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CONDUCTED BY ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

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"Have I no weapon-word for thee—some message brief and fierce?"

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"Have I no weapon-word for thee—some message brief and fierce?"

THE LAMP.

VOL. IV.—No. 6.

TORONTO, AUGUST, 1900.

No. 42.

BE OF GOOD CHEER. .

"IT is essentially the philosophy," said a great teacher of her system, "of those who suffer and have lost all hope of being helped out of the mire of life by other means." Surely such is the system which above all things the world needs in this present year of disgrace, Nineteen Hundred.

The wars and slaughters, the earthquakes and pestilences the famines and drought, the conflagrations and railway and marine disasters, the assassinations and murders and suicides, all these are prominent in the public mind, but they do not represent a tithe of the actual misery of what we call civilization.

The principle of isolation has appealed to and is being adopted by many who despair of effecting anything in the way of reformation among existing social organisms. Various kinds of colonies, settlements and communities are springing up in different parts of the country, and meeting with more or less success, according to their disinterestedness. The attempt is merely in miniature what the nations have tried and failed at. It is the same character and disposition which make a successful and happy home which are required to govern the larger issues and more complex relations of all other societies, whether tribe, city, or nation. The most isolated prairie farmer cannot cut himself off with his family entirely from the outer world. Sooner or later he discovers its duties to him, if his duties to it do not force themselves upon his mind.

Man and man, family and family, community and community, state and state, nation and nation, must harmoniously adjust themselves to each other if we are ever to have the Will followed on earth as it is dreamed to be in heaven. Life is a unity which we cannot escape from, and the Law of the Unity must be observed to achieve Peace.

"A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another."

The old condition, which still prevails, is to live in fear of one another. In the days of their weakness men were accustomed to kill each other directly lest the competition

become too great. Since men have grown very strong and attained to great power, they do not kill directly. They give their fellows a choice of methods of suicide. This is not merely rhetoric, but cold, hard fact. Men can starve or drown or take poison. There was a time when men assumed the odium of owning their fellows as slaves. They repudiate such methods now, and the slave has nominally the choosing of his own master. It matters little who drives when the whip cracks. The condition of slavery is a condition of lovelessness. The employer who does not love his servants keeps slaves. The master who loved his slaves had the willing service of freedom. We do not give our children stones when they ask for bread, but we give them money to buy stones, and mock them when they find that to buy bread they have too little. It is the gospel of economy, providence, thrift.

In politics instead of uniting to do what is politic, we divide and abuse those among our opponents who are most esteemed by them, or who may have been most prominent in public affairs under their auspices. In economic politics we band ourselves together to insist that only those things shall be done which we authorize under penalty. And as between nations we act on the principle that none has a right to exist whom we can over-reach by strength, or by the craft and cunning which we glorify as commerce.

In religion we quarrel most bitterly on matters of which we have no actual knowledge, and ignore entirely the matters on which our experience agrees.

In the world of knowledge where its application is attended with practical results, leading to inventions and discoveries of value to all men, we reserve the use and the profits of these to a minority, so that few men can tell whether knowledge is a curse or a blessing.

It is not surprising if those who have the chance try to escape to some haven of rest and peace. But those who go out of the crowded life of the world can do little from their secluded communities unless they exhibit to the world around them the same spirit which they display to their community mates, the fellowship without which success is impossible. "Thou shalt not separate *thy* being from Being, and the rest."

It is not enough to love some one and live in solitary abnegation. We must love one another. The living presence of a comrade is as necessary to the ordinary man, is as much the virtue and potency of his sacrament of life, as the Heart of God is essential to the banquet of the soul. The bodies of men are but the material elements in communion with which we should partake of the very Spirit of the Divine. When I take the

hand of my comrade, when I look in his eyes, in the embrace of lovers, in the parent's caress and the child's response, in all real human fellowship, God has arrayed Himself in the shining garment of transfiguration.

What shall we do for the desolate and distressed? And the pain-stricken and miserable, the outcasts and the fallen? We have been as they, and after many births they may shine as the stars if we do not stoop to occupy their places, but give them of the wine of our heart's love. He who loves will be loved, and he who loves and is loved is of the Kingdom, and knows its joy. After thousands of years the world has no other wisdom to offer. This is the Way of the Master.

"In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." What He did we must do, and by the same means. When all are as dear to us as our dearest we shall walk in the light of perfect day. Nor do we need to go in search of the poor and the oppressed. Our duties are within and around our own doors.

These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full."

TO A FRIEND.

You think I do not understand,
But I have read to your boot-tops,
No farther, because I deal not with feet,
And though you will not let me live in your house,
And keep me on the outskirts of your garden,
Still I have looked into your soul,
Entered your darkest night, and understood.

The mob glorify you,
The few are waiting,
But you are strong,
And I have no fear.

CARL AHRENS.

East Aurora, N.Y.

SYMBOLS AND SYMBOLISM.*

(Concluded from page 140.)

ONLY the abstractions of the intellect can be absolutely defined, because they are permanent, having no phenomenal existence, but measuring all things that exist with mechanical precision.

We can define a point, a line, a triangle, a circle, a square, a polygon, etc., for these are intellectual concepts that have no real existence except perhaps in the boundary lines that apparently mark the limits within which the forces of crystallization are equilibrated; and the line or circle we draw is a perfectly adequate representation or symbol of the concept. We can carry out a long process of reasoning concerning them, and by measuring and comparing arrive at an absolutely valid conclusion—just as we can in the operations of arithmetic or algebra. But such conclusions are of no practical value until they are applied to the concrete things of the phenomenal world, where they are only approximately true—true enough for all practical purposes, because such intellectual concepts underlie the phenomenal world. They are God Almighty's mechanical drawings, which, being an artist, He does not follow, but always dexterously evades.

We thus measure the things that exist by the things that do not exist except as mental conceptions. We draw outlines where none exist; for

“All things by a law divine

In one another's being mingle.”

We seek to define the indefinite, and thus we gain more and more knowledge of the mechanism of the Universe, more and more power over the mechanical forces of Nature. This power we gain by working with intellectual symbols. But this does not satisfy us. We are still on the plane of what the Mystics call Black Magic. There is another side of our personality which demands satisfaction, the sympathetic, emotional side, which is not satisfied with such mastery, but aspires after a higher spiritual life: to penetrate appearances, to raise the Veil of Isis, to learn the meaning of our brief adventures here; to know the gods and God, to pass the limits of definition which they evade, to wing the region of mystery, which is the region of awe, love, worship, adoration. To attain this we need to use another kind of symbols—the symbols which are the language of imagination in its highest form, symbols which are sensuous images of super-sensuous conceptions, and serve as records of our visionary

* An Inaugural Address, read at the first meeting of “The Fellowship of the Three Kings.”

moods. There is an imaginative correspondence between the inner life of our minds and the phenomena of external nature. In the language of Mystics, the Microcosm reflects the Macrocosm. In imagination sensuous perceptions are translated into thought and emotion, and thought and emotion clothed in sensuous imagery. The vibrations which come to us from the external world become in the mind first sensuous perceptions, then thoughts and emotions. The special senses are the instruments by which the mind communicates with the external world. The eye is but a telescope which would only focus, not see, but for the mind behind it. But without memory the mind would have no consciousness of continued existence, and the imagination no series of sensuous images to work with. Memory was therefore called by the Greeks the Mother of the Muses. This is true, though Blake indignantly denied it, because he believed in an inner sense independent of the five senses. Yet if there was no memory attached to this sense, it would remain a helpless babe. It is upon memories that imagination works, and exercises its creative power; for it is always re-creating both itself and the world it lives in. Just as before you can build a house in the external world you must imagine a house and accommodate your imagination to the laws of the external world, by means of the knowledge gained by the intellect, through observation, experiment and thought; so, before you can build a temple in the inner world of your mind, you must imagine this temple and accommodate your vague imaginations to the laws of the unseen world of the spirit. And the fashion of the temple depends upon the nature of the god or daemon for whom you build and to whom you dedicate it; and in the fashioning of it you are fashioning your own personality. "You become what you contemplate," as Blake says. But the world of imagination swarms with gods and daemons; and most of us, like our primeval ancestors, who dwell in us still, worship many gods in turn, and the fashion of our temple is always changing, moment by moment, like a cloud.

