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THOUGHTS ON KARMA AND REINCARNATION.

“In man there are arteries, thin as a hair split a 1,000 times, filled with fluids blue, red, green, yellow, etc. The tenuous involucrum (the base or ethereal frame of the astral body) is lodged in them, and the ideal residues of the experiences of the former embodiments (or incarnations) adhere to the said tenuous involucrum, and *accompany it in its passage from body to body.*” —UPANISHADS.

“**J**UDGE of a man by his questions rather than by his answers,” teaches the wily Voltaire. The advice stops half-way in our case. To become complete and cover the whole ground, we have to add, “ascertain the motive which prompts the questioner.” A man may offer a query from a sincere impulse to learn and to know. Another person will ask eternal questions, with no better motive than a desire of cavilling and proving his adversary in the wrong.

Not a few among the “inquirers into Theosophy,” as they introduce themselves, belong to this latter category. We have found in it Materialists and Spiritualists, Agnostics and Christians. Some of them, though rarely, are “open to conviction”—as they say; others, thinking with Cicero that no liberal, truth-seeking man should ever impute a charge of unsteadiness to anyone for having changed his opinions—become *really* converted and join our ranks. But there are those also—and these form the majority—who, while representing themselves as *inquirers*, are in truth *carpers*. Whether owing to narrowness of mind or foolhardiness they intrench themselves behind their own preconceived and not unseldom shallow beliefs and opinions, and will not budge from them. Such a “seeker” is hopeless, as his desire to investigate the truth is a pretext, not even a fearless mask, but simply a *false nose*. He has neither the open determination of an avowed materialist, nor the serene coolness of a “Sir Oracle.” But—

“You may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As, or by oath remove, or counsel shake,
The fabric of his folly. . . .”

Therefore, a "seeker after truth" of this kind had better be severely left alone. He is intractable, because he is either a skin-deep sciolist, a self-opinionated theorist or a fool. As a general rule, he talks re-incarnation before he has even learnt the difference between *metempsychosis*, which is the transmigration of a human Soul into an animal form, and Reincarnation, or the rebirth of the same Ego in successive human bodies. Ignorant of the *true* meaning of the Greek word, he does not even suspect how absurd, in philosophy, is this purely exoteric doctrine of transmigrations into animals. Useless to tell him that Nature, propelled by Karma, never recedes, but strives ever forward in her work on the physical plane; that she may lodge a human soul in the body of a man, morally ten times lower than any animal, but she will not reverse the order of her kingdoms; and while leading the irrational monad of a beast of a higher order into the human form at the first hour of a Manvantara, she will not guide that Ego, once it has become a man, even of the lowest kind, back into the animal species—not during that cycle (or Kalpa) at any rate.*

The list of queer "investigators" is by no means exhausted with these amiable *seekers*. There are two other classes—Christians and Spiritualists, the latter being in some respects, more formidable than any. The former having been born and bred believers in the Bible and supernatural "miracles" on *authority*, or "thirty-seventh hand evidence," to use a popular proverb, are often forced to yield in the face of the first-hand testimony of their own reason and senses; and then they are amenable to reason and conviction. They had formed *a priori* opinions and got crystallized in them as a fly in a piece of amber. But that amber has cracked, and, as one of the signs of the times, they have bethought themselves of a somewhat tardy still sincere search, to either justify their early opinions, or else part company with them for good. Having found out that *their* religion—like that of the great majority of their fellow men—had been founded on *human* not *divine* respect, they come to us as they would to surgical operators, believing that theosophists can remove all the old cobwebs from their bewildered brains. Sometimes it does so happen; once made to see the fallacy of first accepting and identifying themselves with any form of belief, and then only seeking, years later, for reasons to justify it, they very naturally try to avoid falling again into the same mistake. They had once to content themselves with such interpretations of their time-honoured

* Occult Science teaches that the same order of evolution for man and animals—from the first to the seventh planet of a chain, and from the first to the end of the seventh round—takes place on every *chain* of worlds in our Solar system from the inferior to the superior. Thus the highest as the lowest Ego, from the monads selected to people a new chain in a Manvantara, when passing from an inferior to a superior "chain" has, of course, to pass through every animal (and even vegetable) form. But once started on its cycle of births no human Ego will become that of an animal during any period of the seven rounds.—*Vide* SECRET DOCTRINE.

dogmas as the fallacy and often the absurdity of the latter would afford; but now, they seek to learn and understand before they believe.

This is the right and purely theosophical state of mind, and is quite consistent with the precept of Lord Buddha, who taught never to believe merely on authority but to test the latter by means of our personal reason and highest intuition. It is only such seekers after the eternal truth who can profit by the lessons of old Eastern Wisdom.

It is our duty, therefore, to help them to defend their new ideals by furnishing them with the most adequate and far-reaching weapons. For they will have to encounter, not only Materialists and Spiritualists, but also to break a lance with their ex-coreligionists. These will bring to bear upon them the whole of their arsenal, composed of the pop-guns of biblical casuistry and interpretations based on the dead-letter texts and the disingenuous translation of *pseudo* revelation. They have to be prepared. They will be told, for instance, that there is not a word in the Bible which would warrant belief in reincarnation, or life, more than once, on this earth. Biologists and physiologists will laugh at such a theory, and assure them that it is opposed by the fact that no man has a glimpse of recollection of any *past* life. Shallow metaphysicians, and supporters of the easy-going Church ethics of this age, will gravely maintain the injustice there would be in a posterior punishment, in the present life, for deeds committed in a previous existence of which we know nothing. All such objections are disposed of and shown fallacious to anyone who studies seriously the esoteric sciences.

But what shall we say of our ferocious opponents, the Kardecists, or the reincarnationists of the French school, and the *anti*-reincarnationists, *i.e.*, most of the Spiritualists of the old school. The fact, that the first believe in rebirth, but in their own crude, unphilosophical way, makes our task the more heavy. They have made up their minds that a man dies, and his "spirit," after a few visits of consolation to the mortals he left behind him, may reincarnate at his own sweet will, in whom and whenever he likes. The Devachanic period of no less than a 1,000, generally 1,500 years, is a vexation of mind and a snare in their sight. They will have nothing of this. No more will the Spiritualists. These object on the highly philosophical ground that "it is *simply impossible*." Why? Because it is so unpalatable to most of them, especially to those who know themselves to be the personal Avatar, or the reincarnation of some historically great hero or heroine who flourished within the last few centuries (rebirth from, or into, the scums of Whitechapel, being for them out of question). And "it is so cruel," you see, to tell fond parents that the fancy that a *still-born* child, a daughter of theirs, who, they imagine, having been reared in a nursery of Summerland, has now grown up and comes to visit them daily in the family séance-room, is an absurd belief, whether reincarnation be true or not. We must not *hurt their feelings* by insisting that every child who dies before the age of

reason—when only it becomes a responsible creature—reincarnates immediately after its death—since, having had no personal merit or demerit in any of its actions, it can have no claim upon Devachanic reward and bliss. Also that as it is irresponsible till the age of, say, seven, the full weight of the Karmic effects generated during its short life falls directly upon those who reared and guided it. They will hear of no such philosophical truths, based on eternal justice and Karmic action. “You hurt our best, our most devotional feelings. Avaunt!” they cry, “we will not accept your teachings.”

E pur se muove! Such arguments remind one of the curious objections to, and denial of, the sphericity of, the earth used by some clever Church Fathers of old. “How can the earth, forsooth, be round?” argued the saintly wiseacres—the “venerable Bedes” and the Manichean Augustines. “Were it so the men *below* would have to walk with their heads downward, like flies on a ceiling. Worse than all, they could not see the Lord descending in his glory on the day of the second advent!” As these very logical arguments appeared irrefutable, in the early centuries of our era, to Christians, so the profoundly philosophical objections of our friends the *Summerland* theorists, appear as plausible in this century of Neo-Theosophy.

And what are your proofs that such series of lives ever take place, or that there is reincarnation at all?—we are asked. We reply (1): the testimony of every seer, sage and prophet, throughout an endless succession of human cycles; (2) a mass of *inferential* evidence appealing even to the profane. True, this kind of evidence—although not seldom men are hung on no better than such *inferential* testimony—is not absolutely reliable. For, as Locke says: “To infer is nothing but by virtue of one proposition, laid down as true, to draw in another as true.” Yet, all depends on the nature and strength of that first proposition. The Predestinarians may lay down as true their doctrine of Predestination;—that pleasant belief that every human being is pre-assigned by the will of our “Merciful Father in Heaven,” to either everlasting Hell-fire, or the “Golden Harp,” on the pinion-playing principle. The proposition from which this curious belief is inferred and laid down as true, is based, in the present case, on no better foundation than one of the nightmares of Calvin, who had many. But the fact, that his followers count millions of men, does not entitle either the theory of total depravity, or that of predestination, to be called a universal belief. They are still limited to a small portion of mankind, and were never heard of before the day of the French Reformer.

These are pessimistic doctrines born of despair, beliefs artificially engrafted on human nature, and which, therefore, cannot hold good. But who taught mankind about soul transmigration? Belief in successive rebirths of the human *Ego* throughout the cycles of life in various bodies is a universal belief, a certainty innate in mankind. Even now, when

theological dogmas of human origin have stifled and well-nigh destroyed this natural inborn idea from the Christian mind, even now hundreds of the most eminent Western philosophers, authors, artists, poets and deep thinkers still firmly believe in reincarnation. In the words of Georges Sand, we are:—

“Cast into this life, as it were into an alembic, where, after a previous existence which we have forgotten, we are condemned to be remade, renewed, tempered by suffering, by strife, by passion, by doubt, by disease, by death. All these evils we endure for our good, for our purification, and so to speak, to make us perfect. From age to age, from race to race, we accomplish a tardy progress, tardy but certain, an advance of which, in spite of all the sceptics say, the proofs are manifest. If all the imperfections of our being and all the woes of our estate drive at discouraging and terrifying us, on the other hand, all the more noble faculties, which have been bestowed on us that we might seek after perfection, do make for our salvation, and deliver us from fear, misery, and even death. Yea, a divine instinct that always grows in light and in strength helps us to comprehend that nothing in the whole world wholly dies, and that we only vanish from the things that lie about us in our earthly life, to reappear among conditions more favourable to our eternal growth in good.”

Writes Professor Francis Bowen, as quoted in “*Reincarnation, a study of Forgotten Truths*” *—uttering a great truth:—

“The doctrine of metempsychosis may almost claim to be a natural or innate belief in the human mind, if we may judge from its wide diffusion among the nations of the Earth and its prevalence throughout the historical ages.”

The millions of India, Egypt, China, that have passed away, and the millions of those who believe in reincarnation to-day—are almost countless. The Jews had the same doctrine; moreover, whether one prays to a *personal*, or worships in silence an impersonal deity or a Principle and a Law, it is far more reverential to believe in this doctrine than not. One belief makes us think of “God” or “Law” as a synonym of Justice, giving to poor little man more than one chance for righteous living and for the atoning of sins whether of omission or commission. Our disbelief, credits the Unseen Power instead of equity with fiendish cruelty. It makes of *it* a kind of a sidereal Jack the Ripper or Nero doubled with a human monster. If a *heathen* doctrine honours the Deity and a Christian dishonours it, which should be accepted? And why should one who prefers the former be held as—an *infidel*?

But the world moves on now as it has always moved, and along with it move the ideas in the heads of the fogies. The question is not whether a fact in nature fits, or not, some special hobby, but whether it is really *a fact* based on, at least, inferential evidence. We are told by those special *hobbyists* that it is not. We reply, study the questions you would reject, and try to understand our philosophy, before you dismiss our

* We advise every disbeliever in reincarnation, in search of proofs, to read this excellent volume by Mr. E. D. Walker. It is the most complete collection of proofs and evidences from all the ages that was ever published.

teachings *a priori*. Spiritualists complain, and with very good reasons, of men of science who, like Huxley, denounce wholesale their phenomena whilst knowing next to nothing of them. Why do they do likewise, with regard to propositions based on the psychological experiences of thousands of generations of seers and adepts? Do they know anything of the laws of Karma—the great Law of Retribution, that mysterious, yet—in its effects—quite evident and palpable action in Nature, which, sooner or later, brings back every good or bad deed of ours to rebound on us, as the elastic ball, thrown against a wall, rebounds back on the one who throws it? They do not. They believe in a personal God, whom they endow with intelligence, and who rewards and punishes, in their ideas, every action of ours in life. They accept this *hybrid* deity (finite, because they endow it most unphilosophically with conditioned attributes, while insisting on calling it Infinite and Absolute), regardless of, and blind to, the thousand and one fallacies and contradictions in which the theological teachings concerning that deity involve us. But when offered a consistent, philosophical and quite logical substitute for such an imperfect God, a complete solution of most of the insoluble problems and mysteries in human life—they turn away in idiotic horror. They remain indifferent or opposed to it, only because its name is KARMA instead of Jehovah; and that it is a tenet which emanates from Aryan philosophy—the deepest and profoundest of all the world philosophies—instead of from the Semitic cunning and intellectual jugglery, which has transformed an astronomical symbol into the “one living God of Gods.” “We do not want an *impersonal* Deity,” they tell us; “a negative symbol such as ‘Non-Being’ is incomprehensible to Being.” Just so. “The light shineth in darkness; but the darkness comprehendeth it not.” Therefore they will talk very glibly of their *immortal* spirits; and on the same principle that they call a personal God *infinite* and make of him a gigantic *male*, so they will address a human phantom as “Spirit”—Colonel Cicero Treacle, or “Spirit” Mrs. Amanda Jellybag, with a vague idea that both are at least sempiternal.

It is useless, therefore, to try and convince such minds. If they are unable or unwilling to study even the broad general idea contained in the term *Karma*, how can they comprehend the fine distinctions involved in the doctrine of reincarnation, although, as shown by our venerable brother, P. Iyaloo Naidu of Hyderabad, Karma and Reincarnation are, “in reality, the A B C of the Wisdom-Religion.” It is very clearly expressed in the January *Theosophist*, “Karma is the sum total of our acts, both in the present life and in the preceding births.” After stating that Karma is of three kinds, he continues:—

“*Sanchita Karma* includes human merits and demerits accumulated in the preceding births. That portion of the *Sanchita Karma* destined to influence human life . . . in the present incarnation is called *Prarabdham*. The third kind of Karma is the

result of the merits or demerits of our present acts. *Agami* extends over all your words, thoughts, and deeds. What you think, what you speak, what you do, as well as whatever results your thoughts, words, and acts produce on yourself, and on those affected by them, fall under the category of the present Karma, which will be sure to sway the balance of your life for good or for evil in your future development (or reincarnation).”

Karma thus, is simply *action*, a concatenation of *causes and effects*. That which adjusts each effect to its direct cause; that which guides invisibly and as unerringly these effects to choose, as the field of their operation, the *right person in the right place*, is what we call *Karmic law*. What is it? Shall we call it the hand of Providence? We cannot do so, especially in Christian lands, because the term has been connected with, and interpreted theologically as, the *foresight* and *personal design* of a personal god; and because in the active laws of Karma—*absolute Equity*—based on the Universal Harmony, there is neither foresight nor desire; and because again, it is our own actions, thoughts, and deeds which *guide that law*, instead of being guided by it. “Whatever a man soweth, that shall he reap.” It is only a very unphilosophical and illogical theology which can speak in one breath of *free will*, and grace or damnation being *pre-ordained* to every human *from* (?) eternity, as though eternity could have a beginning *to start from!* But this question would lead us too far into metaphysical disquisitions. Suffice it to say that Karma leads us to rebirth, and that rebirth generates new Karma while working off the old, *Sanchita* Karma. Both are indissolubly bound up, one in the other. Let us get rid of *Karma*, if we would get rid of the miseries of rebirths or—REINCARNATION.

To show how the belief in Reincarnation is gaining ground even among the un-intuitional Western writers, we quote the following extracts from an Anglo-Indian daily.

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

“Dissatisfaction with the results of missionary enterprise in India is the most prominent feature of cultivated Christian sentiment in these days, and it must force attention both to the mistake of assailing Hinduism with the mock-culture of cram and to the intellectual weakness of many of the benevolent persons entrusted with the operation. The mistake has already been painfully illustrated in the incidents of the Madras Christian College disturbance, and it is not difficult to find an illustration of the attendant misfortune. In a missionary production of some pretensions an attempt is seriously made to confute the theory of the ‘Transmigration of Souls,’ which betrays an incapacity for metaphysical presentments and an ignorance of psychology that are unfortunate in any person undertaking such a task. Yet this effusion finds admission into a recognised missionary organ, and will perhaps be regarded by young missionaries as a triumphant display of intellectual strength to be coveted for the present and, if possible, imitated afterwards. And people

wonder in the face of this sort of thing that the subtle Hindu mind laughs at Christian assaults on its stronghold! The arguments put forward in the paper referred to are worth looking into one by one.

“The first is that metempsychosis ‘disregards the evidence of memory.’ Proof of this presumption is, of course, not attempted. It so happens that psychologists from Plato downward have called attention to the familiar mental phenomenon in which persons placed, for the first time in their lives, in peculiar circumstances, are suddenly invaded by the conviction that they have gone through the same experience before. Most big schoolboys remember the explanation that this phenomenon may be attributable to the reduplicative property of consciousness resulting from the double lobing of the brain. But even such boys can hardly forget that the phenomenon has also been regarded as evidence of a pre-existent state; and reflecting men must see that one hypothesis is as moral, as reasonable, and as scientific as the other. It may, indeed, be said that the latter hypothesis finds better corroboration than the former in the moral analogies of our nature. There is nothing inconsistent with the highest philosophical teaching, or with the moral lessons or the actual experience of Christ; in the occlusions of memory Christ himself, even in adult manhood, under the stress of physical entanglements, sometimes entirely forgot his pre-existent state, and, what is more to the point, some of its radically inseparable convictions, such as that He had ‘seen the Father,’ and ‘dwelt in the bosom of the Father,’ and held communion with Him ‘before the foundation of the world,’ and had ‘come down from heaven,’ and should ‘lose nothing.’ On any other supposition some of Christ’s most forcible sayings, and especially some of his most earnest prayers, would be unmeaning. If Christ then, because of his temporary incarnation in human nature, sometimes became so oblivious of His antecedent conditions—of His inseparable oneness with God, with its ineradicable accompaniments and its predestined results—as to be able earnestly to cry out ‘My God, why hast thou forsaken me?’ and ‘If it be possible, let this cup pass from me:’ things which *neither could be nor were truly desired by himself*—why may not any other human nature, not inlaid with an essential divinity, forget for longer or shorter periods its state of pre-existence, if it had one? Is it contended that such infirmity, unattainable by fallible man, was possible only to the infallible Son of God? Once admit the possibility of occlusion of memory, and the duration of the interval and even its character become matters of detail. Theologians may attribute to immaturity of intelligence that apparent unconsciousness of infants, which a keener insight may recognise as the inevitable hiatus between distinct conditions of a human consciousness. The babe being as perfectly human as any man—and indeed being, according to Christ, in the highest natural moral condition of humanity—the theory of a temporary occlusion of memory is not less philosophical, nor is it less moral, than the theory of undeveloped consciousness. No doubt the rank and file of religious teachers, perhaps because they have been so taught and fear to think for themselves, have decided on teaching differently. But this may only show that the rank and file of religious teachers are incapable of balancing philosophical equations and are not qualified for their great office.

May it not also account for the melancholy fate of the religion taught by them in its conflict with Hinduism ?

“It is gravely urged that ‘spirit exists *only* as it acts or suffers in feeling thinking, willing. Spirit in any other sense is a meaningless abstraction.’ If this means that while spirit exists anywhere its experience must be registered somewhere, it is superfluous platitude. If it means either that temporary unconsciousness, in whole or in part, is an impossibility, or that every spirit must in every moment of its existence be fully conscious of all experiences registered in every other moment of its existence, it assumes what is contradicted in the daily experience of all human beings but idiots. Admit the possibility of a hiatus, and its width and depth are mere questions of degree.

“The second argument is that metempsychosis involves a ‘libel on divine justice.’ The alleged belief of the Hindus, that suffering in one state of being expiates sin in another, which is not essentially unjust, nor a whit less moral than the dogma of inherited or imported sin, may or may not be unfounded ; but the first question is—is the atonement of Christ incompatible with transmigration ? If so, why ? A single scripture text in support of this unwarranted assumption would be useful, for if transmigration is not inconsistent with the atonement of Christ, it is a waste of time trying to find out how or why it disagrees with any self-constituted religious teacher’s ideas of divine justice. It is easy for omniscient sages to settle definitely what divine justice ought to be. For any unprepossessed mind there is certainly much in the Christian scriptures which is compatible with, and nothing that contradicts, the doctrine of a pre-existent state. In what conceivable way can the theory of a man’s being a fallen spirit or a risen animal, or both, conflict with what Christ actually said ? When, for instance, a group, who evidently believed in a former state of existence, actually asked him (John ix., 2 and 3) whether a particular man was ‘born blind’ because of his own sin or that of his parents, he answered, *no* that they were harbouring a mischievous delusion—which was what he did in an unmistakable way when men in difficulty sincerely submitted real delusions to his scrutiny—but that they were mistaken in their opinion in the particular case. His teaching here may be fairly claimed, not merely as not being antagonistic to, but as being in harmony with, and even lending colour to, the transmigration of souls. If religious teachers choose to decide that Christ knew less about ‘divine justice’ than they, the issue must be left to awakening Christendom.

“The third argument is that metempsychosis ‘is contrary to all sound psychology.’ Nine out of ten of the religious teachers who glibly dogmatise in this fashion are such indifferent psychologists that they have no intelligent conception even of the scripture teaching—leave alone any more abstruse presentments—on the differing spheres of body, soul and spirit in the three-fold nature of man,* and would be sorely puzzled to explain in what way many of the higher human responsibilities are adjusted between their own psychic and pneumatic natures ; and also what becomes of the unity of individual responsibility in the face of this tri-partite allotment. And yet such persons are put up to grapple with pantheistic Brahmans on the mysteries of Vedantism ! The

* The Christian scripture really teaches a *four-fold* nature in man—speaking of the natural body, the spiritual body, the soul, and the spirit. It is so far in close accordance with ancient Oriental ideas on the subject.

first step in comparative psychology is to show in a reasonable way that Christian psychology (as taught by its former and immediate disciples, and not as ex-cogitated by low-pitched ecclesiastical afterthought) is unfavourable to metempsychosis. This step has not been taken. The difficulty of taking it seems insuperable, and bland assumption of its ease can only be regarded as the audacity of ignorance.

“The fourth argument against transmigration is that it ‘is opposed to sound ethics.’ This is another of those almost comical assumptions cheerfully made by self-sufficient men, who begin by regarding themselves as the oracles of God and sole repositories of his mind, and naturally end by treating all they feel inclined to say as inspired; but for which, it is well to remember, there is no particle of authority in scripture, and no particle of proof anywhere else. All that any system of sound ethics can demand surely is that personal responsibility shall be attached to every intelligent exercise of individual will. How any conflict with this condition or any of its logical inferences can arise from the necessity for a future state of existence, it is obviously incumbent on those to point out who fling forth arbitrary assertions right and left. Every thinking man must be aware of a growth in his own moral consciousness by which a gulf has intervened between his present and his past: while his personality has survived to identify him, he is aware of distinct stages in his moral nature to which very different degrees of responsibility attach. How does this fact militate against sound ethics? Wherein, moreover, does the innocence of the ignorant child, who retains individual identity while sustaining differing burdens of responsibility, involve any danger to sound ethics? In what sense, in which such innocence does not also do so, can a pre-existent state, of all whose burdens of responsibility a human mind may not be uniformly or continuously conscious in that region of understanding in which impression and expression constantly re-act on each other, ‘annihilate the distinction between virtue and vice, right and wrong’? Any mind not determined to retain foregone conclusions must perceive that the words quoted are solemn nonsense. It is hardly a whit more silly to maintain that any hypothesis of the evolution of the photosphere must ‘annihilate time and space.’ The difficulty of disproving either statement of course arises from the utter absence of any connexion between premise and conclusion.

“The fifth contention against metempsychosis is that ‘it is not in accord with science.’ Religious teachers are for the most part so imperfectly equipped in science that it is amusing to find any of them stepping out of the region of confused and confusing theology, in which detection is not always sure, into the domain of science, where exposure is certain, to lay down the law as from the ‘unanswerable pulpit.’ Only a generation ago Darwin tickled the scientific world and convulsed the religious by inventing ‘natural selection,’ by which animals passed on their types, so to speak, to the next of kin. No assumption of recent years partakes more of the character of a metaphysical delusion; nor perhaps does any other scientific fad conflict more with Bible doctrine than every animal and every tree is self-contained, having ‘its seed in itself.’ Every true physiologist ought to understand this profound truth and its striking confirmation in scientific analogies which cannot be explained here. Nevertheless nearly all the prophets—all but a thinking few—employed what wit the theory

of Darwin left them in reconciling their religious sense (it cannot be called a religious conscience) to the unproved hypothesis, apparently for no better reason than that it was greatly affected by clever infidels. But what is there in science that negatives the idea, if it can be sustained by evidence of a natural selection by which if there be any soul at all, the individual soul of a lower organism may pass by stages into higher organisms? Science, of course, refuses to accept anything unproved, and from this point of view a religious man's begetting another in the spiritual hope, or the spirit of God causing a man to be born from above, are out of the range of physical science equally with the incarnation of Christ. But if such a thing as a physical life independently of a body, or a spiritual life independently of a soul, can exist at all, it is not more unscientific to imagine the soul of a monkey passing at some time after death into some higher type of animal, than it is to imagine either a spiritual birth on the one hand or a mutation of species on the other."—(Allahabad *Pioneer*.)



AN EGYPTIAN ALLEGORY.

(From "The Book of the Dead.")

Over the dark fields, heavy as a pall,
Lit by no gleam of sun, or moon, or star,
Hangs the dark air, nor any sounds at all
The sombre silence jar.

Still as the weed below a frozen sea,
The pale sheaves of the ghostly harvest stand,
And through the serried rows unceasingly
There moves a spectral band.

All that have lived are there, and from their eyes—
Whether of king or beggar, maid or wife—
Gleam terror, and dismay, and wild surprise
At the result of life.

For this the harvest is of all their deeds,
This "corn of Aanroo, seven cubits high";
Their good and evil actions sowed the seeds
They reap when once they die.

