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On the Watch-Tower.

ANOTHER RELIGIOUS PARLIAMENT.

WE have received the following through the courtesy of the Editor of *The Path*.

The Mid-Winter Fair at San Francisco is an echo of the World's Fair. It has added to it a Religious Parliament at which discussion will be held of papers and addresses. This Religious Convocation is to last six days, and is set down for a date very close to our next Convention. The committee in charge of this part of the Fair includes Dr. J. A. Anderson, the president of one of the San Francisco T. S. Branches, and the T. S. has been assigned one day of the sessions with an opportunity to discuss four general topics under the head of Oriental Religions. The date is April 19th.

The following are the topics as agreed to with the general committee in charge:

First session: (a) Wisdom Religion the basis of all religions; (b) Reincarnation.

Second session: (a) Religion, Philosophy and Science, their necessary unity; (b) Karma the immutable law of cause and effect.

Among the speakers will be these: Dr. Anderson, Dr. Allen Griffiths, William Q. Judge, Dr. J. D. Buck, the Delegate of the European Section, and others. Although this Parliament will not be in any way as large as that of the World's Fair, it undoubtedly will be of great interest and value to the T. S. movement.

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THE YAMÂBUSIS.

The following paragraph from a recent letter of our colleague, H. Dharmapâla, who has carried out a most successful lecturing tour of six weeks' duration in Japan, may prove of interest to those who have heard of this strange brotherhood, made so familiar to theosophical readers by H. P. Blavatsky's *Nightmare Tales*.

"Occultism is still studied by the Yamâbusis of Japan, and I obtained a large amount of useful information about them from one

who takes a great interest in them during my stay in Japan. Once a year these Yamâbusis congregate at a place called Midera and there exhibit phenomena. Their hierophant is living in the mountain fastnesses near Yamata in Kioto District. My friend has promised to send me fuller information about him, and also a translation of one of the books of the Yamâbusis."

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THE MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS.

The term "Innocents" is well known by Kabalists to denote a certain class of Tanaim or Initiates, and the "massacre of the innocents" in the Gospels is regarded by many theosophical students as the allegorical setting of a traditional persecution of that school of "wise men." In a posthumous article entitled "The Jews under the Roman Dominion," appearing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, for January, Ernest Renan, the famous Semitic scholar, depicts the horrible state of affairs in Palestine in the first century B.C. Herod is taken as the central character, and the late learned successor to the chair of Quatremère among the "Immortals" points out that the Jesus of the Gospels was not born when Herod died at Jericho. The "history" of those days has yet to be written.

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LEMURIA RECHRISTENED.

In *The Fortnightly Review* (February 1st) there is an attempt to rechristen Lemuria. Sclater and Hæckel stood godparents to the aged antediluvian relic whose many names are lost, and now Mr. Henry O. Forbes moves for an extension of area and hence a new christening, and would call the corpse of the dead Dvîpa "Antarctica." We rejoice at the extension of area as bringing it more in line with the dimensions given in *The Secret Doctrine*, but see no reason for the new name. Unavoidable necessity is forcing the existence of Lemuria into the heads of the most sceptical, and it is only a question of time for its gigantic inhabitants, human and animal, to be accepted even by the most "scientific." We take the following from the February *Review of Reviews*:

"Mr. Henry O. Forbes, proceeding on the law that 'the areas inhabited by a given species, and in considerable measure likewise by the same genera, are or have been continuous with each other,' infers the existence of 'a vanished Austral land'—a continent connecting what are now the terminations of the great continents.

"The boundaries of this continent of *Antarctica*, as I have proposed to designate it, would have united Patagonia, New Zealand, Tasmania with East Australia, and that old island-continent (joined, perhaps, by a narrow commissure for a longer or shorter time, to East Africa), which Dr. Sclater long ago named Lemuria, to a circum-polar land greater than at present by extensive independent peninsulas,

between which the Atlantic, the Pacific, and the Indian Oceans extended almost as far south as they do now.'"

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THE PICTURE OF A LEMURIAN SAINT.

The Globe (Nov. 3rd) contributes the following item from its "Echoes of Science." When will this closed page of the world's history be opened again, we wonder?

"According to the Rev. J. Matthew, the cave pictures of Australia show that a higher race than the blacks once occupied the land. In one there is a robed figure with a rainbow halo round his head, which Mr. Matthew considers to be the chief god of Sumatra. The sacred crocodile of Sumatra is also seen amongst them. The blacks regard them as bogies."

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THE MANDRAKE AND THE CRUCIFIXION.

The Daily Chronicle (December 11th) reports a lecture by Sir B. W. Richardson, at St. George's Hall, on anæsthetics, from which we cut the following interesting and suggestive paragraph:

"Classical authors recorded that the Greek physicians used what was called 'Moria,' or death-wine. It was an infusion of mandrake—the native Greek variety, not the English plant—in weak wine. This was in common use up to the twelfth century, and then its use expired. He had made some of this 'death-wine' according to the recipe given by Pliny, and found that it was a narcotic which acted exactly as the ancients described. It produced at first excitement, then sleep so intense for several hours that the subject was quite insensible to pain. It appeared that in ancient times there were people who over-indulged in mandragora, just as people did nowadays in opium, chloral or chloroform. They were called mandragorides, and the effect of the potion on awakening was to cause extreme excitement and terror for a time. The awakened sleepers screamed aloud; hence the tradition of the 'screaming mandrakes,' an idea erroneously applied to the plant itself. The narcotic was given on a sponge at crucifixions under the Romans, and so deathlike was the coma produced that the victims were always pierced with a spear before being taken down from the cross to ensure that death really took place."

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THE MYSTERIES OF COLOUR.

Most students of the Esoteric Philosophy are interested in colour, which is so intimately connected with all occult phenomena in nature, and hence with much of symbolism, as may be seen from Frédéric Portal's useful little volume, *Des Couleurs Symboliques* (Paris, 1837). A lecture delivered at the London Institution by Professor Shelford Bidwell, on Feb. 1st, destroys some of the popular superstitions on the

subject, and gives a mite of interesting information as to the relations of colour and metals. We take the following paragraphs from *The Daily Chronicle* report of Feb. 2nd.

“The question of what constitute the simple primary colours has long been one of the vexed problems of science, and it is not settled yet. Sir David Brewster thought they were red, yellow, and blue. The orange seen in the spectrum is obviously only an admixture of the neighbouring red and yellow, and green (an admixture of the blue and yellow). But now comes a strange, true thing which will make the amateur water-colour painter disbelieve the evidence of his senses. Blue and yellow do not make green, as is popularly supposed. When Professor Bidwell uttered this seeming paradox the audience seemed incredulous. But when he caused a ray of pure yellow light from the electric lantern to be projected on to the screen, and then threw on the top of the broad yellow patch another of pure blue, they actually cheered, for true enough the result of the mixture was not green, but white. The mystery is a very simple one. Painters never get either pure blue or pure yellow on their palettes. Such pigments always contain green, and when the blue and the yellow coalesce into white the green comes out. After this the audience began to get interested, as people always do when popular articles of faith are being ruthlessly attacked. The lecturer next asked them to believe that yellow, far from being a primary colour, is really nothing but a mixture of red and green, and proved the fact by neatly superposing a dab of the latter coloured light over one of green. . . . We are accustomed to think of gold as yellow, and copper as red, but beat them very thin until a strong light will pass through the sheet, and, behold, gold is a deep-green and copper a dark-blue.”

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TELEGRAPHY WITHOUT INTERMEDIATE WIRES.

The more the art of telegraphy is perfected the more do the facts of thought-transference become palatable to the scientific stomach. It gives the scientific *thumos* courage to timidly investigate what the scientific brain has previously decided to be “impossible” and the scientific pen has dubbed as “superstition,” “hallucination,” “charlatanry,” and sneered at with other “winged words.”

Mr. W. H. Preece, C.B., the well-known electrical engineer, lectured on February 21st, at the Society of Arts, on “Electrical Signalling without Wires.”

The lecturer demonstrated beyond questioning that the general idea of a current of electricity as a something flowing in one complete unbroken circuit had to be given up. A new hypothesis had to be adopted—a vibratory (?) theory. As *The Daily Chronicle* report of Feb. 22nd puts it:

“The quickest way to arrive at a conception of the theory which is

now being rapidly worked out is to consider for the moment that electricity is analogous to heat, light, and other phases of energy which propagate themselves by means of rapid vibratory waves. A red-hot poker dissipates its heat not only by conduction along the metal-rod itself, but also by radiation extending in all directions through surrounding space quite independent of any conducting material. If, said Mr. Preece, last night, we take a metallic wire through which a rapidly alternating current of electricity is passing (by conduction) it will be found to throw the ether which pervades all space around it, into vibratory waves exactly analogous to the vibrations which we call radiant heat. Energy is thus radiated away in electric waves, which spread out in all directions, as do waves of light, and if they fall on similar conductors properly placed and sympathetically prepared, these waves of energy are transformed back again into alternating currents, which pass through the second conductor and make their presence felt in a variety of ways. The simplest case is where the primary circuit is kept going with rapidly alternating currents from a dynamo or battery, and opposite to it, but at a considerable distance away, there is placed a secondary telephone circuit. The only possible connecting medium between these two is the ether pervading all space, and yet across this space Mr. Preece has been successfully signalling from the one circuit to the other. In all cases the primary currents were of such a frequency as to produce a musical note in the telephones fixed in the distant secondary circuit. Signalling through space he has found a fascinating study for upwards of ten years."

The greatest distance over which signals have been sent is five miles, nevertheless such confidence is felt in the matter that an enthusiastic scientific vision of the future is indulged in, and *The Daily Graphic* (Feb. 22nd) concludes its report of the same lecture as follows:

"The conditions were now so clear, however, that, given the localities between which it was desired to communicate, it was a mere matter of calculation to show what had to be done. It would, for instance, be quite easy to speak between France and England across the Straits of Dover. Although he confined himself to a description of a simple, practical system of communicating across terrestrial space, one could not help speculating as to what might occur through planetary space. Strange, mysterious sounds were heard on all long-distance telephone lines when the earth was used as a return, especially in the stillness of the night. Earth currents were found in telegraph circuits, and Aurora Borealis lit up the northern sky when the sun's photosphere was disturbed by spots. The sun's surface must at such times be violently disturbed by electrical storms, and if oscillations were set up and radiated through space, in sympathy with those required to affect telephones, it was not a wild dream to say that they might hear on the earth a thunder-storm in the sun."

This is in the style of the Jules Verne school of scientific prophecy. The Sun happens to be a long way off, and between it and the Earth are many millions of miles, as we are told in our school books. What of the intermediate space, is it barren of sound and the rest of "vibration"?

Thunder-storms in the Sun? What do we know of the Sun? The old "scientists," whose science was of the soul rather than of the body, spoke more reverently. Say the Upanishads: "Âditya ômiti svara-naneti"—The Sun moves in his path chaunting the Ôm. Thunder-storms, forsooth!

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THE MOON A PLANET AND NOT A SATELLITE OF THE EARTH.

From the Sun we pass to the Moon. Here we find physical science in its most recent investigations confirming the teaching of the Esoteric Philosophy in the most marvellous fashion. Readers of *The Secret Doctrine* are aware of the outrageously *heterodox* teaching of Esoteric Science that the Moon is not a satellite of the Earth, is not a portion thrown off from the Earth's mass, at a time when rotation was far more rapid and the crust far more plastic than now. That, in brief, the moon is the "mother-planet" of the Earth. And now we have *orthodox* science corroborating part of this statement in the most unequivocal manner. On February 13th and 14th the Rev. Edmund Ledger, M.A., F.R.A.S., delivered two lectures to packed audiences in the theatre of Gresham College on the Moon. We give *The Echo's* reports of these lectures *in extenso*.

"Professor Ledger's assertion that the Moon is the next planet to Venus in order from the Sun sounds rather startling to most of us who have been brought up in the faith that it is a satellite of the Earth. To the question, Is the Moon a planet? Professor Ledger would reply, 'Decidedly, yes.' The Moon is not Earth's slave. The Sun is her master, as he is the Earth's. The Moon is a planet two-thirds the diameter of Mercury, going round the Sun like the Earth, at an immense speed. Owing to the proximity of the Earth, the Moon's orbit is modified, but so slightly that it differs very little from the normal orbit of a planet circling round the Sun at the same mean distance, supposing the Earth were not where it is. If we represent the Moon's orbit by a circle 5ft. 2in. in diameter, the variations will be contained within a circumference line of one-sixth of an inch in diameter. The mass of the Sun is so much greater than that of the Earth that in spite of its vastly greater distance it attracts the Moon with more than twice the power exercised by the Earth. The path of the Moon in its journey round the Sun goes a little inside and a little outside the path of the Earth, and, moreover, like the rest of the planets, its path is always concave to the Sun, so, though apparently a satellite, it is really a planet and an independent member of the

Solar System. The lecturer illustrated this by diagrams, and showed the old false representations of the Moon's orbit. Professor Ledger concluded by demonstrating an interesting point, which he had not found noticed in any text-book of Astronomy, popular or advanced. That the Moon's path is concave to the Sun is easily demonstrable when she is new or full, but it is not so apparent when she is in her first quarter, retreating thirty-eight miles a minute from the Sun, while the Sun pulls her towards himself only thirty-five feet in a minute. Professor Ledger made it clear, and geometrically irrefutable, that, in spite of this, the Moon's path always remained concave to the Sun, that the Sun is her master, and if the Earth is her mistress she is only so as the obedient slave of the Sun. In short, we should regard our so-called satellite as the solar planet, Moon. . . .

“Professor Ledger continued his course on what he begged his audience to call henceforth the Solar planet Moon, though apparently a satellite of the Earth. No satellite in the Solar System, as far as the lecturer could discover, performed a planetary path round the Sun as did the Moon. Jupiter's moons were true satellites. The two outermost ones, though five times further from Jupiter than the Moon from the Earth, were attracted by his vastly greater mass, and their paths were partly convex to the Sun. The three innermost moons of Jupiter made loops in their orbits. The fifth and recently-discovered one, a tiny satellite, travelled in its looped orbit at a speed varying enormously, with a month of less than twelve hours, and revolving round Jupiter 9,000 times, whilst that ponderous planet travelled once round the Sun.

“The Moon is very near to us, astronomically exceedingly near. If it were as far from us as Venus at her nearest, the disc and light would be 10,000 times less than they are. Mars is 140 times further from us than the Moon; which is, indeed, more than 100 times nearer to us than any heavenly body, save a wandering comet or meteor. She is our companion planet; her orbit is so near to ours. So near is she that she is used by the navigator as the extremity of the hand of a great dial. The lecturer then showed how the Moon's distance was calculated from the Earth's centre by the surveying method, and touched upon some of the difficulties of the lunar theory. The exact place of the Moon never quite corresponded with its calculated place. The Moon's distance was subject to perturbations which formed as complicated a piece of investigation as could be conceived. It would be impossible to attempt to draw a picture of the Moon's complicated curvilinear path crossing and re-crossing the Earth's orbit continually. The Moon's greatest distance was 253,000 miles and her least 221,500 miles, so that the variation was about one-seventh of her minimum distance from us, and her apparent disc and light varied, being sometimes one-third greater than at other times. The Lecturer impressed

upon his audience the fact that the Moon is not to be regarded as a satellite continually circling round us, but a solar planet with an independent orbit affected by us, but not sufficiently to turn her allegiance from the Sun—a companion thrown in our path, rather than a slave.”

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THE BREATHING OF THE EARTH.

One of our most popular superstitions is that we know all about the Earth. We make merry with vast merriment over the old geographers' maps, which presented the major part of their surfaces ticketed with such droll inscriptions as *Hic sunt leones*, and the rest, and fancy that now there is little left for us to discover, and that “Cook's tours” can embrace our mother in every possible direction. The student of Occultism smiles quietly at this misplaced enthusiasm, and reflects how little really is known say of Central Asia, Central Africa, of South America, of the North and South Poles, of the ocean floors, of much else. The first efforts at mapping out the crust of the earth on paper are undeniably of the crudest—but “geography” was something more than this in the days of old, and one of its “superstitions” was that the Earth was an *animal*—Mother Earth lived, moved. Our mother breathed. Modern orthodox Science in its tardy roundabout way is coming to the same conclusion, to judge from an article in *Nature* on “Earth Movements,” by Professor Milne. *The Daily Graphic* of February 9th, tells us that:

“Professor Milne has for many years resided in Japan, and has been thus led to devote very special attention to the subject of earthquakes, and has moreover succeeded in devising very perfect instruments for recording these earth tremors. It will be new to many of us to hear that earth movements are occurring at all times and in all countries, and it is difficult to credit the fact that ‘every twenty-four hours the ground on which we live is gently tilted, so that the buildings in our cities and the tall chimneys in our manufacturing towns are slightly inclined, like stalks of corn bent over by a steady breeze.’ The greatest tilting goes on in the night, and all returns to the vertical in the morning. Earthquakes, when compared with these most delicate and refined movements of the earth's surface, are described as ‘vulgar disturbances,’ which only occur in a few countries sufficiently often to make them worthy of serious attention. ‘That the earth is breathing,’ says Professor Milne, ‘and that the tall buildings upon its surface are continually being moved to and fro, like the masts of ships upon the ocean, are at present facts which have received but little recognition.’”

Indian Ideals.

THE breath of the Indian Renaissance, so long foretold, so long in coming, begins to blow in our faces, to whisper strange, half-heard secrets in our ears. Among the open-eyed children of the West, all hearts are turning towards India—to India as a land of old renown; to India, full of glamour and unforgettable beauty, of fierce strong life and quiet peace, when the warm breath of evening dimples the forest pools; but most of all to India as an ideal, as a land where the high meaning of life was deeply and truly felt.

The Indian spirit has just begun to touch the West, like the first gentle breath of spring, a promise that the winter of our discontent, of low ideals and empty lives, will wither away with the melting snow.

In these last days of winter, it is yet too soon for us to clearly see what the young life of spring will bring; but looking back over India's long, bright history, we see two powers that may do more than all the rest to bring us back the sunlight, to kindle into a glow the Indian Renaissance that is yet rather a promise and a hope than a strong and adult fact.

These two powers are the secret of the Upanishads, and the method of Buddhism. The first, from the long gone golden days of earliest India; the second, a cold light of the iron age—the winter twilight before night fell on the land of Nârada and the sages.

The secret of the Upanishads is the inner light of the soul. The method of Buddhism is the recognition of unswerving, incorruptible moral law. The inner light of the soul, and the recognition of incorruptible moral law are the germs of new life that will kindle the Indian spring in our hearts.

The secret of the Upanishads is as simple as life. The inner light of the soul, at first a faint monition through the clouds and darkness, a hope that is half fear, a hardly seen gleam, like the promise of dawn, growing brighter and gradually brighter, becomes at last the infinite light. The soul, growing with the light, at last becomes the Eternal; knows once again its immemorial oneness with the Eternal.

Through our outward, habitual life of pleasure and pain, desire and disappointment, with its perpetually repeated, monotonous incidents, birth, ripeness, death, and again birth, ripeness, death—a new power quietly, almost imperceptibly, makes itself felt, till, growing stronger, almost imperceptibly, it gradually draws to itself the whole

of life. The first spark of the inner light of the soul is, for the sages of the Upanishads, conscience; the inner sense of the trueness of things that "chooses the better, rather than the dearer," that turns back from "crookedness, untruth, illusion." The inward sense of the trueness of things, conscience, is the first step in all religion, the first fact of real life, and within the reach of every human being. Conscience is the deepest reality in human life; always the same in every age and every land; a mysterious law, not of our making, nor shaped towards our ends; rather a living power, perpetually present in our lives, standing behind us, as it were, guiding with a rightness and insistence not to be ignored, though we cannot turn and look our guide in the face.

The deepest fact in human life, conscience, is also the most universal, the most immediately and directly verifiable. There are innumerable witnesses to the reality of this same silent guide, who stands behind us, whose presence makes itself felt, whether we will or no; who silently declares laws that are none of our making, but whose excellence we are ever compelled to acknowledge at the end. Even if we make of life a game of hazard, this master of the game, standing behind us, always wins at last.

There are innumerable witnesses to this reality, each recording the same truth in varying words. With one, it is the inner sense of the trueness of things, the sense that "chooses the better rather than the dearer." With another, it is "a god-like voice that stops me, even in little things, if I am about to do anything not rightly." It is "a law within, warring against the law of the members," a new, though ever old reality, not belonging to the outwardness of things. It is "a power within us, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness." It is the "everlasting yea" dawning out of the chaos of the "everlasting no"; and bidding us "give up happiness and attain to blessedness." It is "the gleam of light which flashes across the mind from within," more to be regarded than the lustre of the firmament of bards and sages. Again, it is our "immortality" that

Broods like the day, a Master o'er a slave,
A Presence which is not to be put by.

Of all facts in life, this is the best attested, by the best witnesses; and yet, after all, conscience is a fact that needs no witness, the inner sense of the trueness of things is its own evidence. When the "god-like voice that stops me, if I am about to do anything not rightly," is heard, no confirmation of the fact is needed; conscience has an insistence that discards all other proof. When the sun rises, we need no one to tell us that it is day.

In conscience, science and religion meet; science, because it is perpetually verifiable, a sound basis for the science of life; religion, because, though perpetually verifiable, it is still a mystery. Though

we grow till our foreheads touch the stars, it is still above us; though our life expands throughout all space, it is still beyond us.

Here, then, is the first part of India's message, the secret of the Upanishads, the inner light of the soul. And in the Upanishads, one step more is taken beyond the sense of conscience, known to all true men in every land, and in that one step more lies the singular value of India's message, its original power for vivifying and renewing life.

The "power within us, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness," is, for the sages of the Upanishads, in one sense only "not ourselves." In a certain high sense it is "ourselves." It is not the tendency of our outward life, not our personal and habitual selves, and so far it is "not ourselves." Yet it is the tendency of our inward life, the power of our Higher Self, and therefore, in the truest sense, it is "ourselves."

Here is the singular secret of the Upanishads. The "power within us, that makes for righteousness," is our Higher Self. This perpetually verifiable fact, conscience, at once scientific and religious, that lies at the very root of life, is the first admonition of our real nature. We are not really our personal, habitual selves, we are our Higher Selves, with their new, untried life and powers, and the growing knowledge and realization that we are really our Higher Selves, that our Higher Selves are really us, is the path marked out for our upward life.

It has always been felt that conscience carries a sense of oldness, a sense of reaching far behind us; that it does not date from the day of our birth, but was there before; that however far we go back, we find it there before us, belonging to the old days before the beginning of things. Therefore, the inner light of the soul has always been called the Ancient, the Immemorial, the Ancient of Days. This consciousness of eternity grows at last to a knowledge of the eternity of consciousness.

The sages of the Upanishads in the quiet dawn of the golden age, perfectly fulfilled the "law within that wars against the law of the members," chose with bright willingness and confidence "the better rather than the dearer," so completely obeyed their "brooding immortality" that the slave became one with the Master, the personal self was wrapt into the life of the Higher Self.

In that unity with the "immemorial ancient" they learned strange secrets of the Higher Self; among others, that secret of its eternalness, its life "above the ocean of birth and death." That life that saw the first quickening of new-born worlds, resting in quiet everlastingness, shall watch unmoved the worlds withering again into night.

These secrets they learned; and that other secret, highest of all, that the Higher Self which we really are, which is really ourselves, is one with the infinite Life, is one with the Eternal.

They learned that the "law within, warring against the law of the

members," the "god-like voice that stops me if I am about to do anything not rightly" is the voice of universal Life, flowing outwards and pressing against the barriers we had set up.

These secrets they learned by walking on the old immemorial path, by making life a perfect unison with "the power within that makes for righteousness," till at last they became one with the "brooding immortality," and lived in the quiet everlastingness of the Higher Self that is one with the Eternal.

If the secret of life is so simple, so immediately verifiable, so directly within the reach of every human being, where is the need for an elaborate philosophy? The reason is this. Shankara the Teacher used to say that we have three souls—the doubting soul, the wandering soul, and, last and highest, the affirming soul, which is nothing else than conscience, the inner sense of the trueness of things. And with us, the wandering soul has led the doubting soul such a journey that they have visited together every corner of earth and heaven, and woven over the clear sky such a veil of fancies that we can no longer see the sun.

Here is the need for a sane, wide-spreading philosophy. We must bring the doubting soul and the wandering soul once more under the dominion of the affirming soul; and, thus ruled, they must again visit all the corners of earth and heaven, to disentangle the web of fancies they have woven before we can once more see the simple light of day.

If we had always stood up simply, face to face with the universe, letting the affirming soul—conscience, intuition—rule and range the activities of the doubting soul and the wandering soul, there would be no need for wide-spreading philosophies. We should live simply from within outwards, in the quiet light of the Eternal. And, filled with this quiet light, we should manifest the powers and energies of the immortals, as naturally as the sun shines.

