

"The organization of Society, depicted by Edward Bellamy, in his 'Looking Backward,' admirably represents the Theosophic idea of what should be the FIRST GREAT STEP towards the full Realization of Universal Brotherhood."

—Madame H. P. Blavatsky, in the Key to Theosophy.

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RE-INCARNATION.*

And in that far-off time, of which thou tellest,
Thou shalt be I? When I am cold and dead,
And life from my numb fingers slipped and fallen,
Thou shalt take up again its silver thread?

Thou shalt be I? My very dreams and visions,
My hopes, my aspirations, and my fears,
My sins and shame—e'en these be in thy being,
And mold thy fate through those thy span of years?

Nay, I had thought when this brief life is over
To lay the body like a worn-out tool aside;
And the dark record of its earthly errors
Within the silence of the grave to hide.

Or that the grave earth through the coming ages
Shut in and closed the Book of Life for aye.
And, say'st thou, there are yet unopened pages,
And every page a life—another I?

* A monologue, in which the reflected "I" of the present personality addresses the reflected "I," of the next. Of course, in the philosophy of Reincarnation, the real "I," the Reincarnating Ego, is untouched and unchanged by birth or death, and remains eternally the same. With its lower reflection in matter, or personal "I," the case is different. This perishes as an entity at death and only lives in the memory of the Higher or Reincarnating Ego thereafter.

So be it. There are thoughts my soul has cherished
 I fain would see live on when I am dead.
 If but the good survived ! If evil perished,
 Thou had'st not such a thorny path to tread !

And so, I charge thee, hearken to my warning,
 For I have somehow missed the goal in life,
 And thou, mine other self, mayhap may'st profit
 By these my failures in its wars and strife.

* * * * *

I have dreamed dreams of bold and high endeavor ;
 Of battles for the Right fought well—and won.
 Of succor for the oppressed ; of freedom conquered
 For serfs of every clime beneath the sun.

Yet in the passion of the battle's clamor
 I have been reckless of my thrusts and blows,
 And oft have found, when passed the fatal glamour,
 Myself a traitor, fighting for my foes.

And often when the world, mad, drunk with error,
 Knelt to some transient idol of its heart,
 Crying, "Great is Baal ! Baal, live forever !"
 I have been silent : played the coward's part.

But thou—O, thou shalt see with clearer vision ;
 Thou shalt face sternly, in majestic wrath,
 All forms of error. Fears shall not assail thee,
 Nor Doubt's dark demons stalk about thy path.

* * * * *

And if, amidst the warfare and the turmoil,
 The Sphinx has looked upon me, gloomy-eyed,
 And questioned: "What is life ?" I turned me priestward,
 And on their pattered creeds alone relied.

And if Christ's tender, pitiful forgiveness
 Seemed an unmanly portal to the rights
 Of glorious heaven ; if such cheap salvation
 A warrant seemed for lengthening sin's delights ;

Or if pure Buddha's life-long sacrificing
 Of all desires that make our earth lives sweet
 Seemed an aspersion of the holy wisdom
 That chains in flesh our erring, straying feet ;

Or if the sacred fire of Zoroaster
 Concealed the true Fire from our longing eyes ;
 Or if Mahomet's holy fasts and vigils
 Led to a sensuous, selfish Paradise,

I questioned not. Thou shalt not need to question :
 All faiths shall yield their mysteries to thee.
 Thou shalt lay bare the Secret of the Ages,
 And know the truth ; and it shall make thee free.

The world has had a thousand holy Saviours—
 A thousand times their message has denied.
 Prometheus, Indra, Christna, Mithra, Jesus,
 Are but a tithe of these, its Crucified.

And thou shalt love them all. Thy larger wisdom
 Beneath each creed shall find truth's hidden gems.
 Thou shalt ascend to many mystic Calvaries ;
 Thou shalt bring myrrh to many Bethlehems.

The separate goal, the personal salvation,
 Shall seem a selfish end to thy pure eyes.
 Humanity's great, pulsing soul be thy soul,
 To perish with it, or with it to rise.

* * * * *

And I have dreamed of love ; and, in my dreaming,
 Have likened it to that rejected stone
 Which made the temple perfect. Blessed and radiant,
 Life crowned by love sits king-like on its throne.

Yet, like the treasure by some earth gnome guarded,
 Love vanishes when just within our grasp.
 Like Dead Sea fruit it turns to dust and ashes—
 A Cleopatra's basket, with its asp.

And why? Men know not love from selfish passion ;
They force, like Titus, its most holy shrine,
And find naught there but solitude and silence.
Love dwells within : it has no carnal sign.

'The love that seeks as its supremest object
To crown another life with its high grace
Encounters lust, mad, frantic for possession,
And dies in that unholy, fierce embrace !

And man who never seeks some hapless idol,
Forsaking stone, has made of woman one.
Wiser than He who first his help-meet fashioned
Flesh of his very flesh ; bone of his bone.

Bone of his bone. His strength, his weakness
Is knit in every fibre of her heart.
In every good, in every sin or passion
Still is she help-meet ; bears an equal part.

Except that man through ages of oppression
Has forced her to adopt a devious path.
Forbade to reason, taught to turn, dissemble,
She fawns and flatters to forestall his wrath.

He sternly bids her prophesy. Her message,
Like Delphic priestess, in her cave of old,
Bears double meaning. He in choosing
Takes that his self love wishes to be told.

And so she sits, a tottering, trembling goddess,
Upon the dizzy heights of her false throne.
Half conscious of her folly ; half believing,
And wholly envious of man alone.

And yet her throne is formed of aspirations
Toward all that men hold sacred, holy, true.
She incarnates the virtues of the nations
As Buddha's ugly, lifeless idols do.

But in thy day—Oh, then shall love be perfect !
Thine eyes shall not be blinded by the light
Of fires unholy. Thou shalt choose thine help-meet
Star-eyed, clear-souled and radiant in thy sight.

She shall infeminine thy harder nature ;
 Thou shalt bring strength where she is faint and weak.
 And thy divided lives shall this blessed union
 Into the One of perfect being speak.

* * * * *

The weariness of age bears hard upon me,
 And memories of unforgiven sins
 Loom large and black, as life's brief day declining
 Shows sharper shadows ere death's night begins.

And in my soul there dwells the gnawing sadness
 Of golden opportunities forever lost,
 Of toils and pain to gain the gifts of Mammon,
 Of heaping dust to ashes, to my cost.

For I have lived for intellect ; have wandered
 Down dusty paths of useless, cumbrous lore.
 The surface-seeing, catalogueing Babel
 Of science I have held a priceless store.

That science which with all its store of knowledge
 Knows naught of life, from whence it came or why.
 A broken reed, it pierces, sharp and sudden,
 When at the end we lean on it to die.

And I must wait (thou sayest) in worlds unreal,
 With earth's desires still hot within my heart,
 While earth is not ; and time and space together
 Forsake my life : become as things apart.

Yet feel the shock and thrill of mortal battles,
 While I seem by some hideous nightmare bound—
 My touch unfelt, my form unseen, unnoticed ;
 Voice my despair in shrieks that give no sound.

I shall press kisses on lips cold, unanswering ;
 My loving words beat back on my own breath.
 One hope alone shall cheer my fainting spirit—
 The speedy coming of the Second Death !

One day is as a thousand years in His sight ;
A thousand years as one, brief, Summer day.
It well may be that one such hour of torture.
Shall purge a lifetime's earth desires away.

Then I shall merge my purified existence
Into bright visions, glorious, supreme.
The loved and lost shall gather close around me—
I shall create and dream them in my dream.

And I will dream no partings there, no sorrows,
(I shall be arbiter, creator, king),
No envy, malice, heartache, hate, ambition,
No sin nor shame, nor any wicked thing.

Rest shall be there. The moaning tossing ocean
Shall break no more its billows on the shore.
The laboring earth shall cease its fierce commotion,
And storm and quake shall rend and throe no more.

And peace, and truth, and hope shall brood in silence
Until a new and perfect earth I tread.
The nations shall not gnash their teeth in anguish,
Nor curse, nor murder, in their strife for bread.

Alas, the woes of life, its struggling, sinning,
Are earth-born, of the body's fierce desire.
Few, few have sinned for knowledge or for wisdom.
Soul sight grows clear at passion's funeral pyre.

And here the bitter struggle for existence
Strengthens each base and false thing in our hearts,
Which else had died ; but now in black luxuriance
Preys vampire-like upon our better parts.

Yet, while I dream, of wars and woes unconscious,
The struggle for the Right will still go on.
Lo, even now, faint-limned against the Orient
Appears the promise of the coming dawn.

Yea, champions shall rise ; and hairy Baptists,
 Shall cry out in life's wilderness of wrong.
 And Christs shall come ; Buddhas forego Nirvana ;
 And when I wake the time shall not seem long.

Nay, when *thou* wakest. I shall be forgotten
 When thou shalt "get thee coats of skin" again,
 And joy in life with all its glorious newness,
 Unconscious of my old life's grief or pain.

