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VOL. IV. Toronto, Canada. No. 3.

MAY 15TH, 1900.

# THE LAMP.

CONDUCTED BY ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR: 'D. N. DUNLOP, LONDON, ENGLAND.

“ All, all for immortality, Love like the light silently wrapping all.”

NUMBER XXXIX.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

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All communications are to be addressed to ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE, 18 North Street, Toronto, Canada.

" All, all for immortality, Love like the light silently wrapping all."

# THE LAMP.

VOL. IV.—No. 3.

TORONTO, MAY, 1900.

No. 39.

## THE ONLY REALITY.

I HAVE often concerned myself about the wants of Unity. Now I begin to realize that there is nothing but Unity. The great moods and emotions of the soul have always been the same. Wherever I turn I find evidence of that. I see that wherever you are, you cannot escape me; I am with you always. Are you a specialist, confining your attention to the study of local traditions? Whatever race you belong to, whatever country interests you, endears you to me; I claim you too. You cannot limit yourself from me. The student, pouring over many books, correlating the ideas of many minds, shares his labours with me; I benefit by all. If the morning glories on the hills of your native land delight you more than the most rapturous descriptions of other lands, although I may seem far away from you, I share your delight; it reaches further than you think. In whatever way you give of your best, you cannot keep it from me. I am so much a part of you that you can do nothing that does not affect me.

A friend grieves that there should be so many Societies, when, with identical aims, one would be sufficient. But I am enriched by all; the scope and variety of each gives me experience I would otherwise have lacked. It is impossible to exhaust me. If you feel the need of another Society, it will form at your bidding. Do not hesitate, thinking you will hurt me or any one else. I would not be satisfied if your need remained, the longing unfulfilled. The vesture of the Shining One is without seam throughout. The garments we clothe ourselves by are left aside before we robe ourselves in the heavenly vesture. Wherever you are, whatever path you travel, you are close to me, you are my fellow traveller.

The limitations of others! They are my limitations too. How could I otherwise know the boundless? However vast the Universe, the suns and systems of worlds, they are still within the limits of any imagination. The narrowest channel leads to infinitude if I will. If you are in bondage to a small conception of life I have built a bridge over which you can walk and obtain freedom.

Do you think some one is greater than you? However great you think them, you are just as great. There is something about every phase of life that is sweet to me. The lurid lines do not hide the White Light from my vision.

The most ardent Nationalist, the most enthusiastic Imperialist, are alike to me. What the one does well for his own nation reaches out to all nations; it cannot be confined. What the other does well with the broader field in view benefits the narrowest boundaries also. The good cannot be restricted, it always expands, and includes all.

Whether you acknowledge it or not, there is but one religion. You know there cannot be two. By whatever symbol you approach God, you do not approach Him alone. If you go up to the mountain top and hear His voice, and look upon His face, I am there too and share the beatitude. Nor are those in the valley excluded from the sky.

If some place is to you more sacred than any other, it is sacred to me also. You cannot confine it to yourself and your relatives. No one is nearer to you than I am.

There is no outside to life. The Master Soul is One. The great Imagination is the only reality.

London.

D.N.D.



#### THE MAN OF COMMON SENSE.

"TWICE five are ten," said I to the Kaffir.

The Kaffir looked at his fingers. "Yes," said he, after a pause.

"And two tens are twenty," I said.

The Kaffir hesitated.

"Count it on your fingers and toes. "Yes," said he, doubtfully.

"Then," I continued, "five tens are fifty."

"Oh, no," said the Kaffir, "that's sheer mysticism; no one has so many fingers and toes as that."

He was a Kaffir.

—*Bolton Hall in the Ideal Review.*

## THE GODS.

The wealth men seek, the selves they serve, the fame  
They long for, come and go and leave no name.  
Though they bowed down to many an earth-born queen,  
The Mother reigns wherever grass is green.  
And, though no temple floor by knees be press'd  
Her temple is the land where all dreams rest,  
Where, though by none her splendour may be seen,  
The tired heart reaches towards the green-veiled queen.  
It knows not whom it reaches to, nor whence  
The balm that says to sorrow, *Go thou hence,*  
*And lose thyself within the blueness, where*  
*The daily stars hide in the Sun's long hair.*  
And though old thrones and empires passed away  
Alawn the Harper lives and reigns to-day.  
I know his music in the roaming wind,  
I know his music in my heart and mind,  
When in the deepness there, a wonder-note  
Scatters the mists that round God's visage float.

Nor is it only in the mountain caves,  
Or chained in the long music of the waves,  
That the Gods dwell, but in their chosen day  
They come to earth to point anew the Way.  
Embodied, knowing all such ills as we,  
And suffering birth and death to make men free.  
To labour as they labour, is the prayer  
They hear; their lover, he who will not dare  
To set up dying gods upon the throne  
Where the High God of old time dwells alone.

Lay thou whatever gifts thy heart may give  
Upon the altar of the GODS THAT LIVE.

—*Kenneth Morris in March International Theosophist.*

## IS PAIN COMPULSORY?

A FRIEND to whom I had expressed the belief that the idea of the necessity and advantage of pain is too much insisted upon, has been telling me what's what. There is a kind of misery, I am told, consequent upon those soul-throes no upward tending mortal can escape. Dr. Hartmann is quoted: 'There is no salvation except through suffering. Pains accompany man's entrance into the world—pains accompany his spiritual regeneration.'

There is a basis of truth to all beliefs, but I am strongly of the opinion that the necessity of misery has been overdone. I am not quite sure that it is not supported or perpetuated by those who find such beliefs serviceable in holding bodies of people together and at the same time separate from other similar bodies. It was a teaching of my youth that an agonizing parturition was the God-ordained experience of every mother. Now we know that painless parturition is possibly as frequent, if not more so, than the suffering. There actually are those who argue that this is flying in the face of Providence, but I have a reverent faith that Providence is able to deal with the facts without loss of prestige.

It has been widely and anciently taught that the parallels on physical and other planes are exact. The birth of a new condition of consciousness or of a spiritual body is but the sloughing off of an old sheath, the emergence from a matrix. If this process can occur painlessly on the physical plane, and the serpent is an occult symbol of the skin-shedding, may we not also slough off our out-grown and out-worn mental encumbrances quite as easily? When one is good and ready to split up the back and feel bigger and better than ever before, I see no reason why we should suffer over it, rather than go through the operation with infinite satisfaction. If we try it before we are ready, I grant that the undeveloped cuticle beneath the prematurely abandoned pelt may smart in the new atmosphere, but each man has to determine for himself when he is good and ready.

So I am prepared to think that all painful progress is the result of effort to transcend the natural order, or of effort to restore the natural condition of a previously violated ordinance. The change from youth to puberty is not a painful one, yet can anything be more radical? The change from a lower to a higher consciousness ought not to be one of pain, but of joy, and the gladness of wider, fuller, freer life.

The endeavour to uproot our habits and tendencies and desires by violence will almost inevitably give pain, but is this the best or wisest way? In the parable the tares were to be allowed to grow with the wheat till the harvest, and then they were to be burned in the bundles of which we all find so many when we go a-reaping. It is not by killing the bad, but by cultivating the good, and having it choke out the bad that we prosper most. Paul laid aside the childish things of his nature when he became a man, and I don't believe he intended to convey the idea that it hurt him a little bit. As we grow and get wiser we can abandon whole universes without a regret. To say that it is a trial to do so is only a touch of that affectation or self-deceit from which we all suffer. I used to go six times a week to the theatre, and now I don't care if I never see a play-bill. It would be mere folly to say that I wrestled with this "sin" and overcame it. I merely got interested in what appear to be better and more enduring matters, and the old desires fell away like the bundle from Christian at the foot of the Cross in the *Progress*.

