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THE SEER AND CELESTIAL REFORMER.

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INTRODUCTORY.

It is to the "British and Foreign Society of Occultists" that we dedicate this our little monthly. As it is to the liberality of this grand Brotherhood that our paper owes its existence, it may be briefly stated that the object and aim of this Order is, "Peace on earth and good will towards men, and Glory to God in the Highest." The teachings of this fraternity are of two kinds: Esoteric or secret, and Exoteric or what is for publicity. Hence the principles advocated in this paper may be looked upon, in the main, as the principles of the above Society-

The size of our paper will contrast but poorly with those bulkier penny journals which are issued weekly and monthly by wealthy and enterprising publishers, nevertheless, we indulge ourselves with a hope that we may be able to compensate in quality for what now appears lacking in quantity. In the meantime, we promise a larger edition when subscribers will put us in a position to do so. We have much to bring before our readers which we think cannot fail to be interesting, and in many cases instructive, to a very numerous class. As there are in the present day tens of thousands of thoughtful persons, whose highest pleasures are derived from assurances of the great beyond.

All religions, and every creed, recognizes the being of a God, the immortality of the soul, and a future state. These are also our basic truths, as these contain all the material we shall ever require for present speculation, and for future elaboration. It is not our intention to make or meddle with the conscientious

beliefs of any man or sect of men; but simply give to the world what we may have to impart, leaving results in His hands, to Whom we are accountable.

Instead, therefore, of finding fault with this or that creed or dogmas, let it rather be our endeavour to prove the superiority of our own creed by living better and more useful lives, as such would be more to the point than useless displays of literary dexterity in hair-splitting; for that is the good tree which brings good fruit, and it is by the fruit the tree is known. "For it is not everyone that saith, Lord, Lord, that shall enter into the reward; but he that doeth the will of the Father."

THE ETERNITY AND UNIVERSALITY OF IDEAS.

THERE is not an idea, however new its claim, but what antedates its supposed birth. For what is universal must be eternal, and *vice versa*. At least, so far as our powers of comprehension carry us. But the universality of ideas does not imply that such have existed from eternity in their present developed condition. Not at least such as we may now find them in their materialized forms, clothed in the words, works, and deeds of mankind. An idea is a power, but not before it be formed and verified by something greater than itself. This something lies deep down in that nature called human. This something is a divinity. This divinity extracts, it modifies, it manipulates. Yes, and what is greater still, this divinity creates. Thus it is that originally all ideas are developed from those mysterious depths, depths that have hitherto been unfathomed, and will prove unfathomable for ever. And it is out of these depths that ideas have been projected in materialized forms, partaking of all the shapes which accost our outer senses. When a man has conceived a new idea, it is

to him a new creation, but unless the same becomes materialized, taking upon itself some familiar form, such as a book, some mechanical contrivance, or some work of art, it has no existence to anyone else save to its possessor, but as soon as it appears in material mould it becomes a recognized reality to all; although it was as real in its ideal form as in its new garb. Yes, and a thousand times more so, for the material form, however perfect, is nevertheless doomed to change and destruction, but the idea lives on, and on, through eternal ages. For to invest an idea with material form is but the work of the human brain, but the completeness of an idea is something greater and far more sublime,

IDEAS LATENTLY CONSIDERED.

As before hinted, we do not suppose that ideas of all and every thing were perfected as we now find them, from eternity, but simply this: that such existed from eternity within the dominion of the possible. To illustrate this we will refer the reader to that most active element known as fire. Every substance contains fire, hence we say, fire is universal. Yet fire, as a universal element, in its latent state, is not like unto fire such as we utilize for household purposes. Fire before development exists latently; but after development it exists actively. Before development it existed as a possibility, hence, we being conscious of this, may venture to say, that it is possible to extract fire from the rock, by striking the rock with a substance as hard, or even harder, than itself. In the same way water, which is a less active substance than fire, may be evolved by the combination of certain gasses in right proportions. But if we were to seek for the water in any *one* of these gasses apart from the other, we should not find it. Again, salt may easily be developed by combining a strong acid with an alkali. Yet salt could not be found in the acid or alkali apart from each other. Thus, to develop fire, there must be something outside and apart from the rock, and this must come in contact with the rock in order to induce the development of fire.

It is even so with ideas before their evolution into symmetrical entities, and thus forming the food and sustenance of immortal beings, they then simply existed latently, or in the domain of the possible. Hence it is we are brought to the conclusion, that however great the ideal, there is something yet greater, and which exists above, below and beyond all and everything coming within the category of the ideal. This which antedates the ideal comprehends the whole, yet is Himself incomprehensible. This grand, this August Being, concerning Whom the sons of men prattle so irreverently, is omniscient to know every-

thing, omnipresent to see everything, and omnipotent to do everything. This Being is the source and centre of the ideal. He is the everlasting home of the ideal, by Whose mandate ideas leap into eternal forms, and, again, when their outer mission is fulfilled, they return to Him.