My spirit shall be thine—I know it fully—
 Whate'er this mortal body may betide.
 And yet, this brain that thinks, this heart so daring—
 They seem as kingly tools to cast aside.

Ah, well ! I merge my hopes and aspirations
 On thee ; and I will henceforth bring to thee
 The sacrifice of all my lower nature
 That thou may'st rise, unfettered, fearless, free.

Thine eyes shall see the glory and the triumph,
 Thy lips shall voice the pæans and the songs,
 When kingcraft, statecraft, priestcraft, all shall perish,
 And with them all their harpy brood of wrongs.

The petty aims of life, its vain ambitions,
 These are but toys that occupy its youth.
 Its manhood's strength shall find but one vocation—
 The earnest, ceaseless search for God and truth.

* * * * *

Sometimes these past lives all shall be remembered ?
 Nay, then, if thou shalt gain that sunny height,
 Look kindly back on this my feeble groping
 Through doubts and darkness towards the promised light.

Perhaps the one, supreme, initial effort,
 The choice between the evil and the good
 That made thee possible, is marked by footprints
 Where my thorn-torn and bleeding feet have stood.

Jerome A. Anderson.

BULWER LYTTON'S ZANONI.

"Surely of the making of books there is no end," and as one wanders through this mazy labyrinth of theories, both true and false, the thought of the ages builds itself into his imagination. In his mental structure there has grown, all unconsciously to himself, a mosaic composed of rare gems which time can but harden and polish. Mingled with diamonds of purest water are to be found worthless stones, which perchance have become dimmed as the years roll by. Light and darkness, truth and error, despair and faith, make the warp and woof of what we are. While the solemn requiem which man names "life and death" becomes the setting which purifies, rounds out and proportions our growing consciousness. A book is, or should be, an organism, into which the author breathes the essence of his being, and running through which there must gleam brightly the key-note of his life. If this note be in unison with divine harmony, the book becomes immortal through that unison. But if discordant with eternal harmony, the book has in its very organism that which makes its existence transitory, and limits more or less the sphere of its influence. In striking the key-note of a book one must not be unmindful of minor chords which are required to produce the harmony, while in the completed picture there must be both the sunshine and the shadow alike. In Bulwer Lytton's *Zanoni*, one may find the seven-stringed lyre which responds to the Song of Life, while deep and clear through all the melody he may hear the words "To be superior to the hour, live in thy self esteem. To be immortal, live in humanity." The minor chord which vibrates with and accentuates the key-note is the immortality of pure unselfish love. To be one with humanity, links man to the universal, while pure unselfish love is a step upon the golden stairway which leads to eternal harmony.

One has read Bulwer Lytton's *Zanoni* to little purpose who does not see in it an exposition of the "head and heart doctrine," which must ultimately lead him to the conviction that only pure and unselfish love for humanity "will lead the soul back to its first divinity and happiness." It matters little whether the love be for the individual or the race from one view-point, since to evolve the subtle essence which gives it power it must be unselfish, and ultimately include humanity. In "The Key to Theosophy," written by H. P. Blavatsky, we find :

"Pure, divine love is not merely the blossom of the human heart, but has its roots in eternity. Spiritual holy love is immortal, and Karma brings sooner or later all those who loved each other with such a spiritual affection to incarnate once more in the same family group. Again we say that love beyond the grave, illusion though you may call it, has a magic and divine potency which reacts on the living. A mother's ego filled with love for the imaginary children it sees near itself, living a life of happiness as real to it as when on earth—that love will always be felt by the children in the flesh. It will manifest in their dreams, and often in various events—in providential protection, and escapes, for love is a strong shield, and is not limited by space nor time."

As with this Devachanic mother, so with the rest of human relationships and attachments, save the purely selfish or material. The love which will dare all things hardly suggests the usual attraction between the sexes, or even those passing affections which are but emotions of the lower nature.

Bulwer is said to have been a Chela of some considerable attainment, and must have known from experience and observation much that he embodies in his writings. His "Vril-Ya" as a race was not all fiction to his prophetic glance, and "vril" no myth, as the near future may prove. "The Coming Race," in which the units are a law unto themselves must become a fact as man overcomes his selfish nature, seeing in every other unit a part of himself. Each one has gleaned from Zanoni that which appealed directly to him, while but few comparatively have caught the harmonious blending of its various chords, struck by a master hand, and heard by those who listen with the soul. Briefly stated, Zanoni is the younger of two survivors of an ancient Brotherhood. From his master, who is named Mejnaur, he had received such aid and instructions as enabled him to perpetuate his youth and defy death. With a peerless will, wonderful clairvoyant vision, with knowledge of and control over the elements, he became practically omniscient in his own soul-realm, since he could leave his body and traverse space at will. Nations might come upon the stage of time, pass their zenith, decline and be lost in the "flood of years," and he be left to tell the story. Even stars might wax and wane, while life for him pulsed without a break. To those who deny the possibility of such attainments we can but reply, "so the man blind from his birth may deny that there is light and color for those who can see." However such powers as are described for Zanoni are not the possession of the humanity of the present day except potentially. These two "survivors of the ages were types of two essences that are imperishable, art that enjoys, and science that contemplates." From the nature of Mejnaur, the elder of these sages,

every vestage of human sympathy had faded out, "he counted a thousand lives as nothing if one more might be added to their number," he hoping thereby to perpetuate the Brotherhood. Mejnaur existed in the realm of abstract truth entirely apart from its relation to humanity. When he gazed into the mysterious depths of a flower he only saw its uses ; Zanoni saw in addition to its use its beauty. While Mejnaur only saw in humanity an opportunity to swell the number of his Brotherhood, Zanoni saw a struggling race to which he gladly brought such comfort as he might. Mingling with the races as they rolled in upon the shores of time, he healed the sick, and brought relief to the afflicted. While to Mejnaur human governments came and went unnoted, to Zanoni they were of interest ; he watched their progress and decline, often directing forces which while they did not interfere with justice protected the innocent.

"Destiny" he says, "is less inexorable than it appears. The resources of the great Ruler of the Universe are not so scanty, or so stern, as to deny man the privilege of free will. All of us can carve our own way, and the law can make our very contradictions harmonize with its solemn purposes. The conduct of an individual can affect but a small circle beyond himself ; the permanent good or evil that works to others lies rather in the sentiment he can diffuse. These acts are limited and momentary, his sentiments may pervade the universe, and inspire generations for good or evil until the day of doom. Opinions may be neither criminal nor virtuous, but the manner in which they are maintained or combated may be."

Zanoni's Viola was the child of a "musician of great genius but not of popular reputation." In face and form she possessed a singular beauty which seemed born of the very spirit of music. She was as beautiful as a flower in which the sunbeams have crystallized into a revelation of form and color. Uneducated as the world goes, but rich in the virtues of the heart, she succeeded in bringing to the appreciation of the public the masterpiece of her father's life. It was at the critical moment when the tide seemed turning against her that Zanoni with a quick glance of sympathy gave her renewed courage, and held with his imperious will the swaying multitude until success crowned the effort of the child artist.

Viola and Zanoni may, or may not, have been karmically related in their past, but from that moment their life lines met—and do what he would either Karma, or an honor which was God-like in its methods, seemed to direct them into the same path. Again there welled up in the heart that had been stilled for ages the mighty power of love. But it was a love unsullied by passion, and devoid of every selfish impulse. A love he would put away

from himself in order to protect Viola from the fate he saw impending if she were to join hers with his own. But from some unknown past the karmic decree had gone forth which lead him up to this crisis in his existence. His hour had struck, the time had come; when he who was the witness of the ages must be again drawn into the vortex of struggling humanity. Who is to say that all of us may not have to retrace our steps from some imagined height to restore some broken link in our past, and that in so doing we may not round out a cycle in our existence which will leave us free to step upward into a more perfect life? When Zanoni became again immersed in the cares of common clay, his bright and peerless Adon-Ai, that glorious being—his Higher Ego—could no longer reveal himself to one who did not live in his purified atmosphere. Gradually the future which was wont to be clear to his illumined consciousness became clouded, while his anxiety for Viola made it impossible for him to protect her from dangers he did not foresee.