The true doctrine of renunciation is one of supplanting. The Buddha did not make any progress along the mortification lines. He quit the Brahmin plan and sat down under a tree and worried the thing out in a night session. And the gist of his message is that we are not bound; the soul of things is sweet. We abandon one book for a more interesting one; an occupation for one more lucrative; one diet for another more nutritive or more palatable. Romeo jilted Rosaline when Juliet appeared, or rather he forgot all about her. "We needs must love the highest when we see it." That is the basis of our salvation, and sight is the means of it. All we need is to have our eyes opened. Then we turn from artifice to nature, and finally from Nature to the Spirit of Nature.

Most of our pain arises from self-deception and hypocrisy. People pretend to themselves that they like to be good and virtuous, and affect a yearning for the ways of righteousness. But all the time they are thinking how very disagreeable it is, and how much nicer it would be if virtue was as pleasant as vice. Then they talk impressively about mortifying the flesh. These self-hypocrites have given the Path a bad reputation. When a man finds it is a pain and a grievance to him to be good, he may just as well face the fact that he takes pleasure in iniquity. The cold shock of this truth will do him more good than all the virtue and admonitions of the saints. He will gradually begin to understand that he lives in his body rather than his soul, or indeed that he knows nothing about his soul. He may be rather proud of his ignorance for a while. But once

he comes to understand the true nature of his heritage, the poverty of his hired lot will discover itself to him.

There is another magnificent fallacy connected with this side of the question, and it has done as much as anything else to scare people away from "wisdom, whose ways are ways of pleasantness, and all whose paths are peace." We are told that the facetting of the jewel alone makes it of worth, and that till we are cut and polished we have no good in us. With all of this I take issue. The teaching is part of the old artificial ways of looking at everything. The cut and polished diamond of commerce is a purely artificial creation, and I protest by all the Gods against the idea that man's soul or man's virtue is an artificial product. The real diamond of nature crystallizes on its own inherent plan, and is, theoretically, at least, to be found flashing in the most perfectly symmetrical purity. The soul is just such a pure diamond, and needs no cutting nor polishing, though the mud and mire of earth may need to be wiped from its lustre. But this can cause no pain to the diamond, and there can be no pangs in parting with its clay. Good brothers all, when you discover the jewel of life flashing in your breasts, we shall hear less about the vale of tears and the shadow of death, and there shall be less inclination to hunt for heaven at the back end of the cosmos.

We do not need to suffer in order that we may enjoy, and the endless declaration that we could not appreciate sweet if we had not tasted bitter is confuted every time the baby gets its first candy. It is another of the lame old devices of the philosophers to juggle us out of our common sense to tell us that we could not understand good if we had not first experienced evil. You cannot inhale the fragrance of the rose till you get your fingers full of thorn-pricks! You never can enjoy ripe apples till you have gone through colic with green ones!

It may be well, when I have gone thus far, to state again that I am objecting to the idea that pain is necessary, not that it does not exist. I have had to bring all my philosophy to bear on jumping toothache many a time and oft, and on the most outrageous indigestion many a time and oftener, and the nett result may have been to strengthen my patience and endurance. But there are admittedly other ways of strengthening will-power.

Physical pain is probably what makes most of us fear death. If we could be assured that there was no "last agony," death would lose most of its terror. Yet science has assured us to this effect over and over again.



The truth is that most of our pain is in anticipation, that is, mental, and need not be indulged in at all, if we used our reason. It is impossible to convince people of this at first. But when we see parents suffer just as poignant grief on the report of the death of a child, which proves afterwards to be erroneous, as in the case of the actual death itself, we must surely understand that it is in ourselves and not in the circumstance that the cause of sorrow exists. A man who does not know he has lost his purse will not be affected by the event. It is the coming to know it, and decreeing himself a sufferer that gives him all his trouble. He was just as poor before the knowledge as immediately after, and should not have been in the least degree more affected, but having created a certain mental condition for himself and feeling the stringency of that, he next proceeds to put the blame on the outside world, and hold fate responsible. He is also less capable of dealing with the newly-discovered adverse conditions.

Occultism consists, in a large measure, of self-control, and there are not more than traces of occultism to be discovered yet among the alchemical constituents of society. The Book of Devotion tells us that the Love-life is not for him who feasts, nor for him who fasts, nor for the slothful nor the over-watchful. Pain ceases in the Love-life for him who controls his appetites and his pleasures, his exercise and his labour, his slumber and his vigilance. When the heart-governed man rests in the Self alone, his longings all restrained, exempt from all desire, steadfast in mind, he stands a Saint. As a lamp burns where no wind blows, unflickering, so have they pictured him who lives the Love-life in the Self. Seeing the Self by Self, his mind refrains from struggle, and in the Self is satisfied. Joy infinite, bliss absolute is his, and no more is he moved from Truth, the one Reality. Nought else can lift him higher, no grief can cast him down. To be thus sundered from union with pain, one must seek the Love-life with determination and with trust.



It is interesting to hear that the Buddhist Mission in San Francisco, 807 Polk Street, celebrated recently the two thousand five hundred and twenty-third anniversary of the birth of their Lord. Rev. S. Sonada, assisted by the Rev. K. Nishijirna, officiated. Dr. R. Guelph-Norman preached both afternoon and evening. The subject was "Buddha's message to the world and what it has accomplished." The message is Love Universal, and 40% of the population of the earth abide by it.

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A Magazine Published on the 15th of Each Month.

CONDUCTED BY

ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE,

who will be responsible for unsigned articles and to whom all communications are to be addressed at

TORONTO, CANADA.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR—D. N. DUNLOP, LONDON, ENGLAND.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION—One Dollar or Four Shillings a year in advance.

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TORONTO, MAY 15, 1900.

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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

"THE way to final freedom is within thy Self."

\*

"EARTH CHANGES, but thy soul and God stand sure."

\*

"HE who would be Master must first learn to serve."

\*

"THAT is greatest which, departing, leaves the body worthless."

\*

A SCORE or more of new volumes are to be added to the valuable Humboldt Library, which has been re-established. The first new issue is Proudhon's *Economic Contradictions*.

\*

MR. S. LINCOLN BISHOP, who, with Mrs. Stella C. Bishop, has removed from Daytona to Seabreeze, Florida, will shortly resume the publication of *Universal Harmony* in an enlarged form at \$1 a year.

\*

REV. H. R. HAWES gave an address of a highly interesting nature on "Spiritualism and Christianity" before the London Spiritualist Alliance on the 20th April. There was a large attendance and the address was enthusiastically received.

\*

WHITE LOTUS DAY was observed by the Beaver T. S. in Toronto on the 13th inst. Addresses were given, and musical selections contributed. The usual readings from the *Bhagavad Gita* and *The Light of Asia* were not forgotten.

ONE of the best of our exchanges is the *Star of the Magi*. The number for May continues a series of articles on Reincarnation, and contains many other interesting papers. Address, 617 La Salle Avenue, Chicago, Ill., for a sample copy.

\*

OUR article in the series of "Unenrolled Theosophists" is unfortunately crowded out this month. The subject is Mr. Standish O'Grady, and it will appear next month. As our circulation increases we shall be able to enlarge our space and omit nothing.

\*

JOHN M. WATKINS has issued his ninth catalogue of rare and standard books on Theosophy, Mysticism, and the Occult Sciences. It is one of the most complete he has compiled, and will be indispensable to students and collectors, who may get it on applying to 53 St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C., England.

\*

THE Annual Convention of the American Section T. S. will be held in Chicago on the 20th inst. Very satisfactory progress is reported for the year as the result of vigorous propaganda measures, to which Mr. F. E. Titus, of Toronto, materially contributed for several months past in the Western and Middle States.

\*

MR. HENRY WESTERN MILLER has published a volume, *The Custom of Barter*, being a consideration of various economic problems with a view to the discovery of the "law of compensation in the social world." I hope to refer to it again. Meanwhile it may be had from the author at 1535 Olive Street, Kansas City, Mo. Price is not stated. Paper covers. 242 pages.