Gleaning their sheaves they go, with restless feet,
Each for himself plying the crescent knife;
And if their deeds were good, the grain they eat
Gives them eternal Life.

But if 'twas evil that their life did sow,
The grain is poison, and the ghostly breath
They drew in Aanroo ceases, and they go
To everlasting Death.

KATHARINE HILLARD. ✓

New York.

VARIETIES OF MAGIC.

MAGIC is what might be properly termed a state or condition. Be it called white or black, it is a psychical condition, attainable by various methods. The main requisite is the inbred, innate capacity or fitness, followed up by a practice to be regulated and controlled by the one grand and all-powerful machine, *Will*. In Magic will is everything; ceremony comparatively nothing. By will must be understood something entirely different from the general definition of the word. It is a force, the source of which is lodged in a part of the human organisation, which is called by some the fourth principle.

The agent and tool with which the will accomplishes its results, is called by many magnetism. It can be made to affect all objects, self included. In Magic the progress from a given point is either in one direction or another. Let us call one of the directions up, the other down. The progress downward is "Black Magic," accomplishing *selfish*, hence evil results.

There is an off-shoot of black magic called Ceremonial Magic; a magician "who knows" will never employ ceremonies. They are simply for the purpose of concentrating the will, and are used by beginners in the black art, who know not what they do. The most powerful and elaborate conjuration does nothing more than direct the will of the operator towards the Elemental he wishes to summon, and concentrates it thereupon.

But these, as said before, are only used by tyros and beginners.

Apart from the ceremonial aspect of magic, the difference between what is called good and bad magic may be given in a word. In black or bad, that portion of man (the complete man) which has been symbolised under the phrase, "the Elixir of Life," is drawn down from the "life-giver," "the God," or the "tree of life," and is absorbed by the lower parts of the organism. In this process the "man" becomes rejuvenated, as it were, and his conscious existence is thereby extended over an enormous period of time. I have it on good authority that it is sometimes thus extended for more than a million of our years. But, then it must be remembered that the magician thus rejuvenated "has lost his soul," and, therefore, when he falls, "he falls, like Lucifer, never to rise again." When he dies, he dies for ever. Such a man has lost his immortality.

On the other hand, the process undergone when the magician is striving upwards on the white path or in white Magic, is as follows: The conscious man becomes absorbed into and is united with the Elixir, and hence is but a step from his Godhead, or the minor "tree of life";

and in time becomes one with it. When this latter takes place, the man has attained Nirvana. He then cannot die. This appears very simple on paper. So does the scaling of Mont Blanc; yet there is no analogy whatever between the two tasks.

The Black magician, or "Brother of the Shadow," associates with elementals. The White magician, or the "Brother of Light," controls them.

The elementals are all powerful in nature. Their name is a definition of their powers. There is nothing within the range and outside of human evolution that cannot be accomplished by the elementals. To know them and be able to obtain their help is the object of black magic. To produce human happiness and to assist in the onward and upward progress of the human race is the object of white magic. The elementals can be forced to assist in the latter, but only by pure and spiritual Adepts. A magician who consorts with elementals and accepts their services, may obtain much; but he never is wrapt up in divine ecstasy. His associations are too vile, and will not permit him. In fact, he does what is meant by the old saying, "selling one's soul to the Devil." There are devils (elementals) beside whom his orthodox Satanic Majesty would be nobody.

To enter here into details of how to become a white or black magician would be impossible, even if the writer knew them in full, a knowledge which he would disclaim by all means. However, it will suffice to say that if you have the necessary organism and qualifications to *become* an adept of either one side or the other, and if you "WILL" to know, and do not shrink from results when you achieve them, the chances are in your favour that you will be drawn to those for whose companionship you are most fitted. Brothers of the Shadow on the one hand, or Brothers of Light on the other.

Remember always, that like attracts like. It is not always a guarantee that because you are at first associated with one or the other, that you will always remain with your first companions. The hidden law which rules you cannot always be seen by you, and in each succeeding birth the conditions of your life will continue where it left off, provided, of course, that your aspirations are to become a magician.

A fact might be enunciated here, which will not be out of place. It has been stated that it requires ages to become an adept.* If, therefore, you find yourself somehow or other mixed up in mystic matters from your birth on, matters which you cannot explain to others, rest assured that it is the work of yourself in another life, and if you could strain your spiritual sight so as to see through the plexus of material results from former causes, you would behold yourself in another form, labouring in a definite direction, and you would see yourself as higher or lower, according to your merits.

* A full-blown Adept or an INITIATE. There is a great difference between the two. An Adept is one versed in some and *any* special Art or Science. An "Initiate" is one who is initiated into the mysteries of the Esoteric or Occult philosophy—a Hierophant.—[ED.]

To sum up : Magic, as everything else, has two poles, white and black, good and evil. The former is the building of the Temple in all its beauty and grandeur ; the latter, a stunted ruin, old before its time. In its whole scope, black magic has not a single unselfish or good purpose, and white magic has not a single selfish or evil one. The physical requirements and practices, such as discipline, etc., to be used to attain the end of both systems, are identical, the difference consisting in the motives and desires. The farther the two diverge from each other, the more do their methods vary, till at last they are diametrically opposite ; one at the top of the cycle, the pole of good, the other at the bottom, the pole of evil. The terms good and evil, as here used, are not to be understood in the general acceptation. Their meaning is something which cannot be EXPLAINED : it must be COMPREHENDED. The entrance into real black magic may be made by ceremony. Into white magic, never. They are the two principles, good and evil, or, to use words slightly different, but meaning *only* the same thing, *God* and the *Devil*.

JOSEF B. WIDEN, F.T.S.



A DREAM ABOUT FLOWERS.

“ I AM the flower Aanru-tef, the flower of the hidden abode ; let me be disengaged, and let me be loved by my lover, the only face for me.”

—“ Book of the Dead,” Chap. 80.

“ A material thing is only the symbol of an idea.”

—HOFFMAN.

In a dream I gathered flowers
 In a mead in Aanru,
 When Aurora's loveliest hours
 Gemmed the fields with heaven-born dew :
 I deem those flowers were symbols true.

Ah ! 'tis hard to read our dreams,
 Phantoms from another sphere—
 Fitful—shadowy—fickle gleams,
 Fading when we seize them near,
 When we know them, filled with fear.

One sweet flower, a Lily white,
 With pale cheeks all wet with tears,
 Raised its head from out the night,
 Trembling as with human fears
 For the sorrows of the years.

And this Lily said to me,
 With a voice so low and sweet,
 "Lo! I am not what you see
 And alas! in vain we meet,
 Vain that either heart should beat."

Then a Tulip fair to see
 Raised its languid eyes—love-bright,
 Spake no word, but yet to me
 All its thoughts were clear as light,
 I could feel its heart's delight.

What that is I will not tell,
 'Tis a sacred trust for me,
 Sweet is secret kept right well
 In two hearts' deep mystery,
 Two flower-hearts' love history.

Next the blue Forget-me-not
 Bloomed in clusters everywhere,
 While the Meadow, lost in thought,
 Whispered "Ah! so very fair,
 Three such flowers so rich and rare."

Then that true Forget-me-not
 Sank deep down within my heart,
 Whispering, "Love, forget me not,
 For of thee I am a part,
 Come to soothe life's bitterest smart."

Then I woke to clasp that flower;
 Alas! I found it but a dream
 Sent by Love at waking hour
 ° When truth is near with mystic gleam
 Only known to souls that dream.

A. J. C.

Lucerne, April, 1888.

- * "What time the morn mysterious visions brings
 While purer slumbers spread their golden wings."

—POPE. "Temple of Fame."

The flower or plant Aanru-tef is mysterious; it means, probably, the purified Soul arrived after death in the meadows of Aanru, the celestial, spiritual elysium, where it is united to the immortal Spirit—its "lover—the only face for it." Aanru is sometimes written Aalu, and it is supposed that the word Elysium is derived from it.

Lilies, with the Romans, were emblems of hope; on coins we see lilies with the motto "Augusta Spes."

With the Orientals the lily meant purity, innocence, and was also a symbol of early love, it being one of the earliest flowers to bud and bloom; hence Gabriel (a Zoroastrian Genius or angel) holds it towards the young Marie, more properly Miriam, that is "the beloved of God"—Meri-Amun. Of the Forget-me-not, silence is most fitting; it is a sacred symbol; its blue is the peace and calm of heaven, that is of celestial love.



THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE.

THE mother of life is death. Nowhere is this truth more conspicuous than in the animal kingdom ; the life of the stronger is prolonged by the lives of the weaker, and the survival of the fittest is proclaimed by the shrieks of the mangled and hapless unfit. Long has the western world sought the solution of this grim riddle propounded to her lord and master, man, by Dame Nature, the sphinx of the ages.

It has, therefore, been found necessary for the continuance of average intellectual contentment to venture some guess which shall decently dispose of this obnoxious problem, and the leading representatives of the mind of the race, proceeding by the methods of the times, have carefully labelled the riddle "The Struggle for Existence," and having done so, are wisely refraining from further unnecessary explanations, knowing full well that their constituents, the public, who require their thinking done for them, will gladly accept the label as a legitimate answer to the riddle, and, by frequently repeating it with knowing looks, be charmed, and in their turn charm others, with the magic of its sound, and using it as a mantric formula, banish objectors to the limbo of unpopularity.

And yet though the *why* of this great struggle remains as great a mystery as ever, the attempted answer is of great value from the conciseness with which it formulates the law of the Ever Becoming. Throughout all the kingdoms it obtains, and especially in Man, the crown and synthesis of all. At this point, however, a new development takes place, and when humanity reaches the balance of its cycle of evolution, and each race and individual arrives at the turning point of Ezekiel's wheel, a new Struggle for Existence arises, and we have God and Animal fighting for existence in Man. Now, at the close of the nineteenth century, in our enormously over-populated cities and in the accentuated individualism of modern competition, we see this deadly struggle in the white heat of its fury.

Grand, indeed, and magnificent has been the childhood of the white race in which material and intellectual progress have raced on madly side by side ; witness the conquest of nearly the whole world's surface by its spirit of enterprise and adventure, rejoicing as a giant in its physical prowess, the subjugation of the henchman steam, and ever fresh triumphs over the master electricity. But the child cannot be ever a child, and the race draws nigh to its manhood ; the God awakes and the Struggle for Existence begins in grim earnest.

First the units of the race, some here, some there, wake dimly to the feeling that they are not apart from the whole, they sympathise with their kind, they rejoice with them. Even in the animal the faint outlines of self-sacrifice have been shadowed forth by nature, as may be seen in the mother love of the females and the formation of gregarious communities. In inferior races, man repeats this lesson of nature, and the animal being dominant, improves on her, but slowly; in races of higher type, however, fresh areas of generous impulse, containing the germ of self-sacrifice, are gradually developed. It must be remembered, however, that the races are here mentioned in this order merely for the convenience of tracing the development of self-sacrifice in a monad, and not according to their natural genesis. Thus far the white race, as a race, or in other words, the average individual of the race, has developed the subtleties of his animal nature to their limit, and now comes in contact with the divine; and it is only by extending his area of interest and sympathy that the individual can expand into the divine to be at last one with universal love, the spirit of which is self-sacrifice.

From daily life we may take examples which clearly show forth the evolution of this god-like quality. We see the purely selfish man, who cares not if all rot so he have pleasure; the same man married, and an area of generosity developed, but bounded by wife and children; in other cases, the area increased by the extension of sympathy to friends and relations; and still further increased in the case of the fanatic or bigot, religious or patriotic, who fights for sect or country, as the she-animal for her cubs, whether the cause be good or bad. And here we may mention the instruments of national passions and cunning, necessary evils; for the race being in its youth, and very animal-like, not yet recognizing the right of self-sacrifice in the inter-relations of its constituent sub-races, requires the individual who serves his country in her wars and political schemes to reduce his moral standard to the race-level. These are types of the evolution of the animal man's affections, either in his individual development or modified by the development of the race. In most cases such types represent the mere expansion of selfishness or, at any rate, may be traced to selfish causes, or the hope of reward. Ascending, however, in the scale of manhood, we come to those who shadow forth the latent God in man in thoughts, words, and deeds of divine self-sacrifice; the prerogative of their God-head first manifesting in acts of real charity, in pity of their suffering fellow-kind, or from an intuitional feeling of duty, the first heralding of accession to divine responsibility, and the realization of the unity of all souls. "I am my brother's keeper," is the cry of repentant Cain, and the divine summons of return to the lost Paradise. With this cry the struggle for animal existence begins to yield to the struggle for divine existence. By extending our love to all men, ay, to animals as well, we joy and sorrow with them, and expand our souls towards the One that ever both sorrows and joys with all, in an

eternal bliss in which the pleasure of joy and the pain of sorrow are not.

Thus, in every man the mighty battle rages, but the fortune of the fight is not alike in all—in some the animal hosts rage madly in their triumph, in a few the glorious army of the god have gained a silent victory, but in the vast majority, and especially now, at the balance of the race cycle, the battle rages fiercely, the issue still in doubt. Now, therefore, is the time to strike, and show that the battle is not fought in men alone, but in Man, and that the issue of each individual fight is inextricably bound up in that of the great battle in which the issue cannot be doubtful, for the divine is in its nature union and love, the animal discord and hate. Strike, therefore, and strike boldly! These are no idle words, nor the utopian imaginings of a dreamer, but practical truths. For in what does man differ from the natural animal? Is it not in his power of association and combination? Therefore does he live in communities, and develop responsibility. From whence spring the roots of society, if not from mutual assistance and interchange of service? And if the race offers the individual the advantages of such combination, perfected by ages of bitter experience, do not those at least who are elder sons of the race, and find themselves in the enjoyment of such organizations, owe a debt of gratitude to their parent, and in return for the fortune amassed with tears and groaning by their forbears, repay the boon, by putting the experience of the past out to interest, and distributing the income acquired among their poorer brethren, who are equally the sons of their parent. And in this race family there are many poor, paupers physical, paupers mental, and moral paupers. How, then, shall the richer brethren help? Shower gold among the masses? Compel all to study the arts and sciences? Display the naked truth to the world? Nay, then should these poor children of the race be bond, not free! Let us, therefore, enquire into the problem.

In the evolution of all human societies we find the factor of caste; in the childhood of the race caste is regulated by birth, an heirloom from the past civilizations of older stocks. Gradually, however, the birth caste wanes before the rising money caste, and hence material possessions become the standard of worth in the individual, in that the race is then plunged most deeply in material interests and has reached its highest point of development on the material plane. But the zenith of the material is the nadir of the spiritual; the law of progress moves calmly onward with the wheel of time, and nature, who never leaps, develops a new standard of worth, the intellectual, which we see even now asserting itself in proportion to its adaptability to average comprehension and the material standard of the times, and pointing to the development of a new caste standard, to be in its turn superseded by the caste of true worth in which the spiritual development of the race will be completely established. This, however, will be the work of ages and for humanity

as a whole cannot easily be quickened, for it is impossible to change the natural law of evolution which proceeds spirally in curves that never re-enter into themselves, but ever ascend to so-called higher planes. At certain periods, however, of these cycles, a forecast or antetype is offered of the consummation, whereby an example of humanity in its perfect state is dimly shadowed forth. Such a period the white race is now entering upon, and the earnest of perfect type humanity will be given by those, whether of the money or mind caste, who, realizing the goal of evolution and capable of destroying the illusion of time, by translating the future into the present, freely extend the benefits of their caste to the pariahs of the race, and approaching them in friendship, gain a practical knowledge of their wretchedness and endeavour to awaken the latent divinity that slumbers within.

With the sword of self-sacrifice, the rightful possession of the God-man, and with the good of humanity as their watchword, they should march against the forces of individualism and self, and, with this watchword, prove all institutions of the race, especially those fresh from the womb of time, and comparing them with this one ideal, ever asking: "Does this or this tend to the realization of universal brotherhood?" If it is not so, the effort should be to turn such forces as act against the stream of right progress, gently and silently into their proper course; but if the thing makes for the common good, they should by all means and at all hazards foster the weakling and watch round its cradle with loving care. Now the path of right progress should include the amelioration of the individual, the nation, the race and humanity; and ever keeping in view the last and grandest object, the perfecting of man, should reject all apparent bettering of the individual at the expense of his neighbour. In actual life the evolution of these factors, individual, race and nation, are so intimately interblended, that it would be wrong to assume any progression from one to the other; but since it is only possible to see one face of an object at a time, so is it necessary to trace the course of progress along some particular line, both for its simplification and general comprehension. With regard, then, to the individual, the great sanitary improvements which the money caste enjoys, should be extended to all; public baths and recreation grounds, free concerts and lectures provided; the museums and picture galleries thrown open at times when the worker can visit them; the formation of athletic and mutual improvement clubs among the poor encouraged. All of which reforms were easy of accomplishment if only a small portion of the enormous wealth of the country, now lying idle, were generously and self-sacrificingly expended. Unfortunately there are few of the money caste who yet realise the latent unity of man, and the promotion of such schemes is left to those who, lacking the most potent power of the times, are unsupported, because there is no "money" in the enterprise. But could such men be found and the superfluous wealth of the country

turned in such directions, how great would be the progress of the individual! Health would improve and taste develop; healthy surroundings would favour healthy thought, the sight of monuments of art and science would bring refinement and both engender self-respect.

But it may be said, if wealth is withdrawn for such purposes, work would be taken from other labour, and so the misery of the workers increased, while the advantages offered to the masses would only increase their demand for greater pleasures, and render them still more dissatisfied. It will, however, be seen that not only the same amount of labour would be required in works and institutions for the public good, but even that such undertakings, being of a plain and sober nature, would give employment to larger numbers, than money spent in finer or more luxurious labour. Nor would dissatisfaction arise among the masses as anticipated; for men large hearted and minded enough to inaugurate such reforms would display the same spirit in all things and offer an example in private life of sober and abstemious conduct; extravagance and display would cease, so that the brilliant toilettes and luxurious habits of the money caste would no longer provoke the miserable emulation of tawdry finery and debasing vices among the pariahs; for the poor copy the rich, and if the fashionable bars of the West End lacked patrons, the gin palaces of the slums would not drive so roaring a trade. It is the debased taste of the rich which has rendered a surfeit of meat necessary for the maintenance of his powers in the eyes of the artisan, and so, at a price far beyond his slender resources, he adopts a diet which wastes the tissues and disquiets the system. And if the advisability of a sudden change of diet is contested, at least moderation in flesh eating should be recommended, and a proof of the possibility of maintaining one's full powers given by those who desire the physical and moral sanity of the race. Setting aside all argument drawn from not generally accredited sources, such as the codes of the great teachers of the past, and the synthesis of all experience, physical, psychic, and spiritual, we may bring into court the medical faculty who are unanimously of the opinion that a reduced quantity of meat would improve the general health, and that many of the common ailments are due solely to excess in the use of animal food in particular, and to overfeeding in general; while chemical analysis proves conclusively that vegetable food, especially cereals, contain nutritive qualities vastly in excess of animal.

Moreover, if the false feeling of degradation in the performance of so-called menial offices, were removed by the example of the money and mind castes performing such offices themselves, or at least encouraging every invention and supporting every effort for minimising such labour, many of the troubles which are daily taxing the resources of our housekeepers to the utmost, would be removed, and a solution to the difficult problem of the servant question arrived at; the present

absurdity of domestic service would find no place, and instead of one thousand little backs bent over one thousand little kitchen ranges preparing one thousand little dinners, we should have a sane co-operative system whereby the small worries of domesticity which destroy the harmony of so many homes, would be banished.

If such sanitary measures, therefore, were adopted, we should have physical and mental powers continuing into old age, instead of a general belief that fifty or sixty years terminates the average man's usefulness and there then remains nothing for him but a life of inactivity and general feebleness. Of course this applies to the average individual ; for we have sufficient instances of mental giants who continue their labours till the closing hours of life ; these, however, intuitively or naturally practice moderation and plainness in eating, and often give striking proofs of extraordinary abstemiousness.

If, then, such moderation of private life was practised by the accredited leaders of society, no inducement to excess would offer itself to their followers ; or even if the animal still rioted in the masses, it would not be shamefully encouraged in its madness by the excesses of respectability.

Thus the necessary physical requirements of all classes would be reduced to a level, and a basis obtained on which to build a firm fabric of national progress towards the realization of human unity. Meantime the mental evolution of all classes would also make vast strides, and the impulses given to study and the development of artistic tastes, would bring the real genius of the nation to the front and not confine the recruiting of professions to the money caste, irrespective of individual capacity. The present false standard of taste would fall out of date as completely as the wonderful cottage ornaments of the near past, and neatness in private decoration would, by harmonious surroundings, induce a harmony of thought and feeling. Who, for instance, could indite a poem or work of inspiration in an over-ornamented drawing-room of the modern style, with its heterogeneous and multicoloured collection of *bric-à-brac* and trifles ? But with harmonious surroundings and following such a mode of life, the individual would develop within him the larger instincts of his nature, and the flower of self-sacrifice, then finding a congenial soil, would blossom in the hearts of the many and thus, destroying all narrowness of judgment and begetting an ever widening interest in the general welfare, would develop new social organizations and institutions ; the tone of the nation would be elevated and true worth become the standard of judgment among its citizens.

Moreover, seeing that we have already proof of such an ideal being dimly sensed in all nations of the white race in the increasing discontent of nearly all classes with the existing state of affairs, no nation would stand alone in this, but the wave of progress would sweep simultaneously through all the sub-races of the race and beget a general

desire to establish healthy relationships between nations and to foster every effort to unite the larger units of the race into one harmonious whole. Further, a belief in the essential unity of all souls would create stronger dissatisfaction with the existing state of social relations between the sexes, the potentialities of woman would be studied and opportunity given for that development which has previously been denied to woman-kind. Plain justice would demand the same ostracism of male harlots which is now meted out with so much severity to the female sex alone, and either the same leniency extended to women as is now given to men, or the higher moral standard and wisdom of awakened humanity, would compel the supply in harlotry to cease by the extinction of the demand. To prepare, therefore, a ground in which this consummation could be achieved, it would be necessary to extend the full benefits of intellectual training to women; to encourage and advocate the necessity of athletic exercises for girls and to provide for the same in the schools of the state; to jealously guard the health of the women working classes by sanitary improvements in all manufactories and labour establishments, and to kill out the evil of over long hours of sedentary occupation in vitiated atmospheres. Moreover, it should be made possible for women in the position of the present daughters of the lower middle classes and of parents with limited incomes to follow a calling in life, instead of being forced, against their wills and finer instincts, into the matrimonial market, to gain their bread and cheese at the price of discontented motherhood.

No doubt the establishment of international leagues for mutual help and on a basis other than that of self interest will, at the present time, appear to the majority the acme of folly; but when the race has, in its social institutions, given valid proof of the efficacy of the method, the change of base becomes a possibility. The spread of education and the ability to study original authorities and to get at facts at first hand would rapidly clear away the clouds of national and sectarian prejudice, and the birth of the God within would render it impossible to poison the young minds of the race by inoculating them with the virus of dogmatism and of past national pride and passion as treasured in the orthodox theological and historical text-books of the times; the past triumphs of the animal in individual nations would be regarded merely as the obscuration of the spiritual and yet so ordered in the economy of nature that the sun of humanity should finally shine forth more gloriously in contrast to the darkness of the past. Thus the necessity for keeping up large armies and fleets would cease, and the enormous wealth so saved could be turned into channels of national improvement, thus pointing the way for the desertion of national forces from the ranks of the animal to the standard of the divine.

It would be long to trace, even roughly, the possibilities of international co-operation which, in its turn, would be extended to racial co-

operation of which the potentialities almost surpass description and reach that consummation of which the Theosophical Society has planted the first openly conscious germ, in endeavouring to form the nucleus of a universal brotherhood of humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour ; what the potentialities of this glorious humanity may be, none but the student of the Science of Life can dream, as he alone can sense the labours of the Eldest Brothers of the Race for their poorer brethren.

Let us then, aspiring to the divine, now and within, fight down the animal, that so we may be enabled to tell friend from foe in the greater battle, and, awakened by the cry, "Thou art thy brother's keeper," gird on shield and buckler for the cause of the divine Unity of Humanity in the struggle for existence.

PHILANTHROPOS.



THE BIBLE OF THE FUTURE.

GENESIS : CHAPTER I.

1. Primarily the Unknowable moved upon cosmos and evolved protoplasm.
2. And protoplasm was inorganic and undifferentiated, containing all things in potential energy, and a spirit of evolution moved upon the fluid mass.
3. And the Unknowable said, Let atoms attract ; and their contact begat light, heat, and electricity.
4. And the Unconditioned differentiated the atoms, each after its kind ; and their combinations begat rock, air, and water.
5. And there went out a spirit of evolution from the Unconditioned, and working in protoplasm, by accretion and absorption, produced the organic cell.
6. And cell by nutrition evolved primordial germ, and germ developed protogene, and protogene begat eozoon, and eozoon begat monad, and monad begat animalcule.
7. And animalcule begat ephemera ; then began creeping things to multiply on the face of the earth.
8. And earthly atom in vegetable protoplasm begat the molecule, and thence came all grass and every herb in the earth.
9. And animalcule in the water evolved fins, tails, claws, and scales ; and in the air wings and beaks ; and on the land they sprouted such organs as were necessary as played upon by the environment.
10. And by accretion and absorption came the radiata and mollusca ; and mollusca begat articulata, and articulata begat vertebrata.
11. Now these are the generation of the higher vertebrata, in the cosmic period that the Unknowable evolved the bipedal mammalia.
12. And every man of the earth, while he was yet a monkey, and the horse while he was a hipparion, and the hipparion before he was an oredon.
13. Out of the ascidian came the amphibian, and begat the pentadactyle ; and the pentadactyle, by inheritance and selection, produced the hylobate, from which are the simiadae in all their tribes.
14. And out of the simiadae the lemur prevailed above his fellows, and produced the platyrhine monkey.

15. And the platyrrhine begat the catarrhine and the catarrhine monkey begat the anthropoid ape, and the ape begat the longimanous orang, and the orang begat the chimpanzee, and the chimpanzee evolved the what-is-it.

16. And the what-is-it went into the land of Nod and took him a wife of the longimanous gibbons.

17. And in process of the cosmic period were born unto them and their children the anthorpomorphic primordial types.

18. The homunculus, the prognathus, the troglodyte, the autochthon, the terragen—these are the generations of primeval man.

