

GIFT
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Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

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THE NEW YEAR.

A new year, perhaps destined to be the greatest in the history of the human race, has opened stormily. Fourteen nations are at war, and the momentary indications of a possible peace have melted away before the prospect of an even more implacable struggle. And even among the peoples who are nominally at peace there seems to be an accentuation of class rivalries and of the antagonisms of communal life that are even more baleful than the actual hostilities of the battlefield.

None the less there is no cause for discouragement. We are the witnesses, not of a dying world, but of a world that is being born. Behind the spectacular panorama of hates and discords there is becoming visible a new world of thought that will be forever liberated from the dead hand of superstition and priestcraft, of prejudice and tradition. The old systems are being tried in the balances, and already they have been found wanting. When the last shot has been fired we may find that we have a peace more real, more substantial, than was ever yet planned by ruler or by statesman.

Because this is a season of peculiar stress it is also the season for unflagging energy and for an undiminished courage. A world thus called upon to pay the penalty of unbrotherliness can need no other salvation than fraternity. This is the one thing unto which all other things

are added, the one thing that needs no intellectual qualifications, nor erudition, nor possessions, nor power. The Theosophical Movement will be actually and truly a fraternal movement precisely to the extent that its adherents lead the fraternal life. The world will not be helped by "teachings" nor "fundamentals," nor anything of a like nature unless they are advanced as reasons for the fraternal life, by those who themselves lead the fraternal life, and who have no other hope nor object than to see that life become the rule of the world. And whoever does so lead that life and teach it becomes thereby an immeasurable force for human progress.

INTOLERANCE.

The question raised by a correspondent as to the greatest of theosophical faults is not an easy one to answer, and it may be that an answer even by the wisest among us has no more than a personal and a relative value. Theosophical faults, unfortunately, are numerous. Some among them relate peculiarly to the progress of the individual, and here there can be no answer that is either general or inclusive. But there are other faults that retard the Movement as a whole, that invite for it the ready condemnation of the world, that discredit its efforts; and of these faults the greatest is intolerance.

It is not only the greatest of theo-

sophical faults, but it is also the most dangerously insidious because its victims are enthusiasm, and devotion, and loyalty. It watches, and it has always watched, for the elect, and it has poisoned them and destroyed their souls by the specious self-deception that persuades them that the greatest of all vices is the greatest of all virtues. They are cruel in the name of mercy, and false in the name of truth. In the name of justice they wrong their brothers. They invoke the Law with their vain repetitions, and they are lawless. They sacrifice to the gods and they know them not.

Madame Rowland is said to have called the world to witness the crimes that have been committed in the name of liberty. But the crimes that have been committed in the name of loyalty to the ideals of religion are worse. There are no such monstrous offenses as those that have been done in the effort to save human souls.

Theosophists should have been exemplars of toleration, but more often they have been found with the thumbscrew and the rack of ostracism and avoidance, of subtle defamation and slander. They crystallize the Wisdom Religion into a creed, and enforce their shibboleths of orthodoxy with a sort of cold and dreary fanaticism that chills the heart. It is a spectacle that with lesser motives would be a disgraceful one. At least it is disheartening and dispiriting.

TWILIGHT OF THE SOUL.

Nothing is more delightful than to watch the slow seeping of occult thought into the literature of today. It does not matter much in what form it appears, whether of censure or of praise. It will bear its appropriate fruit in the season of the gods.

Of this we are reminded by a volume of essays by Raley Husted Bell, just published by Hinds, Hayden & Eldredge of New York. Dr. Bell covers a wide field in his writings and everywhere they are marked by a certain gentle insistence upon the abiding values of life. With most of them we have no immediate concern except that of admiration, but there is one among them, that on the "Twilight of the Soul," that seems to demand attention. No one, says Dr. Bell,

can imagine that the earth is the sole realm of life and mind in all the universe. We must accept the possibility of the existence of threads or knots of life, interwoven throughout the universe as well as a persistency and universality of mind. We must assume also a medium through which bodies affect one another, and science allows us to postulate the ether as such a medium, and to believe that all phenomena are etheric phases:

Loosely comparing Ether to a string, we may apprehend the phenomena of matter and energy as knots in the string: or better still, as threads woven into a universal network of design wherein the knots form patterns which continually change: appear and disappear always in a fixed or constant order of relationship. Penelope is ever at the loom weaving and unweaving a web which is never finished—in this instance, never depleted nor augmented beyond seemingly predestined proportions.

There must be something that we call Fate, says Dr. Bell. And as to God, if we assume one, why not an endless number.

It is Science, continues Dr. Bell, that is actually directing our reason into the realm of pure Buddhism, which is "immeasurably superior to the other religions which I know anything about. To a certain extent Buddhism accords with the noblest works of reason." And then the author turns aside to a criticism:

"All forms are unreal: he who rises above all forms is the Buddha." This is remarkably pure nonsense. Personally, I have little patience with those philosophers and religionists who are forever doubting and decrying the "real." There is no reason to suppose that a thing is more *real* because more mysterious and obscure. We may as well accept as real what most seems to be so, even if it stands the test only for a moment. Everything changes, we know; but maybe the change is, after all, only through the arch of a circle, and perhaps somewhere in the circle it comes back again. The mind that ever pursues the "real" merely chases a phantom. The *real* is here *now* as much as *anywhere*, ever.

Very true. But, none the less, the author seems to misunderstand. Buddhism does not say that form has no existence. Not in that sense is it unreal. It is unreal because it is transitory, impermanent. The average mind looks upon it as stable and permanent. The child, terrified by bad dreams, is assured that they

are unreal—that is to say that they are not what they seem to be. But no one denies that the dream is a real dream. Buddhism says that there is something behind form that does not change and that he who knows it “is the Buddha.” Curiously enough, the author answers his own objection by quoting the following passage from Lafcadio Hearn:

... It will be evident that the Buddhist denial of the reality of the apparitional world is not a denial of the reality of phenomena as phenomena, nor a denial of the forces producing phenomena objectively or subjectively. . . . Of substance in itself we certainly know nothing; we are conscious of the universe as a vast play of forces only; and, even while we discern the general relative meaning of laws expressed in the action of those forces, all that is Non-Ego is revealed to us merely through the vibrations of a nervous structure never exactly the same in any two human beings. Yet through such varying and imperfect perception we are sufficiently assured of the impermanency of all forms,—of all aggregates objective or subjective. . . .

Again, relation is the universal form of thought; but since relation is impermanent, how can thought be persistent? . . . Judged from these points of view, Buddhist doctrine is not Anti-Realism, but a veritable Transfigured Realism, finding just expression in the exact words of Herbert Spencer:—“Every feeling and thought being but transitory;—an entire life made up of such feelings and thoughts being also but transitory;—nay, the objects amid which life is passed, though less transitory, being severally in the course of losing their individualities, whether quickly or slowly—*we learn that the one thing permanent is the Unknown Reality hidden under all these changing shapes.*”

Likewise, the teaching of Buddhism, that what we call Self is an impermanent aggregate—a senuous illusion—will prove, if patiently analyzed, scarcely possible for any serious thinker to deny.

But the Buddhist, says Dr. Bell, can not know of these things. He must be guessing. “What can he possibly know of Karma or Nirvana?”

Let us hope that Dr. Bell will reconsider this objection. For why does he place limitations upon human knowledge? We may grant that the Buddhist knows no more than any one else. No one has contended that floods of divine illumination descend upon a man because he happens to become a Buddhist. The Buddhist himself makes no such absurd claim, any more than the Christian who believes, for example, that “the pure in heart shall see God.” But the Buddhist, as well as the Christian

mystic, believes that there is such knowledge, and that Buddha and Christ spoke of what they *knew*, and not merely of what they surmised or guessed. The kindergarten pupil does not assert that the professor of mathematics is guessing when he uses the binomial theorem, or when he states the distance of the sun by the aid of the forty-ninth proposition. Such knowledge may be absolutely beyond the present reach of the student, but the professor will show him how he may eventually reach it. May it not be the same with the knowledge, not of the Buddhists and the Christians, but of the Buddhas and the Christs?

SOUL TO BODY.

(By Clinton Scollard.)

And thus my Soul unto my Body said,
With strenuous hardihead:—

“Hear thou this word!

The guests that thou wert wonted to invite

For eye, or ear, or for sweet lip-delight,
Shall not within this house be harbored!
I have been midnight-mute, and not demurred,

Alas, too long!

Henceforward shall I sternly ward the door,

To any knocking there, attain with wrong,

Ready to cry, ‘No more’!

Albeit fond familiars, fair of face,

Come smilingly, they shall not step within,—

Beauty, nor Blithesomeness, nor vernal Grace,—

If these are but the glozing cloak of Sin!