\*

THE Eclectic Theosophical Society of New York announce as a result of a canvass of the votes of the members the election of Mr. John M. Pryse as President; Mr. J. H. Connelly, Vice-President; Miss E. A. Berry, Treasurer; and as Directors the President, Mrs. Julia H. Coffin, Mr. Arthur Firth, Miss E. A. Berry, Mr. Frederick W. Flint, Mrs. Rena T. Keith, and Mrs. Vittoria Cremers.

\*

THE new *Magazine of Poetry*, published by Daniel Mallett at 253 Broadway, New York City, for one dollar a year, is now being circulated, and is one of the most attractive of the bibelot magazines, with its red double rules and old-fashioned paper. Over fifty poets are represented in the first issue, and the

selections are made with good taste and judgment, though objection may be taken by some to the partial quotation of such poems as *Annabel Lee*. The authors range from Shakspeare down to the present day.

\*

AN exceedingly valuable contribution to the marriage discussion has been made by Babu Dhana Krishna Biswas, B.L., in a series of papers which appeared in the *Prasnottara* and are now reprinted in pamphlet form under the title *Marriage*, at a price of about five cents. The author fully discusses the question, Why should a man marry? and points out the duty of marriage for all who are not called to the mystical life.

\*

THE Emperor Menelik has issued an order strictly forbidding the importation of absinthe and all spirituous liquors into his dominions, and has prohibited his people the use of tobacco and snuff on pain of severe penalties. He has further informed the foreign representatives that he attaches the greatest importance to these edicts, and expects to receive the greatest assistance of friendly powers in his efforts to keep the "curse of intemperance" out of his empire.

\*

THE French Scientific Commission, as a result of two years' excavations among the sites of ancient cities in Persia, report the existence of civilisations far exceeding that of Chaldæa in antiquity. The opinion is based on the discovery of cuneiform characters on tablets which prove that the Chaldæans were not the inventors of written language. There is nothing new in this to students of Theosophical literature, as witness the article in *Five Years of Theosophy*, "Was Writing Known Before Panini?"

\*

THE Universal Brotherhood Organization did not hold any regular Convention this year, and no reports have been presented by its officers since its institution. A series of "New Cycle Unity Congresses" has been held by local branches to celebrate the "immense possibilities," as the San Francisco *Lodge Report* has it, in which the members can participate by the "contribution of thought, energy and money." At Point Loma, on the 14th April, a mystery play was performed, entitled "The Travail of the Soul."

\*

THE death of the Duke of Argyll on the 24th April at the age of 77 removes one of the most active of the orthodox debaters from the field of the "heavy controversialists." He

was undoubtedly loyal to truth as he saw it, and was not afraid to break with his traditions when his convictions impelled. His *Reign of Law*, published in 1866, passed through several editions, and was followed, among many other works, by a sequel, *The Unity of Nature*. History and science, geology and evolution were his favourite studies.

\*

THE editor of the *Morning Star*, Loudsville, White Co., Georgia, invites correspondence in connection with a letter from one of his readers on the "changes in the appearances of the myriads of invisible Hosts that are to be seen by Lucids at sunset. For some time past there has appeared to me a strange order of entities mingled with the Glorious Bright Ones; they have a similar appearance to a very small grey filmy cob-web, and their motion is erratic. . . . I am inclined to the opinion that they are creations of an evil nature, and another sign of the day that is almost at our doors."

\*

THE charming article by Mr. W. B. Yeats which we copy from the *London Speaker*, will be read with interest by those who look to the early days of the Theosophical Movement for an explanation of its more recent developments. "The velvet robed Brahman with glossy tresses and dusky face and big luminous eyes," as a writer in the *Forum* describes Mohini M. Chatterji, is a mysterious figure to many, and few understand why the translator and commentator of what is really the most satisfactory version of the *Gita*, and the joint author with Francesca Arundale of *Man: Fragments from Forgotten History*, should have dropped out of sight as he has.

\*

HERE is a paragraph from a political article with the political names left blank. Substitute Theosophical or Christian or any other terms and try and understand the unity of all human striving after truth. "True . . . attach less weight than ever to labels. Many of the best . . . are now out of the camp, while some who have renounced almost every principle of freedom, are inside. There are others in whom personal spite has taken the place of . . . zeal. Such conditions must pass. The real line of cleavage will again show itself. The armies will re-form under capable leaders, and the old long battle will be visibly resumed, the battle for civilization and freedom."

\*

MR. T. B. WILSON, who recently left Kansas City for Chicago, is proving himself one of the most active workers of

the U. B. Organization. By invitation he has addressed the Society of Anthropology three times, on "Heredity," "Ethical Causation," and "The Mission of Woman." At the metaphysical society of the Order of Eden he has also spoken on Theosophical topics. The Pure Food Club invited him to speak on the Heart Doctrine recently. Dr. Gregory, of the Liberal Society, has also invited him to occupy his platform and discuss the Immortality of the Soul. As Mr. Wilson is on visiting terms with the Chicago Theosophical Society, one is almost inclined to hope that the true spirit of Universal Brotherhood is gradually lifting the more influential members to the plane of fraternal effort and mutual cordiality.

\*

THE unexpected death of Frank Hamilton Cushing of the Smithsonian Institute last month will be somewhat of a shock to many students of occultism. He was comparatively a young man, having being born at Northeast, Pa., in 1857. His recent explorations in the keys of Florida are fresh in the minds of us all, but he had already established his reputation as an archæologist and ethnologist. In 1879 he investigated the Pueblos of New Mexico on behalf of the Institute, and then, at his own request, was left for six years among the Zuni Indians who adopted him and taught him their language. He was also initiated into the secret order of their Medicine Men, the "Priesthood of the Bow," and, as Madam Blavatsky said in the *Secret Doctrine*, "learned more about them than any other man now living."

\*

*Occult Truths* (943 Massachusetts Ave., Washington, D.C.) for April is a specially good number. It opens with a capital article, "Ignore Rudeness and Avoid Ill-feeling." The purport of it is that every annoyance we are subjected to is the direct return of some similar act of our own. "No one can possibly make an exhibition of his own rudeness, suspicions, distrust, uncharitableness, such as to in any way displease or offend him whose life is pure, whose eyes are open to truth, and whose ears can hear only harmonies to which his heart responds." The editor speaks very highly of Dr. Buck's *Mystic Masonry*. He says that if he had to part with two of three books, the Bible, Shakspeare, and *Mystic Masonry*, he would keep the last, as he remembers most of the other two, and Dr. Buck's book is new to him and contains the keys of all knowledge.

\*

THE Universal Cosmo-Planetary CONSTANT, the Crown and Capstone of the Mento-Scientific Pyramida, the æonic

efflorescence of destinal decree, after slipping a couple of monthly cogs, turns out a very lively number for April, in which Prof. Bjerregaard is disciplined, and one of the most extraordinary manifestations of human consciousness of our day plays with language as a Japanese juggler with his glittering spheres. Brother Burns professes to have blown "the cock-eyed demon of Karma" into thin air; and after "dissipating the delusion of duty," he informs us that "no individual exists on this planet with a stronger will, a more developed mentality, clearer psychological faculties, or more powerful concentrative ability, than the Man from Venus." Brother Burns publishes the *Psycho-Harmonic Scientist* from Box 189, Pueblo, Colorado.

\*

"LIGHT," of 21st April, has an account of a series of seances held with Mrs. Corner (the Florence Cook of Prof. Crooke's narrative) as medium, by Miss Mack Wall. The object of these was to throw light on the cabinet procedures in the case of materializations and physical phenomena. In every case the results were conclusive as to the correctness of the explanations given by Madam Blavatsky. One of the facts brought out was the inability of the medium to govern the operations of the spirits, and in the case of a spirit unacquainted with the method of using the astral body of the medium, her physical body was itself obsessed, and being released from the sealed fastenings which secured it by an intermolecular osmosis which left the fastenings intact, in deep trance was flung forward on the floor. The undesirable character of many of the "controls" is freely admitted by Miss Wall.