19. The primeval man was naked and not ashamed, but lived in quadrumanous innocence, and struggled mightily to harmonize with the environment.

20. By inheritance and natural selection did he progress from the stable and homogeneous to the complex and heterogeneous—for the wicked died and the strongest grew and multiplied.

21. And man grew a thumb for that he had need of it, and developed capacities for prey.

22. For, behold, the swiftest men caught the most animals, and the swiftest animals got away from the most men ; wherefore the slow animals were eaten and the slow men starved to death.

23. And as types were differentiated the weaker types continually disappeared.

24. And the earth was filled with violence ; for man strove with man, and tribe with tribe, whereby they killed off the weak and foolish and secured the survival of the fittest.—(*From a Cincinnati Paper.*)



GOLDEN WORDS.

“THERE is a faculty of the human mind, which is superior to all which is born or begotten. Through it we are enabled to attain union with the superior intelligences, of being transported beyond the scenes and arrangements of this world, and of partaking the higher life and peculiar powers of the heavenly ones. By this faculty we are made free from the dominations of Fate (*Karma*), and are made, so to speak, the arbiters of our own destinies. For, when the most excellent parts of us become filled with energy, and the soul is elevated to natures loftier than itself, it becomes separated from those conditions which keep it under the dominion of the present every-day life of the world, exchanges the present for another life, and abandons the conventional habits belonging to the external order of things, to give and mingle itself with that order-which pertains to higher life.” (JAMBLICHUS.)

WE BEGIN WITH INSTINCT: THE END IS OMNISCIENCE. It is as a direct beholding ; what Schelling denominates a realization of the identity of subject and object called Deity ; so that transported out of himself, so to speak, he thinks divine thoughts, views all things from their highest point of view, and, to use an expression of Emerson “becomes recipient of the Soul of the World.” (PROF. ALEXANDER WILDER.)

The Elixir of t^{of E. T.}~~March~~evil.

(Translated from the German of E. T. A. Hoffmann.)

(Continued from the ^{March}February Number.) 77

CHAPTER X.

REINHOLD began his story :—

“I was brought up with the Baron, and the similarity of our natural dispositions made brothers of us, destroying the barrier which our disparity of station had otherwise set up. I never parted from him, and when our years of college life were ended and he entered upon the heritage of his father’s property amid these hills, I became the steward of his estates. I thus remained his intimate friend and brother, and as such was trusted with the most private secrets of the family-history. His father had desired his alliance by marriage with some of his oldest of friends, and he gladly fulfilled this wish as he found in his appointed bride a noble, richly-gifted nature to which he felt irresistibly attracted. It is seldom that a father’s wish goes so completely hand in hand with the destiny which seemed to have formed this youthful pair for one another. Hermogen and Aurelie were the fruit of this happy union.

“We generally spent the winter months in the neighbouring capital; but when, soon after the birth of Aurelie, the Baroness began to ail, we passed the summer also in the city, so that she might have the constant benefit of the attendance of experienced physicians. Yet, just as the approaching spring was nursing in the Baron’s breast the liveliest hopes of recovery, she died. We fled to the country, and time alone could lift the crushing load of grief that weighed the Baron down.

“Hermogen grew up into a charming youth, while Aurelie became each day more and more the living picture of her mother; the tender nurture of these children was thus our daily task and only joy. Hermogen showed a marked bent for military life, and this led the Baron to send him to the capital, there to begin his career under the surveillance of his old friend, the Governor. After a long absence from the city, it is now three years ago that the Baron, with Aurelie and myself, returned once more to the Residenz, there to pass the whole winter, partly in order to spend at least a short time in the company of his son, and partly to satisfy the long expressed desires of his old friends that he should come again among them. At that time the attention of the whole city was arrested by the Governor’s niece. Bereft of her parents, she had taken shelter with her uncle, but had made for herself a home in a separate wing of the palace, where she surrounded herself with the flower of Society. Without giving a more minute description of Euphemie—which is all the less necessary, my reverend father, as you will soon see her for yourself—I may content myself with saying that all she did and all she said was graced with an indescribable charm which made her beauty irresistible. Wherever she went, new joyous life

sprang up, and every one paid her the homage of the warmest enthusiasm. She knew how to kindle the soul of the dullest and most insipid of her associates, so that, as though inspired by her, they were lifted above their own dead level and intoxicated by her presence, they tasted the delight of a loftier life, than they had e'er conceived. Naturally there was no lack of devotees who daily offered some ardent prayers to their divinity; but no one could say for certain that she singled out any one of them for special favour, rather she had the art to exercise a gentle irony that, far from wounding them, incited and allured them all within a charmed circle which held them fast with silken bonds.

"This modern Circe produced a profound impression upon the Baron. At his first appearance she showed him such attention as seemed to spring from child-like reverence; in all her converse with him she showed a cultured understanding and a depth of feeling that he had scarcely yet encountered among women. With inimitable delicacy she sought and found Aurelie's friendship, and took so lively an interest in her, that she even busied herself with the smallest details of her wardrobe, and so forth, as with a mother's care. She knew how to support the inexperienced maid in the most brilliant assemblage in such a fashion that her support, far from being observed, only served to call forth Aurelie's natural gifts and correctness of perception, and won soon for her the highest of esteem.

"The Baron never lost an opportunity of sounding Euphemie's praise; but, for the first time, perhaps, in our companionship, his judgment and my own fell wide apart. It was my custom in society to play rather the *role* of a silent bystander than of an active participator in the general converse. It thus came to pass that I had closely watched Euphemie, who only occasionally interchanged a few words with me, in her habit of passing no one by unnoticed, as one watches a highly interesting phenomenon. I could not deny that she was the loveliest and most brilliant of her sex, and that sense and feeling shone out from all she said; yet, in some inexplicable manner, I was repelled by her demeanour, and could scarcely repress a certain uncanny sensation that overpowered me whenever her gaze met mine, or when she commenced to address me. In her eyes there often burned a peculiar glow, from which, when she fancied herself unobserved, a lightning glance would flash that proclaimed an inward, destroying fire, only too laboriously smothered over. Around the soft outlines of her mouth there often hovered a hideous irony which, as it took the semblance of devilish scorn, convulsed the very groundwork of my soul. As she frequently looked at Hermogen—who, indeed, troubled himself but little about her—in this manner, I was sure that there was much concealed behind this mask that few suspected. However, I was unable to reply to the extravagant praises of the Baron by aught but my physiognomical observation, to the which he attached not the slightest importance, and rather found in my inner grudge against Euphemie nothing but the expression of an extraordinary whim. He confided to me that she would probably become a member of his family, as he intended to use every means to bring about her union with Hermogen. The latter came into the room just as we were engaged in serious conversation on the matter, and I was seeking every possible justification of my opinion of Euphemie. The Baron, accustomed at all times to act openly and on the moment's spur, acquainted him at once of his plans and wishes in respect of Euphemie. Hermogen listened quietly to all the Baron's enthusiastic praise of the girl; but when the eulogy

was ended, he answered that he felt in no wise attracted towards Euphemie, that he could never love her, and therefore prayed sincerely that the project of any closer union be at once abandoned. The Baron was no little disconcerted to find his favourite scheme so speedily demolished; yet he had the less mind to insist upon Hermogen's compliance, as he did not even know what might be Euphemie's sentiment in this regard. With his characteristic cheerfulness and *bonhomie* he soon fell to bantering himself upon his unfortunate errand, and suggested that perhaps Hermogen was partner in my idiosyncrasy, although he must fail to see how in so fair and interesting a maid there could dwell so repellent an element. His relations with Euphemie remained, naturally, the same; for he had so accustomed himself to her society that he could not pass one day without he saw her. Thus it came to pass that once he said to her in jest, that there was only one man in all her *entourage* who was not in love with her, and that man—was Hermogen, for he had obstinately declined the union which he himself—the Baron—had so fervently at heart.

“Euphemie replied that another factor had been neglected, namely, what she might have to say to such a marriage, and that any more intimate relationship with the Baron would be an object of her desire—but not through Hermogen, who was far too serious and whimsical to suit her mood. From this time forth Euphemie redoubled her attentions to the Baron and Aurelie; in fact, by many half-concealed hints she led the Baron to imagine that a union with himself alone could correspond to the ideal she had set up for herself of a happy wedlock. Everything that any one might advance, on the score of disparity of years or otherwise, she set aside emphatically, and withal she went about her task so delicately and step by step, that the Baron began to fancy that every idea and every wish that Euphemie might inwardly conceive had risen unbidden in his own inmost heart. Strong and full-blooded as was his nature, he soon found himself seized with the glowing passion of youth. I could no longer restrain the wild tumult of his feelings; it was too late! After a short span of time, to the astonishment of the city, Euphemie became the Baron's wife. It seemed to me as though the threatening, awesome being that had troubled me from afar had now become a present factor in my life, and as though I must keep constant watch and ward over my dear friend and myself. Hermogen took the marriage of his father in cold indifference, while Aurelie, the timid child, was lost in tears.

“Soon after the wedding Euphemie longed for the mountains. She came hither, and I must confess that her whole conduct remained so complete a model that she forced from me involuntary admiration. Thus there sped by two years of quiet, undisturbed content. Each winter we passed in the capital but even there the Baroness showed such boundless reverence for her husband, such constant heed of his slightest wish, that the poisoned tongue of envy must needs be paralyzed, and none of the young gallants who had promised themselves fair field for dalliance with the Baroness dared to allow themselves the least approach to liberty. In the last winter I must have been the only one that, bitten by my own old whim, cherished a bitter grudge of suspicion against her.

“Before her marriage with the Baron, the Count Victorin, a handsome youth whose duties as major of the body-guard brought him occasionally to the capital, was among Euphemie's most ardent admirers, and the one whom, led by the impulse of the moment, she singled out involuntarily for more

marked attention. At one time people even went so far as to say that there was perhaps some closer relationship between him and this lady than met the eye; but the report died out almost as soon as born. Count Victorin was this winter in the city, and, of course, was embraced within Euphemie's more immediate circle; but instead of busying himself in the least about her, he seemed rather too purposely to avoid her. Nevertheless, I thought that often, when they fancied themselves unnoticed, their glances met in burning glow of passionate longing. One evening a brilliant throng had gathered in the Governor's *salons*; I stood within the embrasure of a window, in such a fashion that the heavy drapery of the voluminous curtains half hid my form; removed from me but two or three paces stood Count Victorin. Euphemie, dressed more richly than ever, and dazzling in her beauty, passed forward by him; he seized her arm, so that no one but I observed it—her bosom heaved—a look of indescribable emotion, lust itself longing for satisfaction, she cast on him. They whispered a few words, the words I could not catch. Euphemie must have seen me; she turned swiftly away, but I clearly heard her hurried words: 'We are observed!'

"I was petrified with horror, grief, and astonishment. How can I tell to you, my reverend father, my painful feelings? Think of my love and my attachment to the Baron, and of my ill forebodings, which now I saw fulfilled. These few words had revealed to me the whole mystery of the relationship between the Baroness and the Count. I was forced for a while to keep my own counsel, but I determined to watch the Baroness with Argus' eyes, and then, when certain of her crime, to loose the shameful bond in which she held my luckless friend. Yet who can fight against these devilish wiles? In vain were all my endeavours, and it would have been absurd to narrate to the Baron what I had seen and heard, for the artful creature would have found subterfuge enough to set me in the light of a discredited, silly busybody and phantom-hunter.

"The snow still lay on the mountains when we returned hither last spring; yet did I take very frequent walks among the surrounding hills. In the next village I met a peasant whose gait and bearing had something strange; as he turned his head I saw that it was Count Victorin himself, but the same moment he dived down some dark alley and was lost to my research. What could have prompted him to this disguise but some clandestine understanding with the Baroness? At this very moment I am certain that he is here again, for I have seen his equerry riding by; although it is incomprehensible to me that he should not have sought to meet the Baroness in the city, for, three months back, the Governor fell seriously sick, and desired to see his niece Euphemie. In hot haste she made the journey with Aurelie, and it was only an indisposition that prevented the Baron from accompanying them. But now a terrible calamity broke o'er our house; for Euphemie soon wrote the Baron that Hermogen had fallen victim to sudden attacks of melancholia, in which he wandered around in solitude, cursing himself and his vocation, and that all the services of friends and doctors had been in vain. You may conceive, my reverend master, what an impression this sad news produced upon the Baron! The sight of his poor son would have too deeply shocked him; therefore I journeyed alone to the capital. By means of strong measures Hermogen was at least freed from the wilder outbursts of insanity, but a fixed melancholy,

apparently incurable by medicine, had settled on him. When he saw me he was deeply moved; he told me that a miserable fate compelled him to forego for ever his present station, and that only as a cloistered monk could he preserve his soul from pains of eternal damnation. I found him already clad as you, my reverend father have seen him; but in spite of his opposition, I succeeded at last in bringing him hither. Now he is composed, but he cannot be dissuaded from his fixed idea, and every endeavour to ascertain the incident which has set him in this plight remains, alas! but fruitless, although, perchance it may well be that only the discovery of this secret would point the way to healing.

“A short time since, the Baroness wrote that, by the advice of her confessor, she was about to send hither a Father of holy orders, whose demeanour and words of comfort might work perhaps more good on Hermogen than any other means; since his madness appeared to have taken a religious tendency. I am right glad, my worthy Father, that some lucky chance led you to the city, and that the choice has fallen upon you. You may possibly restore to a downcast family its lost peace, if you direct your labours—which may God bless!—to a twofold goal. Discover Hermogen’s appalling secret; his breast will be lightened of the load when he has revealed it, perchance in the confessional, and the Church will restore him to the joyous life of the world, to which he belongs of right, instead of burying him within her walls. But, I prithee, approach the Baroness also. You know all now, and must admit that my observations are of that kind that, although they yield not the slightest foundation for an open complaint against the Baroness, they yet afford no room for mistake nor for unfounded suspicion. You will be completely of my mind when you see Euphemie and know her better. She is religious by natural temperament, and your special gift of eloquence may bring it to pass that her heart is moved and bettered, and thus she will abjure this treachery to a friend whose eternal happiness she is sapping. For I must further tell you, Father, that I often have suspected that the Baron hides within his breast an inner wound, whose cause he will not tell me; beside his anxiety for Hermogen he appears to be fighting with a thought that robs him of all rest. It has sometimes occurred to me that perhaps some evil accident has revealed to him, even clearer than to me, the criminal connection of the Baroness with the accursed Count. Therefore I also commend unto your spiritual care, my reverend Father, my bosom’s friend, the Baron.”

With these words Reinhold finished his tale, which had tortured me in countless ways, arousing as it did a conflict of opposing emotions within my breast. My own “I” become the plaything of a hideous whim of fate, and split into the strangest of components, swam rudderless upon a sea of incidents that threatened to engulf me beneath their thundering waves. I could not find my own individuality any more! Clearly it was Victorin whom chance had led my hand, and not my will, to cast into the abyss. Now I had taken on his rôle; but Reinhold recognized the Father Medardus, the preacher of the Capucin Monastery in B——, and thus for him I was that really which I was in fact! But the relations with the Baroness that Victorin had entertained, had now become my heritage, and I myself was Victorin. At once to be that which I appeared and to appear not to be that which I was; an insoluble riddle to myself, I was divided in my own most inmost self!

CHAPTER XI.

NOTWITHSTANDING the raging storm within me, I was able to simulate the repose that fits a priest, and thus to present myself before the Baron. I found in him a man advanced in years; but in the half-blurred traits there lurked still the signs of marvellous fulness and strength. Not age, but grief, had drawn the deep furrows in his broad, open brow, and bleached his locks. Yet there ruled in all his converse and in his every gesture a cheerfulness and grace that drew each one irresistibly to him. When Reinhold presented me as him whose coming the Baroness had announced, he looked at me in searching fashion, which, however, grew more friendly as Reinhold told him how he had long since heard me preach in the monastery church at B—, and had become convinced of my great gift of eloquence. The Baron trustingly stretched forth his hand to me, and turning to Reinhold, said:

“I know not how it is, dear Reinhold, that the features of the reverend Father appealed so forcibly to me at the very first instant. They aroused some recollection which strove in vain to come to clearness.”

It seemed to me as though he would presently break forth, “Yes, it is Count Victorin,” for, in some strange fashion, I now believed myself in truth to be the Count, and I felt my blood rising in torrents to blush my cheek. I relied upon Reinhold, and his knowledge of me as Father Medardus; although this seemed to me to be a lie. Nothing could set at rest my distracted mind.

By the desire of the Baron, I must at once make Hermogen’s acquaintance; but he was nowhere to be found.

He had been seen wandering towards the hills, and therefore no one had noted his route, as he often spent the whole day roaming in this fashion. All day I remained in the company of the Baron and Reinhold, and I gradually so far recovered my composure that by evening I felt full of courage to enter boldly upon the strange events that seemed to await me. In the solitude of night I opened the satchel, and convinced myself by its means that it was certainly Count Victorin whose mangled remains lay at the foot of the precipice; but the letters addressed to him were of commonplace content, and not one of them gave me the slightest clue to his more immediate surroundings. Without worrying myself further with the question, I determined to yield myself completely to the chance of the moment, whenever I should meet the Baroness on her return.

The very next morning the Baroness and Aurelie unexpectedly arrived. I saw them both descend from their carriage and, received by Reinhold and the Baron, pass within the Castle porch. Restless, I paced my chamber up and down, a prey to perplexing emotions; but this lasted no great while, until I was summoned to meet them.

The Baroness approached me—a noble, lovely woman, in the full bloom of life. When she beheld me, she seemed moved in a strange way: her voice faltered, and she could scarcely find a word of greeting. Her visible embarrassment called forth my courage; I looked her straight within the eyes, and gave

her the monastic blessing. She paled, and sank upon a couch. At that moment the door opened, and the Baron entered, accompanied by Aurelie.

As soon as I gazed on Aurelie, a lightning-flash transfixing my breast, and kindled all my most hidden feelings : the most blissful desire, the intoxication of burning love, all that before had but vibrated in my soul as echo of some unknown and distant boding ; yea, life itself now first unrolled its brilliant, many-coloured scroll for me, and all my past lay cold and dead behind me ! It was she herself, yes, she, who had appeared in that wondrous vision in the confessional. The half sad, half devout, and childlike glance of the deep blue eyes, the softly outlined lips, the gentle, forward curve of the neck, that seemed to bend in beseeching reverence, the tall, slim form ; not Aurelie, it was Saint Rosalia herself ! Then, too, the azure drapery that Aurelie had thrown above her dark red gown, was the very same in its fantastic folds as the veil which the Saint upon the canvas, and my own unknown visitant, had borne.

What was the ripe beauty of the Baroness compared with the heavenly charm of Aurelie ? Only *her* saw I, while all else faded into nothingness around me. My inward excitement could not escape the bystanders.

“What is amiss, my worthy father ?” began the Baron. “You seem to be stirred in some peculiar manner.”

These words recalled me to myself ; instantly I felt aroused within me a super-human strength, a never yet experienced daring to venture all, since *she* it was who must be my prize of victory.

“Heaven’s blessing be on thee, Sir Baron !” I cried, as though suddenly seized with spiritual inspiration. “A Saint is sojourning among us within these walls ; heaven is just opening its hallowed gates, and Saint Rosalia, surrounded by a host of angels, is shedding bliss and comfort upon the devout souls who have faithfully besought her. I hear the hymns of transfigured souls, who press around the Saint, singing her praises from the clouds. I see her head, shining with the glory of heavenly illumination, lifted high towards the choir of holy ones who greet her gaze ! *Sancta Rosalia, ora pro nobis !*”

I sank upon my knees, my eyes directed heavenwards, my hands folded in prayer ; all present followed my example. No one questioned me further, for they ascribed my sudden outburst to some revelation, so that the Baron determined at once to order masses to be celebrated before the altar of Saint Rosalia within the city church. In this way I had gallantly rescued myself from my perplexity, and was further ready to venture all in pursuit of Aurelie, for whose sake only life was dear to me.

The Baroness seemed peculiarly affected ; her gaze followed me, but when I looked without concern upon her, her eyes in ceaseless motion wandered round. The family had withdrawn to another room, and I rushed into the garden, revolving in my mind a thousand thoughts, developing and combating a myriad plans for my future course of conduct in the Castle. Evening had already fallen, when Reinhold appeared and told me that the Baroness, deeply touched by my pious eloquence, wished to speak with me in her chamber.

As soon as I reached her room, the Baroness moved a few paces forward to meet me, seized me by both arms, and staring fixedly into my eyes said : “Is it possible ? Is it possible ? *Art* thou Medardus, the Capucin Monk ? But

no! thy voice, thy form, thine eyes, thy hair! I beseech thee, speak, or I perish in anguish and despair!"

"Victorinus," I whispered softly. She embraced me with the wildest passion—a stream of fire coursed through my every vein; my blood foamed; my senses swooned in nameless bliss, in mad inebriation. But, in my sin, my whole thoughts were turned towards Aurelie alone, and it was to *Her* that, in the violation of my vows, I offered up the safety of my soul.

Yea! Aurelie alone lived within me, my whole senses were filled with her; yet an inward shudder seized me when I thought of seeing her again, as indeed I soon must at the evening meal. It seemed to me as though her chaste glance would unveil my damning sin, and that, unmasked and annihilated, I should break down from very shame. The Baroness also I could not persuade myself to meet again so soon; and thus everything determined me to make pretext of devotional exercise, and absent myself from table.

It only needed a few days to overcome my bashfulness. The Baroness was propriety itself, and the more our secret chains were riveted in criminality, the more did she redouble her attentions to her husband. She assured me that it was only my tonsure, my natural beard and my cloister gait—which however I was beginning now to modify—that had given her untold anxiety; nay, that upon my sudden inspired invocation of Saint Rosalia she had almost been convinced that some inexplicable mistake, some adverse accident, had frustrated her well-laid plans with Victorin and substituted for him some real accursed monk. She marvelled at my forethought in submitting to an actual tonsure and allowing my own beard to grow, and in so carefully studying my gait and movements that even she herself must needs at times look straight into my eyes to assure herself that she had not fallen victim to some caprice of fate.

Meanwhile I had met Victorin's equerry, clad as a peasant, who presented himself on the confines of the park, and I delayed not to speak confidentially with him and warn him to hold himself in readiness to flee with me, in case some mishap should threaten me with danger. The Baron and Reinhold seemed well pleased with me, and pressed me to approach the melancholy Hermogen with all the art and power that I was master of. But it had not been as yet possible for me to get a word with him, for he manifestly avoided me on every opportunity of our being left alone, and, if he met me in the company of the Baron or Reinhold, he gazed on me in so remarkable a manner that I had need to summon all my force in order not to show my own confusion. He seemed to pierce the very depths of my conscience and to read my secret thoughts. A deep distrust, a half-repressed hostility, a scorn too laboriously o'ermastered lay on his sallow cheek, as soon as e'er he saw me.

It happened once that he came upon me wandering in the park for pleasure. I seized this as the appropriate moment to at last clear up our mutually oppressive relation. I took him quickly by the hand, when he would fain have shunned me, and I owed it to my eloquence that I was able to speak with him so earnestly and helpfully, that he seemed to hear me with deep interest, and could not conceal his inner response to my discourse. We had sat down upon a bench of stone, at the end of an alley which led to the Castle. My warmth grew with my speech, and I told him how sinful it was when a man, consuming

his own vitals in his grief, should thrust aside the consolation of the Church who raised the penitent, and should thus take arms against the life which higher powers had set for him. Nay, that even the criminal should not despair of Heaven's mercy, since this despair itself it was that robbed him of the happiness that he might gain by penance and devotion. At last I besought him there and then to confess to me, and thus to purge his soul, as in God's presence, and take from my hands free absolution for his sins. Then he sprang up, his eyebrows knit together, his eyes shot fire, a burning glow suffused his corpse-like face, and with a shrill, unearthly voice, he cried, "Art thou, then, free from sin, that thou darest, as the purest, as God himself, whom thou blasphemest, to seek to gaze into my breast; that thou darest to promise me forgiveness of my sins? Thou, who thyself shalt strive in vain for expiation and for the blessedness of Heaven, for ever closed to thee! Miserable hypocrite, the hour of thy punishment is near, and, trodden to the dust like a venomous worm, thou shalt thirst in vain in shameful death for mercy, wailing for redemption in nameless torture, until thou perishest in mad despair!"

He rushed from me and left me crushed and humbled; all my courage, all my resolution gone. I saw Euphemie coming from the Castle, clad for a foot-excursion. Only with her was consolation to be found. I threw myself across her path; she was shocked by my distress, and asked its origin. I answered by relating the conversation which I had just held with Hermogen, the lunatic, and added that I was tortured by the thought that perhaps Hermogen had, by some strange mischance, unearthed our secret.

Euphemie did not seem to be the least concerned; she smiled in such a way that made me shudder, and answered, "Let us go further into the park, for here we may be observed, and it might give rise to comment if the reverend Father Medardus were seen in such excited converse with me." We passed into a hidden leafy bower. Euphemie embraced me with hot kisses, and thus began:

(To be continued.) 318



No inquirer can fix a direct and clear-sighted gaze towards truth, who is casting side-glances all the while on the prospects of his soul.

—*Martineau.*

Truth is the bond of union and the basis of human happiness. Without this virtue there is no reliance upon language, no confidence in friendship, no security in promises and oaths.

—*Jeremy Collier.*

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.

—*Milton.*

SOME THOUGHTS ON REINCARNATION.

THE doctrine of reincarnation may be said to be the key note of Theosophical teachings. It embodies a *principle* so far-reaching in its action, that once a man has grasped and apprehended that principle, it enables him at one step to rise above the influence of those conditions of life and death which appear such a vast and insoluble problem when viewed from the standpoint of a single individual mortal existence.

The doctrine is one that has been taught in all ages under a great variety of forms, but in this, as in everything else, we must be careful to distinguish *form* from the *principle*; the one is that which adapts itself to transient conditions of the human mind, the other is independent of the form, and when perceived by the *intuition* is recognised under whatever form it may for the time being appear.

It is with the principle rather than with the doctrine that we are now dealing. This principle will come to our unconsciousness as the result of a number of facts in our experience which require a key note to harmonize them, rather than as the result of any evidence or arguments which appeal to our mere intellectual faculties.

We find that everyone, even the man of the world, has some such similar perception of *principles* which lie deeper than his power of analysis can carry him, but which have become so much a part of his consciousness that he recognises them as a fundamental basis of his actions, even though he may not be able to formulate them, or give them a definite shape or name.