Glyndon is another important factor in the book under consideration. He was the descendant of one who in times gone by had trodden the path of adeptship up to the moment when he rashly attempted unaided to pass the thin barrier which separated him from his master, and paid the forfeit with his life. Glyndon, refusing the honor and happiness in store for him if he would marry Viola, chose to become the pupil of Mejnaur, the sage. His trial proved a signal failure and he counted one more victim in the path of the heartless theurgist, for when he proved faithless to his trust Mejnaur, with cruel words, left him to his fate, not however, until Glyndon had dared, contrary to his express command, to enter his private room where he inhaled a subtle elixir which renewed his youth, and at the same time opened his eyes to the "Dweller on the Threshold." To each one this dread presence is ever near, and he feels it most when striving spirit-ward. Fortunately but few can see this grim spectre—this creation of the ages. Doomed by his own rashness to his dire fate, Glyndon wandered to and fro, and became indirectly the cause of the death of a dearly loved sister. Later, Zanoni saved Glyndon's life, and wholly revealed to him the secret which already was dawning upon his mind, that his only safety and release from the Dweller was in a fearless and untiring effort towards a pure, unselfish, and holy life. Thus his deliverance came. Zanoni and Viola were married, and for a few short months dwelt in peace and seeming security. At the birth of

their child, after all human skill had failed and Viola's life hung on the event of the next moment, Zanoni called, and by his masterful will forced the "Dweller on the Threshold" to save her life, and thus reserved her for a more cruel fate, and at the same time sounded his own death knell. Gladly would Zanoni have lead Viola over the dangerous pathway he had journeyed; gladly would he have brought to her the power to defeat death, and become with himself a witness of the ages. This was not to be, "because in her soul all was love, without desire, craving, or attraction toward the purely intellectual, which has naught to do with the passion that is of earth, and the hope that goes direct to heaven." Thus it was that Viola came to fear for her child rather than for herself that which she could not understand in Zanoni. The love of the mother for the time overcame her faith in him, and she fled, hoping thereby to protect her child from some fancied danger. Zanoni left no means untried to trace her whereabouts, and when at last he knew that she was in prison and condemned to death, it seemed more than he could endure. In the agony of despair he called upon invisible powers. "The bondage of sense was rent away from the visual mind." He looked and saw—not the being he had called with its limbs of light and unutterably tranquil smile, not his familiar Adoni-ai, the son of glory and the Star—but the Evil Omen, the dark chimera, the implacable foe, with exultation and malice burning in its hell-lit eyes, the Dweller on the Threshold.

"Lo!" said its voice, "I am here once more. Thou hast robbed me of a meaner prey. Now exorcise thyself from my power! Thy life hath left thee to live in the heart of a daughter of the charnel and the worm. In that life I come to thee with my inexorable tread. Thou art returned to the Threshold—thou whose steps have trodden the verges of the Infinite! And as the goblin of its phantasy seizes on a child in the dark, mighty one, who wouldst conquer death, I seize on thee!"

Undaunted Zanoni replied:

"Back to thy thralldom, slave! If thou art come to the voice that called thee not, it is again not to command but to obey! Thou from whom I gained the boon of lives lovelier and dearer than my own—thou, I command thee, not by spell and charm, but by the force of a soul mightier than the malice of thy being, thou shalt serve me yet, and speak again the secret that can rescue the lives thou hast, by the permission of the Universal Master, permitted me to retain awhile in the temple of the clay!" Brighter and more devouringly burned the glare from those lurid eyes; more visible and colossal yet rose the dilating shape; a yet fiercer and more disdainful hate spoke in the voice that answered—"Didst thou think that my boon would be other than thy curse? Happy for thee hadst thou mourned over the death that comes by the gentle hand of nature; hadst thou never known how the name of mother consecrates the face of beauty, and never, bending over thy first-born, felt the imperishable sweetness of a father's love! They are saved, for what? the mother, for the death of

violence, and shame, the child, first and last of thy offspring, to live on a few days as a fungus in a burial vault ; then to die of cruelty, neglect, and famine."

Again Zanoni braves the dreadful presence :

"I tell thee no ! and again I compel thee, speak and answer to the lord who can command his slave. I know though my lore fail me, and the reeds on which I lean pierce my side, I know that yet it is written that the life of which I question can be saved from the heads-man. Thou wrappest her future in the darkness of the shadow, but thou canst not shape that future. Thou mayst fore-show the antidote, thou canst not affect the bane. From thee I wring the secret ; though it tortures thee to name it. I approach thee, I look dauntless in thine eyes. The soul that loves can dare all things. Shadow, I defy thee, and compel." The spectre waned and recoiled. Like a vapor that lessens as the sun pierces and pervades it, the form shrunk cowering and dwarfed in the dimmer distance and through the casement again rushed the stars. "Yes," said the voice, "Thou canst save her from the headsman ; for it is written, that sacrifice can save." And the shape again dilated into the gloom of its giant stature, "Thou canst save her life, if thou wilt sacrifice thine own ! Is it for this thou hast lived on through crumbling empires and countless generations of thy race ? At last shall death reclaim thee ? Wouldst thou save her—die for her ! Fall O stately column, over which stars yet informed may gleam—fall, that the herb at thy base may drink a few hours longer the sunlight and the dews of earth. Art thou ready for the sacrifice ? See the moon moves up through Heaven. Beautiful and wise one, wilt thou bid her smile to-morrow on thy headless clay ?" At this moment Zanoni's voice rang out, "Back fiend : for my soul in answering thee from depths where thou canst not hear it has regained its glory, and I hear the wings of Adon-Ai gliding through the air." That glorious presence spoke the word, the word which rings through space. With a low shriek of baffled rage the thing was gone, while through the room rushed luminous and sudden the presence of silvery light. As the heavenly visitor stood in the atmosphere of its own lustre and looked upon the face of the theurgist with an aspect of ineffable tenderness and love all space seemed lighted from his smile, all along through the blue air from that chamber in which the presence had halted to the farthest star in the azure distance it seemed as if the track of his flight were visible by a lengthened splendor in the air like a column of moonlight on the sea. Like the flower that diffuses perfume as the very breath of its life, so the emanation of that presence was joy. Over the world a million times swifter than light the son of Glory had sped his way to the side of love, his wings had scattered delight as the morning scatters dew. For that brief moment poverty had ceased to mourn, disease fled from its prey, and hope breathed a dream of Heaven into the darkness of despair. "Thou art right," said the melodious voice. "Thy courage has restored thy power. Once more in the haunts of earth thy soul charms me to thy side. Wiser now, in the moment when thou comprehendst death, than when thy unfettered spirit learned the solemn mystery of life ; the human affection that thrall'd and humbled thee awhile brings to thee in these last hours of thy mortality, the sublimest heritage of thy race, immortality." From his numbers and his kabala in his cell, amid the wrecks of Rome, Mejnaur, Zanoni's master, started and looked up, through the spirit he heard the voice of his distant friend addressing him, softly the words floated in upon his soul. "Fare-thee-well forever upon this earth, thy last companion forsakes thy side, thine age outlives the youth of all, and the final day shall find thee contemplating our tombs. I go of my own free-will into the land of darkness, but new suns and systems blaze around us from the grave. At last I recognize the true ordeal, the real victory. Mejnaur, cast down thy elixir of life, lay by thy load of years. Wherever thy soul can wander the eternal soul of all things protects it still."

Bravely and without regret Zanoni went to his fate—his final initiation—gladly laying down his life on the altar of love.

Viola did not survive the fatal moment and the child was left alone—yet not alone. The old priest who stood in the midst of the sorrowing group said, “See the child smiles, the fatherless are the care of God.”

In brief, this is the story which serves to enlighten the awakened, and to amuse the unawakened. Dull indeed must be the perception of one who does not comprehend the lesson, “To rise superior to the hour, live in thy self esteem; to become immortal, live in humanity.” Expand thy power to love until with this common bond the human race becomes thyself, and thou becomest on earth a type of those compassionate ones to whom even Nirvana offers no attraction so long as one weary pilgrim may be aided by their influence. Know, O grief bound traveler in this vale of tears, that death is but an interlude in the song of life; the gateway to another life on earth, each life, bringing its freight of joy and sorrow, and each death bringing rest to the weary, while death of self as separated from humanity assures life eternal. Surely, the mystery of life is as deep as that of death and over each the great Law reigns. To prolong one's life beyond its natural span for the purpose of delving into nature's secrets, compelling the powers of darkness to do his bidding, controlling forces that are unknown to the common herd, may satisfy the intellect, and one may live in his intellect until he becomes a mere abstraction. Wanting the bond which is of the heart, and which joins one to humanity, the time must come amid the crash of worlds, and waning of suns and systems, when the intellect will not save one who is wholly wedded to matter, and who holds no key to the Divine Life. “Real life is consciousness in spirit.” The first object of the Theosophical Society thus furnishes a safe and sure way that leads to the path of unity, and immortal life. All power is incidental to the spiritualized man. Natural evolution will in good time develop the mighty forces potential in him. In man's organism are all the Principles in nature. Every atom in his body is related to every other atom in the universe. The seven principles manifested in him are one with the universal principles of Cosmos. He is united with the suns and stars physically, and with divine life spiritually, hence all power is his potentially. His safety lies in the unselfish use of these powers. To deny these possibilities, would be like the blind man's denial of the light of the day. To live wisely in the knowledge of these facts, is to educate one's self into their diviner use. Zanoni's familiar, the glorious Adon-

ai, is his Higher Ego ; which, under a law little known and where circumstances are favorable, may assume a form. This higher principle of man must have a clear and unselfish nature into which it may reflect, thereby illuminating its lower self. Man's Higher Ego is a ray of Universal Mind, into which is absorbed the spiritual essence or aroma of his numberless personalities. This essence constitutes his individuality. As in his Higher Ego it stored the spiritual essence of his personalities, so in the individual "Dweller on the Threshold" is stored the essence of the evil of his past personalities. The first may, by its absorption through Buddhi, the sixth principle, into Atma, the seventh, become immortal. The second may be overcome and finally destroyed, if one refuses to nourish the monster he himself has created. Again, as each man's individuality is included in the collective individuality of the human race, the sum total of which is perfected humanity, so each man's personality is included in the collective personality of the human race. And the numberless Dwellers become in their collectivity the One Dweller, whose evil presence is everywhere, and against whom man must collectively strive for freedom. "The Dweller on the Threshold" is the store-house as it were, of the collective evil of the race. Zanoni, by appealing to this power of darkness to save his wife and child connected both them and himself with the evil of the day. In the same way one may by real prayer force a response which will prove disastrous in proportion to its selfishness.