Clean-swept are all the rooms, and garnished greenly,

And set about with Purity's white flower;

There sitteth Peace serenely

From the clear stroke of this renewed hour;

Hereafter shall be incense lifted only

To that pure Love which knoweth no alloy;

And thou, O Body, thou shalt not be lonely

With thy new comrade—Joy!”

—From “*Ballads.*” Published by Laurence J. Gomme.

THE ALTAR OF THE SOUL.

Professor Edgar Lucien Larkin needs no introduction to Western readers. As director of the Lowe Astronomical Observatory he is among the foremost scientific figures in California. As a constant contributor to the San Francisco *Examiner* he has done much to popularize not only a knowledge of science, but also a certain phase of esotericism that may not always be palatable to his theosophical readers, but that always commands the respect due to sincerity and energy.

Professor Larkin has now written a book which he calls "The Matchless Altar of the Soul." He publishes it himself at Los Angeles (Box 1643), and in it he sets forth his ideas on evolution and occult science. As a literary work it is nearly impossible to characterize. It is formless and almost chaotic, but so far from this being intended as a disparagement, it may be conceded that such a style is effective and appropriate. For the author seems to have no definite philosophy to advance, no "system" to which he would attach his trademark. When he was twenty years of age he began to read Oriental philosophy and so became saturated with the conviction of the existence of the human soul and its powers, and of an arcane wisdom. He has been reading and studying ever since and now he writes down some of the results, not with the idea of welding them into a system—there are far too many systems already—but rather that other minds may be in possession of the same facts and arrange and classify them in any way pleasing to themselves. And to such an end his style and method are admirably conducive.

Among the books that exercised their strong attraction on the author's mind was Sinnett's "Occult World." He says:

Then my pencil fell on p. 93, Sinnett's "Occult World." The reading is: "I wrote a letter, addressing it to the Unknown Brother. It was a happy inspiration that induced me to do this; for out of that small beginning has arisen the most interesting correspondence in which I have ever been privileged to engage." The replies that came, from a real member of the highest Order in India, were extremely remarkable, and the first ever consented to be written to a European. They are as occult as the Hebrew Kabala, the wisdom of the Chaldean Magi; that of the Essenes; of the Hierophants of Meroe; and of the very won-

derful wise men of Egypt, the Pyramid Builders. The letters to Mr. Sinnett are as remarkable as any ever written. What we call occult is to the adepts of India, descendants of a line extending backward and away into prehistoric antiquity, science of a high order.

Thus the passing of a stone through a board is as scientific as spectrum analysis and celestial telephotography.

But ancient Aryan science was more along Mind-lines than material. The mighty Aryan orders, as well as Iranic, Assyrian, Hebrew, Parsee, Egyptian, Mereotic, Grecian, and Etruscan, were secret. Wisdom was not allowed to escape the lodge room, the Holy of Holies, the crypts, the chambers, the adyta of the vast temples of all ancient nations.

The Brother, one of a long ancestry of Brothers back to prehistoric ages, revealed to Mr. Sinnett that all occult wonders performed by them were all based on laws of Nature as rigid and invariable as the laws now known and being discovered by physical science. We use, in all work in electricity, the phenomena of induction, of counter currents, and of induced electro-magnetic energy; but the adepts actually employ these laws in their apparent, but really not, miracles. There can not be a miracle—all that occurs or can occur is based on law.

Professor Larkin has not much to say about reincarnation, but he assumes it to be true, although he wisely reminds us that here our ignorance is so much greater than our knowledge. But we may well hold on to the law of cause and effect and believe in its universal application:

I can not hope to write more than a few words on this inconceivably recondite and very ancient subject. Titles alone, of books on Reincarnation of the Soul, would make a book. Beyond doubt, one-half of the human race—not including the lower savages—are rooted and grounded in this doctrine, as being truth itself.

I quote from a mystery rite of antiquity, more remote than any written history. It is the experience of a man's soul, who returned and animated the body of a renewed human. The man attained high honor in the, just-preceding, life, and was held in high historic honor, the same as Lincoln or Paine are now. A monument has been reared by his Nation to cherish his memory. The man was reincarnated in the same nation; and here is his experience: "Unconscious of ever having had a past, I worshipped the image commemorative of my own popularly-cherished past. My individuality was imperishable; but my many personalities were not. What, then, could one personality know of any preceding one: more than one button on a string is concerned with its mate's. Each life experience was complete in itself; yet each was the sum of all preceding ones. Similarly, Man is comprehensive of all his past, even of the animal lives he has had. In all the earth there is no mere animal so brutal, so cruel, lustful,

envious or low, as the human animal, which is kept in check by the human man; but, if all this, he is also the most courageous, ferocious, and determined of any." This is a quotation, as of a voice, speaking directly to you, my reader, from a past, older than any nation mentioned in history. It is a vivid picture of Man; but note: personality dies; the individual lives.

The recent science of embryology proves that man's body is the sum of the forms of his long animal past. The human embryo actually passes his primitive animal types. This is one of the most wonderful discoveries of modern Science. Animal shapes are assumed by embryos; day by day, as gestation progresses within the human uterus. Now in the midst of ferocious animal world-war, do you not desire to separate yourself from the fighters? Establish at once, then, the Altar of Honor of the Soul within. I think this one quotation enough for this book; the most ancient theory of the Soul-Reincarnation, the returns of the same Soul from the Soul-realm, to enter body after body.

The volume contains many references to the Law of Karma, a law that can not for long remain unrecognized in human affairs:

But man must return to the Soul. And now, in the midst of a world-war, my letters from persons, making inquiry regarding the Soul and its probable destiny, are increasing not only in numbers, but in sincerity, earnestness, and pathetic appeals for something known to be true. They want to know. The portion of Archaic secret wisdom, called for centuries, Secret Doctrine, I wish to cautiously give out now in this article, is the fixed, set, invariable Law of Nature—Karma. This has been made plain to humanity students during at least eighty-five thousand years of man's career on earth. This priceless knowledge came by spoken words sounding in the Soul, the ego, the self; by materialization, by automatic writings, and by other methods during these thousands of years.

This age is one of materialism: but dawn is coming. I believe that sufficient people will hear the voice of the Soul within twenty years to have influence on a sordid human race. As ye sow, so shall ye reap, is a Law of Nature. All humans are in the clutch of Karma. It does not seem possible that this Law of Nature can be much longer carefully obscured, so well suppressed, that the people can not hear of the very thing that directly affects their Souls. The base of this chapter of outgiving from this summit, this mountain peak, is Karma.

Professor Larkin has written a book that will repay attention if only for its valuable applications of modern scientific discovery to the ancient wisdom. But it contains much more than this.

BEAUTY AND LOVE.

THE PROPHETESS OF MANTINEIA TO
SOCRATES.

(Reprinted by Request.)

These are the lesser mysteries of love, into which even you, Socrates, may enter; to the greater and more hidden ones which are the crown of these, and to which, if you pursue them in a right spirit, they will lead, I know not whether you will be able to attain. But I will do my utmost to inform you, and do you follow if you can. For he who would proceed aright in this matter should begin in youth to visit beautiful forms; and first, if he be guided by his instructor aright, to love one such form only—and of that he should create fair thoughts; and soon he will himself perceive that the beauty of one form is akin to the beauty of another; and then if beauty of form in general is his pursuit, how foolish would he be not to recognize that the beauty in every form is one and the same! And when he perceives this he will abate his violent love of the one, which he will despise and deem a small thing, and will become a lover of all beautiful forms; in the next stage he will consider that the beauty of the mind is more honorable than the beauty of the outward form. So that if a virtuous soul have but a little comeliness, he will be content to love and tend him, and will search out and bring to the birth thoughts which may improve the young, until he is compelled to contemplate and see the beauty of institutions and laws, and to understand that the beauty of them all is of one family, and that personal beauty is a trifle; and after laws and institutions he will go on to the sciences, that he may see their beauty, being not like a servant in love with one youth or man or institution, himself a slave mean and narrow-minded, but drawing toward and contemplating the vast sea of beauty, he will create many fair and noble thoughts and notions in boundless love and wisdom; until on that shore he grows and waxes strong, and at last the vision is revealed to him of a single science of beauty everywhere. To this I will proceed; please to give me your very best attention.

He who has been instructed thus far in the things of love, and who has

learned to see the beautiful in due order and succession, when he comes toward the end will suddenly perceive a nature of wondrous beauty (and this, Socrates, is the final cause of all our former toils) —a nature which in the first place is everlasting, not growing and decaying, or waxing and waning; secondly, not fair in one point of view and foul in another, or at one time or in one relation or in one place fair, at another time or in another relation or at another place foul, as if fair to some and foul to others, or in the likeness of a face or hands or any other part of the bodily frame, or in any form of speech or knowledge, or existing in any other being, as, for example, in an animal, or in heaven, or in earth, or in any other place; but beauty absolute, separate, simple, and everlasting, which, without diminution and without increase, or any change, is imparted to the ever-growing and perishing beauties of all other things.