There is a faculty of the mind which synthesizes our various experiences, and gives us the power of recognising in a more or less perfect manner, according to our degree in the scale of evolution, those universal principles which underlie matter and form. In its highest aspect this faculty is that of *Intuition*, or the power of immediately perceiving the whole bearing, aspect, or truth of things without reasoning or analysis. Intuition is the basis of all our thoughts and actions, and lies too deep for analysis, for if we regard it as the synthesis of all our past experiences, it is evident to the most casual observer that that experience is not the result of this present existence merely. We easily recognise this faculty when developed to a marked degree in any particular direction, and we then call it *genius*. The man who is born a genius *knows intuitively* that which can only be arrived at in a lesser degree by other men by deductive methods and long training. He starts at the point where other men leave off.

What is it that gives him the power to do this? From whence comes the knowledge which other men have to acquire by painful toil and long experience? and we may further ask: from whence comes that which exists—the same in kind though in varying degrees—in every man, and constitutes the essence of his character, in other words his real Ego?

Each man will answer this question according to his light. The materialist will give one answer, the religionist another. The one believes neither in a heretofore nor a hereafter, the other in a hereafter but not in a heretofore. But to those who are students of the deeper mysteries of humanity, who have penetrated behind the veil of matter and assured themselves of the reality of the inner hidden universe of spiritual activity, and learnt the connection between this and the outward material world, there is but one answer to the question.

“That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit,” said one who had learnt the mystery of “Christ.” The real Ego is immortal, and is neither born nor conditioned of matter in the physical plane, but takes to itself the experience of each successive earth life, and becomes responsible for deeds done in the body, and for the helping or hindering of the progress of humanity as a whole. It must work out its own salvation, it must assimilate its own experience, it must pass by its own choice and effort from the lower to the higher, that which it sows it shall also reap.

This is the law of *Karma*, and is so intimately related to that of reincarnation that the two must be considered as one. Karma is the law of compensation, or of cause and effect in its inter-relation on the various planes of consciousness, from the purely spiritual and subjective down to the lowest planes of matter and consciousness. In relation to rebirth, it is the aggregate of those forces (*skandhas*) generated in a previous incarnation, by reason of which another earth-life under certain definite conditions becomes inevitable. These two constitute the key to the position which each individual occupies in his present life on this earth.

The realization of what is involved in these principles will carry the individual an immense step forward in the attainment of that far-reaching spiritual insight which alone can raise us to the level of conscious spiritual beings, living above the attractions of the material plane, the strife of human passions, and uninfluenced by the ever changing opinions, creeds and dogmas of exoteric religions. To know in full is probably synonymous with adeptship. There is mystery within mystery which can only be penetrated as the spiritual insight is developed. Nature speaks to us in her own language, and we must learn that language if we would know her secrets; they cannot be translated.

But let a man have once firmly grasped the principles of reincarnation and Karma, and there can no longer remain any doubt in his mind con-

cerning his course of action, for he has begun to understand the *laws* of his spiritual being, those universal and unalterable principles upon which depends alike the existence of a single atom and of the whole universe, and which are co-related and correspondential on every plane of consciousness.

Those whose intuition can recognise in the laws of our physical life the reflection and counterpart of the laws which operate on the higher planes, possess the key to the whole mystery of life, for they will be able to apprehend that which is the unity of all diversity, and which harmonizes and synthesizes all the various aspects and conditions of things, uniting even such apparent opposites as good and evil, light and darkness, sorrow and joy.

Science and religion, these two also—having so long stood in opposition—will be harmonized and united. Long and bitter has been the struggle, and black and foul the history of dogma and priestcraft. But now science has forced home to the minds of men those laws which condition the physical world, but which when first enunciated in this our *Christian* era, were met by deadly opposition and bitter hatred on the part of the Church.

But, alas, for the dogmatism of the day. That which was heterodox yesterday is orthodox to-day, and history repeats itself. It is no longer orthodox religion, but orthodox science that represents the dogmatism of the age. The battle which the scientists have fought and won against the powers of superstition has now to be fought and won against the powers of Materialism and Atheism. Those who will lead mankind to the larger knowledge in store for them, have to fight over again the battles of the scientists on a higher plane, and force home to the minds of men the *laws* which condition their spiritual nature. These laws being the counterpart of those which exist on the material plane, we see the possibility that exists for a *scientific religion*, a religion based on principles as firmly established as those which we act upon every day of our lives in dealing with physical forces.

An understanding of the principle of reincarnation cannot fail to give us a clear perception of the relativity of *form*, whether in the outward physical world, or in the inner world of thought as represented in those various systems and doctrines, creeds, dogmas and mental paraphernalia in general, in which men dress up their ideas, and endeavour to make others wear them, and which they even take for verities, and bow down and worship.

In the physical world there is nothing permanent; the mightiest hills endure but for a day. Nations and races, forms of government, civilization, society, religion—all these are but as the mote that dances in the sunshine. And yet while they last, men centre in them their energies and passions, and they only change amidst a horrid dim of human strife, pain and delusion. To-day a man will fight with bitter senti-

ment, against those who appear likely to upset his doctrine of atonement or his Athanasian creed. But where were these doctrines when 2,000 years ago this same individual lived in quite a different state of society, or 200,000 years ago, which yet is but as yesterday if a man can but comprehend?

To-day in the so-called *Christian* Church it is possible for a bishop to stand in danger of imprisonment if he administer his office in one *form* rather than another. And human passions are roused, and envy, malice, and all uncharitableness are brought to light in the name of religion, and for the sake of—form! Truly the Devil—having somewhat of a larger view of humanity than these his dupes—must laugh to see how men *practise* the religion of Christ, mistake the husk for the kernel, and place themselves in the very position of those pharisees whom Christ so vehemently denounced.

One of the first lessons which we are taught by the doctrine of reincarnation is this:—that however different may be the ideas, conceptions, states, or conditions of our fellow men from that which we find in our selves, any one of these conditions may have been ours yesterday, may be ours to-morrow. Humanity as a whole, in its mental and spiritual aspects, finds as many conditions of life as that which exists on the face of the globe in flora or fauna, and we must view humanity as a whole, and apart from any one section of it, or from our own individuality, before we can understand those principles which govern our evolution, and which necessitate that we should pass through every state, degree, and condition of life in our progress towards those higher states of spiritual selfconsciousness, which are independent of the conditions which pertain to our present physical life.

There is no room here for either self-righteousness or dogmatism. Each man must decide for himself what form is most in harmony with the highest perceptions of truth, what best helps him to realise his spiritual aspirations. But if he would understand something of those principles which govern the human heart, he must be able to view humanity—not through the coloured glasses of his own particular creed, but with an universal sympathy which embraces all creeds. This is the basis and root idea of Theosophy, founded on a knowledge of that which has been is, and will be.

Many thoughts, too deep for words, come crowding into our minds when we reflect upon what we may have done and suffered in those past lives, the memory of which is mercifully hidden from our present consciousness. The burden of our mistakes and failures, of hopes blighted, of bitter experience, apparently fruitless struggles, and often in suffering which appears so absolutely unmerited and unjust that we are in danger of losing all hope and faith; these things, which come to all men in greater or lesser degree as the experience of a single life time, are oft-times too heavy a burden for us to bear, and we gladly close our eyes in

the sleep of death, with an instinctive feeling that this is Nature's remedy for the worn and suffering soul.

If from this sleep we were to awake, as we awake every morning, with the recollection of the previous day, and the full weight of our responsibilities and cares, which of us would be able to take up once more the burden of life? It can only be when we have learnt to distinguish the reality from the illusion, the true from the false, the spiritual from the material; when we have raised our consciousness above the level of time and space, and learnt to dwell in the eternal consciousness of the absolute reality, that we shall be able to stand face to face with the ghosts of our former selves, and read our record in the book of life; for then we shall know in full that what we now call good and evil are but the opposite poles of manifestation, and have no existence, save on the plane of illusions.

"Never the spirit was born; the spirit shall cease to be never;

"Never was time it was not; End and Beginning are dreams!

"Birthless and deathless and changeless remaineth the spirit for ever;

"Death hath not touched it at all, dead though the house of it seems!"

W. KINGSLAND.



THE SACRED MISSION OF THE S. P. R.

ALL our friends remember the astounding story, born and elaborated in the head of a too zealous "Researcher" sent to India to investigate that which he was incapable of understanding, accepted by many grave and wise men of Cambridge, and joyfully snapped up by the sensation-loving society fish. It was the Gordian knot of the T. S. cut at one blow by the perspicacious Alexander, the great conqueror of spooks and mediums: namely, that the motive for claiming certain phenomenal manifestations as true, was the desire to benefit thereby the Russian Government. So strong became the "Russian Spy" impression with the public, that actually writers of novels began to mention the charge as *fait accompli*. *A propos* of this, we find a very witty hit at the S. P. R. in the *Hawk* of March 12 ult.

"Madame Blavatsky has recently compiled a work, called the 'Secret Doctrine,' which covers the last brief period of the last thousand million of years which the world has supposed to have taken to evolve itself, Moses, Darwin, Huxley, and the rest notwithstanding. The Spookical Research Society have, I understand, appointed a permanent committee, with right of hereditary succession to its members, to study and analyze this work, as it is believed to be a covert attack on the British Empire."



OCCULT AXIOMS AND THEIR SYMBOLS.

(Concluded.)

V.

MATERIALISTIC science will never be able to furnish morality with a sound basis, so long as it considers humanity only as a species of the animal kind ; so long as it assigns to evolution and progress no other purpose but an amelioration in physical organisms, and the acquisition, by the fittest individuals, of a kind of shrewdness and perfected instinct which will allow them to live more comfortably ; so long as it refuses to recognise in man principles entirely different from the material ones, subject to different laws and surviving physical dissolution. If everything ends with material life, the only wise plan is to fill it with material enjoyment. On these lines of belief, virtue is a supernumerary quantity : it may be your interest to be virtuous in appearance, but it is of no consequence to anybody whether you are so in reality or not. No individual benefit arises from virtue, except what consideration or profit you may derive from it, or the reciprocity of good treatment and protection you may expect from the community, supposing the community is commonly honest. Then the man must be a fool who instead of calculating exactly the possible returns, is simply charitable, or who, instead of taking clever measures to escape detection, simply avoids wickedness. As for the community called Society, everybody knows how tender-hearted it is to its benefactors, how ready to proclaim and recompense virtue, how prompt to detect and punish crime. Everybody knows that big consideration, big fortune, and big stomachs are the exclusive appanage of bankers and deacons, who have deserved them by lives of truthfulness and integrity. Provided you do not transgress the letter of the established code, you may indulge in a tolerable number of sins of commission, without speaking of those of omission, and remain a very respectable citizen in full possession of all the chances of the Municipal elections. Undeniably any more than ordinarily clever man will not be satisfied with such innocent ambition. The man who deserves admiration is the one who cheats others into the belief that he has done them some service, and induces them to an undeserved reciprocity. This is the principle of modern charity, which is a means to social safety, a personal gratification of pride, and an excellent way for females of calling attention to their beauty, elegance and loving disposition, and for men of advertising their business. With a little practice at that game, a man may easily deserve a statue on public

thoroughfares. Charity is a fine word, when engraved on a pedestal, or when printed at the head of a list of the members of some committee, or of some programme for a mundane entertainment. Charity is the occasional sop by which is kept down the anger of the starving beasts in their cages. It is as necessary to public order as the wig of Justice. As for real silent charity, without hope of reward or expectation of reciprocity, as for virtue for the sake of virtue itself, as for self-sacrifice and devotion to others, they are ridiculous, absurd, and happily rare exceptions. More: they are dangerous and of bad example, as several Positivists have already remarked.

Human faculties are like sirens, virtues above the waist and vices below; passions are the material of powers, evil is the origin of good, pain the substratum of pleasure, and ridicule the potentiality of the sublime. The taste of the ragged vulgar for barrel-organs and cheap oleographs, and of the vulgar in full dress for ballad concerts and ugly antiques, is the announcement of a nascent artistic feeling. Similarly hypocrisy, is a homage to virtue, and the sham charity of the replete bourgeois is the beginning of unselfishness. True, the night of egotism is still very dark; egotism is yet the mainspring of our social activities, competition the backbone of our industry, and national selfishness the ideal for which many heroes are ready to die. But is this a proof that patriotism will not be looked upon as a vice a few centuries hence, that no civilization can be conceived where production alone would have the importance now imprudently attributed to exchange that the present social state is the best and only one possible? Ask the question, not from those who have been successful in the struggle, but from its victims, from the multitudes trampled under the wheels of progress, from the unemployed men and starving families, and from those moral wrecks, more pitiful still, whose brains have been atrophied by the weight of their account books. The few advantages of competition are largely compensated by its inconveniences: it is the principal and nearly sole cause of our present miseries and social evils. Says one of our Masters: "That curse known as the struggle for life is the real and most prolific parent of most woes and sorrows and all crimes. Why has that struggle become the almost universal scheme of the universe? We answer, because no religion, with the exception of Buddhism, has hitherto taught a practical contempt for this earthly life, while each of these always with that one solitary exception, has through its hells and damnations inculcated the greatest dread of death. Therefore do we find that struggle for life raging most fiercely in Christian countries, most prevalent in Europe and America. It weakens in the pagan lands, and is nearly unknown amongst Buddhist populations Teach the people to see that life on this earth, even the happiest, is but a burden and an illusion, that it is but our Karma, the cause producing the effect, that is our own judge, our Saviour in future lives; and the

great struggle for life will soon lose its intensity." Again, because competition is amongst us a prevailing motive, it does not prove that no other incentive to action exists or may be found. Are we to believe that people would not work unless they be starved, this degrading argument of people who employ the Chinese or German paupers at reduced wages on one hand, and excite the hatred of the British or American workmen against them on the other? Some monsters speculate on misery and thrash human dignity with the whip of animal want; does this prove the laziness of the victims or the baseness of the executioners? Exploitation and tyranny, necessity and overwork are means the best calculated to disgust a man with his task. Ask any craftsman, free and sincere, what is the best incentive to his efforts: he will answer you that it is the love of his business and not the necessity of earning his livelihood. Enthusiasm and desire of affection will prompt an artist further and quicker than competition and the desire to earn more money than his colleagues; nearly always, when a man of genius is seized with the ambition of making his fortune, he loses his originality and becomes a base flatterer of common vulgarity and vice. A decoration generally proves a patch on a fine picture. The rival efforts of real artists towards the beautiful, of poets towards the ideal, of philosophers towards the truth, can no longer be called competition. They are termed emulation, a term which is nearly synonymous with united efforts. What then shall we call the convergent efforts of the saints towards virtue? One of the first things taught to those who would tread the path of Occultism is that they must give up all wish to overcome their brothers, and grow, like the lilies of the fields, without knowing it. Love of perfection itself is scarcely a sufficient qualification: their main motive must be the desire to acquire knowledge in order to place it at the service of Humanity.

Since the world has passed its middle point of evolution, altruism has begun to dawn upon Humanity: and however pale and distant this aurora we may feel sure that these calls from Buddha, from Christ, from Theosophy, these rays which have always come from the East, are the presage of the coming day. However disagreeable may be at present the relations between members of the social body, yet each one of them is indebted to these relations for most of the things he possesses, knows or can do. Men can be numbered whose opinions are not from newspapers, whose science is not from books, whose wit is not from hearsay. To improve upon the achievements of others, we must first assimilate them. In fact if competition is an element of progress, association is the condition of progress and of competition itself; and rivalry is but the means to some association of a superior order. If wild individuals had not wrestled with each other, no tribal alliances would have been formed; without the fights between tribes, there was no motive for the formation of provinces; and the dissensions between counties prepared national

unity. Will this be the end of association, and may we not hope that our international wars, perhaps by their very atrocity, will necessitate International Arbitration, and that cannon shots will have cleared the way for universal brotherhood? The author of that thoughtful work, "Looking Backwards," traces the same process of growth through social economy, and predicts for it a similar development: upon individual exchange, small trade was an improvement; now we see small trade ruined and absorbed by big stores and co-operative companies. Mr. Bellamy believes that the competition between the latter will eventually result in their agglomeration into national syndicates, so that the wealth of the nation will be administered by the nation itself. The author has drawn upon this hypothesis the Elysean picture of a social state where the struggle for existence has no more a *raison d'être*. Then the history of philosophy is there to show that the shock of opinions always elicited light: after religious wars, after metaphysical battles, the champions generally find themselves purified, and some new and larger truth establishes itself on the ruins of the dismantled creed. The egotists are not the men who launch boldly and alone upon the sea of the unknown, nor the audacious who frankly express their doubts upon an adopted dogma or a consecrated habit: it is through such benefactors that the world really advances. The inventor of a new instrument of labour, of a new product, of a new mode of thought or a new method of conduct is a fighter against the egotism of those who try to stifle the discovery, because it disturbs their interests or simply their quietness. The egotists are those whose laziness would prevent the world from moving, whose sleepiness would paralyse the thoughts of others. The common egotism of the Pharisees was responsible for the crucifixion of Christ: the aggregate egotism of the Christian church is responsible for the narrowness of modern thought, and the scholastic egotism of modern science is responsible for the psychic ignorance of our age.

There is between each one of us and his fellow men a borrowing and lending somewhat analogous to the process of feeding. The productions, acts and thoughts of others are the material from which our thought gets its sustenance; it extracts the essence of that food and gives it back to the commonwealth under the form of its individual activity. The man who has understood this process can no more think of his soul as separated from others, than we can conceive our bodies as independent from universal substance and life. But, even for the common egotist, what after all is the end of the struggle? What is the ambition of the most narrow-minded candle merchant, when he has retired from business? To buy a cottage where he may invite his friends, and spend, in rejoicing with them, part and sometimes the whole of the money he has laboriously saved. There are really very few joys attractive to a man unless he partakes of them with others. Even upon his animal wants he must throw the veil of company, and he loathes a

lonely dinner table. Acquirements are of little use unless shown and communicated. The potentate who hires a concert room for his exclusive use, the drunkard who shuts himself up in a solitary cellar, are exceptions. Few men could bear the weight of lonely enjoyment; madness and despair would be the result for the majority. Perfect egotism is an asceticism of a peculiar kind, and constitutes the trial of the black magician.

Thus, even ordinary reasoning and examples taken from daily life show us that the dictates of egotism are not infallible. But the necessity of altruism can be demonstrated philosophically. In a magnificent article upon Theosophy (*Revue des deux mondes*, July 15, 1888), Mr. Burnouf, the celebrated French Orientalist, called upon it to render Humanity an immense service by showing the existence of a law superior to that of the struggle for existence. Our doctrine is the only one able to furnish such a demonstration as a basis for morality; further, it can give altruism three equally solid foundations, the one practical, the other philosophical, and the third religious.

The recognition of Karmic justice and of the law of Reincarnation shows us the practical advantage of not doing to others what we should not like them to do to us, and further, of sowing, by positive deeds of charity, the germs of a future harvest of benefits for ourselves. This reasoning embraces both the arguments of Christian and Utilitarian moralists, at the same time corrected, purified and sublimated. As we have already said, Positivism, concerning itself merely with the short life of the present, cannot convince us that there is any harm in cheating the social body, if we are clever enough to make sure of having our rights attended to, while only pretending to fulfil our duties: it may try to vaguely argue that virtue is the best way to happiness, but this sentimental suspicion will never be sufficient to prevent any man with evil tendencies or under strong temptation from taking his pleasure where he finds it, when that man is persuaded that everything ends with the present life, and that his conduct is of no more importance, after all, either to himself or to the world at large, than the noise of a wasp in the forest. A Chinese proverb says that whoever finds pleasure in vice and pain in virtue, is yet a novice in both: but as a matter of fact most men are such novices that even hygienic considerations and the scientific knowledge of consequences is scarcely sufficient to deter them from unhealthy gratification of their passions: when they are mad enough to waste their own life, how could they be expected to spare the interests of others? When a man in anger is ready to destroy himself, provided he destroys his enemy at the same time, will he stop to consider that he has no right to deprive the social body of a double life? Undoubtedly the Christian sanctions contained more power and efficacy: but Christianity fell into the opposite exaggeration, and darkened so much the pictures of future punishment that it made man doubt Justice. The fairy-

tales of hell and its king the devil never worked satisfactorily, even on the infantile minds of Mediæval Humanity because men cannot be rendered virtuous through fear: at most can they be turned into cowards and slaves. In our days of free and scientific thought, Christian preachers themselves have understood the puerility of their bogey stories, and reserve them for uncommonly rural congregations. Satan's fork is no longer the lever of the masses, and the horns wear out more and more every day on the poor devil's head. To-day the favourite text for sermons on virtue is that we must be good out of gratitude towards the Creator: but considering that evil predominates in the world and that its Creator must therefore be more than half wicked, it is a question whether we should not have more chances of pleasing him by being as unmerciful as himself. Besides, many a noble soul would prefer even a voluntary damnation with the majority of Mankind to an egotistic salvation with a few generally very uninteresting elect. Then, there is the psychological fact, that a man feels little remorse or even satisfaction for deeds, good or bad, committed, say thirty years ago, and that the justice does not stand well in equilibrium which would give to our short passage on earth the counterpoise of an eternity without relief to the monotony either of pain or pleasure; and this other philosophical fact, that, as pain is only a contrast to pleasure and *vice versa*, both torment and bliss would in time merge into indifference, unless indeed the saints, in order to preserve the necessary contrast, should from time to time open their nostrils to the smell of the roasted flesh of their unfortunate brothers.

Although the religions of our country and philosophies of our time are unable either to explain or to remedy the dreadful evils which are the lot of a great majority of Mankind, a conscientious observer cannot help acknowledging that there lurks in the hearts, even of the most miserable, an instinctive belief in justice, an intuitional conviction that right cannot be made wrong by might, and that somehow or somewhere injustice will find a compensation. This feeling cannot be attributed to religions which explain physical contrasts by metaphysical contradictions: besides, it is to be found, sometimes stronger than anywhere else, in countries where generations of free thinkers have transmitted to each other their scepticism, and where agnosticism is the attitude of an overwhelming majority of the people. Whence, then, that innate honesty, if not from a kind of unconscious recognition of the law of Karma? If anything is to be wondered at in our period of transitions, it is not the frequency of crimes; but rather their scarcity. When Humanity has no longer any belief and has not yet any knowledge, when we see on one hand the respect of the law fading away from the minds of the people, and on the other that same law softening the rigorism of its code as civilization advances, when passivity and ignorance diminish in the same proportion as sensuality and discontent increase, we may certainly ask ourselves what mysterious rope still holds together the inflammable brands of the social faggot.

The Karma of our egotistic civilisation is above our heads like a dark cloud which will resolve itself into tears and blood, while a maelstrom of despair and hatred whirls in the hearts of the pariahs deserted in the midst of our populous cities: at every corner is to be met the tramp, wearing along without hope or purpose. Before him is the endless street with its fog and smoke; above him, the gloom of the pitiless sky and the drizzling rain; below, the mud where his sore and cold feet sink at each step; around him, no sympathetic look meets his eyes: his misery escapes the notice of the restless, uneasy-looking men of business hurrying to their offices, and of the stiff arrogant idlers, who carry their respectabilities like brimful vessels, grave as undertakers, dignified as offended turkeys; who walk with their elbows away from the body to keep the vulgar at a distance, and who have stiffened the muscles of their faces that no human feeling should appear and compromise their fashionable imbecility. But the philosopher does not know which is more to be pitied, the despair of the one or the confidence of the other: for he knows that riches and poverty are only the extreme points on the wheel of Karma: and knowing he has himself passed through many happy and many miserable lives, he values the present one only for the opportunities it affords him of returning unselfish service for the egotism he has to suffer from, and of alleviating the miseries he has escaped.

The man, however, who does good simply to prepare himself a good Karma, may be said to practice altruism egotistically, although virtue can never be a purely personal thing, since it spreads around itself spiritual influences and material examples. But Theosophy can offer to the royal virtue of unselfishness higher and nobler seats. If the diversity of forms is actually tending towards reabsorption in Unity, the man whose efforts have personality as their only goal is simply swimming against Evolution. And as the contractive force must ultimately gain victory over the expansive one, final dissolution is reserved to those who would fight against the predominant universal power. The said expansion and contraction, however, are only material similes or introversions of spiritual facts: the path of altruism leads to expansion of limited consciousness into universal consciousness or Omniscience: while egotism is the way to infinitesimal nescience, which is the only mode of annihilation, the frightful punishment reserved, at the end of the Manwantara, to the Adepts of the left hand. Everything finite being also transient, egotism is incompatible with immortality. Matter is eternal like Spirit, but eternally unconscious, while Spirit is the source of consciousness. Unconscious eternity being no better than non-existence, the only manner of obtaining salvation is to transfer our consciousness from the low planes to the higher ones, to sacrifice personality on the altar of the Higher Self. Let him who dreams of sublimating and immortalising his egotism consider that nothing will remain of his work but what can be used by others; that he must leave to somebody else the money he has saved, the palaces

he has built, the devices he has planned for his own gratification ; and that he will carry nothing beyond the grave, nothing but the craving he could not and can never satisfy, and which will bring him down again and again to learn the deceptions of many rebirths. Let him remember that life has been lent to him only in order that he may offer his stone to the monument Humanity is building according to the plans of Nature ; that the very feelings which made him love so much his personality are only the veils thrown by Nature on her own necessities ; that his dreams of voluptuousness only helped to the preservation of species, his shadow of free-will to the improvement of the race, within the bounds of immutable laws ; and that even the peculiarities of feeling, conduct, thought and aspirations which he thought most intimate and entirely his own, were nothing but the eternal recommencement of preordained types. And if he hesitates still to acknowledge his delusion, let him observe the superb indifference of Nature to the fate of individuals ; how brightly the sun shines on the despair of poets or the pride of kings, on graveyards and battlefields, on the joys and sorrows of Humanity, and would continue to shine were the earth itself scattered to atoms.