We worship the things we fear as well as the things we love. We get but occasional glimpses of the supreme power, in those brief moments which come to us, we know not how, when the daemons hide themselves and the lower gods bow down and are still, and power from on high seems to descend upon us, and we cease to struggle and to build; for then we are lifted up and transfigured, we are clouds in the sunrise, and the angels of creation build in us and for us, singing as they build. We are swept from harmony to harmony.

The history of religion is the history of the spiritual progress of mankind from the worship of the lower to the wor-

ship of the higher gods, and so on in a search after the Most High God, of Whom all the others are but broken lights and shadows, the demons no less than the angels. This progress is necessarily a very slow one, with many pauses, perplexed wanderings, and bad eddies. All mystical systems, all forms of religion, have for their object the recording of our spiritual discoveries in these supreme moments of imagination, and making them the starting-point for new ones. Just as musicians have invented a system of symbolism by which musical inspirations are recorded, and fresh inspirations giving rise to new artistic forms suggested, so Mystics have invented systems of symbolism to record and co-ordinate their spiritual discoveries, and carry them farther. Many of their symbols are just as arbitrary as musical notation; and their object is to play with precision upon the stops of imagination, and induce vision. There is a technique of religion, as there is of music—a technique of religious exercises, rituals, contemplation of symbols; recitation of sacred poems which record spiritual experiences and aspirations; and prayer and fasting, which promote aspirations and aim at subduing the flesh.

I cannot now say much about these symbolic systems, interesting as they are. There are many here who know much more about them than I do. I shall merely say that for the Mystic the forces of the Universe are not regarded, as modern science regards them, as merely mechanical, but as directed by personalities with intellect, emotions, and will of their own; and the dream of the mystical adept is to subdue first his own body, and secondly the adverse forces of the Universe by the direct power of his own will, brought into harmony with that of the higher Powers by use of the right symbols and rituals, and flashed through the ether by the use of the right spell or incantation. There are great possibilities for wireless telegraphy through the ether, and we ourselves are powerful batteries, always radiating force. So much even materialistic science acknowledges. But it takes an adept to direct these radiations at will, and to see the effect of his shot. Even religious and mystical science must be directed by observation and experiment. "Everything that can be imagined, may be," as Blavatsky says, "an image of truth"; but not all images of truth come to be born as truths in the phenomenal world. Imagination has its crude sketches which have, like other things, to struggle for existence. The imagination which has become what we call materialized in the phenomena of nature has for some centuries been tempered with a good deal of common sense, and does not care to have its modern habits disturbed by traditional methods of procedure, which may have been

valid in byegone ages, but are now out of fashion. Still we cannot afford to neglect tradition, though imagination in seeking truth is always falling into error, blundering along in Nature's own hap-hazard way; and the gold of truth is always alloyed with the dross of superstition in ancient as in modern systems.

And now let me say a few words about Eastern and Western mysticism. In the far east, in India, we find a people with great subtlety of intellect, whose imagination has become subtilized, analytic, sceptical, almost attenuated into pure reason, which in its final analysis annihilates the Universe. The world is *Maya*, illusion; life, with its sensations, emotions, passions, the great evil; creation, the sin of sins, which our phantom personalities must expiate, by means of ascetic practices, through a long series of incarnations, until, purified from all passion, they plunge back into God, who is non-entity. This system is in its essence rational rather than mystical. The idea of God as a formless Unity is a concept of the intellect, like a mathematical point. In getting rid of the world of the five senses, it does not become spiritual but mechanical. It is a crude form of abstract, mechanical science. The conception of the inbreathing and outbreathing of God in creation is the diagrammatic equivalent of the nebular theory. Given a finite Universe, and anything else is rationally inconceivable, with conservation of energy; and you have the perpetual motion of a huge machine which winds itself up again by running down. There is more imagination in the doctrine of reincarnation, which is a scientific hypothesis to account for the facts of life. The monad of personality does not become thoroughly sickened of illusion in one incarnation, but has to be replunged into the evil condition many times before it recognizes the evil and takes the pains to deliver itself.

The Greek religion is almost the opposite of this. The Greek intellect was not so subtle as that of India, but it was much more robust and sane. It was synthetic and constructive, not analytic and destructive. It cared nothing about a formless unity, but much about that unity in variety, that subordination of parts to the whole which is Beauty—the idea of the cosmos, harmony. They were not at logger-heads with Nature and human nature. They were artists, and worshipped God in many particular manifestations. Their Pantheism did not seem inconsistent with their Polytheism. Nature treated them well, and they were filled with the joy, and the joyous activity, of life. Their asceticism was the training of body and mind in harmonious fellowship. Their virtue was embodied in the formula *Mēden agan*—nothing too much. It was, in fact, the virtue of the healthy, unsophisticated animal, temperance. From the

Greeks we get a whole series of the most beautiful nature-myths, and a nature-poetry which is full of imaginative delight in the beauty of nature. This love of nature, not merely as a bountiful mother, but as a goddess of joy-giving grace, is, I think, characteristic of the Western mind.

Midway between these two great Aryan religions is that of the Hebrews, who were of the race of Shem, that is, of the Spirit. Here we are in a new atmosphere; not of intellectual concepts or of nature-myths, but of pure mystical vision. Imagination is not divided into intellect and emotion. It is a living spirit, all sense, sight, hearing. It feels and thinks in a thousand ways at once. Induction and deduction are one in intuition. The world is not illusion but mystery—at once reality and symbol. It is Beth El, the House of God, where the angels are always ascending and descending. I cannot now do more than allude to the very complex system of symbolism evolved by the Jews from a very simple formula. *They* also had their idea of beauty, not merely sensuous, and intellectual, like that of the Greeks, but spiritual. It was the Beauty of Holiness they sought to attain. Beauty was in the midst of the Sephiroth. It was the equilibration of all forces, the Reconciler, the middle term between God and Man, where aspiration from below was made one with inspiration from above.

In Christ the line of the Jewish prophets culminated; but he was not merely a Jew, not merely an oriental, but the Son of Man, coming to save the world, not any nation or section of instructed persons. His religion was neither a creed or system of philosophy, nor a system of natural observances, but a divine life attained not through the medium of a Priesthood, but through that awakening of the divine spirit within us which leads through repentance to regeneration, and gradual growth in grace. He was not an ascetic, preaching mortification of the flesh, and separation from the world but initiating a new life *in* the world. He came not to destroy but to fulfil the old Law, by substituting the spirit for the letter; not to abrogate tradition, but to absorb and renew it; to do away with the mediatorial office of Priesthoods, and bring the spirit of man in direct relation with God. Who can alone forgive sins; to found not a new Church but "the Kingdom of Heaven" in the great modern religion of the brotherhood of all mankind. He was the Light of the World, shining more and more unto the perfect day.

And now, in conclusion, a word more about the Three Kings. There is a little poem of Heine which gives his version of the story of their quest, and which I have thus translated:

The Holy Three Kings from the Morning Land
Still asked in sorrowful cadence :
" O which is the way to Bethlehem,
Ye beautiful youths and maidens ? "

The young nor the old, they knew not the way,
The Kings fared further, weary,
They followed, followed a golden Star
That shone for them bright and cheery.

The Star stood still over Joseph's home,
They entered with wistful faces,
The oxen bellowed, the Babe it cried.
The Holy Three Kings sang praises.

