such a command. The teaching has always been to “raise the self by the Self,” to transmute personal feelings into a fervent desire to know the Supreme Spirit residing in the hearts of all, for the spirit cannot be restricted, no matter who may command; it shines on the just and the unjust alike, it uses all things and beings as its dwelling place, manifesting itself in a myriad ways, and we cannot refuse to enter any house where it may abide. It may be a sigh in the heart of the criminal, a longing to scale the heights in the fallen or the outcast of the schools; or it may come as a place in the starlight, an exultation in the mountains, a gladness in the running waters, or as love and compassion in a human heart, but however it comes, “This is the Real, this the Self. THAT THOU ART.”

LAON.

Dublin, Ireland.



## THE VOICE OF THE WATERS.

Where the Greyhound River windeth through a loneliness so  
 deep,  
 Scarce a wild fowl shakes the quiet that the purple boglands  
 keep,  
 Only God exults in silence over fields no man may reap.

While the silver wave with sweetness fed the tiny lives of grass  
 I was bent above, my image mirrored in the fleeting glass,  
 And a voice from out the water through my being seemed to  
 pass.

“ Still above the waters brooding, spirit, in thy timeless quest !  
 Was the glory of thine image trembling over east and west  
 Not divine enough when mirrored in the morning water’s  
 breast ? ”

With the sighing voice that murmured I was borne to ages dim  
 Ere the void was lit with beauty breathed upon by seraphim,  
 We were cradled there together folded in the peace in Him.

One to be the master spirit, one to be the slave awoke,  
 One to shape itself obedient to the fiery word we spoke,  
 Flame and flood and stars and mountains from the primal waters  
 broke.

I was huddled in the heather when the vision failed its light,  
 Still and blue and vast above me towered aloft the solemn  
 height,  
 Where the stars like dewdrops glistened on the mountain slope  
 of night.

Æ.

DUBLIN.

## THE MYSTERY OF PAIN.

“ Some have made them Gods of love,  
 Sun Gods; Givers of the rain;  
 Deities of hill and grove.  
 I have made a God of Pain.”

THE mystery of pain is by no means a lost one; we need not search for it among antiquities, or erect schools for its revival. Ah! no, the God of Pain is omnipresent, and at times, it would seem, omnipotent also; but this is not so, for pain is the rough pathway which leads to bliss—the thorny tree on which the white flowers of peace bud forth and blossom. We must learn to regard pain as a means, not an end, before we can recognize this Deity in disguise. The soul returns to earth-life thro’ the gateway of pain; thus at the very threshold of life the divine mystery is enacted—joy springing from anguish; Peace, pain’s sweet resultant.

See the helpless babe nestle close to the mother’s heart. Watch the tender light illumine the mother’s eyes. Think of the patient care, the self-denying love, on which that fragile life depends, and then commune with thine own soul on the silent ministry—the mystery of pain. Manifold are the desires of man; countless his aims and ambitions. Self-centred, he strives to seize and hold the good things of life—wealth, fame, power, pleasure. Silently the God of pain draws nigh, to withhold the longed-for possession; to remove the dearly-loved object. Thus one by one the illusions which men call joys are withdrawn. Then the man stands empty-handed, awaiting his destiny. It is in such a moment as this that the eternal mysteries of life and death are unfolded and the true meaning of existence made manifest. Have you watched some dearly-loved one grow weaker day by day, until hope is slain by its intensity? or, harder still, have you seen the one you love racked with pain, longing for release, which seems so cruelly denied? The wistful pleading of those suffering eyes haunt you by night and day; yet ’tis in this valley of humiliation you are taught the poverty of wealth, fame and power when compared with the faith which accounts the suffering of the present as not worthy to be compared to the glory which shall follow.

When the bitter Karma of nations finds its vent in war; when men arm themselves to kill and plunder their fellowmen, then pain, relentless pain, reigns supreme.

Thousands die ere their time, whilst tens of thousands weep in anguish for their return. No wonder we ask: Is war

ever necessary? Can aught of good result from so much of evil? We believe war is necessary even as the surgeon's knife is necessary, when the disease, deeply rooted, cannot otherwise be reached. Humanity is not a perfect body, each part harmonizing and working in accord with the whole.

Unbrotherliness or separativeness, the lust of power and possessions, are deeply-rooted evils which take strong measures to discover, and, in time, to heal or eradicate. War represents the surgeon's knife, used by Pain—not in anger or wild unreason, but with forethought, and intent to cure.

When men realize that they are united on every plane of being, the need for wars shall cease, and pain no longer prove a mystery; for the hidden Deity will stand revealed in all His beauty. Till then, life will be o'ershadowed by Pain and wild unrest, for so the Gods decree.

Know ye the morning glories which spring where the Love-God passes? Heard ye the laughing waters which whisper of love's strange ways? Saw ye the white clouds flying with messages love-laden? If not, of a truth "Ye must be born again;" for love is life, and its divine interpreter.

She loved him; her life, her thoughts, her very being, had been yielded to him unreservedly. Then he who held this priceless treasure played with it awhile, then threw it lightly aside, and went his way unheeding. She, in sad amaze that the sun of life had set in mid-heaven, faded silently ere the spring flowers could whisper hope. In another life, no doubt, she was taught the meaning of pain; but in this one the lesson was too hard for her to learn, so she fell asleep ere its mystery was discovered. And the man, what of him? Unheeding, too, he went his way; but Pain met him, and anguish proved his saviour.

Why did we choose earthly existence? Was it not to learn by experience that humanity is One Divine Being whose mission it is to restore and redeem. Pain and pleasure are opposite poles of experience. We learn from both. Joy and beauty are humanity's birthright; 'tis we who have sold our royal heritage for "a mess of pottage," and now we awake to find ourselves in a strange land, where joy is but an angel visitant sent to remind us of our olden home, where sin, pain and death were unknown, because men lived in Unity with each other, and with the Father of Lights, even the Spirit of Truth.

There are some who follow beauty, and find in it such deep abiding joy that unconsciously they have left the prison home of self behind, ere they know of their release. Happy souls, if they live to scatter beauty's offerings over life's pathway! For such as these pain proves but the shadow which

makes the picture more perfect. Others learn early to obey the voice of Truth, seeking only to know and do the will of the Father. These earnest souls suffer, even as the Christ did, for the sins of the world. And there are others, who through love prove more than conquerors. Yet still a mighty host remain who must learn by Pain to suffer and grow strong. Truth, beauty and love cannot prove guiding stars to such, until pain has first removed the bandages from their eyes, enabling them to see into the limitless vistas of eternity, where abide the mysteries of the Uncreate.

ELEANOR DUNLOP.

London, England.

### UNENROLLED THEOSOPHISTS.

#### I. DR. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

WHEN Madam Blavatsky's message came to us, fifteen or twenty years ago, we were impressed with its unifying design more than by its intellectuality, by its satisfaction of our yearnings for brotherhood, rather by any quenching of our cravings for knowledge. We had more knowledge already than we knew what to do with. Religion, philosophy, science, psychic phenomena, and the ordinary knowledge of affairs had made us wise unto death, and we longed to be wise unto salvation. We saw, as we still see, men and women in every walk of life doing their duty and the will of God as far as we can trust ourselves to judge in such matters, and at the same time deploring each others' eternal loss, and exhibiting the utmost reluctance to be concerned with any improperly credentialled fellow being.