The final destiny of man is his disentanglement from the limitation of matter, the realization of universal Brotherhood, and the gradual development thereby of the mighty powers inherent in his nature. The very inequalities which we are wont to deplore make possible the virtues which elevate humanity. If there were no pains to assuage, no agony to engage our sympathies, no ignorance to dispel, the sweeter virtues of the heart would find little use. Inequality seems to be included in the law of growth ; that which is the attainment of the few in one generation becomes diffused and general in the next. The law of physical, mental, and spiritual evolution requires advanced types to which the masses conform through the law of "Natural Selection." In the light of the fact of reincarnation, the law of the "survival of the fittest" is a merciful one, since the unfit in this earth life become the fittest in the next incarnation. The foregoing may have suggested the question : Did Zanoni fall

from a great spiritual height when he joined his fate to Viola's? It would seem that a literal interpretation of the story would reveal the fact that the height to which Zanoni had attained was apparent rather than real. It is not the intellectual perception of supersensuous truths, and the unfolding of supersensuous faculties alone which constitute greatness. There needs to be the development of a more interior faculty which may be interpreted as supersensuous feeling, and translated as love from which self is eliminated. It was not Zanoni's love alone that secured his immortality, but the absolute unselfishness which it engendered. This it was that lifted him above the plane of self and rounded out his nature. As Bulwer Lytton is said to have been a student of occultism, may we not be justified in an ideal interpretation of Zanoni in place of the more literal one? This creation is liable to distortion in two ways. First by its literal interpretation it would seem to lead to the discouragement of true and unselfish affection between man and woman. Love is not, and never should mean lust; neither does marriage mean legalized license or selfish abuse. Another interpretation and not an uncommon one with Theosophists is to make woman symbolize matter, and man, spirit. In the first manifestation of the Absolute, Primordial Substance and Universal Spirit are potential factors which become potencies in the manifested Universe. This potentiality is spoken of in some systems of thought as masculine and feminine; meaning the positive and negative forces which transform, and, in common language, create. In point of fact there is no such thing as creation, but there is a differentiation of the One Reality. That which man knows as creation is the orderly manifestation of thought in the Universal Mind. Primordial Substance and Universal Spirit are polar opposites of one eternal essence. On the material plane, they are known as matter and force; this force acting through matter as attraction and repulsion, concentric and eccentric; on the mental plane, as thought and feeling; and more interiorly, as reason and intuition, until the polar opposites again merge in one as conscious factors. Thus we see why Primordial Substance is spoken of as the feminine, or passive principle, and Universal Spirit as the masculine, or positive; this being true upon every plane of manifestation, while in the order of emanation the feminine is said to be more interior. In humanity, woman is not woman simply because of her motherhood, but by virtue of her more interior and intuitive nature,

nor is man only man because of his fatherhood, but rather because of his more exterior, intellectual or reasoning faculty. The Woman principle in humanity knows; the Man principle reasons. Woman symbolizes the Sixth Principle, Buddhi, the passive, knowing; man the Fifth, or Manas, the active, thinking. In the individual, the perfect blending of Manas, through Buddhi, into Atma, constitutes the mystic marriage of all ages, while fatherhood and motherhood are incidental to manifestation on the material plane. They are functions which give animal, not spiritual, life to humanity. The Fall of man was the gradual descent of the human race into the limitations of matter and the consequent obscuration of his spiritual nature. The redemption of man will be the gradual overcoming of this limitation, the experience of which constitutes man a conscious rather than an unconscious factor in the scheme of spiritual evolution. The Fall of man as to the purely physical function in the perpetuity of the race is the result of its abuse. And as man falls individually or collectively he drags woman with him, thereby degrading a purely physical function. Life in and of itself is pure, divine, but forced to manifest through organisms the functions of which are degraded through desire and passion to unholy uses, life takes on an evil aspect, albeit, the fall of both man and woman in the use of any physical function is due to an inherent weakness in each.

To idealize Bulwer Lyttons Zanoni, one must make reason subservient to intuition; the head to the heart. In so doing he will see the plot to be an expositor of the "head and heart doctrine," and lifting the whole from the personal to the impersonal plane, merging the individual in the race, one may realize "That to become superior to the hour he must live in his self esteem, while to become immortal he must live in the whole of humanity."

Sarah A. Harris, F. T. S.

If an offense come out of truth, better is it that the offense come than that the truth be concealed.—*Jefferson.*

CHANGE.

Adrift upon a shoreless waste of Time
 We downward look from summits where we climb,
 And from that Mount of Isolation cry :
 "Can this lone self be I?" Oh agony !
 We shudder and we shrink from the abyss
 That lies 'twixt that glad other life and this,
 Lest suddenly keen memory should rend
 The veil that shrouds the Past,— which like a friend,
 Stands guard between the midsun's piercing ray
 (Whose shadow falling, cools the burning way)
 Where too great radiance burst upon our gloom
 Would make us blind. From resurrection's tomb
 We call but faintly, for our strength is yet
 Too small to taint with longing and regret.

Rose Maynard David.

STUDIES IN ISIS UNVEILED.*

Madame Blavatsky is versatile. This her enemies had to acknowledge. Let those who doubt read her works. Her power of divination is extraordinary. She has read oceans and utilized every drop ; crystallizing it to its most radiant brilliancy, through which beam truth and wisdom. That which astonishes the reader of her works most is, the acute and penetrating spirit she manifests about the subject she treats, considering the faulty authorities she encounters. She errs sometimes. But who does not? *Errare humanum est*—to err is human. The student, sincere in his studies of the Wisdom Religion, appreciative of so grand a guide as Madame Blavatsky, will not sneer if he discover an error ; but will uncover his head, in reverence for the woman who has done so much to illumine the Path. He will, if able, correct the error ; but deferentially ; for those we love and reverence we cannot put to the blush. In this spirit I most humbly enter upon the discussion of two points which I have discovered need not so much of correction, as explanation.

* A lecture delivered at 320 Post st., San Francisco, April 22, 1892.

The first point is in supposing Paul to be identical with Simon Magus; and the second is in reference to the Immanuel, of Isaiah, and the *Almah*, his mother. Permit me to treat those subjects, *seriatim*. Paul was an initiate; this statement is quite correct, but he is not identical with Simon Magus. He is identical, however, with Elisha Ben Abuiah, whom the Rabbis called Achar after his conversion to Christianity. And this fact is of great importance to us, because if Paul and Achar are identical, the Madame's statement that Paul was a Kabalist is verified by no less an authority than the Talmud. Because Achar was Rabbi Akibah's companion, when they, together with Ben Azai and Ben Zoma, are reported to have entered Paradise. Ben Azai saw, and was insane; Ben Zoma saw, and died; Achar saw, and cut the scions; i. e. left the faith; Akibah went in and came out in peace. Rabbi Akibah was considered the greatest Kabalist of his time. A goodly share of Akibah's fame fell upon Achar, who became notorious for his apostasy because he had been recognized as one of the leading men of his time, and whose decisions were quoted even after he had left the fold. He as well as Rabbi Akibah were pupils of Gamaliel, a fact to which Paul alludes in saying that he sat at the feet of that famous teacher.