A CLUE TO ATLANTIS.

(Reprinted from New York Sun.)

Mystery has always veiled the bats and the most mysterious of all of them is the bat of Etienne Geoffroy St. Hilaire, which after a search of a century has been rediscovered in fossil form on the island of Porto Rico.

The credit for the discovery goes to the American Museum of Natural History, which sent to the island an expedition in charge of H. E. Anthony. The expedition has just returned and Mr. Anthony is gathering his material for a scientific report. Back of the story of the Geoffroy bat stretches the romance of continents lost and continents once connected with other shores.

Geoffroy St. Hilaire, or Geoffroy, as he is generally called, was professor of zoölogy at the Natural History Museum of Paris late in the eighteenth century. When Napoleon Bonaparte was preparing the expedition to Egypt which was to block the road of the British to the Orient and menace India he took into his service many savants. Among them was Geoffroy.

The zoölogist went to the land of the Pharaohs in 1798 and collected a great mass of material about the animals and birds there. He gave to the world

a great work on the mammals based on his researches by the Nile, and in this is described the strange bat, *Sternoderma rufum*. He had apparently got a living specimen somewhere.

The sketch which he made shows peculiarities of the skull, and although interesting to the zoölogist it is not illuminating for the layman. Appearing as this description did in a book dealing with the animal life of Egypt, the natural inference was made that the bat was found in that country. From the publication of the Geoffroy report in 1813 until a few weeks ago scientists have had the bat puzzle on their minds. The English, German, and French zoölogists have written monographs on the most famous of all the bats and in recent years it has been predicted that eventually the bat would be found in the Western world.

Bats are widely distributed, but they are not abundant in Egypt and none like Geoffroy's has ever been found there. They are not referred to even in the picture writing of the Egyptians, who have represented most of the animals found in their land. For that matter the bat of Geoffroy has not been found in life anywhere else on earth. It is present in many forms in North and South America and there have been certain bats found on this side of the Atlantic which had some points in common with Geoffroy's.

If the bat of Geoffroy could have been traced to Egypt, or for that matter to Europe or Asia or Africa, there would have been many who would hail it as another evidence of the land connection which is believed to have existed at one time between the two hemispheres. The traditions of many peoples abound with reference to a continent which was suddenly submerged, the Atlantis of Plato, the Archhelenis of the German scientists.

According to some deductions there was a great land bridge which stretched from the coast of Africa to the continent of South America near the Caribbean Sea and not far from the Antilles. Could the bat of mystery have been at one time a dweller in the caves of a long-lost continent? Did the living form which Geoffroy found survive somewhere in Africa, or might it have been a specimen preserved for centuries in the dry airs of the desert? Geoffroy has left

no clue as to the habitat and history of the creature.

An ingenious theory once advanced was that of Le Plongeon, in which he connected the Maya civilization of Mexico with that of ancient Egypt. There is much material which lends color to it. There are numerous words in both languages which are either identical in sound or closely resemble each other. There are strange likenesses between the hieroglyphics of both peoples.

There is, strangest of all, a tradition of the Mayas to the effect that their Queen Moo, overwhelmed by the loss of the land to the east, fled over the plains, which were engulfed by streams of mud behind her. She reached at length the country to the Far East, supposed to be Egypt, and she, the Idzzi, the Little Sister, became the Isis of the Egyptians. Was Queen Moo not like the Sphinx? Are not the representations in both lands much the same?

Then again the Greek legends have much of that Atlantis stretching far to the west and supposed to have been in touch with a golden shore, whose warriors came to attack Greece and when they tried to return found that their retreat had been cut off by the submergence of their continent.

The mystery which can be summoned from the past by the sight of a rare fossil bat knows no limit. Many scientists now decry the idea that the two hemispheres might have been connected with the spanning continent or by a long land bridge, and yet there is much evidence in the resemblances of small animals, and especially various snails and snakes, which gives color to the theory.

The fact that in the neighborhood of the Antilles to the west there are tremendous depths serves to discredit the Atlantis theory. On the contrary the soundings made in the Caribbean and in the Mexican Gulf substantiate, in a way, the theory that the numerous islands in that region were once connected with the main land. And yet the fact that the bat of Geoffroy has no absolute congeners on the American continent sets in motion all kinds of ingenious speculations as to the history of the West Indies.

The American Museum of Natural History, after a careful study of the material in hand, will publish a report in

which a theory will be advanced. The expedition brought back interesting data and many specimens. Among them were a grand sloth which has relatives in South American countries, a peculiar and hitherto unknown rodent about the size of a beaver and an insect-eating animal which Mr. Anthony has named *Nesophontes*, the island slayer. Whether these creatures were developed from types which reached the island of Porto Rico in the Eocene period many millions of years ago and underwent modifications is very hard to tell.

The fossil forms found on the island are very interesting. About the only kind of native animals alive there today are bats, and there are plenty of them, although none so interesting as the one described by Geoffroy. This bat seems to have had a kind of nose leaf which aided it in finding its way about the world.

The collection of bats in the American Museum in this city is unusually large and contains many of the large fruit bats, which are destructive to certain crops in tropical countries, especially the bananas. The insect-eating bats, the blood-sucking variety known as the vampires and supposed by legend to have marvelous powers, are also represented. The bat was widely known throughout the western world and its figure is largely used as decoration for textiles among various tribes of South American Indians. The identification of the Porto Rico specimen may throw much light on the genesis of this creature of mystery.

Memory—the despair of the materialist, the enigma of the psychologist, the sphinx of Science—is to the student of old philosophies merely a name to express that power which man unconsciously exerts with many of the inferior animals—to look with inner sight into the Astral Light and there behold the images of past sensations and incidents.
—*H. P. Blavatsky.*

If a man is shut up in a house, the transparency of the windows is an essential condition of his seeing the sky. But it would not be prudent to infer that, if he walked out of the house, he could not see the sky because there was no longer any glass through which he might see it.—*M'Taggart.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

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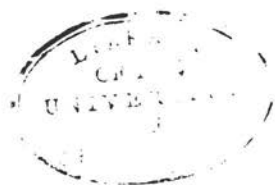
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THE CAUSE OF EVIL.

The war has given a fresh impetus to the age-long inquiry into the nature of evil. For here there seems to be a wrong so monstrous as to destroy our postulates of a moral evolution, to blight our creed of an ultimate triumph of righteousness. Our boasts of progress, our hopes of emergence from the domain of pain, seem to dissolve like a mist.

It must be admitted that there is but small satisfaction in the discussions of the moment. They are distinguished neither by breadth of vision nor by depth of insight. The modern writer seems usually to labor under the curious fallacy that one sort of explanation is needed by great catastrophes and another by small ones. A street accident involves no violation of our theological theories—whatever they may happen to be—but the death of a million men in battle demands a feverish reconstruction of our philosophies and faiths. But the extent of the calamity seems to be wholly irrelevant. A bird with a broken wing is as much of a mystery as a world at war. We must discover, not why there is so much pain, but why there should be any pain at all.

Mr. Joseph Anthony Milburn, author of "Everyman's World" (Robert J. Shores), does not fall into this particular fallacy, although he is guilty of one even worse. Let us quote the offending paragraph:

The Karma of Buddhism, as a venture toward the vindication of the supernal equity,

suffers, it seems to me, from the same metaphysical inadequacy as the free will of the theology of Christianity. Karma defers; it does not solve the mystery. That the present catastrophe has its equation in some antecedent perversity, some anterior incarnation of the soul, may explain why I do suffer at the present moment; but it does not explain how evil ever got a lodgment in a universe whose creator is sovereign will, and whose heart is large with infinite love. The tragedy and doom of the creature must originally have been contained within the plan and the purpose of the Creator. But how could a being who is infinite in power, wisdom, and love decree a world into existence, the cardinal note of whose drama is the note of pathos, and whose song reaches its inevitable climax, not in a shout of triumph, but in a lamentation of defeat?

Now here it is necessary to enter a protest, and a vigorous one. If the Buddhist doctrine of Karma is to be judged by a conception of God, it must be the Buddhist conception of God, and not the Christian one. And the Buddhist knows nothing of a "creator," whose "heart is large with infinite love," or who can be said to have "power" or "wisdom," or any other human attribute. The doctrine of Karma is of course wholly incompatible with the theory of a personal God who changes his mind like a general, or repents like a convert, who can be wheedled and coaxed and bribed. Karma implies inflexible law, and it is certain that the universe can not be governed alike by law and by a personal God. One or the other is supernumary. If we ask the Buddhist how he can reconcile Karma with a God of "wis-

dom" and "love" and "power," he will frankly admit that he can not do so. But he will add that there is no such God.