Among these, and underlying their efforts, we had discerned, dimly perhaps, a uniformity of purpose and inspiration which they themselves generally declined to recognise, and which seemed to indicate that the diversities and even the hostilities of life might after all be ordered in the victorious march of the universal purpose for a more triumphant harmony than we had dreamed. *The Secret Doctrine* unfolded something of the magnitude and beauty of this idea, and there were those who banded themselves together with no other bond than the recognition of this common brotherhood of destiny, the closing in of every interval, the fulfilment of every inadequate relation.

It was a joy to these to think that outside their ranks there were those who excelled their precept and bettered their example. Blavatsky herself declared that there were better Theosophists outside her Society than in it. For many of us this was our only comfort.



Having broken away from the pettiness of sects and the domination of hierarchies, having abandoned the limitation of creeds and the narrowness of the worldly wise, and having outgrown the conventions of the schools, nothing less comprehensive than humanity, nothing less catholic than the Universe itself, could satisfy the unslaved. Never again could the taper or the torch serve as an acceptable substitute for the sun.

The attempts in recent years to erect platforms from which special, and in the opinion of each builder, always the finest view of the Universe might be obtained, has led to some grotesque results. It is not the building of the platforms, so much, as the digging of foundations, that mankind needs. All our efforts and aspirations proceed from one source, and if we can in the faintest measure attain to an appreciation of that, we shall find ourselves enabled to understand all that is being done by our fellows. For we are all rooted in one Nature.

It has been said by a Master Builder of old, "Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ." As we build on this foundation, whatever our conception of it may be, "each man's work shall be made manifest." In Krishna the Hindu sees "of the whole Universe the origin and the end." Whether as a fact or as an image of fact, there lives in the mind of all spiritually minded men the conception of That which underlies and outlasts all that exists. As men find this Truth dwelling in their hearts they cease to trouble about the Name that their fellows may give it. The spirit of its wisdom and power raises their lives above the special Name by which they know it, and the image of their devoted service conforms more and more to the divine reality.

When we contemplate life as we have been enjoined to do, we cannot fail to be impressed with the power of those men who live from within, and who deliver themselves to the manifestation of an inner purpose. Lord Rosebery recently spoke of the strength of the man who was at once a mystic and practical, and to the extent that any one has attained the equipoise in which this centre and periphery have become a unity, in which the heart and the hand suffer not the divorce of earthly judgments, to that extent he has built upon the sure foundation.

In humble and private life are to be found those who according to their opportunities and under differing devices have achieved this degree of mastery. An already conspicuous example will better serve to illustrate the possibilities of such a character, and the spirit of the brotherhood of recognition which sees the Mind of the Master striving through the acts of every apostle.

W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A., LL.D., was born on the 10th

October, 1851, at the Free Church Manse, Auchindoir, Aberdeenshire, Scotland. He studied at the Aberdeen University, and became editor of *The Expositor* in 1884. In 1886 he founded the *British Weekly*, thereafter residing in London, and taking influential part in the literary life of that greatest of literary centres. In spite of exceedingly delicate health he has accomplished an astonishing amount of work, and all his undertakings have been crowned with very notable success. In October, 1891, he commenced *The Bookman*; in 1893, took part in founding *The Woman at Home*, and two years ago became editor, in addition to all these other trusts, of *The Christian Budget*. Besides this he is literary critic to half a dozen leading organs, to which he contributes his reviews under various pen-names, a practice not long since openly objected to by a number of writers, led by a prominent Roman Catholic novelist, who believed that it was not fair for any one man to have so great a share in moulding public opinion. In addition to all this Dr. Nicoll may be heard of almost any week as having preached a special sermon in some English or Scotch city, generally hundreds of miles from London. If all this activity had been exercised in such body as the T. S. or the U. B. he would have been considered a Mahatma long ago, and when his influence is taken into account, the status of an avatar would have been scarcely too great. Fortunately Dr. Nicolls is unsusceptible to any but the seductions of duty, and may serve us well as a stimulus to our imagination of that Society from which none such will be cast out.

We have forgotten nowadays that the Teacher is the man who teaches, whatever be the title he bears. The newspapers have taken the place of the pulpit, and their sermons are on every breakfast-table, and daily. The novelist, also, proclaims his gospel, whatever it be, with more acceptance and more lasting impression than the priest. Through the *British Weekly* and *The Bookman* Dr. Nicoll has made the reputation of very many modern novelists and poets, of whom Barrie, Jane Barlow, Crockett, Ian Maclaren, and Pett Ridge are among the most notable of the story-tellers. What Stevenson owes to him probably will be more easily estimated than admitted. When it is considered that the influence of these writers, under Providence, as he would be the first to say, is directly due to Dr. Nicoll, something of the greatness of the hero as a literary man will dawn upon the ordinarily careless reader.

*The British Weekly* is the organ of English non-conformity. In it Congregationalist, Methodist, Presbyterian, and Baptist meet on equal terms, and nowhere does the Established or the Roman Church receive fairer treatment. *The British Weekly*

is distinctly a unifying influence. It bears "a message of goodwill, of cheerfulness, of gratitude, and of hope."

Possibly Dr. Nicoll would be horrified if he ever heard that a Theosophist looked upon him with favour, but probably not. No man is altogether indifferent to appreciation, though he may be fastidious about the medium. Lest there be any misunderstanding it may be well to say that the present writer understands Dr. Nicoll to be of the most orthodox order, and entirely without intellectual sympathy for esotericism in the sense of the *Secret Doctrine*. Nevertheless, in the spirit of his work and writings there is the toleration and impulse towards unity which was the life of the movement for brotherhood inaugurated by Madam Blavatsky. Not long ago he quoted with approval FitzGerald's remark that the "children who are great in the Kingdom of Heaven are all for blurting out what they mean." I know no writer who does so more graciously. He expects the next revival of religion to concern itself more with the perfecting of the saints, with ethics, more deference to be paid to the claims of the intellect, self-development, and the revival of justice. Whatever formula may best accomplish these ends will be acceptable to any of us.

Perhaps some extracts from an address to a body of young men just entering the ministry of the Church will illustrate Dr. Nicoll's ideas of the duty of a servant of the Lord, and what he is intended to accomplish. These paragraphs are taken from the *British Weekly* of 21st September last:—

"No doubt for most what is called a commonplace career is appointed, and many times a commonplace career is peculiarly honourable. There is nothing more sound and salutary in the teaching of Thackeray than his persistent inculcation of the fact that commonplace qualities which lead to commonplace success are by no means matters of course, but require strenuous, long-continued efforts, the results of which are thoroughly worthy of respect and admiration. Still, few things have struck me more deeply than the contrast you often see between the eager and enthusiastic student and the same man when he has been for some years a minister. A young man will be the light of his class, the hope of his teachers, full of energy and brightness and devotion. Somehow circumstances prove too strong for him. His curiosity ceases, his perceptions are dulled, and he seems tossed from year to year in a quagmire. It is not our duty to be ambitious in the poor sense, in the sense of caring for power and position and wealth, but it is our duty to labour with courage unabated and indomitable to make the very best of ourselves. In this world it cannot be said too often that it is not enough to have ability. You must also have fight and

mastery. A man must be hammer or anvil, and too many make up their minds early that they will be anvils. They almost part with the belief that they are fit to do anything, or that they owe any duty to the world. Most of us, in truth, are able to do very little, but none of us should be satisfied to do less than our best. Wherever you may be placed, you have the opportunity of proving yourselves.

"If your minds are not to harden, you must know what is best in current literature, in poetry, in fiction, in criticism, in every department. You must know it so well as that your mind shall receive the first sharp impression from every writer. You must be aware of the subtle changes that are always taking place in the use of words. You must, if you are to win a hearing from those who are not already convinced, be able to wield the weapons of your opponents, to express yourselves lucidly, flexibly, articulately. There is no way to this except the patient and loving study of our great English literature.