\*

*The Theosophic Messenger* is printing lists of references to topics for study drawn from standard theosophical literature. "A set of questions on the *Ancient Wisdom* was prepared and sent out to all members-at-large with a letter requesting that they send references to other books, or magazine articles, where these questions are answered or light thrown on them. . . . The results of the work in a consolidated form will be published monthly in the *Messenger*." Mr. Alexander Fullerton writes to the members of the American Section of the T. S. recommending the study of Mr. Charles Johnston's *Memory of Past Births*. He says, "It is, in my judgment, one of the most able, instructive, and remarkable contributions ever made to Theosophical literature, and I think that every Theosophist should read and re-read it, and should also take special steps towards its circulation." It is to be hoped that this advice will be everywhere accepted.



THE latest of the new institutions of advanced thought has been founded by the Mental Scientists at Seabreeze, Florida, with the name of "The Scientific, Philosophic and Ethical School of Research." It has been duly chartered, and Mr. C. C. Post and Mrs. Post (Helen Wilmans) have donated real estate towards its endowment to the amount of \$200,000. "It is the intention to temper the whole student life from the view-point of the belief in the God-like qualities and absolute mastery of man—self-reliance, independence of thought and action, original thought, self-development." Julius A. Dresser has written *The True History of Mental Science*, dealing with the facts concerning the discovery of Mental Healing, and showing that the doctrine and methods originated with Dr. P. P. Quimby. It may be had for 20 cents from the Office of *Unity*, 1315 McGee Street, Kansas City, Mo.

\*

MR. FRANCIS THOMAS in *The Academy* declares that the mystic is not "a student of mysticism, any more than a scientist is one who studies books on science. Not yet is he a devotee, a devout practiser of religion. Mysticism is an interior ladder, at the summit of which is God. The mystic endeavours, by a rigid practical virtue, combined with prayer, meditation, and mortification of the senses, to arrive at a closer union with the Creator. Union with God is proposed as the state of the future life, and therefore the ultimate end of the Christian. But mysticism holds that some degree of such union is possible in this life. It is the belief of Plato no less than St. John of the Cross. There is an indwelling of the Divinity in every Christian, 'Know ye not that ye are a temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?' But the gradual purification of body and soul, with the turning of the whole man towards God, permits the Deity to flow in with a greater closeness, until there is finally accomplished, if not the spousal union of the next life, at any rate a betrothal union, we may say."

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As we anticipated in our January issue, "Ixion" has dropped into poetry, though, unlike Mr. Wegg, not at all in a friendly way. The salutation to the *THE LAMP* which appears in the April *International Theosophist* under the title of "The Eagle and the \* \* \* \*" should be read by all who are interested in the evolution of myths, though it may be well to warn students that the effort savours rather of the vulture or the buzzard than of the eagle. Walt Whitman gives us the advice "Do not call the tortoise unworthy because she is not something else," and doubtless the editor had this in view in



printing these lines from the father of the Centaurs. Our Dublin contemporary's usual literary standard is much higher, as witness Mr. Kenneth Morris' beautiful lines which we copy elsewhere. One must not be too critical of early poetical efforts, still we feel sure that a stricter fidelity to nature than "Ixion" seems to approve has been characteristic, even in their earliest efforts, of all really great writers. When one reads of Toronto as "a dark and frost-bound, sterile, northern town," the accuracy of subsequent statements is supplied with a gauge which cannot fail to be applied. The only force which satire has is its truth, and when those who feel the need of this weapon have to fall back upon invention, the fair and gracious figure of the Ideal, could they but see it, already beckons another way.

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DR. JOSIAH OLDFIELD is making the most of his opportunities as editor of the *Herald of the Golden Age*. He has stirred up a good deal of interest over his suggestion of a new word to take the place of "vegetarian," with its associations of boiled cabbage and turnips. Most people think that vegetarianism means living on vegetables, whereas such food plays a minor part in the vegetarian's diet. To convey the idea of living on the best natural food, Dr. Oldfield has coined the word "aristophagy," and sent it out to find favour in the world. At first sight it appeared to me to have a flavour of anthropophagy, and I had visions of the House of Lords done to a turn. This particular association of ideas will doubtless die away, and the word will gradually come to summon up conceptions of ambrosial banquets, the most delicious fruits, the most palatable nuts, the choicest cereals. "Man's best food does not consist of the dead bodies of slaughtered animals. . . . Flesh food is not necessary to the highest development of mind or body." So Dr. Oldfield, and by-and-by everybody will agree with him. "Slavery once was moral. One higher tone is reached, and slavery becomes immoral. Butchery is still moral. One higher tone is being reached, and butchery shall become immoral."

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A FRIEND tells me that some readers of THE LAMP took decided exception to Mr. Downing's article on Shakspeare last month. This is as it should be. I don't think I agree with Mr. Downing altogether myself, but I feel sure that he knows his Shakspeare better than most of us, and he presents his views moderately and attractively. As toleration is the basis and the summit of Theosophy I take it that editorial toleration of a Theosophical character must follow the lines laid down by

Madam Blavatsky, who admitted all sorts of views to her columns so long as they were intelligently presented. The majority of readers wish to have themselves bolstered up and supported in some set of views they have convinced themselves are conclusive. Egotistic editors naturally wish to keep their pages free from any views but those which endorse their own beliefs, or which are likely to be popular with the majority. How long must it be insisted that one must see all sides, know all views, hear all the evidence, before one is able to render judgment? It is not by our inclinations but by our reason that we are to be guided. To hear all sides does not mean to believe all sides. To be all-embracing does not mean to be all-accepting. "Do I contradict myself?" asks Walt Whitman, and answers, "Very well then, I contradict myself (I am large, I contain multitudes.)"

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THE DEATH on Easter Day has been announced of Frederic Octavius Crump, Q.C., at the age of fifty-nine, from a chill brought on by over-severe bicycle exercise. For thirty years he had been editor of the *Law Journal*, and he died in harness. Tighe Hopkins pays him a most touching and affectionate tribute: "A man healthy and wholesome to the very core of him—whose mind never harboured a noxious thought, and in whose mouth there was never a noxious word—he was at one with nature from his boyhood till his death. . . . He was a man who beamed on you—he was one of the happiest men alive; and he liked you to know that he found life good and grateful. . . . His mind and heart seemed absolutely stainless; and, let the theme of talk be what it might, there never was the smallest dissimulation in him. This native height of character naturally owed something to religion; but it shall suffice to say that F.'s was as unaffected as it was deep-rooted and enduring: at no single hour of his life would the summons yonder have reached him unprepared. It may be added that he died as he would have asked to die; suddenly, among his own, in the midst of work, and on the day of a sublime and animating festival of the Church." The many friends of his only son and eldest child, Mr. Basil Crump, in sympathizing for his loss, will appreciate the solace to be found in the contemplation of the memory of such a parent.

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THE San Diego *Union* has the following advertisement: "All-the-Year-round Resort, Point Loma Homestead, situated on Point Loma, overlooking Ocean, Bay, City, Valley, and Mountains. 70 Rooms and Suites, with Universal View. All

improvements. Tally-ho meets trains. Rates \$2 to \$14. Special prices per week. Address Point Loma Homestead, Point Loma, San Diego, Cal." Brother Amos McAlpin writes: "The Homestead house is filled with guests and students, and is under superior discipline; and to the members of the Universal Brotherhood Organization who are here, it affords especial advantages. Opportunity is given to identify oneself directly with Brotherhood work, and to attach himself to the discipline and executive features, already established. Thus the rare chance, that comes only once in milleniums, is with us, and the visible Temple is once more in process of erection." Brother McAlpin also conveys a word of warning to those who "in fancied devotion to the work, but having small means, beyond the bare expense of the trip here, might come, and then, when want and privation overtake them, as they must, they will on the ground of 'sentimental' brotherhood expect, often demand, support from our Organization and its members: this would have, very properly, to be denied them, and they would become a burden upon the public, and greatly injure, discredit, and obstruct our work."