But the harm is already done. Our doubting soul and wandering soul have already made their long journey. Taking the ideally simple elements of life, they have woven of them a network of marvellous complexity, a tangle thrice entangled, which needs our best energies to unravel, before we can once more face the universe of life in all simplicity and live in the quiet light of the sun.

The children of the golden age compared life to a tree, rooted in the Eternal, and spreading branches downward through the worlds. But the tree of our life has manifested such incredible activity, putting forth branches on every side, that it is now one tangled mass, strangling itself through very luxuriance.

These tangled branches, breaking away from sane simplicity, have burst forth in a thousand philosophies and theologies, whose wonderful luxuriance threatens to smother us. The endless tangle of our minds' branches bears hardly any relation to the ideal simplicity of life; we

must bring order to this luxuriance before the tree of our life can come back to health.

To lay aside parables, the truth is that every part of our minds is so thoroughly sophisticated, that we must apply the healing process of a sound philosophy, and lay the feverish energies of the doubting soul and the wandering soul to rest before we can allow the healthy simplicity of the affirming soul—conscience, intuition—to restore us to natural life in the Eternal.

Here is the need for the second part of India's message—the method of Buddhism, with its recognition of unswerving, incorruptible moral law. Gautama, the Awakened One, applying to life the simple natural law that action and reaction are equal and opposite, that "whatever a man sows, the same shall he also reap," showed how naturally the endless variety of the world, with its wearying monotony of birth, ripeness, death, and again birth, ripeness, death, flowed from the natural working of this simple law.

Gautama showed how the mind's energies and desires, unsatisfied and unexhausted at death, must—if action and reaction be equal and opposite—find their continuation and development in a further life; and if in this further life they are still unsatisfied and unexhausted, yet another life, or many others, must follow, till all seeds sown are reaped and harvested.

Showing how life should be gradually fulfilled and perfected in the future, by the unswerving, incorruptible reaction that follows every action, Buddha applied the same simple thought to the past. If there be no effect without a cause, no reaction without an earlier action, then the effects and reactions of our present life must flow from the causes and actions of lives that went before. And thus the inequalities of life, the harsh difference between high and low, happy and miserable, find in difference of past action a simple natural reason, that commends itself to the simplest mind of man. We have but to apply this rule to all the forces of our minds, and we shall find again the note of life's harmony, so long drowned by the confusion of verbal theologies and philosophies. If the inner light of the soul, the intuition, dawns before the tangled branches of the mind are straightened, before the web of illusions and fancies is swept from the pure sky, the soul will be led into a thousand fantastic errors, as a ray of sunlight falling on a crooked mirror breaks into a thousand fantastic reflections. These fantastic errors fill the verbal religions of every land, which paint strange gods and many of them, strange disharmonies of life, weird sacrifices and uncouth rites, instead of the quiet simplicity of the Eternal.

The element of life in these countless religions, with their countless gods and countless rites, is the intuition of the Eternal, that lies, almost hidden, at their root. Their errors spring from the incredible

activity of the doubting soul and the wandering soul, that break the single ray of the Eternal into a thousand fantastic gods, like a ray of sunlight falling on a twisted, crooked mirror.

The twofold message of India: the method of Buddhism, with its recognition of unswerving, incorruptible, moral law, that gives expression to life in a harmony of births and rebirths; and the secret of the Upanishads, the inner light of the soul, that gradually illumines the chain of births and rebirths, gradually shows the soul its primeval oneness with the Eternal, and draws it out of the ocean of birth and death.

In this twofold message we find the Indian Ideals that are to give birth to a new Renaissance, a new philosophy of birth and death, or rather a new and living knowledge of the old philosophy.

Yet this philosophy, however pure, however developed, cannot give us a quite real and quite true picture of the Eternal, a fully coloured plan of the universe and the future that lies before each. For the only quite true explanation of the universe is the universe itself; the only quite real philosophy of the Eternal is the Eternal.

Thus at the last we must meet the universe face to face; must stand up in the presence of the Eternal, and live life for ourselves. "Another may lift a weight from my head," says Shankara the Teacher, "but only myself can satisfy my hunger." Another may teach us to remove the false philosophies and theologies that hide the simplicity of the Eternal, may even teach us the theory of real life, but we must learn the practice of real life for ourselves.

Nor do we regret that not even the philosophy of the Sages can give us a fully coloured picture of the future; for our gradual growth gives a perpetual newness to life, a young and primeval vigour to our days, so that we begin to realize that "the own-nature of the Higher Self is perpetual bliss."¹

C. J.

¹ Passages referred to:

"Choose the better rather than the dearer"; *Shreyo hi dhīro 'bhipreyaso vrnite.*—*Katha Upanishad*, ii, 2.

"Crookedness, untruth, illusion"; *Jihnam anrtam māyā.*—*Prashna Upanishad*, i, 16.

"The godlike voice opposing me, if I am about to do anything not rightly"; ἡ μαντικὴ ἐναντιομένη εἰ τι μέλλοιμι μὴ ὀρθῶς πράξειν.—*Plato's Apology of Socrates*, xxxi.

"Another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind."—*St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans*, vii, 23.

"The power within us, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness."—*Matthew Arnold, Literature and Dogma.*

"Give up happiness and attain to blessedness."—*Carlyle, Sartor Resartus*, "Everlasting Yea."

"A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the lustre of the firmament of bards and sages."—*Emerson, Essays, First Series* "Self-Reliance."

"Thou over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the day, a Master o'er a slave,
A Presence which is not to be put by."

Wordsworth, Ode on Intimations of Immortality, from Recollections of Early Childhood.

"The affirming soul, doubting soul, wandering soul"; *Buddhi, Manas, Chitta.*—*Shankara's Vivekachūḍāmani*, 95, 96.

A Japanese Doll.

I HAVE been asked why I made so much of my character Wung Ti in *Bail Up*, and the only reason I can give is that this Chinaman came to me unsolicited and stuck to me like a burr, refusing to get behind me, and insisting quietly but firmly that I should write about him. He was no airy creation whom I could call up when I liked, frame in a wreath of smoke, and send back into space when I was tired of him, but a despot who came to me in a masterful way, taking bodily possession of me and smiling icily at my failures to do him justice. Yet all the time keeping the poor tool in his hand, and then only when he seemed to feel that it had become too much used up to be of further service did he condescend to pitch it down and glide out of my reach without a word of consolation or thanks. Wung Ti appeared before me suddenly and departed from me as abruptly, without a single promise that he would ever favour me any more.

I have often thought, since his disappearance, that he must have been an occultist who took the trouble to manifest himself for a special purpose, thinking that I might do him some service, and then, after a patient trial, that he had grown disgusted with my incapacity and lack of receptive powers, and so had taken his presence from me. I did my best, but that best was not up to his expectations evidently, for I have never seen him since the manuscript quitted my hands.

I am the more convinced of this mystic power from many signs that I have since had in other directions, one of which I am now about to relate.

Some time ago I bought a Japanese doll for my little daughter; a quaint little image fashioned from some kind of composition and wonderfully constructed considering the price. Hands, feet and general expression were all perfect, while a genial urbanity seemed to pervade that doll which brought a very soothing effect into the stormy household, and endeared him to us from the first moment of our acquaintance with him.

He was of Japanese origin, while Wung Ti had been a decided Chinaman, and yet, if Wung Ti had been blessed with a son from a daughter of Japan, that son might have stood as the original of this image, so much was there about it which recalled the mystic one to me in many of his habits and positions, as well as the blandness and impassive good nature that appeared to cover a keen and watchful knowledge of all around him.

Quiet and impassively good-natured always that doll was, and yet thoroughly independent in his actions, and no matter how he was placed, he always struck out a characteristic pose for himself which placed him apart from any other doll that I had ever seen. Sometimes the little, delicately fashioned hands were put forward in a benedictory fashion, or the little toes curled up in the helpless but endearing attitude of infancy, while the dark eyes shone with charming innocence and the lips smiled trustingly; he was never to be seen in the same attitude twice, however, or with exactly the same expression, for with the likeness, the maker seemed to have caught all the tricks of infancy, and, like Prometheus, to have breathed a spirit of life into his creation.

This was what puzzled and even affrighted the whole of us in spite of the increasing fascination and affection with which that strange little image inspired us, the constant changes that took place in it and the soul-like humanity which clung about it; it seemed to like kissing, and cuddled in as naturally as a living baby could do when taken in arms, laid back its bald head and flung out its dainty limbs when put down, and although it never closed its inscrutable, almond-shaped, dark eyes, yet it went off soundly to sleep at night and woke up as fresh and beaming the next morning as any singularly good-tempered infant could do.

It came to us costumed in a gaily coloured red, white, blue and yellow dress of some thin material, with an under vest of pink, and buff-coloured leggings; it was jointed at the ankles, wrists and neck, like an artist's dummy model, and seemed, as far as we could ascertain, to have cane ribs, and a voice like that of a clairaudient in its stomach, and spoke only when squeezed; its smooth, rounded head wagging, nodding and smiling while it uttered its pleasant, cooing sounds, yet even these were not monotonous, but became varied according to our treatment of it.

I have watched it, as it sat before me, for hours at a stretch, with the high lights on its well-defined bumps, and the expression of its pleasant features altering every instant. Now it would be looking at me with calm attention, and the next moment, if I looked again after a glance aside I would see the whole position changed, and the eyes which had been gazing into mine so wonderingly were reflecting the shine of the gas as it looked up at the light with that peaceful but rapt engrossment which infants so often display.

At last we had no longer any doubts about the spirit possession of this quaint doll, with the many proofs which it had given to us; it was a humanized image, with a live spirit within its composition breast, and although it was so rapid in its actions that we never could quite catch it making its changes, the alterations were too constantly taking place for us to question its power of feeling or ability to express those feelings in pantomimic postures, while something whispered to me that

the master spirit which had breathed into this doll was that of the mystical Wung Ti.

It looked a fragile little thing, and although it changed colour and even lost a foot with the fervour of my little daughter's love, it did not go to destruction as her former toys had done; yet a strange thing happened to it about a week after it had taken up its abode with her—it lost its voice for a few days and then recovered it with a suddenness which was most startling as well as eerie.

She squeezed it, cuddled and coaxed it without any return during the period of its silent and reflective fit, it only smiled urbanely without answering audibly, yet we all seemed to know it was as much alive as ever, for the arms and legs still moved about and the face continued to vary its expression as we watched it.

Then all at once when least expected it broke out into a wail, loud, startling, and laden with a strange meaning, and then with a seeming effort relapsed once more into its former gentle tones as if the period of its vow had expired and left it at liberty to utter its thoughts.

That night my little daughter fell asleep with baby Wung Ti in her arms, its tiny arms caressing her and its dimpled face hidden in her nightdress, with only the back bumps and ear showing out, a pretty picture they both made as we left them to pass the silent hours together.

Next morning, however, all was confusion and lamentation, for the Japanese doll had disappeared as silently and as mysteriously as if it had been spirited away in the night. We looked high and low for it in vain, it had gone without leaving even that amputated foot behind it as a token. Left us as suddenly and as completely as Wung Ti had left me, at the termination of *Bail Up*, and from that day to this we have seen no more of it; but since then I have felt positive that the great one had given me my second opportunity, and that once again I had failed to understand his purpose properly.

HUME NISBET.

The Vision of Odhin.¹

THE Golden Age of the Gods had reached its close. Baldur, the Sun-God, embodiment of Light and Love, of Tenderness and Beauty, of self-forgetting Compassion, lay wounded unto death by Loki's treacherous mistletoe spear.

For the first time grim Death had struck his victim among the ranks of the Æsir, for the first time it dawned upon the minds of the Gods that they too could die.

¹ Paraphrased from a portion of Felix Dahn's work, entitled *Odhin's Trust*.

And all knew that with Baldur the best portion of themselves, that which filled life with inexhaustible joy, would go too. The twilight of sorrow and evil would soon close in when once he was gone; and even All-Father Odhin, with all his wisdom, could not foresee the dim ways of the future.

But in Odhin's heart burnt the undying fire; he could not sit down and wail with the rest. Knowledge he must find at all costs; nearer must he press to the heart of things; deeper must he dive into the mysterious depths of that which is.

So leaving the wounded Baldur sunk in magic trance, his fair head pillowed on his mother's knees, Odhin set forth to seek wisdom in the gloomy depths of the under-world. Through many perils he passed, confronted horrors that no words can voice, till at last he passed beyond a dim and dusky veil that closed the entrance to the rocky hall deep in the world's foundations where dwelt the three fateful sisters, the Norns, the witnesses of Time: the Present, Past and Future.

On his return to the light-world, Odhin recounts to the assembled Gods and Goddesses what he saw and learnt.

"IN a cave's half-circle they sat before me, the Norns, the terrible sisters; silent, weaving webs that ran lengthening from the first, over the knees of the second, away to the third.

"In grey was clad the first, in white the second, in black, but with a whispered gleam of gold, the third.

"Down from above, from Midhgardh, reached the stupendous roots of the World-Ash, forcing their way through the rocks down into the black earth of the floor; of an arm's thickness were the smallest that I saw.

"Hardly had they seen me, when the first spake; but all three span steadily on the while I stayed with them.

"'Never yet was this.'

"'One who lives stands before us,' spake the second.

"'Never shall it be again,' closed the third.

"'I know what drove thee hither.'

"'I know what thou seekest.'

"'I know how thou wilt bear what thou seekest,' spake the last.

"I shuddered. But I staggered not. 'I would learn,' said I, 'O fearful sisters, of that which was, which is, which will be, so much as is granted me.'

"'Ask'; 'Listen'; 'Think'; came the threefold response; 'yet what thou hast learnt, to keep silent from others a pledge must thou leave.'

"'Keep silent? I seek consolation, not alone for myself—for my dying son, for all that thirst for consolation. Woe upon the Wisdom miser-like buried away.'

“‘Thou canst all to the others reveal.’

“‘If thou wilt forfeit the pledge.’

“‘Which thou must give; thy right eye.’

“‘Startled, I pressed both hands on my eyes.

“‘They kept implacable silence.

“‘Must that be?’ I asked.

“‘Never yet did the Norns bargain.’

“‘Thou art already resolved.’

“‘And thou wilt speak, and lose thine eye.’

“‘And the third beckoned me on.

“‘Towards her I felt the keenest longing, for she was exceeding lovely, as if eternally young—and yet the deepest awe chilled my veins before her, for she seemed a snow-white statue, unutterably stern, yet no way angry.

“‘I stepped close up to her.

“‘At her feet, I heard the rushing of a spring, set in stone.

“‘Above all things I longed to gaze therein, but a mighty block of stone shut close the spring.

“‘She passed over my face her right hand, the left wove on. I shuddered; cold as glacier ice was her snow-white hand, but quickly after her touch there quivered a gentle warmth, where she had brushed my face.

“‘She held my eye in her hand; painlessly it had followed her touch, and she pressed it upon the edge of the stone block where it touched the margin of the spring. Then my eye became as a jewel, shining marvellously.

“‘That was Odhin’s eye,’ spake Urdh.

“‘Now it is the seal of Skuld’s spring,’ said Verdandi.

“‘And Skuld’s hand alone will loosen it,’ spake the last.

“‘And now I cared most to learn at once of the future; and questioning I raised my hand towards the youngest of the Norns.

“‘But stern, implacable, she shook her head, saying, ‘He who would learn Wisdom, let him begin with the beginning.

“‘Fools desire to seize the present, to know the future, heedless of their source.

“‘All that will be, springs from what has become.

“‘Who honours not Urdh will know little.’

“‘I stepped to the grey and hoary Norn in whose keeping lies the Past.

“‘Still weaving ever with her right hand, she drew aside with her left a dark-coloured hanging that screened a barely noticed roundness on her left.

“‘The hanging fell; I looked into a rounded shield of steel.

“‘Black, it seemed to me at first, with nothing distinguishable.

“‘Yet the more I accustomed my eye to seek in the darkness, the

clearer I saw pictures, which changed in steady succession; circles on circles, larger the nearer they came to the present; thus I saw myself large as in life, as I had stepped through the curtain but just before, but myself as I then stood before the shield—that I saw not.

“In ever-diminishing circles I saw ever more distant times reflected.

“Then awoke in me the craving, skipping the hundreds, the thousands of years of human history, to behold the beginning of all that is.

“Straining my gaze, I looked.

“First I saw myself as, unnumbered years ago, I had made men from trees.

“And then I saw myself and the oldest gods grow forth from seething, primeval substance.

“But, however far backwards I might look, yet ever, ever saw I something that was.

“Then I asked the grey old woman: ‘I see an age when all that now *is*, was not; not sand, nor sea, nor salt floods of ocean; no earth below, no heaven above, no moon, nor sun, nor gleaming stars. But yet ever see I *something*; what is it? An endless mist, it seems; whitely heaving and tossing, whence vapour condenses; and without number coarser forms roll themselves together, roundish, reddish, scattering rays and radiant warmth; measureless, viewless orbits in the yawning gulfs of endless space.’

“‘Those were worlds, in numbers endless, that long ago were, that long since decayed and passed away.’

“‘Wherefore are they decayed?’

“‘Because they became.’

“‘Woe! the Gods too have become! Will they too decay and pass away?’

“‘That ask not of me. I know but what was, not what will be.’

“‘But all has decayed, that e’er has become?’

“‘Nay, thou fool! What truly *is*, never became.’

“‘So thou knowest one thing that has *not* become? What is this one?’

“‘That, which alone *is*; all else became, appears and passes away.’

“‘And what alone *is*?’

“‘What never becomes and never decays.’

“‘But what is this?’

“‘The Eternal.’

“‘But what *is* the Eternal?’

“‘That which never became! Naught farther shows to thee the Past. Elsewhere, ask further. And—ponder thyself. None other can fathom it out for thee.’

“And she drew the covering again over the shield.

“Brooding I strode to the second sister.

“So entirely was I full of what I had heard, and so keenly was my thought fixed on the future, that secretly in myself I thought:

“‘Little I care to know what *is*.’

“‘Little dost thou care to know what *is*,’ spake unquestioned the stern sister, gazing right into my face.

“I started: ‘How? Thou knowest—’

“‘I know what *is*; thus I know what thou thinkest.

“‘Foolishly thinkest thou;

“‘For now thou thinkest again: “I would only know how it stands with Baldur and Frigga at this moment.” And fleetingly along therewith: “How it stands with Harald and Hilde.” And yet thou couldst gain from *each* Norn the whole truth—if thou wouldst think.

“‘It lay in Urdh’s words.

“‘But in thy greed for life thou hast questioned ever further, instead of thinking out what lay in her words.

“‘As are thy wishes, so then shalt thou see what *is*.’

“She struck with one hand on the rock, with the other she span on; and a small opening formed in the rocky wall, barely just as big as a fist; she held her hollowed hand before it, and motioned me to look through.

“My gaze flashed upward, to Midhgardh. There it was night.

“For an instant only I saw and heard how Harald whispered to Hilde: ‘Raginar Haraldson shall our son be named.’

“And then all had vanished, and I saw Frigga sitting on the peak of the Feuersberg, and a tear fall from her eye upon Baldur’s forehead.

“And on the instant this too had vanished. For Verdandi shut her fist; the opening in the rock was closed.

“‘Why art thou so miserly?’ I asked, amazed.

“‘Why art *thou* so foolish? Thou hast asked but after the *appearance*, that becomes and changes every moment.

“‘What thou hast demanded, that thou hast seen—the passing moment.

“‘And yet thou couldst have seen all thou seekest,

“‘For all being standeth in an eternal present;

“‘More than this not all the present can teach.

“‘Hadst thou asked me what really *is*, thou hadst known “All.”

“‘Ask elsewhere further.’

“Two arrows from my quiver I had shot in vain; there they sat before me, those of whom each held the whole truth; and two had already called me foolish, because I had asked foolishly and thought foolishly.

“All my hope—but also all my awe—was now turned on the last of the Norns.

“She drew and attracted me, the wondrously-beautiful; she filled me with prescient awe, the fearfully sublime. Smileless, pitiless, but also void of threat, seemed to me her sphinx-like countenance.

"She spake no word.

"Only she threw back the slab of stone on which the jewel clung as its seal; I gazed greedily into the spring.

"Upon the deep black surface, changing in measured order, was reflected picture after picture.

"There I saw first, O Baldur, my beloved son, that thou—wilt die."

"I felt it," cried Frigga, pressing her son passionately to her breast.

"I knew it. Weep not, mother," whispered Baldur. "Odhin and Thor are left thee."

"But not die!—like a man born of the dust, and sink down into Hel's shadow?" cried Freia, trembling. "It must be impossible that Gods can pass away."

Odhin cast a long look upon her; and all the Gods and Goddesses shared her trembling horror.

Only Frigga did not; nor Baldur; nor Thor any longer, after he had gently whispered to himself: "Shame on thee, son of Odhin."

Long kept Odhin his silence, gazing over them all: "I thought it," he murmured to himself. "They cannot bear it; and I can only tell them the easier half. Who will be strong enough for—the end?"

"For Baldur," he went on aloud, "ye appear—nay, believe yourselves—to tremble. O hapless ones—ye tremble for yourselves!"

"I tremble no longer, father," spoke Thor, and gazed on him calm-eyed. Never had Thor been so nobly beautiful; he was now most like to Odhin, who nodded to his valiant son, and gazed astounded on Baldur's calm features and into Frigga's still firm eyes; and surveying the other Gods and Goddesses with a faint tinge of pity, he began:

"Well, tremble awhile! It will not hurt you. Often enough have ye mocked at men when death-terrors shook them, feeling yourselves safe for ever in Asgardh's halls, eternal as ye imagine."

Then, as at these words all the Goddesses and many a God blanched with fear, he went on: "Nay, but do not despair!

"I have surely what will comfort ye! Without the salve, that *ye* need to bear the pain of the wound, never would I have stricken ye, after what I saw in ye.

"Thus—first I saw Baldur die.

"And from that hour, the world grew darker and more evil.

"Slowly grow looser the bonds and links that hold together the fabric of the worlds.

"But—only fear not!—many thousands of years will it last yet!

"But then the destruction grows ever more fierce among men, giants, Ases and Gods.

"Brothers wage war, blood-cousins strike each other; a mad age, a wolf's age, an axe age, a blood age. Friend spares not his friend.

"From avarice the son murders his father; *all* beings—giants, dwarfs, men, elves, and Ases have grown stained with guilt!

"Then I saw snow whirling from all sides; the frost grows great, the sun withdraws his light. Three winters without a summer! All bonds are broken that we had heretofore wisely forged; loose break the Fenris-wolf—and another; a brother's murderer. Sun and moon are swallowed up and the stars fall from heaven as migrating swallows drop wearied into the sea.

"Earth trembles and all mountains, till the roots of all trees are torn loose, and the rocks are hurled hither and thither, till all bonds and fetters are torn and broken.

"And the Midhgardh snake rises from the fathomless depths, from the West, devouring the earth, spewing poison till air and sea are full of pestilence."

"Let it come!" cried Thor, raising his hammer.

"But from the East comes sailing Naglfar, the Ship of the Dead, that is all built of the finger-nails of dead men; for so ruthless have men become in the long ages that the holiest, most sacred duty—to deck and bury, well washed and cleansed, the corpse—not even the son performs for his dead father, nor the daughter for her mother."

Then Baldur sighed: "That hurts more bitterly than Loki's spear."

"From the North comes the Fenris-wolf, leading the ice and frost giants; having broken the invisible net cast over him by the God of Law.

"From the South come riding the sons of the fire: Loki and Surtur in their van, before and behind them naught but glowing fire; and their weapons melt not, for Loki has forged them.

"Then the World-Ash, grown rotten, bursts into bright, blazing flames; from the midst it burns down to the roots, to Hel, the underworld; then for the first time it grows light, bright light in Hel, so that the elves of darkness are blinded, and, blindly rushing into fire, are consumed.

"And upwards to storm Walhalla rush giants and flames, and all the powers of destruction. The vault of Heaven bursts in twain; the rainbow bridge springs in twain as they ride over it, bursting into flame.

"And thou, my son Heimdall, its watchful keeper, thou soundest thy mighty horn for the last time of all, summoning all Gods and Valkyries, elves of light, and the host of Heroes.

"On the plain of Walhalla we take our stand, and clad in all our weapons hurl ourselves on the foe.

"And I saw a struggle such as I never saw—only dreamed of oft—the last, the most fearful of all.

"One by one champions, Heroes and Gods fall and perish in destroying their foes. At last only Thor, my son, and I myself are left on our side; and of our enemies but two also; all other beings the flames have consumed.

"Then against us there come the two: the Fenris-wolf and Loki there.

"To shield thy father, thou rushest against the wolf, but nine steps only canst thou take—and then fallest dead.

"Over thy corpse springs the wolf at me; I thrust my spear into his throat, and he expires.