"I venture to think that any man whose vision of the other life is steadily certain and childlike, will not err essentially in any doctrine of the Christian faith.

"Never forget the wise words of Hutton, 'Till thought becomes a passion it hardly ever becomes a power.'

"Finally, gentlemen, find what you can do and do it. We are too much under the influence of conventionalities and routine. These men bravely broke away from these things, and if you are to do your work you may have to break away also from the prescribed course and do things which persons of a narrow prudence condemn. You are pledged to give Christ's cause your life and all you have. Whatever line of service you pursue you have the same duty of devotion and self-discipline, stern, real, persevering, almost unintelligible in its methods to ordinary men. But find your calling and make it sure. Some of you are called to be missionaries; some of you are called to be popular preachers; some of you are called to be students; some of you are called to be teachers. Do not yield to narrow conceptions of life. Rather look upon life as sacramental in this, that it is all to be transformed into a perfect expression of the mind and will of Jesus Christ. You are no less a faithful minister of the New Testament if you serve it by the pen rather than by the voice. There is abundant room for all the orders of gifts. 'He made some apostles and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ.' We trust and pray that you will live not unworthily to fulfil these noble offices."

Whatever may be thought of Dr. Nicoll's theology the dullest must perceive that in his life and work there is a power for which we must account, and quite apart from his great scholarship and literary distinction, those who study the present trend of religious thought in England and the new anointing of the ancient faith, cannot ignore this amiable pontiff of dissent.

BEN MADIGHAN.

“SHE BEING DEAD YET SPEAKETH.”

IN *The Path* in 1892 were published some extracts from private letters of Madam Blavatsky which had been read at the White Lotus Day celebration in New York. A contemporary recently re-printed a portion of these extracts, but with so many omissions from the various paragraphs and sentences, and without any indication of such omissions, that readers will do well to refer to the original when possible. Those who have not a copy of *The Path* for July, 1892, may wish to have the omitted passages which follow :

“The Esoteric Section is not of the earth, earthy ; it does not interfere with the exoteric administration of Lodges ; takes no stock in *external Theosophy* ; has no officers or staff ; needs no halls or meeting rooms. . . . Finally, it requires neither subscription fees nor money, for ‘as I have not so received it, I shall not so impart it,’” etc.

“A man of means, independent and free from any duty, will have to move about and go, missionary like, to teach Theosophy to the Sadducees and the Gentiles of Christianity. A man tied by his duty to one place has no right to desert it in order to fulfil another duty, let it be however much greater ; for the first *duty* taught in Occultism is to do one's duty unflinchingly *by every duty*. Pardon these seemingly absurd paradoxes and Irish Bulls ; but I have to repeat this *ad nauseam usque* for the last month. ‘Shall I risk to be ordered to leave my wife, desert my children and home if I pledge myself ?’ asks one. ‘No,’ say I, ‘because he who plays truant in one thing will be faithless in another. No real, genuine MASTER will accept a chela who sacrifices *anyone* except himself to go to that Master.’ If one cannot, owing to circumstances or his position in life, become a full adept in this existence, let him prepare his mental luggage for the next, so as to be ready at the first call when he is once more reborn.”

After quoting “To thine own self be true,” etc. : “The question is whether Polonius meant this for worldly wisdom or for occult knowledge ; and by my ‘own self’ the *false Ego* (or

the terrestrial personality) or that spark in us which is but the reflection of the 'One Universal Ego.' But I am dreaming. I had but four hours' sleep. . . . Give my sincere fraternal respects to . . . and let him try to feel my old hand giving him the *Master's grip*, the strong grip of the Lion's paw of Punjab (not of the tribe of Judah) across the Atlantic, To you my eternal affection and gratitude. Your H.P.B."

"I am the Mother and the Creator of the Society; it has my magnetic fluid, and the child has inherited all of its parent's physical, psychical and spiritual attributes—faults and virtues, if any. Therefore, I alone and to a degree . . . can serve as a lightning conductor of Karma for it. I was asked whether I was willing, when on the point of dying—and I said yes—for it was the only means to save it. Therefore I consented to live—which in my case means to suffer physically during twelve hours of the day, mentally twelve hours of the night, when I get rid of the physical shell. . . . It is true about the Kali Yuga. Once that I have offered myself as the goat of atonement, the Kali Yuga recognises its own—whereas any other would shrink from such a thing—as I am doomed and overburdened in this life worse than a poor weak donkey full of sores made to drag uphill a cartload of heavy rocks. You are the *first* one to whom I tell it, because you force me into the confession. . . . You have a wide and noble prospect before you if you do not lose patience. . . . Try . . . to hear the small voice within."

"Yes, there are 'two persons' in me. But what of that? So there are two in you; only mine is conscious and responsible—and yours is not. So you are happier than I am. I *know* you sympathise with me, and you do so because you feel that I have always stood up for you, and will do so to the bitter or happy end—as the case may be."

"He may be moved to doubt—and that is the beginning of wisdom."

"But do, do remain true to the Masters and *Their* Theosophy and the *names*. . . . May *They* help you and allow us to send you our best blessings. . . ."

"But no Theosophist or other has the right to sacrifice himself unless *he knows for a certainty* that by so doing he helps some one and does not sacrifice himself in vain for the empty glory of abstract virtue. . . . Psychic and vital energy are limited in every man. It is like capital. If you have a dollar a day and spend two, at the end of the month you will have a deficit of \$30."

In the sentence "One refuses to pledge himself not to listen without protest to any evil thing said of a brother," the word

“worthy” was interpolated before “brother,” H.P.B. not having used it.

“No man will ever speak ill of his brother without cause and proof of the iniquity of that brother, and he will abstain from all backbiting, slandering and gossip.”



#### THE ACCOUNT OF EVERY WORD.

**M**AN forgets that, where the substance of his words disperses in the air, it is not destroyed; that it does not therefore evaporate, but that it forms a mass and corrupts the spiritual atmosphere, as our putrid exhalations corrupt the atmosphere in our dwellings; he forgets that every word that man's tongue pronounces will one day be produced again before him, and that the air which our mouths make use of to form our words will restore them just as it received them, as every element will restore what is sown in it, everything after its kind; that even our dumb speech, pronounced tacitly only in the secret of our being, will likewise reappear and resound in our ears; for silence has also its echoes: and man cannot produce a thought, a word, an act which is not imprinted on the eternal mirror on which everything is engraved, and from which nothing is ever effaced.

The holy dread of an oath originally derives from a deep sentiment of these principles; for, when we penetrate to the ground of our being, we find that we can unite ourselves by our word with the ineffable source of truth, but that we can also, by its criminal use, unite ourselves with the awful abyss of lies and darkness.

There are savage nations, who, though without our science, have gone less astray than we have, who estimate nothing so much as our oaths; whilst, amongst civilized nations, the use of oaths is little more than a form, the moral consequences of which appear to be of little importance.

But, letting alone these false oaths and perjuries; when we see the great evils that result daily from the mismanagement of our words, is not this enough to teach us wisdom?

O, man, if the care of your own spiritual health is not enough to induce you to condescend to watch over your words on your own account, watch over them at least for the sake of your fellow creatures; and be not satisfied no more to abuse them, as you do every day, with barren words of no profit, which drag them into all manner of doubts and illusions; but do in such sort that your words may be at once a torch to guide

them and an anchor to steady them and secure them through the tempests.