The entry of evil into the universe is, perhaps, not so hopeless a problem as Mr. Milburn infers. For a universe without evil must be also a universe without evolution or motion, a stagnant universe, a petrified universe. At the same moment that we postulate motion we postulate also resistance and friction. If there is motion there must be a goal or destination, and therefore there must be also directions that are not the goal or destination. If Mr. Milburn's God is "wise," or "loving," then the opposites of wisdom and love must exist. The qualities are always in pairs. They exist by virtue of their opposites. Virtue is the successful resistance to vice, and there can be no virtue without vice. A moral evolution of any sort implies a goal, and anything short of that goal is relatively evil. No man can have an ideal without an awareness of falling short of that ideal. And if he moves toward that ideal he will be aware also of friction and resistance.

But there is no reason why war should surprise us even under the theory of a "loving" God. The love of God does not prevent the physical pain and disease that result from violated physical laws. It does not prevent dyspepsia. It will not even ward off a microbe. If we suffer under inexorable law we have also the satisfaction of knowing that an equally inexorable law protects us. If we must reap what we have sown we still have free will in the choice of seed. If the law that imposes pain may be abrogated so also may the law that imposes joy. If any law may be abrogated, then indeed we are living in chaos and without guide or compass. So far from deploring war, we should rather rejoice that the law is vindicated and that cause and effect, like springtime and harvest, are still irreparable. If we call upon God to stop war then we should call upon God also to stop toothache. But the wise man learns the law and obeys it, whether it be the law of toothache or of war.

Never will I accept private individual salvataion, never will I enter into final peace alone, but in all worlds and forever I will strive for the universal redemption of mankind.—*Buddha*.

ASTROLOGY.

Do Theosophists believe in astrology?

Some do. There are also some Theosophists who believe in bimetalism, peace treaties, germs, faith-healing, and eugenism. Theosophists may believe in anything they please so long as they believe also in human brotherhood.

So much depends on what one means by astrology. The dictionary says that astrology is the pseudo-science dealing with the pretended influence of the stars upon human affairs. One may infer from this that the stars have no influence upon human affairs and that a belief to the contrary is a superstition.

And yet even the most orthodox science permits us to believe that the moon causes the tides. And certainly the tides have an influence upon human affairs. The tides have produced a complete change of the areas of land and water throughout the globe and they have done this again and again. How, then, can we say that the moon, for example, has no influence upon human affairs?

Father Ricard, the distinguished Jesuit astronomer of Santa Clara, is fully satisfied that earthquakes are caused by the opposite pull of the heavenly bodies, and if this is not astrology we hardly know by what name to call it. Sir William Herschel was satisfied that sun spots were responsible for the cycles of business depression and panics. Sun spots, he said, caused electrical disturbances, and therefore storms, hurricanes, and disasters. These in turn produced despondency, depression, and loss of confidence. Once more, this seems to be surprisingly like astrology. But of course it must not be called astrology, for that would be unscientific.

If we had the courage to think for ourselves and reason fearlessly from the known to the unknown we should find ourselves on the path of discovery. If we recognize the basic fact that the earth and all the planets are kept in their places by solar energies we need hardly ask if there is any truth in astrology. But this does not mean that we must be credulous when some astrological mountebank warns us to "beware of the dark man."

The passage from the physics of the brain to the corresponding facts of consciousness is unthinkable.—*Tyndall*.

THE LEATHERWOOD GOD.

Let us not be too quick to say that William Dean Howells has exaggerated the credulities of human nature in his latest novel, "The Leatherwood God" (Century Company; \$1.35). We need only be attentive to the facts around us and we shall know that he has not done so. And if Mr. Howells has seen fit to people his stage with the simple-minded folk of an Ohio village he might have found an equal superstition, an equal determination to be deceived, in the ranks of education and intelligence.

But the population of Leatherwood was of the kind to fall an easy prey to the religious imposter. Far from the beguilements of commerce and politics, their supreme interest was religion, which they followed with a seriousness inherited from a pious ancestry. The different sects had their different services, but they all gathered in the log edifice which they called the Temple.

And then comes Joseph Dylks to play the rôle so easy to audacity in the presence of credulity. His stock in trade is a sort of clerical garb, an imposing presence, long hair, a disconcerting way of shouting "Salvation," and a snort like a horse. That is all, but we have known even more successful imposters with less of an outfit than this. It is not clear whether Dylks had fully planned his campaign, or whether he merely availed himself of his opportunities, but presently we find him proclaiming himself as God, and worshipped with an insane frenzy of adoration by men, women, and children.

There is a certain grim humor about the story, but none the less it is a disgusting one, and all the more disgusting because it is true to history and to human nature. These worshippers are ignorant, it is true, but they are not primitive nor barbarous. They are good and kindly folk, albeit the intensity of their religion has tended toward an easy fanaticism. And so Dylks throws the village into turmoil, divides families, and sunders husbands from wives and fathers from daughters.

Of course he falls. He tries to perform a miracle, and such is the dizzying effect of public adoration that he actually believes he can do it. He believes in his own imposture. The fumes of worship have produced a vertigo of

self-deception. After his exposure he tries to explain himself to Judge Braile, who has sheltered him from the fury of the people, although no conceivable exposure, no possible evidence, can shake the faith of the elect. There are actually those who measure their own devotion by the outrage that it inflicts upon their reason, who are actually proud of their power to believe in defiance of the demonstrated facts:

"No, no! You don't *begin* to see, Squire Braile." Dylks burst out sobbing, and uttering what he said between his sobs. "Nobody can understand it that hasn't been through it! How you are tempted on, step by step, all so easy, till you can't go back, you can't stop. You're tempted by what's the best thing in you, by the hunger and thirst to know what's going to be after you die; to get near to the God that you've always heard about and read about; near Him in the flesh, and see Him and hear Him and touch Him. That's what does it with *them*, and that's what does it in you. It's something, a kind of longing, that's always been in the world, and you know it's in others because you know it's in you, in your own heart, your own soul. When you begin to try for it, to give out that you're a prophet, an apostle, you don't have to argue, to persuade anybody, or convince anybody. They're only too glad to believe what you say from the first word; and if you tell them you're Christ, didn't He always say He would come back, and how do they know but what it's now and you?"

"Yes, yes," the Squire said. "Go on."

"When I said I was God, they hadn't a doubt about it. But it was then that the trouble began."

"The trouble?"

"I had to make some of them saints. I had to make Enraghty Saint Paul, and I had to make Hingston Saint Peter. You think I had to lie to them, to deceive them, to bewitch them. I didn't have to do anything of the kind. They did the lying and deceiving and bewitching themselves, and when they done it, they and all the rest of the believers, they had me fast, faster than I had them."

"I could imagine the schoolmaster hanging on to his share of the glory, tooth and nail," the Squire said with a grim laugh. "But old Hingston, good old soul, he ought to have let go, if you wanted him to."

"Oh, you don't know half of it," Dylks said, with a fresh burst of sobbing. "The worst of it is, and the dreadfulest is, that you begin to believe it yourself."

"What's that?" the Squire demanded sharply.

"Their faith puts faith in you. If they believe what you say, you say to yourself that there must be some truth in it. If you keep telling them you're Jesus Christ, there's nothing to prove you aint, and if you tell them you're God, who ever saw God, and who can deny it? You can't deny it yourself."

Poor Dylks! Let us not despise him

too much. How hard it must be to deny one's godhood to those who are determined to believe in it. How hard to refuse the halo that adoring hands are eager to adjust. Strangely reminiscent of theosophical history, ancient and modern, is this remarkable new story by Mr. Howells.

IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

(From the N. Y. Sun of Sept. 21, 1897.)

We take pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of the *Sun*:

DEAR EDITOR: I am 8 years old.

Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus.

Papa says, "If you see it in the *Sun* it's so."

Please tell me the truth; is there a Santa Claus?

VIRGINIA O'HANLON.

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus. It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real

things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

For all science knows there may be a psychical body disengaged when the physical body dissolves and decays and there may be in the interstellar spaces the scene of an intelligent activity such as we have never dreamed of on earth.—*Professor Jevons*.

We admit that we do not so much desire immortality, as that we do not see how we can escape it; on moral grounds we do not see how our being can stop short of the attainment marked out for it, of the goal set up for it.—*Professor Adler*.

Every step I have taken in science has removed the difficulties of believing in life after death by disclosing to me the infinite possibilities of nature.—*Professor Jevons*.