"Then from behind, in the neck, there strikes me a knife of stone; for the son dared not to look his father in the face; I turn and through his flaming shield home into Loki's heart I thrust my spear—my life's last work."

Loki thereon cried aloud proudly: "I slay the highest and fall by him; as second highest boast I myself."

"Then dying I sink upon thy breast, Frigga, my wife; and I but see more how all is consumed in flaming heat."

And Odhin drew a deep breath and was silent.

"And rightly so," spake solemnly Forseti, God of Justice; "for anon thou didst say that all had grown guilty."

"Oh, father, father, by thine own life I adjure thee," cried Freia, wringing her hands. "Only do not stop now—we wait!"

"So," said the God, smiling sadly, "ye wait? When all this I had seen in the Norn's spring, I sank shaken on one knee, closed my weary eye and leant my head on the margin of the spring. For I had seen *all* perish; and All-Father am I named."

"What matter the others?" rang the cry from the ranks of the Gods. "What matter men, or elves? But *we*—we cannot die for ever!"

Again Odhin gazed enquiringly upon them: "And why not?"

"What!" screamed Freia, "die—like miserable men?"

But Loki laughed a loud shrill laugh.

And as Odhin still kept silence, cries, reproaches, complaints resounded from all sides.

"And that is to be the end? And thus must all perish? Impossible!"

Only Baldur kept silence, and Frigga and Thor.

But Odhin spoke slowly: "But think! For thousands on thousands of years ye shall live on. Till Naglfar, the ship built of finger-nails——"

"That is all the same, all the same."

"Then naught can give pleasure, pleasure, neither hunting," cried Fro.

"Nor song," cried Bragi.

"What, Bragi, thou, too? And yet thou shouldst know that the song which charms the singer, though none else hear, in itself suffices. Dost thou sing for praise' sake, or for thyself, because thou art self-compelled?"

"Nay," cried Freia in despair, "Bragi is right, and we all. That is unbearable! If some time I must cease for ever, then I seek death *at once*. Why in endless fear of death, yet drag the years along? Woe, woe!"

And she tore her hair.

"And woe," she cried again, springing up, "woe upon thine accursed wisdom! Oh, hadst thou but left us the illusion that made us blessed, the dream that we lived for ever!"

"Woe, woe, woe!" resounded from the circle of the Gods.

Odhin, wrapping himself in his dark mantle, crossed his arms over his mighty breast, gazing long and proudly down on those who bewailed their lot, losing all self-command.

At last he spoke: "Ill have ye borne the trial. Shame upon ye! So then hear further."

"Ah!" ran a long-drawn sigh of relief through his hearers.

"Hear then further: the Norn, who meanwhile had spoken no word to me, lightly touched my head. I opened my eye; and lo! the huge field of the world-battle and its fiery end had vanished.

"I saw yet again the earth arise from the abyss and grow green, lovely to look upon, and the corn grew unsown.

"The all-flooding flames had sunk; a new heaven arose over the earth, and, more blissful than before, a new Walhalla."

"Oh, thanks, thanks, Light and Life," cried Goddesses and Gods. But Loki curled his lips sarcastically. And Baldur, Frigga and Thor kept silence.

"I saw a hall brighter than Asgardh was; a new sun trod the world's ways. Also two men, 'Life' and 'Life's courage,' had saved themselves. Morning dew was all their innocent food; from them sprang a new race."

"Ah! don't talk of men. Didst thou not see me, little father, and Freir?" urged Freia.

"I saw thee, lovely daughter, and far more lovely yet than now; and Freir held thee in his arms."

And thus asked in turn and together the other Gods and Goddesses. And Odhin spoke:

"Yes, yes, I saw ye all, all. Now are ye satisfied?"

"But me," asked Loki darkly, "me thou hast not seen, I hope?"

"No. For evil has vanished in that world. Baldur comes again, unaltered, and Nanna. We others, whom sin had stained, we too return, the same—yet other; for the flames of world-conflagration have burnt out the stains. But Loki and the giants are consumed and leave no trace. Ida-field, the field of renewal, has taken Asgardh's place."

"I knew it," cried Freia; "all had to come right at last."

"Yes, all comes right—at last. But now go all ye others and prepare for Baldur his funeral pile."

And Odhin sent them away, all save Thor and Frigga, commanding that the fettered Loki should be led to the Cave of Horror, and there kept bound till his hour should strike.

Then when all was still on the mountain-peak, Baldur spoke: "Father, are they gone?"

"All save thy mother and Thor."

"Good. Father, before thou drawest out the spear from my side, tell to us three—the end."

"My son, what meanest thou?"

"Father, Thor and I, we are thy blood; the mother is thine equal, thy wife; to us thou canst dare to say *all*; *we* can bear it.

"Oh, father, thou sparedst the others, *us* thou needst not spare. How spake the first of the Norns? 'All that becomes must perish.' Ida-field and the renewed Gods, they too *became*, they *cannot* be eternal, they, too, must vanish and disappear."

Then Odhin let fall his spear to earth, knelt by his son and cried: "Oh, my son, and thou so near to death, *thou* wouldst hear further? Thou hast the courage to gaze through and beyond that happy picture of comfort?"

"Father, I am thy son. Give to me the whole truth ere I die. I can bear it."

"And I." "And I."

And Frigga and Thor clasped Odhin's two hands.

"Well for ye and me; yes, that is Heroes' kind. And well for me; not with despair must I repay ye; I *have* consolation to comfort *Heroes*. Nor did I deceive the others. What I said, that I saw."

"But thou sawest yet more," spake Baldur.

"They desired to hear no more than that they lived again.

"They could not bear to hear the end, therefore I kept silence upon it.

"After I had gazed long upon the new Ida-field—like thee, Baldur, I could not but think of the words of the first of the Norns—lo! that picture too faded, after it had lasted long, very long.

"The new Heavens, the new Sun, the new Earth, all disappeared, darkling, dissolved in mist.

"And all that had lived thereon, they all, and ye and I,

"Not this time in battle and in flame, but in gruesome night—and decay.

"Ice, fearful cold, night, night without a gleam; and, above all, the most terrible, most awesome stillness, repose; not one quiver more in all the immensity of space.

"I heard my heart beating mightily with terror; but that was the only thing I heard; Night, Ice, Silence, the repose of Death.

"Horror seized me; I strained my eye to bursting, in vain; I saw—nothing! Nought but Night and Silence; Eternal Death!

"I dragged myself up on my knees; I turned my gaze from the terrible spring. To the stern Norn I raised my arms beseeching: 'Speak,' I prayed, 'O thou awful one! Say, was that the End? Oh, only not *that!* Madness seizes me. What is the End? Annihilation? Nothingness?'"

"Silently she pointed commandingly to the spring. Once more I gathered myself up, bent over the spring and gazed and gazed till my eye burnt with pain; all remained changeless.

"'Nothingness!' I shrieked. 'That is despair. Never will I rise from this spot! Never return to the light to make known this horror! Here will I lie and die!'"

"And as I lay bent over the spring my senses fled.

"'Thou fool!' was the last thing I heard.

"It came from the lips of the three Norns at once.

* * * * *

"How long I lay thus, unconscious, I know not. But it was long indeed. For my arm which hung loosely down had grown entirely stiff.

"At last, at last it seemed to me as if a ray of light pierced through the lashes of my closed eye; only from the depth could it come; my eye flew open, and—

"Gone was the night, the emptiness, the calm; farther than sight could reach was light, immeasurable fulness, endless life. In ever widening circles, endless in number, I saw an infinity of growing worlds, just as in Urdh's shield I had seen an infinity of worlds past and gone.

"No Gods, no men, no elves or giants, no trees or plants, such as we are or know; but *other* beings, innumerable varied, different from us and from all that we know, and yet like to us and what we know.

"And if one was extinguished, ten others flamed forth in its stead.

"Enchanted, inspired, I sprang to my feet. 'Blessed be Fate,' I cried. 'Blessed the Unspeakable! The End is Infinity; End there is none. One only is Eternal—the All.'

"Then the Norns raised a solemn chant; it was the grandest and holiest I ever heard.

"'It never became.'

"'It *is*.'

"'It never will perish.'

"'Thou knewedst it not.'

"'Thou knowest it now.'

"'Ne'er wilt thou think to its end.'

"'Already I told it thee; not understoodst thou.'

"'In me 'tis e'er present.'

"'And endless in me it groweth before thee.'

"Then within me all grew peaceful, solemn, blessed. Verdandi

raised her hand; the whole vault that weighs on Nornenheim grew transparent as a mirror of clear water; I saw that it was night above on earth; but more beautiful than ever before I saw above the earth the stars all shining in the heavens.

* * * * *

“Eternal is only the All.

“For only what is One is eternal.

“And One is the All alone.

“Beginningless, endless.

“All that is separate dies; e'en separate Ases, Gods and Spirits; for a separate one is even the individual God.

“Earths grow frozen, Stars fall, Suns vanish away, with the Beings that on them arose.

“But endless, ceaseless, never exhausted in changing changes, works and weaves the All.

“Not the Night and the Nothingness; eternal is only the Light and the Life and the warm blissful motion.

“From rended fragments of broken Worlds, anew from the mist of sunken Suns, other Worlds are builded and formed by the mighty Law of the Eternal All;

“Fate, as we fearingly name it,

“But no Maker has sent it or shaped it.

“Older it is than the Ages, mightier far than all Gods! .

“It is one with the All; for the All is in It, and It is alone in the All.

“The All itself would decay, were't not upheld by the Law.

“Dead itself were the Law, did it not *live* in the All.

“All-Father no longer I name me, but humbly in awe, the *Son* of the ALL.”

B. K.

Justice.

Do justice. Justice being destroyed will destroy; being preserved will preserve. Beware, lest justice being overthrown, overthrow thee and us all.—*Laws of Manu.*

DO justice! Aye, but what *is* justice? What mortal dare lay down the statutes of the Great Law; what human eye can scan the whole chain of causation that links an event back with the infinite past and forward with the infinite future? Do justice! Yes, but what of mercy, what of compassion? Is there no higher thing than justice? Is cold un pitying justice the only hope that the future has to offer us? Let us see whether these questions can be at all answered.

What then *is* justice? Who shall say? Who can express in words what no man knows though it orders every atom of his being and

encompasses him at every moment of time? Say that it is the Great Law, and yet what *is* law? Say that it is the very essence of divinity, the one divine thing back of all things, and yet we feel that silence were more becoming than the confession of our ignorance of That which we all have in fullest measure and yet know it not.

There is an unerring justice that adjusts all things; the effect inevitably follows the cause as the cart-wheel the heel of the ox. All things, from the most minute atom to the vastest universe, are subject to this Great Law; naught is too trivial or too vast to escape the all-seeing eye of the Universal Presence.

Do justice! Act with the Law, selflessly, without desire, without predilection. The Law does not regard this man or that, and turn from the rest, does not even regard man and neglect the brute; it neglects no being and no thing. To act with the Law requires the entire renunciation of all attachment or desire, and then there is no personal action, for it is the Law itself which acts through him who thus renounces.

No mortal is just, for were he just he would be more than mortal. Human justice is seldom based even upon the evidence of one short life. Divine Justice alone embraces the cycles and æons of eternities.

Man has one privilege alone, it is to refrain from opposing his ignorance to the wisdom of the Law. In ignorance he judges, to time he confines his gaze. The Law judges in wisdom and embraces eternity in its all-seeing sight. And yet we all continue to judge our fellows, most of us spending our time in condemnation, little recking that we in reality but condemn ourselves. It is because of this perverted judgment, this uneven-handed abortion of human creation that ever tilts the scales to condemnation, that men so little perceive the real justice of things and so are rendered desperate of their kind and become blasphemers of the Law. This cry of the human soul for justice reminds one of the lines of Kyd:

What wouldst thou have, fellow?
 Justice, madam.
 Oh, ambitious beggar, wouldst thou have that
 That lives not in the world?
 Why, all the undelved mines cannot buy
 An ounce of justice, 'tis a jewel so inestimable.
 I tell thee, God hath engross'd all justice in His hands,
 And there is none but what comes from Him.

But what of mercy? Are we to be met on all sides by cold unbending justice? Are we to be condemned for every fault; is there no merciful Being who is as tender as a father to his children and ever forgives us in his unwearying loving-kindness? Such questions seem to me to arise from a very limited view. The Law is merciful in that it is just. It is just in the very fact that it is compassionate. For it is that which is indeed in the hearts of all beings, their very Self. It is

the very soul of love for all that lives and breathes. It ever adjusts in the interests of *all*, so that worse may not follow. And what greater mercy can there be? What men call mercy is but too often a mere cloak for partiality and injustice. The Law looks on all with equal eye. With It there is no question of *mine* and *thine*. For It there is no *my* child, or *my* father, *my* friend or *my* enemy. All are equal in its eyes. Charity and love are its very self. But *this* charity and *this* love are not the blurred copies thereof that man in his artificiality unskillfully fashions. And therefore, to my mind, Ruskin is partly wrong and partly right when penning the lines:

The one divine work—the one ordered sacrifice—is to do justice; and it is the last we are ever inclined to do. Anything rather than that! As much charity as you choose but no justice. “Nay,” you will say, “charity is greater than justice.” Yes, it is greater; it is the summit of justice—it is the temple of which justice is the foundation. But you can't have the top without the bottom; you cannot build upon charity. You must build upon justice, for this main reason, that you have not at first charity to build with. It is the last reward of good work. Do justice to your brother (you can do that, whether you love him or not), and you will come to love him. But do injustice to him, because you don't love him, and you will come to hate him. It is all very fine to think you can build upon charity to begin with; but you will find all you have got to begin with begins at home, and is essentially love of yourself.

This is true enough if by justice and charity we mean such as are generally known to men, but these are not true justice and charity, which are in reality one and cannot be separated. For my part I cannot see how there can be justice without compassion. Is justice to be confined to a mental judgment, that is to say a decision of the head alone, as Ruskin would seem to suggest? Surely this would be confining it to a narrower area than the true nature of man covers? The real mind of man functions more through the heart than the head, and that is where compassion comes in. Compassion functions through the divinest centre in man. And when we speak of the heart, we should not confine this to the physical organ, but to the real centre of our being, there where is the spiritual sun of man's divine nature. That sun which is one for all; the root of that true brotherhood which is our ideal. It is because of this that we are all linked together, because of this that whatever one does concerns all the rest, reacts on all. The Sacred Heart of humanity is the true seed of Buddhahood and Christship. In it alone is wisdom to be found. The head gives knowledge, the heart alone gives wisdom. Surely there is nothing cold in such compassion? Who will say that the mother is cold because she does not indulge every whim of the child, when in her great wise love she checks its desires, so that in the future time greater sorrow may not come nigh it, which would be the case if the seeds of desire were allowed to take root in the young soil of its nature. Thus, too, acts the Great Law, only instead of loving one

child, it embraces all and everything in its great compassion, and adjusts not for one short life or even a series of lives, but for cycles of æons, and æons of eternities.

The Law adjusts that all may at last be one, all be at peace, all know that unity and peace are the sole blessedness. This it effects by breaking up the moulds, by preventing crystallization, by removing difference wherever found, for where there is difference there one sees other than the Self. Thus the Law breaks up our several bodies, breaks up our moulds of mind, breaks up our limited judgments, breaks us that we may be softened and dissolved, and so rendered pervious to the great Light and Life, and not steeled into limitation and so shut off from the boundless Ocean of Compassion. The contractive force is of matter, the expansive of spirit. The Law adjusts the two when either tends to extremes.

It is because of the essential unity of all things that we are all inextricably united together, and the dawn of the realization of this great truth is the birth of compassion, which is the soul of justice, and without which justice cannot exist. And this is why the wise code of ancient Âryāvarta gives the warning:

“Beware, lest justice being overthrown, overthrow thee and us all.”

G. R. S. MEAD.

The Veil of Maya.

CHAPTER I.

THE LIFTING OF THE VEIL.

THE sun was setting upon East London. The rays of purification were profaned and made the ministers of festering putrefaction. A thousand indescribable odours assailed the nostrils; the airs from heaven seemed to have abandoned the narrow streets, and to have gone a-roaming over gorse-perfumed common and sapphire sea, leaving but foul human breath and poisonous exhalations of dirt, rotten vegetables and stale meat and fish to be drawn into the lungs of the city dwellers.

The children played in the gutter, groups of women chattered, quarrelled and slandered each other at every street corner. Organs jingled and wheezed, girls danced to their music, and screamed, laughed and exchanged immodest and witless pleasantries with the loafing, narrow-chested, pale-faced youths grouped round the swing door of the gin palace; girls and boys possessed of youth's ignorance without its innocence, with moral sense as puny as their ill-developed frames, whose flashes of monkey-like sharpness—as the lightning flash illuminating the depths of a chasm—served but to display the darkness of the gulf of ignorance beneath.

The church of St. Chasuble the Less stood in the street, beside it was the vicarage. The bells were ringing for the sparsely-attended evening service. The vicar issued from the vicarage followed by his daughter. She was a delicate, pale-faced girl, not beautiful, with sensitive nostrils and great eager eyes; her air was listless, and despite the stifling heat she shuddered a little as though with cold. She followed her father up the steps of the dingy church, and entering, sought a pew and fell on her knees; she rested her head on her hands, but her lips were motionless, her eyes unprayerful, they were weary, devoid of the ecstatic light of the devotee.

She knelt while one might count ten, then rising, glanced round the church. One of the district visitors, the pew-opener, and two old women comprised the congregation. The vicar entered the reading-desk; the five women rose. As he began to read, his daughter started and quivered, her face crimsoned, then turned white; she half turned and looked towards the door; no one was entering, but she kept her eyes turned thereon, and maintained her attitude of expectancy.

She stood thus for some three minutes before the baize door at the end of the church swung on its hinges, and another worshipper entered; the girl gave a curious soft sigh, and sat down, her face white, her eyes shining, the drops gathering on her brow.

The new comer was a man, aged, it might be, some thirty years, and in some respects a remarkable looking personage. He was tall, slender, peculiarly supple, and dressed in the garb of the ordinary respectable mechanic; the head was nobly formed, the brow very broad; the thin, clearly-chiselled features presented a singular combination of strength and sweetness; the face was intensely serious; the thick dark brown hair waved; but the eyes were the most striking feature, they were of a clear grey, and very luminous, they were not bright, they did not twinkle—they shone. They gave a singular character to the personality, at once of aloofness and of most intimate proximity; nothing seemed to be nearer than the tender impersonal love of the expression, nothing farther than the singular gravity, wisdom and purity of the regard; and there lay in them yet another quality—that of an imperious yet beneficent will.

The stranger paced slowly and noiselessly up the aisle, and entered one of the pews; there he remained until the close of the service, when he quietly left the church and lingered in the porch. Four members of the congregation departed, greeting him as they passed; the vicar's daughter issued last, and raised her eyes to his face. The man spoke in a clear well-modulated voice.

"How do you do, Miss Tryan? I was hoping to see Mr. Tryan; he has written to me."

"He wants to see you, Mr. Dorian." She hesitated, then said under her breath: "I knew—I felt you coming."

He smiled. "You are very sensitive to magnetic influence."

"Only to yours."

"That is well," said the man, "you are safe from mine." He spoke gently.

"Here is my father," said the girl abruptly.

The vicar issued from the church. "Mr. Dorian, I wrote to you."

"I received your letter."

"Will you return with me? I am most desirous to speak with you."

"Certainly." He turned and followed the vicar up the vicarage steps.

"Vivia, my child, Mr. Dorian will take tea with us. Pray walk in, Mr. Dorian, and sit down."

Dorian entered, and seated himself.

"You will excuse my speaking to you very frankly? I am many years your senior."

Dorian smiled strangely. The vicar looked puzzled. "You will give me the privilege of age?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Mr. Dorian, it is now five years since your name became widely known; at first you were classed by me with other socialistic agitators. I heard of you as a socialist, as a leveller, as an atheist, then as a charlatan, a pretender to magic powers. The wildest reports flew about concerning you. You know of these?"

"Perfectly."

"When it became known that you were, as you are, a man of great intellect, and of learning almost incompatible with your comparative youth, who for some reason do not attempt to grasp the honours and distinctions you might so easily attain—when it became known that you are a man born to exalted rank and great wealth, who have abandoned deliberately both rank and fortune, it was noised abroad that you were a visionary, if not (excuse me) a lunatic; but, Mr. Dorian, I, who have seen your attendance in sacred edifices, I, who have heard you speak in public, who am witness of the numerous well-nigh miraculous cures done by you——"

"Miracles," said Dorian, "do not, and never have, happened."

Mr. Tryan frowned, and proceeded.

"I, who can bear witness to your learning and your influence over your fellow-men, even the most depraved, who have heard the mingled sense and purity of your ethical teachings, cannot think that you are an atheist, a maniac, nor actuated by selfish motives; therefore I entreat you to preach no more strange doctrines, and to become the undoubted power for good that you might be, if you would support the authority of the Church."

"Of the Church universal, or the priesthood?"

"The authority of the priest is the authority of the Church."

"Mr. Tryan," said Dorian with excessive gentleness, "you have been frank, and I will be equally so with you. If I preach a doctrine strange in your opinion, then is the doctrine of Jesus of Nazareth strange in the ears of his priests."

"Mr. Dorian!"

"I do not mean to be offensive: The sacerdotal authority of the Church over such as these is simply *nil*, because they are at once blankly ignorant and densely materialistic. They are too material to be superstitious; too ignorant to be spiritual. The mysteries of your religion cannot hold the people—and that there are mysteries I do not doubt, there are mysteries in physical science, why not in the science of the soul? In both spheres the truth must be wrested from nature by experts, but you, while professing priestly authority, profess no greater comprehension of these mysteries of faith than can be arrived at by the unlearned. Therein I differ from you; deep spiritual mysteries should have their key; the founder of every faith has furnished such a one to those capable of using it; but the hewers of wood and drawers of water too often have not only the spiritual perception, but even the intellect undeveloped, and atrophied for want of use."

"You amaze me! This from you! I thought you to be a believer in equality—in the brotherhood of man."

"I think equality to be desirable, if all minds could rise to the highest state possible and dwell thereon side by side. I believe in social equality, in intellectual and moral equality where it is possible. I indubitably believe in the brotherhood of man, but I know that we are all of us in different stages of evolution. But if I do not believe that profound mysteries of nature can be grasped either in the domain of physical or spiritual science, without the lengthy training necessary for proficiency, I believe that from every religious system, however intricate and metaphysical, may be gathered a code of ethics difficult to follow, but easily 'understood of the people.' I have abandoned riches, station and advancement, because thereby I can teach practically what your Leader the Nazarene preached—'He who loseth his life shall find it.' No one can safely possess who is not absolutely ready to renounce. There is nothing real in life save that which pertains to the world of morals; power, riches, fame and intellect—these are illusion, because that which finds its exposition in matter is, must be, transitory and liable to annihilation in that particular form."

"Yet you have gained great learning?"

"I have gained, as you say, learning; and when I learned to esteem it lightly, then, and not till then, did I apply it as alone it can be applied—worthily, for the good of others, and not for self-exaltation. But it has taken me many years to learn."

Mr. Tryan laughed.

"Many years, Mr. Dorian!" said he; "at sixty you will find life short enough to look back upon; and you cannot be more than thirty."

Dorian bent his strange eyes upon the vicar; he looked long and earnestly at him.

"No," he said in a peculiar tone, "I—Ion Dorian—am not more than thirty, that is my age."

Mr. Tryan was impressed by the peculiarity of his manner.

"Since you grant spiritual mysteries and priestly authority——"

"Pardon me, I grant undoubted authority only to *those who know*."

"I do not comprehend you."

"You cannot unravel the mysteries of life and death for your people; for the mass of them it is not necessary. But why not practically teach the simple truth that the sea is made of many drops yet is one ocean. Christ taught the unity of man, and that the kingdom is within, not without; not acceptance of certain dogmas, but a moral state. Why preach one doctrine, and live, for the most part, another? I preach that it is of infinitesimal importance what happens to a man; it is of infinite importance what he is and what are his actions and thoughts as regards other people. I urge, 'Go, and sin no more,' but look sooner to thrust your hand in flame and not be burnt than to escape the consequences of action; you may learn to defy flame, but never to undo the past."

"You do not preach forgiveness of sins?"

"Never; because I know it to be untrue. The law is inviolable; there is expiation of sins, there is no forgiveness. No! life is a school in which we set our own tasks. One day we set them; after many days we learn them; never, never do we shirk them. They must be learnt and laid to heart."

"I do not understand you."

"I did not think you would, nevertheless, the day will come, when you, standing where I stand now, will comprehend."

"You are inexplicable. Your doctrine sounds stern; your life is a fount of compassion. Your greatest enemies—and you have many—confess that you spend your strength like water for the people."

"To that end was I born," said Dorian, rising.

"Stay, will you not? We are going to have tea."