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS:—Enquirer.—The names adopted by Mrs. Besant for the seven principles are Atma, Bliss Body (Buddhi), Causal Body (Higher Manas), Mental Body (Lower Manas), Astral Body (Kama), Etheric Double (Linga Sarira), and Dense Body (Sthula Sarira). See *The Ancient Wisdom*. All names are arbitrary. N.G.—Charles F. Lummis' *The Awakening of a Nation*, will give you further particulars. *Face to Face with the Mexicans* is also full of domestic detail. Western Saxon.—Read Anthony T. Trollope's Barsetshire series, *The Warden*, *Barchester Towers*, *Framley Parsonage*, *Dr. Thorne*, *The Small House at Allington*, and *The Last Chronicle of Barset*, for example, and learn what different worlds English-speaking people may live in. M.B.—W. B. Yeats was born 13th June, 1865. D.B.—Read any ordinary text-book on geology. It is easy to trade on ignorance. The oldest strata in America are in Canada. Yes; Ontario is exceedingly healthy. The death-rate last year was ten in the thousand. The population of the province is about two millions and a quarter. You can help by getting subscriptions or advertisements, or by sending addresses for sample copies, or by correcting misrepresentations. Do not seek advice from others, but do what you feel right after earnest consideration. You have no right to follow THE LAMP any more than any other organ. Follow the light within. It will not separate you from anyone, but show you the common nature on which we all rest.

MAGAZINES and papers received: *The Abiding Truth*, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, *Flaming Sword*, *Ideal Review* (Dr. Hartmann contributes an unusually interesting instalment of his papers on "The Symbols of the Bible"), *Christian Messenger*, *Review of Reviews*, *Prophetic Messenger*, *Theosophic Gleaner* (Madras), *Psychical Science Review*, (this is a capital astrological medium, 1804 Market St., San Francisco, \$1 a year), *Boston Ideas*, *Occult Truths*, *International Theosophist*, *The Philistine*, *Morning Star*, *Free Man* (this magazine has absorbed *Ideal Man*; \$1 a year from C. W. Close, 124 Birch St., Bangor, Me.), *Notes and Queries*, *Unity*, *Herald of the Golden Age*, *Belfast Weekly News*, *Star of the Magi*, *Theosophischer Wegweiser* (Leipzig), *British Weekly*, *North Ender*, *Rainbow*, *H. C. Leader*, *Prasnottara*, *Nya Tiden*, *Progressive Preacher*, *World's Advance Thought*, *The Theosophical Forum*, *Psyche*, *Expression*, *Faith and Hope Messenger* (W. J. Colville, is Associate Editor; 50c. a year, Atlantic City, N.J.), *Citizen and Country*, *Lyceum*, *Light*, *Magazine of Poetry*, *The Book and Newsdealer*, *Harbinger of Light* (Melbourne), *Spirit Fruit*, *Theosophic Messenger*, *Psycho-Harmonic Scientist*, *Theosophy*, *All Ireland Review*, *Meaford Mirror*, &c. We have to acknowledge with thanks the kindness of the *Star of the Magi*, the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, *Light*, *Current Literature*, and other journals for their comments and publication of selections from our columns.

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MR. ANDREW ELVINS writes to the *Toronto Star* of the 1st inst. pointing out the probability, according to Bode's Law, of discovering another small planet, or a swarm of such, between the orbits of Venus and Mercury, and suggesting investigation during the approaching eclipse directed to this end. "Vulcan," he says, "is not the only planet to be searched for; the zone between Venus and Mercury may furnish one or more small planets." It is not generally known that the orbits of the planets lie in distances from the sun which conform to the proportions dividing the notes of the musical scale; which regulate the light vibrations distinguishing the colours of the prismatic scale; which govern the atomic combinations of the chemical elements; and which enter into all the other harmonies of nature. Vulcan, the planet alluded to by Mr. Elvins, is one of the two mystery planets for which the sun and moon stood as substitutes in ancient teachings and in modern astrology. In the *Blavatsky Lodge Transactions*, H.P.B. declares: "There is no secret in it, though modern astrologers are ignorant of these planets. One is an intra-mercurial planet, which is supposed to have been discovered, and named by anticipation Vulcan, and the other a planet with a retrograde motion, sometimes visible

at a certain hour of night and apparently near the moon. The occult influence of this planet is transmitted by the moon." This was printed in 1890, and last year the small planet named Eros was discovered and is depended upon by scientific investigators to supply a means for the rectification or confirmation of all the most important solar measurements. It is not settled whether the orbit of Eros is inside or outside that of the moon. Nor is it entirely clear that Eros is the planet mentioned by Madam Blavatsky.

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IN an interesting review of Mr. J. M. Pryse's *Reincarnation in the New Testament*, Mrs. Vera Johnston in *The Forum* for April remarks that he has shown—"and that above any doubt—that to know anything of the Gospels or Epistles, the whole Bible or the whole life of man, one has to consider them in the light of reincarnation." Elsewhere in the same issue attention is called to the passage in John's Gospel where Jesus said: "Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day: and he saw it, and was glad. Then said the Jews unto him, Thou art not yet fifty years old, and hast thou seen Abraham? Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Before Abraham was, I am." With this, *The Forum* couples Genesis xxi: 3. "And Abraham called the name of his son that was born unto him, whom Sarah bore to him, Isaac." This, it is pointed out, was 1898 B.C. In addition to this, the Scripture Dictionary of Names is called upon for the meaning of Isaac, which is laughter, sporting, or rejoicing. The idea is that Isaac was one of the incarnations of the Spiritual Being "over which, so far as one can judge, all the covenants between God and man are made to this day." This identity of Isaac with Jesus is taught by Dr. Anna Kingsford, as well as by more ancient authorities. We have not heard of anything serious having yet befallen the editor of *The Forum*, but anxiety may be excused after reading the following: "For our own part we must confess that, though we have often enough met women who intellectually could compete with any man, as man goes, we have seen little spiritually amongst them in any country or continent. The enormous failing of modern women most assuredly is the great materiality of her tastes and even her aspirations. In that respect she is a drag on man, who, though having a better sense of the true value of things, has not half her motive-power." In Egypt, in days of old, the spiritual help of the woman was needed by the man in his work of spiritual alchemy. Have we changed all that?

THE Beaver Theosophical Society of Toronto sent a special greeting to the Convention of the T. S. in A., desiring as an independent local body to express the heartiest sympathy and willingness to co-operate with all Theosophical Organizations. The Address read in part as follows: "Our success in Toronto encourages us to lay before you the ideas which have inspired our work locally, loyalty to which appears to have been rewarded with a similar result wherever it has been displayed. We believe no briefer and more able summary of these can be furnished than in two passages from Madam Blavatsky's message to the American Convention of 1890: "The Masters require only that each shall do *his best*, and, above all, that each shall strive in reality to feel himself one with his fellow-workers. It is not a dull agreement on intellectual questions, or an impossible unanimity as to all details of work, that is needed; but a true, hearty, earnest devotion to our cause, which will lead each to help his brother to the utmost of his power to *work* for that cause, whether or not we agree as to the exact method of carrying on that work. The only man who is absolutely wrong in his method is the one who *does nothing*; each can and should co-operate with all, and all with each, in a large-hearted spirit of comradeship, to forward the work of bringing Theosophy home to every man and woman in the country. . . . What I said last year remains true to-day; that is, that the ethics of Theosophy are more important than any divulgement of psychic laws and facts. The latter relate wholly to the material and evanescent part of the septenary man, but the Ethics sink into and take hold of the real man—the reincarnating Ego. We are outwardly creatures of a day; within, we are eternal. Learn, then, well the doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation, and teach, practise, promulgate that system of life and thought which can alone save the coming races. Do not work merely for the Theosophical Society, but, *through* it, for Humanity." (*Report of Proceedings*, 1890, pp. 29, 30.)