All speech can but be the fruit of a thought, and every thought the fruit of an alliance; but as the alliances we make are so different one from another, it is not surprising that our speech should likewise take so many colours. In fact, it is only through our alliance, or, if you will, our contact with God, that we have any divine thoughts. Our contact with Spirit gives us spiritual thoughts; our sidereal or astral thoughts come from our contact with the astral Spirit, which is called the Spirit of the Great World; our material and earthly thoughts come from our contact with earthly darkness; our criminal thoughts from the Spirit of lies and wickedness. We have power and are at liberty to contract any of these alliances; we have only to choose.

But what ought to keep us constantly active and watchful is, that, from the very nature of our being, the fire of which cannot be extinguished, we are, every instant, pressed to contract one or other of these alliances. What is more, we never are without contracting one, of one kind or another. In short, we never are without engendering fruits of some kind; since we are always in contact with one of these centres, divine, spiritual, sidereal, earthly or infernal, which all surround us.—*E. B. Penny. Translated from the French of Louis Claude de Saint-Martin (Le Philosophe Inconnu).*



MAGAZINES and papers received: *Citizen and Country*, *Boston Ideas*, *Meaford Mirror*, *North-Ender*, *Prasnottara* (Benares), *Light of Truth* (Madras), *Theosophical Gleaner*, *Review of Reviews*, *Events*, *Herald of the Golden Age*, *Flaming Sword*, *British Weekly*, *Weekly News*, *The Free Man*, *The World's Advance Thought*, *Lyceum*, *Unity*, *Star of the Magi*, *The Abiding Truth*, *The Rainbow*, *Nya Tiden*, *Occult Truths*, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, *Expression*, *Prophetic Messenger*, *Teosofisk Tidskrift* (Sweden), *Christian Messenger*, *Harbinger of Light* (Melbourne), *Notes and Queries* (Manchester), *The Philistine*, *The Morning Star*, *The Literary Digest*, *The Theosophic Messenger*, *Light of the East* (Calcutta), *Theosophical Chronicle*, *Theosophischer Wegweiser* (Leipzig), *Home Circle Leader*, *Beltaine*, *Neue Metaphysische Rundschau* (Berlin), *Field of Progress*, *Magnetic Healer*, *Hypnotist and Mental Therapeutist*, *Spirit Fruit*, *The Adept*, *Book and News Dealer*, *Progressive Preacher*, *Spirit's Voice*, etc.



## TWO BOOKS ON REBIRTH.

*The Memory of Past Births.* By Charles Johnston. Paper, 20 cents; cloth, 40 cents. From the author, Flushing, N.Y. Six copies for \$1.

*Reincarnation or Immortality?* By Ursula N. Gestefeld. Cloth, \$1. The Alliance Publishing Co., New York City.

NOTHING so encouraging to the Theosophical worker can be instanced as the increase in our literature of "works of weight and fair authority," such as that of Mr. Pryse and Mr. Smith, noticed in our columns in the past two months, Dr. Anderson's book, also recently reviewed in *THE LAMP*, and others which will occur to the reader. No other single teaching of the great religions has made such a profound impression upon western thought since 1875 as Rebirth. The Theosophical Movement is responsible for this reassertion of man's immortality, and from the students of the Movement we have a right to expect as much assistance in understanding it as they can give us. This has not been withheld, and future writers, and even present investigators, will find the material which relates to this tenet surprisingly abundant. With very few exceptions, the active workers in the Movement have expressed their entire concurrence with this view of life, and an exception such as was indicated on pages 262-263 of the *U.B. Magazine* of August last is not the result of a settled or well-considered conviction. Indeed, the same journal announced in its January issue that it expects soon to publish from the "actual experience" of "a writer of note," "A Strange Story of Facts in Two Lives."

At the same time, we must not forget the entirely non-dogmatic character of the Movement, and the fact that no belief in any particular doctrine of life or death is required of those who join the various Organizations which compose it. All earnest and impartial students will therefore hail with pleasure any attempt to consider the idea of rebirth from an honestly hostile standpoint. There have been many who have met it with scorn, and its advocates with vituperation. This has not helped anybody or cleared up any difficult points. Ridicule has fallen flat, inasmuch as it has nearly always been directed against non-existent but supposed beliefs. Merely dogmatic opposition is naturally unfruitful. I had hoped to find in Mrs. Gestefeld's book an intelligent and reasonable survey of the whole question, and a careful summary of the objections which may occur to one well acquainted with the hypothesis. It is

with very considerable disappointment, therefore, that I fail to find even that familiarity with the literature of the subject which one might naturally anticipate. Mrs. Gestefeld's position, recurred to again and again, is simply that she does not observe "the practical outcome of the theory of Reincarnation" to be satisfactory. She quotes no authorities, and invariably refers to her expositions of the theory which she combats as founded on the popular conceptions of it, or upon views generally entertained. I do not think she could support any of these views from any of the standard books on Reincarnation, and if it does nothing else, this will encourage us all to continue the preaching of Rebirth. If Mrs. Gestefeld's view of it is unpopular, all the more reason that the real teaching should be widely disseminated, for we can blame no one, but rather compliment those who refuse to accept the illogical and foolish beliefs which Mrs. Gestefeld declares have been taught. When one thinks, however, on the number of readers who will accept Mrs. Gestefeld's account of Reincarnation as a fair one, the result must appear grievous to the interests of truth and right thought.

Did space permit, and it would fill many pages, nothing would be more enjoyable than to take up Mrs. Gestefeld's book in detail and point out how far from appreciating the idea of Rebirth as set forth in current Theosophical literature she really is, and the extent to which she unconsciously draws upon the system in her proposed alternative. A little Theosophy, and a little mental science, and a little Christianity are incorporated upon a basis which is sufficiently oracular. "All that is, is in me, for all is contained within the boundaries of 'being. All is relative to me, I am relative to the Absolute. I am absolute to all that is in me, and there is naught else but God." This, as the man says in Sardou's *Robespierre*, should remove a weight from the mind of the Supreme Being. But Mrs. Gestefeld, like most of the Christian and mental scientists, insists on concreting the Absolute, and brings all manner of finites into the most intimate relations therewith. Modifying Dr. Crozier's plum-pudding allegory, she adopts a cake as an illustration of the method by which men are differently mixed out of the same materials, and then appropriating Du Maurier's idea in the ever delightful *Peter Ibbetson*, declares man to be "a curious compound. His father and grandfather, remote uncles and aunts are reincarnated in him. Traits, tendencies, characteristics belonging to them appear in him."

The inequalities of life are disposed of by Mrs. Gestefeld in a chapter on Justice. In the case of one born to poverty as contrasted with one born to wealth we read: "He is not born to the same set of circumstances, yet he is born with the same

latent capacity for dominating circumstances by using them, whatever they may be, to the end for which existence and all it includes is a means. This capacity is the equal of the capacity belonging to one born in the avenue, for it comes of individual relation to First Cause, and not from the fleshly parents or the circumstances they have helped to make for their children. Is not this Justice?" It appears to me that this is begging the whole question. To relegate the responsibility to the First Cause, or the "Great Push," as Mrs. Gestefeld calls it, is not far from the kingdom of orthodox Providence. "The Great Push impels ceaselessly," (p. 81). No doubt.