Dorian assented. He lingered and talked of many things. He was a brilliant conversationalist, and was apparently conversant with every topic, every mode of thought, literature in every form, life in every quarter of the globe, music, painting, sculpture, architecture—there was no art nor science of which he was ignorant.

Mr. Tryan stared aghast at his guest's range of knowledge. "Such learning as yours," he exclaimed, "in any one department would take most men an entire lifetime to acquire."

Dorian was about to reply, when Mr. Tryan was summoned in haste to baptize a sick child, and departed hurriedly.

Dorian turned to Vivia Tryan. "Mr. Tryan requires more rest," he said; "he is overworked."

"Overworked? yes; but you are always at work. I thought you considered rest to be unnecessary."

Dorian laughed slightly. "Not so, Miss Tryan. For myself, I require little rest; but Mr. Tryan is differently placed, and has not my methods of recuperation."

Vivia's eyes dilated. "You are so strange. You puzzle me. You almost frighten me."

"Do I? You, too, require rest and change, Miss Tryan; you are too highly strung."

"Rest! change!" cried the girl bitterly. "Rest! I rest too much. Change! yes, indeed! I would hail any change from this—this hideous life."

The luminous eyes grew sadder and more compassionate; he bent them on her in silence.

"How can you stay here?" cried the girl; "you who have evidently travelled and know the world and the beauty and sweetness of life, how do you stay in this narrow world, among these ugly sordid lives? Every day I long to be free, every night I dream that I am free and wake to find myself fettered still. But you have tasted——"

"Every form of illusion? True!"

"I do not know what you mean. Why are our lots so unequally distributed? Why? If you are wise, tell me that."

"And if I told you," said Dorian, "you would not believe me."

"You could not tell me."

"Said I not well? You would not believe me."

She faltered, then raised her beautiful but unhealthy looking eyes to his face. "I am sick, body and soul," she said. "Heal me. You minister to the poor, you heal their bodies, they say. Can you not minister to a mind diseased?"

Dorian mused. "It might be well," he said slowly to himself; then to her, "Miss Tryan, you are very sensitive to external influences, very receptive. Do not encourage that tendency; if every influence were good, it might be well; but as it is—no!"

She flushed. "I am sensitive to but one influence," she whispered.

"And that is mine?"

She hesitated, then with a cry she fell at his feet, with the words of the lily maid on her lips. "I have gone mad. I love you. Let me die!"

Dorian stooped; he took her hands and raised her. She shuddered and was still.

"Vivia, my child," he said, his voice thrilling with a new tone, so

strange, so pitiful, so devoid of human passion, that a look of awe stole into the girl's eyes, "I knew of this, and waited the hour when I might speak to you. This is not, as you believe, a shame to you. This is not the first time we have met, Vivia, not the first time you have loved me. Once there was a time when I loved as you love now. That is past. Look at me, child. The love of woman is not for me. Do you remember that we have met before?"

"I felt it once—but when?"

"You felt it, and were puzzled. I knew it, and was not under any delusion in the matter. Your feet and mine are set on a path, Vivia; but for me the goal has been sooner than for you. I attained all lower wisdom long ago; I have had much experience, and of late my feet have flown swiftly, while you rested through the centuries. Child, you shall see the path which I have trod; if you trace your own share in it—well! At least, tracing mine, you shall have your question answered, why our lots are so unequal, why I am contented in this life, why I am here at all. You shall know, and perhaps the knowledge may strengthen you when I am parted from you—for the end is at hand."

"The end?"

"The end. I go. It may be, Vivia, I shall come again. It may be that on the wheeling cycle of life we shall yet meet."

She stood as one fascinated. He laid his hand on her brow, and she shivered slightly; he laid his hand on her eyes, and his own shone with a brilliant light.

"See!" he said, "this night and each recurring night thou shalt see in sleep; the eyes of thy spirit shall be opened, the veil shall be lifted for thee, O sister! Thine eyes shall discern the path, the devious ways unto life eternal."

He lifted his hand from her eyes, and was gone. The girl stood as in a dream. What had he said to her? Try as she would she could not recall the words. In sleep! Something was to be vouchsafed to her in sleep.

As she laid her head upon her pillow that night, it flashed upon her—the path by which Dorian had trod, the scenes of his life. Scarcely had she recalled the promise when a heavy sleep fell upon her, and the promise was fulfilled. A woman's figure seemed to stand beside her, with a veiled face and holding a scroll.

"Arise!" she said, "I am the Genius of the World's Soul. Rise! I bring thee the book of the pathway of all souls; turn thou to the page whereon is inscribed for ever the record of the lives of the soul thou followest. Behold the passing through of Ion Dorian. Read! For all things change save the Changeless One, the Ineffable Name; yet the record is eternal, and that which is written in the Book of Life irrevocable. Read!"

And Vivia Tryan read.

CHAPTER II.

THE BEAST.

HIGH on the mountain summit, in the "grey beginning" of worlds, sat a man, grey-headed, yet vigorous. A robe of some strange, glistening material wrapped his form. He was broad-browed, a grizzled beard swept his chest, his eyes were keen and piercing. He sat at the mouth of a cavern, beside a stream that gurgled and plashed through the moss.

The brow of the wizard was knitted with thought; his eyes wandered ever and anon to a sleeping form, apparently the object of his meditations. The form was that of a beast, a young panther; it lay upon the moss at the feet of the magician. Within the cave were to be seen crucibles and appliances of the chemist, from the roof hung a lamp burning with a white steady flame. Since first the sorcerer kindled the flame it had burnt on; the storms that swept the mountain side were hushed at the mouth of the cave where burnt the lamp, no winds of heaven could extinguish that quenchless flame. The wizard rose and passed his hand over the glossy flank of the sleeping beast.

"Baffled by this one problem," he muttered. "Lo! I have conquered nature, and hold the spirits of the elements at the power of my will. I can bind and loose, I can heal and slay, yet of this thing I cannot learn. The greed of power, the desire of gold, the love that springs of the desire of the lower soul—these things I know. I can draw all men and every beast of the field by my will, and make them my slaves. I can repel at will. I work upon them at my pleasure. To gain power I have renounced the lust of the flesh, the desire of the eyes. Am I to be baffled ever by this mystery of love sacrifice? What drew this beast unto me, taming her wilder nature? I drew her not, nor can I repel her, and unto me she beareth her prey, and layeth it at my feet, forbearing to tear it, though she be hungry. Now in her fleshly brain may dwell this secret. I have marked well that in lower organisms the weakness dwelleth most; for I, who am as a god"—he raised his head in pride—"love not, nor do I pity, nor swerve on my upward path for any man. Wisdom is mine, and power and knowledge; lord of man and beast am I. Truly the soul of this beast yearneth upwards, she desireth humanity and knowledge. Now will I learn how her physical brain is moved by the hungering of the soul. But the brain must live. By my will I will bind this thing that loveth and seeketh me. She shall be conscious yet powerless before me, and I will probe the living brain with steel, and watch the anguish of the soul making to writhe the fleshly brain, for, because the beast loves me, pain at my hand will be more grievous, and mayhap I may learn what portion of the earthly frame be moved by love; so by my spells and

potions I can touch that function of the brain, and bridle purest love as I can bridle lust, intellect and will, in these lower men than I, who seek my wisdom."

He stood erect and stirred the sleeping beast with his foot, and she awoke and licked his hand.

He bent his piercing eyes upon her; she crouched, and her eyes shone with love and yearning, and the sleeping soul in the beast woke and longed for higher life; but in the sorcerer's eyes love was quenched by greed of power.

He waved his hand to and fro, rhythmically to and fro before her eyes, and they grew set and dim; he passed his hand over her limbs, and she lay conscious, but motionless. Then he rose and set his hand to the steel and mangled the living helpless beast; and the blood of the creature mingled with the stream, and her voice was dumb, and her eyes a prayer; and from the forest went up a rustle and a sob, because nature suffered with her child, and all the woodland mourned and shuddered at the stain of blood.

And the wise man grew impatient because the quivering brain would only yield him the testimony of pain, and not the knowledge of the cause of aught that he sought to learn of; and because spirit would not answer to steel, nor to intellect, nor to the lower wisdom, he waxed wroth, and mangled the beast in very wantonness; and from the forest went up a great cry unto the stars, and the beast licked the cruel hand that slew, and its soul flitted out into the mystic light which is the soul of the earth; the dead form of the creature lay by the stream, and on the sorcerer's glistening robe was a crimson stain.

Then the white light of the lamp burnt red, and leaped and quivered and was extinguished. And a voice pealed down from the mountain summit and spake:

"Because thou hast lent thy learning unto devilish arts, art thou accursed, O Man! Behold thine hour hath struck and thy soul descendeth; it shall rise again and tread the path to wisdom, through base matter it shall tread. And thy desire shall be unto the soul of the beast; thou comest again in weakness, and the beast shall be thy lord. Thou shalt either hang upon the creature thou hast slain, with fruitless love, or between thee and the love of another shall fall the shadow of the beast. Again and again shalt thou come in weakness and sorrow, and the powers thou didst rule shall rule thee. Thou and this beast shall tread the path, and the last shall be first, and it shall attain before thee, and in the illusions of sense shalt thou dwell until thou hast learnt of the divine Trinity which alone is real. Love, Purity, Compassion—these are the higher wisdom; these must thou attain, and attaining desire them not for thine own glory; wherefore the handmaid of Wisdom is named Self-Sacrifice."

The voice ceased, the sorcerer fell on his face, a mighty spasm

shook the hill-side, and the toppling crags descending, buried sage and beast beneath the mass of grey piled granite.

The sleeper woke in the hot London dawn; the mountain had been re-swallowed in the light which had revealed it to her illuminated sight; the scroll held by the veiled figure had vanished, but the memory of it abode with her through the day until the hour when she, with trembling expectancy, laid her limbs upon her narrow bed, and awaited the second vision.

CHAPTER III.

ROUAC THE KING.

THE flickering gleam of a fire lighted the glade of a pre-historic forest—a mighty forest of giant trees growing upon the banks where now rolls the Missouri. The firelight shone upon a strange scene, for this was the age when there were “giants upon the earth.” Huge forms passed to and fro in the glow of the light—stately women clad in skins of beasts, gigantic men armed with bows, arrows, and flint weapons.

It seemed to be some rejoicing as in honour of a conqueror; a feast was toward. In the strongest glow of the torchlight wrestled two nude savages; it was a trial of strength in friendly wise; men and women clustered round watching the wrestlers. The group formed a semi-circle round the mouth of a cave; in the mouth sat the returned conqueror, surrounded by his warriors and two or three women. The captives of his raid, bound cruelly hand and foot, cowered without the circle.

The conqueror was a giant among giants, a huge savage, with vast arms and prodigious muscles; he was heavily bearded, his features were moulded coarsely, yet with power, his eyes were brilliant and restless; he lay—with a curious suppleness at variance with his enormous proportions and solidity—upon a pile of animal hides.

His warriors watched the combatants with interest, but their leader paid them little attention; he stared at the glimmer of the fire, and it was only when the victor flung his adversary senseless that he brought his great hands together with a sonorous clap of approval; then he lifted up a deep, hoarse voice, and demanded food for himself and his warriors.

The women ran forward and served the men, waiting upon them humbly till they should have eaten their fill. Some half dozen vied in attention to the leader, hanging about him and offering him choice morsels. He accepted their attentions with lazy complacency, offering no thanks, and suffering them to wait upon him as they would.

The group parted; from the cavern's mouth issued a tall girl; she was naked save for a deer-skin skirt, rudely shaped, and a garland of scarlet flowers hanging round her neck and nearly to her waist; her

form was exquisite, and her face possessed of greater harmony than those of the other women, save that of one of the bound captives, towards whom the big savage cast occasional approving glances, though he made no effort to release her from the cruelly drawn bands.

The newcomer's eyes sought the leader, and gleamed savagely. A girl knelt before him, offering him a rudely-formed cup; the giant took it, and having drunk his fill, laid one huge arm round the girl's neck in a rough caress. The woman sprang forward, she seized the kneeling girl by the hair, flung her violently to the ground, and sank in an attitude of supreme humility at the feet of the man. He stared, and laughed hoarsely.

"Is it thou, Cestris?" said he. "Well thrown, my girl! Drink thou of thy lord's cup. Thou hast a devil in thee, woman; well mayst thou bear heroes."

"I am my lord's, and my desire is unto him," whispered the woman. "Surely my lord's favour is drink unto his servant, and the light of his eyes as meat." As she spoke she directed a savage glance towards the half-stunned girl.

"Drink!" said the giant. "Thou art the favoured of thy lord, Cestris; thou shalt serve him at meat."

"Now if I find favour in my lord's sight, will he give his servant a boon?"

"Thou shalt have thy boon, by the Great Fire, I swear."

"Slay me yonder woman," whispered Cestris, "lest with her sorcery she win my lord's favour from Cestris."

"Wouldst have the life of Kala. She but served me with a cup; it is her duty."

"Yet slay me her; surely my lord hath sworn?"

"Thou art possessed by a devil of the woods; truly I have a mind to slay thee, and take Kala to wife; she is gentler than thou."

"Lord of my life, be it unto Cestris according to thy will; yet Kala loves thee not—she loves Alys, thy chief warrior."

"Then let Alys take her, and be thou at peace."

"Nay, slay!"

"Woman," said the leader, "thy sex is altogether given unto devils. For me, I too love slaughter in the press and din, when the heart leaps, and something within clamours, Kill! Kill! and the hot blood steams from the trampled ground, and the battle reels in a mist from the pure joy to slay; yet I take no delight to kill one weakling such as Kala. Let her live."

"My lord hath sworn."

"Thy lord shall keep his oath. Take heed lest he after slay thee for his sport. Let Kala die; yet if Alys desire her, he will be wroth. What of that? I hold this people, such as they be. Bid the young men bring Kala hither; it is the word of Rouac, even my word."

The woman rose and flitted to the group of half-nude savages, shouting and laughing together by the fire. There was a pause, then two of the number dragged Kala to the feet of Rouac the leader.

"Girl," said Rouac, "I have sworn unto Cestris to grant her a boon; she craves thy life."

The girl, who was very young, fell on her knees with a shriek.

"As my lord liveth! Spare me! O mighty lord, spare me! Surely I have done no wrong."

"Thou hast done no wrong, O Kala, yet I have sworn. Take the woman beyond the camp, and smite her, that she die."

"Nay, nay, have mercy! Mighty lord, great king, have mercy! I am young, and the light is pleasant. I am innocent. Moreover, thy warrior who served thee in the battle, desireth thy servant to wife; Alys, even the lord of the mighty axe, desireth me for his love."

The ring parted; a man strode into the torch-light before the cave's mouth. He was of gigantic mould, of a height with Rouac.

"The woman speaks truth, O king," he said. "Truly Kala is pleasant in mine eyes. Slay her not, but give her to me. I have served the king in the battle; his enemies before the arm of Alys of the Axe have been as the smoke before the wind."

"Therefore will the king give thee flocks and herds, O Alys," replied Rouac. "And because this woman must die for mine oath's sake, choose thou the fairest of the captive women. Yea! even before the king's choice shall be the choice of Alys. Therefore be content, O warrior, there are fairer than this woman. Ecta, the captive, is comely as the dawn, take her unto thee, and be thou satisfied."

"Nay," said Alys, his face darkening, "for I desire the woman Kala to wife."

"Kala dieth, but Ecta shall be thine; she is as the green corn springing by the fountain, even as the tree of the forest when she putteth forth her leaves in spring."

"I desire Kala," said Alys doggedly. "Is the king bound by a woman's will? Dares not Rouac of the Wolf's Den gainsay the word of Cestris his wife?"

Rouac bounded to his feet with a curse.

"By the Great Fire, O man," he cried, "thou art bold to face me thus. By the spirits of the woods, I will slay this woman with mine own hand, and thee too, if thou settest thy voice against the king's."

"Slay!" retorted the other. "Let it be known among the people. Rouac the king scattereth his enemies as dust, yea, and slayeth his trusted warrior lest the tongue of Cestris chide. The king slayeth, he dareth not spare."

"I will not slay thee," said Rouac. "I have seen thee in the battle; thou art my brother of the Wolf's Den. Let peace be between me and thee, O Alys of the Axe. But for the woman Kala, she shall

surely die, because she hath set anger between brethren. Raise the girl there to her feet, and stand aside from her."

The men obeyed, they lifted the moaning girl, the light gleamed on the savage faces, the half-clad forms of the gigantic race of the Old West.

Rouac raised his arm; he held a spear tipped with flint. Alys flung himself upon the king, the two giants wrestled, the warriors sprang to the help of their leader.

"Stand back," said Rouac hoarsely.

The men wrestled in silence, the savage crew stood round and watched with fierce eyes; now the king, now Alys, had the advantage; finally Rouac, clutching his adversary in his mighty arms, raised him from his feet, and, with an effort that caused every huge muscle to crack, flung Alys from him. The body of the gigantic warrior crashed through the surrounding bushes; he lay stunned, the blood gushing from his nose and mouth. Rouac lifted his arms and laughed.

"Thus be it to every man of ye who setteth his will against the Lord of the Wolf," he said. He caught his spear from the trampled earth, and raising it drove it through the body of Kala; the girl fell sideways on the ground, sobbed thrice, struggled slightly and was dead.

I. P. H.

(To be continued.)

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The Philosophy of the Vedānta.¹

THOUGH the size is very small the importance of this excellent summary and exposition of the Vedāntic Philosophy is very great, coming as it does from one who is deservedly held to be the highest authority on the subject in the West. Dr. Deussen's *Das System des Vedānta* ever since its appearance in 1883, has proved the writer to be a specialist as far, at any rate, as the metaphysics of this, the most enlightened school of Indian philosophy, are concerned.

When we recollect that they are spoken by not only a distinguished Orientalist, but also by one holding the chair of philosophy in one of the universities of a country that easily holds preëminence in metaphysical thought in the West—then the opening words give us to ponder deeply. Dr. Deussen begins his address as follows:

"On my journey through India I have noticed with satisfaction, that in philosophy till now our brothers in the East have maintained a very good tradition, better, perhaps, than the more active but less com-

¹ *On the Philosophy of the Vedānta in its Relations to Occidental Metaphysics*, an address delivered before the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, by Dr. Paul Deussen, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Kiel, Germany. 1893.

templative branches of the great Indo-Âryan family in Europe; where Empirism, Realism, and their natural consequence Materialism, grow from day to day more exuberantly, whilst metaphysics, the very centre and heart of serious philosophy, are supported only by a few, who have learned to brave the spirit of the age. . . .

“This fact may be for poor India in so many misfortunes a great consolation; for the eternal interests are higher than the temporary ones; and the system of the Vedânta, as found in the Upanishads and Vedânta Sûtras and accomplished by Shankara’s commentaries on them—equal in rank to Plato and Kant—is one of the most valuable products of the genius of mankind in his researches of the eternal truth.”

At the outset Dr. Deussen, as every other student, finds the Upanishads “full of the hardest contradictions”—what scripture is not; what scripture can be other than filled with contradiction, inconsistency, and paradox if brought up for judgment before no other bar than that of brain-reason? But there is a solution of the difficulty; not, however, that it was or is peculiar to Shankara. It is the stock-in-trade of every Theosophist in every age. But let us give leave for the Doctor to speak.

“Shankara in these difficulties created by the nature of his materials, in face of so many contradictory doctrines, which he was not allowed to decline and yet could not admit altogether—has found a wonderful way out, which deserves the attention, perhaps the imitation of the Christian dogmatists in their embarrassments. He constructs out of the materials of the Upanishads two systems, one *esoteric, philosophical* (called by him Nirgunâ Vidyâ, sometimes Paramârthikâ Avasthâ) containing the metaphysical truth for the few, rare in all times and countries, who are able to understand it; and another, *exoteric, theological* (Sagunâ Vidyâ, Vyavahârikâ Avasthâ), for the general public, who want images, not abstract truth; worship, not meditation.

The lecturer divides his subject into the four heads (1) Theology, (2) Kosmology, (3) Psychology, (4) Eſchatology—or the doctrines (1) of God or of the philosophical principle, (2) of the world, (3) of the soul, and (4) of the last things, the things after death—and each is separately treated under the exoteric and esoteric aspect. It is with the latter aspect that the theosophical student is mostly concerned, and to that we shall confine our notice.

I.—THEOLOGY.

“Its fundamental tenet is the absolute inaccessibility of God to human thoughts and words:

Yato vâcho nirvartante
Aprâpya manasâ saha.”

[Whence (all) words turn back, failing to reach It with the mind.]¹

¹ All additions in square brackets are ours.—ED.

And again:

Avijñātām vijñātātām
Vijñātāmavijñātātām.

[Undiscerned of those who have discernment, discerned of those who are void of discernment.]

“And the celebrated formula occurring so often in Brihadāranyaka-Upanishad, *Neti! Neti!* viz., whatever attempt you make to know the *Ātman*, whatever description you give of him, I always say: *Na iti, na iti*—It is not so, it is not so! Therefore the wise *Bâhva*, when asked by the King *Vâshkalin* to explain the Brahman, kept silence. And when the king repeated his request again and again, the Rishi broke out into the answer: ‘I tell it you, but you do not understand it; *Shânto ’yam âtmâ*, this *Ātmâ* is silence!’ We know it now by the Kantian philosophy, that the answer of *Bâhva* was correct, we know it, that the very organization of our intellect (which is bound once for ever to its innate forms of intuition, space, time and causality) excludes us from a knowledge of the spaceless, timeless, godly reality for ever and ever. And yet the *Ātman*, the only godly being, is not unattainable to us, is even not far from us, for we have it fully and totally in ourselves as our own metaphysical entity; and here, when returning from the outside and apparent world to the deepest secrets of our own nature, we may come to God, not by knowledge, but by *Anubhava*, by absorption into our own self. There is a great difference between knowledge, in which subject and object are distinct from each other, and *Anubhava*, where subject and object coïncide in the same. He who by *Anubhava* comes to the great intelligence, ‘*Aham Brahma asmi*’ [I am Brahman], obtains a state called by Shankara *Samrâdhanam*, accomplished satisfaction; and indeed, what might he desire, who feels and knows himself as the sum and totality of all existence!”

II.—KOSMOLOGY.

The distinction between esoteric and exoteric is more difficult to trace in this department than in others. Omission would weaken the lucidity of Dr. Deussen’s exposition. We, therefore, quote *in extenso*.

“The *exoteric* kosmology according to the natural but erroneous realism (*Avidyâ*) in which we are born, considers this world as the reality, and can express its entire dependency of Brahman only by the mythical way of a creation of the world by Brahman. So a temporal creation of the world, even as in the Christian documents, is also taught in various and well-known passages of the Upanishads. But such a creation of the material world by an immaterial cause, performed in a certain point of time after an eternity elapsed uselessly [surely ‘uselessly’ is in any case a gratuitous assumption!], is not only against the demands of human reason and natural science, but also against another important doctrine of the Vedânta, which teaches

and must teach (as we shall see hereafter) the 'beginninglessness of the transmigration of souls,' Samsârasya anâditvam. Here the expedient of Shankara is very clever and worthy of imitation. [But surely Shankara did not *invent* this 'expedient,' which is something more dignified than 'clever.'] Instead of the temporary creation once for ever of the Upanishads [?], he teaches that the world in great periods is created and reâbsorbed by Brahman (referring to the misunderstood verse of the Rig Veda: Sûryâchandramasau dhâtâ yathâpûrvamakalpayat [As of old (in former Kalpas) the Lord (Logos) built (akalpayat) the sun and moon (spheres)]; this mutual creation and reâbsorption lasts from eternity, and no creation can be allowed by our system to be a first one, and that for good reasons, as we shall see just now. If we ask: *Why* has God created the world?—the answers to this question are generally very unsatisfactory. For his own glorification? How may we attribute to him so much vanity! For his particular amusement? But he was an eternity without this play-toy! By love of mankind? How may he love a thing before it exists, and how may it be called love, to create millions for misery and eternal pain! The Vedânta has a better answer. The never-ceasing new creation of the world is a *moral necessity* connected with the central and most valuable doctrine of the exoteric Vedânta, *the doctrine of Samsâra*. [This may be the *why* of the present universe, but it is only the *how* of the endless chain of universes, and still the Âtman is 'not this, not this.']