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*The Religio-Philosophical Journal* of 26th April prints a suggestion of a reasonable form of belief in reincarnation. The view came through a "well-known medium" whose name is not mentioned. "Such spirits," it is said, "will not be born of woman again, but will have dominion over certain minds to control them. Now, when they shall have perfected a sufficient number of mortal minds to an upward desire, their crime will be expiated. . . . If they succeed in their efforts during a natural pilgrimage they will be allowed to advance when the mortals they control prove satisfactory; otherwise they will



return again and be permitted to continue their efforts until they succeed." It is commented by a contributor to the *Journal* that "this sounds more reasonable than the Theosophic idea that a full-grown, disembodied spirit lies in wait for an opportunity to dislodge an incipient one from the germinal spot of the ovum and thrive upon its crushed-out existence." We keep on enquiring where people get the notions about Theosophy which they rightly say are so ridiculous. They are not to be found in our literature, and it can only be supposed they gather these views from the accounts of those in the Churches and elsewhere who are interested in misrepresenting Theosophical teachings. As a matter of fact the idea of a supervision of the "spirits" spoken of above is merely a version of the Theosophical idea of the guardianship of the Higher Ego or Soul over the lower and earthly personality. When the Ego has "perfected a sufficient number of mortal minds to an upward desire," to use the phrase of the well-known medium, it is released from the cycle of necessity, as we would say. These mortal minds are simply its own self-embodiments, and there is no lying in wait to deprive another Ego of a body which in every birth it carefully develops under its own direction and according to its own self-acquired powers and resources. This is the meaning of that parable which so many find difficult: "To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." Spirits are never born of a woman. That which is born of the flesh is flesh. That which is born of the spirit is spirit. It should not be so difficult to understand the parable in the light of a knowledge of the real relations of the Self to its successive bodies.

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DEAN WILLIAMS, of Cleveland, the prominent Single Tax advocate, will visit Toronto on the 20th and 21st insts. He will lecture in Zion Church on the Monday evening, and it is hoped a good audience will assemble to hear his exposition of Henry George's principles. I am glad to have this opportunity of expressing my sympathy with this particular aspect of the social reform movement, for there appears to be an impression abroad that students of Theosophy neglect everything pertaining to what are called "practical" measures. Personally, I take a hearty interest in all the advance movements, and see admirable features in the programmes of Socialists, Nationalists, Communists, Co-operators, and a dozen other more or less political parties; but I cannot avoid regretting that all these earnest men and women are usually more or less opposed to each other's methods, so that vast energies which combined upon

any one point of reform would almost certainly carry it to a successful issue, under the guerilla systems in favour are now spread almost unavailingly over the whole field. The Theosophical is distinctly a unifying movement; and while it teaches its students the value of all work for humanity, its principles would lead them to seek for united action among those who have the welfare of humanity at heart. They naturally seek for an expression of that force which is greatest in human affairs, and hope, by evoking its action, to most effectively contribute to the general aim. Madam Blavatsky writes in *The Key to Theosophy*: "Selfishness, indifference and brutality can never be the normal state of the race; to believe so would be to despair of humanity, and that no Theosophist can do. Progress can be attained, and only attained, by the development of the nobler qualities. Now, true evolution teaches us that by altering the surroundings of the organism we can alter and improve the organism; and in the strictest sense this is true with regard to man. Every Theosophist, therefore, is bound to do his utmost to help on, by all the means in his power, every wise and well-considered effort which has for its object the amelioration of the condition of the poor. Such efforts should be made with a view to their ultimate social emancipation, or the development of the sense of duty in those who now so often neglect it in nearly every relation of life." When it is enquired what force will do most in bringing these things to pass, Henry George answers in his eloquent way: "If you would move men to action, to what shall you appeal? Not to their pockets, but to their patriotism; not to selfishness, but to sympathy. Self-interest is, as it were, a mechanical force—potent, it is true; capable of large and wide results. But there is in human nature what may be likened to a chemical force, which melts and fuses and overwhelms; to which nothing seems impossible. 'All that a man hath will he give for his life'—that is self-interest. But in loyalty to higher impulses men will give even life. . . . Call it religion, patriotism, sympathy, the enthusiasm for humanity or the love of God—give it what name you will: there is yet a force which overcomes and drives out selfishness; a force which is the electricity of the moral universe; a force beside which all others are weak. Everywhere that men have lived it has shown its power, and to-day, as ever, the world is full of it. To be pitied is the man who has never seen and never felt it. Look around among common men and women, amid the care and struggle of daily life, in the jar of the noisy street and amid the squalor where want hides—every here and there is the darkness lighted with the tremulous play of its lambent flames.



He who has not seen it has walked with shut eyes. He who looks may see, as says Plutarch, that 'the soul has a principle of kindness in itself, and is born to love, as well as to perceive, think, or remember.'—(*Progress and Poverty*.) In these two quotations we see two leaders of thought, each insisting upon that which is popularly supposed to be most characteristic of the other's teaching, as being essential to his own. Let us close up our ranks, my brothers, and march together. We all love each other. Let us not be ashamed to confess it.

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THE Annual Meeting of the Theosophical Society in America was held in Columbus, Ohio, on the 29th ult. About fifty delegates were present, and the meetings were very good, a public assembly in the evening being addressed by Dr. Buchman, Mr. Pinckham, and the President. Dr. J. D. Buck, though desirous of retiring, was re-elected President. Dr. Stewart, of New York, was elected Secretary and Treasurer, and Messrs. G. E. Harter, Chicago; Main and Phelps, New York; Gen. Ludlow, Rhode Island; Dr. Buchman and J. D. Bond, Fort Wayne, to the Executive Committee. One of the earliest acts of the Committee was to elect Mrs. Vera Johnston to the editorial chair of the *Theosophical Forum*. Dr. Buck's Presidential address briefly reviewed the outlook of the Movement, and considered the causes which militate against its greater progress. With regard to organization, he said: "Between the two Organizations existing to-day in America and Europe, calling themselves Theosophical, there is not an issue that is not childish or absurd, and there ought never to have been any issue at all, nor would there be any if earnest students and workers pledged to restrain from condemning others would get together for ten minutes in the right spirit. . . . The real question is, How long will professed Theosophists who know something of the Secret Doctrine, who believe in the existence of Masters, who honour the memory and work of H. P. B., and who are, or ought to be, appreciative of all who have tried their best to aid the great work, whatever mistakes they may have made, those who believe in Karma, Reincarnation, and in Brotherhood as a fact in Nature, how long will these combine to condemn others, instead of uniting as one man, to present a solid front to the world?" While the Society had not made any advance in numbers during the year, "the real Theosophical Movement has not gone backward by any means; it has, on the contrary, gone ahead as never before." This Dr. Buck attributes to the increase in the sale and study of Theosophical literature. "Here lies the strength and perpetuity of the work inaugurated by H. B. P. and her

associates and students. . . . In the meantime, the doctrines for which we stand have become the real issue in Church and State. The Brotherhood of Man gives colour to every issue in ethics, economics, and politics; and I believe that, if the census could be taken, a majority would stand for real Brotherhood in the name of common justice. There is lacking only co-operation to make it effectual. . . . Nor is this all. In the metaphysical or subjective realm, whence spring all causes of action on the outer plane, the Secret Doctrine is known and felt. Occultism is in the air, as never before since the Schools of Pythagoras and Alexandria and the days of the Neoplatonists. Fantastic, sensational, pretentious and absurd, and at times even dangerous as are many of these organizations, and short-lived as most of them are doomed to be, they none the less represent the awakening and transition period between the old crass materialism and the rehabilitated and divine spirit of man. If we are not ready to organize, let us remember all these things, and never despair."