The existence of Achar, of the Talmud, and of Paul, of the New Testament, has never been doubted. Modern research has stopped at nothing; it has made the existence of Moses doubtful and that of Jesus uncertain, but the life and work of the Apostle to the Gentiles have remained quite untouched. Now, if we compare the latter with Achar, we arrive at the following conclusions: . . . Both passed under a fictitious name—Paul's proper name, according to Luke, was Saul. As the name of Achar is usually applied to anyone who has changed his character or name, Paul may certainly pass for that apostate Rabbi, mentioned in the Talmud. Both are learned Pharisees, Greek scholars, and pupils of Gamaliel. Neither of them attained the degree of "Doctor," and both are reported to have been converted in consequence of the death of an innocent man.* Both went to heaven—Achar, as related above, and Paul, as he reports in Corinthians (II—XII—I). He says: "I know that this man was caught up into paradise, and heard unspeakable words

* Paul, because of the death of Stephanus, and Acher, because of the death of Judah Hanathum.

which it is not possible for a man to utter. Of such a one will I glory, yet of myself will I not glory." Paul refers to his Higher Ego beyond a doubt, and though he means himself he does not mean his lower personality. Both agree as to the principles by which they were led to embrace, or rather formulate, a new creed. Peter knew nothing of a Son of God: he preached the "Messiah," but Paul overthrew the work of Jesus and his Apostles, all of whom were monotheistic Hebrews, and invented the creed of a Son of God; thus preaching a dualism. Precisely the same is reported of Achar. "He saw Metatron seated in front of Jehovah, writing down the merits of Israel." He believed in the existence of a dual being, and left the monotheistic faith. It is also reported of Achar—and this seems to me proof positive of the identity of Paul and Achar—that he corrupted the work of Jesus, whom the Rabbis called: "Otho ha Ish"—"that man." There is no person mentioned in the literature of the Rabbis or in the history of that day, who is anyway as near Paul as Achar.

I have done on this point; permit me to touch upon another, equally, if not more interesting. It is of importance because it touches the fundamental principles of Christological dogmatism. On page 119 of *Isis Unveiled*, Mme. Blavatsky accepts the theory that the Emmanuel of Isaiah is not the Christ and that *Almah* is a young woman of the Temple. But in a foot note she explains that Immanuel was the son of the prophet himself. This is not quite correct, and I beg leave to explain the matter. Mme. Blavatsky has done so much toward the solution of great problems, that everyone ought to try his best to clear every avenue of the slightest obstruction, just as she did. She has assisted in lifting up many by her cry: "Search, study and learn to know." There is no doubt, but that Christology has suffered by her expositions of Christianity. And by Christianity I mean that essence of truth which permeates all religions and is their foundation.

Some time ago, a Catholic priest, a dear friend of mine and an excellent Hebrew scholar, asked me for a definition of the Hebrew word *Almah*.

The remarks accompanying his letter were of a nature as to elicit the following introduction in answer to his query. I quote it, because it serves as an explanation of the question before us.

"Your query regarding the word *Almah*, in Isaiah, and your evident desire to make me take a Christological view of that oft discussed prophecy, embraces that too common mistake of commentators of applying dogmatism to the simplest form of grammar. Such applications have, in a great

measure, been the direct cause of race hatred and persecution. Hair-splitting theologians and sophists have kept the temper of the masses in constant fermentation for hundreds of centuries. One feels tempted to cry out: 'Oh, Bible; oh, Hebrew Grammar! how many crimes have been committed in your names!' Grammar is often twisted to suit theology, and most innocent or poetical expressions of the grand old Hebrew patriots and seers are made fundamental principles of dogmatic systems. The bloody pages in the world's history in general, and those of the Jews in special, give gruesome testimony of the many sacrifices humanity has brought to the altar of this terrible deity. Simple incidents in the history of Israel were elevated to articles of faith, and were baptized in the blood of the innocent, young and old. If the Jews sinned in that respect, they are excusable on the score that to them these very incidents constituted a memory sacred to the hearts of patriots; and in exile these memories were tearfully recalled and made holy by the very sadness of a glory, vanished, an independence gone and a happiness lost.

"In their sorrow they had but one consolation—the Bible. They studied this book as no other nation ever studied a book. They searched its pages as an astronomer the skies. They inquired of each other whether Jehovah's promises will come true. They waited and hoped; and, like a blade of grass in the hands of a learned botanist, each word, each letter, aye, even each iota, apparently held a meaning, a promise, a hope. And the book that their tear-bedimmed eyes read, was not the production of a day, a month or a year, but that of hundreds of centuries. It was begotten in sorrow, moistened with tears and kept intact all through persecution and suffering. Outsiders had no share in it; none but Hebrews could appreciate the shades of meaning underlying each word, each expression and each thought.

"When the Romans held sovereign sway over the world, the Jew was often called upon to defend his position and religion. He failed in defending the former, because the Roman legions and the martial skill of their generals made it a one-sided affair. But no Roman could ever boast of having suppressed and entirely extinguished the fire of Jehovah's religion. Frequently discussion took the place of the sword, but the attempt was futile. The Roman heathen, however, had taught his Christian successor a lesson in strategic diplomacy, if I might so express it. Christianity could assert itself only by destroying those who hoped and prayed for a Savior, a Savior resplendent in glory and majesty, who would restore the state and build the Temple.

"The 'Dreamer of Nazareth' was not the man to inspire a patriotic people. His sweet disposition, his divine temper, his mild and promising words, gained him a certain degree of enthusiasm from those who did not desire to fight, and whose effeminate natures caused them to love a corresponding character; the majority protested. Thus the fight went from heathenish to Christian Rome, and it became a Catholic Christian duty to prove the truth of the faith and the falsity of the Jewish assertion, namely: that Jesus was not begotten by the holy spirit in the womb of a—pure virgin; that the Bible does not contain any reference to him; that he was not the promised Savior, because the true Messiah had to concentrate Jehovah's glory in the city of Jerusalem; that God's chosen was not to die an ignominious death; and a multitude of other assertions.

"At first the Christian simply differed from the anti-Christian in doctrine, and was satisfied to express his opinion to that effect. Later on the Christian became the aggressor; he asserted his opinion authoritatively; he enforced his authority with the sword, the rack and the stake, until civilization forced him to adopt the polemical agency. It being hard to convince the Jews that Jesus could have made a square out of a triangle, they were naturally hard to convert. But when Christian reasoning, persuasion and the Inquisition failed in converting the Jews, some of the latter frequently embraced Christianity, led to it by carnal love, greed for gain or a desire to enjoy life and peace. The history of Spain is rich in illustrations of that kind. The Jews as a whole were ever loyal and true to their religion, the lofty principles underlying the same and to reason. Blind be-

lief never was an essential of Judaism, but reason and free thought—always. Occasionally Christians brought the philological battery into the field to prove that the grand old prophets, especially the Isaiahs, than whom there lived none greater in passion and force of divine eloquence, have believed in and foretold the 'Incarnated Logos,' the 'Conception,' and the virgin; who still remained such after having given birth to a Hebrew male child. To even ask, does science sustain such an assertion, would be treason to logic. Now for the sake of argument let us quote the words of Isaiah, which are the principal rampart of Christology. They are as follows: 'Therefore, the Lord, he shall give you a sign; behold the young woman—*ha almah*—shall conceive and bear a son and shall call his name Immanuel.' Please note the fact, that Isaiah uses the definite article—*ha almah*. Granted that Isaiah really meant that which to us seems an absurdity, the immaculate conception by a pure virgin, then why did he not use the word *bethulah*; this being the only expression for such a thought? *Bethulah* being a girl of unspotted virginity, absolutely pure. Every unbiased student knows that no Hebrew ever applied any other name to a pure virgin than *Bethulah*, much less Isaiah, the greatest of scholars and best of grammarians, whose prose had reached the very acme of perfection. The word *Bethulah* is so concise in its meaning that the Hebrews employed it when desiring to express the absolute chastity of any object. Thus, virgin soil is termed *Larqang bethulah*, which, translated into modern Hebrew, reads: *Larqang lo ubod*, a soil not worked. But regarding the word *Almah* we find no such conciseness. In fact wherever you find the word it is invariably associated with thoughts that bar it from a favorable comparison with the word which the prophet should have used, had he referred to Mary more than eight hundred years after his time. The proof is as follows: The word *almah* in the singular is found in the Bible four times, and several times in the plural form, and in nearly every case the word is used to denote the woman of passion without a shade of meaning as to her virginity, except in one case. I refer to Genesis xxiv., 23. Eliezer, in telling his adventure at the cistern, uses the word *ha-almah*. Now, this is not the word he had used before. As a matter of fact, he had used the word *na-arah*, and the latter like the Greek word *nearos* and *neanievma* signifies the hasty action of youth or of a giddy young girl. Of this *na-arah*, however, the text testifies that she was 'a———virgin, whom no man had known.' I can explain this only by the fact that the slave desired to contrast Rebecca with other woman in his address to Bethuel—it being a little flattery often used by Orientals. He says: 'My vow was thus: 'By this will I know that the Lord has blessed my journey,' etc. I will stay by the cistern and the woman that shall show her kindness by offering me drink at my request, and not even neglect to give a refreshing draught to the dumb beasts, she, be she whoever she may, is a fit companion for my young master, as a kind and charitable woman would be the nearest in virtue to the pious Sarah. Imagine my surprise, when, instead of a common *almah*, I find Rebecca, the virgin daughter of Bethuel, a near relative of my master. This diplomatic address captivates the family, and Eliezer's mission is a success. In Exodus, chapter ii., verse 8, the word *Almah* is found a second time, being applied to the sister of Moses, and does by no means imply that the woman was a pure virgin; she might have been married or seduced. The word *Bethulah*, however, would have settled that doubt. In *Proverbia* xxx., 19, the word is used plain enough for my purpose; it has reference to a woman that sins secretly and hides her shame. The word *almah* in that place being in direct relation with the words *elem*, to hide, and *atumim*, secret sins! The author of *Proverbia* says: 'There are three things which are wonderful to me, yea, four, which I know not: The way of an eagle in the heavens; the way of a serpent upon a rock; the way of a ship in the heart of the sea, and the way of a common man (*Geber*) with a maid (*be-almah*). Now, the objects, intentions and destination of the four things enumerated are quite plain: The eagle in the air is out for prey; so is the serpent upon the rock. The ship, though gliding along quietly, steers for a destined purpose and point, and lastly the man in his manhood

and strength of passion, who, like the eagle in the air and like the serpent upon the rock, is about a maid; for what other purpose is he there but to satisfy his passion? Continuing verse 20, the author says: 'For even thus is an adulterous woman—she eats (sinneeth) and, wiping her mouth, says: I have done nothing wrong.'