Thus, the man who practises altruism acts not only in his own superior interest, but also in accordance with the ultimate purposes of Nature. To souls endowed with religious sentimentality, however, these practical and scientific arguments will not appeal so strongly as this other philosophical truth, that Love and Sympathy are the direct manifestations of the Divinity concealed in the inmost penetralia of our Highest Being. Not only all men come from a common origin and tend to the same goal, not only do the many proceed from and to the one, but as we have said this Unity is ever present in everybody and everywhere, and, by a magnificent law which perpetuates the primordial reality through the diversity of illusions, it remains constantly as our central guide throughout our dreary pilgrimage. The light of egotism is but a distorted reflection of this sun of altruism : when, in moments of despair, man recedes in the internal night of what appears to him loneliness and void, then, if he but opens towards the inside the eyes he has shut upon the external nightmares, he will find the real Self which is above our joys as our sorrows : he will find a deep recess sheltered from the tempests of life, where many a time before he has unconsciously taken refuge. Betrayed by a woman, conquered by a rival, abandoned by those we love, or even justly punished for some fault of ours, we feel above our souls the impassive being who watches us weep, and such is his brilliancy that even in our humiliation rises an inmost protest of superiority, for our real Self is indeed superior to everything : it is for this same reason that everyone of us is inclined to think better of himself and to love himself better than anybody else, thus prostituting to the lower Ego the love which the real Ego alone deserves. The supreme Unity being the highest principle in our own constitution, if we remove one after the

other, for the analysis of thought, the different "Koshas" or sheaths which envelop ATMA, we remove at the same time personal limitations and the causes of separateness, so that we can find our Self only by losing ourselves. Atma cannot be called an individual principle; it does not belong either to me or to you: the same thing says "I" in you as well as in myself, behind your name and form as well as my peculiarities, under my vices as well as your virtues. Whoever has understood this sublime doctrine of the essential identity of "I" and "Thou" under the illusory distinction of "Mine" and "Thine," scarcely finds any words to express its sacredness. It inspired the mansuetude and benevolence of generations of Yogis and Buddhists, and it ought to be made the central and first teaching of Theosophy. It is similar to the Christian precept: "Love each other for the sake of God"; but that God instead of being outside of creation, so far that men can doubt his existence, is ever present in our Self and the Self of others, and is that Self: and man, instead of reckoning on external influences and arbitrary mercy, needs no other prayer but aspiration towards that perfect model enthroned in his own soul, who demands no other sacrifice but the crucifixion of egotism. This truth is not to be demonstrated by mere reasoning, although our whole philosophy rests upon it, although the wonderful similarity which carries in an endless circle all the acts, thoughts, passions and aspirations of Humanity seems to point out the existence of some common principle: but it is to be sensed in the depths of our own being, to be felt at the sight of any fellow man, to be realised by eyes meeting eyes, by words answering to words, by joys and sorrows swelling in our hearts in sympathy with the enjoyments and sorrows of others. O, Brothers! Here is the real basis of morality: we have found the source of Love: descending into the inmost sanctum of my own being, it is you all I meet there. Why should I quarrel with you? Am I angry with my teeth when I bite my tongue, and shall I hate a caterpillar when I love a butterfly? If you hurt me by your words, deeds or antipathy, is it not "He," who through an imperfect brain sees in me an enemy and believes he has reasons to hate me? If you caress me, if you praise me, if you love me, is it not "He" who recognises himself behind a body you wish to embrace, behind a soul you wish to understand? Atma is the central sight, which looking at the world through so many souls and so many eyes, sees it under so many aspects. The fourth visage of Brahmâ is the august and melancholy face of Humanity, the one type, mine as well as yours, which is to be perceived behind the masks stamped by Karma upon our souls, the masks smiling with kindness or stiffened by egotism and distorted by passion, the masks of angels or of demons. The wailing of the forest and of the sea, and the moanings of the brutes, the clear and pearly laugh of merry girls and the groans of humanity in travail, all the noises of the planet, express the same thing as the silence of the infinite. O, my Selves! In the

sacred name of "Him" who is more than our common father, being the centre of all our beings, I shout to you the universal call to Love and my weak voice loses itself in that Verb expressed by all flesh !

AMARAVELLA.



THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

A FRAGMENT.

VAIN seeker after all-abiding truth !
 Wouldst fathom Nature in her hidden ways ?
 Wouldst drag her deepest workings into light,
 And master secrets that might change the world ?
 But know, poor mortal, that to such as thee
 The higher myst'ries may not be revealed
 Until such time as thou art wholly quit
 Of each unworthy thought—each selfish hope
 That links thy being, still, to things of earth.
 To KNOW is *pow'r*—then be thy aim to KNOW.
 But, if thou would'st attain to higher spheres,
 Seek *first* the knowledge of that living God
 In whom reside all wisdom, truth and strength.
 When thou hast cleansed thy Spirit—purged thy
 soul
 From all the worthless dross that weighs it down ;
 When thou hast conquered *self*, and overcome
 The countless passions that possess thy breast ;
 When thou hast learnt to coldly spurn the world
 With all its rotten pomp, deceptive joys,
Then seek, and not till *then*, that Holy Love,
 That mighty power that flows from God alone !

What profit, though, by wearisome research,
 'Twere possible to conquer death itself ;
 To banish sickness and prolong this life
 Through countless dreary ages yet to come ;
 To stand alone amidst a fleeting world,
 A rock 'gainst which the surging tide of years
 Might beat, in vain, till time should cease to be ?
 Ah ! Thoughtless being ! Wouldst thou court a
 fate
 More terrible than well can be conceived ?

Poor erring child of earth ! Dost thou not know
 That life, prolonged to only twice its span,
 Would be so great a curse to thee, that thou
 Wouldst surely pray that death might set thee
 free ?
 Say, wouldst thou live, and see thy loved ones
 die ?
 It never could be so !—I tell thee *nay* !
 For nature would revolt at such a state.
 And he alone may breast the tide of time
 Whose sympathies, to all intents, are dead ;
 Who knows no earthly tie—no earthly hope,
 But who would calmly soar above the world
 To contemplate a boundless universe
 And seek, perchance, to grasp Eternal Truth.

He conquers death who does not fear to die ;
 For that which man no longer views with dread
 Must straightway lose its absolute domain ;
 And he who stands prepared for life or death—
 Shall he not triumph even o'er the grave !
 Yet while the body lives, *so long* the soul
 Is kept within its carnal prison house,
 Nor can it hope to win its flight aloft
 And meet the full and glorious light of Heaven.
 Its brightness dimmed—its lofty powers ob-
 scured,
 It lingers on within this mortal clay
 And, knowing *much*, still fails of knowing *all* ;
 Since *death alone* can set the spirit free
 And lead to that more *pure* and *perfect life*
 That follows when the soul is *one* with *God* !
 " TINY."



COMMENTS OF JOHN WORRELL KEELY ON DR.
SCHIMMEL'S LECTURE.

"THE UNITY OF NATURE'S FORCES."

MR. KEELY'S opinion having been asked as to some of the theories and views advanced by the learned lecturer, he writes as follows:—

"*Both atoms and ether are material,*" says Dr. Schimmel, adding "*Chemistry forces us to accept this theory.*"

But this system does not classify the progressive order. Schimmel says "atoms and ether." Ether in its high tenuous condition is above the atomic, both in sub-division and in elastic range; and is the third in order below the luminiferous track in this sub-division. The inter-etheric is the second sub-division, and the compound inter-etheric is the luminiferous track proper. As long as there is anything to sub-divide this anything sub-divided represents matter; and sub-division can go on through infinity: never ending, and yet no ultimatum reached. The luminiferous track is the door that opens on the seventh sub-division, still leaving an infinite field beyond.* Yet, with all this, we are only verging on the threshold of research. Again Dr. Schimmel says, "*The atoms are indivisible.*" Decidedly wrong. All corpuscles of matter can be sub-divided by a certain order of vibration, thus showing up new elements. Not mechanical vibration, but sympathetic vibration, induced by negatizing sympathetic streams.

I will add here that Mr. Keely demonstrates, in some of his experiments, that the magnetic needle, in pointing to the north, is merely the indicator that proves the direction of the flow of one of the sympathetic terrestrial streams. It is well known that the attractive power of the magnet is limited to a very small range. Independent of this sympathetic stream, its power could never be used as a medium to prove polar sympathy for this terrestrial current, the concentrating power of which is due north.

This magnetic stream, or terrestrial magnetic envelope, is the one that has the most powerful affinity for all neutral-centre conditions; radiating continually from such centres, and focalizing and concentrating on them at the same time; thus feeding and distributing in a manner to preserve perfect equation under the most sympathetic and vital velocity, positively

* This is precisely what the Occult Sciences teach, and what more than one renowned Mystic and Kabbalist has asserted in his time. In fact, as we have already remarked before now—Mr. Keely's discoveries corroborate wonderfully the teachings of Occult Astronomy and other Sciences.—[Ed.]

and negatively. This perpetual polar activity is, in its conditions, similar to the sympathetic outflow and inflow of the forces that constantly keep our solar activity in a perfectly balanced state. The same conditions in a physical way are found in the circulation of the blood through the heart; inflow and distribution, inflow again and re-distribution; and also in the cerebral functions. Blue light represents one of the highest orders of sympathetic impulse, and gives forth a condition of etheric radiation that has a tendency to antagonise any differentiation that may exist in the neutral centres of all molecular masses outside of the mechanical.

Returning to Dr. Schimmel's lecture, we find this statement:—" *Atoms are different in shape, as crystallization shows.*"

Mr. Keely calls this an absurd theory, and says: "All corpuscles, no matter how great the sub-division may be, remain an unalterable sphere in shape.* Their rotating envelopes are composed of tenuous matter, representing the high etheric in its order, having an affinity for the luminiferous condition. When dispersed by sympathetic vibration, they seek the luminous one, with the velocity of gravity, which is its tenuous coincident.

"Crystallization is the effect of an unalterable law of nature in aggregating molecular masses structurally, according to sympathetic conditions, representing the nature of the substance under aggregation. This condition of affinity is controlled by certain sympathetic streams of negative attraction. Thousands of different substances can receive their introductory impulses of aggregation from a single polarized stream. The infinite differentiations that take place from such a stream, in producing a variety of structures, is as unexplainable as is infinity itself.

"A volume of ether of the sixth order enveloping the earth the depth of the earth's diameter, if free of rotation, would carry this globe towards the luminous field with the velocity of a meteor.

"No conceivable power by pressure can force the atom, or the molecule, out of its spherical form. Its wonderful condition of elasticity causes it, if submitted to enormous pressure, to reduce in area, but does not change its shape. If submitted to the explosion of nitro-glycerine, which tears up the surface of the rock it is placed on, before displacing the surrounding atmosphere, it will no more effect the sphericity of the molecule than the waft of a butterfly's wing would roll a five hundred pound cannon ball up an inclined plane.

"Acoustic forces induce a vibration of the rotary envelopes of the different corpuscles of matter, but never differentially."

To return to Dr. Schimmel, who says:—

"*A falling body is not attracted toward the earth; it is pressed toward it.*"

* Such is the occult teaching—also.—[ED.]

Mr. Keely replies: "I cannot accept an argument of this kind, which would upset the Newtonian theory. There is no purer law of nature than the one of the attraction of gravitation. No matter how subtle or tenuous any gaseous product may be, it offers resistance to a falling body. I contend that a body projected through an atmospheric vacuum, even at a certain velocity, will meet resistance. It would not in an etheric vacuum, at any conceivable velocity."

Dr. Schimmel's comments upon the phenomena of heat, chemical affinity, molecular vibration, etc., are noticed by Mr. Keely as follows:—

"All conditions where chemical assimilation takes place induce heat; simply because the sympathetic union of the molecular concordants move towards each other with wonderful percussive velocity. Heat is the result in the following order:—

"1st. Molecular percussion. 2nd. Molecular rupture. 3rd. Inter-molecular assimilation. 4th. Equation by vibration.

"Luminosity can never be induced by molecular vibration."

Mr. Keely proceeds to theorize upon this assertion; conjecturing that luminosity might possibly be induced by inter-atomic vibrations, under certain conditions; adding, "but it would necessitate exploring an unknown field, which might, in its wonderful intricacies, absorb a series of years. This would be a variation, and I never deal in variations on high tenuity."

Dr. Schimmel's theory of each string of a harp giving forth its own particular note, when the air passes through them, is not in accordance with Mr. Keely's views; each particular note being, he thinks, produced by the volume of their molecular masses while under bombardment by atmospheric molecular percussion, and not by any particular quality of any other stream. Again, Dr. Schimmel asserts that the ether compensates the sun for the enormous amount of heat which it loses, by compressing the sun into a smaller volume.

Mr. Keely does not accept this theory. He says: "I consider the sun as a vast neutral centre to a system of worlds, and that its regeneration depends entirely upon the reactive sympathetic vibratory streams which, emanating from its own body, are received in the system of worlds it controls, and are sympathetically returned to it, to be projected again, until the vibratory force, that has controlled it through the ages, is expended."

Mr. Keely regards the sun as a dead body, an inert mass,* that has

* Between Mr. Keely calling the Sun "a dead body," and the Occult Doctrine maintaining that what we call the Sun is a reflection of untold electric brightness, the "veil which covers and conceals the living Sun behind," there is but a difference in the mode of expression; the fundamental idea is the same. The shadow on the wall produced by a living man or object is the inanimate, or dead effect of an animate and living cause which intercepts the rays of light. The Sun we see is "an inert mass" of adumbrations, the unreal phantom of the real Sun, which, but for this veil, would consume our earth, and probably all the planets with its fierce radiancy. If it has been calculated of that solar "phantom" we see, that the heat emitted by it in a single second would be enough "to melt a shell of ice covering the entire surface of the earth to a depth of 1 mile 1,457 yards." What would be the intensity of sunlight if the invisible Sun were suddenly unveiled? And this is what will happen, the Occult Doctrine teaches, when the hour of Pralaya strikes—after which the Sun himself will be disrupted.—[Ed.]

fallen into its negative condition through, or from, the loss of its triple sympathetic vibratory impulses, much on the order of the steel bar that has been vitalized by percussion, which Mr. Keely shows in his experiments to be active and sounding until the vibrations end in a vanishing point, thus leaving the molecular mass dead, or inert, until the proper impulse to renew its activity is given. In this new philosophy the different planets represent certain sympathetic chords or centres, all attuned to take part in one celestial melody, the same as the different chords of the piano. Necessarily the great plan of the Originator of "the music of the spheres" brings into life the proper ones, at the proper time, on the positive range; and neutralizes again at the proper time the negative ones on the neutral range; and thus the harmony of the spheres is maintained.

To return to Dr. Schimmel's lecture, he says: "The rays of the sun, as rays, are cold and dark; in their interaction with atoms they produce heat and light."

Mr. Keely writes, "There is no language that can give any idea of the intense cold of the impulses emanating from this orb of day. All the thermal conditions are brought about by different orders of molecular activity, induced by sympathetic streams of three different conditions." In his "Exposé," Mr. Keely calls these streams the "triune rays of Infinity."

Dr. Schimmel says that, where lighter and heavier metals are soldered, the molecules of the lighter metal will vibrate with greater intensity than those of the heavier metal, and will be forced to vibrate in a new plane around their centre of gravity; but here, again, Mr. Keely differs from him in opinion; agreeing with the expounders of what is called, "Substantial Philosophy," who hold that the striking of a bell liberates untold billions of corpuscles of matter from its own body; which, without the transmitting medium of the atmosphere, would never reach the ear. The corpuscles of the resonant body do not come in contact with the ear; but the vibrations, induced on the surrounding air molecules, which are in immediate contact with the bell, are transmitted by sympathetic vibration through the molecular field, not displacing one molecule during this transmission, any more than the disturbing of the intermediate balls strung on a wire, between the one that receives the percussion on one end, and the one that transmits it at the other, would affect these balls at the two extremes.

It is evident that Mr. Keely's labours still lie in the field of experiment, and that in his researches he is grappling with problems, the existence of which seems to be incomprehensible to scientists. Again Amiel's words are suggested: "Science is a madness occupied with tabulating its own hallucinations."

C. J. B-M.

THE ANCIENT EMPIRE OF CHINA.

(Concluded.)

THERE was also among the early Chinese the religious worship of their departed friends, which still continues to be observed by all classes from the Emperor downward, and seems of all religious services to have the greatest hold upon the people. The title given in the Shoo to Shun's minister of Religion is that of "Arranger of the Ancestral temple."

The rule of Confucius, that "parents when dead, should be sacrificed to according to propriety," was doubtless in accordance with a practice which had come down from the earliest times of the nation.

The spirits of the departed were supposed to have a knowledge of the circumstances of their descendants, and to be able to affect them.* Events of importance in a family were communicated to them before their shrines; many affairs of government were transacted in the ancestral temple. When Yaou demitted to Shun the business of the government, the ceremony took place in the temple of "the accomplished ancestor," the individual to whom Yaou traced his possession of the supreme dignity; and while Yaou lived, Shun, on every return to the capital from his administrative progresses, offered a bullock before the shrine of the same personage. In the same way, when Shun found the toils of government too heavy for him, and called Yu to share them, the ceremony took place in the temple of "the spiritual ancestor," the chief in the line of Shun's progenitors. In the remarkable narrative, which we have in the 6th of the Books of Chow, of the duke of Chow praying for the recovery of his brother, King Woo, from a dangerous illness, and offering to die in his stead, he raises three altars—to their father, grandfather, and great-grandfather; and prays to them, as having in heaven the charge of watching over their great descendant. When he has ascertained by divination that the king would recover, he declares that he had got Woo's tenure of the throne renewed by the three Kings, who had thus consulted for a long futurity of their House.

This case shows us that the spirits of good kings were believed to be in Heaven. A more general conclusion is derived from what we read in the 7th of the Books of Shang. The Emperor Pwan-Käng, whose reign commenced B.C. 1400, irritated by the opposition of the wealthy and powerful Houses to his measures, and their stirring up the people to murmur against them, threatens them all with calamities to be sent

* Christian countries are zealously imitating the Chinamen, in that more than one hundred millions, perhaps, are now Spiritualists, whether openly or otherwise.—[ED.]

down by his High ancestor, Tang the Successful. He tells his ministers that their ancestors and fathers, who had loyally served his predecessors, were now urgently entreating Tang, in his spirit-state in Heaven, to execute great punishments on their descendants. Not only, therefore, did good sovereigns continue to have a happy existence in heaven, but their good ministers shared the happiness with them, and were somehow round about them, as they had been on earth, and took an interest in the progress of the concerns which had occupied them during their lifetime.

Modern scholars, following in the wake of Confucius, to whom the future state of the departed was all wrapt in shadows, clouds, and darkness, say that the people of the Shang dynasty were very superstitious. My object is to bring out the fact and the nature of their superstition.*

There is no hint in the Shoo nor elsewhere, so far as I am aware, of what became of bad emperors and bad ministers after death, nor, indeed, of the future fate of man generally. There is a heaven in the classical books of the Chinese; but there is no hell and no purgatory.† Their oracles are silent as to any doctrine of future rewards and punishments. Their exhortations to well-doing, and their warnings against evil, are all based on a reference to the will of God, and the certainty that in this life virtue will be rewarded and vice punished.‡ “Of the five happinesses, the first is long life; the second is riches; the third is soundness of body and serenity of mind; the fourth is the love of virtue; and the fifth is doing or receiving to the end the will of Heaven.” There is no promise of rest or comfort beyond the grave. The virtuous man may live and die in suffering and disgrace—let him be cheered. His posterity will reap the reward of his merits. Someone, sprung from his loins, will become wealthy, or attain to distinction. But if he should have no posterity—it never occurred to any of the ancient sages to consider such a case.

I will now pass on to the subject of divination. Although the ancient Chinese can hardly be said to have had the knowledge of a future state, and were not curious to enquire about it, they were anxious to know about the wisdom and issues of their plans for the present life. For this purpose they had recourse to divination. The Duke of Chow certainly practised it, and we have a regular staff of diviners among the officers of the Chow dynasty. Pwan-Käng practised it in the dynasty of Shang. And Shun did so also, if we can put faith in “The Counsels of Yu.” The instruments of divination were the shell of the tortoise and the stalks of a certain grass or reed. By various caustic operations

* But why not take advantage of this opportunity to also bring out that other *worse* “superstition” —about Noah and the rest? Shall our “doxies” remain for ever the only orthodoxy, and those of all other people heterodoxies and “superstition”?

† This is an excellent proof of the philosophical mind of Chinamen. They ought to send a few missionaries to Lambeth Palace.

‡ A reminiscence of the old Karmic Law, or belief in Karma.

on the former, and by manipulations with the latter, it was supposed possible to ascertain the will of Heaven.

It is difficult to understand how the really great men of ancient China could have believed in it. One observation ascribed to Shun is worthy of remark. He tells Yu that "divination, when fortunate, must not be repeated." I once saw a father and son divining after one of the fashions of the present day. They tossed the bamboo roots, which came down in the unlucky positions for a dozen times in succession. At last a lucky cast was made. They looked into each other's faces, laughed heartily, and rose up, delighted, from their knees. The divination was now successful, and they dared not repeat it!

When the dignity of chief advanced to that of a sovereign, and the Chinese tribe grew into a nation, the form which it assumed was that of a feudal empire. It was probably not until the Chow dynasty, that its constitution was fully developed and consolidated, as it is only then that we find, in the last part of the Shoo, in the Ch'un Ts'ew, the Rites of Chow, and other works of the period, materials giving a description.

King Woo, we are told, after he had overthrown the last sovereign of the line of T'ang, arranged the orders of nobility into five,* from duke downwards, and assigned the territories to them on a scale proportioned to their different ranks. But at the beginning of the Hea dynasty, Yu conferred on the chiefs among his followers lands and surnames. The feudal system grew in a great measure out of the necessities of the infant empire. As the ruder tribes were pushed backwards from its growing limits, they would the more fiercely endeavour to resist further encroachment. The measure was sometimes taken of removing them to other distant sites, according to the policy on which the kings of Assyria and Babylon dealt with Israel and Judah. So Shun is reported to have carried away the tribes of San-méaou, who were the original possessors of the kingdom. But the Chinese empire was too young and insufficiently established itself to pursue this plan generally, and each State therefore was formed with a military constitution of its own, to defend the marches against the irruptions of the barbarians.

What was designed to be the central State of the empire was the ap-panage of the sovereign himself, and was of the same dimensions as one of the largest of the feudatory States. Over this he ruled like one of the other princes in their several dominions, and he received, likewise, a certain amount of revenue from all the rest of the country, while all the nobles were bound to do him military service whenever called upon. He maintained, also, a court of great ministers, who superintended the government of the whole empire. The princes were little kings within their own States, and had the power of life and death over the people. They practised the system of subinfeudation, but their assignments of lands were required to have the imperial sanction.

* According to the five root-races which have so far appeared on earth.

It was the rule, under the Chow dynasty, that the princes should repair to the court every five years, to give an account of their administration of their governments; and that the emperor should make a general tour through the country every twelve years, to see for himself how they performed their duties. We read in the Canon of Shun that he made a tour of inspection once in five years, and that the princes appeared at court during the intermediate four. As the empire enlarged the imperial progresses would naturally become less frequent. By this arrangement it was endeavoured to maintain uniformity of administration and customs throughout the States. The various ceremonies to be observed in marriages, funerals and mourning, hospitalities, religious worship, and the conduct of hostilities; the measures of capacity, length, weight, etc.; and the written characters of the language—these were all determined by imperial prerogative. To innovate in them was a capital offence.

The above is an imperfect outline of the feudal constitution of the ancient empire of China, which was far from enjoying peace and prosperity under it. According to the received accounts, the three dynasties of Hea, Shang, and Chow were established one after another by princes of great virtue and force of character, aided in each case by a minister of consummate ability and loyal devotion. Their successors invariably became feeble and worthless. After a few reigns the imperial rule slackened. Throughout the States there came assumptions and oppressions, each prince doing what was right in his own eyes, without fear of his suzerain.

The wild tribes round about waxed bold, and kept up a constant excitement and terror by their incursions. Then would come an exceptional reign of more than usual vigour, and a partial order would be established; but the brief prosperity was only like a blink of sunshine in a day of gloom. In the Shoo, the termination of the dynasties of Hea and Shang is attributed to the wickedness of their last emperors. After a long array of feeble princes, there suddenly appear on the throne men of gigantic physical strength, the most daring insolence, and the wildest debaucheries, having neither piety nor truth; and in contrast with them are princes whose fathers have for several generations been attracting general notice by their righteousness and benevolence. When Heaven and men can no longer bear the iniquity of the tyrants, the standard of revolt is raised, and the empire speedily comes under a new rule.

These accounts are, no doubt, much exaggerated and embellished. Këë and Show were not such monsters of vice, nor were T'ang and Woo such prodigies of virtue. More likely is it that the earlier dynasties died out like that of Chow, from sheer exhaustion, and that their last sovereigns were weaklings rather than tyrants. The teachings of Confucius in the Chow dynasty could not arrest the progress of degeneracy and dissolu-

tion in a single state. His inculcation of the relations of society and the duties belonging to them had no power. His eulogies of the ancient sages were only the lighting up in the political firmament of so many suns which communicated no heat. Things waxed worse and worse. The pictures which Mencius draws of the misery of his times are frightful. What he auspiced from the doctrines and labours of his master, never came to pass. The ancient feudal empire was extinguished amid universal anarchy, in seas of blood.

The character and achievements of the founder of the Ts'in dynasty have not yet received from historians the attention which they deserve. He destroyed the feudal system of China, and introduced in its room the modern despotic empire, which has now lasted rather more than 2,000 years. The ancient empire of China passed away, having been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Under the system of rule which superseded it the boundaries of the empire have been greatly extended, and the people have grandly increased. Once and again the country has been overrun and subjugated by the descendants of the tribes which disputed the possession of the soil with its earliest colonists; but it has subdued them in its turn by its greater cultivation, and they have become more Chinese than the Chinese themselves. The changes of dynasty since the end of the old empire or classical period have not been revolutions, but only substitutions of one set of rulers for another.

ANDREW T. SIBBALD.

REMARKS ON THE ABOVE BY A SINOLOGIST.