No good person can face the moral problems of life without anguish unless he knows reincarnation.—*Mrs. Besant*.

The whole subject (immortality) is beyond the scope of man's intellect; but man can do his duty.—*Darwin*.

The dice of God are loaded.—*Emerson*.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

By PAUL E. MORE.

(Reprinted from the Nation.)

People who know that I have made some study of the ancient books of India sometimes ask me how much of their spirit is to be found in the prose-poems and plays of Rabindranath Tagore. Others, made distrustful of their own judgment by the international cult of this modern Hindu and by his reception of the Nöbel Prize, ask me with bated breath whether I really find him the profound saviour of society his enthusiasts proclaim him to be.

To the first of these questions, at least, I can give a very definite answer. Whatever Tagore may be, and whencesoever he draws his inspiration, he is in essence everything that ancient India, philosophically and religiously, was not. I do not mean, of course, that one can not find echoes of the older poets in his imagery and language, or that superficially there may not be resemblances in their way and his way of representing nature and the life of men. It may even be possible to point out isolated parallels of a more substantial sort. But at heart, in its inner meaning, the world of Tagore is as far from that of his ancestors as if he had been born under the sky of contemporary France or England. His very imitations of that remote past are a sly betrayal of its spirit. I do not see how any one who has really read himself into Sanskrit literature can fail to be impressed by this difference; it even can be shown, I think, by placing several of Tagore's more characteristic prose-poems by the side of a few extracts from the older literature. Take, for example, these pieces from his earliest and latest collections (published mainly by the Macmillan Company), which will serve the double purpose of providing material for comparison and of exhibiting him in his best vein to those not already familiar with his work:

FRUIT-GATHERING, LXXI.

O the waves, the sky-devouring waves, glistering with light, dancing with life, the waves of eddying joy, rushing forever.
The stars rock upon them, thoughts of every tint are cast up out of the deep and scattered on the beach of life.
Birth and death rise and fall with their rhythm, and the sea-gull of my heart spreads its wings crying in delight.

GITANJALI, LXXIII.

Deliverance is not for me in renunciation. I feel the embrace of freedom in a thousand bonds of delight.
Thou ever pourest for me the fresh draught of thy wine of various colors and fragrance, filling this earthen vessel to the brim.
My world will light its hundred different lamps with thy flame and place them before the altar of thy temple.
No, I will never shut the doors of my senses. The delights of sight and hearing and touch will bear thy delight.
Yes, all my illusions will burn into illumination of joy, and all my desires ripen into fruits of love.

GITANJALI, XLIV.

This is my delight, thus to wait and watch at the wayside where shadow chases light and the rain comes in the wake of the summer.
Messengers, with tidings from unknown skies, greet me and speed along the way. My heart is glad within, and the breath of the passing breeze is sweet.
From dawn till dusk I sit here before my door, and I know that of a sudden the happy moment will arrive when I shall see.
In the meanwhile I smile and I sing all alone. In the meanwhile the air is filling with the perfume of promise.

FRUIT-GATHERING, LXXXV.

My Master has bid me while I stand at the roadside, to sing the song of Defeat, for that is the bride whom He woos in secret.
She is silent with her eyes downcast; she has left her home behind her, from her home has come that wailing in the wind.
But the stars are singing the love-song of the eternal to a face sweet with shame and suffering.

GITANJALI, XI.

Leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads! Whom dost thou worship in this lonely dark corner of a temple with doors all shut? Open thine eyes and see thy God is not before thee!
He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and where the path-maker is breaking stones. He is with them in sun and in shower, and his garment is covered with dust. Put off thy holy mantle and even like him come down on the dusty soil! . . .

It might be possible to quote prose-poems of Tagore's which would strike the reader as more vivid than these in their imagery, but none, I think, which would express more finely what the adepts would call his "mission," or which would add anything essential to the round of ideas in these five selections. Now, how do these ideas stand when

tested by the ancient thought of India? To answer that question we need only look for a moment at a poem which is easily accessible in translations, and which, if I may be pardoned the reference, I have myself treated at some length in an essay—the Bhagavadgita. The theme of that poem is the exhortation of the god Krishna to a prince who suddenly, in the presence of two armies drawn up for battle, is filled with dismay at the thought of the carnage to ensue and with dejection over the tangled problem of human duty. The drift of the god's admonition can be gathered, though inadequately, of course, from these few scattered couplets:

Thou art grieved for those that need no grief,
yet speakest thou words of wisdom;
They that know grieved not for the dead or
the living.

He who reckoneth it the slayer,
And he who deemeth it the slain,
They both distinguish ill;
This slayeth not, and it is not slain.

As a man putteth off his outworn garments,
And taketh other new ones.
So the Indweller putteth off these outworn
bodies,
And entereth into other new ones.

Moreover, regarding thy native right thou
oughtest not to waver,
Since for one born a warrior there is no bet-
ter thing than a righteous battle.

Accounting equal pleasure and pain, gain and
loss, victory and defeat,
Gird up thyself for the battle. So thou shalt
not incur guilt.

Thy service is in the work only, but in the
fruits thereof never;
Be not impelled by the reward of works, nei-
ther be attached to do no work.

If a man ponder things of the senses, attach-
ment ariseth unto these;
And from attachment is born desire, and from
desire springeth contention.

Whosoever restraineth outwardly his members,
Yet continueth within his heart to meditate
The things of the senses as one self-deluded,
He is called hypocrite.

To complete the comparison, let me
add three little epigrammatic poems, the
thought of which I have tried to trans-
fer to English verse:

Rather, this World forever as a wheel
Itself revolveth: sure, no guilty hand
Propelled it, nor shall any bid it stand,
Nor any wit a primal cause reveal.

And thou, my Soul, the same unlaundered race
Art dragging on through weary change of
form;

Nay, if today thou murmur in the storm,
Blame yesterday and choose tomorrow's place

Like as a dancing-girl to sound of lyres
Delights the king and wakens sweet desires
For one brief hour, and having shown her
art

With lingering bow behind the scene retires:

So o'er the Soul alluring Nature vaunts
Her lyric spell, and all her beauty flaunts;
And she, too, in her time withdrawing
leaves

The Watcher to his peace—'tis all she wants.

The seer enlightened lays apart
Follies that dizzy the child heart,
And upward turns his steps to climb
The terraced heights of Wisdom. There
sublime

He stands, and unperturbed looks down
Upon the far-off swarming town,
Sees the bent farmers till the soil
Like burrowing ants, and wonders at their
toil.

The length of these quotations will be excused, for they tell more of the absolute contrast between the old and the new than I could say in columns of comment. In place of Tagore's delight in the waves of change, the alternations of birth and death, there was in the heart of the ancient Hindu a yearning to escape into a region of unchanging peace. In place of the dreaming dissolution into Nature and of waiting for her "perfume of promise," there was a distrust of the world's visible beauty as of a snare for the soul. In place of surrender to the lulling charm of illusion there was a temper of austere renunciation. In place of the humanitarian religion of sympathy, which is at bottom nothing more than the *pis aller* of a soul that has sought for spiritual things and failed to find them through inability to climb the heights, there was the ambition of the seer to transcend the world. And, above all, in place of this effeminate feeling of defeat, this pacifistic waiting by the roadside and puddling in sentiment, there was a manly call to battle in the everlasting fight of life, and a command to perform the duties laid upon us by the law of being, as duties and with no thought of reward. Even those seers who, as belonging to another caste, were not called to battle but to mystic contemplation, made their life of solitary retirement a strenuous, sometimes a fierce, discipline of the will. No; Tagore is nice and he is pretty, but he has no more relation, in essential

matters, to the great and grave faith of old than has M. Maeterlinck or Fiona Macleod or Mr. W. B. Yeats or any other of the nice and pretty writers who have been filling our Western world with a saccharine imitation of mysticism. It is, in fact, most significant that Tagore's first volume was introduced to us with a preface by Mr. Yeats. These poems are dear to that haunter of a paradise of bloodless houris because, as he says, "lovers, while they await one another, shall find, in murmuring them, this love of God a magic gulf wherein their own more bitter passion may bathe and renew its youth"; Tagore is precious because he "has been content to discover the soul and surrender himself to its spontaneity." But the commendations of Mr. Yeats were scarcely needed to point to the real affinity of these bubbles from the Orient. They are, in fact, no more than a part of the belated and, since the war, generally reprobated wave of neo-Romanticism which has been seeking for inspiration in the spontaneity of vague yearnings, for truth in the glamour of illusions, for strength in the repudiation of discipline, for the dust of victory in the perfume of promise, for duty in a costless sympathy, for religious charity in a denial of man's responsibility, for spirituality in pretended innocence, for God in the self-indulgence of sentiment.