What is the Star they followed ? It is the same Star we follow : the Star of Manifestation, which leads from the Land of the Spiritual to the Land of the practical ideal. The Babe which the Magi found in the manger taught us the great paradox that he who would save his life must lose it, that we must die daily to be born again. The consummation of his incarnation was his crucifixion. The darkness which fell upon the world at his death has persisted through the ages, and the terrible cry of his last hour : " My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me," has found its echo in the hearts of his most spiritual followers. There has been a groaning and travailing of creation in this darkness, and the Most High has hid His face. The Prince of Peace has sent a sword, and the House of Christ has been divided against itself ; fighting against everything it considers error, instead of reconciling the new aspect of faith with the old. But the spirit of Christ has been secretly working in the world, like the leaven in those three measures of meal, Body, Soul, and Spirit.

And now this Star, which has circled the world, while God has enlarged Japhet and made him to dwell in the tents of Shem, is again in apparition. It is the Star of the Divine Beauty, the Star of what Goethe calls " the most beautiful of things, Reconciliation." It means that we are passing through the zone of analysis, of the falling into division, and enlarging the zone of imaginative synthesis, and spiritual harmony in diversity. By its light, dim though it be as yet, those who can see to read by it, see in the flux of things the stability of great laws—all error a wandering in search of truth, all evil a discord of transition in the great symphony of creation. Every one of us is a gate through which a particular aspect of truth shines, a broken light, a particular prismatic hue of the great white light in which all merge, when, as Tennyson sings of the coming of a summer morning :

“ East and West without a breath
Mix their dim lights like Life and Death,
To broaden into boundless day.”

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in !

JOHN TODHUNTER.

London, England.



UNENROLLED THEOSOPHISTS.

V. MARK TWAIN.

THE extraordinary delusions that have grown up around the conception of a Master or Mahatma, or Elder Brother, have resulted in the creation of an image in the minds of most people which, if not actually repulsive, is of such an incredible character as to be wholly unacceptable. Yet, twenty years ago the idea of a Mahatma was merely the crystallization of a number of ideas that have been held in all ages, which are familiar to almost everybody, and which are indispensable to all religions.

One of these Masters, writing to the author of the *Occult World*, said then, and twenty years has made no difference in the facts: “ I hope that at least *you* will understand that we (or most of us) are far from being the heartless, morally dried-up mummies some would fancy us to be. Mejnour is very well where he is—as an ideal character of a thrilling, in many respects truthful, story. Yet, believe me, few of us would care to play the part in life of a dessicated pansy between the leaves of a volume of solemn poetry. We may not be quite ‘the boys,’ to quote —’s irreverent expression when speaking of us, yet none of our degree are like the stern hero of Bulwer’s romance. While the facilities of observation secured to some of us by our condition, certainly give a greater breadth of view, a more pronounced and impartial, a more widely spread humane-ness—for answering Addison, we might justly maintain that *it is* ‘the business of “magic” to humanize our natures with compassion’—for the whole mankind as all living beings, instead of concentrating and limiting our affections to one predilected race—yet few of us (except such as have attained the final negation of Moksha) can so far enfranchise ourselves from the influence of our earthly connection as to be unsusceptible in various degrees to the higher pleasures, emotions,

and interests of the common run of humanity. . . I confess that I am not yet exempt from some of the terrestrial attachments. I am still attracted toward some men more than towards others. . . ."

It is pointed out in the same passage that finally all personal feelings must give way "to become blended into one universal feeling, the only true and holy, the only unselfish and eternal one—Love, an Immense Love for humanity as a whole." It is not hard to see how much darkening of counsel there has been by writers, preachers, enemies and injudicious friends, since these words were written, but for the earnest and sincere there will be no difficulty in getting back to the broad and inclusive platform whence the Theosophical Movement took its rise. It was never necessary to belong to a Society or to hold a diploma to be a fellow-worker with those who wrote in the spirit of the foregoing sentences. It is just as certain that their help and co-operation was and is at the disposal of all who are doing what is in them to benefit the world of men.

Among public men whose "facilities of observation" have given "a greater breadth of view, a more pronounced and impartial, a more widely spread humaneness," there are none more conspicuous than Mark Twain. If the Theosophical Movement had been the success it was expected to be, such men as he should have been attracted to it, and its ranks have been full of those whose association and co-operation might have established a standard of good common sense, high ideals, the widest toleration, and the most practical humanitarian service. It is now clear that for generations yet such effort must continue to be individual, keeping the hope of collective action in view as something for which to strive. All good men and women, whatever their outer distinctions, are united by ties of soul and character on interior planes of consciousness, or in the more enduring world of mind subsisting the physical one. That our mind-bodies should exist and perform their duties under their own conditions may be a novel idea to many, but any man who thinks and has studied the sources of his thought, is aware that some entity other than his physical body, supplies ideas and knowledge to the physical brain. Those who have not read Mark Twain's articles on Thought Transference and some other psychic phenomena may get some hints from them on the activity of the mind-body. There are twenty other names for the mind-body, and the prophets always insist that their particular name is the only useful one, but if you call it a daimon, like Socrates, or a Thing, like a youthful modern philosopher, it will not interfere with the nature of the body itself, and every man may invent an entirely new name for his

own satisfaction. As a Dream-body, many are familiar with its strange properties, its ability to fly, to be in several places at once, its incapacity for wonder, its utter indifference to "facts" or the affairs of earth, and other interesting qualities.

When a man has a well-developed mind-body, or when he has become conscious in his waking moments of possessing it, or has learned in some degree to control its actions or take advantage of its genius, he has become an "adept." The duty of such a man is entirely to "humanity which is the great orphan." "It is the duty of every man who is capable of an unselfish impulse to do something, however little, for its welfare." As these unselfish efforts tend to still further develop the mind-body and its powers, there should be no difficulty in understanding the evolution of those who are called Masters.

It is held by some that only a special course of more or less artificial training will ever enable a man to arrive at the climax of evolution. It is held by others that the varied experiences of life itself, consummated in some particular birth, of which all men pass through many, will afford him the necessary discipline and opportunity to achieve the self-conquest which is the condition of living in a mind-body. Which is most in accord with Nature's methods each must decide for himself, though there is this to be said for the advocates of artificial systems, that any forced development necessitates the adoption of unusual means. But stricter attention to ordinary means may also account for those who outstrip the multitude.

Few lives have yielded more varied experiences than that of Samuel Langhorne Clemens, who was born on 30th November, 1835, in Missouri. His childhood on the banks of the Mississippi, amid all the picturesque surroundings of western life in slavery days, a boyhood that ended at twelve on the death of his father and with the necessity of earning his own living, which he did as a printer in different parts of the States, finishing up in New York and Philadelphia at the age of fifteen; then as pilot on the great river till he was twenty-six; afterwards in the mining regions of Nevada and California, working on newspapers in Carson City, Virginia City, and San Francisco, and halting at one time between literature and the career of a Government pilot; meeting with Bret Harte in '65, and visiting Honolulu in '66; returning to California and publishing his *Jumping Frog* sketches in '67; travelling by Panama to New York; taking the *Quaker City* trip to Europe and the Holy Land in '67; back to San Francisco in March, '68, and in New York in the following August, publishing *The Innocents Abroad* in the face of repeated publishers' refusals; in Buffalo in '69 as an editorial writer on the *Express* there; married at that time

to Miss Lizzie Langdon, of Elmira: removing to Hartford in '70; writing *The Innocents at Home* and *Roughing It* in '71; on a trip to England in '72; publishing *The Gilded Age* in '73, and gaining dramatic experience therefrom; publishing *Tom Sawyer* in '76; undertaking the European tour described in *A Tramp Abroad* in '78; and then for a number of years publishing the series of volumes: *Life on the Mississippi*, *The Prince and the Pauper*, *Huckleberry Finn*, *A Yankee at King Arthur's Court*, *Pudd'nhead Wilson*, *Joan of Arc*, *More Tramps Abroad*, and several volumes of short stories; reading with George Cable in '84; involved financially by the failure of the publishing house of Charles L. Webster & Co. in '94 and clearing off the whole vast liability by dint of constant literary effort, and the proceeds of a reading and lecturing tour around the world in which Australia, India and South Africa were visited; losing his favourite daughter on his return; residing in Austria, Germany, England, etc.; and continually and persistently aiming at higher and higher achievements in literature; all these incidents and the innumerable attendant circumstances, the recapitulation, as it were, of many previous lives, have secured him as rich and diversified a training in the great school of life as our modern civilization and its complexities are capable of rendering. What use it has been to him must be judged from his work. By his fruits he shall be known.