Mr. Johnston's argument is partly historical, but speedily directs itself to the main issue. How to remember past lives is the question on the lips of every early enquirer. For the first time in clear and direct language the simple method by which memory is trained to the one-pointed penetration of the past is set before the reader. The very simplicity of it will minimise its importance to many. Memory is strengthened merely by remembering, just as life is sustained by eating, and thought-power increased by thinking. But Mr. Johnston's book is a great deal more than a mere elaboration of this idea. With wonderful conciseness he has massed almost every fact and principle of practical importance bearing on the recollection of past births. Nor has he forgotten to point out that this is an incidental step in the journeying towards deity, but in noble and inspiring fashion we are directed to the lofty aims of the eternal quest. Mr. Johnston's familiarity with the Upanishads and other mystical Hindu literature lends his work a scholarly force which we can expect from few, but there are none who more carefully avoid pedantry, or do so much to transmute the sacrifice of knowledge into the refreshing rain of an intelligible message. The beauty of his prose style is one of the graces and distinctions of the Theosophical Movement, and should the present work fail of a very large circulation those who call themselves Theosophical workers will have to shoulder the heavy responsibility of a lost opportunity.

No better reply could be rendered to Mrs. Gestefeld's volume than this lucid and charming essay. A single paragraph is almost sufficient to indicate how utterly she has misapprehended the true nature of the philosophy which has implanted the knowledge of Rebirth in so many western minds. Mr. Johnston says (p. 27); "We must first try to understand and constantly keep in mind that the Eastern doctrine teaches that the soul of every man is already perfect, and perfectly endowed with all its infinite powers, being one with all other souls in the highest life; so that no growth is possible for the Infinite; nor any gain

thinkable for that which is the limitless all. What we can do is, not to add to the powers of our souls, but to come to some perception, dim and vague at the first, of the tremendous powers our souls already possess. We are not the patrons of the soul and all its magical powers, to develop this, and call out that, as the humour takes us, and at last to turn the whole into a means of complacent self-glorification. We are rather humble beneficiaries of the divine Life; quite unable to save our souls, which need no saving; yet by great good fortune not debarred from the possibility that our souls may save us."

#### INDIAN MAGIC.

WHEN in India, Lord Lytton often sought out conjurers, but never saw any but the usual feats, such as the mango tree trick and the basket trick. On one occasion Lord Lytton liked something in the looks of the conjurer who was performing in the open space before his house. After the ordinary exhibition his Lordship asked the magician if he could not do something more out of the common way. The man said he would try, and asked for a ring, which Lord Lytton gave him. He then requested an officer to take in either hand a handful of seeds. One sort was sesame; the name of the other sort my informant did not know. Holding these seeds, and having the ring between his finger and thumb, the officer was to go to a well in the corner of the compound. He was to dispose of the seeds in a certain well, into the depths of which he was to throw the ring. All this was done, and then the mage asked Lord Lytton where he would like the ring to reappear. He answered, "In my dispatch box," of which the key was attached to his watch chain, or at all events he had it with him on the spot. The dispatch box was brought out, Lord Lytton opened it, and there was the ring. Lord Lytton then asked the juggler if he could repeat the trick. He answered in the affirmative, and a lady lent another ring. Another officer took it, with the seeds, as before, and dropped the ring into the well. The countenance of the juggler altered in the pause which followed. Something, he said, had gone wrong, and he seemed agitated. Turning to the second officer he asked: "Did you arrange the seeds as I bade you?" "No," said the officer, "I thought that was all nonsense, and I threw them away." The juggler seemed horrified. "Do you think I do this by myself?" he said, and, packing up, he departed. The well was carefully dragged, and at last the lady's ring was brought to the surface. That ring, at least, had certainly been in the water.

# THE LAMP.

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TORONTO, MARCH 15, 1900.

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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

“SAINTS are we, prophets, heroes, if we will.”

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“THE soul is a crystal ray, a beam of light from God.”

\*

“SAID the Lord of the Shining Face: ‘I shall send thee a fire when thy work is commenced.’”

\*

“AWAKE thou that sleepest; arise from the dead; and The Christos shall shine upon you.”

\*

“THINE eyes shall see the King in His beauty; they shall behold a land that is very far off.”

\*

MISS FIONA MACLEOD has a new volume of stories ready for publication by Chapman & Hall, *A Divine Adventure*.

\*

The Convention of the Theosophical Society in America is to be held at Cincinnati in the last week in April.

\*

A SOUTHERN preacher is said to have declared: “If the Lord tells me to go through a stone wall, I’ll go at it. Goin’ at it’s my business. Gettin’ me through it’s His business.”

\*

THE *Star of the Magi* maintains a most commendable standard. Capital articles on occult topics, reincarnation, and psychic matters generally, must attract many subscribers and do good work.

"RUSKIN said: "If I could only read English, and had to choose, for a library narrowed by poverty, between Cary's Dante and our own original Milton, I should choose Cary without an instant's pause."

\*

IN reporting a Theosophical meeting in an Ohio city the local paper furnished the cheerful intelligence that the principal doctrines of the Theosophical Society were Karma and Recrimination. Good old printer!

\*

PROF. WENLEY, of Ann Arbor, identifies St. Catherine of Padua with Hypatia and believes "there is no doubt that Hypatia was a martyr for Christianity's sake." Such martyrdoms are scarcely to the credit of Christianity, however.

\*

IT APPEARS to be a happy coincidence that the opening of the new volume of THE LAMP should synchronise with the beginning of the zodiacal year. Under the sign of The Ram we may make a fair start after the Golden Fleece at any rate.

\*

WHEN I say that I do not agree with a man I would just as soon have it understood as a confession of my own ignorance as an impeachment of his. I desire nothing more earnestly than the appearance of one capable of judging between us, and making clear what is wise and true.

\*

HERE are two ways of doing a thing. The *Theosophic Gleaner* paid us the compliment of copying our article in October on "Meditation," giving THE LAMP credit as well as our contributor. The *Light of The East* copied the same article, changing the signature, and ignoring the source.

\*

Mrs. E. H. Baillet, secretary of the Lily Dale T. S., reports that a series of meetings are being held during the winter for the reading and discussion of the Vedanta philosophy. They are held on Sunday afternoons and Wednesday evenings, and are well attended. Vivekananda's lectures on "Man's Abilities and Possibilities" serve as a basis at present, to be followed by Raja Yoga.

\*

THE Pacific Coast Committee for Universal Brotherhood reports disbursements for the year just closed exceeding \$2500, which cover the securing of an additional room, new library cases, decorations, &c. The Committee also issues a monthly report of activities among the Lodges under its jurisdiction. H. H. Somers is now secretary at Room 30, 819 Market Street, San Francisco.

ONE of the most excellent bulls I ever heard was perpetrated lately. A devoted follower of a Theosophical Leader wrote to her in sympathy and encouragement over certain defections and concluded: "But the names of those who know you and are back of you are Legion." Perhaps the best of the joke is that the recipient of this doubtful compliment had it printed and widely circulated.

THE Beaver Theosophical Society held its annual meeting on the 7th inst., and re-elected its old staff of officers. Future plans of work were considered and a committee appointed to give them shape. The average Sunday evening attendance for the past year was 63, an increase over the previous year. The local expenses are contributed by the members, and public collections are wholly devoted to the special object for which they are made.

THE editor of *The Philistine* said some smart things last month at the expense of Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost. Several of the Pentecostal throng immediately denounced the bitter, acrid, vindictive, venomous, etc., and stopped their papers. Rev. Mr. Pentecost, who is a man and a brother, wrote to enquire if the diatribe "was personal or a literary exercise?" As a result of the reply Mr. Hubbard has an engagement to dine with Mr. Pentecost when he next visits New York.