"In the *Canticum Canticorum* the word *almah* is used twice in the plural, and the references made are far from indicating unspotted virginity. The very fact that a woman lifted her eye in admiration of a man's charms, as is evident from verse 3, chapter 1, excludes her—according to Hebrew and Oriental ideas—from the category of the chaste and unspotted virgin.

"Nor can this be taken in a spiritual sense; it is the very plainest expression of a voluptuary individual, whom women love for his person and the fragrance of his perfumes. *Ibid*, chapter 6, verse 8, contains the following language. 'Sixty are queens and eighty are concubines, and maidens without number.' The word *alumoth* so close after concubine is to be taken in the sense of servants, chamber-maids, maids-in-waiting. No Hebrew ever applied any other distinction to a maidservant except that of *Qarqang*, property, and the question whether such a servant was a *bethulah* virgin or not was not even discussed, as they were the property of the owner, body and soul. It is in the Orient of to-day as it was thousands of years ago. And now, permit me to consider the word *almah* as rendered by the 'Seventy.' There the word is translated *hepartenos*. Now, some of the best Christologists object to the Greek rendition, because they claim, that *partenos* is not expressive of absolute chastity. And these Christians are certainly most desirous to have the 'miracle' and the prophecy in proper harmony. I do not agree with those critics.

"Madam Blavatsky correctly divined that *almah* is simply a 'young woman' and not of necessity a pure virgin, and she is borne out by the Greek version, as I shall prove to your satisfaction. The reason why I am inclined to think that the translators made no mistake is because they were Jews and knew the sentiment of their master, Isaiah, and also because they were fine Greek scholars, and used the best and most logical expression.

"Here is the proof: The Greek word *parten* in its developments does not mean unspotted virginity, nor, in fact, exclusively virgin. Some of the Greek writers like Xenophon, used this word in describing young women in general, and a youthful looking woman, whether virgin or not, was styled *partenopos*. Euripides writes of the sphinx; *partenon choras ainigma*. The word *partenotes* means to be like a virgin, or, as the German has it, 'Jungfrauenartig.'

"Every student of the Greek history knows that the worship of Venus Aphrodite was conducted by young priests and priestesses, and the most sanguine historian would not claim chastity for the so-called priestly virgins; still they partook of the proud title *partenos*. The *aulos partenion* of the feasts and the Temples went by that title also, yet I shall stand unchallenged when I say that while they were doubtlessly beautiful, they were by no means of unspotted virginity. If the translators had believed Isaiah to mean an unspotted virgin, with no after or side meaning, they would have rendered the word *almah* by either *he chore*, or—to emphasise the miracle would have expressed their opinion, as the Chaldaic translated by a compound word. Thus if *almah* meant an unspotted virgin, they would have said *he chore-agineia*. But as they offered no such translation, it is quite evident, they knew who was meant by the Hebrew term; since they were as incapable of uttering an absurdity, as their master, Isaiah.

"But who was meant by that term? I hear some one inquire. My answer is to the point; the wife of King Ahaz is meant by the word *almah*, and I am borne out by no less an authority than Prof. Graetz. This prophecy was addressed to King Ahaz and not to any one living eight centuries later. And the definite article employed by Isaiah as mentioned before, is the best proof that he spoke to a person of his own time.

"The question whether that prophecy was at all called for is answered by the fact that the Court of Ahaz was the most corrupt of those times. It could not have been worse. Isaiah, the seer, knew that the iniquities had reached a climax; the Hebrew, whose heart was permeated with Messianic

hopes, foretold a change. This change would have been unimportant if it had not been for the better. As the wife of Ahaz showed a more pious spirit than those about her, the keen intelligence of Isaiah speculates on the probability of her giving birth to a son, who would reform the state, purge the throne and re-instate the services of Jehovah's Temple. The pious individual who is to do these glorious things has Jehovah on his side, he is therefore styled 'Hizkiyahu' God is my strength or Immanuel, God is with us. It is due to the bold fancy of the Hebrew Seer that these matters are told with such precision. The Seer arraigns corruptions, and evil, and predicts purity and goodness; this is his mission. The public tribune in Rome, the censors and the critics, of our own time have had and still have the same mission and privilege. This explanation is far more reasonable than to make its application to the unnatural event supposed to have taken place at Bethlehem. The wonder to which the prophet refers, therefore, came to pass in his own time. Men learned to live happily and in the fear of Jehovah; for the Redeemer had come. How different was the time of Jesus. The country was torn by foreign elements; the storm that destroyed the city of Jerusalem and the Temple was fast approaching; fear and trembling had taken hold of every heart and the boldest grew faint. It is almost needless to reiterate that the prophecy if it is to be styled thus, was fulfilled long before Jesus was born. Incidents of that nature have happened so often in the history of Israel that I am astonished that Christians of to-day should use arguments based upon dogmas of such uncertain character. The adherents of mysticism have gathered all such incidents, conglomerating them into an impregnable wall of superstitious letter-worship. In this respect Christianity stands in co-relationship with some of the knurdled branches of Judaism. I am confident that time, reason and a higher appreciation of truth will lead us to the freedom of the soul, unfettered by dogmatic chains and one-sidedness. The main objects of our aspirations in life will be to love each other as fellow men and brothers. Christ is yet to come. That love of which the pious dream is as yet unrevealed. Hate envy and strife are the main articles of commerce, selfishness fosters the fire of discord and brute force encourages every effort.

"Verily, it is time the clarifying spirit of a new Christ made its appearance, who would harmonize the contending forces and fraternize mankind in spirit and truth."

I wrote the above after I had read Madam Blavatsky's books and now thank her for having suggested these thoughts. It is small wonder that the world is astonished at the tremendous strides Theosophy has made and is still making. With such guides in the wisdom religion as Madam Blavatsky and Col. Olcott we are bound to have light, and gain that which alone is worth having—knowledge.

G. A. Danziger, F. T. S.

LETTERS TO A STUDENT.

MY DEAR COMRADE.—I feel much sadness in your letter. We often fall into this because we have expected too much. We reach up higher in hope than we do in effort; then we fall, of course. Again, we forget how vast are the steps, how immeasurable the heights, and as we shall never know any end, as all life is a becoming, I ask myself if it would not be well to accept the

present becoming, the instant degree, and to only mount each step as it comes, without crushing the heart by considering the long flight, and fainting because all is not done at once. If you are living up to all the light you have, in every minute, you are doing all that an Adept can do, and this procedure will one day bring you to where he stands.

Chelas are warned that they cannot see their own progress and should not think of it. If they do Karma punishes. Let us then push calmly on, alike in storm and sun, to the light. I do not know anything about blue and red marks in my letter. Sometimes Z. sees my letters and makes useful notes in them—as he is privileged to do, I take it they were his.

Do not be discouraged. All our work is for the race and must tell. We can rise above all these personal clouds if we give our thoughts over to Ishwar and wait his next behest, welling up from within. We can only sow, like nature, a billion seeds everywhere. But ever above these clouds our true commanders are with us. They are working and waiting; we are never alone. May the Ineffable Presence shine upon you.

Faternally Yours, *Jasper Niemand.*

INDIAN LETTER.

Your correspondent has just returned after a three weeks absence; a fortnight at Cotacamond and a week at Bangalore.

The Nilgiri Hills are delightful. An altitude of 7000 or more feet is a guarantee for pure air, but there is something particularly invigorating and refreshing about the Coty climate. One enjoys warm sunshine during the day, and at night it is sufficiently chilly to make a wood fire appreciable. Speaking of wood recalls to my mind that the inhabitants owe very much to a fellow Theosophist of ours, Major-General Morgan for introducing from Australia the Blue-Gum (*Eucalyptus* tree). This tree fills the air with a delicious pincey smell and the large groves of it add very much to the beauty of the place.

The Colonel's cottage "Gulistan," which is, being interpreted, "Garden of Roses," is well situated and sufficiently secluded, to suit any Theosophist. Before him is a valley filled with trees and shrubs and his sitting-room window commands a magnificent panoramic view of the Mysore plains. Here he will.

have the quiet and surroundings necessary to enable him to write and carry out any other work he may have set his mind on. Knowing that a few words on the President's future surroundings would be read with interest, I have purposely referred at some length to Cotacamond.