The verdicts of literary critics are not generally of much importance. Those which are of most value are based on the judgment of several generations who have left a reliable opinion behind to guide the intelligent critic. Very few modern critics treat Mark Twain seriously, or as more than an irresponsible joker. But the common people hear him gladly, and he has laid a deep mark on the thought of his time. His cheerful irreverence in *The Innocents Abroad* has done more for the cause of emancipated thought than can ever be estimated. In England, where Twain is becoming a classic, his influence has sunk deep. But even by literary standards he will justify those who rank him high among English writers. *Joan of Arc* is one of the great books of the period. As a humanitarian document few productions can be placed beside *More Tramps Abroad*, or as it is known in the States, *Following the Equator*.

One can imagine the absurd nonsense Twain would construct out of the technicalities of occult literature, and what a mine of mirth he could excavate in the *Secret Doctrine*. Yet of the spirit of these matters there are no Theosophical writers who display so keen an appreciation. For practical occultism, the knowledge of life and its ways, no book can give a student more assistance if he knows what to look for, than *Life on the*

Mississippi. I can understand the horror of the professional Theosophic frauds at such statements, but the evocation of such horror is more or less of a duty, and I would prefer to coax a man to read *Pudd'nhead Wilson* rather than to lead him into the esoteric toils of any hierarchic sharper alive. *The Prince and the Pauper*, *Huckleberry Finn*, and *A Yankee at King Arthur's Court*, each have particular lessons of life of the highest importance to serious people, and withal, no lesson more important than that of not taking themselves and their lessons too seriously. This is the equilibrium, the balance, the self-poise, the sphericity, which distinguishes the true occultist's character.

After reading *Joan of Arc* if any one fails to realize that Mark Twain is essentially a mystic, he should make a study of Twain's humour. It is essentially sympathetic—which is in Greek what compassion is in Latin, and compassion is the law of laws. Twain is not at all bookish, and never pedantic, though information galore is scattered over his pages. What he tells he knows, and could tell again, for it is necessary knowledge. So his work is original, and bears the direct impress of the soul. It is the work of his mind-body, delivered through the medium of a cultured brain. No modern writer shows such an appreciation of animal life and habit, not even Kipling, and his descriptions of nature are the caresses of a child for its mother.

Humanity, as far as it knows him, is the saner and wiser and the more cheerful for what Mark Twain has said to it. From a heart that has endured its own bitterness there has come nothing that has not been sweet and kindly. The atmosphere is purer where the breath of his spirit has passed, and none has consulted with him and not taken a broader and a braver outlook for the counsel. The soul that does these things is of the company of the apostles. In the inner world of the mind-body the Master may be nearer than men dream. One of the old Scriptures tells of "that highest Person, who is awake within us while we are asleep, shaping one lovely sight after another, who is indeed the Bright, who is the God-like, who alone is called Immortal." And the laughter of the Gods is not for men's undoing.

BEN MADIGHAN.

As a large number of our readers' subscriptions expire with the present issue, it may be well to remind them that it is not necessary to pay ten cents for a post-office order when a dollar bill will do as well.

THE BUTTERFLY FALLACY.

THERE are few writers or speakers on the subject of the re-birth of the human soul who do not use the illustration of the caterpillar becoming a chrysalis and changing into a butterfly as an evidence that re-birth is a law of nature. While it is an example of re-embodiment, it is of course incorrect to speak of the process as a re-birth, and it is in no true sense an example of re-incarnation.

Good causes suffer much from bad arguments, as a clever clergyman recently insisted, and many might be repelled from the idea of re-birth on hearing the false analogy of the butterfly's metamorphoses put forward as an argument in its favour. If we could prove that a butterfly, after its death, inspired the formation of another butterfly's egg, and that its vitality, life-force, and animating intelligence became those of the egg, through all its changes into another caterpillar, a subsequent chrysalis, and a new butterfly, which thus possessed all the experience of the old one, and now had a further opportunity to gain other experiences in its new form, we should then have an example of re-incarnation as it is taught by modern writers. But no one has attempted this, for ordinary people, impossible task.

What the changes in the career of the butterfly really illustrate is the life-cycle of the human being. And it cannot be too frequently shown that it is with the life-cycle alone that the religious writings of the world chiefly deal. This is especially the case in the New Testament. It is certain that without a knowledge of the fact of re-birth, the New Testament is a sealed book of mysteries, but at the same time a knowledge of this important fact is almost entirely taken for granted in the reader. As a consequence, those unfamiliar with the idea of progression and evolution through successive incarnations of the soul in bodies whose formation and development the soul itself conditions and superintends, fall into error by mis-applying statements in the New Testament which refer to the life-cycle. This life-cycle of birth, evolution, disembodiment, and re-embodiment, consists normally of twelve hundred and sixty years. Instead of confining the statements made to the time, times, and half a time of the mystical cycle of life, and to which, except by analogy, they alone apply, the teachers of the churches lead their hearers to regard them as descriptive of the conditions of the forever and ever eternities of illimitable and inconceivable duration. Truly, as St. Paul says, we know what we are, but it does not appear what we shall be.

The ancient Greeks appear to have found the changes in the life of a butterfly so apt as illustrations of the changing conditions of the human soul, that they actually used the word *psyche* as the name of the soul as well as the name of the butterfly. Other nations did this also, and you may hear old Irish people, even in the United States, cry, when they see a butterfly, "There goes a soul." For science often fades into folk-lore. The ordinary man is really rather afraid of his soul, and regards it as a disagreeable subject. Those who likened the soul to a butterfly rejoiced in its grace and beauty, and in the brightness of the world to which it belonged. Few who read the New Testament reflect that, if they were reading the original Greek, every time a soul was mentioned, they would be reminded of a butterfly.

If not to successive re-births, it may be asked, then to what do these stages of insect life, the egg, the larva or caterpillar, the pupa or chrysalis, the imago or perfect insect, correspond in human development? Opinions undoubtedly differ on this point, and students may prefer one correspondence to another. But if the soul is to be likened to the butterfly, then while in the body man is either in the larval or chrysalid state. If we study the insects which weave cocoons around themselves, we may add still further to our natural symbolism. Each of us is surrounded by a cocoon-sphere, as it were, of psychic vibration.

And we may be sure that the ancients had a clear idea of all those changes through which we pass before, during the course of, and after our mortal life. It is the soul itself which prepares and manipulates the materials out of which it is finally to fashion the glorious body of its regeneration. It is in the confusion of regeneration with re-incarnation that we may discover the source of the error in misapplying the butterfly metaphors.

When the soul descends upon the physical world, or emerges from the inner to the grosser external world, it attaches itself to one of the innumerable germs which await development, the selection being determined by the affinities of the soul itself. It becomes a seed, really, and laying hold of the elements it requires and which it finds at its disposal, it builds them up into the organism whose pattern exists in the sphere of its influence, just as the pattern or plan of the plant exists in latency about the germinating seed. But the building of a physical organism is not the main object. The body is a secondary consideration, and is merely intended as a means by which contact with the phenomenal world can be maintained, and as an alembic in which can be carried on the transmutation of the grosser forms of matter into those more subtle conditions out of which may

be built still finer and more delicate organisms, to serve in their turn as vehicles of rarer experience and more ethereal transmutations.