The work of the Theosophical Movement in Germany and Austria is progressing. Mr. Edwin Boehme has been lecturing in Germany. The Leipzig Society has over a hundred members, and that in Vienna eighty-six. Both Societies meet twice weekly. *Etidorhpa* has been translated into German. The members send hearty greetings to all Theosophical workers, and all free and independent Societies are invited to send their addresses for publication in the *Theosophischer Wegweiser*, Inselstrasse 25, Leipzig.

THE *Theosophic Messenger*, which represents the American Section, T.S., gives some excellent suggestions for the conduct of meetings and study classes and continues to answer questions on the philosophy. The National Committee reports that "congregational singing and a few minutes of silent prayer are of great value to Sunday meetings," and one branch found that closing without discussion was best. Scott's *Manual of Questions*, a book I do not remember having seen, is recommended for study classes.

THE *International Theosophist* has been having some good articles in the last few numbers. A particularly practical and clever one by H. T. Edge appeared in November, entitled "Lords of Mind." A startling statement is made in the December number in a letter. "In my opinion," says the writer, "the Leader treats each one who stands nearest around her in such a way as to wake up all the evil in him." Kenneth Morris is contributing a Welsh drama—"Blegoorid," and each of the recent issues has contained a pretty children's song with music.

\*

ALL READERS desirous of congratulating THE LAMP through the medium of the mails will kindly enclose subscription for their best neighbour. Let us send him a sample copy anyway, so that he can see our new type. There are eleven points about it. We cannot affirm that the point of fusion is one of these, but we have points of contact. In point of fact this depends on the point of view, which is of course a moot point. We have scored all the other points, but the most important is the point of circulation, a centre point, really, which it is hoped will not be forgotten.

\*

SEVERAL correspondents have written to ask what is "The Fellowship of the Three Kings?" One asks if it is a degree in an old pseudo-occult order. Another if it is connected with the Temple. So far as I know it is merely an association of literary men and women who have mystical aims. There is nothing secret about it, but the meetings are attended by invitation. At a recent meeting Mr. W. B. Yeats read a paper on "The Symbolism of Shelley." It has been organized since Mr. D. N. Dunlop went to London, and has no connections outside the Imperial city.

\*

I AM not quite sure if they all know it, but it will do no harm to remind the various leaders of the Theosophical organizations that when they are ready to unite or affiliate or co-operate with each other, they have only to say so to the members. If they would all exert as much diligence in discovering reasons for getting together as has been spent in finding reasons for keeping apart, I will undertake to say that the reasons exist. Both ways, if you like. We are only human. I know it is for the salvation of our souls that we are isolated. But most of us have already taken our lives in our hands when we escaped from sundry orthodoxies, and we are willing to risk as much once more in the good cause of Brotherhood.



MRS. OSBURN, of Winnipeg, has sent me some letters from the Doukhobor settlements in Alberta, showing most pitifully the trials a pioneer people have to endure in their first winter. The *Toronto Globe* kindly published some of these letters with the result that a considerable sum has been contributed for the benefit of the aged and impoverished. Mrs. Fitzgibbon has received the greater part of this, which will probably be applied to the purchase of milch cows, the Doukhobors being vegetarians. A special collection was taken up on the 12th inst. by the Beaver T. S., and over \$25 has been sent to Mrs. Osburn.

\* .

I WONDER where people get the ideas about Theosophy which they do? In protesting against fatalism the editor of the *Field of Progress*, and he is only a sample of many others, fairly screeches at us in small caps. "You think that somehow your suffering is a judgment upon you for some unknown 'sin,' or, if a Theosophist, you think it is the natural working of 'Karma,' and you submissively bow to a supposed superior power over you. Man! Woman! IT'S ALL A LIE!!! It is a FEAR arising from a wrong conception." If fear arise from wrong conceptions, the editor of the *Field of Progress* should be nearly scared to death.

\*

THE annual Convention of the T.S. was held on the 27th December and the three succeeding days. Mrs. Besant's lectures on "Avataras" were the most attractive features of the gathering, and Sir Arthur and Lady Havelock and the staff attended at the opening one. Col. Olcott was to commence his globe tour on the 17th February, and will visit Italy, England, the Scandinavian countries, and France, and preside at the English Convention in July. After the Paris Theosophic Congress he is to visit America, and make a tour of all the branches, winding up with California, whence he will return to Adyar in November via Honolulu, Hongkong, and Colombo.

\*

MR. H. G. HUTCHINSON has classified his Dreams and writes about them in a recent *Longman's*. Ordinary explanations are so inadequate that he finds it necessary to go back to our anthropoid experiences in the early stages of our alleged evolution. When we lodged in trees and got too sleepy to hang on there were imprinted upon our ancestral cells the sensations of falling down and bringing up with a jerk such as now occasionally enlivens the first stages of slumber. When we dream we are flying it is merely a memory of flitting from bough to

bough in a tropical forest. It appears to me that the theory that we have the power in our inner or psychic bodies to do that which our brains get the dream impression of doing is no more difficult to accept than Mr. Hutchinson's.

\*

MR. ELBERT HUBBARD, of East Aurora, and *The Philistine*, lectured in Toronto on the 2nd inst. A brilliant and cultured audience greeted him, and bore away some stirring and radical impressions, for the most part with great favour, and with a sense of the genial fellowship and good humour which wins more triumphs than the sword. Mr. Hubbard spoke on the making of books, but held that a man is greater than a book, and that the production of art and its cultivation consisted in the production and cultivation of men, the unfoldment of the soul, and the development of character. The Art Work done at the Roycroft Book-shop was therefore subservient to the Life Work done among those who took loving part in the making of the beautiful things for which East Aurora has become famous.

\*

THE *Field of Progress* has an interesting letter from Jas. U. Spence, of Suisun City, Cal., describing the case of a Spiritualistic medium who had an Indian guide who "was very positive in his statement that there was no truth in re-embodiment and of course held his medium to the same thought?" As time went on, however, an old friend in spirit life made such progress that the Control declares he actually saw the whole process of his friend taking on again the conditions of earth-life, by being the soul of a new born infant. "One remarkable result has been that whereas, his medium was before at a standstill; since that time she, having of course also realized the truth, has made really wonderful progress in the unfoldment of her psychic powers." The editor of the *Field of Progress* is not convinced, however, and we are not surprised. Mr. Bain relies too much on Mrs. Gestefeld's arguments, though, to even touch the theory of rebirth as explained by Madam Blavatsky in the *Secret Doctrine*.

\*

*Beltaine* is the name of the organ of the Irish Literary Theatre, and Mr. W. B. Yeats is its editor. The performance of original plays by Irish writers in Dublin has met with great and encouraging appreciation, and the Irish Literary Society in London promises to exercise much influence in English literature. Perhaps they do not aim at that, but surely it must be as an influence in English literature that the Keltic spirit may best incarnate, just as it is in the domination of the British Empire that the Irish mind, could it be content and discerning, might

find its supremest destiny. The mission of Keltic art is to redeem, to spiritualise, and it has served the apprenticeship of sacrifice. It is better that Ireland should live for the world than that Irishmen should live for Ireland, and they will succeed best when they do both. It is a curious paradox that Ireland should be the most cosmopolitan, and the United States the most provincial of nations.