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THE English Theosophist has been replaced by *Theosophy*, which is to be issued, like *The Philistine*, every little while at 141 Alderney Street, London, S.W., England. The issue for 13th April is devoted entirely to W. Q. Judge. I hope I will not be misunderstood if I ask for some limitation of the application of the following declaration: "When the outer facts of life do not seem to fit into our beliefs, we are prone to abandon the latter. It were wiser to let go our hold upon the apparent bearings of the outer facts as they seem to us to be, and to seek within for some explanation more in accordance with our previous belief." I think I know what the writer means, but to place this before the public as a Theosophical position is simply to invite the enemy to blaspheme. The publication of extracts from Mr. Judge's unpublished letters is continued. A few selections are appended: "I am glad that you have such a faith in the Great Workers who are behind us. They *are* behind us, to my personal knowledge; and not behind me only, but behind all sincere workers. I know that their desire is that each should listen to the voice of his inner self, and not depend too much on outside people, whether they be Masters, Eastern disciples, or what not. By a dependence of that kind you become at last thoroughly independent, and then the unseen helpers are able to help all the more." "Many of those matters which we call the woes of others are really nothing at all, and only 'skin deep'; the real woe of the race is not that." "It is better to acquire a lot of what is called carelessness by the world, but is in reality a calm reliance on

the law, and a doing of one's own duty, satisfied that the results must be right, no matter what they may be. Think that over, and try to make it a part of your inner mind that it is no use to worry; that things will be all right, no matter what comes, and that you are resolved to do what you see before you, and trust to Karma for all the rest." "The A B C of Theosophy should be taught all the time, and this not only for the sake of outsiders, but also for the sake of the members who are, I very well know, not so far along as to need the more elaborate work all the time. And it is just because the members are not well grounded that they are not able themselves to get in more enquirers." "All members who work hard come at last to the notice of the Lodge; and the moment they do so the Black Lodge also takes notice, and hence questions arise, and we are tried in subtle ways that surpass sight, but are strong for the undoing of him who is not prepared by right thought and sacrifice to the higher nature for the fight." "Men and women are complementary in character, and therefore adapted to each other. It is natural that each sex should enjoy the company of the other, and what is natural cannot be wrong. Moreover, it is perfectly proper that, when a suitable mate is found, a man should marry and settle down as a householder, bringing up a family with right views and high purposes. He contributes a service to humanity who puts, to take his place after his death, children who reproduce his true and altruistic life. Consequently, if you find a suitable match and desire matrimony, there can be no possible reason why you should not carry out such a purpose. Like the abstention from meat, celibacy is essential to advance after a certain stage, but that stage has not yet been reached by you, and you cannot, therefore, be subjected to its conditions. There can be no one rule laid down for all human beings, inasmuch as the temperaments and desires are so different. Each must work out the problem of life in his own way. If your aspirations are so set on higher things that you find the lower a hindrance, it is evident that you should not indulge in the latter; but if you are not so hindered, then no less a duty is yours. You are right in thinking that the essential to all true progress is a wish to conform utterly to the Divine Will, we being certain that we shall be helped in proportion as is our need." Subscriptions to *Theosophy* should be sent direct to the London Office in postage stamps, 75 cents for twelve issues.

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Not for years has there been so much agitation in Church circles over matters of belief and doctrine as at the present time. Probably the publication of Dr. Farrar's sermons on

Eternal Hope was the last occasion of such an effusion of feeling. Since then there has been a continually growing sense that all is not right with the Church, and it now appears to be approaching a culmination when something must be done. No section of the Christian faith is free from tremors, but the Protestant sects naturally give most evidence of the awakening. In England the chief controversy is over the question of miraculous change in the substance of the bread used at the Communion Table. In America the controversy centres around the creeds. The Methodist Church is troubled over its rules of discipline which are now thought antiquated and over stringent. Everywhere the tendency is to permit men and women to conduct themselves according to the dictates of their consciences rather than to bind them by artificial rules; to give them the liberty of intelligent agents rather than to treat them as ignorant and naturally depraved subjects. One speaker at the Methodist General Conference at Chicago said: "Our twenty-five articles of religion keep many thoughtful and conscientious persons out of our church. Why not allow men to differ about all obscure and uncertain points of theology and shorten the creed?" Among the Presbyterians the discussion is much more acute, and both Prof. A. C. McGiffert and Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis have withdrawn from that Church in protest against the damnation clauses of the Westminster Confession. "I would rather shake my fist," declared Dr. Hillis, "in the Face of the Eternal, and fling every vile epithet toward the Stainless Throne, where eternal Mercy sits with the world's atoning Saviour, than lift my hand with that creed towards God's Throne and affirm that I taught or believed it." Dr. Parkhurst speaking on the same question said: "One of the most unfortunate mistakes ever made by the Christian Church was to slide into the habit of identifying Christianity with theology. . . . When we Presbyterians convict a man of heresy we do not ask what the man is or whether what he believes is true, but what does the Confession of Faith say?" There is some difference of opinion as to whether a revision of the creed is desirable or if an entirely new one should be formulated. The balance of opinion seems to be in favour of evolutionary measures, letting the old stand as a landmark, while more enlightened views are given expression in more acceptable terms. Prof. McGiffert and Dr. Parkhurst both appear to accept this solution, and the *Independent* of 19th April apparently also advocates it. "There is a vitality," it says, "about the right that will not allow it to remain put down. . . . An illustration of this eternal principle appears in the renewed strength of the movement for Presbyterian Creed revision. . . . Let the old Confession

stand as an historical document. It expressed the views of the Westminster Assembly. . . . They did grandly to express their own faith, but they had no right to enslave our faith, any more than God has a right to enslave our will. . . . A man of intelligence ought never to tire of making creeds for himself. He ought to revise his creed every year." Professor McGiffert holds strongly that unity cannot be achieved by going backwards. Whatever unity the Church may attain "it must be a unity which shall take account of all these centuries of disunion and discord, of individual and separate development and growth." There seems in this policy to be more of the recognition of one of the great facts of the spiritual life, over which there is almost necessarily a great deal of stumbling. As Dr. Robertson Nicolls puts it: "Religion is not our choosing God, but his choosing us. That He is able to keep—not that we are able—is the secret of Christianity." But it is exactly out of the perversion of this thought that have arisen the damnation dogmas which repel people from the Calvinistic Churches. Even the Westminster Confessors themselves, in their celebrated (or notorious) Article in the third chapter of the Confession admit that "the doctrine of this high mystery of predestination is to be handled with special prudence and care, that men attending the will of God revealed in His Word, and yielding obedience thereunto, may, from the certainty of their effectual vocation, be assured of their eternal election. So shall this doctrine afford matter of praise, reverence, and admiration of God; and of humility, diligence and abundant consolation, to all that sincerely obey the Gospel." Whether the "special prudence and care" required is ever exercised may be disputed. At all events no one seems to have considered the contradiction in terms in the Confession itself, which speaks of those who are "fore-ordained to everlasting death." "Death" here is evidently not what is usually meant by the word. To be everlastingly dead is quite a different thing from passing into another state of existence to suffer eternal torments. If there be anything everlasting about us it is life, and whether that life be in the body or out of the body, it cannot possess the qualities of both immortality and mortality. If we be mortal and are extinguished that is the end of us. If we are only apparently extinguished to be afterwards revived, we cannot be held to be dead in the interval. We are merely in another state of existence. As this life is of the Spirit of God itself we should be able to understand what is meant by God choosing us. He lives in us, or we are not alive at all. If it be indeed He that is the Life within us, are not the creeds of death but very feeble measures of our praise? Believing, as I do, in the

immortality of the Soul, and its rebirth again and again in fleshly bodies of short duration, there seems to be no difficulty in understanding the possible failure and utter condemnation of any one of those bodily experiences, a fate indeed of everlasting death, since God was not present with it. But for the Soul, the Christ within, can we dream of any close but that of Divinity? For "this is that Light which lighteneth every man which cometh into the world." Madam Blavatsky, in writing to the Archbishop of Canterbury, said: "Theosophy is not a religion, but a philosophy at once religious and scientific; and that the chief work, so far, of the Theosophical Society has been to revive in each religion its own animating spirit, by encouraging and helping enquiry into the true significance of its doctrines and observances. . . . A community must have a religion, that is to say, a *uniting bond*—under penalty of social decay and material annihilation. . . . The 'Christ Spirit' is even now potentially present in all men, and it will be developed into activity when human beings are no longer prevented from understanding, appreciating and sympathising with one another by the barriers of strife and hatred erected by priests and princes." When men resolve to combine together to build a creed of action, in which they shall determine how best to help each other, and serve God at the same time in doing so, they will find that the old creeds of belief may shine with a new glory. Let us say with Oliver Wendell Holmes,—

"Our Father! while our hearts unlearn  
The creeds that wrong Thy Name,  
Still let our hallowed altars burn  
With faith's undying flame.  
Not by the lightning-gleams of wrath  
Our souls Thy Face shall see;  
The star of love must light the path  
That leads to heaven and Thee."