I find that in answering the first question I have virtually answered the second also. I would not, however, be supposed, in drawing the contrast between the old and the new spirit of India, to be offering the doctrine and discipline of the Rishis as something that our world needs to take into its life. There is much in that ancient literature of which I can not at all approve, and I believe that we have better and safer guides nearer home. Neither would I be supposed to be callous to the many graces and the occasional glints of insight in Mr. Tagore's writings. I can at the proper season enjoy his niceness of phrase and wander at ease in his garden of fragile flowers. But a protest is due against taking this effeminate Romanticist with solemn seriousness as the bearer of a religious message in these deeply troubled times. "Mr. Tagore," to cite his Celtic sponsor

again, "has as little thought of sin as a child playing with a top. His poems have stirred my blood as nothing has for years." Mr. Yeats speaks by the card, and those who, like him, feel their blood stirred by this sort of spiritual pap—why let them congratulate themselves for their supersensitiveness. As for me, if any one cares for my opinion, in these days when the devil is unchained, I look to get what consolation and hope I can from philosophers who at least have the advantage of being virile.

THE VOICE FROM THE WHIRLING DUST.

"Dust! I am dust a thousand years!

A thousand years I have been free
From that old bond of loves and tears
That holds, on earth, all that shall be.

"Dust! But so, better! Blowing far
On the sooth winds that scatter me,
Unruled by Man's tempestuous star—
A thousand years I have been free!

"Dust! How it suffered oft—and oft,
Set all about a fiery soul
That fain, itself, the dust had doffed,
And, flashing forth, regained the
Whole!

"Dust! Woman, child, and man have
worn
These atoms—worn and cast away.
In Godless wars they have been borne—
And they have danced to fluted lay!

"Dust! I am dust a thousand years—
But sometimes in the wind I rise,
Man-shaped, and start his idle fears
To see my wraith 'twixt earth and
skies!

"'Dust!' saith he, then—those fears to
still—
'Yon whirling dust foretells a storm.'
Yet he perceives, despite his will,
His own fate in my transient form!"

* * * * *

*O passer on some lonely road,
Where in the hush a moaning gust
Arose and drove with sudden goad—
Have you not met our Brother Dust?*
—Edith M. Thomas, in *New York Times*.

The gods see everywhere.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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RAYMOND.

It was at first intended to comment in this column upon Sir Oliver Lodge's new book to which reference has been made in this issue of the *Outlook*. But it would be hard to find a better criticism than that of the *New York Times* and it is therefore reproduced as follows:

There is something distinctly pathetic in the presentation by Sir Oliver Lodge of what in all sincerity, doubtless, he believes to be messages from his dead son. A man of real and high achievements in the realm of the exact sciences, Sir Oliver's testimony can not be dismissed with either levity or contempt, and there will be no inclination in any quarter to do so, yet his so-called evidence of the possibility of communication with another world is of exactly the quality obtainable—and every night attained—from a thousand "mediums" whose only clients are the helpless children of ignorance and superstition. In this particular domain the "proofs" that content them content him, and with him as with them the desire to believe serves as adequate basis of belief.

There is no other way to account for the fact that a man like Sir Oliver Lodge gravely submits to public judgment the preposterous descriptions of life after death that appear in this book—the rejuvenation and elongation of a departed and translated dog's stubby tail—the making of cigars on "the other side"—the embarrassment felt by a young soldier on donning the white robes of the conventional angel! It is all such poor, dull stuff, so silly and childish, that one suffers from a sort of shame in reading it, and only by remembering that in these absurdities a bereaved father has found consolation for the loss of a heroic son can one treat the strange illusion with the gravity it deserves.

Spiritists of the more intelligent kind will admit the obvious absurdity of these "com-

munications," but they will ascribe it to the imperfections of the means of transmission, and in the trivial nature of the messages find confirmation of their evidential value. That is an ingenious method, but it is used for no other purpose and it never convinces others than the already convinced. That Sir Oliver should lay so much emphasis on the fact that a "medium" first brought to his knowledge and attention a group picture containing his son shows how pitifully ready he is to accept a theory with no support whatever simply because he prefers its implication to those of a dozen other possible explanations of the little mystery.

We may wonder what Sir Oliver Lodge would have to say to a student of science who ventured to advance in the classroom and in support of the simplest theory in physics such an argument as he himself offers in support of a belief in survival after death.

MADAME THEBES.

Elsewhere in this issue will be found a reprinted editorial from the *New York Sun* on the death of Madame Thebes of Paris, that famous clairvoyante whose salons rivaled those of the highest of French society. The *Sun* is disposed to take a benignant view of the claims of Madame Thebes. If she deceived others, she deceived herself still more. She believed in her own claims. She did but try to satisfy a public demand for the pseudo-occult that remains unchecked by intelligence and education.

Let us admit that Madame Thebes made her chief appeal to superstition.

That she may have possessed, that she did possess, some measure of psychic prevision is surely not an impossible suggestion in these days of psychic researchers, or at a time when the ripest scientific thought of the day is being directed toward these very channels. But to whom shall we attribute the blame if superstition is indeed so rife as the *Sun* suggests, if it is able defiantly to persist in spite of the increase of knowledge?

It is not difficult to answer such a question. It is answered by the whole history of the world. Superstition is a substitute for religion. When religion ceases to be spiritual its place is taken by superstition. When religion no longer even tries to answer the questions that the whole human race is asking, then credulity has its innings, and the fortune-teller and the psychic come into their own.

Intellect and education will never banish superstition in spite of confident assurances to the contrary. They are not on the same plane. They do not confront each other. It is the innate conviction that there is something higher than the intellect that impels us first to religion, and then, disappointed, to the psychic and the soothsayer. Let religion spiritualize itself and it will cut the ground from beneath the feet of superstition.

LIFTING THE VEIL.

(From the *New York Sun*.)

Against the easy theory that Madame de Thebes was a conscious impostor must be weighed the courage that backed her precise predictions. She dared to be exact; at the height of a popularity that owed as much to credulity as it did to curiosity she ventured and risked her reputation continually on exact outgivings, the confirmation or disproof of which must come within periods of time so limited that she could not hope to escape their reflex. Perhaps she counted on the dazzling fulfilment of one presage to overcome the distrust created by many failures; yet it is as easy to believe that her confidence in herself was greater than that her clients reposed in her.

She practiced an ancient trade, a calling that has withstood the assaults of reason and the attacks of authority for centuries

since authority discarded it as an instrument for its own defense and guidance. The light of knowledge and learning burns bright today against a menacing background of superstition in which the longing for foreknowledge and the effort to tear apart the veil that hides the future furnish important elements. No thoroughfare is too mean to support its fortune-teller; no mansion so grand it excludes the oracle. We read of strange séances at the Muscovite court, and picture a barbaric, crude, and unenlightened circle of auditors; within sound of the rhythmic beating of science's latest engine, around the corner from the meeting place of those whose researches banish from the world all except physical powers, under the very shadow of the tower of iconoclastic education, the crystal gazer watches the shadows of the future in his wondrous sphere. The shop-girl has gone hungry at noon that she may buy a love philtre; the customer she serves is filled with the mystery of a not less strange though more expensive attempt to mould what is to be to the desire of what is and what has been.

Frauds, yes; but not infrequently frauds who defraud themselves not less successfully than they befool their patrons. Witchcraft and magic prosper where the public school opens its doors to the neighborhood club; the police court, in one of its not few but always unexpected amenities, conceals the survivors under terms decently suited to modern ears; but spells are cast, and charms are wrought in the black shadows bordering the course of modernity's most powerful beam.

At no time has there been lack of Partridges; rather the Bickerstaff family has seemed wanting in numbers. But behind the Partridges have been always strange and simple souls, some divining, others accepting their words in perfect candor and good faith; and to draw the line between impostor and dupe is a task the wisest man well might shirk.

If there be no reasons to suppose that we have existed before that period at which our existence apparently commences, then there are no grounds for supposing that we shall continue to exist after our existence has apparently ceased.—*Shelley*.

INTOLERANCE.

(Reprinted from "The Creed of Christ."
Published by John Lane Company.)