He is the absolute *One*, who is the Alpha and Omega of all and everything. But we finite beings must deal with what we may to some extent be in a position to understand; we must therefore come nearer home to note in the next place

THE BIRTH OF IDEAS.

To understand this matter, let us ask ourselves the following question: How did my mind become possessed with a certain idea? Some of these are traceable to books we may have read, or to something we may otherwise have seen or heard, or in some way been brought into contact with things under such and such circumstances. We know there is a class of philosophers who would have us believe that all our ideas are derived through the use of the five senses acting upon external nature, or *vice versa*. Such teachings are in keeping with that creed which would limit our term of existence to the present life. But such will scarcely harmonize with the conviction of those who look for a continuation of life and consciousness, under conditions far more favourable than the present. For if all depends upon the use of our five senses, what becomes of that little infant of only a few days old, or even of that little one who only opened its little eyes, then closed them for ever? How is that little soul to become possessed with those ideas with which our immortal homes are to be furnished, and which are in fact the food of the soul? The senses of the babe were of no use so far as we can see; they did not serve him any more than if they never existed. Hence, if the babe lives the life immortal—which we know full well it does—that life must be a life of love; and this cannot be without the ideal. But, as we before remarked, that in order to develop fire from the rock there must be friction, even so before an idea can be generated by us, its possessor must have come in contact with some other entity. For there is always something besides the *me*. Such we are conscious of, and it would be a species of insanity for us to argue to the contrary. For I cannot be conscious of myself without at the same time thinking of something that is not myself. On this outer plan of existence we come in contact with verdant mountains, flowery plains, crystal streams, and gigantic forests. But we never identify ourselves with these objects. We ever look upon ourselves as being apart from these. "I am not that thing I now

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see or contemplate." Thus it is we are capable of contrasting ourselves with other beings. But what is it that thus contrasts? It is not these eyes that are said to see, it is not this brain which is said to think. It is the *I*, it is the immortal *me*, that makes these comparisons; and as this *I*, this *me*, which, after all is even now beyond the ken of fleshly eyes, can now do such things, may not this same Ego be able to come into contact with mountains, hills, rocks, rivers, and plains, without the exercise of the five senses? Yes, verily, we know that they do, from the fact that some can see independently of the eye of flesh, some can hear without the use of the outer acoustics, some can write and talk upon subjects which their brain had never been familiarized with—and such cases are not few or far between. We therefore consider the one great fact our sheet anchor, and capable of saving us from drifting upon the rocks which abound in that ocean which each of us is embarked upon. We have at this time ideas which nothing in this world is capable of imparting. Yes, all of us, as spiritual entities, are daily and hourly coming in contact with other entities, besides those old familiar scenes, and those old familiar faces. In the hours of sleep, when all is still, and nature shuts us in from the busy scenes of outer life, we, the immortal *me*, is even there in the fulness of activity, mingling with its kindred. The man who denies the immortality of himself and his race, does this. The man who, when awake, will say, there is no future, yet, when asleep, his scepticism sleeps with his poor brain, he is then awake to see the stern realities of the spirit world. His spirit comes in contact with spirit as his material organs come in contact with the material universe.

We must conclude our subject for the present, but will resume it in our next.

THE SILENT REFORMATION.

THIS is a noisy world; our locomotives, in their hourly transits along their iron roads, are attended with their own peculiar, but now familiar, noises. Our large manufacturing establishments are vibrated with their monstrous din; our streets and thoroughfares give forth their daily tribute of noises; the animal creation make their accustomed noises, either as being the result of emptiness and hunger, or of fulness and joy. Mankind partaking of much more of the animal than the angel (at least in his undeveloped state), is not far behind the brute creation in making noises. Hence mankind have got it into their heads that noise of some sort or other is essential to progress, and that to be social or civilized is to be noisy.