## THE WAY OF WISDOM.

"As for living, our servants will do that for us."—

Count Villiers De L'Isle-Adam.

MOST of us who are writing books in Ireland to-day have some kind of a spiritual philosophy; and some among us when we look backward upon our lives see that the coming of a young Brahmin into Ireland helped to give our vague thoughts a shape. I had thought to write of one to whom I, at any rate, owe more than to any book years hence, when our little school had done something worthy of remembrance, or had faded in the impersonal past; but it is better to give my words time to come to his ears, perhaps, by some long and unlikely road. Even if it were no better than prudence it were well to praise the wise voices that none among them might grow weary of wisdom and not to keep silent because one's praise might have little of their wisdom. When we were all schoolboys we used to discuss whatever we could find to read of mystical philosophy and to pass crystals over each others' hands and eyes and to fancy that we could feel a breath flowing from them as people did in a certain German book; and one day somebody told us he had met a Brahmin in London who knew more of these things than any book. With a courage which I still admire, we wrote and asked him to come and teach us, and he came with a little bag in his hand and *Marius the Epicurean* in his pocket, and stood with one of us, who gave him a plate of rice and an apple every day at two o'clock; and for a week and all day long unfolded what seemed to be all wisdom. He sat there beautiful, as only an Eastern is beautiful, making little gestures with his delicate hands, and to him alone among all the talkers I have heard, oratory, and even the delight of ordered words, seemed nothing, and all thought a flight into the heart of truth.

We brought him, on the evening of his coming, to a certain club which still discusses everything with that leisure which is the compensation of unsuccessful countries; and there he overthrew or awed into silence whatever metaphysics the town had. And next day, when we would have complimented him, he was remorseful, for it was an "intellectual lust." And sometimes he would go back over something he had said and explain to us that his argument had been a fallacy, and apologise as though he had offended against good manners. And once when we asked him about some matters of fact he told us what he seemed to remember, but asked us not to give much weight to his words, for he had found that he observed carelessly. He said, "We

Easterns are taught to state a principle carefully, but we are not taught to observe and to remember and to state a fact carefully. Our sense of what truthfulness is is quite different from yours." His principles were a part of his being, while our facts, though he was too polite to say it, were doubtless a part of that bodily life, which is the one error. He certainly did hold that we lived too much to see the truth or to live long, for he told us that his father, who had been the first of his family to leave his native village for two thousand years, had repeated over and over as he lay dying, "The West is dying because of its restlessness." Once when he had begun to tell us of some Englishman who had gone down the crater of Vesuvius, a stranger said, "We like men who do that kind of thing, because a man should not think too much of his life," and was startled into silence by this answer: "You do not think little of your lives, but you think so much of your lives that you would enjoy them everywhere, even in the crater of Vesuvius." Somebody asked him if we should pray, but even prayer seemed to him too full of hope, of desire, of life, to have any part in that acquiescence that was his beginning of wisdom, for he said, one should say before sleeping,—

"I have lived many lives. It may be that I have been a slave and a prince. Many a beloved has sat upon my knee, and I have sat upon the knees of many a beloved. Everything that has been shall be again."

Beautiful words that I spoilt once by turning into clumsy verses.

Nearly all that we call education seemed to him but a means to bring us under the despotism of life; and I remember the bewilderment of a schoolmaster who asked about the education of children and was told to "teach them fairy tales, and that they did not possess even their own bodies." I think he would not have taught anybody anything that had to be written in prose, for he said, very seriously, "I have thought much about it, and I have never been able to discover any reason why prose should exist." I think he would not have trained anybody in anything except the arts and in philosophy, which sweeps the pathway before them, for he certainly thought, as William Blake did, that the imagination "is the man himself," and can, if it be strong enough, work every miracle. A man had come to see him in London and had said, "my wife believes that you have the wisdom of the East and can cure her neuralgia, from which she has suffered for years." He had answered, "Are you certain that she believes that, because if you are, I can cure her." He had gone to see her and made a circle round her and recited a poem in Sanscrit, and she had never had neuralgia since. He recited the poem to us and was very disappointed because we did not know by the sound that it was a description



of the spring. Not only did he think that the imaginative arts were the only things that were quite sinless, but he spent more than half a day proving by many subtle and elaborate arguments that "art for art's sake" was the only sinless doctrine of art, for any other would hide the shadow of the world as it exists in the mind of God by shadows of the accidents and illusions of life, and was a blasphemy. Religion existed also for its own sake; and every soul wavered between two emotions, the desire to possess things, to make them a portion of its egotism, and a delight in just and beautiful things for their own sake—and all religions were a doctrine or symbolical expression of this delight. He would not give his own religion a name for fear he might seem to admit that there could be religion that expressed another's delight, and if one urged him too impetuously he would look embarrassed and say "this body is a Brahmin." All other parts of religion seemed to him unimportant, for even our desire of immortality was no better than our other desires. Before I understood him I asked what he would answer to one who began the discussion by denying the immortality of the soul, for the accident of a discussion with religious people had made him build upon this foundation, and he said, "I would say to him, 'what has that to do with you?'" And I remember these phrases and these little fragments of argument quite clearly, for their charm and there unexpectedness has made them cling to the memory; but when I try to remember his philosophy as a whole I cannot separate it from what I myself have built about it, or have gathered in the great ruined house of "the prophetic books" of William Blake; but it seemed then that he taught us by what seemed an invincible logic that those who die, in so far as they have imagined beauty or justice, are made a part of beauty or justice, as, indeed, Shelley believed, and move through the minds of living men; and that mind continually overshadows mind even among living men, and by pathways that lie beyond the senses; and that he measured all our labours by this measure, and put the hermit above all other labourers, because, being the most silent and the most hidden, he lived nearer to the Eternal Powers, and showed their mastery of the world. Alcibiades fled from Socrates lest he might do nothing but listen to him all his life, and certainly there were few among us who did not think that to listen to this man who threw the enchantment of power about silent and gentle things, and at last to think as he did, was the one thing worth doing; and that all action and all words that lead to action were a little vulgar, a little trivial; nor am I quite certain that any among us has quite awoken out of the dreams he brought among us.

—*W. B. Yeats in The Speaker.*

## SOME "LEAVES OF GRASS."

I conn'd old times,  
 I sat studying at the feet of the great masters,  
 Now if eligible O that the great masters might return and  
 study me.

\* \* \*

And now gentlemen,  
 A word I give to remain in your memories and minds,  
 As base and finale too for all metaphysics.

(So to the students the old professor,  
 At the close of his crowded course.)

Having studied the new and the antique, the Greek and  
 Germanic systems,  
 Kant having studied and stated, Fichte and Schelling and Hegel,  
 Stated the lore of Plato, and Socrates greater than Plato,  
 And greater than Socrates sought and stated, Christ divine  
 having studied long,

I see reminiscent to-day those Greek and Germanic systems,  
 See the philosophies all, Christian churches and tenets see,  
 Yet underneath Socrates clearly see, and underneath Christ the  
 divine I see,  
 The dear love of man for his comrade, the attraction of friend  
 to friend,  
 Of the well-married husband and wife, of children and parents,  
 Of city for city and land for land.

\* \* \*

This day before dawn I ascended a hill and look'd at the  
 crowded heaven,  
 And I said to my spirit *When we become the enfolders of those  
 orbs, and the pleasure and knowledge of everything in  
 them, shall we be fill'd and satisfied then?*  
 And my spirit said *No, we but level that lift to pass and  
 continue beyond.*

—Walt Whitman.