"Man, says Shankara, is like a plant. He grows, flourishes, and at the end he dies; but not totally. For as the plant, when dying, leaves behind it the seed, of which, according to its quality, a new plant grows—so man, when dying, leaves his Karma, the good and bad works of his life, which must be rewarded and punished in another life after this. No life can be the first, for it is the fruit of previous actions, nor the last, for its actions must be expiated in a next following life. So the Samsâra is without beginning and without end, and the new creation of the world after every absorption into Brahman is a *moral necessity*. I need not point out, in particular here in India, the high value of this doctrine of Samsâra as a consolation in the distresses, as a moral agent in the temptations of life—I have to say here only, that the Samsâra, though not the absolute truth, is a mythical representative of a truth which in itself is unattainable to our intellect; mythical is this theory of metempsychosis only in so far as it invests in the forms of space and time what really is spaceless and timeless, and therefore beyond the reach of our understanding. So the Samsâra is just so far from the truth as the Sagunâ Vidyâ is from the Nirgunâ Vidyâ; it is the eternal truth itself, but (since we cannot conceive it otherwise) *the truth in an allegorical form*, adapted to our human understanding. And this is the character of the whole exoteric Vedânta, whilst the esoteric doctrine tries to find out the philosophical, the abso-

lute truth. [And this, we might add, can only be found when man is free from the Samsâra.]

“And so we come to the *esoteric* Vedânta, whose simple doctrine is this, that in reality there is no manifold world, but only Brahman, and that what we consider as the world is a mere illusion (Mâyâ) [rather the magic power or ideation of Brahman] similar to a Mrigatrishnikâ [lit., ‘deer thirst’—mirage], which disappears when we approach it, and is not more to be feared than the rope which we took in the darkness for a serpent. There are, as you see, many similes in the Vedânta to illustrate the illusive character of this world, but the best of them is, perhaps, when Shankara compares our life with a long dream—a man whilst dreaming does not doubt of the reality of the dream, but this reality disappears in the moment of awakening, to give place to a true reality, which we were not aware of whilst dreaming. Life is a dream! This has been the thought of many wise men from Pindar and Sophocles to Shakespeare and Calderon de la Barca, but nobody has better explained this idea than Shankara. And, indeed, the moment when we die may be to nothing so similar as to the awakening from a long and heavy dream; it may be that then heaven and earth are blown away like the nightly phantoms of the dream, and what then may stand before us, or rather in us? Brahman, the eternal reality, which was hidden to us till then by this dream of life! This world is Mâyâ, is illusion, is not the very reality, that is the deepest thought of the esoteric Vedânta, attained not by calculating Tarka but by Anubhava [compare the Platonic *δόξα* and *ἐπιστήμη*], by returning from this variegated world to the deep recesses of our own self (Ātman). Do so, if you can, and you will get aware of a reality very different from empirical reality, a timeless, spaceless, changeless reality, and you will feel and experience that whatever is outside of this only true reality is mere appearance, is Mâyâ, is a dream! This was the way the Indian thinkers went, and by a similar way, shown by Parmenides, Plato came to the same truth, when knowing and teaching that this world is a world of shadows, and that the reality is not in these shadows, but behind them. The accord here of Platonism and Vedântism is wonderful, but both have grasped this great metaphysical truth by intuition; their tenet is true, but they are not able to prove it, and in so far they are defective. And here a great light and assistance to the Indian and the Grecian thinker comes from the philosophy of Kant, who went quite another way, not the Vedântic and Platonic way of intuition, but the way of abstract reasoning and scientific proof. The great work of Kant is an analysis of human mind, not in the superficial way of Locke, but getting to the very bottom of it. [We wonder whether Kant would have made such a stupendous claim for himself!] And in so doing, Kant found, to the surprise of the world and of himself, that three essential elements of this outside world, viz., *space*,

time, and *causality*, are not, as we naturally believe, eternal fundamentals of an objective reality, but merely subjective, innate, intuitive forms of our own intellect. This has been proved by Kant and by his great disciple Schopenhauer with mathematical evidence. . . . Kant has demonstrated, that space, time and causality are not objective realities, but only subjective forms of our intellect, and the unavoidable conclusion is this, that the world, as far as it is extended in space, running on in time, ruled throughout by causality, in so far is merely a *representation of my mind*, and nothing beyond it. You see the concordance of Indian, Grecian and German metaphysics; the world is *Mâyâ*, is illusion, says Shankara; it is a world of shadows, not of realities, says Plato; it is 'appearance only, not the thing in itself,' says Kant. Here we have the same doctrine in three different parts of the world, but the scientific proofs of it are not in Shankara, not in Plato, but only in Kant."

This is satisfactory; if Kant's method of arriving at the latter doctrine is allowed to be "scientific," then there is a plank of salvation for modern Western metaphysic. The student of Yoga, however, knows another way, and understands the *Sûtras* of Shankara more easily than the pages of Kant.

III.—PSYCHOLOGY.

The psychology of the Vedânta follows logically on the kosmology, its conclusion being:

"That the Jiva [Jivâtman or individual self] being neither a part nor a different thing, nor a variation of Brahman, must be the *Param-âtmân* [universal self] *fully and totally himself*, a conclusion made equally by the Vedântin Shankara, by the Platonic Plotinus, and by the Kantian Schopenhauer. But Shankara in his conclusions goes perhaps further than any of them. If really our soul, says he, is not a part of Brahman but Brahman himself, then all the attributes of Brahman, all-pervadingness, eternity, all-mightiness (scientifically spoken: exemption of space, time, and causality) are ours; *Aham Brahma asmi*, I am Brahman, and consequently I am all-pervading (spaceless), eternal (timeless), all-mighty (not limited in my doing by causality). But these godly qualities are hidden in me, says Shankara, as fire is hidden in the wood, and will appear only after the final deliverance."

The question, however, may at once be asked: If Brahman is Nirguna, how can It have attributes? What is That which is neither Saguna nor Nirguna, but free from all Dvandva or pairs of opposites, and yet is all pairs of opposites? Who can describe the indescribable?

But what is the cause of the concealment of this godly nature in all men? The answer is—the *Upâdhis*, bases, or vehicles, or principles. And what is the cause of the *Upâdhis*? *Avidyâ*, or ignorance. And the cause of *Avidyâ*?

"Here all philosophers in India and Greece and everywhere have

been defective, until Kant came to show us that the whole question is inadmissible. You ask for the cause of Avidyâ, but she has no cause; for causality goes only so far as this world of the Samsâra goes, connecting each link of it with another, but never beyond Samsâra and its fundamental characteristic, the Avidyâ. In enquiring after a *cause* of Avidyâ with Mâyâ, Samsâra, and Upâdhis, you abuse, as Kant may teach us, your innate mental organ of causality to penetrate into a region for which it is not made, and where it is no more available. The fact is, that we are here in ignorance, sin and misery, and that we know the way out of them, but the question of a cause for them is senseless."

That the solution lies back of the *reasoning* mind, and transcends it, is not so much a brilliant discovery of Kant, as a truism with all theosophical thinkers in all ages. There is, however, a higher mind, and a higher and a higher, up to the Universal Mind, and therefore the question is not senseless, though the endeavour to solve the problem according to some preconceived method may be absurd.

IV.—ESCHATOLOGY.

"The *esoteric* Vedânta does not admit the reality of the world nor of the Samsâra, for the only reality is Brahman, seized in ourselves as our own Âtman. The knowledge of this Âtman, the great intelligence: 'Aham Brahma asmi,' does not produce Moksha (deliverance), but is Moksha itself. Then we obtain what the Upanishads say:

Bhidyate hridayagranthih
 Chhidyante sarvasamshayâh;
 Kshîyante châsya karmâni
 Tasmindrishte parâvare.

When seeing Brahman as the highest and the lowest everywhere, all knots of our heart, all sorrows are split, all doubts vanish, and our works become nothing. Certainly no man can live without doing works, and so also the Jivanmukta [one who has attained while still living]; but he knows it, that all these works are illusive, as this whole world is, and therefore they do not adhere to him nor produce for him a new life after death. And what kind of works may such a man do? People have often reproached the Vedânta with being defective in morals, and indeed the Indian genius is too contemplative to speak much of works; but the fact is nevertheless, that the highest and purest morality is the immediate consequence of the Vedânta. The Gospels fix quite correctly as the highest law of morality: 'Love your neighbour as yourselves.' But why should I do so, since by the order of nature I feel pain and pleasure only in myself, not in my neighbour? The answer is not in the Bible (this venerable book being not yet quite free of Semitic realism), but it is in the Veda, in the great formula 'Tat tvam asi' [That art thou], which gives in three words metaphysics and morals together. You shall love your neighbour as yourselves—because

you are your neighbour, and mere illusion makes you believe that your neighbour is something different from yourselves. Or in the words of the Bhagavadgītā: He who knows himself in everything and everything in himself, *will not injure himself by himself*—Na hinasti âtmanâ âtmânam. This is the sum and tenour of all morality, and this is the standpoint of a man knowing himself as Brahman. *He feels himself as everything*—so he will not desire anything, for he has whatever can be had; *he feels himself as everything*—so he will not injure anything, for nobody injures himself. He lives in the world, is surrounded by its delusions but not deceived by them; like the man suffering from Timira [an affection of the eyes], who sees two moons but knows that there is only one, so the Jivanmukta sees the manifold world and cannot get rid of seeing it, but he knows that there is only one being, Brahman, the Âtman, his own Self, and he verifies it by his deeds of pure uninterested morality. And so he expects his end, like the potter expects the end of the twirling of his wheel, after the vessel is ready. And then, for him, when death comes, no more Samsâra:

Na tasya prânâ utkrâmantî
Brahma eva san Brahma apyeti.

[No longer do his life currents go forth; being Brahman verily to Brahman he goes.] He enters into Brahman, like the streams into the ocean:

Yathâ nadyah syandamânâh samudre
Astam gachchhanti nâmarûpe vihâya
Tathâ vidvân nâmarûpâdvimuktah
Parâtparam purushamupaiti divyam.

[As rivers rolling onward go to their setting in the ocean, abandoning their name and form, so he who knows, freed from name and form, goes to that divine spirit that is better than the best.] He leaves behind him Nâma and Rûpam, he leaves behind him *individuality*, but he does not leave behind him his Âtman, his Self. It is not the falling of the drop into the infinite ocean, it is the whole ocean, becoming free from the fetters of ice, returning from his frozen state to that which he is really and has never ceased to be, to his own all-pervading, eternal, all-mighty nature.

“And so the Vedânta, in its unfalsified form, is the strongest support of pure morality, is the greatest consolation in the sufferings of life and death—Indians, keep to it!”

Yes, brethren of Âryâvarta, keep to it—but do not forget, that there can be no *real* freedom for the Jivanmukta until he sees that all his fellows have passed on into freedom, for that *moral necessity* which is of the nature of the Brahman itself, and therefore of the Jivanmukta, bids the man who is really freed from every taint of selfishness, spiritual as well as material, remain of his own choice and will to strive to lift the heavy Karma of the suffering world.

G. R. S. M.

Unpublished Letters of Eliphas Lévi.

(Translated by B. K.)

INTRODUCTION.

[Scarcely any introduction is needed in presenting a translation of the following letters to the Theosophical public. Abbé Alphonse Louis Constant (pseudonymously Éliphas Lévi Zahed) is a writer so well known to every student of Occultism in the West that it is as unnecessary to preface the following translation with an introduction as it would be, say, for *The Nineteenth Century* to inform its readers all about Thomas Carlyle in presenting them with a set of his unpublished letters. Nevertheless, to the general readers of LUCIFER, who are not students of Western Occultism, a few words may be of service. We possess but scanty material from which to construct the biography of Éliphas. Desbarolles (one of his pupils), in his *Mystères de la Main*, drops a hint or two, Mme. Gebhard, our late respected colleague, and also a pupil of Éliphas for many years, contributed two brief pages to *The Theosophist* (Jan. 1886), entitled "Personal Recollections of Éliphas Lévi," and for the rest we are indebted mostly to his romance, *Le Sorcier de Meudon*, which he tells us is very nearly his own biography. Mr. Arthur Edward Waite has utilized this material in his *Mysteries of Magic* (London: 1886), which purports to be a "Digest of the Writings of Éliphas Lévi."

The brief sketch of the known incidents of his life are as follows: Born 1809 (?). Son of a poor shoemaker in Paris. Known as "the clever lad." Curé of parish obtained him free education at Seminary of St. Sulpice. Became a good Latin, Greek and Hebrew scholar and entered priesthood. Before his last vows, confined in an out-of-the-way monastery for expressing heretical opinions. Renounced the sacerdotal career. Contracted a runaway match with a beautiful young girl of sixteen. After the birth of two children Mme. Constant left her husband for ever. Éliphas then gave himself up entirely to occult study. After this his life seems for the most part to have been that of a student, ending with death from dropsy at Paris in 1875. The titles of his works are as follows:

Évangile de la Liberté (date unknown).

Dictionnaire de la Littérature Chrétienne (1851; one of Migne's Encyclopédies Théologiques).

Dogme et Rituel de la Haute Magie (1854, 1856, separately; 2nd ed. 1861).

Histoire de la Magie (1860).

La Clef des Grands Mystères (1861).

Le Sorcier de Meudon (1861).

Fables et Symboles (1862).

La Science des Esprits (1865).

The following letters (a thousand or so in number) extend over a period of fourteen years, from 1861 onward, and were written to one of Éliphas' pupils who is also a respected member of the T. S.—ED.]

I.

MONSIEUR LE BARON,—You must excuse me if I seldom write to my friends. I have so much work to do and so much to write for the good of all that two lives like mine would scarcely be sufficient.

To understand thoroughly the mysteries of knowledge, and especially those of spiritism, it is indispensable to possess the keys of Solomon, *i.e.*, the greater keys and the lesser ones. I have re-discovered them all and shall not publish them; but I make a few copies of them for those of my disciples whom I think worthy thereof.

You will find therein the seventy-two impressions of the thirty-six talismans and the great hieroglyphic alphabet of the Kabalah with explanations which will leave you nothing to desire.

I am sorry that I was not in when M. Guettée called. I am often obliged to go out, because I have to give lessons in town; however, I am generally to be found at home in the morning.

Thursday, October 24th, 1861.

II.

THE thirty-six talismans correspond to the nine hierarchies, or rather to the nine orders of angels, divided into three hierarchic degrees. They represent clubs, cups, swords and circles like the hieroglyphs of the tarot.

The seventy-two names corresponding to them are the triple rays of the twenty-four pearls which form the letters of the sacred tetragram; they are the gems of the apocalyptic crown of the twenty-four ancients.

The meaning of these names indicates the virtue of the figures. Each talisman expresses a relative synthesis and serves to fix the mind and strengthen the will.

As the truths expressed by these signs are absolute, one enters through these signs into communion with all those spirits of light who can be evoked by the means indicated in the text which accompanies the figures.

As regards the ethereal vortices which cause the movements of

tables, etc., you must understand that they have nothing in common with the light of glory and that they obey the blind fatalities of the astral light.

November 11th, 1861.

III.

You are happy indeed to hunger and thirst after that glorious light which leads to justice, for you shall be fully satisfied.

But you must seek, if you would find. I have given you the keys, you must strive to open the lock.

Each talisman has its face and its reverse; there are two names on each talisman, hence seventy-two names give thirty-six talismans.

To understand the twenty-one keys of the letters and the four series of figured numbers, you must obtain an *old* Italian tarot. You will easily find one in Marseilles. When you have got it, write me, and I will teach you how to make use of it.

In the meanwhile, re-read what I have said in my books, and see if I have given several figures analogous to those of the major keys as well as the lesser ones.

Patience and perseverance; all shall be explained to you.

I now proceed to answer your questions:

1. The different degrees of purity among spirits correspond to their merits and to their efforts to respond to grace.

The "original sin" was a moral corruption of the whole human race.

2. Spirits rise from grade to grade by the voluntary renunciation of the egoistic attractions of the lower grade.

3. The royalty of humanity, *i.e.*, of the militant human race, is the realization in a single individual of all human perfection.

5. Moses is to return with Elias when the mystery of the transfiguration of J. C. will realize itself.

6. Jesus differs from Moses and Enoch as synthesis from analysis. But catholic teaching being exoteric, the majority of Christians form a mistaken idea of the divinity, which is that of the perfect word.

7 and 9. Desbarolles is not a real occultist. He is a clever man playing with the fringe of true knowledge who will never penetrate its depths.

8. One exposes oneself to hallucinations and nervous diseases.

10. The Antichrist is a doctrine. But a doctrine is always summed up in a man.

11. The new creation will be the perfecting and complement of our own.

I like St. Martin, and consider him as an adept of the true science, though rather too much given to abstractions and to mysticism.

Try to get and read a little book by Eckhartshausen entitled, *The*

Cloud on the Sanctuary, or something which the philosophers of our day have no suspicion of.

Sunday, November 17th.

IV.

I WILL go to work and arrange you a tarot and send it you.

God be praised that you have already sought and found! The sacred book of the Schemhamphorasch already speaks to your heart, soon it will illumine your mind with its splendid light of glory.

In answer to the two questions you ask me for the second time:

1. A fixed star might become a wanderer, if it allowed itself to be struck or broken by a wandering star; and the same is true of spirits.
2. Reincarnations—which are not numbered by millions—may be obtained by spirits as their penances or trials.

Now as to the danger of mediumship. Is it dangerous to make a series of efforts to transform into spectral light a part of one's vital light? Clearly it is.

It is as if you tried to make your blood circulate outside your veins. The blood would not return to them without terrible loss.

It is as if you sought a special lucidity in drunkenness and vertigo.

Paracelsus employed this dangerous evocation of the astral light and perished by a stroke. And yet he was a great master.

As regards our lessons—I have no manuscript course—I give to my disciples according to the need of their minds what the spirit gives me for them. I demand nothing, and I refuse nothing from them in return. It is a communion and an exchange of bread; spiritual for bodily. But the needs of the body are of so little account for me that the generous gifts of those of my children and brothers who are rich serve mainly to satisfy the first and greatest need of my soul and of all our souls: Charity.

V.

YOU are surprised at the gift of languages which the astral light seems to possess. But as it is the common mirror of all imagination and reminiscences, you ought not to be surprised that a sensitive (*crisiaque*) should have been able to read therein the answers that you had yourself imagined—I have been witness of an absolutely similar phenomenon, and the medium wrote in Latin a futile answer of which I was thinking at the moment of asking the question.

Penitential reincarnation is of pardoning grace, and supposes always a previous acceptance. Thus memory of the past is useless and would even render the patience in self-sacrifice less meritorious.

VI.

תסח

THE society I belong to is that of the seven thousand mentioned in the *Bible*: *Reliqui mihi septem millia virorum qui non curvaverunt genua ante Baal*. Eckhartshausen speaks of it wisely in his fine work, *The*

Cloud upon the Sanctuary, and you certainly belong to it since you come to me.

I leave you to seek and find for a few days more. You are at the sources of Wisdom and you are athirst; it is certain that you will drink. My thought is with you and guides you; speech will come hereafter and complete the work begun by the spirit.

You wrote to me, *Fac ut videam*, and I mentally answered you. See. Before beginning our regular course of instruction—for the real lessons have begun ever since our correspondence began—grant me, I beg, a great favour. Have taken a small photograph of yourself on paper or cloth and send it me in your next letter; in return I will send you mine. Thereafter, when I write to you, I will place this solar evocation before me, you can do the same when reading my letters, and thus we shall each be present to the other, physically even; we shall converse and see each other.

I will now answer your latest questions:

Cæsar was a great man and at the same time a debauchee; he had the vanities and weaknesses of his vices. If he had given no hold for scorn to fasten upon, none would have dared to strike him.

If Louis Philippe had had more grandeur in his character and habits less paltry and bourgeois, he would never have fallen by the revolution of scorn.

If Napoleon had posed less as a nebulous and destined hero in imitation of the heroes of Ossian, he would never have entrusted such poetic fortunes as his to the cold and terrible positivism of England.

The good priest Viannay was not an adept. He was a natural seer whose faculties were exalted by faith.

VII.

Universalitas.	Mutatio.	Unitas.
⌈	⌋	⌌
Finis.	Medium.	Principium.
Ameth Pax et Veritas.		

You are working successfully and you already ask me for solutions of problems which you solve yourself quite well. Calm the impatience of your mind and proceed in order, you will thus reach your goal.

The sacred science includes two things: the doctrine or the word, and the works which are the final form or the completion of the word.

The science of signs and their correspondences is the introduction to the science of the doctrine.

The science of the light and of the fire is the secret of works.

The Kabalah is the science of signs and their correspondences.

Magic is the science of the light.

Hermetism is the science of the fire.

The science of signs begins with the science of letters.

These letters are absolute ideas.

These absolute ideas are numbers.

These numbers are perfect signs.

By uniting ideas to numbers one can operate upon ideas as upon numbers and thus arrive at the mathematics of truth.

The tarot is the key of the letters and the numbers.

The thirty-six talismans are the key of the tarot.

The explanatory text of the talismans, the letters, the numbers and the tarot is the *Sepher Jezirah*.

All this shall be proven to you.

Thanks for sending me your severe and noble countenance. I am sending you mine and henceforth we shall see each other.

The method you ask me for is as follows: Do not study all at once and be patient as if you were eternal.

Begin with the number 1 and the letter aleph, the *bateleur* of the tarot, the ace of clubs or the rod of Moses, the first chapters of my *Dogme et Rituel*, the first chapter of St. Martin's work, *Tableau Naturel des Rappports*, etc., the first of the Sephiroth or Kether, and make a synopsis of it all which you will send to me, and I will put you back on the road if you go astray. We will then do the same for the other numbers.

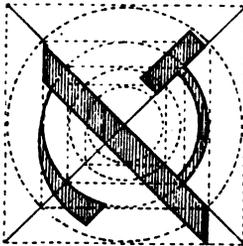
VIII.

Truth.	Justice.	Peace.
⌒	⌒	⌒

ENDEAVOUR to form for each letter a universal and absolute concept, governed only by the number which the letter represents.

Thus you see in aleph all that is one—Being conceived of in its universality, the spirit of God, the spirit of man, the principle of thought, that of the harmonies (etc.).

Letters are geometrical hieroglyphics. Those of the Hebrew alphabet are derived from a pantacle called the plan of the terrestrial paradise, which consists of four circles inscribed concentrically in as many squares, one within the other.



You see that aleph represents at the same time the diameter and the circumference, together with the circular motion in two directions, ascending and descending, to denote the unity of Being, of motion and of equilibrium.

Is not the precision of this figure something marvellous? I will give you successively all the others in like manner.

In aleph we find one .

We also find two .

And also three .

And finally four .

Consequently ten, that is to say, all the numbers.
Now write the name of the letter with the keys of the tarot.

אלם

You have God לם.

And nature ם.

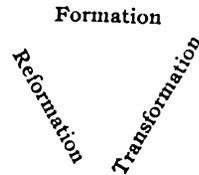
You have being, ם.

The perfect motion, ם.

And complete life, ם.

The bateleur or the πανούργος (*panourgos* = the man of universal knowledge).

The *pendu*, or the sacrifice and the brilliant star of the intelligence of nature, and you understand the symbolism of that head with three faces that is found among the figures of Leon III.'s *Enchiridion*, with this triple legend.



Now look up among the *Psalms* the alphabetical psalms, there are four of them, and meditate upon the four verses which begin with aleph.

You know that the three mother-letters are aleph, mem and schin, or aleph, mem, tau. For schin and tau are two opposite and analogous letters which represent being and life, as we shall see later on. Thus is formed the word *ameth*, which stands at the head of this letter and signifies peace, justice and truth.

IX.

My last letter was already posted when I received yours.

In answer to your questions:

The divine spirit which is in us only becomes part of us, or rather only makes us part of itself, at the moment of our complete justification. That spirit departs from us when we close the eyes of our inner being to its light, and returns when we open them. It is the life of the soul. To say that it returns to heaven is to speak figuratively, it is as if one said that the light returns to the sun.

Memory is never lost among the living, it dies out among the dead. Understand well this: *Non mortui laudabunt te domine neque omnes qui descendunt in infernum.*

Much nonsense has been talked about hell. But there is one definition of this state or condition which contains more of horror and terror than all the tortures dreamt of by the monks of the Middle Ages:

Hell is the forgetfulness of God.

You ask me if the ties of this life will still persist in that which is to come. It is as if you asked me whether on leaving off an old suit of clothes we preserved its seams:

Ecce facta sunt omnia nova.

I note moreover with pleasure that you have foreseen my answer.

X.

THERE are four ways of conceiving unity:

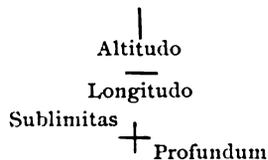
1. As universal, producing and embracing all numbers, having, consequently, no duality. Unity, without number, inconceivable, infinite, universal, absolutely necessary and absolutely incomprehensible.

2. As relative and manifested, having duality, commencing the series of numbers and summing it up by constantly expanding itself, whereby it becomes progressively infinite.

3. As living and fecundating in itself motion and life.

4. As visible and revealed in universal form.

These four conceptions of unity are represented by the divine tetragram, the hieroglyphic figure of which is the cross.



Note that this figure is analogous to that of our aleph \aleph .

But in aleph the height is incomplete because God in giving the holy letters bent himself, as it were, towards us. It is the tree of knowledge which bends down towards men, and about which is twined the serpent of life.