The egg or germ is used as a nucleus from which is developed the worm or physical body. This assimilates gross matter, digests, transmutes, and sublimates it until sufficient has been acted upon to enable the creation of a new organism, more ethereal than the first. In the human being this process is frequently carried on consciously, and it is a regeneration. In the butterfly the corresponding metamorphosis occurs in the chrysalis, but this is merely a physical parallel of the human psychic process. The new ethereal body may be completed during the mortal life of the physical body, and the consciousness transferred to the new vehicle. This is the resurrection of St. Paul's teaching, generally misunderstood as referring to the physical body, which is the "grave" in which the soul or seed is sown at birth, and from which it springs. Sown in corruption, it rises incorruptible. Perhaps it was of the failures to rise incorruptible, to attain the freedom of life in the high sense, that Jesus thought when He spoke of a class of whom "their worm dieth not." The body of desire, failing to effect the great change, perpetuates itself in gnawing misery, until a new cycle opens.

The physical body is of no more importance to the real man after death than the chrysalis case is to the butterfly after it emerges therefrom. During life there is a connection of the nature of an umbilicus. The ancients were aware of this, and were accustomed by special symbolism to distinguish those men who had attained the use of the ethereal body. In the *Oxford Helps to the Study of the Bible*, one such symbol is given on Plate xxiv., but for some reason or other an essential portion of the Egyptian painting has been mutilated, and a misleading note obscures the truth. The process of regeneration is often spoken of as initiation.

Most of us are in the grub or caterpillar state now, but we can keep crawling along in the right direction, and we will have many opportunities to return and assimilate things earthy. There are some very exquisitely coloured caterpillars, and many that can perform gymnastic feats, or hump themselves in the middle like the geometrids or loopers, but the very smartest of them, before they can sport wings, must burrow in the ground or hang up in a crevice, and become as nothing in the dormancy of the chrysalis. After that the glory of flight and freedom. And the least of these winged ones is greater than the greatest among the crawlers. He that would save his soul must be willing to lose it.

THE LAMP.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

“The flower of all—rarest to attain—is in the power of all.”

*

“Thou seest, O Child, how many bodies we must pass through, and how many choirs of daemons, and continuity and courses of the stars we must accomplish, that we may hasten to the One and Only God.”

*

“They who zealously perform the mystic practices, in faith, in forest, at peace, with wisdom, keeping to the beggar’s rule—they, free from stain, fare forth, by the sun’s gate, to where there is that deathless Man, the very Self that no man can exhaust.”

*

Mr. William Johnston, M.P. for South Belfast, the father of Mr. Charles Johnston, has been visiting New York, and was to have been in Toronto on the 17th inst. His engagement has been cancelled, however, by the very sudden death of Mrs. Johnston at Ballykilbeg, Co. Down.

*

A timely article on Taoism and its Tenets appears in the *Star of the Magi* for July, a journal which maintains its popular and instructive character. The *Star* has absorbed the *Psychical Science Review*, whose editor, Ernest S. Green, will in future contribute to the columns of the *Star*.

*

Dr. J. D. Buck spoke last month in Cincinnati on the subject “Why I am a Theosophist?” in a course of lectures in which he had been preceded by a Unitarian, a Jew, a Quaker, a Catho-

lic, &c. Dr. Buck had the largest audience but one of the series, and his address was so well received that it is likely to be published.

*

Mrs. E. B. Lyman, the lecturer, now over seventy years of age, has prepared a book entitled *Hermaphro-Deity, the Divine Man*, and she is having it published under the auspices of Mr. Frank A. Burrelle, 32 Park Row, New York City. Those who desire to subscribe for a copy should send One Dollar to this gentleman.

*

I am congratulating myself on the possession of a file of the *All Ireland Review* by the courtesy of the brave and kindly Knight of the Laburnum Banner. "I wish my friends to understand clearly," he says, "that I intend to emerge out of this business either in ruins or as the absolute commander of a centre of Irish independent intellectual light and influence."

*

Mr. W. H. Terry, the editor of the *Harbinger of Light*, Melbourne, has been made the recipient of a flattering testimonial from his Australian friends on the occasion of the consummation of the thirtieth year of the publication of the *Harbinger*. The enlightened character of Australian Spiritualism and its progressive spirit owes much to the influence and scholarly guidance of Mr. Terry.

*

"It is because there is one soul common to all men, that brotherhood, or even common understanding is possible," Madam Blavatsky is reported to have declared, in an article in the *July Forum*. "Bring men to rest on that, and they will be safe. There is a divine power in every man which is to rule his life, and which no one can influence for evil, not even the greatest magician. Let men bring their lives under its guidance, and they have nothing to fear from man or devil."

*

Major James Albert Clark, president of the Washington T.S., has a volume in preparation on Theosophy, written with a view to reach the ordinary man or woman. Major Clark has followed scientific lines in his public speaking, and finds that it attracts thinking people, and in his book he will embody the ideas that have made the clearest and deepest impression. Those who wish to assist in the publication of the volume should communicate with the author at 9 New York Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C.

The work of the T.S. in India appears to go along smoothly. The Central Hindu College, which is now the chief activity of the Theosophical Society there, has been enlarged by the addition of sixteen new class-rooms. The boarding-house opened with thirty students, instead of the fifteen at first intended. The Headquarters Building at Benares was also progressing briskly, and was expected to be open in July. The White Lotus Day celebrations were extensively held, and at Calcutta special commemoration exercises were gone through, in which Mr. Hevavitarana Dharmapala, the General Secretary of the Maha Bodhi Society, took part.

*

The Temple Artisan, the organ of the Syracuse Temple, has issued its third number. The organization of the 23rd Square, with twelve charter members, at San Diego, is announced, while the members of the Headquarters staff to the number of 27, have been picnic-ing at Baldwinsville. Is this the classic locality with which the great Showman has made us familiar? Truly the sacred spots are increasing. I still cherish a secret yearning for one spot, unnameable here, whose inaccessibility surpasses even that of Point Loma, and whose normal temperature, in these days when Toronto thermometers stand at 98°, tempts one to immediate exploration. It may be well to wait for the next shift, however.

*

Some people wonder why astrology went out of fashion, and why more people do not study it. Its occasional inaccuracies are hardly sufficient reason, but the *Harbinger of Light* throws a flood of radiance on the problem. These inaccuracies are due to the seekers after the mysteries of the future themselves. They do not furnish correct data to go upon. Thus the whole science is brought into ill-repute, for "incorrect data, would, of course, tend to a false start in erecting the house of the querent, and bring the hyleg into a maleficent sign among the triplicities, from which the actinobolia of the alcohoden would meet with the anaretic point in its sesquiquadrate." Now that we know what is really the matter with astrology we shall have no difficulty in pursuing it—or its devotees with a club.

*

S. Lincoln Bishop, who has gone to Rico, Colorado, from Daytona, Florida, issues an attractive series of pamphlets in the Universal Harmony Library, of which one or two have come to hand. *Heart and Brain* is an examination of some of the Mental Science theories, and displays abundant common sense.

"These 'new thought' books about curing poverty might all be summed up in a few words," it is said. "Use your brains and hustle some scheme to attract the dollars out of the other fellow's pocket into your own so that you can gratify your desires." The moral is that "mental unfoldment has been carried so far as it is possible to go with it without taking into calculation the higher unfoldment of the spiritual forces of the soul. We must no longer content ourselves with learning facts, we must *be* more."