It is to be deeply regretted that such a clever paper should be spoiled by the pre-determination of the author to attribute to the Chinese his own biblical ideas. I knew of a memoir tending to prove that the Chinese were an Egyptian colony, because of a supposed similarity between their writing and the hieroglyphs. But this wild reasoning is beaten altogether by the idea that the Chinamen must be the direct descendants of Noah, because the Bible is "not to be questioned." Quite true, the Chinese remember the deluge: they even remember several of them. There was one under the reign of the Emperor YAO, which seems to coincide with the deluge of Xisuthrus: there was another deluge, or rather a great inundation, under the reign of FOU-HI, that is to say in the same century when the Biblical deluge, and also the Indian one, are supposed to have happened, and when the era of Kali-Yuga began. The Chinese knew that such cataclysms are periodical, and believed that beings of immeasurable longevity alone were able to see them more than once. "Since I have been your handmaid, thrice has the Eastern sea become fields where the mulberry grows," says the beautiful MA-KU to her brother (WANG YUAN). Now FOU-HI, like all the survivors of deluges, was the founder of society and family, and the inventor of habitation, of clothing, music, and other useful items; he was also the forefather of the Chinese people, and, as they say, the direct successor of the gods

who previously reigned on the uncultivated earth. Nothing is left, then, but to identify him with Noah himself. We beg to offer Mr. Sibbald another suggestion: instead of suppressing with a single stroke of his pen the existence of this inconvenient double of the Biblical mariner, why not try to show that the figures of the YIH-KING, with their commingling of male and female lines, were drawn by FOU-HI to illustrate the coupling of all the animals in the ark? This would solve a long standing problem, and would undoubtedly charm many a Sinologist of the missionary type.

There is another problem which Mr. Sibbald seems to consider as solved, and which indeed ought to be solved by this time; for anybody who has had the courage of plunging into the deluges of holy ink poured on the subject may deem himself happier even than Noah, once his reason survives the test. The fact that the Reverend James Legge has decided that the term TI must be translated by the term "God" is not at all sufficient to prove that the (mis-)conception of a *personal* Absolute has ever entered the Chinese mind. One has but to turn to the texts themselves and read them with impartiality, to become convinced of the contrary. Neither in the system of the Taoists, nor in the YIH, nor even in the philosophy of the SOUNG, does TI play a prominent part. Yet the supreme principle is amply defined in all these systems, either as THAI-KI, the great limit beyond which there is no room for anything else, or as TAO, in which being merges with non-being. TI is much more secondary, and it is only in the SHOO and other non-metaphysical works that it plays a prominent part; no more prominent, however, than any other vague and common terms, like TIEN ("Heaven"), SHIN ("Spirits"), SHANG-TI ("Gods"), &c., which are constantly employed as its synonyms. According to the SHOU-WAN dictionary (composed by HU-SHIN under the HAN dynasty), TI means *law*, and also *judge* and *legislator*; and according to the LUH-SHU-KHU (written by TAI-TOUNG under the SOUNG dynasty), it is an honorific term applied to the divine and astral powers (SHANG-TI and WOU-TI) which preside over the five elements. TCHOU-TZEU declares that SHANG-TI is a general term for all the spirits (SHIN) of the heavens (TIEN). There are five SHANG TI, each one presiding over an element, a colour, and an imperial dynasty; and TI is the title of the "Son of Heaven," or the emperor himself. The SHANG-TI correspond to the angels of the cardinal points, which, in the Taoist and Hindu beliefs, watch over the actions of men. In short, the term TI is nearly synonymous with our term Dyan-Chohans, and includes many categories of beings. As for TIEN, it is, according to the SHOU-WAN, formed, by association of ideas, from TA, great, and Y, one, and it means something unique or undivided and great. According to WOU-KANG, the character TIEN embraces five significations: THAI-Y, Heaven and earth, YANG and YIN, the four HSIANG and the KWEI-SHIN. It is generally used to designate Heaven, and TIEN-TI means the aggregate of the celestial TI or SHANG-TI, the host of Dhyanis, and not a personal God.

TIEN-TI is, in the Chinese mind, associated with another set of ideas, and consequently spoken of, at times, in terms which it was easy for the missionaries to misinterpret in their own prejudiced way. Karma, according to the Chinese, is worked out through the spirits of the Astral Light: TIEN-TI becomes therefore a personification of the celestial law, which governs Heaven and Earth,

“which is in all things and in ourselves.” In the first book of the SHOU it is said that TIEN can neither see nor hear (is God then blind and deaf ?); that he has neither love nor hatred, but brings to pass his retributions through the medium of beings. In the TAN-KAO chapter it is said that “the SIN (heart or mind) of TIEN-TI is the book wherein are written all the actions of men”; and TCHOU-HI, commenting on this passage, writes: “Virtue is like vice to TIEN; your merits and my sins are in his heart.” In the YUE-MING chapter, it is said that TIEN alone knows how to hear, and it is added in the commentary, “TIEN is supreme, simple, just, spirit, intellect; without looking, it sees everything. Not only he knows whether the empire is governed well or badly, whether people are happy or miserable; but even in night and solitude, where nobody can see nor hear, TIEN hears everything, sees everything, enlightens and examines everything.” And the SHI-KING warns us that if the wicked are not punished and the virtuous recompensed, it is not because TIEN is asleep or indifferent. When the fixed day comes, nobody is able to resist TIEN.

If now we turn to Taoism and to that compendium of its essential beliefs, the KAN-ING-PIEN, or book of the recompenses and punishments, we find there that the actions of men are impressed upon the spirits of Heaven and Earth; this impression is called KAN (from a word meaning to affect or to move), and produces a reaction, ING, through which the spirits give back to men the deserved rewards or sufferings. ING means “shadow,” and follows KAN as the shadow follows the body. “Man’s happiness or misery is not predetermined, but he attracts them by his acts.” The spirits whose business it is to look after men’s sins are, in heavens, the three TI-KIUN and the five TI, who punish crimes by taking away from our lives periods of a hundred days each; on earth, they are the spirits presiding over the five mountains, and the three CHI who reside in the head, breast and stomach; also the TSAO-SHIN or family gods. When the KENG-CHIN day arrives, that is to say, every two months, all these ascend to heaven while man is asleep, and give an account of his actions during that period. Furthermore these doctrines are not Buddhist; for we find them in LAO-TZEU’S TAO-TE-KING. In the fifth chapter and commentaries thereon, we read that “Heaven and Earth have between them a void space, which like the bellows of a furnace, empties itself without ever being exhausted; the more you take from it, the more it contains.” In this void dwells KOU-SHIN, the “spirit of the valley,” also called the celestial blue mother, HIOUAN-PIN, for it is androgynous; on one side, the manifestation of the divine HIOUAN, the unfathomable, which is “being and non-being, and one with TAO” (Chap. I.); on the other, the synthesis of the KWEI-SHIN or gods and demons. Says SIE-HOEL, “In the interval between Heaven and Earth (between spirit and matter), there are aerial beings extremely subtile; as for tenuity and vacuity, they cannot be said to have no corporeal existence; they exist, yet they cannot be perceived by the eyes of men. As for their mobility, their motion is endless; if you use them you cannot exhaust their numbers. KOU-SHIN means a void or impalpable being, without corporeal visible forms, receiving a relative impression from the acts of the beings, and rewarding them according to their deserts. This space is void and immaterial, and cannot be fathomed; it forms the true substance of these spiritual beings who perform the endless transformations of nature.” Several commentators pretend that these doctrines, so

profoundly esoteric, come down from the most venerable antiquity, and that LAO-TZEU only transcribed this passage, which was attributed to the ancient emperor HOANG-TI.

AMARAVELLA.



PSYCHE—THE BEE.

A YOUTH, with Heaven's signet on his brow,
Came through the ways of toil, to manhood's gate,
Whose warders, with their motley retinues,
Asked no passport, and gave no guiding word,
But grasped their toll—his three times seven years—
And flung apart those mystic, carven doors.

Beyond, his eager-glancing eyes were joy'd
By glimpse of all the beauty and delights,
That his bright nature longed for. And the strife,
Amid the clamorous rush for place and power,
Dismayed him not.

He, with a buoyant heart,
Was hustled 'long the highway of the poor
With courage gay ; till day on day, and month
On month, and gliding years, proved struggles vain ;
And effort failed to scale the rocky wall
Of daily need.

He paused, one day, faint of the dusty road,
And breathed a Heavenward sigh. And, in that breath
Escaped his panting soul which took the form,
Of honey-bee with wings of gossamer.

And from that hour, his soul, though part of him,
Was free from all the chains that bound his life.
Unbound, his Psyche hovered in the air
And gathered every drop of sweetness from
The flowers of thought and love that in him bloomed,
And garnered it, on mountain shrine for him,
And oft she drew the honey from the flowers
Where Lotuses shed scent o'er Astral plains,
And, secretly, their heavenly essence stored.
But, he toiled on with patient, tender trust,
Believing in his Psyche, though apart.

At last, empowered, he scaled the highway wall
And, dazzled by the beauty of the view,
Looked dimly for his busy wingèd soul.
Then Psyche, fondly flying on before,
Him, guided to that restful mountain shrine :
But, at the portal shed her insect shape
To veil her radiance in his kingly form.
Henceforth her honey, sucked from Being's bloom,
He fed on, till his soul's effulgence shone
A beacon-light for pilgrims to the heights.

MARY FRANCES WIGHT, F.T.S.

SUNSPOTS AND COMMERCIAL CRISES: OR, ASTRO-
LOGY IN ECONOMICS.

A PROPHECY.

SUNSPOTS and commercial crises! These are scarcely ideas which the "practical" thinker would dream of coupling together, much less regard as representing a possible case of causation. What connection is traceable between an enlargement of certain "specks" on the broad visage of the sun and a collapse of credit and run on the banks in the City?

Needless to remark that the Conservation Doctrine has familiarised us to a considerable extent with the tethering together of the most superficially isolated phenomena. Biology, also, affords the student an occasional "eye-opener." We are all familiar with Darwin's demonstration of the dependence of red clover in many districts on the existence of cats—these feline carnivora devouring the field mice which destroy the combs of the humble bees mediating the fertilisation of the aforesaid clover! But in all these and similar cases we stand, at least, on the *terra firma* of our own particular planet and the detection of the nexus of cause and effect is more a question of patience than anything else.

The theory which we are about to examine is far more ambitious. It proceeds to bridge a trifle of 93,000,000 miles of space in order to lay the responsibility for great business disasters on the periodical recrudescence of acne-spots on the otherwise beaming countenance of Milton's "great orb of light."

Curiously enough this theory constitutes nothing more nor less than an introduction of astrology into economics, and has, as we shall see, an additional interest for the student of occultism owing to the fact that it has a bearing of no slight moment on the doctrine of the "Solar Heart." The reputation of its originator, the late Dr. W. S. Jevons, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., Professor of Logic and Political Economy in the Owen's College, Manchester, is enough in itself to secure the theory an attentive hearing at the hands of all competent inquirers. Let it be noted that he was not slow to perceive the drift of his investigations, though not perhaps without a certain *souffçon* of trepidation as to its possible effect on the minds of readers. Turning to his "Investigations into Currency and Finance," p. 205, we come across the following passage:

"It is curious to reflect that if these speculations should prove to have any validity, we get back to something which might be mistaken for the astrology of the middle ages.* Professor Balfour Stewart has shown much reason for believing that the sun-

* This is no evasion of results. Dr. Jevons' astrology seems to differ *in toto* from mediæval empiricism in being *scientific*, i.e., in tracing a *regular physical nexus* between cause and effect. Not being an astrologer myself I speak subject to correction.

spot period is connected with the configurations of the planets . . . Now if the planets govern the sun and the sun . . . governs the state of the money market, it follows that *the configurations of the planets may prove to be the remote causes of the greatest commercial disasters.*"

Let us now proceed to review the data on which this modernised rehabilitation of astrology rests.

It has long been observed that our English commercial crises exhibit a very notable periodicity. Dr. Jevons' painstaking researches establish the fact that a *cyclic recurrence* of such disasters is traceable from 1701-1878 ; * the average interval between each being a period of some 10·44 years. † That eras of commercial activity and depression succeed one another as day does night is, of course, a truism in the eyes of the student of Political Economy, but the punctual regularity above noted as characterising Trade Cycles in England must come home to him with a force quite its own. The inquiry at once suggests itself. What is the cause lying behind this curious phenomenon? At this stage we encounter the further consideration that the Sun-Spot Cycle, according to the researches of Dr. Lamont and Mr. J. A. Brown is, also, one of 10·45 years. The latter gentleman remarks :

"The mean duration of the period at which I arrive is, therefore, almost exactly that which Dr. Lamont had previously obtained, or 10·45 years."—(*Nature*, May, 1887.)

Here then is at least an astonishing coincidence, if nothing more. What, however, do we know of these sun-spots parallel to the varying phases of whose cycle, run the phases of English commercial life.

The Sunspots are so many dark specks on the photosphere of the sun, on each zone around its equator. The ancients, with their stupid *à priori* mode of thinking, refused to admit their existence as militating against the idea of a "perfect" Sun. ‡ Nowadays the telescope leaves us no alternative but to welcome the Sun, spots and all, presumably on the ground that half a loaf is better than none. Though Astronomy knows next to nothing about the constitution of photosphere, spots or faculæ, except a patchwork pieced together from spectroscopic discoveries, and only here and there variegated by great truths dropped by intuitional minds, such as Herschel and Robert Hunt, it can tell us clearly enough what visible changes take place from year to year. Mere observation is enough for this. We find, then, that these enormous centres of disturbance § move across the sun from east to west, rotating with its

* The 1878-9 crisis was predicted in advance. The years referred to up to that time are 1701, 1711, 1721, 1731-2, 1742, 1763, 1773-4, 1783, 1793, 1804-5, 1815, 1825, 1836-7, 1847, 1857 and 1866.

† Another estimate gives 10·466 years, a fraction above, as the former is below, the mean duration of the sunspot period. (Vide *infra*).

‡ Not so "stupid" and *à priori*, if the claim of Occultism that the *visible* Sun is but a veil, or a reflection, the genuine Sun being invisible to us, should ever prove true.—[Ed.]

§ The effect of these centres on the magnetic needle strengthens the supposition that they are in reality not fiery vortices, but cyclones of magnetic matter, attendant on or *caused by* the expulsion of the so-called "vital electricity" from the photosphere on the contraction of the Solar Heat. An observation or two of the Editor both with reference to this point and the cyclic theory of Jevons would be valued.

mass once every 25 days. From year to year they vary in size, shape, and general appearance running through periodic changes in the already remarked 10.45 year cycle. With their different phases many striking meteorological and other phenomena on this planet concur. Thus it is well known that *cyclones in the Indian Ocean* are most numerous, and the *tropical rainfall* greatest at the period of the greatest sun-spot activity. Every 11 years or so, says Professor Smyth, a *great wave of heat* sweeps over the earth.* *Magnetic disturbances, vivid auroræ*, run parallel with definite variations in size etc. of the spots, while Mr. Schuster has traced a parallelism of the *best German vintages* with their phase of minimum vigour. A *10-11 year Indian famine cycle* has been argued for by the Government statist—Sir W. Hunter—who ought, at least, to speak as one having authority. Other writers, such as Everest Twigg and others, have expatiated at length on this periodicity, which, as an outcome of the weather, may be assigned with great probability to the meteorological influence of the Sunspots on storms, rainfall, etc. The fact that sunspot disturbances produce violent magnetic effects on this globe is no longer in doubt. I am personally convinced that with this magnetic *bouleversement* is correlated proportional variations in the supply of terrestrial heat. In support of this view I need only adduce the otherwise inexplicable *datum* that isothermal and and isoclinic lines—(i.e., the lines connecting places where the dip of the needle is the same)—are found to exhibit a remarkable coincidence. It has been stated also, by a very high authority, whose name need not be here referred to, that the earth's heat *is far more dependent on magnetic conditions than modern Science cares to believe*.† This being so, we obviously have here the key to the understanding of the relation between the sun-spot commotions and the periodic meteorological phenomena known to accompany them. The spots revolutionize the weather and the weather revolutionizes the character of the harvests. The connection between good or bad harvests and a commercial crisis in London has, however, still to be determined.

Let it be at once understood that Dr. Jevons does not attribute the decennial business collapse to the effect of the sunspots on English or European harvests. Such an explanation would for many reasons be untenable. The solution he adopts is somewhat more circuitous. It is to be found "in the *cessation of the demand from India and China*, occasioned by the failure of the harvests there ultimately due to changes

* This is an excellent confirmation of the "Heart" doctrine in Vol. I. of the "Secret Doctrine."

† It is more probable that the changes in the heat supply are directly traceable to the variations in the magnetic currents of the earth than that they are due to a temporary increase or decrease in the heating power of the rays of the sun itself, as suggested by Doctor Jevons. All the evidence goes to show that the Solar Heat (other things equal such as land elevation, position of the Earth in her ellipse, etc., etc., etc.) is *constant*. It was also stated by Mr. Sinnett's Adept correspondent that *magnetism does powerfully affect the weather of itself*—an additional fact which, if correct, proves my case.

of solar activity." Probably the same meteorological causes which operate in these countries exercise a lesser influence on tropical Africa, America, the Levant and elsewhere, and thus swell the list of deficient returns in other directions. It is noticeable that all those European countries, whose firms draw "long bills," and have the most extensive relations with these parts of the world, suffer more or less from the decennial "Krach." Those which have little or no commerce with the East—Austria, Switzerland, etc.—only suffer *indirectly* through failure of correspondents and business-houses in London, Paris and elsewhere.

Large as is the volume of our trade with the East, it has been objected that this decennial check on our exports is not severe enough to inaugurate a crisis at home. Before passing on to consider this point, it will be conducive to lucidity if the *modus operandi* of the check itself is first grasped. Dr. Jevons writes:—

"About 10 years ago it was carefully explained by Mr. J. C. Ollerenshaw in a communication to the Manchester Statistical Society that *the secret of good trade in Lancashire is the low price of rice and other grain in India. . . . to those who look below the surface the connection is obvious. Cheapness of food leaves the poor Hindoo ryot a small margin of earnings which he can spend on new clothes, and a small margin multiplied by the vast population of British India, not to mention China, produces a marked change in the demand for Lancashire goods.*" p. 236 *ibid.*

Such then is the nature of the check. Its importance may be estimated from the fact that the crisis of 1878-9 was ushered in by the collapse of the Glasgow Bank. Now the latter was forced to suspend payment owing to the insolvency of its Indian correspondents consequent on the shock to business caused by the terrible famines in India and China. These famines which so greatly depleted the purchasing power of the East were coincident with the maximum sun-spot period. The "missing-link" is, therefore, now forthcoming. That the recurrence of these dearths is strictly predicable, I have myself verified by predicting in advance to some friends the advent of the present famine devastating N. W. China. But of this anon.

The sudden check on our exports from Lancashire is considerable *per se*. It serves as the last straw which breaks the camel's back when it supervenes on that period of inflated prices and overstrained credit which regularly succeeds a time of commercial prosperity. The house of cards flutters to the ground. Bills cannot be met and renewal is only possible at a ruinous interest.

A very slight impetus is required to set the ball rolling. When it begins definitely to roll, woe to banks with small metallic reserves, woe to merchants with warehouses of depreciated goods on their hands! The commercial panic is upon them, and will not know rest till a few hundreds of millions of capital have gorged its maw. The air once cleared, the work of accumulation of wealth proceeds anew.

It may interest investors to recall the date of the last crisis and also to turn a telescope at Father Apollo, whose "buttons" are becoming

very disfiguring. If 1878-9 saw the last periodic collapse of credit and inevitable gold drain, 1889—1890 for certain—ought to witness a similar disaster in accordance with the generalisation before us. If it comes this year, a possibility which the China famine may indirectly realise, the autumn is likely to prove troublesome to people who enjoy the reputation of being “something in the City,” or, who have a banking or mercantile pie. These recurrent crises are always veritable curses to the country and promise to be even more pernicious in the future than they have been in the past. As remarked by M. de Laveleye, England transacts a colossal trade—home and foreign—on a relatively slender metallic basis, which renders an occasional “smash” inevitable. Now this basis has not grown *pari passu* with our ever increasing volume of transactions; hence the extraordinary sensitiveness of the modern money market. Optimists should remember that in the opinion of many of the “those who know” of finance, a panic was within measurable distance last *autumn*. The autumn *en passant* is a time when there is always a drain of specie from the great city institutions, and may easily, *under stress*, develop untold mischief. Consequently, though not covetous of the prophet's honours, I leave the autumn of 1889-90 to bear witness to the possible accuracy of the above prediction.

E. DOUGLAS FAWCETT.



STRANGE MESMERIC PHENOMENON.

An elderly lady, a relation of ours, known to several Theosophists, narrates a singular experience worth noting in the annals of healing animal magnetism. She writes :

“I WILL tell you now a strange case. You remember, perhaps, that for over five years before my coming to meet you in Paris (1884) I suffered almost constantly from a violent pain in my right arm. Whether it was rheumatism, neuralgia or anything else I do not know, but besides great physical pain, I felt my arm becoming with every day more powerless, so that when rising from sleep I could hardly lift or even move it. This made me dread final paralysis. Then I went to Paris. You also remember the little old gentleman called M. Evette, the mesmerizer who tried to cure you by magnetism, only without any results. It was you, I believe, who suggested that he should try to cure my arm of the pain I was suffering from, and you will remember, also that from the evening when he first tried a few passes from the right shoulder downward, I felt better. Then he visited us regularly every day for some time and never failed to mesmerize my arm. After five or six *séances*, my arm was entirely cured, all pain had disappeared, its weakness also, to such an extent that my right arm suddenly became stronger than my left one, which had never given me any trouble. Soon after we parted. I returned to Odessa and never feeling any pain in that arm from that date to this New Year's day, *i.e.*, during four and a half years. I very soon lost every remembrance of my past suffering.

“But lo, and behold! On January 1st, 1889, I suddenly felt with dismay that my right arm was paining me once more. At first, I paid no great attention to it, thinking it would soon pass over. But the pain remained; my arm began once more to feel half-paralyzed, when finally I found it in just the same condition as it had been nearly five years before. Still, I hoped that it was but a slight cold which would disappear in time. It did not, however, but became worse. My disillusion as to the potency of magnetism was a complete and very disagreeable one, I assure you. I had laboured under the impression that magnetism cured once for all, and found to my bitter regret, that in my case it had lasted only four and a half years! . . .

“Thus I went on suffering till the end of the month, when one fine day I received the January number of the *Revue Spirite*, which I go on subscribing for now, as I did before. I began to look it through, when suddenly, under the title of *Obituary Notices*, my eye caught these lines: ‘Le 15 Janvier courant, on portait en terre la depouille mortelle de M. Henri Evette, magnétiseur puissant.’ (On January 15th were buried the mortal remains of Mr. Henry Evette, a powerful mesmeriser.) I felt sorry for the good old man, evidently the same that we have known,* when suddenly a thought struck me. January the 15th new style, means with us January 3rd, in Russia. If he was buried on that date, then he must have died on January 1, or thereabouts, since in France, as elsewhere, people are rarely buried before the third day after their death. He must have died, then, on New Year’s Day, *precisely on that day when the long-forgotten pain had returned into the arm* he had so successfully cured some years before? What an extraordinary occurrence! I thought. I was thunder-struck, as it could never be a simple coincidence. How shall we explain this? Would it not mean that the mesmeric *passes* had left in my arm some invisible particles of a curative fluid which had prevented the return of pain, and had been, in short, conducive to a healthy circulation in it, hence of a healthy state, so far? But that on the very day of the mesmeriser’s death—who knows, perhaps, at the very hour, these mysterious particles suddenly left me! Whither have they gone? Have they returned to him and their now lifeless sister-particles? Have they run away like deserters, or simply disappeared because the vital power which had fixed them into my arm was broken? Who can tell! I would if I could have some experienced mesmeriser, or those who know all about it, answer me and suggest some explanations. Does any one know of cases where the death of the mesmeriser causes the diseases cured by him to return in their former shape to the patients who survive him, or whether it is an unheard-of case? Is it a common law, or an exceptional event? It does seem to me that this case with my arm is a very remarkable and suggestive one in the domain of magnetic cures. . . .”

N. A. FADÉEFF.

We doubt whether a precedent could be found for this in the annals of Mesmero-Magnetism; though we are not sure of it. It could be explained, we believe, only on occult lines.—[ED.]

* M. H. Evette was for years attached to the Theosophical Society, and was one of our oldest members, though more of a Spiritist than a Theosophist. He had been a pupil of the late Baron Dupotet, and was indeed a successful healer.

The Talking Image of Urur.

CHAPTER VII.

DESTROYED ILLUSIONS.

PANCHO and his companion were now entering the suburbs of the city, driving along a road lined with Banyan trees. Gradually the houses became less numerous and assumed the aspect of a rural district. Here and there along the coast were some little villages inhabited by Hottentot fishermen, but occasionally they met the stately mansions of Europeans.

Pancho had said nothing for a while, being deeply absorbed in thought. He could not make the idea of parades, badges and little flags agree with his conception of the dignity of an Hierophant. Suddenly he asked :

“How can it be possible that the Hierophant gives such ludicrous orders ?”

“It is all the fault of Madame Corneille,” answered the Zulu.

“Who is Madame Corneille ?” asked Pancho.

“Do not let us speak about her,” answered the Zulu. “The trees in this park have ears, the stones are listening, and what we say about her might be reported by the winds to the Mysterious Brotherhood.

They were now crossing a bridge leading over a river of considerable size. To the left was the ocean, and before them, bordered on one side by the river, was a beautiful park, planted with mango and cassurina trees, in the midst of which could be seen a white building in Moorish style.

“This,” said the Zulu, pointing towards the building, “is the temple in which is the sacred Shrine where the Talking Image is kept. The little house at a distance is the residence of the Hierophant.”

A short turn in the road brought them in front of a gate that opened through a stone wall surrounding the sacred precincts of Urur. As the horse entered through the gate, the animal took fright and attempted to run away ; but being old and not of a very strong constitution, it was easily pacified by the driver.

The cause of this scare were two monstrous-looking things, made of blue paper and stuffed with straw. They stood at the sides of the entrance and were intended to represent elephants.

“What does this mean ?” asked Pancho.

“They are the inventions of Madame Corneille, and have been put here as ornaments by Captain Bumpkins,” answered the Zulu. “To-morrow is the celebration of the anniversary of the Society for the Distribution of Wisdom.”

“When is the next steamer going to leave for Europe ?” asked Pancho.

“Next Monday,” answered the Zulu. “If you have any letters to send, you can mail them at the post-office in the village.”

The trees of the park were decorated with paper lanterns and flags. To the right was a grove of cocoanut-trees, hedged in by a natural fence of

prickly pears. Another turn of the road brought our friends within sight of the house, whose massive pillars shone brightly in the light of the setting sun. Its rays fell upon a woman standing upon the verandah, and Pancho knew instinctively that she could be nobody else but Madame Corneille.