\*

WE were reading the story of Perseus and the Gorgon's head last month to the children's Sunday class, and it was a new idea to some that this was a Bible story. Not a Jewish or Christian Bible story, but a Bible story from one of the old peoples who really believed in their sacred books, and tried to live according to the examples set them. Is it better to have an incomparable Bible and not to mind in the least what it teaches, or to be very faithful and true to a less excellent one? One cannot help thinking, however, that the fine old Greek mystic and Master Builder, whom we know as St. Paul, had the story of Perseus in his mind when he wrote to the Ephesians about the armour of God in which they should take their stand against the principalities and powers and world-rulers. I remember what odd ideas I used to have as to what the "preparation of the gospel of peace" might be, and I am afraid John Bunyan did not help me any. The Greek word translated "preparation" means "equipment", and after reading about Hermes and all the gifts he procured for Perseus, and remembering those winged slippers which enabled him to soar above the clouds, a Keshara or sky-walker indeed, it seemed certain that here at last was what Paul intended. And so the sword of the Spirit and the shield of faith also brightened with new meaning.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—F.D.—I believe the Shamrock as a religious emblem in Ireland antedates Christianity. The very ancient initiation crypts at New Grange and elsewhere are built exactly on the plan of the three-leaved symbol with a long narrow entrance corresponding with the stalk. If St. Patrick held up his Shamrock among the initiated tribesmen, it would have been sure to attract their attention. L.T.—Every man his own guru, is an admirable sentiment, but it requires something else—every man his own chela, also. R.B.—Laocoon is pronounced Lay-ock-o-on, with the accent on the second syllable. W.T.S.—The Phi-Beta-Kappa is a secret society to which only University students are admitted. The pass-word is said to be *Philosophia Bion Kubernetes*, philosophy is the guide or rule of life, the initials of the Greek words

forming the name of the society. The order was introduced from Bavaria to America, 5th December, 1776. E.R.—E.W. Howe is the author of *The Story of a Country Town*. U.B. Brother, Portland, O.—Subscription received. Write Mercury Publishing Office, 7, Oddfellows' Building, San Francisco, for T.S. badge. Sundry Lady Correspondents.—“The Vampire” is certainly not intended by Kipling to be generic, but applies only to a fortunately rare type. J.A.Y. Toronto.—Your contribution for the Doukhobors has been sent to Mrs. Osburn, Winnipeg. B.H.—Congratulations.

\*

M. HENRY CONSTANT has made a profound impression on the thinking world by his new book, in which he champions the philosophy of the Neo-Platonists and the farther East, and combines the latest conclusions of science, the new psychology, and spiritualism. The result is practically what is known to us as Theosophy. He states: “The soul progresses in its corporal and spiritual states. The corporal state is necessary to the soul until it attains a certain degree of perfection; it is developed by the tasks to which it is adjusted for its actual needs, and here it acquires special practical knowledge. A single corporal existence would be insufficient for these ends. Hence it takes up new bodies as long as it finds them necessary, and each time it advances with the progress acquired in earlier existences and in its spiritual life. In the intervals between these corporal existences the soul lives on in its spiritual life. That life has no fixed limit. The happy or unhappy state of the soul is inherent in its own degree of perfection. The soul suffers from the very evil it has committed. Because its attention is incessantly directed to the consequences of this evil it understands the pain and is stimulated to correct itself. It forms strong resolutions, and, the time having arrived, descends again into a new body, to improve itself by labour and study. It always preserves the intuition, the vague sentiment of the resolutions formed before its rebirth.” *The Literary Digest* copies a summary of M. Constant's views from *The New York Herald*.

\*

I HAVE much pleasure in printing a second letter this month from The Temple, and all the more gladly since it serves to illustrate that THE LAMP is quite willing to give expression to all honest opinion whether it accords with the editor's views or not. I cannot say that my opinions have been at all modified about the introduction of politics into the Theosophical Movement. Politics can never be other than local, and we want an international brotherhood. The appearance of a political saviour

in the United States may be highly desirable, but we cannot unite Russians and Chinese and Boers and Cingalese and Canadians on any such issue. Our work is bound to affect politics in the abstract, as every movement tending to the elevation of humanity must eventually find expression in the national life, but if we set ourselves to that task alone we shall fall into the old mistake, and give up to party what is meant for mankind. Suppose the Italians started a Temple, and invoked the good people of the United States to give themselves up to securing a man for the hour, such a man as Garibaldi for instance, to what degree do you think it would further Theosophy in America? "People, monuments, and governments disappear; the Self remains and returns again." I trust these remarks may not be considered unsympathetic. I hope I will not be understood as frowning upon every effort of a social or political nature. I think I can repeat with Mr. Stead's "Julia," that I am "interested in this as in all that stirs the heart and moves the soul of man." But when there are so few to devote themselves to "the mighty art," to the Science of the Self, it seems a pity that any force should be expended on temporary issues.

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I BELIEVE a great deal of the prejudice against the idea of rebirth arises from ignorance of the Theosophical teachings about heaven. The average Christian thinks that rebirth will rob him of his heaven, and he revolts against the very thought. And quite rightly. Madam Blavatsky had good reasons for calling heaven devachan, not the least of which was to escape the usual associations which the word calls up. But for all ordinary purposes devachan is heaven pure and simple. Hear what she says: "As to the ordinary mortal, his bliss in devachan is complete. It is an absolute oblivion of all that gave pain or sorrow in the past incarnation, and even oblivion of the fact that such things as pain or sorrow exist at all. The devachani [heaven-dweller] lives its intermediate cycle between two incarnations surrounded by everything it had aspired to in vain, and in the companionship of every one it loved on earth. It has reached the fulfilment of its soul-yearnings. And thus it lives throughout long centuries an existence of unalloyed happiness, which is the reward for its sufferings in earth-life. In short, it bathes in a sea of uninterrupted felicity spanned only by events of still greater felicity in degree." It is not too much to say that this conception of heaven is that which more or less clearly fills the heart of every expectant Christian. His only difficulty is about the possibility of leaving this blessed state. No earnest soul that realises what the sacrifice of Christ was and is can

turn away from the Example that stands in the renunciation of the heaven-life, and the taking up of the cross, even the crucifixion of the flesh. We must follow as well as believe.

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THERE IS, of course, another side to the question why there is not more co-operation among the different Theosophical organizations. If we met all events with the confidence that under the Law they were indeed that which we most desired, we might better understand the need of diverse activity. A correspondent in California writes upon this point, beginning with the quotation:

“While the lamp holds out to burn  
The vilest sinner may return.

“Now what I want to know is, Where are we to return from? Is it we who have strayed away? Suppose we stay right where we are, and have been, all the while, on true Theosophical lines, and give the wanderers a chance to return, as they will all do when they find out for themselves that they have been led away from the true path, the path of self-conquest and enlightenment. It does one's heart good to see so many of the old workers looking about for congenial grounds on which to stand. I have been contending all the while, with several of the doubting ones, that the real workers in the Theosophic cause would find opportunity to come together on an amicable basis and go on with the work, but selfish ambition must be given time to run its course and destroy itself, before definite plans can be made. Why repeat the errors we so greatly lament? There are a great many people who need to learn that the managing of the Theosophic Movement on the original lines requires a knowledge not found in books nor acquired by observation; an insight from a higher source; though it need not necessarily be infallible, it should be free from those elements which brought the Movement to its present condition. When some one shall be found who will always listen to the voice of the Master, there will be hope for a permanent revival of that which was inaugurated in New York City in 1875 as the Theosophical Movement. There must be no forcible wrenching of leadership from anyone. If a capable leader is not forthcoming at the proper time, we may know the cause. It seems to me that we under-rate the wisdom and ability of the Masters, when we attempt to put our choice in authority instead of waiting a reasonable length of time in which to satisfy ourselves of what is proper to do. It is well for each one to bear his part in this matter and profit by the lesson. I have always contended that when there shall be a real need of a leader, one will be found. Whenever the ‘children of Israel’ shall be true to their vows, a ‘Moses’ will be found to