This arrangement of the figure of aleph has also the object of indicating the circular movement of the cross which is the life of the suns, and which forms the circle by the perpetual movement of the square—the unique and only true quadrature of the circle.

The universal unity is inconceivable. It is God.

The unity revealed and revealer of the numbers is his Word.

The living unity is the Holy Spirit.

The unity visible in the universal harmonies is Providence.

The supreme unity has for hieroglyph the vertical line, the sceptre, the club of the tarot, |.

The revealed unity has for symbol the horizontal line or the curve, — \cup , forming the cup, \cup .

The living unity unites the two former and forms the cross or sword, $\dagger \downarrow$.

The fourth is represented by the circle \bigcirc .

XI.

THE sign of the absolute unity, |, representing the number 1, is identical with the first letter of the alphabet in the following languages:—Arabic, ﺍ; Coptic, ⲁ; Syriac, ܐ; Runic, 1.

In Hebrew the absolute unity taken as synthesis of all numbers is only found in the form of the number 10, *i.e.*, the jod, ך, from which comes our *j*, which is absolutely like the first letter in Syriac writing.

In the primitive Estranghelo or Chaldæan writing, aleph is represented by a segment of a circle, which seems to walk upon two right angles ⚡; and the jod is represented by something analogous to the Hindû lingam ☉, but with a greater extension of the passive unity.

You must re-read in the *Sepher Jezirah* the passages relating to the first and the tenth path, meditate upon and strive hard to comprehend them. And you must also study in *Genesis* the work of the first day.

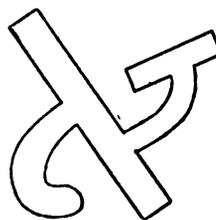
A great deal to study, is it not, in order to know the first letter? But one must say with the Christ of the legend: I will only say beth when I have perfectly understood aleph. Have you read the Apocryphal Gospels?

XII.

THE four unities—which are only one—are expressed by the four letters of the divine tetragram, and are represented hieroglyphically by the clubs, cups, swords and circles of the tarot.

The numerical unity, or the letter aleph, which relates to the eleventh path of the *Sepher Jezirah* is figured in the tarot by the symbol of the bateleur.

The figure of this bateleur is the very same as that of the letter aleph. He is crowned with a nimbus in the form of an 8 reversed



like the sides of a large hat, in front of him on a table he has the cup, the circles and the swords, he holds the club in his hand. He is the primary intelligence of symbols and numbers.

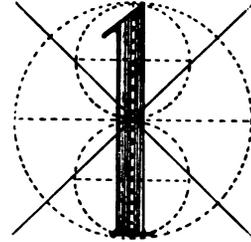
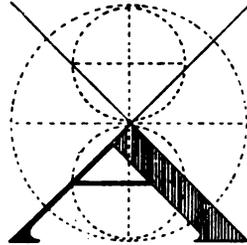
The nimbus, with which he is crowned, is the light of life equilibrated like the serpents of Hermes by the harmonious antagonism of motion.

The letter alpha in Greek and the letter A of our own alphabet is no less curious. It is the generating point of the angle, with the balanced and parallel motion of two lines, the sections of which, pro-

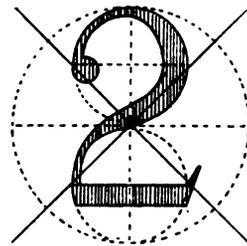
portional and increasing to infinity, are regulated beforehand by a first section, while the two lines are indefinitely prolonged, and the letter thus necessarily remains open like space:

A.

The Hebrew letters are geometrically determined by the pantacle known as the plan of Eden, of which I gave you the outline. The Greek and the Latin letters (which are also the French) are formed and calculated according to another pantacle, which is the plan of Thebes and of which you will find a drawing in my *Clef des Grands Mystères*.



This pantacle gives you the meaning in geometrical hieroglyphs not only of all our letters but also of all our numbers.



You will easily find after these examples all the other figures alphabetical or numerical.

You see that all numbers and all letters express ideas, all absolute in one sense and relative in another. Truth and certainty therefore pertain to them, as I will shortly prove to you.

XIII.

THE great and indivisible unity presents itself to our mind in two ways: as spiritual and as material, as hidden and as manifested.

Matter like space is immense; it only becomes visible and palpable in its aggregations and combinations. Otherwise it divides and subdivides itself to infinity, eluding like spirit our confinements and our analyses.

There are thus two alephs; the aleph white, and the aleph black. The black is the shadow of the white, the white is the light of the black.

Spirit reflects itself in matter, and matter only shows itself to reveal spirit. Matter is the letter of spirit, spirit is the thought of matter.

If there were no darkness the light would not be visible, if there were no light the darkness would be imperceptible and formless.

God writes upon the black page of night with the splendour of the stars, and upon the white page of day with the darkness of the earth.

The one life moves like a serpent between day and night, and

maintains itself by their equilibrium. This is what the Chinese express by the pantacle of Koung-fou-tze.



This darkness and this light exist also in thought—thought adherent to the Devil is the darkness, thought adherent to the Word is day.

You can already understand that our darkness is the day of God, and that the light of God is for us infinite darkness.

The name of Jehovah expresses these two intellectual forms of the invisible unity by יה, and the two forms of the visible unity by יהו.

These last two letters are the reflection of the first two, and in the second pair, as in the first, the one is the reflection of the other.

There is, therefore, at the bottom of the sacred tetragram but one single letter, the jod; unmanifested at first and self-existent, then manifested by its reflection, and, in its very union with this reflection, forming the conjugate letter, the vau, ך.

The numbers exist only through the unity, and are themselves not things but modes or modifications of the unity. The unity alone exists; it alone fractions itself and multiplies itself. Given the unity and motion which forces it to reproduce itself, you have mathematics with all its combinations.

(To be continued.)

Self-Exiled.

I LOOKED out over the night. There was one passed along my road. He passed unnoticed by others, but I saw that he had taken the vow of poverty. And where the moonbeams fell upon his brow I saw a mark; it was the brand of pain worn by all the exiles.

Weary and athirst he pushed onward; he stayed not for hunger nor for weariness. His dim eyes were fixed upon the horizon. In them I saw the reflected image of the Far Land.

After him followed the Companions, unseen, bearing the mystic gifts in their hands.

And his thirst was so great that it stayed him. He threw himself down, struggling with faintness and pain.

Above him stood the Companions, the silent witnesses. And I said to them: "Is he not our Brother?"

They made no answer, but the Star of Compassion upon their breasts shone out with tenderest light; It irradiated the form of the exile.

"Why do ye not give to him who thirsts?" I said. "Is there no living water?" A Companion held up a cup, full to the brim.

"Give then," I cried. "Give, ere it comes too late."

Then they all turned their sad eyes upon me and I knew that they would have given if they could.

I asked: "Are there any who may *not* drink?"

One answered: "Thou hast said it. He who imposes the conditions under which he will receive, he may *not* drink."

"Is it the Law?" I questioned him. He held out his cup to the exile, saying: "Here is water."

The weary one answered: "It is but the water of the Far Land I thirst for. How should ye have it, ye who come up from behind?" He dipped his finger into the cup and put it to his lips. A cry broke from him: "It is exceeding bitter," he said.

"Yet drink," the Companion answered him.

But the exile turned aside, murmuring: "Purify me that water and then perhaps I may drink."

The Companion sighed, and said: "I have not so received it and I shall not so impart it. It is the Law."

With his hand the exile thrust aside the cup. On it this legend sparkled out upon the night.

"I am that Amrita which in the beginning is as ashes and in the end is the water of Life."

The Companions turned and all looked at me. And I knew that none but himself had power to open the eyes of the exile.

The Companions disappeared, bearing the magic gifts. And through the dark night I heard the sobs of our Brother who fancied himself to be alone. I dared not weep; but I pondered on the awful mysteries of Life.

The Companion offers himself. He is that cup. He is the container of all that he can draw from this universe; the water of Life is not to be contained even by this universe. But each Companion sets his own limits; he contains all that he can.

He then comes to the patient worker, to the exiles who bear the brand. He offers himself thrice.

Rejected the third time, he departs.

Another day—or another life perhaps—there comes another. He too offers himself for acceptance or rejection.

And so the Loving Cup goes round and round, despised and rejected of men.

Men look for it under conditions of their own making. But it was not so received. Without limit or condition it was received; without limit or condition it must be taken.

But that which is rejected of men, is the headstone of the Master Builder.

Such are the stones in the living wall set to protect the race.

JASPER NIEMAND.

The Brotherhood and Service of Man.

(Concluded from Vol. XIII. p. 467.)

TURN now to the consideration of Theosophy as a stimulus to growth and self-development, with a view to the higher service of man.

What men ask of all creeds or philosophies which they take as a guide in life, is that they should supply a stimulus to rouse them from carelessness or indifference, and push them forward on the path of development. When we set ourselves at all earnestly to think out the problems of life, one conclusion we shall certainly come to, viz., that we are progressive beings—that we were not born perfect human beings, nor are our faculties and powers full-orbed even when our physical frame reaches maturity; that there is always something greater, something higher, some fuller development before us still, to which by the very constitution of our nature we must strive and aspire. Very often this amounts to no more than a sense of dissatisfaction, a vague longing for we know not what; but it is always there in moments of quiet thought and self-scrutiny. These undefined dissatisfactions and longings are really the spurtings, the admonitions of the higher side of our nature. And if any friend, any book, any system of thought, can help us to understand ourselves, can lift up before us a nobler, a loftier ideal of life than any we have known before, and at the same time can put hope into our heart that we can, if we will, realize the ideal by persistent effort, that friend, or book, or system of thought will have rendered us a priceless service. Now we must bear in mind what an ideal is. It may be one thing for me, and quite another thing for you. It may be one thing for a man in his youth, and quite another thing for him in early manhood or middle age. The only constant quality in the ideal is this, that it must always be, or seem to be, an advance upon the actual life the man is leading at the time when the ideal presents itself.

Religion, science, or art, present alluring ideals to every man (not utterly depraved) at some period of his life; and whatever the ideal be, if it carries him out of himself, so to speak, if it enables him to master his lower appetites and desires, “to scorn delights and live laborious days” in the pursuit of a higher truth and beauty—it is a means of lifting him to the higher possibilities of his nature, of raising him one step upwards at least on that ladder of progress whose foot rests on earth, whose summit, to our limited vision, is lost in the unfathomable

expanse of heaven. All the great religions of the world have held up before men's eyes some such ideal, suited to the genius of the age in which it was conceived, and probably suited to certain orders of mind in every age. So long as men heartily believe in the truth of the teachings on which the ideal is founded, they find in it all that they want. But as it has happened to the Christian Church and its ideal in the West, so it will surely happen to all exoteric creeds and religions the world over. The time will come when the awakening intellect will demand a rational faith, when the advances of natural science and historical research will sap the foundations of the old creed. And then the ideal will be shattered, or at least lose much of its stimulating power, and its votary will look elsewhere for inspiration.

The Christian ideal of life has provided the needful stimulus and inspiration to millions of those born among the Western nations during the last eighteen hundred years. But its influence is fast waning amongst the most cultured minds throughout Christendom; though the great mass of the less educated and thoughtful, together with some few peculiarly constituted minds of a larger growth, still find what they want in it. This decline in the power of the Christian ideal of life would be matter for profound regret if there were no ideal suited to the need of the age ready to fill its place. We believe, however, that Theosophy presents just such an ideal of life and stimulus to development as is needed at this juncture.

The doctrines of election of a peculiar people in Judaism, of predestination and reprobation in Christianity, of fatalism in Islâm, and of necessarianism in materialistic philosophy, can hardly fail to be injurious to the growth and development of those who profess them. If one's fate is fixed for good or evil, why enter upon a struggle which must be either unnecessary or hopeless? Again how emasculating and enervating is the ecclesiastical dogma of "divine grace," whereby alone, we are told, man can be saved from the curse of a sinful nature with which he was born, be enabled from day to day to live righteously in this wicked world, and be admitted after death to the joys of Paradise. The "Articles of Religion" declare that:

The condition of man after the fall of Adam is such that he cannot turn and prepare himself by his own natural strength and good works to faith and calling upon God; wherefore we have no power to do good works . . . without the grace of God by Christ preventing us [*i.e.*, inspiring us beforehand], that we may have a good will, and working with us when we have that good will.

Again:

We are accounted righteous before God only for the merit of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, by faith, and not for our own works and deservings.

Again:

Works done before the grace of Christ, and the inspiration of his spirit, are not pleasant to God, forasmuch as they spring not of faith in Jesus Christ, neither do

they make men meet to receive grace; . . . yea, rather, for that they are not done as God had willed and commanded them to be done, we doubt not but they have the nature of sin.

And once more:

They also are to be had accursed that presume to say that every man shall be saved by the law or sect which he professeth, so that he be diligent to frame his life according to that Law and the light of Nature. For Holy Scripture doth set out unto us only the name of Jesus Christ whereby men must be saved.

Such is the formulated belief of the established Church of this country. But such is not, happily, the belief of three-fourths of its nominal adherents, who are as little acquainted with the Thirty-nine Articles as with the Laws of Manu. This may be considered good theology, but it is certainly not good ethics, or even good common sense. There is little help or hope for humanity at large in such a system as this, in which none but professing Christians are capable of doing good works pleasing to the Deity—the rest of the world must go its own way to perdition; and amongst professing Christians none can do good works until they have received an impulse of divine grace; and amongst these again none are accepted but those who hold the orthodox view of the atonement. In our day, it is to be feared, the office of *one* of the Recording Angels must be nearly a sinecure.

It is "a far cry," as they say in Scotland, from this relic of the Dark Ages to the Ethics of Theosophy. What a fresh, breezy, stimulating air we breathe here, face to face with the facts of Nature!

Man, says Theosophy, is a complex being, evolving upwards from the animal, through the human, to the divine. At his present stage of development his consciousness is centred in the characteristically human principle, midway between the two extremes.

The animal nature allures him from below; the divine attracts him from above. He feels the pull of each of these contending forces—now of one, now of the other. He knows that they are part of himself; he knows that he is free to choose between them; that he *must* be moving one way or other, for there is no standing still in this world of change. But he can please himself which way he goes. There will be no one but himself to blame if he sinks to the level of the brutes, and remaining there contentedly shares their fate. If he is to win immortality, and rise to the divine possibilities of his being, it must be by his own courageous and persevering efforts. Beyond giving him advice or encouragement, none can help him here. No God or man may interfere with his free self-development. He must "work out his own salvation," not with "fear and trembling," but with dauntless courage and unwearied energy.

In the divine side of his own nature he has ample store of strength to draw upon in his struggle to subdue the lower nature. All the forces and potencies of the universe are hidden within him. He has

only to draw them forth and use them. What a stimulus is here to self-development! And he need not fear that opportunity will be lacking to complete the conquest. If one life suffices not, there are as many more awaiting as he requires. And the enemies he has routed in one life will encounter him with but broken and scattered forces in the next, and, once thoroughly vanquished, will trouble him no more.

But we have yet to speak of a stimulus to self-development offered by Theosophy, which, to one who loves his fellow-men and desires to help them, will be more powerful than any other.

He will not have advanced far in the study of the literature of the subject, when he discovers that there is more in Theosophy, or behind it, than a cosmology and a lofty code of ethics. Everywhere he will meet with hints of an underlying science of those finer forces of nature, whose existence (known hitherto only to a few students of the arcana of the universe) is in these days beginning to be suspected, and even postulated as a reasonable hypothesis, by the most advanced explorers in the fields of natural science and philosophy.

In the noumenal or thought-world, lying behind and within the phenomenal or material world, he will learn to recognize the playground of those finer forces, the scene of their activity the hidden workshop of Nature, as it were, in which all her wonders and beauties are wrought and fashioned before they come forth to view on the objective plane. He who should master the science of these secret forces, would wield a power such as no earthly monarch, no world-conqueror, ever possessed. He is told that in man, in his own nature, there lie concealed all the forces and essences that exist or subsist in the universe. "The proper study of mankind is man." Why? Because man is the key to the kosmos. He who shall have thoroughly mastered the mysteries of man's nature and constitution, will have mastered also the mysteries of the kosmos. But this key to the kosmos itself requires a key: The mysteries of man's nature are, as it were, written in a secret cypher, and the physical scientist will be in vain appealed to for a solution of it. A few syllables, a word or two, here and there, he can spell out, but the final solution it is not in his power to give; he does not hold the key.

To whom, then, must the student apply? He turns again to his books, and learns that in all ages of the world there have been men, few in number compared with the mass of their contemporaries, who have studied these secret sciences, and learnt to control these finer forces of the universe. They have always been few in number, because the training and preparation for the acquirement and exercise of such powers must necessarily be long and severe, and few are able to bear the strain. Moreover, by a law of nature which knows no exception, he who would become a master of the spiritual science must be singularly pure in heart and life, and absolutely unselfish. If he works for

himself, for his own ends or objects—for mere curiosity, or thirst for knowledge—for mere ambition, or thirst for power—he must inevitably fail. Nature will not yield her secrets to him. It would not be safe to entrust such tremendous powers to any but the most tried and faithful hands. It may well be imagined that few have been able to fulfil so stringent a condition. Yet in all ages there have been a few, the Flower of Humanity, who have tried and succeeded. These, like the great Master of Nazareth (who, indeed, was one of them) “know what is in man”—and therefore know what is in the kosmos, and can, within the limits of Nature’s laws, control and direct the hidden forces that produce and sustain the evolving life of our planet. They are known as Adepts, or Masters of Wisdom, and they live, either singly or in communities, in some spot remote from the turmoil of the world, for the nature of their work necessitates such seclusion. The world at large knows them not, nor dreams how much of its science, its literature, its inventions and discoveries, it owes to these Hidden Friends of man.

To such a body of Masters the Theosophical Society owes its existence. It is one of the means they are employing for the enlightenment and regeneration of the world. They are the true “nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity”—the Theosophical Society merely a reflection of this on a lower plane. It is also a link between Themselves and the world at large.

If any man realizing in some measure what They are, and how They came to be what They are, and what great work They are doing in this world of ours, is fired with a great desire to become one of Them—one of the Saviours and Regenerators of Humanity—the way is open. None can deny his right to climb that rugged path which They have trod. To us in the West, the Theosophical Society presents the first stage in the approach.

Membership in the T. S. affords few privileges beyond closer contact with congenial minds, and no privileges without corresponding responsibilities. Not what he can *get*, but what he can *give*, should be the dominant thought of one who joins this Brotherhood, with the larger aim of devoting his life to the “service of man.” The conditions of progress towards fitting himself for the more perfect realization of his ideal are, that he must show himself an earnest student and zealous worker, and exhibit a true brotherly spirit in his relations with other members of the Society, and indeed in all the relations of life. If at this stage he has domestic or business ties, the discipline of duty in the home or the office will form an essential element in his training. The more devoted and zealous he is, the severer will be the outward and inward trials to which he will be subjected.

As his horizon widens, and the old life, with its narrow sympathies and trivial interests, is left behind, his experiences will become more

vivid and intense; and the further he advances, the larger demands will ever be made upon his devotion and faithfulness—a sort of sifting process by which the true grain is separated for the Masters' use. The issue of this preliminary trial will therefore depend upon the man's moral character, elevation of thought, and singleness of purpose—not upon any cleverness or intellectual ability, nor even upon any psychic powers he may possess. Indeed for a man to possess, or find himself capable of developing, such psychic powers is too often but a danger and a snare to him—wreckers' lights they may prove which, if he follows, mistaking them for the “dim star that burns within,” may lure him to shipwreck of his hopes for many a life to come.

The true path of progress lies not that way, for, as one of our Teachers has said, such powers “*often hinder, never help*” that spiritual life which is the goal of all true Occultism. On the other hand, a pure unselfish life, a life of loving service to all around him, will clear his brain from earth-born vapours, and enable him to receive impressions and illuminations from his own higher mind, from the Thinker within him. Thus will the inner significance of the teachings he receives through the medium of the Society be opened up to him; and thus will he progress morally and spiritually until he reaches that point when he has earned the right to receive more direct help and guidance from the Masters themselves, and becomes one of their accepted Chelâs.

All the time he has to go on working unselfishly for others, thinking not at all of his own advantage or his own progress. If he desires knowledge, it is that he may share it with his brethren. If he desires spiritual powers, it is that he may strengthen the weak and uphold the right against the powers of evil. From Chelâ to Master is a great step, not soon or easily overpassed, probably the work of many incarnations. All will depend upon the energy and devotion of the aspirant. But at this point of development his incarnations will be likely to succeed each other with much greater rapidity; and at length, if he fails not under the strain of those final trials and initiations which crown the long effort of the Chelâ's life, his constancy must open to him the Door of the Masters' Lodge, and make him one of that great Brotherhood who are the light and life of the world, the Servants and Saviours of our race. There are grades on grades of loftier spirituality, of more divine power, to which he may yet aspire, but further we need not follow him. By his own persistent undaunted efforts he has reached a point of self-development to which the mass of mankind will only be slowly approaching millions of years hence. And all the great knowledge and power thus acquired he will devote to the service of his fellow-men, to hasten the slow processes of evolution, and bring on the dawning of that brighter day for Humanity, of which prophets and seers have sung as the “restitution of all things”—the “new heavens and the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.”

Thus does Theosophy not only exalt our ideal of man as a progressive being, and closely knit in bonds of love and duty to all his kind, but it supplies us with a stimulus to ethical and spiritual development such as no other system can pretend to amongst the world's philosophies or religions, past or present.

Those who dismiss Theosophy with a sneer at "the credulity of its dupes," or a light jest anent "phenomena," because they dare not face the disturbing results of accepting the philosophy and the life, may yet learn, when they advance a little further along the path of evolution, to bless the memory of her who, at such cost of toil and suffering to herself, brought so noble an evangel to these shores, and dowered the world with so priceless a legacy of thought and inspiration.

T. A. DUNCAN, B.A.

The Magical Equilibrium.

We must know how to balance forces and control impulses of our own free will. . . . To balance forces, we must maintain them simultaneously and make them act alternately, a twofold operation which is represented by the use of the balance.—ÉLIPHAS LÉVI, *Dogme et Rituel de la Haute Magie*, bk. ii, ch. viii.

IN the October number of LUCIFER appeared an article on "Fierce Impetuosity," in which the theme was the urgent necessity for fiery zeal as a motive force in the life of a student of Occultism. While subscribing my cordial assent to the lesson taught in that article, I would still further enhance its usefulness by supplementing it with an article on another equally important qualification, the power of balancing forces or of maintaining equilibrium. My chief difficulty will, of course, be to present this subject in such a form as will prevent its being taken as antagonistic to the former article; and I had better state at the outset that nothing I say here is intended to contravene anything said in that article, but, on the contrary, to supplement it. There is an idea prevalent in some minds that prudence and circumspection are opposed to fierce impetuosity, but if there is any kind of prudence so opposed, I beg to say that that is not the kind of prudence I mean. I therefore presuppose in the heart of the aspirant all that fiery enthusiasm which is inculcated in the previous article, and what I say merely concerns the manner of its application, without in any way detracting from its intensity.

It is obvious that if the aspirant does not intend to rest satisfied with the fierce impetuosity itself, but values it on account of the work it achieves, he must give his attention to the method of its employment, and learn how to guide and control it. *Vis consili experts mole ruit suâ*, and fire, though essential in a steam-engine, must be applied in the right place and duly controlled. Fierce impetuosity, important though

it is, is capable of being wasted and even perverted, and the importance of learning how to apply it increases in the same ratio as the importance of the quality itself; if we do not want to make a foe of our most valued servant, we must treat him properly. Now the most essential condition of all progress is that which is indicated by Éliphas Lévi at the head of this article, viz., alternation. Everywhere in Nature forces occur in couples, mutually opposed and neutralizing each other's effect, and motion results from the alternate action of each member of the couple. Thus in walking the legs move alternately, in breathing expiration follows inspiration, day succeeds night and summer winter; in electricity the simultaneous presence of opposed forces, positive and negative, both equally essential to the production of effects, is noticeable; in chemistry heat is applied alternately with cold; and so on, through an infinity of examples that will occur to the reader. As Lévi says in his *Dogme et Rituel*, book ii, ch. ii:

Equilibrium is the resultant of two forces. If the two forces are absolutely and always equal, the equilibrium will be immobility, hence the negation of life. Movement is the result of an alternate preponderance. . . . The alternate use of contrary forces, heat after cold, mildness after severity, love after anger, etc., is the secret of perpetual motion and of the prolongation of power. . . . To act always in the same direction and the same manner is to overload one scale of the balance, and the absolute destruction of equilibrium will soon result therefrom. . . . This is why in magic works of anger or rigour must be tempered by works of beneficence and love, and why, if the operator keeps his will directed always in the same manner and the same direction, there will result great fatigue, and soon a species of moral impotence.