To nationalize or otherwise localize the universal God is to make *spiritual intolerance*—the most anti-human of all moods, for it poisons the very head-springs of brotherly love—a lofty virtue and a solemn duty. Among the Gentiles, whose gods, as I have said, were in the main frankly local, tolerance of the creeds of others was quite compatible with devotion to one's own. But the nation or the institution that believes itself to be in exclusive possession of the oracles of God must needs regard it as its duty to communicate to the rest of mankind the truth that has been committed to it; and, that being so, we can not wonder if, when other nations refuse to respond to its teaching, it tries to spread the knowledge of God by fire and sword. There are two great religions whose history has been indelibly stained by war and persecutions,—Christianity and Mohammedanism; and it is a significant fact that each of these claims to have been supernaturally revealed to man by the one and only God, and that both are offshoots from the parent stem of Judaism. And though Israel himself, in his dealings with other nations, has been doomed to suffer rather than inflict persecution, the passive and essentially selfish intolerance which has always made him shrink from contact with the Gentiles, as one shrinks from the touch of an unclean thing, is not less odious than the active intolerance (born of evangelizing zeal) of the Christian or the Moslem. The truth is, that intolerance, whether active or passive, is of the very essence of dogmatism, and that dogmatism is one of the fatal legacies that Israel bequeathed to mankind.

Another and a not less fatal legacy is materialism,—the externalization of the inward life, the substitution of mechanical for vital action. The war that Israel, as the champion of the dogmatic principle, waged, or was ready to wage, against freedom of thought, was the outcome and counterpart of a war which he waged in his own inner life. The reason why the average man does not wish other persons to think freely is that he does not wish to think freely himself, the

effort and the responsibility of doing so being too great for him. It was reluctance to use his own freedom that made Israel first banish from nature, and then localize (within the limits of Nature), the universal God; and his vision of God reacted on and intensified the feeling that gave birth to it. For it is by means of a special revelation from beyond the limits of Nature that the universal God is localized in Nature; and a special revelation, involving as it does an authoritative declaration of what man is to believe and to do, is obviously incompatible with freedom, whether of thought or of action. Now, the difference between freedom and necessity (in the sphere of human life) is the difference between spiritual and material compulsion, between compulsion from within and compulsion from without. When Israel decided to forego his freedom, he decided to place himself under the control of external and quasi-material forces; in other words, he decided to externalize his own inner life and to materialize or quasi-materialize the Power or Powers which he recognized as supreme. The freedom of man is entirely compatible with the paramount and all-pervading control of God, so long as God is conceived of as (under one of His manifestations) the spirit that dwells in man's heart: for in the light of that same conception, constraint by the Divine Will is seen to be equivalent to constraint by one's own higher and better self; and to be self-constrained is, obviously, to be free. The presence of God in the inner life and the pressure of God on the soul are realized by him who experiences them, not as irresistible and quasi-physical compulsion, but as spontaneous spiritual energy—in other words, as free-will and free-thought. But the tremendous demands upon one's mental and spiritual resources which this theory of God and man involves is one to which Israel was unwilling to respond. The price that he had to pay for evading the burdensome prerogative of freedom—the materialization of himself and of God—was a heavy one, but he paid it with fanatical joy. His weakness, as he yielded to it, became a sacred principle, and his loss of faith, a solemn creed; both creed and principle being worked out by him with characteristic thorough-

ness into their last and most fatal consequences. That nothing might be left to his own initiative he conceived of himself as clay in the hands of the Potter, and that he might complete the circle of his materialism he fashioned the Potter in the image of himself.

RAYMOND.

(Reprinted from the New York Times.)

A matter-of-fact account of communications with his son, killed in battle, is contained in Sir Oliver Lodge's new book, "Raymond; or, Life and Death," in which the scientist gives page after page of messages from the dead son describing in minutest details conditions of the spirit world—even the clothes he wears, the friends he has, and how bodies mangled in war are put together again.

The book, which contains the subtitle, "New Evidence of the Survival of Personality," has just been published by the George H. Doran Company.

Sir Oliver was president of the Society for Psychical Research from 1901 to 1904 and of the British Association for Psychical Research in 1913 and 1914.

In his book he says that the first message from the spirit world about his son came from a medium, a Mrs. Piper of Greenfield, New Hampshire, on August 8, 1915, to the effect that a blow was about to fall. Early in September he learned in Scotland of the death of his youngest son, Second Lieutenant Raymond Lodge, in battle near Ypres.

Soon after Sir Oliver was told by a medium in London that there existed a photograph of his son in a group of officers. He knew nothing of the picture, but two or three days after he got the message about it he received the picture.

A week later, at the home of a medium in London, Sir Oliver said he received from Raymond this message:

Tell father I have met some friends of his.

The medium then described Dr. Myers and other deceased friends of Sir Oliver.

Later a Mrs. Kennedy told Sir Oliver she had received fragmentary messages from her son Paul, killed in battle, and, with the assistance of Sir Oliver, a medium gave this message from Paul:

I am here. I have seen that boy, Sir Oli-

ver's son; he's better, and has had a splendid rest, tell his people. He is so jolly, and every one loves him. He has found heaps of his own folks here, and he is settling down wonderfully. Do tell his father and mother. He doesn't fight like the others; he seems so settled already. He has been sleeping a long time, but he has spoken today. If your people only knew how we long to come they would all call us.

At a sitting October 22, 1915, Raymond sent a message that he was with his dead brother and sister. At a hearing on November 17th Raymond predicted that the Allies would win the war.

It was at a sitting in London on November 26th that Raymond gave his father a detailed description of things in the spirit world. Through the medium, he said:

Can you fancy you seeing me in white robes? Mind, I didn't care for them at first, and I wouldn't wear them. Just like a fellow gone to a country where there is a hot climate—an ignorant fellow, not knowing what he is going to. It's just like that he may make up his mind to wear his own clothes a little while, but he will soon be dressing like the natives. He was allowed to have earth clothes here until he got acclimatized.

On December 3d Raymond sent this message:

My body's very similar to the one I had before. I pinch myself sometimes to see if it is real, and it is. But it doesn't seem to hurt so much as when I pinched the flesh body. The internal organs don't seem constituted on the same lines as before. I can move somewhat more freely. There is one thing, I have never seen any one bleed.

In response to the question, "Has he got ears and eyes?" the reply came:

Yes, yes, and eyelashes and eyebrows, exactly the same, and a tongue and teeth. He has got a new tooth in the place of another one he had—one that wasn't quite right. He knew a man that has lost his arm, but he has got another one. Yes, he has got two arms now.

When Sir Oliver asked if there were men and women in the spirit world, the medium said that Raymond said:

There are men here and there are women here. I don't think they stand to each other quite as they did on the earth plane, but they seem to have the same feeling to each other with a different expression of it. There don't seem to be any children born here.

People here try to provide everything that is wanted. A chap who came over the other day would have a cigar. But there are laboratories over here, and they manufacture everything. Not as you do it of solid matter, but out of essences and ethers and gases. It's not the same as on the earth plane, but there

were able to manufacture what looked like a cigar.

Raymond told about his dog that was with him—the same, only that his stubby tail was long and hairy.

In "automatic writing," on December 17th, Raymond sent this message:

Father, tell mother she has her son with her all day on Christmas Day. There will be thousands and thousands of us back in the homes on that day, but the horrid part is that so many of the fellows don't get welcomed. Please keep a place for me.

In commenting upon part of the book containing the messages, Sir Oliver says, "This part gives specimens of what at present are considered by most people unusual communications, though these again are in many respects of an ordinary type and will be recognized as such by other bereaved persons who have had similar messages."

(A comment upon this article will be found on the editorial page.)

TAGORE'S PHILOSOPHY—A REJOINDER.

(Reprinted from the New York Nation.)

TO THE EDITOR—*Sir*: Without committing myself to a full and unqualified endorsement of Tagore's views, I may be permitted to say that Mr. Paul More's criticism of Tagore is neither fair nor to the point.

First, it is not right to construct the social philosophy of a poet from a few scattered verses picked up from two of his collection, which have been especially translated for the Western reader.

Secondly, a poet is an artist first and anything afterwards. He does not aim at a systematic exposition of the science of life. His poems may disclose flashes of philosophic thought, but their chief claim on mankind is the *art* and not the *logic* involved therein.

Thirdly, it is hardly fair to make a comparison between pieces of devotional poetry and epic poetry like that of the "Bhagwat Gita." The prose poems of "Gitanjali" and "Fruit-Gathering" are the ecstatic utterances of a man head and shoulders in love. The theme of the "Gita" is the exhortation of Krishna to Arjuna, on his duty as a warrior, when "suddenly in the presence of two armies drawn up for battle," he refuses to perform it, being "filled with dismay at the

thought of the carnage to ensue." The path of love is not always the path of duty. In "Gitanjali" a devotee is speaking to the object of his love, his God. In "Bhagwat Gita" Krishna is speaking to a disciple, who, standing on a field of battle, has thrown away his arms in despair.