*

Notes and Queries for August gives a short account of the various Theosophical Societies now operating in America. It is stated that the first branch organized was the Rochester T.S., 27 July, 1882. William B. Shelly was president, and Josephine W. Cables, secretary. For the second time *Notes and Queries* has given currency to a claim by Geo. Waldo Browne to be the author of the ideas expressed in Francis W. Bourdillon's beautiful lines, "The night has a thousand eyes," a poem sufficiently well-known, one would think, to be safe from plagiarism. Mr. Browne printed a paraphrase of the lines as an inspirational poem in *Spirit*, in April, 1891. If he had really got these lines psychically it is an interesting case of thought-transference. They were included in *Everybody's Book of Short Poems*, published in 1890, but were well known for years previously and have several times been set to music.

*

The Flaming Sword makes an interesting comment in its issue of July 27, on the text "I will take the stony heart out of their flesh, and will give them an heart of flesh." This is usually understood to refer figuratively to a man's disposition, as represented by his blood-propeller. The *Sword*, however, quite obviously refers it to the pineal gland or conarium, the "heart" of occultism. The awakening of the functions of this organ endows its possessor with the occult powers of insight and knowledge which so many hold to be fabulous. Those who have not experienced the marvellous results of the use of this "inner eye" can hardly be blamed for incredulity, and on the other hand, those who have had some glimpse of these marvels vouchsafed them personally can almost be excused when they fall into the opposite error of believing they have attained to absolute wisdom. The man who can see has the advantage of the blind man, but his real status depends altogether on the use he can make of his advantage.

The editor of *The Herald of the Golden Age* moralises on the fact of the Society for Promoting Kindness to Animals requesting "the pleasure" of his company to see some animals slaughtered by a new process. When people have to slaughter their own beef we shall have more vegetarians. Dr. Oldfield cleverly overturns the argument of some people that it is natural to eat meat, by suggesting that horse-flesh, which is cleaner than cow's, be set down to them. Eating dead cow is a matter of training, and is no more natural than eating dead horse or dead dog. A writer in the same journal declares: "The flesh-eating nations do not endure. They are quickly burnt up by the fire of their own internal passions, and their short-lived glory passes away. But the eastern nations, which are practically vegetarian, and are meek and unaggressive, persist through the ages, in spite of slaughter, slavery, and conquest. Here we have an inkling of the prophecy which is to be fulfilled, 'The meek shall inherit the earth.'"

*

Mr. Charles Johnston, in an article on "The Romanoffs as Reformers," in *The Ideal Review*, writes: "For the Teutonic nations, the ideal, the keynote of life, is individualism, a commonwealth built on personal rights, on the largest assertion of self, by each man in the state. The Teutonic nations are a web of forces all tensely straining the one against the other, and thus maintaining a more or less stable equilibrium of political life. . . . The Slavs, on the other hand, are born Socialists, in the best and mellowest sense of the word. Indeed, all Socialistic theories are more or less successful attempts to assimilate modern nations to the traditional village communities of the Slavs, where all the property was owned by the whole village, considered as a single family; and where if there was no such thing as individual wealth, there was no such thing as individual debt. Among the Slavs, the unit is the whole people and never the individual. Nowhere among the Slavs is there any keen consciousness of individual life, or any of that restive worship of one's own personality, which distinguishes the Teutonic race."

*

The *Theosophischer Wegweiser* makes a useful suggestion, and gives an example in practice, desiring that magazines in French or German should furnish a synopsis of their contents in English, and a short report of the Movement in their country or neighbourhood for the benefit of their foreign exchanges. The *Wegweiser* for July has an article on the *Gita*, a letter from Dr.

Hartmann to the T.S. Convention, and a report of the Convention of the German Societies as held in Leipzig at Whitsuntide. Edwin Boehme has been making lecturing tours and visited a score of cities in Saxony, Northern Germany, and Silesia. Col. Olcott was in Hanover and Leipzig in June, and The T.S. in G. made a proposal to him with a view to co-operation with the Adyar Society, and to show that it is in no opposition to any person or organization. A telegram of greeting was also sent to the International Theosophical Convention in Paris (which was, in fact, confined to the Adyar Society), through Col. Olcott, with "best wishes." Herr Weber, the editor of the *Wegweiser*, prays: "Let us overcome anger by love, evil by good, greediness by liberality, lie by truth." Amen, amen!

*

A paper from the Old Country gives some account of "that mystery of South Africa," as it styles Mr. E. T. Hargrove. The British Government Blue Book, lately issued, amply confirms, says the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*, "the suspicion that Mr. E. T. Hargrove's conduct needed explanation and justification." Mr. Hargrove approached President Kruger under the auspices of Dr. Leyds, and represented himself, or was understood by President Kruger to represent himself, as an agent of Messrs. Sauer and Merriman, two of the South African Ministers of the Crown. On being given an opportunity to purge themselves of what was virtually a charge of treason, these gentlemen repudiated Mr. Hargrove, Mr. Merriman writing that he had not given him "any authority to use his name in the way he seems to have done." Mr. Hargrove claims to have been misrepresented or mistranslated by Mr. Reitz, but Mr. Schreiner does not think this explanation satisfactory. High Commissioner Milner remarks that Mr. Hargrove is well satisfied with his own account of his doings, but "doubts whether anybody else is likely to share that satisfaction, and especially the gentlemen of whose political attitude and whose relations to himself he appears to have given so totally false an impression to President Kruger." We shall now look with interest to the Chinese telegrams for news of Che-Yew-Tsang. The Empress is nearly as badly in need of assistance as President Kruger.

*

The postage-stamp principle of railway travel takes hold of every one as soon as he hears it. The only objection, that it cannot work at the rate proposed, is the same objection Rowland Hill had to fight sixty years ago, and which has been successfully overthrown in the matter of two-cent ocean postage two

years ago. The principle of the postage stamp is that the short journeys pay for the long ones, for the simple reason that the short journeys so largely preponderate. In Australia you can ride 1000 miles for \$6.50, first class. Working men can ride six miles for two cents. In Hungary you can ride six miles for one cent. In Germany you can ride four miles for one cent. Wages have been increased on all these lines at these rates. In America it will be possible, as soon as people can get down to business, to have a universal rate of one dollar for all distances over a hundred miles, 25 cents all distances above twenty-five miles and up to a hundred, and ten cents for less distances outside city limits. The street-car companies can coin money at three cent fares with transfers in any direction, and in Toronto one can travel about ten miles for that amount. It may be objected that this is only possible where there is abundant traffic, but cheap fares make their own traffic, as every railway man knows, but for some occult reason is unwilling to admit. Freedom in transit is the conquest of space. Time and consciousness are the other two grey sisters. Let us have their secrets, and be civilized.

*

Magazines and papers received: *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, *Flaming Sword*, *Ideal Review*, *Christian Messenger*, *Review of Reviews*, *Prophetic Messenger*, *Boston Ideas*, *International Theosophist*, *The Philistine*, *Morning Star*, *Free Man*, *Notes and Queries*, *Unity*, *Herald of the Golden Age*, *Belfast Weekly News*, *Star of the Magi*, *British Weekly*, *North Ender*, *Rainbow*, *H. C. Leader*, *Prasnottara*, *World's Advance Thought*, *The Theosophical Forum*, *Citizen and Country*, *Theosophic Messenger*, *All Ireland Review*, *Meaford Mirror*, *The Temple Artisan*, *The Prophet*, *Brotherhood*, *London Secular Thought*, *Appeal to Reason*, *Literary Digest*, *Light of Truth* (Madras), *The Adept*, *Abiding Truth*, *Dominion Review*, *Secular Science and Common Sense*, *Ideal Love* (May), *Harbinger of Light* (Melbourne, June and July), *Radiant Centre* (June), *Progressive Preacher*, *Light* (London), *Weekly Sun*, *Theosophischer Wegweiser* (June and July), *Harriston Tribune*, &c. Several new magazines have come to hand this month, including *The Eagle and the Serpent*, *Life and Beauty*, *Ideal Love*, *The Modern Mystic*, &c., which lack of space deprive of further notice at present. I am indebted to the Superintendent of Immigration for copies of a Canadian Atlas for use in schools and a Descriptive Atlas of Western Canada, issued by the Department at Ottawa, and containing in attractive form a

marvellous amount of information adapted to intending settlers. The slow and natural growth of Canada indicates a future of vast and enduring importance.