If man were but a machine, or even an animal,

noise would be consistent and in keeping, but looking upon him as a spiritual being, in the light of an ever opening eternity, noise is inconsistent. To see this matter in its true light, we propose to ourselves the following question: Can materialistic noises do anything likely to advance or elevate the true man who is immortal? We do not in this place pour contempt upon those rational agencies now in use, by which the mind is improved and the soul enlightened. The pulpit, the platform, and the press, are daily and weekly sowing precious seed, the increase of which will afford a very long reaping-day. But the question is, are we right in attributing all the good supposed to be due to these outward agencies? and is it to such that we are to look for the dawn of that day: the restitution of all things? Do we not form too high an estimate of these outer instrumentalities? We are not, it is true, in a position to dispense with these agencies altogether; yet, what we desire to point out is, that there is something more powerful than all the outward eloquence of the pulpit, the platform, or even the instructive and educational tendencies of the press. Ministers of the Gospel tell us that it is by the rather complicated machineries of an ecclesiastical character that the world is to be reformed. The politician, that it is by the passing of good measures in parliament, or congress, the world is to be put right. Yes, and some are so far deluded as to suppose that red-handed murders will do the deed. But we consider that ecclesiasticism has tried its hand for a term of years, to convince the most sanguine advocate of that order that such is a hopeless experiment. The politician and the social reformer in like manner have experimented sufficiently as to make the rather gloomy discovery, that the power put forth is inadequate to the amount of work to be realized. As for those who seek to terrorise mankind by the use of life-destructive agencies, these are most decidedly unworthy of the name of men, much less that of reformers. As reformation is not destruction, you are not supposed to kill a man in order to make him better. But, listen to this, ye who put your trust in outward agencies, and who delight in pomp and outward show: "The kingdom of heaven is within you." This is a recognized fact throughout Christendom, that this kingdom of heaven, as the principles of heaven, is *now within*. No man or angel put it there, nor is it in the power of man, devil, or angel, to take it from there. But this glorious image is covered with what now darken our prospects in time and eternity. What we want is the removal of the stone from the door of the sepulchre, and a Lazarus will come forth. The covering must be removed before we can see the

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"king in his beauty," "and the land, that *now* appears so far off." Listen again to this, all ye who delight in noise and clamour: "He shall not strive or cry, neither shall he lift up his voice in the street," &c. This prophecy had its exponent and fulfiller in Jesus the Christ, who, very unlike the men of his day—more especially the Pharisees, also the formalists of this day, between whom and Jesus there is a wide disparity, He never did anything to attract attention, nor did he ever evince a desire for a transient popularity. When he did a good deed it was often accompanied with this injunction: "See thou tell no man." Well, then, such being the case in the life of this matchless one, we are led to conclude that there are other forces besides the recognized institutions of men, from whose divine and secret operations we are to look for the great reformation and the restitution of all things. Now the agencies of all agencies are the spiritual, and these are not noisy. These sublime influences do not resemble the earthquake, the thunder, the tornado, but rather the small, still voice. Look at those countless objects of life which constitute the vegetable kingdom; those millions grow without any noise. When there is any noise in nature, there is disintegration; such a noise is, in fact, but the knell of some portion of matter going to destruction, such noise is the knell of departing life on a large scale. But such is not the case with life and growth: this grand work goes on in silence.

[To be continued.]

Sketches of Great Musicians. No. 1. HANDEL.

Born Feb. 23rd., 1685. Died April 13th., 1759.

GREAT contrapuntists are not always composers of the highest order, though it would not be difficult to disprove the converse of the proposition. Counterpoint is to music what scholarship is to literature. Valuable, nay, indispensable as it is, it will no more make a tone-poet than purity of diction will make a dramatist. The secret of Handel's true greatness is revealed in the dignity of his conceptions, the colossal scale of the grand choral structures, the accuracy of his delineations of character, feeling, passion, and expression of every kind. The laws of counterpoint are the dry bones unto which genius breathes a living spirit. And it is precisely because Handel infused the spirit of his genius into his works so perfectly constructed: his learning was so great, and his feeling so intense; because he dreamed such glorious dreams, and translated them into the purest language of art, that his music, after a lapse of 130 years, strikes us as *less* "old-fashioned" than many compositions written no more than 20 years ago.

The celerity with which he wrote some of his greatest works has led to the inference that he wrote, as did Schubert, under immediate influence of inspiration, and it is difficult to examine his MSS. carefully without coming to the conclusion that they were *generally*, if not always so composed.

W. A. MOZART.

A STRANGE DREAM.

THE following we have received from a lady, and bears upon that wonderful meteoric display in South Wales, a report of which appeared in the *Times* and several other papers some months back:—

"Some few months ago I had a dream which was most vivid. I saw standing the form of an angel, and holding in his hand a large glass ball; he threw the ball to the earth, and then a second ball was thrown, broken into thousands of pieces. The next day in the newspapers appeared the startling phenomena in South Wales respecting the two balls of fire that struck the earth. It was described exactly as my dream appeared to me.

"L. I. G."

NOT DEAD.

AMONG some extracts from the Princess Alice's letters in the *Fire Side News* I find the enclosed which I think may interest your readers:—

"One of the Princess' little children was killed by falling from a window, and the Brother, his little companion, missed him sadly and was very lonely, he came to his Mamma one morning and said to her 'I had a beautiful dream; shall I tell you? I dreamed I was dead and gone to Heaven, and then I asked God to let me have Frittie again, and he came to me and took my hand, you were in bed and saw a great light and were so frightened, and I said 'It is Ernie and Frittie,' you were so astonished. The next night Frittie and I went with a great light to sisters."

E. J.

NOTICE.

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