Bertram Keightley at the time I write is at the Sacred Amritsar. He has just visited Lahore. His future programme includes Ludhiana, Dehra-Dem, Delhi, Ayra, etc.

Miss Miller has turned her face northward, having decided to spend the hot weather partly in Darjeeling and partly in in Cashmere.

Brother Dhammapala has had an audience granted to him by Prince Damrong of Liam. His Highness expressed his approval of the Buddha Gya Mission and the effort to recover this place, the most hallowed of all localities in the eyes of the Buddhists, but the propagation of Buddhist teachings seemed to him the first and foremost need. By-the-way, paragraphs in the newspapers say that the well-known author of an Epic Poem on Buddha and his life has announced his intention of coming to India, where he intends (1) To secure Buddha-Gya for the Buddhists, (2) To reconcile the Northern and Southern Churches!

It seemeth that some of our Western Scholars and Orientalists are not above allowing others to do all the hard work, and then stepping in and adding the last brick, they exclaim:—"See what I have built, this is all my doing." Far be it from me to mention names, but let me plead for—"Honor to whom honor is due."

In the course of my recent visit to Bangalore I made the acquaintance of Mr. H. Subba Row, a great friend of the late Pundit Bashya Charya, of the Adyar Library. The first mentioned is engaged in making translations of the works of some of our English Philosophers into Sanskrit for the benefit of Pundits who are unacquainted with English. A most useful and unselfish work and one that should help towards the intellectual union of the East and West and consequently forward the one great object of our Society.

Looking through the columns of the *Madras Mail* this morning I came on the following, copied from a West Coast paper:—"At about 8 P. M., on Saturday last, one Kutty Narayana Pothuval, while going through the Suspension Bridge, stood motionless at the foot of a large arayal tree and suddenly fell down senseless; extended at full length on the ground and expired in

a few minutes. The cause of death is attributed to a sudden shock or attack by an evil spirit which is supposed to make the banyan tree his abode." I give the story for what it is worth, let it be remembered, however, that obsession is common in India.

Brother Kotayya has just returned from his inspection tour in the Telugu Districts where he has met with considerable success. A happy expedient of his, the forming of societies of sympathizers with Theosophy who can ultimately be "worked up" into Theosophists seems to answer well.

Our vernacular translation work is progressing and the pamphlets already printed have been largely distributed.

Having to write letters to the *Path* and *Lucifer*, I must bring my remarks for this month to a conclusion.

S. V. E.

ADYAR, MADRAS, MARCH 17, 1892.

CRYSTALS.

The capacity of the individual is the capacity of the race. From center to circumference the race and the individual are one.

It is not the splendid temples of man's rearing, but the temples of pure hearts that are needed for the Brotherhood of Man.

It is that we are mortal, and not human that we err.

We are enabled to see other's virtues by seeing our own shortcomings.

We are the sum of our experience.

Believe in Self for it will lead thee aright.

Believe in man—what he shall attain is known only to the Infinite.

The thought is always greater than the expression.

The storm containeth fury, but the calm containeth power.

We worship at our own shrines only to see the fallacy of all things except the Permanent.

Illusion and sense are bridal veils wrought by the union of spirit and matter. Behold their symbols worn at the nuptial feasts of man.

Upon the mount of realization is the altar of sacrifice.

L. D. Bothwell.

MEMORIAL DAY.

The Anniversary of the departure of Madame H. P. Blavatsky was commemorated by a most impressive Memorial Meeting in San Francisco. The depth of the feeling inspired by the great Teacher was shown in the attendance of the members of the Society in numbers that no ordinary occasion could have called together. Mr. E. B. Rambo, in opening the meeting, spoke as follows:

"Every moment is a point in some cycle of time. This present moment in which we are gathered here marks such a cycle. To every sincere member of the Theosophical Society it is an important anniversary; the day marking the completion of a year since the departure of Madame H. P. Blavatsky from her work here. We may well cease for a time from all outward and material cares and turn our thoughts to her who was the servant of the Masters in bringing to our notice the science, philosophy and religion called Theosophy. Not that we need hallow one day more than another; not that we should idolize or defy any personality; not that we should make a saint of, or glorify anyone; but that, in the too busy rush of life, we should stop a moment, and review the lesson of her life work, and use that lesson for our advancement; and, through our labors, the advancement of all humanity. Her life was one constant toiling for others; a daily sacrifice of self for other selves, and a living of the philosophy and ethics she preached. For the Cause she served she gave up all—home, friends and wealth.

"Of and for herself she claimed nothing; all was for the message she brought, and at no time nor place was her own self or personality considered; she only demanding a hearing for the message she claimed to bear. She did not ask this hearing from anyone except he had 'ears to hear,' appealing ever to the reason of the hearer, and to his acceptance of Theosophy, should it stand the test of the most critical investigation. Constantly reiterating the caution that her zealous pupils must not be dogmatic; that all men have their individual right to any religious belief, she was the exception to all modern teachers. In our earnestness for the spread of Theosophy, we may well remember her charge against dogmatism and her kindness towards all.

"No two lives are the same; Karma has not placed us in the same environments; nor can we make our lives the *fac-simile* of another's. But we may well consider the example of others, and of none more than that of Madame H. P. Blavatsky. Without regret for the past, we can strive for the future to imitate her in as great a degree as we may; obeying her teachings, not because of any authority she personally conferred, but because she was a faithful and truthful teacher, and gave to us wisdom which if followed will make for our own and humanity's advancement.

"We should consider her character and work and revere her memory from gratitude. Each one of us owes her a debt of gratitude for her work for us; for the greater harmony there may be in our lives by reason of the new life we live, with the song of Reincarnation and the explanation of Karma, and ingratitude should be no part of our character.

"We told in the 'Voice of Silence' that 'Compassion is no attribute. It is the law of laws; eternal harmony; Alaya's self; a shoreless universal essence; the light of everlasting Right; and fitness of all things; the law of love eternal. As we have been the recipients of this compassion from her, our gratitude will lead us to think of how it may be repaid, and her life and words at once suggest that this can only be by compassion; this high and pure love on our part towards our brethren of every race and kindred. This gratitude on our part contemplating the divine

compassion we have received from those who have trod the Path before us, will lead us to begin the climbing towards the Temple of Wisdom, and by the way she pointed out :

"A CLEAN LIFE ; AN OPEN MIND ; A PURE HEART ; AN EAGER INTELLECT ; AN UNVEILED SPIRITUAL PERCEPTION ; A BROTHERLINESS FOR ALL ; A READINESS TO GIVE AND RECEIVE ADVICE AND INSTRUCTION ; A COURAGEOUS ENDURANCE OF PERSONAL INJUSTICE ; A BRAVE DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES ; A VALIANT DEFENCE OF THOSE WHO ARE UNJUSTLY ATTACKED AND A CONSTANT EYE TO THE IDEAL OF HUMAN PROGRESSION AND PERFECTION WHICH THE SACRED SCIENCE DEPICTS—THESE ARE THE GOLDEN STAIRS UP THE STEPS OF WHICH THE LEARNER MAY CLIMB TO THE TEMPLE OF DIVINE WISDOM.

"These would be her words if she could be with us to-day ; let us make the day the occasion of remembering them, and of making them more truly a part of our life and struggle.

"The living have a greater part in the dead than the dead have in the living."

This was followed by the reading of the 12th chapter of the Bhagavat-Gita, by Dr. Jerome A. Anderson. Mrs. V. M. Beane then read selections from the "Light of Asia," this and the chapter from the Bhagavat-Gita being in accordance with the request expressed in Madame Blavatsky's last Will and Testament.

There followed then a series of short addresses from various members of the Society, of which we subjoin extracts from a few, as showing the spirit which pervades her pupils, upon the Coast.

Dr. Cook of Sacramento, said :

"I cannot find language to express my admiration and reverence for her whose departure we commemorate to-day. When I say that I feel more gratitude towards her than to anyone else on earth, I only say that which I feel exists in the heart of every person present."

Among other remarks, Mr. F. Neubauer said :

"It is often claimed that there is a tendency to idolatrise the Teacher, in honor of whom this anniversary meeting is held. Yet this occasion is not one of idolatry, but rather to keep green the memory of H. P. Blavatsky just as Americans honor that of George Washington. It is in this spirit that we meet. It is also an occasion and opportunity—this public memorial meeting—to refute by our presence and action here to-day those utterances and writings wherein her character has been represented in a false light, for this is the best and most fitting testimonial of our belief in the absolute purity of her character and the sacredness of her high mission. I do not regard it as an occasion for grief but rather for a serious contemplation of her life ; to admire her tireless work for humanity, and thus to show our gratitude and appreciation for the noble soul who gave us the truths embodied in Theosophy."