*

The Chinese Minister to the United States recently expressed his ideas about religion. "I have no quarrel," he said, "with any religion that is based on a foundation of virtue. If they all bid one to do good and deter one from doing evil, I say let them all go on. If there is a reward in some future life for good deeds done on earth, if there is a heaven for the righteous, there must surely be many ladders leading up to it, just as there may be many staircases in a house. To say that there is only one ladder is too narrow for me. If there is any reward for any, I believe it will be for all good people. Some Christians say that except you believe in Christ you cannot be saved. I am broader than that doctrine. My religion comprehends them all." Narrow-minded people will still declare that there is only one ladder, only one staircase, only one way, in their bald literalism failing entirely to distinguish between the metaphor and the truth set forth. What people call Christ or Jesus or Salvation is the Universal Life by which all men are regenerated and without which they cannot see the Divine. But narrow-minded people must learn to distinguish between this Divine Life and their own little idea about it, whether they have derived that idea from a Bible or from some other source. We might as well quarrel about Air as the principle of physical life, and insist that unless a man called it Air, and not Breath, or Life, or Pneuma, or Atmosphere, or some other sacred epithet, he could not live. If a man breathes he will live, whatever he may call his Air. And he is not necessarily the least degree stronger when he discovers that it consists of nitrogen, oxygen, and a little of the Devil in the shape of carbonic acid gas. If a man lives the Christ-life, whether on the model of Jesus or Buddha or any other Saviour, he is in the state of Salvation, and the spiritual elements of the Christ-nature of the Universe will penetrate him and edify him, and raise him into the realm of just men made perfect.

*

The Teaching of Rebirth in the Bible has so frequently been confused with the doctrine of regeneration that it is not surprising when students find some difficulty in reconciling the current views of theological authorities with the conception of an immortal soul or spirit in man which descends from the state of existence generally known as heaven, and dwells in a human

body on earth for purposes of experience and development. Some people profess to find this idea inconceivable, while at the same time they make it an article of faith that Jesus Christ existed in heaven before His descent on earth, and that He entered into the baby form of an infant and grew in wisdom and stature. What is conceivable and acceptable in respect of Jesus Christ cannot present any intellectual difficulty as regards the vast multitude of people whose natures are far more fitted and adapted to earth-life than was His. And indeed we are taught that it was only by the exercise of His will that He came into the world. He voluntarily did that which ordinary men are forced to do by their baser nature. Jesus referred to the belief in His previous earth lives when He asked His disciples (Mathew xvi. 13, 14) "Whom do men say that I the Son of Man am?" They had various thoughts about it, but Peter identified Him as the Anointed One, a title applied to only one character in the Old Testament. In Matthew xi. 14, 15, and xvii. 10-12, there is a record of His teaching them about the rebirth of the prophet Elijah as John the Baptist. John came in, or with, the spirit and power, or as we might say to-day, with the life and character of Elijah. That the belief in rebirth was general at the time of Jesus' incarnation is clear from John ix. 1-2, where the possibility of the blind man having sinned in an earlier life and incurring punishment for it is suggested. The need and the object of these repeated earth-lives is the perfecting of the soul in wisdom and power. "Be ye perfect," says Jesus, "not as I am perfect, but as your Father in heaven is perfect." And it is promised that when this has been accomplished the need for rebirth will cease. "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out." (Rev. iii. 12.) The Old Testament contains many allusions to the pilgrimage of the soul.

*

On a bronze plate from an ancient Babylonian city covered with mystical designs, one of the departments or registers contains "seven mythical creatures with the bodies of men and the heads of beasts." These are respectively a serpent, a bird, a horse, a ram, a bear, a hound and a lion. Seven-fold classifications are to be found in every ancient religion, and no attempt has been made outside the Theosophical literature to relate them to actual conditions of being and consciousness which they denote, and which were evidently within the experience of the ancient symbolists. In the series of Books on Egypt and Chaldaea, the volume on *Babylonish Religion* would afford sufficient material for any earnest seeker after truth to convince him that

the records of the Pentateuch are by no means original, and that the antiquity of sacred records has been underestimated to an incredible extent. One cannot help wondering at the reluctance to accept the age of the world and the antiquity of the human race which church people frequently exhibit, but the real reason is intimately connected with the dogma of eternal punishment. It is difficult enough to accept six thousand years of damnation, but six millions is too great a strain for any but the most ignorant to whom centuries and eons mean much the same thing. Believing in the immortality of the soul as the Babylonians did one has no compunctions about accepting the eternal plan of evolution and progress, in the course of whose development we return again and again to earth to fulfil that in which we are lacking. One of the finest of the legends noted in the volume concerns the descent of Ishtar, the Queen of Heaven, into the underworld. At each gate she passes she is required to lay aside one of her garments until having passed the last of the seven, she stands naked before Allatu, the Queen of the underworld. I do not know why the scholars always represent the gods and goddesses as making their descents from earth to an underworld below it. If they are descending from the Land of the Gods, then our earth is the underworld, the hell of all religions, the abode of the spirits in prison. The descent into the underworld is achieved by all the Christs and gods of the various religions, and is always followed by their re-ascent to the heavenly places. A very complete account and analysis of the Chaldean legends of creation and the deluge are to be found in the third and fourth chapters of this book, for which Mr. L. W. King, though writing with some preconception, deserves much praise. When it is remembered that these translations are of hymns and records which date before the church-suggested date of creation the necessity for frank investigation and honest study will be apparent.

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Now that the year has turned winter-wards once more the working Theosophists are beginning to think about propaganda again. The most contradictory opinions are being expressed on the subject, some believing that no further attempt should be made to enlighten humanity. A correspondent in Holland has some good ideas on this point. "I have come to the conclusion," he writes, "that this breaking up of the Theosophical Movement into so many small groups ought not to be considered as a failure, but as the proper way to spread the teachings broadcast without putting the mark of dogmatism upon them (as happens in the larger ones of the existing Theosophical bodies);

in this way only could be effected the training of individuals. The Movement is still in its *involution*, I believe, and it is only after the individuals have been obliged to stand on their own feet and to make up their own minds as to what Theosophy is in their lives that the process of evolution will begin, and the building of the real nucleus for the next 75 years. There must be a time when those individuals stand more or less apart from each other, and that each of them finds out his real place and work and capacities. I am in that state of mind and many with me, I think, and I have made up my mind to refrain from propaganda work during that period of contraction." There are others, however, who feel a vocation to continue the work that has so long been dear, but to continue it in their own way, and as their best judgment and past experience dictate. Several cities have to report the formation of independent Societies, and the opening of rooms which shall be absolutely without barrier to any seeker after truth. From one of these cities a worker writes to ask for information on the following points. "1. Should the name *Theosophical* be used for the Society? 2. What is the best order for conducting public meetings? 3. Are lectures and papers, followed by questions, preferable to class study, or vice versa? 4. What can be done for Children? 5. What other means are there for spreading the philosophy besides public meetings? 6. What text-books are best?" Any hints or suggestions about these matters will be noted next month. Workers should never forget the universality of the Movement. In shutting out anything or anybody the original intention has been strayed away from. It has thus come to pass that other bodies, once jeered at, are now doing the work for which the T. S. was instituted. Anyone who has read the fine address of Mr. F. W. H. Myers as President of the Psychical Research Society in succession to Sir William Crookes, must feel stirred with gratitude that the good Law does all things so well, and that the Son who refused, is yet toiling so faithfully in the Vineyard. Those of us who have never wavered in our loyalty to the real Founders of the Movement know that the only tie that holds the actual workers together is an interior one. The only pity is that any should be discouraged in any degree by appearances.