This is the important point to be remembered by all who would apply to their work, whether external or internal, an increment of moral force and pressure—that this alternation is a necessary condition of all progress, and that it must be recognized and prepared for by all who are desirous of making any progress. Many inexperienced persons, after coming to grief through failing to observe this law, turn round and blame the principle of fierce impetuosity for their failure. As well might a careless engine-driver blame the steam for bursting his engine. When the pressure becomes too great in one direction it is time for it to be turned into another, and any attempt to do otherwise hinders the work and may cause a disaster. From this it will be seen that that dreadful bugbear which harasses some students of Occultism under the name of “reaction,” is not a bugbear at all, but simply a necessary incident to the undertaking they have planned out for themselves. Reaction is what they should have anticipated and prepared for at the outset, and when it comes it should be regarded as opportune and welcome, not as deplorable. It stands to reason that if the motion of a pendulum is to be increased, the increased amplitude of swing must take effect in both directions, so as to preserve the balance; and similarly he who would throw increased ardour into one phase of his

work must be prepared to compensate it by a corresponding increment of force in the opposite phase. Those who work harder must rest harder; but this circumstance is no hardship, for intense activity and profound peace are both qualities of the greatest desirability; they balance each other, and neither is possible without the other. Herein lies the answer to the question as to whether the Occultist should engage in active work in the world or retire into impenetrable seclusion; the fact is that, if he wants to do either, he must do both, or Nature will make him pay for it. As Lévi says (*ibid.*):

The magician then should not live exclusively in his laboratory, among his athanors, his elixirs, and his pantacles. However devouring be the eye of that Circe called occult power, we must know how to present to her in due season the sword of Ulysses, and to thrust from our lips, when occasion demands, the cup she offers us. A magical operation should ever be followed by a repose of equal duration and by a distraction analogous but contrary in its purport. To wrestle continually with Nature for dominance and victory is to risk reason and life.

Thus the Occultist should cultivate powers and qualities, not singly, but in pairs. He should not aim at extreme activity or extreme immobility alone, but should be master of both states and use them alternately and opportunely. He should not practise rigour and severity alone nor pliability alone, but should be capable of assuming either state as occasion requires. If he has tried hard for a long time to live up to some particular ideal, and has reached that point where reaction sets in and nothing more can be done in that direction for the present, he should yield without a murmur and turn his force into the proper alternative channel. If he has had a spell of success and is inclined to lament because it is drawing to a close, he must renounce all desire for more, and direct his will to the endurance of a spell of failure, out of which he may come equally triumphant. Confidence and doubt should, neither of them, be allowed to delude him, but should be recognized as fleeting and alternating states, each of which can be turned to use. Pride must be balanced by humility, action by refraining, joy by sorrow, preciseness by laxity, and so on. No state should be clung to, for it cannot be held long, and, if it could, it would result in deformity. All the qualities and powers are servants of the Occultist, who, as soon as he has ceased to associate his identity with them, can employ them all in turn much to his own advantage, and much to the bewilderment of unsophisticated spectators.

Progress on the path of Occultism involves at every step the problem of how to balance opposed forces, how to reconcile pairs of opposites. This is a world of half-truths, and there is no course of conduct we can pursue, no mental attitude we can assume, that is not complemented by its polar opposite; we are ever confronted by a pair of alternatives, neither of which alone represents the truth, as the truth lies in the equilibrium of these alternating forces. This circumstance gives rise to endless discussions and disputes among those who

do not perceive the *rationale* thereof, and much time and heat do they waste; an enlightened listener, who knew the explanation, would not be able to side with either party, for he would be on equal terms with both. Thus enquirers ask such questions as the following: Should we engage in external work or retire into meditative seclusion? Should we study books or rely entirely upon our own thoughts? Should we be self-confident or humble? Should we have a fixed plan or work at random? Should we resist evils or take them as they come?—when the fact is that all these are pairs of opposites, which must be reconciled, if any progress is to be made. The Occultist must be able to pursue either alternative with equal zeal in its proper season, so as to render himself independent of and unimpeded by the pairs of opposites. No external work should be more energetic than his while he is at it; and, when he has done, no seclusion should be more complete than his seclusion. The study of books should go hand in hand with independent thought. His confidence in himself should be as great as his humility. His system of work must be methodical enough to prevent waste of labour, but not so rigid as to impair its adaptability to any sudden exigency. Evils should be resisted when it is advantageous to do so, and ignored when ignoring them is the better course. The magician must be armed for every emergency, so that, whatever betide, he may always have a weapon to use. The “Thor’s hammer” or cross represents the four great powers of Nature in equilibrium, and it is able to successfully oppose every kind of assault. Armed with force and gentleness, courage and patience, what cannot a man overcome!

To sum up this paper, there should be combined in the Occultist two traits which singly may be met with in many people, viz., energy and balance, and both should be present in the highest degree of development. His ideal will determine the direction in which he goes, his will will supply the force with which to realize that ideal, and his knowledge of the magical equilibrium will enable him to guide himself through all the dangers that beset the Path.

H. T. EDGE.

The Letter to the Brahmans.

IN April, 1893,¹ an open letter was sent by me to the Brâhmans. It called them “Brâhmans of India,” because its writer holds that there are Brâhmans of the past now living in Western bodies, and because the term “Brâhman” may more properly refer in reality to character than to birth. Copies of the letter were sent all over the T. S. in India. Many criticisms were offered, but none were received pointing to the addition of the words “of India.” The letter was

¹ See *Path* of May, 1893.

translated into Sanskrit, Bengâlî, and Hindî, and in that form was sent all over India.

Although some F.T.S.'s, without corresponding with the Brâhmans to whom the letter was directed, said that it was needless and that no idea existed among the orthodox Brâhmans that the T. S. favoured Buddhism as against other religions, and although the sender of the letter was chided for it, yet the many letters from the Brâhmans who are not in the T. S. all state how glad they were to hear definitely that the T. S. was not to be confounded with a Buddhist propaganda. These letters are in Sanskrit, Hindî, Bengâlî, and English, and may easily be seen at New York.

In the second place the letter aroused discussion of an important point, for in the West the idea is prevalent that the T. S. is a Buddhist propaganda, and T. S. lecturers have to constantly combat this false notion. It is essential that the public shall not misconstrue us, and say that because some doctrines given by Theosophists are Buddhistic, therefore the Society is also.

So, carrying out the idea of this "Letter to the Brâhmans," Rai B. K. Laheri, of Lûdhiâna, India, himself a Brâhman and an F.T.S., went to the great Bharat Dharma Mandala held at Delhi in November, 1893, by the orthodox Brâhman pandits, and laid before them the letter referred to. They discussed it and the T. S., and he reports that they passed a resolution to help the T. S., and showed they were satisfied that the Society is not a Buddhist propaganda. They then separated for their homes to carry the letter and their own ideas thereon to the remotest corners of orthodox India. This result will of itself justify the letter. Western readers will the better understand when they know that this Mandala is a great orthodox Brâhmanical gathering. They will see that the T. S. cannot afford to shut its eyes to the fact that many millions of Hindûs do not use English, in which so much of our literature is written, and that it might be well if we could in some way spread our work among them.

The vernacular work of Bellary members is in line with this. It was brought up at the last Indian Convention, but so far as the T. S. is concerned it is now in the hands of the Committee. Bros. Jaganathiah and Swaminathiah hope to be successful in the Bellary work. Bro. Laheri also will work to the same end, and many Americans are willing to help with needed money. It would be perfectly competent for the American and European Sections to raise funds for a work that might result in awakening a great current in India leading to a revival of interest among Hindûs themselves, to a looking up of MSS. both paper and palm leaf, to that change in India herself which must come so as to supplement fully the Western activity and devotion.

Brâhmans are poor. They are disheartened. No one helps them. Old MSS. lie rotting away. Despair is around many a Brâhman who

formerly had pupils whom he fed, but now cannot feed himself. Western glitter of invention and materialistic thought has drawn off the young, and some hand must be stretched out to help them until they can help themselves. Such help will be given, and even the letter to the Brâhmans has aroused a hope in the breast of many a man in India. Anyone wishing to aid in the matter can address the General Secretary, American Section, or Rai B. K. Laheri, Lûdhiâna, Punjâb, India.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

Wisdom or Knowledge—Which?

IT is well sometimes, in the intense interest and eagerness of our study of Theosophy, to stand still for awhile, and take stock of ourselves, and scan the "garden of the soul" which we are trying with such efforts to till, to see whether our pruning and training is devoted to the best means for arriving at the highest result.

To crowd a garden with every variety of flower is not the best way to make the plants grow; weeding out is necessary, digging down beneath the surface is necessary, knowledge of the soil in which the plants are to grow is above all the most important. So, too, with human flowers, and the gardens of the heart and head.

The tendency, at the present time, is an over-eagerness for mental study, and a storing-up of facts, collected in many books. But what of our mental digestion? May we not get surfeited with these ideas of other minds?

"Gratification of curiosity is the end of knowledge for some men," said Bacon, and may there not be such a desire for "gratification" in our studies? For unless these studies are made the stepping-stones to something higher, surely we are but pandering to the desires and tastes of the lower mind.

What, then, are we really aiming at—wisdom or knowledge? What, again, is the difference between the two? Wisdom is sometimes said to be the crown of knowledge. But when we survey it from the standpoint of the Esoteric Philosophy, we find that it has a different basis.

Said Cowper truly, in words now so familiar to all theosophical students:

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oftentimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men,
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.

This is the distinction that we, as Theosophists, above all should study. For wisdom is of the heart, a ray from the divine Sophia, while knowledge is of the head.

From the root of the Esoteric Philosophy does this grand difference strike out. Sternly and with no hesitating voice is the line laid down.

Learn above all to separate Head-learning from Soul-wisdom, the "Eye" from the "Heart" doctrine.

But even ignorance is better than Head-learning with no Soul-wisdom to illuminate and guide it.

What, then, is this wisdom we should seek? It is the knowledge of ourselves, the search for the mystery of the hidden self, the Divine Ray which is shrouded in every human being. But the acquisition of this knowledge is based on practical ethics.

It is the fruit of the daily struggle against our lower nature. It is "of loving deeds the child."

Says the *Bhagavad Gitâ*:

True wisdom of a spiritual kind is freedom from self-esteem, hypocrisy, and injury to others;

It is patience, sincerity, respect for spiritual instructors, purity, firmness, self-restraint, dispassion for objects of sense, freedom from pride.

No head-learning is necessary in this grand outline for our daily lives.

Knowledge comes, but Wisdom lingers.

Why? Because we devote our whole energies to the cultivation of the head, and do not apply the search-light of dispassionate criticism to ourselves, our motives and actions.

We are content with accumulating evidences, storing facts and seeking for correspondences, while the "garden of the soul" is crowded with the deadliest weeds of selfishness.

Did we but measure more carefully the distance between precept and practice, we should regard more earnestly the "book of life" within our hearts.

Stored on its unseen pages are inscribed the records of our past, back they sweep in unerring measure as the faults and failings of to-day. Weeds that we left in the gardens of long ago, accounts we did not square; now it meets us once again, that great storage of the past.

Idly we let the pages turn, nor seek to know what is daily written for our guidance in the records of the soul. Here is the meaning of the great precept, "Know thyself."

How can we know ourselves but by watching each tendency, fault, and failure. All these of to-day are but the remains of an inglorious past, mementoes of battles in which we feebly fell. Yet they come as friends to warn us, living facts written by us in the pages of other days, stamped on that "book of life" whose records are unerring, but where alone we find that soul-wisdom that we are here to garner. Unpleasant is such study, truly—any book is more tempting than this careful study of our own nature.

But wise students pay no heed to difficulties. Men and women

who thirst for that Spiritual Wisdom to lighten their hearts with its blessed rays must take careful note of Krishna's words.

This "daily life ledger" has to be added up sooner or later. We cast our own accounts, and pay, to the "utmost farthing," in each new life for the miscalculations of bygone days. Above all, do we pay for mistaken conceptions of duty.

Head-knowledge will not teach us our respective duties in life, it will not show us how to apply the highest ethical code to the simplest of daily duties.

It needs soul-wisdom to guide the motive, which is the main-spring of action. This wisdom alone can clear up the blinding intricacies of our environment. The illusions of material life deceive us by making us give undue importance to affairs that matter not at all in the great web of life, and we are distracted, and pass blindly and unheedingly over the simple duties which fall to our own lot.

The "great renunciation" is made up of little self-denials. It is the study of life alone which can lead us eventually to the final effort.

This "book of life" is the real source of all true knowledge; not hurrying through much literature to find correct analogies between the microcosm and macrocosm. That is only a portion of the great whole; the treasures we have to store up are the results of daily efforts—results gained by constant watchfulness on the mental plane. To know ourselves in action and motive is to know our "book of life."

I. C.-O.

Notes and Queries.

UNDER this heading we propose to insert monthly notes and questions that may help students in their work, references to quotations bearing on Theosophical doctrines, and other matters of interest. Readers would much help us if they would send us passages they meet with in their own studies, copying the passage and giving *exact* reference—name of book, volume, page, and date of edition. All useful references will be classified, and entered up in a book under their several heads, and a mass of matter useful to students will be thus accumulated. Questions will be numbered, and the number must be given in sending an answer.

ANSWERS.

A. 8.—Reincarnation and Karma (practically taught by Christ and his Apostles, but ignored by latter-day Christianity) have been taught even in Europe, and quite apart from mystical philosophy, by many writers. As regards Reincarnation, Walker's work may be consulted with advantage; but it has always been a more favourite doctrine in France than England; and it is still viewed with favour apart from Theosophy or Spiritism. Reincarnation and Karma (without the name) were taught explicitly by Allan Kardec and his followers in his *Spirit's Book*, first published in 1857 in France, and translated by Miss Anna Blackwell in 1875 (compare LUCIFER, May, 1893, pp. 193-198). Allan Kardec is said to have known nothing of India or Indian religions.—W. F. K.

Correspondence.

BROTHERHOOD AND BROTHERHOODS.

To the Editors of LUCIFER.

WILL you allow me to draw attention to a practice, not very important in itself, which has recently grown up within the Theosophical Society, and against which, it seems to me, rather serious objections may be raised. This is the practice of affixing Brother (or Bro.) to the names of male members of the Theosophical Society, in reports, correspondence, and the like.

I will not say that this affix gives to these reports a striking resemblance to the notices of the Oddfellows, Ancient Order of Foresters, Brethren of the Royal Arch Purple, and other amiable and well-meaning persons whose doings are recorded in the American Sunday Journals.

But there are two real objections to the use of this affix. The first and less serious is, that it is applicable only to male members of the Theosophical Society, and thus creates a distinction of sex, which is out of harmony with the Theosophical Society's first object—the ideal of brotherhood without distinction of race, creed, caste, colour, or sex.

Those who use this affix would probably say that it marks membership in the Theosophical brotherhood. But what is the brotherhood recognized by Theosophists?

Is it a real universal brotherhood of humanity, a brotherhood of the living and the dead, a fact inherent in nature, and based on the Unity of the Oversoul—a fact recognized by everyone on the attainment of spiritual majority? Or is it a new artificial distinction, born of diplomas and suckled on yearly dues?

If the former, then the use of the affix Brother to mean not an heir to the universal brotherhood of humanity, but a male member of a particular society, is discordant and anomalous; if the latter, then the Theosophical Society is a clique, a coterie, a sect, in no way distinguished from the societies of amiable and well-meaning persons to whom allusion has already been made.

Would it not be better to let this practice—which is out of harmony with a true ideal of brotherhood, and with the first principle of the Theosophical Society, and is, moreover, of quite recent growth, fall into gradual desuetude and disuse?

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

[LUCIFER will gladly open his pages to a discussion on the subject and invites the expression of opinion.—Ed.]

A MAN stays here consuming the productions of numerous mundane existences. And the results of knowledge or ignorance are checked by race and country, and remain there united merely by outward sign to the soul.

Mārkaṇḍeya Purāna, xiv, 31, 32.

Reviews.

THE TRUE PHILOSOPHY OF HEALTH.¹

MODERN medicine, regarded from the occultist's point of view, is in the same case as modern science in general; while conceding it all the honour due to its prowess and efficacy in matters concerning the physical plane alone, we are bound to take it severely to task for its blindness to the subtler and far more important parts of the human organism, and to the higher planes of Nature which correspond therewith. In an accident no sane person would ban the surgeon, but in cases where the general health is affected and no mere operative skill is demanded, it is a question whether it would not be safer to read Paracelsus than to consult a modern physician. Paracelsus recognized five chief causes of diseases, which, according to Dr. Hartmann's book, are as follows: *ens astrale*, the source arising in surrounding conditions in Nature; *ens veneni*, the source arising from poisons and impurities; *ens natura*, including causes inherited from parents; *ens spirituale*, the source arising in an evil will and morbid imagination; *ens Dei*, the source arising from bad Karma, *sc.*, the result of divine justice. Modern physicians do not sufficiently consider the astral, psychic, and spiritual causes; and when they do recognize the effect of the imagination, it is only by virtue of a temporary departure from their professed methods.

This book treats of the septenary constitution of man, as symbolized by seven symbols, which were also used to denote seven of the celestial bodies; explains the meaning of sulphur, salt, and mercury, the five Tattvas, and other terms, and shows that the symbolism of the ancient philosophers and mediæval alchemists concealed a knowledge of nature far deeper, even if less specialized, than that possessed by modern physicians. A doctor should, before all things, be an occultist, and if he is that he can even dispense with the letters M.D., which show rather that he has passed an examination than that he has studied the inner nature of man. The book will no doubt be useful to patients and show them what constitutes real medical knowledge, but if any doctors consent to follow its teachings they will have to overcome a great deal of prejudice.

H. T. E.

WHAT IS MYSTICISM?²

THIS brochure is by Count Leiningen-Billigheim, secretary of the Vienna Lodge, T. S., and is published by the publisher of *Lotusblüthen*, who advertises on the cover Theosophical literature, including the German translation of *The Key to Theosophy*, Râma Prasâd's *Science of Breath* in German, and a table of contents of *Lotusblüthen* from its commencement. The preface informs us that the book is written to explain the fundamental conception of Occultism and to answer prevalent questions thereon. It has chapters on Occultism, Man, Mysticism, and The Path, and a glossary of terms used in occult literature.

¹ *Occult Science in Medicine*, by Franz Hartmann, M.D. Theosophical Publishing Society, 7, Duke Street, Adelphi, London, W.C. 1893. Price 3s. 6d. net.

² *Was ist Mystik?* von Carl Graf zu Leiningen-Billigheim. Leipzig: Wilhelm Friedrich, 1893.

The first chapter shows the antiquity and universality of the Secret Doctrine, the second deals with the constitution of man and distinguishes between the true and false self, the third deals with the end to be aimed at and the method of attaining to it, explaining Karma and Reincarnation, and the fourth treats of self-development, chiefly as explained in the Indian books. The book is well calculated to excite a desire for deeper study, and we wish it every success.

H. T. E.

THE REVIVAL OF ASTROLOGY.

MR. B. SURYANARAIN ROW, B.A., of Bellary, has sent us a pamphlet and two books, entitled respectively *The Revival of Astrology*, *The Astrological Primer*, and *The Astrological Self-Instructor*. From the pamphlet we learn that the author has for his aim the revival and purification of astrology, but, as he does not say much about the revival of true knowledge, which is the aim of LUCIFER, he does not interest us particularly. We do not know much about the condition of astrology in India, but if it is anything like astrology in England, it will take a greater expenditure of energy to purify it than is likely to be forthcoming. The books are, however, useful compilations, which will be read with interest by students of astrology; they will be useful for reference in view of the frequent use of astrological terms in *The Secret Doctrine* and other occult works; and they show that there is much greater depth in Indian than in European astrology.

H. T. E.

THE LOGOS IN ANCIENT CHINESE RELIGIONS.¹

THE author starts with the thesis that esoteric researches into the religions of antiquity almost always lead to the conclusion that behind the rank growth of polytheism and pantheism lay concealed an unconscious crypto-monotheism; a conclusion backed up by the religious books of China, Iran, Akkadia, and Egypt. He has obviously "rediscovered" the Logos theory in these old systems, with its figurative language misunderstood and its ideals anthropomorphized by the masses, as in all religions. Extensive reference is made to various periods of Chinese and other religious history, and the pamphlet should be of interest to students of the subject. We give a specimen of the quotations by which the thesis is supported; a Chinese emperor is addressing the deity Shang Ti:

In the beginning of all things was alone the measureless Chaos, formless, dark. The interaction of the five Elements was not yet begun. There shone neither sun nor moon. In the midst was neither form nor sound. Then camest Thou, O all-ruling Spirit, hovering round it, embracing it in Thy power, and didst first part the grosser from the finer, paint the heaven, fashion the earth, create man.

H. T. E.

Theosophical Activities.

ANNIE BESANT'S INDIAN TOUR.

The enthusiasm created by Annie Besant's tour in India seems, according to the Indian papers, to be as great as ever. She arrived in Calcutta on Jan. 10th, where, as stated in our last number, she was accorded a most hearty reception on landing. Next day she delivered a lecture in the Town Hall to a large gathering of Indian gentlemen,

¹ *Krypto-Monotheismus in den Religionen der alten Chinesen und anderer Völker*; von Ferd. Adalbert Junker von Langegg. Leipzig, 1892.

numbering, it is said, nearly four thousand, with a sprinkling of Europeans. Mrs. Besant was accompanied by Col. Olcott and the Countess Wachtmeister, and the chair was taken by the former, who, after introducing Mrs. Besant to the audience, emphasized the eclecticism of the Theosophical Society. The lecturer spoke on the rise and fall of nations, the ancient grandeur of India, the caste system, the Upanishads and Purānas, and the deleterious influence of Western materialism; and urged her hearers to revive the study of their own sacred literature, instead of turning to the West for enlightenment. She concluded as follows:

I plead in the name of your ancient writings. I plead in the name of your ancient teachers, nay, I plead in a higher name than that of these to you who are Hindūs. I plead to you in the name of all your ancient "gods," if you will cry to them that they will not forget their India where once the incense of worship went up, but that your love may draw them back, your worship may win their glances, may bring them again amongst us, so that our land once more shall be sacred, and the Holy Land of Humanity shall have its children once again.

The Indian Mirror, in a leader dated Jan. 18th, says:

And now the messenger has come to reawaken that spirituality, to revive old memories, to make the Hindūs realize what they possess, and yet they have lost. The messenger of the gods has come to tell the Hindūs that the gods will return to India if her sons will only listen to the messenger, and attempt to win back their ancient heritage of spiritual wealth.

Three other lectures were delivered at Calcutta, the last two being on *Theosophy and Hindūism* and *Theosophy and Modern Progress*; the attendance was, on these occasions also, dense, and the enthusiasm unbounded. Mrs. Besant "came, spoke, and conquered," according to *The Indian Mirror*. The last lecture, at the Town Hall on Sunday, was attended by a much larger number of Europeans than on the previous occasions, and the lecturer drew a vivid and touching picture of the contrasted sensuousness and misery of modern society, warning India against throwing in her lot with European civilization and sharing its doom. Her only salvation was to legislate for herself and return to her former sanctity of life. A native paper published in Calcutta under the name of *Hope* says:

To the theosophic movement must be given by preëminence the credit of first rousing the sons of Hindustan from their religious torpor and drawing their attention to the greatness of the religion and civilization of their forefathers. We are as yet far, indeed very far, from seeing the revival of Hindūism in this country, but there is little doubt that there are on all sides the signs of a mighty reawakening. The educated classes of India, who were so long held spell-bound by the glamour of the Western civilization, are gradually realizing their position, and distinguishing between the solidity of the Hindū system of Religion and Philosophy and the hollowness of the civilization of the West. . . . The theosophic movement has contributed by far the largest share of the moving force which is moulding the religious belief and conviction of a large portion of the educated community of India.

On Sunday night, Jan. 14th, Mrs. Besant, Col. Olcott, and the Countess Wachtmeister left Calcutta for Berhampore, where they arrived next day, visited the Theosophical library and saw visitors. On the 18th a lecture was delivered at 6.30 p.m., on *India, her Past, Present and Future*; the Theosophical Branch welcomed the visitors, round whose necks garlands were hung, and the hall was crowded with representatives of every class.

The next place visited was Bankipore, where the party arrived on Jan. 20th. With the permission of the Mahārājah of Durbhangah the members of the Theosophical Society had made arrangements for their stay at the Chhajjubagh House, whither they were welcomed with triumphal arches.

Three lectures were delivered here on *Theosophy and Modern Science, Evidence of Theosophy*, and *Hinduism*; and on the 21st a grand demonstration was held to express the rejoicings of the Hindûs, Behârîs, and Bengâlis for Mrs. Besant's championing of Hinduism. *The Indian Mirror* says:

At a Mahatshav, arranged by Babu Dinabundhu Ganguly of the local Bar . . . educated Beharis and representatives from almost all Bengali houses partook of *Bishnu Prosad* [Vishnu Prasâda] along with Mrs. Besant and party, squatting on the floor in strict Indian fashion.