Mr. W. J. Walters then briefly addressed the meeting as follows :

"Helene Petrovna Blavatsky ! Thy name grows dearer to every soul in the Theosophical Society ; dearer to every true lover of humanity, of whatever clime or country. As one of the Founders of the Theosophical Society, we honor thee, as we believe thou wast the chosen of the Masters, we revere and love thee !

"It is but a year since we met in this room to hear the message that our Teacher had departed. Many were the pledges then made ; how well we have redeemed them, let each individual answer from his own heart.

The crisis attending that departure has been met. We have every reason to feel encouraged. . . . I know of no better way to observe this occasion than to renew our vows to altruistic labor ; to mutually strengthen our resolutions to never cease our work for the advancement of humanity."

Mr. G. P. Williams, in the course of his address remarked :

"To me the most significant thing about the life and character of H. P. Blavatsky is her apparent lack of greatness. I believe that when the hour strikes the man is there. At this hour of the world's need, had it been searched through there could not have been found a more suitable individual for the work that needed to be done than appeared in the person of Madame H. P. Blavatsky. For a part of the world's necessity was to break away from old ruts and creeds ; to cease depending upon some external influence or power for redemption, but for each individual to understand that he must become in truth that which nature intended, his own saviour. . . . It was fitting, therefore, that this great revolution should be the work of a woman. It prevented the thought of the world from being directed towards the person rather than towards the ideas advanced. . . . One has to make a close study of H. P. Blavatsky to discover her true greatness. It is only after he has realized the grandeur and significance of the philosophy she taught that he discerns the fact that the Messenger was also worthy of her Message. But her work is accomplished. Therefore, we do not sorrow, but only commemorate the time when this Great Soul passed away from her struggling."

The following resolutions were then introduced by Mr. G. P. Keeney, and unanimously adopted by a standing vote.

Resolved : That we do now, upon this the anniversary of our beloved Teacher's departure, renew our pledges of unswerving loyalty to the Society of which she was a Founder, and to the cause which she served—the elevation and purification of humanity.

Resolved : That we view with reverential satisfaction the evident fact that although she herself is no longer with us in the body, the spirit of self-sacrifice and altruistic love she bequeathed us as our heritage has kept Society true to the purpose for which it was organized.

Resolved : That we will earnestly strive to erect the only memorial fitting to express our love, reverence and gratitude, in a harmonious, unified and altruistic Society, which shall be in truth that for which she labored, a "Nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood."

Throughout all the meeting the proceedings were pleasantly varied by appropriate music by Mrs. L. P. McCarty.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES REVIEWED.

THE BUDDHIST LOVER*.

This gracefully-written novel has reached a second edition, which proves that it is appreciated by the lovers of the occult. While its incident and thought are mainly theosophic, still the "Hall of Learning" is portrayed in all to alluring colors for the safety of any would-be neophyte. The "serpent coiled under every flower" is quite lost sight of in descriptions of psychic phenomena which could only result from "powers" as rare almost as adeptship. Had the authoress portrayed the blight of both

* The Buddhist Lover. Mrs. Robert Hosea. Robert Clark & Co., Cincinnati.

morals and physique which attend upon those who develop only the psychic powers to the neglect of the spiritual, the book would have been more useful. Had she also have insisted that "this Hall [Psychic Powers] is dangerous in its perfidious beauty, is but needed for thy probation," fewer of her readers would be tempted to seek its perfidious beauty as unprepared as Western minds necessarily are. But the book does show the superiority of the Buddhist faith over its Christian compeer in both morals and philosophy, so that it has a mission, which it undoubtedly fills ably.—J. A. A.

RHEA*.

While not an occult novel in any sense, this work presents such strong and faithful character painting that it deserves review in these columns. The story is very simple—a "suggestion," its author modestly terms it—and deals with the purest, most spiritual type of womanhood, Rhea, in contrast with the highest type of intellectual manhood, Boothby. The latter deliberately spends a summer in trying to win Rhea to a dishonorable love, while she, utterly unsuspecting his motive, is protected from evil by her innate purity of soul. The book is a new painting of the old theme of the failure of human character, the downfall of human morals which has only intellectuality as its foundation. It is the contrast of the "Doctrine of the Eye and the Doctrine of the Heart," of the Buddha, and, indeed, eons older than he. Boothby as a Californian "free lance" is wonderfully well drawn, but his code of morals may be matched in any hamlet, the world over, I fear. Nor is ultimate repentance and regeneration ordinarily so easily accomplished as has been done in the case of Boothby by the kindly-motived author in the concluding pages. The incident is good, the action easy, and the situation often highly dramatic—especially the death of Rhea. One can see the pallid form and hear the solemn invocation of the priest as realistically as in anything drawn in fiction. The book is well worth a perusal by those who wish a faithful portraiture of certain types in human nature.—J. A. A.

THE QUEENS†.

"Where there is light, there will the shadow be also," is well exemplified in this book. In it, it is claimed that a certain Occult Brotherhood have discovered that Shakespeare has reincarnated; with all his glorious faculties benumbed, but which they, by processes known only to themselves, have succeeded in freeing, so that the immortal bard has picked up the broken thread of his existence and resumed his writings. With all their erudition, stored wisdom and "ancient MSS," this "brotherhood" have apparently had access to none of the numerous sources by which they might have obtained a conception of the true nature of Reincarnation. The view they apparently have stumbled into is that the personality reincarnates, and needs to be waked up, like one stupefied by a long trance. A child in occultism knows better, and were it not for a really plausibly written preface, the whole might be set down as a huge joke; an effort to see just how far people may be "gulled"—a thing to which Chicago is rather prone. The preface is really well written; far better than the body of the work, assigned to "Willum," but the writer has yet to learn to realize the difference between the impermanent, intellectual man who does not reincarnate, and the permanent, spiritual one, who does. The merit of the tragedy, upon which the claim of the reincarnation of Shakespeare is solely rested is quite below par. A hundred Chicago newspaper hacks could "cram" a week in English history and do it better.—J. A. A.

* Rhea, a suggestion. Pascal Germain. Published by Spencer Blackett, 35 St. Bride street, London.

† The Queens. Being passages from lives of Elizabeth, Queen of England, and Mary, Queen of Scots.

EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

With this issue of THE NEW CALIFORNIAN the present editor ceases his connection with it in that capacity. It will begin its second year under the editorial and business management of Miss LOUISE A. OFF, of Los Angeles, Cal. The writer regrets to have been compelled by ill health, almost wholly due to overwork, to abandon his post. Yet in the hands of Miss OFF there is no fear that the magazine will fail in its chosen line of labor—to teach the primary yet fundamental truths of Theosophy and promote the practical realisation of Universal Brotherhood. Within the Society, Miss OFF needs no introduction; to others, it is enough to state that she is one of the very oldest Theosophists upon the Coast; an able writer, and an earnest worker in the cause of Humanity. She will have the fraternal support of all Theosophists upon the Coast and elsewhere, and the active help of the small but faithful band of writers, who have given the magazine the reputation it has earned. Especially will she have the choice of any or all the papers upon theosophic subjects which the writer, in his capacity of lecturer and teacher is continuously compelled to prepare.

The magazine will be issued from Los Angeles, California, instead of San Francisco. Will writers, renewing and new subscribers, and exchanges please note the new address? It is; Miss LOUISE A. OFF, Station F., Los Angeles, Cal. Or NEW CALIFORNIAN, same address.

NOTES AND NEWS.

Dr. GRIFFITHS still keeps up his active missionary work. April the 19th, he lectured at Riverside, upon "Theosophy, Karma and Reincarnation." *Riverside Press, Enterprise and Phoenix* gave full reports, over four columns in all. April 24th and 26th, lectured at San Bernardino. Subjects, "Theosophy, Adepts and Cycles," and "Karma and Reincarnation." Nearly five columns of excellent reports in the San Bernardino papers. April 25th, lectured at Colton, subject, "Karma and Reincarnation." Good press reports, as usual, and a public invitation by the *News* to again visit Colton. April 27th, lectured at Redlands, subject, "Theosophy and the Theosophical Society;" May 3d., at Ventura, "Theosophy, Adepts and Cycles;" 5th, same place, "Karma and Reincarnation." Seven columns of splendid press reports. 9th and 11th, lectured at Santa Barbara, "Theosophy, Adepts and Cycles," and "Karma and Reincarnation." Six columns of correct reports. At San Luis Obispo no hall could be had, but the papers accepted 2½ columns of theosophic matter. 22d., lectured in San Francisco upon "The Mystery of Man," and in Oakland 29th, subject, "The Septenary Nature of Man."

The Los Angeles *Herald* requested an article from Dr. Griffiths upon Theosophy which appeared in its issue of May 8th, and contained over two columns of matter. A number of articles were also accepted by papers at towns not visited by the Lecturer. Both press and public received him very cordially, for which he expresses the warmest appreciation. The Doctor leaves for Victoria and the Sound June 3d, and will return to San Francisco in time for the Third *ad interim* Convention of the Society, which convenes at this place, Sep. 3d and 4th.