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The Pantheism of Modern Science is the attractive title of a new pamphlet by Mr. F. E. Titus, published by the Theosophical Book Concern of Chicago, at ten cents. Following the method of the *Secret Doctrine*, and availing himself of several of the illustrations made use of by H.P.B. elsewhere, Mr. Titus gathers

in these 56 pages an array of testimony which illustrates the conservative position he adopts. Science is always changing its conclusions, therefore "the tendency of the trend of scientific thought is always a more profitable object of study than the consideration merely of accepted theories." The tendency is to recognize a unity in the gradations of the manifestations of matter, force and consciousness, and a fundamental unity in the operation of these three aspects of the One Life. The marshalling of the various extracts and quotations is very careful and systematic, and the reader should have no difficulty in following the thread of argument. Different readers may make different deductions, but a most obvious one to me is the power that mind may exert over matter. Mr. Titus leaves the point to the intelligence of his readers, but having read the pamphlet, and then turning back to Professor Thompson's declaration, as quoted on page 22, it is impossible to escape the conclusion that science has demonstrated, even though she has failed to acknowledge it, that in the power of imagination, in will and concentration, man, even according to the most materialistic view, acts through consciousness, by subtle mental, magnetic and electric forces, upon the atoms, changing their chemical nature, and actually producing their transmutation. Professor Thompson says: "It would seem that we can tear off minute chips from atoms, and that the chips so torn off lose identity and cannot be distinguished from one another. Of course, the suggestion naturally follows, as a matter of speculation, that if we could tear off a sufficient number of chips from the atoms of any substance, it might be possible to rearrange or reconstruct the chips in a new way, and possibly produce an atom of a new substance." This is clearly and unmistakeably what occurs in the subtle processes of the human body, in the changes and metamorphoses which produce new forms of cell-life, and new products in the chemistry of physiology. And the more ethereal vehicles of life, psychic bodies, astral doubles, and what not, are certainly organized through some such means as the disintegration of the atom of which Professor Thompson speaks. The fact that science has to abandon its irresolvable atom is in itself a sign of advance, and recourse is again had to the scientific imagination. From an atom which could not be divided, to the ion, or unit of matter considered in its relation to electricity, there is a long journey, especially when we have to conceive of the ion as seven hundred times less than the atom. No force less subtle than consciousness is at all adequate to deal with such infinitesimals, and the approaching acceptance of that force as a reasonable means of explaining otherwise insoluble cosmic problems implies the simplification of many of our religious difficulties. God is Life,

and Matter, Force and Consciousness are His Triune manifestation. Man is made in His image.

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A lady correspondent writes me from Michigan as follows: "In your editorial notes of July 15th, attention was directed to a lady correspondent who, in dealing with the subject of women says: 'The most of us are selfish, cruel and mean—the average woman has positively no sense of honour. . . . A woman is naturally shallow and deceitful.' Instead of such sweeping and unqualified denunciations against her sex, had your correspondent stated that the average society and church woman is weak and selfish, that through her environment she has become shallow and deceitful, the truth of her remarks would scarcely have been questioned, but it is to be doubted if those persons who have given any degree of attention to the facts underlying human development, and especially to those truths connected with the development of the two diverging lines of sex differentiation, will agree with your correspondent when she declares that women are naturally shallow and deceitful. Neither will they applaud her actions when, without any word of explanation regarding the unnatural development of her sex, she openly charges most of us with selfishness, cruelty, and meanness, and with an utter lack of a true sense of honour. A careful study of the scientific truths connected with the development of sex, reveals the fact that the fundamental characters which underlie human progress are indelibly stamped upon the female constitution; in other words, Nature has confided to woman the work of leading in the higher evolution of the race. We should not lose sight of the fact that women have had no natural development. Masculine religion, masculine laws, masculine ideas of justice and morality, masculine conceptions of womanhood, and last but not least, masculine support, are largely responsible for the creature which we are pleased to call woman, a creature, however, which bears little resemblance to the woman which will appear under higher conditions—conditions under which she is permitted to develop according to the laws of her own being. The present disordered state of human society is the legitimate result of the over stimulation of the animal instincts in men caused by the enforced weakness and degradation of women. The vices and follies of the former, and the shortcomings of the latter, are exactly what might be expected. 'Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?' That men of a certain type feel called upon to criticize and condemn their victims is perhaps to be expected, but for women, even in their present masculinized condition, to follow their

example, is an anomaly in human events. It is an act which the thoughtful and worthy of either sex will not readily condone." I am afraid that my present correspondent is more severe upon the sex than either myself or the previous writer. "The creature that we are pleased to call woman," indeed! It never seems to occur to Theosophical writers that sex is characteristic of one life only at a time. The female creature of this incarnation may be a male creature in the next, and possibly was in the last, and is now making good the deficiencies of that experience, and adding balance and sympathy to an unequally developed character. No one is a victim, either male or female, without having incurred the situation, and to understand that would help to solve the sex problem. There is not a pin to choose between men and women, or else in the very nature of things sex would become extinct. But if we get in the habit of considering men as reincarnated women and women as reincarnated men, we shall the more readily distinguish the few adorable ones who embody the best characteristics of both sexes.



"UPASIKA."

I taught while fettered by my earthly state
A thousand truths that mortal men knew not ;
Yet few would listen, and my mission great
Was by the world discarded and forgot.

These truths were older than the Vedas were
And perfect wisdom dwelt in every line,
Such truths as should the human bosom stir,
Great thoughts that bear the stamp of the Divine.

And still I am the bearer of a Torch,
A star that men will follow from my height ;
I lead earth's thought in its unending march
Myself enveloped in eternal light.

In this vast sphere I bear the sacred fire
Of many altars ; I, a servant stand
Of mighty masters ; and when souls aspire
To lofty heights, I lead them by the hand.

The sun of progress sets to rise anew,
And day has followed night since time began ;
As ages roll they bring to nearer view

The Universal Brotherhood of Man.

Providence, R.I.

MRS. EMMA R. THURSTON.

SOME "LEAVES OF GRASS."

I have press'd through in my own right,
 I have sung the body and the soul, war and peace have I sung,
 and the songs of life and death,
 And the songs of birth, and shown that there are many births.

* * *

I announce natural persons to arise,
 I announce justice triumphant,
 I announce uncompromising liberty and equality,
 I announce the justification of candour and the justification of
 pride.

* * *

If we are lost, no victor else has destroy'd us,
 It is by ourselves we go down to eternal night.

* * *

Yet soul be sure the first intent remains, and shall be carried out,
 Perhaps even now the time has arrived.

After the seas are all cross'd, (as they seem already cross'd.)
 After the great captains and engineers have accomplish'd their
 work,

After the noble inventors, after the scientists, the chemist, the
 geologist, ethnologist,

Finally shall come the poet worthy that name,
 The true son of God shall come singing his songs.

Then not your deeds only O voyagers, O scientists and inventors
 shall be justified,

All these hearts as of fretted children shall be sooth'd,
 All affection shall be fully responded to, the secret shall be told,
 All these separations and gaps shall be taken up and hook'd and
 link'd together,

The whole earth, this cold, impassive, voiceless earth, shall be
 completely justified,

Trinitas divine shall be gloriously accomplish'd and compacted
 by the true son of God, the poet,

He shall indeed pass the straits and conquer the mountains,
 He shall double the cape of Good Hope to some purpose,
 Nature and Man shall be disjoin'd and diffused no more,
 The true son of God shall absolutely fuse them.

—Walt Whitman.