Pancho and the Zulu alighted from the carriage and were welcomed by the housekeeper. She was a thin woman of more than middle age, and almost the counterpart of Mrs. Honeycomb, only her figure was smaller, her nose still more aquiline, and her eyes more protruding. As she ogled Pancho she seemed to take his measure with them, as if mentally preparing for battle. Shaking hands with him, she expressed a hope that they would soon become friends.

"I shall depend on your aid to enter the temple of knowledge," said Pancho.

"I have the key to it in my pocket," answered Madame Corneille.

The carriage containing Mr. Green and Mrs. Honeycomb now drove up. Mrs. Honeycomb alighted and embraced Madame Corneille, but when the latter extended her hand to Mr. Green, he refused to take it, and said with his usual gravity: "I am an accepted probationary Chela, and before I shake hands with you, I must first ask in what capacity you are in this house?"

"I am superintending the household affairs," answered Madame Corneille. "You had better make friends with me, if you want anything good to eat."

"Being the superintendent of the household," replied Mr. Green, "you are here in the position of a domestic, a position which is not sufficiently respectable to entitle you to shake hands with probationary Chelas. I shall ask Captain Bumpkins how it comes that he permits his servants to make themselves so familiar with distinguished visitors."

Madame Corneille became purple with rage, but said nothing.

While Mr. Green was speaking, a young Hottentot, dressed in a long white gown, made his appearance.

"Lo!" she exclaimed. "Here comes the head Chela of this establishment;" and addressing the Chela, she called out: "Come here, Malaban, make your bow to the lady and gentleman."

Malaban crossed his hands over his breast and bowed politely. Mr. Green extended his hand to him, but Malaban did not take it.

"Excuse me, sir!" said Malaban, "we are not permitted to shake hands with Europeans."

"You see," said Madame Corneille to Pancho, "it is on account of the magnetism, and then some of these Europeans may have the itch, if not something worse."

"You can safely shake hands with me," said Mr. Green, addressing Malaban, "for I am myself an accepted probationary Chela."

"This I can hardly believe," said Malaban. "You do not look like one."

"I have a certificate from Rataraborumatchi to show it," replied Mr. Green.

"If he wrote such a thing," answered Malaban, "he must have meant it only in fun."

"How long have you been a Chela?" asked Mr. Green.

"This I am not permitted to tell," answered Malaban.

Pancho was going to ask him a question, but Madame Corneille said: "Do not ask him anything if you would not get fibs for an answer."

"Do Chelas ever tell fibs?" asked Pancho.

"They do not mean to do so," answered Madame Corneille. "But they love the truth so much that they adorn it on every occasion."

"Where is the Hierophant?" asked Pancho.

"The what?—O, you mean Bumpkins, Captain Bumpkins," said Madame Corneille. "You will not see him to-night. Poor fellow! He has an awful toothache. He always sleeps at night with open windows and caught a cold."

"But why does he do that?" asked Pancho.

"He says," she answered, grinning, "that it is to save the mysterious Brothers the trouble to dematerialize themselves when they come to visit him in his dreams. But I will now show you to your rooms. Come, my dear Mrs. Honeycomb. I hear you are going to be initiated into the inner circle, and you will be entitled to a room in the upper story. Mr. Pancho has his room here to the right, and as to Mr. Green, we will put him away in a little garden house, where he can meditate without being disturbed."

Our friends were shown to their rooms. The one Pancho occupied commanded a fine view of the river and an island planted with trees.

Soon the bell rang, announcing that supper was ready. Pancho went to the dining-room where he met his friends, and also Madame Corneille and her husband. Malaban and the rest of the Chelas did not come. They ate in a separate room, being afraid of the magnetism of the Europeans.*

Pancho had fallen too deep from his Olympian heights to care for tea or for sausage. His appetite had been destroyed by the two blue elephants at the gate and by the revelations made by Madame Corneille. He did not care to eat and hardly tasted his food in spite of the praises bestowed upon it by Mrs. Honeycomb and Madame Corneille.

"May I offer you a piece of beef or mutton?" † asked Madame Corneille.

"No, thanks," answered Pancho. "I am a vegetarian."

"This is a poor country for growing vegetables," said Madame Corneille. "They are awful scarce; only occasionally we get hold of a cabbage head," and addressing Mr. Green, she added: "Will you have some of this devilled ham?"

"I do not consider devilled ham proper food for Chelas," answered Mr. Green. "I am a lover of jam and vegetables. I do not see why the Mysterious Brothers do not make plenty of vegetables grow around here. It must be the easiest thing for them, as they can make mango trees grow out of pineboards."

"It takes such power to even cultivate a pumpkin," she replied.

"Did you ever see a Mango tree grow?" asked Mrs. Honeycomb; addressing Monsieur Corneille.

"*Nevarre!*" rolled out the latter individual.

"We hear so much of the wonderful feats performed in Africa;" continued Mrs. Honeycomb. "Did you ever see Mr. Malaban go out in his astral body?"

Monsieur Corneille looked inquiringly at his wife, as if he did not know what to answer.

"Oh dear no!" answered Madame Corneille, "I do not want to see such a thing; it would frighten me to death. The poor boy is almost nothing but

* As well they might.—[ED.]

† A most decided contrast, this African Fraternity, to the one in India, where the sight alone of meat almost forces every Hindu to desert the Headquarters.—[ED.]

skin and bones, and if he were to go out in his astral body, there would be nothing left but a shadow,"

"I should like to go out in my astral body," said Mr. Green.

"We won't permit it," answered Madame Corneille. "It would not do for people here to sneak about in their astral bodies and see what is going on," and addressing her husband, she said:—"Don't you think so, my dear?"

"*Nevarre*," ejaculated Monsieur Corneille.

After supper Madame Corneille accompanied Pancho to his room to see whether everything was arranged according to her directions. They entered into a conversation about the mysterious Brotherhood, and Pancho asked her to tell him something about it.

"I am a Christian, and I do not like to have anything to do with such heathenish things. These mysterious Brothers have several times frightened me nearly to death. I am not going to stand it much longer."

"But do you believe in the existence of those Brothers?" he asked.

"I know what I know," nodded Madame Corneille. "I do not believe that it is right to have anything to do with such things. How do we know that these mysterious Brothers are not the very imps from Hell, or souls condemned to purgatory? I tell you, I have seen with my own eyes a broom become alive and sweep the room without any hand being attached to it, and now things begin to look serious. I do not object to innocent amusements such as fortune telling by cards, by which good spirits may aid a person to take a look at the future; but—well, do not let us talk about it any more. . . ."

"I am sorry for it I should have been very much obliged to you for more information.

"You will find it out for yourself, by-and-bye,"

"Then do you mean to say," he asked "that it is done by tricks, or by the work of the devil?"

"I am not going to accuse anyone," replied Madame Corneille. "Do not ask me anything more about it."

"Do I understand you rightly that you can tell fortune by cards?"

"I have occasionally succeeded. I often tell it to Mr. Malaban."

"I wish you would try and tell me my fortune," said Pancho.

"If you desire it, we may make an attempt. . . ."

They took seats at the table, and Madame Corneille produced a pack of cards out of her pocket, handing them to Pancho with a request to cut them. After this was done, she laid the cards out upon the table according to rule.

"The King of Hearts," she said, "is yourself; for I see by the ring on your finger, that you are a married man. The Queen of Hearts is your wife. She is very beautiful."

"Indeed she is," replied Pancho,

"She is thinking of you very much," she continued.

"I constantly feel it," answered Pancho.

"It was an evil day for her when you left," went on Madame Corneille. "She will be exposed to a great danger. There's the knave of spades close to her, a very dangerous man, and the queen of spades is looking at her; she is your wife's enemy."

"My wife has no enemies," he protested.

"I am not so sure," she said. "I do not always believe in the cards myself; but we shall see. It seems that you have no children."

"None," answered Pancho.

"The ace of diamonds is not far from you. This would go to show that you are not in straitened circumstances."

"I have no cause to complain."

"I do not see any card that would indicate that you belong to a church," continued Madame Corneille.

"No, indeed; I do not," answered Pancho.

"And you have no desire to join it?"

"Certainly not!"

"This card here," continued Madame Corneille, "indicates that you will get a letter, and that one"—pointing to another—"that you are going to make a voyage. This is all I can see to-night."

"I am very much obliged to you," said Pancho; "but kindly give me some information about the 'Talking Image.'"

"I can tell you confidentially its history," grinned Madame Corneille. "It was once a human being like you or me. It was the daughter of an Arabian prince and a most beautiful child. When she was about sixteen years of age she fell in love with one of the Djinns, a class of spirits that inhabit the desert. Grimalkin, the chief of the Djinns, took a fancy to her, and would have carried her off bodily, but he had a very jealous wife who was herself a very powerful spirit. Then the Djinn took out the heart of the girl, which he hid away in his bosom, leaving her body with all its intellectual powers behind, and the body, deprived of the light of the spirit which resides in the heart turned to a stone-like mass, leaving her, however, alive and intelligent, and capable of reasoning. Now the Talking Image is, so to say, all brains, but no heart. Once a year, however, the Djinn is forced to bring back the heart and to let it shine within the Image; for if the light of the spirit were to be absent continually, even its intellect would die out like the glow of a wick from which the flame is extinguished, and which is no longer supplied with oil."

"This is a most wonderful story. If it were told to me by anybody but you, I would not believe it. But have you ever seen any of these Djinns?"

"Don't talk to me about them," said Madame Corneille, "the whole house is full of those Djinns; they give directions about the cooking, and make the Chelas do what they like; they will pull the bed-cover away from you when you are asleep, and touch you with ice-cold hands. Pooh! I do not want to say any more about them. Good-night!"

Madame Corneille left and Pancho remained alone. For a long time he stood at the window and looked out into the darkness beyond. A storm was gathering, thick clouds were covering the sky, and the mind of Pancho was heavily charged with doubts. What Madame Corneille had told him awakened again in him in full force the memory of Conchita, and he would have given worlds to know who was the knave of spades. He imagined he felt that there was some impending danger, and he argued with himself whether or not it would be best to return home immediately. He had now seen the "elephant," not only one, but two; and, as Conchita had rightly predicted, it was time for him to re-

turn. What if Conchita were sick or dying, while he was running after a Mysterious Brotherhood that existed nowhere but in his own imagination?

"O ye gods!" he exclaimed; "is this the outcome of the wisdom of the Adepts? A Hierophant parading the streets with a little flag in his hand, a Talking Image attended by spooks; Chelas who cannot open their mouths without telling a fib . . . at all events, if the woman herself speaks the truth. . . . Yes, is it for this that I have left my home?"

No! It could not be! "Surely," he said to himself, "there is some mistake which will be explained when I see the Hierophant."

Pancho felt no inclination to sleep. He went out into the park and wandered among the trees, although the night was dark and he could hardly see before him. The idea that he had committed a great mistake in coming to Urur, grew stronger and stronger in his mind as he pondered over it. At last a feeling of despair entered his soul, and, clenching his fist, he exclaimed: "O, infinite, inconceivable and incomprehensible spirit of imbecility! what are you and what gave you power to turn me into a fool? Did I not always seek to know the truth, irrespective of any consequences that might result to me or to anyone? Was I not always proud of my scepticism and incredulity? Nevertheless, I was stupid enough to believe in the absurd tales of Mr. Puffer. Where are the great beings that turn the world and cannot even make a cabbage-head grow in this garden? Who are those Adepts, full of divine wisdom, who have to come and seek counsel from a Madame Corneille?"

Thus talking with himself, Pancho wandered away from the main building and came in the vicinity of a house of smaller dimensions. A light shining from an open window attracted his attention, and he beheld a man in the room where the light was brightly burning. He seemed to be about fifty years of age; but his face could not be clearly seen as it was bound up with a handkerchief. He held a paper in his hand, looking at it and making gesticulations. Presently, however, he looked up, and must have seen Pancho standing among the trees, for he dropped his paper and stared at him with surprise.

Then something curious happened. The man making a reverential bow and crossing his hands in Oriental fashion over his breast, addressed Pancho in the following words:

"O, great Krashibashi! Have I then at last found favour in your eyes? For many years have I wished to see you. At last my prayer now seems granted and you have consented to appear in bodily form before your obedient servant. May I ask you to enter this humble room and accept a chair? I shall immediately open the door."

Pancho, seeing that this was evidently a case of mistaken identity, did not wish to intrude. He returned to his room and the sense of the ludicrous overcame his melancholy. There was now nothing to prevent him from sleeping. His doubts had vanished, and he was firmly convinced that he had been a fool.*

* As every-one is, or will be, who, feeling drawn toward Occultism, instead of proceeding prudently to acquire it and thus learn the truth, permits his fancy to run off after his own preconceived ideas, or lends ear to the insane talk of fanatical enthusiasts. Those whom sober Occultists call "Masters," though so vastly superior to average humanity, are not Genii or Enchanters out of the "Arabian Nights," but mortal men with abnormal powers.—[ED.]

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

A TREMENDOUS noise, resembling the beating of tin pans, aroused Pancho from his slumber. It was the noise made by the native musicians whom the Hierophant had engaged for the celebration of the anniversary of the Society for the Distribution of Wisdom. It seemed as if it were intended to frighten away the sun which was just rising and to drive him back into the abyss beyond.

Pancho arose, and as he stepped out on the verandah, he saw the same man who the night before had addressed him as Krashibashi, approaching the house. Soon after that, closely followed by Mrs. Honeycomb, he entered, and the latter introduced him to Pancho as Captain Bumpkins.

Captain Bumpkins, or as his many friends and admirers used to call him, "the Hierophant," was a man of remarkable and imposing appearance. Long, tall, exceedingly thin and bony, his skeleton frame seemed to be inhabited by a supernatural fire that gleamed through his black eyes, sunken deep within their orbits and overshadowed by dark bushy eye-brows. He was a man of about fifty years, but still full of vigour; and his martial bearing seemed to indicate that it would not be safe for any member of the S. D. W. to contradict him or to doubt the existence of the Mysterious Brotherhood. Nevertheless he was very kindhearted and goodnatured, and if it was true that the Talking Image was all *brains* and no heart, it might be said with equal sincerity that the Hierophant was *all heart*; for he was exceedingly anxious to increase the welfare of mankind. There was nothing so ridiculous which he would not have undertaken to do, if it had seemed to him that humanity could be benefitted thereby.

The Hierophant had one great hobby, and this hobby was "Magnetism"; in magnetism he saw the future Saviour of the world. According to his views there was nothing that could not be accomplished by magnetism; from the mending of a boot by the occult power of the Adept, up to making oneself invisible, a feat of which seemed to Captain Bumpkins the *ultima thule* of all that could ever be accomplished by the future sages that were to be produced in the golden era which he was ready to inaugurate. Not only was the curing of all bodily ills a mere trifle to him, which in the near future would do away with all medical quackery, legalized or otherwise, but he thought there would not be the least difficulty in raising mankind up to the highest level of morality. To do this we had only to magnetise away the phrenological bumps of those who are affected with vicious propensities, and to cause appropriate bumps to grow by the same means on the heads of those who were deficient in virtue. Moreover the "mental magnetism" of which the Hierophant dreamed was a "carrier of mind," and consequently not only life, but thought, knowledge and divine wisdom could be imparted to all by one who knew how to magnetise properly, abundantly and with sufficient force.

"All the ills which at present affect the world," he used to say; "are merely a product of the *disturbed equilibrium* of the world's magnetism. Let the magnetic currents react upon their magnetic intramolecular centres and the

equilibrium be restored at their neutral points and you will be surprised at the result."

Mrs. Honeycomb fully agreed with the Hierophant in regard to these points and thus it may be seen that those who have accused Captain Bumpkins of being somewhat deficient in intellectual power have uttered a villainous and sacrilegious blasphemy. Even a superficial glance at his benevolent face whenever he spoke on the subject of Occultism, would reveal the fact that he was one man among a thousand, one who fully realized that his sole destiny was the elevation of the human race.

The Society for the Distribution of Wisdom, of which Captain Bumpkins was the founder and president, was an organization having for its object the prosecution of philosophical researches and the advancement of humanitarian interests. As such it was a very good institution. It claimed to be based on universal freedom of thought, and there would have been nothing impracticable in that, if those who belonged to it had been capable of doing their own thinking. Unfortunately however, such persons are rare and few, while those who are not in possession of real knowledge, and therefore not free of error, can no more live without creeds and adopted opinions than a fish without water. Thus the members of the Society did not accept the truth on the strength of their own perception; but they clamoured for well authenticated proofs of it (from the Mysterious Brotherhood), and thus they had given up their old superstitions, merely to replace them by new superstitions; for that which one imagines to know on mere hearsay, and belief in the veracity of a teacher, is not self-knowledge, and therefore merely an opinion, even if it is true.

But the Society for D. O. W. had also among its members some persons of considerable spiritual unfolding and intellectual power; especially a number of Brahmins that had emigrated from Asia; but the vast majority of its members were attracted by a desire to gratify their curiosity, and to obtain favours from the Mysterious Brotherhood.

A new light had appeared on the mental horizon of the world owing to the revelations made by the Talking Image; but whenever such a light appears, it attracts, first of all, the curious, the fanatical, and those who are discontented with the world and with themselves. They wonder at the appearance of that light, and not understanding its nature, they invent the most ludicrous theories for its explanation, and it is their misrepresentations which bring the new doctrines into disrepute. Such was the Society for the Distribution of Wisdom, of which Captain Bumpkins was the head, and whom we have now introduced to the reader.

(To be continued.)



A Satire should expose nothing but what is corrigible, and should make a due discrimination between those that are and those that are not the proper objects of it. —ADDISON.

Satires and lampoons on particular people circulate more by giving copies in confidence to the friends of the parties, than by printing them. —SHERIDAN.

Theosophical Activities.

WE are glad to find that even on the opposite side of America, in California, we have brave workers who defend the mother Society. This is what we read in the *Los Angeles Times* of February 26th, 1889.

THE BOSTON FRAUDS AND DELUSIONS.

THE other day a *Times* reporter succeeded in worming the following statement out of a gentleman who is well posted in the Esoteric movement. In answer to various questions, he said :

“The organ of the Esoteric movement is the *Esoteric Magazine*, a curiosity in literature. It is devoted to so-called occultism, and the esotericism of religion, its articles being written by men profoundly ignorant of the subjects they pretend to teach. They make frequent use of mis-spelled Sanskrit, plagiarize unscrupulously from works on oriental philosophy, and are profuse in Christian phraseology ; so that to the orthodox Christian it would appear really blasphemous; to the occultist, imbecile, and to the philosopher and philologist, the work of ignoramuses.

“The Society Esoteric is a strangely grotesque parody upon the Theosophical Society, and so has always been regarded by the latter in the light of a nightmare. The Theosophical Society is a fraternal organization whose main work has been the preservation and study of oriental philosophy and literature, which, as all orientalists know, is largely concerned with what in the West is called ‘mesmerism,’ and in the East ‘magic.’ The practice of mesmerism has always been discountenanced by the Theosophists, yet the literature on the subject has been utilized by Butler and his confederates, who have been teaching a bastard sort of mesmerism to their dupes, calling it ‘spiritual development.’ It is by the hope of acquiring ‘spiritual attainments’ that so many ignorant people have been misled and gulled.

“The mesmeric force is simply sex-magnetism. In this simple statement is the secret of spiritualistic ‘mediumship,’ as well as ‘mesmerism’ and ‘black magic.’ It is also the secret of the invariable fall into vice and sexual degradation of fools who dabble in such things, whether they call it ‘mediumship,’ ‘mesmerism,’ ‘mental healing,’ or what not. This force can undoubtedly be used in the cure of diseases, etc., but it is unsafe for anyone to attempt this who is not physically and mentally pure, and well versed in physiology and anatomy. For this reason, even if H. E. Butler and his confederates had started in with the best intentions to investigate such things for spiritual development, they would have doubtlessly landed in the penitentiary or the lunatic asylum, just as they are likely to now.

“The whole thing is very, very vile, and the less people have to do with those subjects in that way the better for them. True occultism has nothing to do with the filthy subject.

“Pure homes, clean hearts and honest lives, and an abiding faith in the immortality of the soul, and the infinite justice and goodness of Nature are what the people need, not ‘spiritual attainments’ and ‘soul development,’ especially that stripe of ‘soul-unfoldment’ which manifests itself in polygamy and general nastiness, whether at Salt Lake or Boston.

“The ‘Esotericism’ of these specimens of Boston culture is identical with the voodooism of the negroes. It is called tantrika in India and is filthy in the extreme.

"The 'Solar Biology' of which Butler is the inventor is a self-evident fraud. Those who are practising it and teaching it in this city, however, are probably mere dupes, blamable only for their not being able to think, and are ambitious of becoming blind leaders of the blind. Many people in Los Angeles have been taken in by the 'Society Esoteric.'

"The prime movers in the exposure were Theosophists, though of course it was done in their individual capacity. The Theosophical Society has absolutely no connection and never has had any connection whatever, with the concern.

"The Theosophical Society is not a secret society. It is mainly concerned with philosophy and ethics. Among its members are clergymen of various Christian churches, reverends and right reverends, as well as representatives of all religions.

"'Mahatma' means simply 'great soul' from *maha*, 'great' and *atma* 'soul.' It is a term applied to all great and good men by the old Sanscrit writers, and is practically synonymous with saint' as 'Saint Paul,' 'Saint John,' etc. As used by the modern Theosophists the word would be applied to such men as Plato, St. Paul, Apollonius of Tyana, and others. They were 'Mahatmas,' or great souls. It is believed by many Theosophists that are such great men now living, not only in India, but in America, Europe—in fact, in almost every nation—a reasonable claim, unless the world has run short of 'great souls' in this age.

"There are two branches of the Theosophical Society in Los Angeles—the Los Angeles branch and the Sattra Lodge—both of which hold regular meetings for the study of philosophy and ethics. They have nothing to do with 'phenomena,' 'spookism,' or anything of the sort."

BUTLER EXPOSED.

The *New York World* of Feb 1st. exposes the whole scheme in the following up-and-up manner :

Members of the Boston Theosophical Society have taken much satisfaction in exposing the wicked wiles of one "Vidya Nyaika," alias Eli Clinton Ohmart, who, in partnership with Prof. Hiram Erastus Butler, has been asking for funds to establish an Esoteric College in the Rocky Mountains. Mr. Ohmart turned out to be a gentleman with a record, and his exposers made things very unpleasant for him when they brought him face to face with it. It is stated by Prof. Butler himself that a great deal of money has come in for the scheme, and more is hoped for.

This is just what we said in our March editorial. And now, when all that had to be exposed has been so dealt with in the United States, we can only wonder at the animus displayed by the *Religio-Philosophical Journal of Chicago* against us. We see by a letter published in it, March 23 *ultimo*, from the President of the "Boston T. S.," Mr. J. Ransom Bridge, that "it (the *Journal*) states that it is informed by those who claim to know that Madame Blavatsky is determined to ruin Butler" (!?). When "those who *claim to know* can also prove that Madame Blavatsky had heard Butler's name mentioned before the end of last year, or even knew of his existence, then their "*claim to know*" would have acquired at least one leg to stand upon.

The "Butler" *exposé* followed almost immediately our first acquaintance with the pretensions of this virtuous person, as the President of our Boston T. S. well knows. Such being the case, the anonymous *he* who "claims to know," must not feel hurt, or take offence, if we now

publicly state that his information against us is either a deliberate and *malicious falsehood*, or a soap-bubble gossip. In every case the respected literary veteran, called the R. P. JOURNAL, ought to show more discretion than to be ever repeating unverified cackle, when not deliberate calumny, against a person who has always wished it success, as it has now done for years. We stand for truth, but wish the *ruin* of no man.—[ED.]

A CRY FOR HELP.

STRANGE things occur in this sublunary world ; but the strangest of all is, that a recognized American scientist of great eminence and learning, a biologist who is the trans-Atlantic Huxley, should have certain letters written to him ; more than this, that he should answer them. An enquiring searcher, hungry after truth, begs our friend, Professor Elliott Coues, in the name of his "mystic powers," to guide him ; and, instead of pooh-poohing his correspondent in the name of cold, materialistic, modern Science, the President of the Washington "Gnostic Theosophical Society" writes to him a reply which shows how deeply Professor Coues has studied our philosophy. Both letters will be useful to our English members. They are republished from the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*.—[ED.]

THE LETTER.

DR. ELLIOTT COUES—*Dear Sir* : I have been impelled to write to you for advice on a new and indisputable experience I have been undergoing for some seven or eight months past, and have as often refrained from asking of a stranger that "light" which my experience and increasing conviction have not made plain.

Some months since I suddenly became conscious of audible communications, which I have since learned to attribute to purely elemental influences, using the Buddhist expression.

These audible communications soon ceased, and were replaced by others which, I suppose, would be called purely clair-audient, and were of a very different character, being elevating and inspiring, and opening up to my heart an infinity of evolution of the soul and the universe, which I had not got from my past studies, although I have long had a conviction that there was some such plan to be shown to humanity some time, and in some way.

Before I go any further, let me say that I had been up to this time a thorough disbeliever in spiritual communication, and had given it little or no attention. Moreover, my experience related above all came to me before I read any writings on Buddhism, Karma, or Spiritism, and my experience at that time was the subject of debate between a medical friend and myself, who knew me to be a tolerably clear-headed man, and one not liable to be led away by superstition or evidence that was not conclusive. The only conviction that impinged on me was the consciousness of a new sense, the name of which I did not even know at that time. A month or two later I received from a friend in Washington, a book by A. P. Sinnett, called *Karma*. I found some startling suggestions

in that work which interested me enough to induce me to read the work on *Esoteric Buddhism* communicated through him. I use the above expression intentionally, as it is evident to the most careless reader that the two works are not by the same intellect.

I was surprised to find myself so receptive to the doctrine set forth there, as it was a welcome light to one who had not been able to find peace and trust in creeds, although surrounded by devoted Christian influence from childhood. I have since then read very little of the scientific doctrines of Theosophy, but have found a trust in the teachings of Buddha that has thrown a new light on the words of the Bible, and has brought a growing peace and belief that I have long yearned for, although I have not yet found "the jewel in the lotus." *

Strange to say, I have not cared so much for an understanding of the scientific aspect of Theosophy, as for the religious teaching. It seems to me that the latter is the one the world is waiting for, and that, like the treasure which Buddha said was laid up in our fellow man, the stranger, the mother and father and child, the scientific light would come "of itself."