On the 22nd the party arrived at Benares, and visited places of interest in the city under the auspices of Babu Upendra Nath Bose. Next day an open air lecture on *Atheism* versus *Hinduism* was given, and the audience listened with rapt attention to an appeal to them to give up Western materialism and study their own scriptures. On the 24th a lecture was delivered in the Town Hall on *Death and Life after Death*, and *The Indian Mirror* exhausts its vocabulary in attempting to depict the scenes that were witnessed. People began to collect three hours before the time, and when the doors were opened an inconvenient rush ensued, the hall was filled in a moment, and many had to go away disappointed.

So great was the crush and noise that the affair seemed likely to end in a fiasco, and when we consider that, according to *The Indian Mirror*, the hall was sufficient to accommodate 500 persons, while the audience was estimated at from 5,000 to 6,000, little surprise will be felt that poor "Anand Basant" was scarcely able to force her way to the platform. After much urgent entreaty and supplication on the part of the President of the local Branch and Col. Olcott, the crowd became quiet enough for the lecture to begin, and listened attentively to an hour's lecture on the usual topic of spiritual as opposed to material civilization. On the 25th the party drove to Sarnath, where the Buddha preached his first sermon.

On Jan. 31st Mrs. Besant lectured at Allahabad, an audience of over 1,000, mainly natives, assembling in the Mayo Hall. The topic was the *Inadequacy of Materialism*, and the audience listened with deep attention for an hour and a half.

The above account is selected from a huge bundle of newspaper cuttings; our direct information is practically *nil*, as the rush has been too great to allow of writing in detail. We can therefore only append the following from a letter of Mrs. Besant of Feb. 13th, from Delhi. Referring to Benares, she writes: "It is a wonderful view that of Benares on the course of the Ganges, and is seen to perfection in crossing the river in the train. The town rises on a hill from the broad stream, a picturesque mass of many-shaped houses and towers, and seems to bend over the Ganges, as though it took it in its arms. And when to the mere beauty of the thing you add its memories, what it was of old, and what it might again become, your heart stretches out to it; and then again comes the pain of knowing what it is, how mere a shell of religion, formality void of spirit."

Three lectures were delivered to densely packed audiences. Mrs. Besant by invitation met all the chief pandits, the leaders of Hinduism. As they did not know English they spoke in Sanskrit at the meeting, and were interpreted. At Allahabad the party was met by Professor G. N. Chakravarti, and lodged at a bungalow in his compound. Three lectures, a conversazione and many meetings were held. "The great Khumba Mela was going on, on the last day of which twenty lakhs of people were present (two millions), and we went through the vast camp on the banks of the Jumna and Ganges. I am sending an account to *The Daily Chronicle*. One day we went on elephants for a

very pleasant ride, over sands and crossing biggish streams. We saw many Sâdhus—scamps for the most part, alas! Yogis of the lower type, some more or less advanced. But not with them lies India's helping."

EUROPEAN SECTION.

The North of England Federation T. S. held its third conference in the Memorial Hall, Manchester, by invitation of the Manchester City Lodge. Over forty F.T.S.'s were present from various Lodges. G. R. S. Mead opened the proceedings with a short address, business details were discussed, and a scheme for a *Secret Doctrine* correspondence class broached. The General Secretary spoke again at the evening session. The next conference will be at Harrogate in May, when Mrs. Besant may be present. Miss Shaw, 7, James St., Harrogate, has been elected Secretary of the Federation in place of O. Firth, who has resigned.

Our Swedish brothers are establishing a Theosophical Publishing Company, Ltd., in Gothenburg under the management of Messrs. Hansen, a bookseller, Hedlund, a publisher, and Sjöstedt. The first book issued by the new company will be a translation of *Reminiscences of H. P. B. and The Secret Doctrine*. Thirty-two new members have been added to the Scandinavian Sub-section, and a new charter will be applied for from Helsingfors, Finland. The Orion Lodge at Stockholm has been very active and successful, and has departments for correspondence, translation, propaganda, etc. The Norwegian Lodge at Christiania has a publishing company which has translated Mrs. Besant's *Reincarnation* into Norwegian.

In Holland good work has been done by Mons. Fricke and Mme. Meuleman, who have found a demand for their lectures. The Hague and the Helder have been the scenes of their operations, and Mons. Van der Zeyde has lectured at Zaandam.

From the North London Lodge well-attended meetings are reported, and the library grows apace, now numbering some five hundred volumes.

The Chiswick Lodge has elected its officers for the ensuing year.

The Bradford Lodge has held its annual meeting, and is abandoning its present Lodge rooms in favour of a more accessible public room.

The Bournemouth Lodge reports good meetings and enquirers.

The Athene Lodge, Bradford, has at last secured a room in the Mechanics' Institute. The opening lecture by Dr. Edwards aroused much interest and was well reported. A lecture has also been given in connection with the literary society of a Congregational Church, under the chairmanship of the pastor.

The Southport Lodge has had good lectures alternately with classes for the study of *The Key to Theosophy*. The new secretary is Mr. Herbert Crooke, 19, Windsor Road, who reports a most encouraging lecture from a member of the Society for Psychical Research, and states that the MS. journal of the Lodge, *The Aura*, is doing good work.

At the Leeds Lodge Miss Shaw's paper on *Theosophy and Christianity* was followed by a warm discussion, a well-known trance-medium dragging in ancient slanders.

The Ramsgate and Margate Centre profited by a lecture from Mrs. Cooper-Oakley at Margate on Feb. 8th.

The Llandudno Centre has done much quiet and effective work. The lending library has been made good use of and a catalogue printed. Mr. Kingsland has brought Theosophy into public prominence by a lecture on *Scientific Aspects of Modern Theosophy*, delivered on Feb. 16th before the Llandudno Literary, Scientific, and Debating Society,

of which he is a Vice-President; 150 people were present, though the audience was confined to members only; the lime-light lantern was used and experiments performed. Opposition from the clergy was disarmed and turned into applause.

The Birmingham Lodge reports great increase of visitors and good meetings.

At Hallein, Austria, Dr. Franz Hartmann is printing a new German edition of his *Magic, White and Black*, which is not a translation but a new book. He has also been asked to contribute to a new mystical journal at Berlin, entitled *The Word*.

The Headquarters' Library acknowledges the donation of fifteen new books during February.

The Lotus Circle of the League of Theosophical Workers, which is held in the conservatory, 17, Avenue Road, on Sundays from 2.30 to 3.30, is well attended.

The H. P. B. Home and Clare Crèche acknowledges various gifts.

The Lecture List for March announces forty-seven lectures to be delivered in various Lodges and Centres, excluding many of which no details have been sent in.

[For a full account of European Activities see *The Vahan*.]

AMERICAN SECTION.

AMERICAN LETTER.

G. E. Harter, of Dayton, Ohio, who established classes for the gathering together of small pledges toward support of the T. S., announced that the total number of promises to February 15th are eighty-two, the total value being \$860.85 annually.

Sioux Falls Society of South Dakota was chartered February 10th, making the eighty-third on the American roll. Already it has secured a circulating library of fifty-seven books, issued a neatly printed card of rules and blank for application. A public meeting is held each Tuesday evening, the attendance being good. The hall they have secured seats about fifty, attendance being usually about thirty. They have also established a free reading room, which is open every evening.

The Brooklyn Society's *Conversazione* on February 5th was a most decided success, an excellent programme having been arranged by the ladies of the Branch. In addition to the other music, Mr. Ghikas, a Greek member from Corfu, rendered several delightful selections upon the guitar, singing (to his own accompaniment) a number of Greek songs.

Miss M. L. Guild is visiting in Portland, Me., and finding the town ripe for Theosophy, has delivered a number of lectures to fair audiences. A Branch is contemplated.

Burcham Harding, F.T.S. is out on the road again. Arriving at Pittsburgh January 28th, he has laboured steadily in the spreading of Theosophic ideas. Beside delivering eight public lectures in the Branch hall and elsewhere, he has organized three classes for the study of Mr. Judge's *Occan of Theosophy*.

T. Richard Prater, H. T. Patterson, Mr. Friedberg, and others have started a theosophical centre in the lower portion of the City of New York which is proving a great success. Lectures are held every month and meetings weekly. A hall has been secured, and those interested hope soon to have a branch started; indeed, there are members enough now, or rather people interested enough, to warrant the application for a charter, but they prefer to wait until assured of the success of the centre. Prof. Leon Landsberg and Mr. H. A. Freeman, of New York, and Miss L. A. Shaw, of Brooklyn, have already lectured there, while Miss Maude Ralston, of Brooklyn, and Mrs. E. C. Mayer, Mr. Harrie Steele Budd and Dr. T. P. Hyatt, of New York, will lecture in the near future.

The Secretary of the Theosophical Correspondence Class reports that the present number of members in the class is 188, and applications are being received every day. The answers to first and second questions are very satisfactory, and the third set will be issued shortly.

The Pacific Coast Lecturer visited Sanger and Potterville, cities in California, and despite the existence of "religious revivals" at each of the two places, he addressed audiences of no inconsiderable size. At the latter place a branch was chartered shortly after with eighteen members.

The Rev. Dr. Haldeman has "let himself loose" upon the T. S. in the shape of an address, *Theosophy and Christianity*, which address has been printed, with an introduction by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, it commences: "Fogs are not only unhealthy, but they distort and hide. One of the thickest fogs that has settled on many souls is Theosophy. This book by Rev. I. M. Haldeman is a burst of sunshine scattering that fog. . . . The author . . . powerfully and in point-blank way states what Theosophy really is" (?).

We welcome the book with joy, for it will perhaps take the minds of sectarians of the Talmage stamp in America for a minute or two from their petty selfish quarrels, besides placing Theosophy before people who would not hear of it otherwise: it will help us to sow the seeds which will ripen, perhaps years hence, but nevertheless, possibly at a time and in a place where they will do a great amount of good, and help the labours of some future reformer toward completion.

G. D. O. Y.

AUSTRALASIA.

Sydney.—The move that was foreshadowed in my last letter is now an accomplished fact. We have removed from Argent Chambers, 19, Hunter Street, and are established at 42, Margaret Street, Wynyard Square.

The new room is quite a hall, and is capable of easily seating 150 people, and possibly a great many more—this, too, without encroaching on the space occupied by the book depôt and a small screened space for a lavatory and lunch club requirements. The room is on the first floor, and the street entrance is good. There is very little vehicular traffic at our end of the square, and we are well away from our thundering steam trams and the rattling 'bus, though at the same time in the centre of the city.

We commenced our series of fortnightly public lectures for the new year on Jan. 17th. The attendance even at the first lecture shows a decided increase on those of last year in the Oddfellows' Hall. The subject was *Mahâtmas and Adepts*, by T. W. Willans. Five hundred copies of the syllabus of fortnightly public lectures ending June 20th have been printed with information about Sunday readings, debates, the book depôt, and *The Austral Theosophist*. We have issued our first batch of leaflets printed in N.S.W.—5,000 of *Reincarnation* and 5,000 of *Karma*. They are exact replicas of numbers three and four of those sent to us from London. These 10,000 leaflets are the first effort of the Leaflet Distribution Committee. Some of them will be sold in order to keep up the nucleus of a fund for leaflet printing expenses.

T. W. WILLANS.

NEW ZEALAND.

Dunedin Lodge.—The first annual meeting of this Lodge was held on Jan. 15th, when the following officers were elected for the current year: President, Mr. G. Richardson; Secretary, Mr. A. W. Maurais; Treasurer and Librarian, Miss L. M. Stone.

A. W. MAURAI, *Hon. Sec.*

Theosophical

AND

Mystic Publications.

THE THEOSOPHIST (*Madras*).

Vol. XV, No. 5:—Several interesting instances are given in "Old Diary Leaves" of phenomena performed by H. P. Blavatsky in New York. "Some Notes on Kundalini," by Ananta Krishna Shastry, are exceedingly valuable as pointing out how much even the exoteric literature of India reveals.

The article is written principally from "the standpoint of Mantra Shāstra." The following extract is useful: "In the case of a newly developed Yogī, Kundalini, it is said, returns almost immediately to Svādishthāna, as soon as concentration is stopped. The period during which the power can be retained in Sahasrāra is of course in proportion to the development of the ascetic. Svādishthāna, it may be pointed out, means 'the abode of itself,' which expression I may explain by stating that in the ordinary person 'the serpent power' lies coiled in Mūlādhāra, but when once aroused it never returns there, but to the chakram above, viz., Svādishthāna, which is consequently the resting place of Kundalini."

The "Chat on the Roof" was decidedly unprofitable; "Evolution and Ethics," by Richard Harte, reviews and criticizes Dr. Huxley's recent Oxford lecture; "Krishna's Journey to Mount Kailās," "Of the Virtues and Preparations of Corals," and "The Solar System" are none of them without interest; "Reviews," "Theosophy in all Lands," and "Cuttings and Comments" complete a fairly representative number.

THE PATH (*New York City, U.S.A.*).

Vol. VIII, No. 11:—C. J. gives a second article on the "Symbolism of the Upanishads," with some comments that are

worthy of the subject treated. The translation is original and entirely free from technical terms. If the series is to be continued it will well bear reprinting in book-form. "Hypnotism" is a lucid and useful article by W. Q. Judge. All who heard Mrs. J. C. Keightley's address on "What Proof Have We?" read in the Blavatsky Lodge, will be glad to see it printed in this issue of *The Path*. The familiar face of Claude Falls Wright adorns its pages as a lasting attraction. This is the "Face of a Friend." "Plot against the Theosophical Society" refers to attacks made on members by an American who has procured real or imitation private letters to prove how quarrelsome they are. "In truth," as is said, "the calibre of soul which fits men to pursue the business of getting private letters from those receiving them under seal of confidence, and then using them to misrepresent and belittle the living and the dead, is not such as to lead to fame or even general esteem." "Reincarnation in Judaism and the Bible," by W. Q. J., shows well how foolish modern Christians are to ignore a doctrine that they might justly claim as theirs.

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THE THEOSOPHICAL FORUM
(*New York City, U.S.A.*).

No. 55:—The editor and W. Q. J. differ in their replies to the first question. This has happened before. It is on this occasion due to the editor pleading for universal and eternal good with no shadow of evil. "Memory" is shown to be by no means a "physical function" as an enquirer would have it; "Matter" in some form or another, as object, is pointed to as necessary for manifestation;

Black Magic and the Loss of the Soul give rise to the next questions, which are, however, somewhat difficult to follow, as the pages run 2, 9, 10, 5, etc.

THE PRASNOTTARA (*Madras*).

Vol. IV, No. 37:—The first number of a new series produced under the auspices of a Committee appointed at the last Indian Convention. Questions are reduced to a minimum, and short extracts are given in their place from Taoist books, from Emerson and other writers. References should be given if this system is continued. *The Prasnotlara* as it stands does scant credit to the activity of the Indian Section.

THE VĀHAN (*London*).

Vol. III, No. 8:—"Activities" greatly exceed their prescribed limits. They are more than usually interesting, however, especially the report from Sweden, so extra length is excusable. The "Lecture List" should be used by members; it is not for ornament. Those who travel are always heartily welcomed by other Lodges than their own, and much good may be done by the life-atoms composing the great body of the T. S. circulating freely throughout its system. The List now gives details of twenty-two Centres where regular meetings are held. "The Enquirer" asks many questions which an Adept *might* be able to answer. "Accident" is not believed in, but all who write object strongly to the fatalist theory. The conditions of Chelâship are variously given.

LE LOTUS BLEU (*Paris*).

Vol. IV, No. 11:—This number opens with a report of a speech delivered by Mons. Arthur Arnould, on the occasion of a reception held by our French brethren in honour of a distinguished prelate of Japan. This was Horiu-Toki, Bishop (it is said) of an Esoteric (? Mahâyâna) sect of Buddhists, the Superior of Mi-tani-ji. Besides this dignitary, such well-known members of the French literary world as M. Camille Flammarion, M. le Col. de Rochas, Count de Larmandie and others were also present. M. J. Tasset welcomed the guests in an interesting speech, and then the President, M. Arnould, read the paper with which this number begins.

It is a very eloquent and able effort and well points out the present position of Theosophy in France. A brief *résumé* is given of a speech in Japanese by Horiu-Toki. *The Reminiscences of H. P. Blavatsky* and "*The Secret Doctrine*," by the Countess Wachtmeister, have been selected for translation. "La Volonté," by Guymiot, "Fragments d'un Catéchisme de la Bodhi," by Amaravella, and other continued articles are as good as ever.

THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST (*Dublin*).

Vol. II, No. 5:—"Notes by the Way" contain an account of Mrs. Besant's Indian Tour from LUCIFER, and a notice of the Hon. A. J. Balfour's address before the S. P. R. "Theosophy in Plain Language" deals with Karma, and shows, as usual, a very considerable amount of independent and helpful thought. We trust that as time goes on writers in the T. S. will strike out for themselves fresh lines of argument and of evidence, so that articles will be less and less made up of lengthy quotations from other people's efforts. "The Cave of Liliti" is charmingly written, as is all that comes from Æ.'s pen. It is an allegory that should be read. "Gleanings from Theosophical Literature," arranged under subject headings, will be most useful if systematically carried out. "A Theosophic View of Life and Death," "The Gnostics," and "Mrs. Besant on Education," are all of interest. The children's department should procure for *The Irish Theosophist* a wide circulation throughout and beyond the T. S., as it is certainly calculated to help all parents who would educate their children theosophically.

TEOSOFISK TIDSKRIFT (*Stockholm*).

Vol. II, Nos. 1, 2:—Two articles on "Prayer from a Theosophical Standpoint," should prove valuable. Dr. Zander, the author of the second, lays necessary stress on the power of the will. "In the Train" is a pretty set of verses by Georg Ljungström; "To Those who Come," is translated from *La Revue Theosophique*. Dr. Zander further writes on the "Four Truths of Buddha," with great sympathy for Buddha's ethical teaching. "Mrs. Besant and Occultism," is taken from *The Daily Chronicle*; Jasper Niemand's "Sleeping Spheres" is translated, and long accounts are given of

Mrs. Besant's and the Countess Wachtmeister's doings in the far East. These are two really good numbers.

THE AUSTRAL THEOSOPHIST
(Melbourne).

Vol. I, No. 1:—Yet another addition to our already long list of magazines. It is a right welcome one and was greatly needed. May it indeed act as a faithful voice for the reëchoing of that Wisdom which once before held sway in Australia—the remnant of Lemuria. The start is very satisfactory. The design of the cover is too elaborate to be effective. The colour is the red-orange favoured by Yogis. “The Search Light,” for which the editor is presumably responsible, is brightly written and consists of passing comments upon topics of general interest; “What Theosophy Offers,” by H. W. H., will be useful for enquirers; “The Parliament of Religions,” is by Mrs. Besant, as contributed to *The Daily Chronicle*; “Mrs. Cooper-Oakley” is the subject of an appreciative notice from the pen of M. B. S., with a portrait which is not the best we have seen; “A Word of Greeting” is given by Mrs. Besant, written on the Indian Ocean; James Smith on “A Plurality of Existences,” is really good, and speaks well for the Victorian Theosophic League which called it forth; “War in Olympus” is reprinted from *The Theosophist*; a brightly written account of “Theosophy at the World's Fair” is contributed by Mrs. Cooper-Oakley, and the number concludes well with a reprint from an Australian medical journal showing hypnotism to have been successfully applied medically in the Colonies.

SOPHIA (Madrid).

Vol. II, No. 2:—This magazine well maintains its high standard in the present issue. *Death—and After?* is still being translated; “The Symbolism of the Cross,” an original work by M. Treviño, shows careful study and a power of clear exposition. “Movimiento Teosófico,” gives long extracts from the LUCIFER reports of Mrs. Besant's Indian movements, with notices of the increasing activity in Barcelona.

ANTAHKARANA (Barcelona).

Vol. I, No. 2:—This second issue of our last contemporary but one shows no

falling off from the excellent start made. “The Objects of the Theosophical Society” are explained and dilated upon; J. P. D. writes, “A un Laborante de la Materia,” and “Cartas de Wilkesbarre Sobre Teosófia,” are well translated. All the subject-matter is simple and should be easily understood by the readers for whom this monthly is mainly intended. May it prosper!

PACIFIC THEOSOPHIST (San Francisco, Cal., U.S.A.).

Vol. IV, No. 7:—“The World's Great Religions” is most ably continued by Dr. J. A. Anderson. “What is Matter?” “Tolerance,” “Theosophy and Modern Science,” are all fair reading, though “Two Dreams” are not so. “Activities” increase apace. “The Coming Convention” receives due attention, and Pacific Coast members are called upon to be present without fail and to bring a written address with them, the reading of which is not to occupy more than thirty minutes. This a large order if all papers brought are to be read.

THE THEOSOPHIC THINKER
(Bellary).

Vol. I, Nos. 44, 45:—These numbers contain very enthusiastic accounts of Mrs. Besant's visit to and lectures in the Bellary district.

Vol. II, Nos. 1-4:—A new volume is commenced, and *The Thinker* appears with a gorgeous heading rather like the coat of arms of a city guild. The effect is excellent, and we must once again congratulate our Bellary brethren on their persevering efforts under difficulties. Further reports are given of Mrs. Besant's sayings and doings in the neighbourhood. The translation of *Sita Ramanjaneya Samvadam* is continued, and the notes by O. L. Sarma and Seshagiri Rao are most useful as before. “Stray Notes and Comments” and “The Identity of the End of all Systems of Philosophy” are both good in their way.

THE THEOSOPHIC GLEANER
(Bombay).

Vol. III, No. 6:—This number consists entirely of reprints. “The Post Mortem State” is translated from *Le Lotus Bleu*; “Theosophy Generally Stated,” by W. Q. Judge, comes from the Official Report of

the Chicago Congress; "Mrs. Besant's Story of her Conversion," "The Path of Spiritual Progress," "Cautions in Paragraphs," and "The Sleeping Spheres," by Jasper Niemand, are derived from various sources, and are certainly well chosen.

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THE BUDDHIST (*Colombo*).

Vol. VI, No. 2:—An annual report from Ceylon, read at the last Adyar Convention, commences this number. One of Mr. Judge's speeches at the Chicago Congress is reprinted; "Buddhism as a Religio-Philosophical System" continues to be translated from the German of Prof. A. Bastian; "Sariputra and Mandgalyana" is a story translated from the Sinhalese; "Southern Province Tour" is an account of school-canvassing by the manager of the School Committee.

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ORIENTAL DEPARTMENT
(*American Section*).

No. 15:—The issue before us is one that does no little credit to all responsible for its contents. A new plan of campaign is inaugurated with this first number of 1894, for in a preliminary notice on "The Great Upanishads" it is said: "We shall translate these twelve great Upanishads one by one, in the spirit of Indian thought and Indian earnestness; adding such commentary as comparison may suggest, such light as study and thought can give." *Prashna Upanishad* is the first selected; the translation is excellent in all respects, the original being most poetically ren-

dered. "The Symbols Used" is explanatory and is signed C. J. "The Heritage of the Brāhmans" outlines the work and history of that caste, showing how their knowledge was originally derived from the royal warrior-sages of the mighty Rājanya race—the Kshattriyas; showing too how Shankarāchārya, the greatest of Brāhmans, began and accomplished his task of reforming Brāhmanism from within its own centre. Congratulations, Mr. Editor!

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Lack of space prevents any detailed review of the following: *The Sanmārga Bodhini*, Vol. IV, Nos. 1-4, containing articles on "Habit," "Good Men guide the World," "Astrology," etc.; *The Gul Afshān*, No. 4, the English contributions, or selections rather, consisting partly of advertisements and partly of original matter that threatens complete mental breakdown on the part of the authors; *Department of Branch Work*, American Section, Paper 39, the subject of which is "Vibrations"—exceedingly well treated of by J. H. Connelly; *Theosophia*, Vol. II, No. 22, with continued translations of *The Key to Theosophy* and *Through Storm to Peace*, with much original matter which is in every way beyond criticism; *El Instructor*, a scientific and literary magazine published in Mexico; *La Haute Science*, Nos. 1, 2, containing amongst other things of interest a literal translation of *The Tāo* of Lao-tsze, which is at least an improvement on the paraphrase of M. Stanilas Julien.
T.

Our Budget.

BOW CLUB.

	<i>£</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Anon. - - - - -	0	10	0
Half Proceeds Madras Lecture by Annie Besant	19	15	0
Mrs. Scatcherd - - - - -	5	0	0
"B." - - - - -	5	0	0
Barclay Day - - - - -	1	1	0
W. B. Hunter - - - - -	2	0	0
Anon. - - - - -	0	10	0
	£33 16 0		