lead them to their Canaan. Bear in mind the prophecies by H.P.B., in 1891. 'A Lover of Theosophy' in THE LAMP for October, may find a little light, at least, on his question. See Convention Report, page 19. I am not one who contends against the inevitable. My duty is to maintain that 'perfect calm' and wait with patience the outcome of the contending forces. There will be time for work after the storm shall have spent its force: the conditions will be better and all hearts will be stronger for having had the experiences, which, in the very nature of things, seemed inevitable. Only good can come from good intentions, to the doer, in the end, as we shall see in time. 'Eternal justice rules the world,' and patient endurance of all trials will bring its reward. Work and wait as your light directs. If you have no light, do the best you know, until your light comes, then you will not be at a loss as to what your proper duty is. . . . I have been studying, meditating all these years on my handful of books: the *Gita*, by Chatterji, *Voice of the Silence*, *Light on the Path*, *Yoga Aphorisms*, and *New Testament*. . . . I have been studying on the same lines I began with, and have no reason to change, for the experiences I have had prove all I can ask." This is the testimony of one of the mystics, of whom there are not a few, who have found the secret of action in inaction, and of inaction in action.

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I HAVE been asked why I do not adopt "American spelling." Chiefly because I think the present system is quite embarrassing enough. The dual arrangement, by which in England people excuse their errors as American, and Americans commit every conceivable orthographic crime, and discomfit the English protester with the plea of reform, does not appeal to me in the least. I want spelling reform *as is* spelling reform. People who spell fizikal in that way spell Philistine without an F. They may say it is a proper name, but then why leave out the second E in Waverley? It is proposed to leave the final letters off words ending in *gue*. But surely rog and vog are poor substitutes for rogue and vogue? The *our* group of words are most in evidence, but if I make any change I prefer honur, which preserves the sound, to honor which does not; and when spelling reform is really adopted we shall omit the useless H,—Onur. The more the problem is botched and tinkered with the less likely is a real reform to be adopted. We need a phonographic system such as the Germans brought into use by the act of their Government. If a set of phonotypes, like Pitman's, was adopted I would hail it with pleasure. Even then we should have tremendous conflicts with those who do not know the value of R, and like Mrs. Stetson, rhyme Year with Idea, or do not see any difference in

pronouncing khaki and kharki, or with those who are unable to tackle a gutteral, as in loch, or lough, as we spell it in Ireland, or in sough, which never gets its proper value now. Many gutterals now extinct in ordinary usage, survive provincially, and it is difficult to say what would be the result of the adoption of phonetic spelling in such instances. The Scotch would certainly have a mighty protest to make. Every year renders the question more complicated. The Chicago University has forced the pace with the adoption of a list of what all the leading English papers are pleased to call barbarisms. It appears to be quite overlooked that the plea for revised spelling which carries most weight is really one in which lies one of the chief objections. Those who are familiar with the score of dialects spoken in the different parts of the English-speaking world know that to give the language a phonetic form would be to render it unintelligible to many of those who can now read it in their own dialect, though they could not understand it if written as spoken by one with a different patois. Sanscrit, the most perfect of languages, is written phonetically, and the objection made by etymologists that we shall lose the pedigree of words in changing their spelling, may be compensated for by the gain to the philologist in tracing his phonetic roots.



#### THE TEMPLE.

*To the Editor of THE LAMP:*

DEAR COMRADE:—Believing that a few explanatory notes relative to what has been termed by some, “the political aspect of The Temple,” and which has been in many instances entirely misunderstood, might not come amiss at this time, I have decided to ask our brothers the Editors of THE LAMP to kindly publish this letter to them, and to all our comrades and friends.

We have been told that “right politics were the natural sequence to right philosophy,” and in reality identical. If unity in diversity exists as a law, this must follow as a matter of course; for surely, if there is one thing more than another in which the diversified elements of our common humanity are necessarily concerned, it is in the conditions for the growth and development of the individual and collective lives of that humanity. If its politics are corrupt to the core, as at present in many parts of the world, no well advised man or woman can deny, its ethics and all that concern its real development are corrupt.

We were also told “that if sufficient support could be gained from the various philosophical and ethical elements in the



United States, the man for the hour, such a man as Abraham Lincoln, for instance, would appear and take the helm of this government."

For the purpose of doing all in our power toward educating the people, by showing the need for reform, by convincing men and women that we might have what we all ardently desire, a pure government by and for the people, if we would work unselfishly to that end, we decided that we would organize an outer work with a free platform for the discussion of all national, social, ethical and economic subjects, to be known as the Temples of Brotherhood; but which should not be connected with or controlled by any inner or outer organization, and that we would affiliate with all other similar organizations and work for the unifying and purifying of all reform elements in whatever direction such might lead. For the purpose of organizing this movement, we had decided to call a convention to meet on the 15th of April. Recent events have rendered it impossible to do this at the anticipated time, and we are reluctantly obliged to postpone it until later in the year. But I cannot too strongly assert, that aside from the beliefs and reasons outlined above, The Temple as a body has nothing to do with present political parties or methods. It is one body of students of occultism under the teaching of one whom we have had ample reason for believing a true leader and teacher of mankind, and who is one of the seven Masters, four of whom are known to some extent to many true students of occultism. With all such students, we believe that in order to further our own evolution, if for no higher motive, we must lose no opportunity for furthering the evolution of all the atoms of "the great Orphan" Humanity, with whom we may be able to come into contact or to influence. We have also been told that, "while all the great teachers or Masters work incessantly to benefit humanity, each one has his cyclic opportunity for engaging more particularly in each division of the great work;" and the teacher above mentioned is simply using his own cyclic opportunity in the outer work, at present assisted by the others on inner or more secret lines of work.

We cordially invite correspondence from all our comrades of all divisions of Theosophical thought, and cannot too strongly reiterate our former statements of a hearty desire to co-operate with any and all who hold to the belief in the Brotherhood of Man and the Father-Motherhood of God or the Higher Self.

Trusting I have not infringed upon the good nature and time of our friends of THE LAMP.

I am, in all sincerity,

Your Comrade and Sister

Syracuse, N.Y., Feb. 28.

"B. S."

## SOME LEAVES OF GRASS.

Of obedience, faith, adhesiveness ;  
 As I stand aloof and look there is to me something profoundly  
 affecting in large masses of men following the lead of these  
 who do not believe in men.

\* \* \*

I do not affirm that what you see beyond is futile, I do not  
 advise you to stop,  
 I do not say leadings you thought great are not great,  
 But I say that none lead to greater than these lead to.

\* \* \*

We consider bibles and religions divine—I do not say they are  
 not divine,  
 I say they have all grown out of you, and may grow out of you  
 still,  
 It is not they who give the life, it is you who give the life,  
 Leaves are not more shed from the trees, or trees from the  
 earth, than they are shed out of you.

\* \* \*

I will sing the song of companionship,  
 I will show what alone must finally compact these,  
 I believe these are to be found their own ideal of manly love,  
 indicating it to me,  
 I will therefore let flame from me the burning fires that were  
 threatening to consume me,  
 I will lift what has too long kept down those smouldering fires,  
 I will give them complete abandonment,  
 I will write the evangel-poem of comrades and of love,  
 For who but I should understand love with all its sorrow and  
 joy ?  
 And who but I should be the poet of comrades ?

—*Walt Whitman.*