That statement of my convictions being made, let me return to my own experience, on which I now ask your counsel and explanation. I don't go into society at all, nor have I made any Theosophical or Spiritualist acquaintances. I have not attended any séances or occult meetings, and have read but little of the current literature on Theosophy. I have read much of primitive Buddhism, both *pro* and *con*, and have tried to understand, first of all, the Buddhist doctrine of the greatest blessing, as taught in the Buddhist scriptures.

During all these months I have had constant communication through clair-audience with one who calls himself my Mahatma's helper; and who has given me succinct counsel in words which I know could not be the lucubration of my own brain, and which I, at the time, seldom understood, but which have been explained or discovered either in the Buddhist scriptures or the Bible, in subsequent study.

Lately, however, another voice has come to me clearly, telling me to look unto God, and not unto Buddha. This either is or claims to be the voice of my mother, now dead some thirty odd years. This has all tended to *indirection* or *misdirection*, and I now ask you for direction and explanation.

I presume this discursive letter is unnecessary, as by your mystic powers you can probably learn all that I have told you and much that I have left unsaid, but I feel that I need some human guidance just at this time. Before writing this letter, and even *now*, I have been and am told *to* write you, and *not* to write you, so you see the quandary I am in.

One of the first communications I had was, "You are elected to learn that your heart was not given you for your understanding, but for your knowledge." It was a long time before I knew what those words meant.

There *is* a beautiful and trustful path that leads to peace, wisdom and helpful love; there *is* a religion that shall be for the "healing of all nations"; there *is* a knowledge of Divine help and love yet to come to humanity; there *is* a truth whose light shall disperse the shadows of dogma, ignorance and selfishness, and

* No one can find it unless he is a born Buddha, a saint, or—studies the true Occult, Esoteric doctrines, and tries to become one.

shall fill the universe with its brightness. Can you help me to that confidence and knowledge that shall make me willingly one of the light-bearers?

Fraternally yours. * * *

Boston, Massachusetts, February 2nd, 1889.

THE RESPONSE.

The foregoing letter is a type of many that I receive. It is absolutely sincere; the writer is in earnest, and such sentiments command respect. I undertake, with reluctance, to say a few words in public by way of reply, believing that if I am anywhere near the truth my words may be of use to others than my correspondent.

The process which he describes as an actual and veritable one which has gone on in himself, is, I think, not at all a singular experience. Many persons could tell a similar story, should they bare their hearts with equal unreserve. It is the growth of the "sixth sense"; it is the awakening to consciousness of the sixth principle, which exists only as a rudiment or embryo in most persons, incapable of making its existence known to its possessor till it has grown like a plant from its seed. In those whose "intuitions" are large this germ of wisdom often makes itself felt, and as it gains in strength it gradually dominates the Fifth Principle, or ordinary intellect, making reason quite subservient to the higher faculty, and tending to merge the merely human into the more nearly divine being. The process of growth of the embryo "Buddhi" is not unattended with dangers of its own, threatening both mental and physical integrity unless the tender sprout be firmly rooted in reason, and carefully guarded from passion.

The use of the sixth sense, especially for one who comes into its possession rapidly rather than by a process of very gradual unfoldment or evolution, is against all the world, the flesh, and the devil, and its vigorous self-assertion is likely to react unfavourably upon bodily health and mental peace. There is always some disturbance of the nervous system when voices can be heard and forms can be seen, that have no objective or material counterpart. The nervous shock of the awakening is apt to extend to other bodily functions, and often becomes a case for medical treatment. Therefore, I should say, the first and most imperative need is special attention to the ordinary laws of hygiene, in eating, sleeping, working or recreation.

If a man is to live some years after his psychic faculties have come into operation, it is essential for their proper and useful manifestation on the physical plane to have a good sound body through which they may operate. Not necessarily the most robust, muscular, bone and sinew mechanism, but a thoroughly well organised, pliable and "vivid" apparatus of relation between the soul or astral body and the world or material things. Otherwise a person becomes like a super-heated boiler, or one in which steam is too suddenly generated, and the danger of an explosion is imminent. It is often a question, whether a person in the state in which I judge my unknown correspondent to be, shall go on to safely grow a splendidly effectual astral organism whose faculties shall be adequate to the discernment of the substance of things unseen or whether he shall become prey of the elementals which will infallibly seek to fasten themselves like vampires upon his astral organism. If the former, he becomes a Theosophic adept, a seer of eternal truths, a doer of Divine deeds; if

the latter, either a practitioner of black magic, should his courage be equal to that, or else a mere wreck on the fatal rocks of so-called "mediumship."

The most important practical point, next to the care of the bodily health, is concentration of the will. By that I mean a firm, fixed determination, never vacillating, never wavering, never doubting, to know the truth, and to use this knowledge for the good of others, irrespective of consequences to self-hood. This is a positive moral power, without the operation of which on the astral body the latter never acquires real true effectual organisation, capable of withstanding in the end the shock of physical dissolution. For the souls of bad persons, however strong they seem to be here and now, find their strength fictitious and evanescent as soon as they are deprived of physical support, and black magicians are no exception to this rule. They may flicker about in Kama-Loka for a while, especially if they can feed upon the vitality of persons in the flesh whom they succeed in obsessing for the gratification of their unhallowed, unsatisfied desires; but their end is the murky smoke of a snuffed-out candle.

Since the concentration of the will, of which I have spoken, has for its purpose and motive the attainment of true knowledge, or wisdom as distinguished from worldly erudition; and since the soul that is troubled with desire (using that word in its broadest sense) can reflect but distorted images, it follows as a matter of course that the fourth principle or middle nature of man, must be held thoroughly in hand, under the rigid mastery of the reason, or fifth principle, itself a willing instrument in the hands of the still higher principle, the sixth, the "Christ." And if haply this victory shall be won in the battle-ground of life, the Divine spouse shall seek and find the soul.

Let none hastily suppose I have used figurative language. I have been speaking of actual processes which may go on in the substance of the soul, of the real nature of which it is not permitted me to more than hint. These things may be known; but they are unspeakable. Many know them; but, strangest of all, they are never told. They only need explanation to those for whom they are inexplicable.

First find thyself; then know thyself; then, be thyself. Strange words—meaningless jargon. Nevertheless, "as above, so below"; and the two are not two but one.

Wishing my unknown correspondent a prosperous voyage of discovery among the finer particles of his being, I beg to subscribe myself with respect,

—A PSYCHIC RESEARCHER.

This reply speaks for itself, and no theosophist could answer any better and explain the situation with more clearness, or in a more orthodox esoteric spirit. Only Professor E. Coues, being a Theosophist, we are at a loss to understand why he should sign himself so modestly "A Psychic Researcher?" We only hope this is not synonymous with—"member of the S. P. R." As a Fellow of the T. S. we can only congratulate and thank the Professor; as a member of the S. P. R. we should be doubtful of his motives. We might be really alarmed at the signature, did we not know that, do and say what he may, Prof. Coues' love of occultism is as great as his mystic powers and that he can never be untrue to either.—[ED.]

THE BLAVATSKY LODGE.

The following have been elected as officers of the above Lodge for the year 1889 :—

President : W. Kingsland.

Vice-President : W. R. Old.

Secretary : A. Keightley.

Treasurer : Countess C. Wachmeister.

Meetings of the Lodge are held regularly every Thursday evening, at which a regular course of study in Eastern Philosophy is pursued by the members under Madame Blavatsky's guidance. For information apply to the Secretary, 17 Lansdowne Road, Holland Park, W.



Reviews.

A STUDY OF MAN AND THE WAY TO HEALTH.*

"Selfishness is the father of vice ;
Altruism, the mother of virtue."

SUCH is the motto which Dr. Buck has placed on the title page of this remarkable work, a motto which is as appropriate to the book as it is itself true, to which these pages bear most lucid and convincing testimony. But their scope is wider than this, and the readers of *LUCIFER* will assuredly be grateful for a somewhat full account of a book which should be in the hands of every one—whether a Theosophist or not—who is in any sense a searcher after truth.

It will assist the reader to quote the following lines from Dr. Buck's eloquently simple preface. He writes :—

This treatise may be epitomized as follows :—

The cosmic form in which all things are created, and in which all things exist, is a universal duality.

Involution and evolution express the two-fold process of the one law of development, corresponding to the two planes of being, the subjective and the objective. Consciousness is the central fact of being.

Experience is the only method of knowing ; therefore to know is to become.

The Modulus of Nature, that is, the pattern after which she everywhere builds, and the method to which she continually conforms, is an Ideal or Archetypal Man.

The Perfect Man is the anthropomorphic God, a living, present Christ in every human soul.

Two natures meet on the human plane and are focalized in man. These are the animal ego, and the higher self ; the one, an inheritance from lower life, the other an over-shadowing from the next higher plane.

The animal principle is selfishness : the divine principle is altruism.

However defective in other respects human nature may be, all human endeavour must finally be measured by the principle of altruism, and must stand or fall by the measure in which it inspires and uplifts humanity.

Literary criticism, however justifiable and however valuable, is not the highest tribunal ; were it so, the following pages would never have seen the light. The highest tribunal is the criterion of truth, and the test of truth is by its use and beneficence.

Superstition is not religion ; speculation is not philosophy ; materialism is not science ; but true religion, true philosophy, and true science are ever the hand-maids of truth."

* By J. D. BUCK, M.D., Cincinnati. ROBERT CLARKE & CO. Price \$2 50 (or 10s. 6d.)

It should be noted, however, in connection with this brief outline that, while rightly insisting on the ever-present *duality* in all forms of manifestation, Dr. Buck is fully alive to the importance of never losing sight of that Absolute Unity which lies behind all the duality of manifestation. On this Unity he insists repeatedly and emphatically, for it forms one of the fundamental doctrines in his philosophy, as it has always done in that of the East.

In his first chapter, on the Criterion of Truth, the author most ably leads the reader's mind from the familiar fact of his own personality, step by step, through the dangerous rocks of both scientific and religious dogmatism, to the conclusion that the criterion of truth for men lies not in their estimate of the senses, nor in a specific process of reasoning upon phenomena confined to one half of his nature; but in the co-ordinate harmony which he is able to bring out of the chaos of all his varied experiences.

Such is briefly the conclusion to which the first chapter leads up, but it is to be regretted that want of space prevents our calling attention to the many beautiful thoughts and luminous suggestions thrown out in the course of the argument, especially in that part where the author demonstrates the equal and co-ordinate reality, validity and importance of the subjective as well as the objective aspect of man's nature.

The second chapter deals with the problems of Matter and Force in a manner at once simple, clear and highly philosophical. The beautiful application made of the principle of consonant rhythm as the agent by means of which *form* is produced is at once a splendid, far-reaching generalisation and a tribute to the truth of the fundamental axioms of occult philosophy.

The succeeding chapters on The Phenomenal World, Philosophy and Science, are in a measure preparatory to those on Life, Polarity and Living Forms. All through these chapters the clearness of the author's thought and exposition deserve the highest praise. On one point only—since it is the function of a reviewer to criticise—need a word be said. On page 60, *et seq.* Dr. Buck speaks frequently of "dead" and of "living" matters, drawing a marked line of demarcation between them. Now since Dr. Buck has evidently thoroughly assimilated the doctrines of Theosophy which indeed underlie and permeate his entire work, he is doubtless well aware that *strictly speaking* there is no such thing as "dead" matter in the Universe. It is therefore but fair to assume that he uses the term "matter" in a limited sense, to distinguish a state of matter in which life does not manifest itself in that particular manner to which we have confined the term "living" from that state in which life does so manifest itself. But, unfortunately, as Dr. Buck has not stated and explained this specifically, he may be misunderstood to believe in that fiction of the scientific imagination, commonly called "dead matter": a belief which would be inconsistent with the whole tenour of his work.

This criticism is partly anticipated by the chapter on Planes of Life; but though his meaning is clear to those familiar with his basic thought, yet a few explicit sentences might usefully be added in the pages referred to on the appearance of the second edition—which will undoubtedly soon be called for.

The author's conception of "Magnetism," too, needs further elucidation. The term has many meanings and many connotations, so that Dr. Buck needs to

devote a few pages to careful explanation and definition of the sense in which he uses it.

From the chapter on the Planes of Life, we pass naturally to that on Human Life, the central point, the culmination of the book. In this and the following chapters we see the real bearing and utility of the general principles with which the author has familiarised us in the preceding pages. We see them applied to the concrete facts of life as all know them; and we learn the reason of the almost joyous hope and expectation with which the author faces the many terrible problems now clamouring for a solution which seems afar off.

From this point the author deals with various aspects of human life and development, throwing light on all and giving clues to many an intricate problem. More and more clearly does he demonstrate the truth of the motto placed on his title page, and ever and ever more forcibly does he bring it home to the reader that happiness only is to be found in widest altruism. And through it all runs clear logic and accurate science, no analogy being accepted that has not been fully tested and proven legitimate. The chapters on Consciousness, Involution and Evolution of Man, and the Higher Self are especially to be commended to the careful study of all students. Some of the author's statements are not only profoundly true and philosophical: they are simply sublime.

It is such books as this which form the best answer to the query: What has the Theosophical Society *done*? For this book—written by an earnest theosophist, one of the oldest and truest members of the T. S., a man respected and beloved by all who know him—will give new light, new hope, and new courage to many. It will give a fresh impulse to earnest seekers for truth by pointing out a new method of research, as well as by defining and clearly stating the problems which call for investigation.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.*

THIS is the title of an address delivered by Prof. Elliott Coues to the Western Society for Psychic Research, at Chicago, in April, 1888. It may seem rather late in the day to review an address delivered so long ago, but it is only within the last few days that LUCIFER has received a copy of the address in its present form. It has also recently been revised by its author, and we may, therefore, conclude that the pamphlet represents the latest opinion which he holds on the subject.

The address opens with a reference to the Women's International Congress held at Washington as one of the "Signs of the Times." In this we certainly think that Dr. Coues was correct, for the present is an age of change, and there are certainly not wanting signs that a great amelioration of the human race will proceed from the amelioration of the "better half" of mankind. So far as the progress towards the psychic side of nature is concerned, it is most true that women are the better half of the human creation. In Dr. Coues' words:—
 "The problem of the day is not a question of matter—it is a question of mind; and the problem of mind has ceased to be only a question of the intellect. It has become the cry of the soul for more light in the dungeon of the body. This cry goes up the loudest from the women of the land, because her soul's im-

* By Prof. Elliott Coues, M.D., F.T.S.

prisonment is harder to bear than man's, and her duty to redeem a world is more imperative."

But from the question of the rightful position of women as a sign of the times, Dr. Coues goes on to treat of the conditions of psychic investigation, and his words are the more weighty as proceeding from a man of established reputation in the methods of scientific research. Further they have an additional value, as being clothed in beautiful language and they possess an elegance of diction that only adds to their clearness of expression.

Dr. Coues introduces his subject by a comparison of the four great influences which have moved the world, and he draws attention to the cycles of time which occur in the history of humanity. The cycle is that of the Naros, or a period of 600 years. Buddha, Jesus, Mohammed and Genghis Khan are the examples selected; and a final period of 666 years from the date of Genghis Khan brings us down to the year 1888. As a sign of the times this is, perhaps, a little unfortunate, for a student of Biblical symbology is at once reminded that this number is that of the "Great Beast"; and unless people are more accurately acquainted with symbology than they usually are, the *simile* seems rather equivocal as representing a "Sign of the Times." But here Theosophy steps in to the rescue, and removes the idea of "devil" from the maligned "beast," showing that it is indeed an especial cycle and no more.

It is scarcely possible to do justice to Dr. Coues in a review which must necessarily be short, for his marshalling of the psychic evidence is so terse and masterly that it ought to be read in his own words. He reviews the position both from the standpoint of the Spiritualist and from that of the Theosophist, and declines to say which of the two he considers right. But he does away with the supposed antagonism between the two, and for this alone we would heartily thank Dr. Coues. Both parties certainly admit facts; it is only in the explanation of them that they differ. And here Dr. Coues shows that the position to be truly taken is that one explanation is an extension of the other. Tersely put, the Psychic Researcher says that all is manifestation of psychic force. The ordinary Spiritualist believes that all the manifestations are the work of disembodied spirits; the Theosophist says that this is occasionally so, but only in rare cases. And here Dr. Coues sounds no indistinct or uncertain note, and it is a very important one. He says, in effect, that all are manifestations of "will" acting on matter, and that so to act does not depend upon whether the operator is disembodied or not. Then he turns his attention to the key to these facts and declares that it lies in the words, "Animal Magnetism." This he declares to be a property of what is called in Sanskrit Akasa, and that this is related to the action of the human will as the phenomena of light are related, on the scientific hypothesis, to the waves of the luminiferous ether. That this Akasa pervades everything, and permeates the human frame as much as it is spread through space. Thus, then, the man who can act by means of his will on this Akasa can act by its means at a distance just as easily as he can on a table which is under his hand. The only necessity is the development of a suitable organism. This organism is necessarily a human being, either that of the operator or that of some other human being. But with this Dr. Coues adds a most serious warning to those who, from curiosity, may be about to embark on the dangerous path of investigation into Psychic Phenomena. In his own

words:—"All experiment is made on, by, and with, the bodies of men and women—nay, upon, by, and with, their very souls. This is psychic research. . . . Think you it is to be lightly or ignorantly or blunderingly played upon? A thousand times no! Here, blunder and crime are one and the same thing."

In this place Dr. Coues adds a few words of warning drawn from the experience of the French investigations into Hypnotism; showing, too, that the danger is so widespread that legal recognition of the dangers will soon be as necessary as it has already been proved to be in the case of poisons.

He closes with a short exposition of his own "Biogen" theory as an explanation of the phenomena; and this should be read in his own words.

In conclusion, we as Theosophist, can only express our thanks to Dr. Coues for his able exposition of the facts of psychic investigation and science, and for the possibilities which he has opened for the reconciliation of two bodies of people—of people who ought to unite their forces for the confusion of materialistic thinkers, and for the spread of truths which are at present only dimly recognised by a world which is liable to roughly class both parties together, either as worshippers of a devil, or hallucinated frauds and fools.

GEOMANCY.

OF all the higher sciences, that of Geomancy may be considered the handiest one to work, for the requirements to practise this Art are few, *i.e.*, pencil, paper, and a book that will act as a guide and instructor; the first two are ready to hand, and thanks to the able pen of Dr. Hartmann we now have the Guide to his "Principles of Astrological Geomancy, the Art of divining by Punctuation," published by the "Theosophical Publishing Company, Limited." As to the book itself, it leaves nothing to be desired, having a pleasant type, printed on good paper, and being well bound, at the remarkably reasonable price of 2s. 6d.

Those who have read "An Adventure amongst the Rosicrucians," and other works by Dr. Hartmann will need no words of praise to recommend to them this new work of Geomancy. In the Preface and Introduction we have evidence of diligent study in the higher science and development of the intuition, and it is as an aid to these that the author has produced this work. It is not, as he says, "intended to be a 'fortune teller,'" for "the art of divination is based upon the recognition of a universal divine principle acting within the soul." Here we have sufficient reason to show that it is unwise to prostitute these arts of divination for any material gain or worldly curiosity—for to quote from the Introduction, "The psychological process by which the knowledge of the spiritual soul comes to the understanding of the human intellect appears to be very complicated; it seems that the divine ray of Light has to pass through many *strata* of matter, and is broken many times, before it is ultimately reflected within the field of external consciousness, and the more we are able to spiritually rise above these clouds of matter that darken the mental sky, the more will we be able to see the sunlight of truth in its purity. By practising the art of Geomancy in that state of mind and feeling which brings Man nearer to the perception of the Truth, the Intuition may teach the reasoning Intellect."

The chapter on Astrology contains much that will decidedly interest the

general reader, and which will also prove instructive to many Students of Astrology and the other occult sciences. The Author explains the natures of the signs of the Zodiac and of the "seven planets" in clear and simple language, and we feel sure that the earnest student and all lovers of Truth will welcome this aid for the dispersion of superstition and ignorance, as well as for the development of the Intuition "by the *interior awakening* of the *Spirit of Truth*."

We notice that the Author gives the metal *silver* to the planet (♀) Venus, whereas *copper* is usually represented by this principle, and the latter is, we believe, the correct one, for Venus represents love or charity, which, when combined with the intelligence, silver or moon, is capable of a divine expression in the world. Venus, the binding power of the psychic world, has its material counterpart (*copper*) so much used in amalgamating metals which would not readily blend without its presence. We also notice that in the "Significations" of the geomantic symbols, the sign (♏) Scorpio is omitted, and we should be glad to learn its corresponding Geomantic symbol. The methods for practising Geomancy are so clearly stated, that anyone with a little care and diligence can easily draw the symbols suggested by the Intuition, thus: the hand of the operator:—

The figure consisting of the twelve houses may be constructed in any suitable form, either circular, or square; or simply by four rows of squares having three in each row, thus: according to the fancy of the operator.

1	2	3
4	5	6
7	8	9
10	11	12

In the Appendix there are sixteen Questions which will suggest a variety of subjects for enquiry to the ingenious student, for which there are 2,048 Answers. And to the experienced and intuited geomantist these short answers will contain all the information he seeks.

We trust, with the Author, that this work will call the attention of many enquirers "to the existence of a higher power than that of the perishing intellect."

NUCES ETYMOLOGICÆ.*

THE contact of Theosophy with the various sciences which form a part of Anthropology, is extensive; and its relations with the philological sciences has been brought to the front by those who have assailed the teaching of the Higher science. Dr. Charnock, the old president of the Anthropological Society, has given us a book replete with research, and illustrating his minute knowledge of philological derivations. It is especially at this time that this work will produce good fruit. The author's object is to "throw light on the hidden things of darkness," and to show that the modern system of filial derivation of words rests on the most insecure foundations, and appeals for acceptance merely to the ignorance of its readers. For, those persons who have not had a training in the subject of philology are very apt to accept any hypothesis which fits in with the modern German theory of the filiation of languages, sometimes Grimm, sometimes Schleicher, oftentimes something more imbecile than either. Dr. Charnock has well shown to the modern word-spinners and derivation-

* By RICHARD STEPHEN CHARNOCK, PH.D., F.S.A. (TRÜBNER & Co.)

mincers that, after all, a little acquaintance with the elementary portions of the subject is a necessity for the student. The precept of the teacher to Monsieur Jourdain, "*Il faut commencer par l'orthographe,*" is well illustrated by Dr. Charnock. What is wanted for modern philologists is a deep and an intimate study of roots. When people see that the primary words of all languages are few in number, perhaps not more than 50 or 60, they will cease to look for an assumed Aryan ancestor for the origin of man, which leaves negroes and Australians out in the cold. The *Secret Doctrine* has given us plain hints on this subject, and indicated that it would be much better for modern science to

"unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith,"

than to attempt to interpret the language of a hypothetical Aryan by the utterances of a blue-painted barbarian. To the modern superficial spirit in science, to the dilettante, the Darwinite, or the dreamer, Dr. Charnock is a severe, always laconic, sometimes scarcely polite, antagonist. He does not conceal his face either with sufficient dignity or hypocrisy before the popular idols, and thinks for himself. Such books as this will tend to render the mental soil of our scientific men more fit for theosophical teachings. For they will see that in their own armour are many crannies, and in their own eyes many beams, and that before they disobey the precepts of Lanczycki, and give "rash judgments" on the acts of their neighbour, they should make their own houses clean. Dr. Charnock has done good service, but he indicates how much is left undone. He, in front of the harlequin spectre of modern science, doubtless considers *nil actum reputans dum quid superesset agendum*, but he must recognise that he has to do a lot of sweeping before he can be said to have finished his philological work.

Correspondence.

A CURIOUS NUMERICAL COMBINATION.

IN the 52nd number of "Engineering News," published in New York, December 29th, there is an article giving a number, that multiplied by any of the digits up to number 6, gives a result expressed in the figures of the original number.

This in itself was interesting, but I at once noticed that the ever wonderful number 7 gave a curious effect when used as the multiplier. It led to investigation, and I submit herewith the results, so far as I have had time to carry them.

It was the eccentricity of the number 7 that caught my attention. Knowing it to be pregnant with occult meaning, I send it to LUCIFER.

The number 142857, when multiplied by any of the first six digits, gives a product, in each case, expressed by the same figures, and in the same general order, as the multiplicand.

142857	×	1	=	142857.
"	×	2	=	285714.
"	×	3	=	428571.
"	×	4	=	571428.
"	×	5	=	714285.
"	×	6	=	857142.

When multiplied by 7, a curious change occurs:—

$$142857 \times 7 = 999999.$$

This multiplying can be continued probably indefinitely; several changes, however, occur.

$$142857 \times 8 = 1/14285/6.$$

Here it becomes necessary to add the end figures to get the missing number. 14, as a multiple of 7, of course, shows a change.

$$142857 \times 14 = 1/99999/8.$$

End numbers 8 and 1 = missing 9.

This system of adding the end figures must be used until you use 24 as a multiplier. It then becomes necessary to vary the mode of procedure, to eliminate unnecessary numbers, and leave the original six.

$$142857 \times 24 = 3/4285/6/8$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 3 \\ \hline 11 \\ \hline 428571 \end{array}$$

Add the end figures = 11. One should be used as the missing 1, the other, added to the 6, gives the missing 7.

By analogy, it is not too much to suppose this can be continued indefinitely, but to what profit remains to be seen.

It will be necessary, however, to vary the method of treatment, to eliminate superfluous numbers, and get those necessary.

If a circle be divided by three diameters 60° degrees apart, and the numbers be placed in their original order at the ends of the diameters, the sum of each pair will equal 9.



It would be interesting for a high exponent of "White Magic," and one versed in the mystery of numbers, to give us his views upon this curious combination. It is with this object in view, and in the hope that it may prove interesting to your readers, that I submit it for your inspection.

C. A. GRISCOM, JR.



"Whence come all the powers and prerogatives of rational beings? From the Soul of the Universe. Amongst other faculties, they have this . . . For as the universal nature overrules all mutinous accidents, brings them under the laws of fate, and makes them part of itself, so it is in the power of man to make something out of every hindrance, and turn it to his own advantage . . . Let your soul work in harmony with the universal intelligence, as your breath does with the air. This is very practicable, for the intelligent power lies as open and pervious to your mind, as the air you breathe does to your lungs, if you can but draw it." **MARCUS AURELIUS.** (*Meditations.*)