Mr. More would have been more to the point if he had compared the poetry of Tagore with that of Kalidasa, or Bhavabhuti or Vidyapati, or even with Sei Madh Bhagwatam or Vashishta Yoga; or, better still, if he had compared the teachings of "Sadhana" with those of the "Upanishads." I do not know if a comprehensive study of Tagore would disclose any essential conflict between his philosophy of life and that of "Bhagwat Gita." But if it does, young India would rather swear by the latter than by the former. "Bhagwat Gita" is the inspiration of young India. Copies of it are almost always found in the searches made in connection with "seditious" propaganda.

It is rather unfortunate that the West should be familiar only with a few of Tagore's writings, and these should be such as are not characterized by "virility" of thought. The following can not be called "virile," but neither is it "effeminate":

"To thee, my mother land, I dedicate my life, for thee I consecrate my life; for thee my eyes will weep; and in thy praise my muse will sing. Though my arms are helpless and powerless, still they will do the deeds that can only serve thy cause; and though my sword is rusty with disgrace, still it will sever thy chains of bondage, sweet mother of mine" (Rabindranath Tagore, by B. K. Roy, published by Dodd, Mead & Co.)

LALPAT RAI.

New York, December 6.

[Sir Rabindranath Tagore has given a formal exposition of his philosophy in "Sadhana: The Realization of Life." Despite its constant quotation of ancient texts, it seems to me, no less than his poems, a saccharine imitation.—P. E. MORE.]

The experiences gained in one life may not be remembered in their details in the next, but the impressions which they produce will remain.—Hartmann.

SPIRITUAL ADVENTURES.

The *Nautilus*, it seems, is a magazine of New Thought, hitherto unknown to fame, but now likely to soar into renown through the contributions of Dr. Julia Seton, who has been seeing visions and dreaming dreams. It is quite easy to do these things, according to Dr. Seton. All we need is "the will to extend our consciousness" when we go to sleep; and then Dr. Seton goes on to inflame our ambitions by a narration of her own experiences. For example:

In the winter of 1911, at one of my night dreams, I entered the School of Wisdom and found in the great company assembled there Ella Wheeler Wilcox. The mighty masters were discoursing on some wonderful subject and questioning her. I stood near her and took on the impression messages and the answers. Later, at the close of the marvelous instruction, I awoke instantly, conscious of it all. I arose and wrote down the question and its answer in my Bible, and have it for reference.

We must confess to a slight sense of disappointment. Fancy traveling so extensively only to find Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Far be it from us to disparage an excellent lady, but we do not need to seek her in realms empyrean. She is still with us. She is in no sense lost. The spotlight of publicity illumines her, and is likely to do so while she can hold a pen. But why did the "mighty masters" question her? Were they seeking wisdom? Or imparting it? And may we not know "the question and its answer," now inscribed in Dr. Seton's Bible? And what was Dr. Seton herself doing *dans cette galère*?

But Dr. Seton had another dream last April—day of month not given, possibly the first. She attended a congress of the "master men" of all nations, and President Wilson was there, too—presumably by invitation:

President Wilson was the central figure, and it was to him that the great planetary message was given. Some of the highest planetary masters of that school were giving the impression message. After many instructions and wonderful revelation of wisdom to all, President Wilson was given the message of the "will of the Brotherhood" for the guidance of the United States.

It was a big message, but the irritating part of the thing is that it seems to have been forgotten:

Certainly if the mind of the man retained one tiny bit of this message in his transit

into human consciousness the United States would be safe forever in his hands.

Perhaps Ella Wheeler Wilcox could help. It seems too bad that the future of the United States should be imperiled by a treacherous memory. Dr. Seton remembers the title of the message, which was "The Planetary Percent"—financial, evidently. She remembers something else, too:

President Wilson was shown where all planets stood in evolution, where all races, all nations, stood in relationship to each other, and the exact planetary grading of all peoples. He was given the grade in evolution of America, in relationship to other countries, and was told what to do and what not to do. He was shown how America could fulfill or lose her grade. Following this master revelation President Wilson was given some wonderful initiation and consciously made to unite with some higher vibration through which at all times, sleeping or waking, the masters of the spheres could reach him with an impression message.

It is interesting to note that the President was shown "where all races, all nations, stood in relationship to each other." This helps us to understand why he has just sent a note to the nations to ascertain this very thing. There must have been a hitch in the "impression messages." In the meantime let us hope the President will read the *Nautilus*. And Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

TOLSTOY.

Count Ilya Tolstoy, second son of Leo Tolstoy, is now on a visit to America in order—says Herman Bernstein in the New York *Sun*—to familiarize Americans more intimately with the life of the great Russian philosopher. Asked by Mr. Bernstein for his impressions as to the causes of the war, the count replied as follows:

With regard to the causes that led to this war I can say this: I traveled extensively through Europe before the war, and everywhere I observed that it was a period of terrible decay and moral decline in all domains of spiritual endeavor, in art, in music, and in literature. Everywhere I saw the triumph of the tango, the spirit of Conan Doyle, the Pinkerton detective stories, the immoral Sanine in Russian literature, futurism in art, decadence in poetry.

The entire emptiness of life before the war was symbolized in the tango. I recall having seen a book bound in the style of Russian peasant shoes, entitled "A Slap at Public Opinion." I also recall that in Moscow a fanatic slashed Repin's masterpiece as a protest against the classic forms of art. In all

these manifestations of hysterical emptiness I saw evidence of the hopeless decline of mankind. Therefore I believe the causes of this war should be sought in the downfall of some of the sublime ideals of mankind.

Another cause of this war may be found in the excessively developed feeling of patriotism, which I consider among the baser feelings, akin to egotism. Patriotism is a natural feeling, inherent in all of us, but it must be combatted rather than encouraged, and I believe that it is a grave error that we are everywhere singing its praises in song and story.

If my father had lived to see this war I am sure he would have died immediately after the outbreak of this terrible catastrophe. He could not have witnessed these horrors and lived. When such a hurricane is sweeping the nations even a voice like my father's could not have been heard.

It is a relief to hear a note of sanity. War is born, not from the quarrels of statesmen, but from the heart of a people that has lost its ideals and that has been corrupted by a commercialized materialism.

THE GREAT PYRAMID.

(From the Springfield Republican.)

For some years I have enjoyed reading your "Boston literary letter," among the much other entertaining and instructive matter in your weekly. But in your issue of December 7th, the letter from that interesting old gentleman, I find, in speaking of the Seven Wonders of the World, says: "The great pyramid is some 3000 years older than the walls of Babylon and is and was merely a wonder, for it seems to have served no useful purpose even in war—that most useless of arts; for death will happen to all mankind, without the trouble of murdering them. The bigness and costliness of the job must have been the main reason for the building of this piece of vanity by Cheops, who is now known by the alias of Khufu."

In that treatment of the Great pyramid of Gizeh he seems to assume as correct the somewhat common belief that it was built as a mausoleum, a vast tomb for the dead, and says "it is and was merely a wonder," and was only "a piece of vanity by Cheops." Your letter writer has access to the libraries of Boston, and a few hours will show that while the three dozen other pyramids, all built long after the largest and first, the Great pyra-

mid, and in attempted imitation of it, were built and used as tombs, that the first and greatest was not designed for such purpose and was never used for such.

And so far from being a great tomb, it is a great teacher, a history in stone, and although built more than 4000 years ago, it shows that its builders knew the sphericity of the earth, its distance from the sun, its daily and yearly rotation, the precession of the equinoxes, and many other matters of science that the human races at large had no knowledge of for many centuries after its building.

In another sentence your correspondent says: "Such are the works of man; they have every attraction but permanence." But it is the oldest building on earth and shows no signs of decay, indeed from its materials and structure it is as "permanent" as the everlasting hills. If he, or any one interested in knowing what that vastest man-made structure on earth meant, who built it and why it was built, there are many interesting books on the subject by scientific investigators. Among them read "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid," by Professor Piazzi Smyth, astronomer royal of Scotland, published first in 1864 and a second larger edition in 1874. Also Bunsen's "Egypt's Place in History."

Among the many great scientists who wrote of this pyramid and treated it as having wonderful scientific meaning were John Herschell, Proctor, and M. Jomard, a French scientist who was with Napoleon in Egypt. Many scholarly men have believed that this pyramid was as much the work of inspiration as the books of the Bible that were written centuries after it was built, and so Jeremiah thought, for he wrote while in Egypt of God's kindness to men, "which hast set signs and wonders in the land of Egypt even unto this day," and Isaiah said of it: "In that day shall there be an altar to the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt, and a pillar at the border thereof to the Lord."

And if such men as Herschell and Proctor and Rawlinson treated the Great pyramid as having scientific meaning, it can hardly be called "a piece of vanity" of Cheops.

IRVING DUNGAN.

Jackson, O., December 31, 1916.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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Vol. II. No. 4.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 27, 1917.

Price Five Cents

A PHENOMENON.

A correspondent, belonging evidently to the ranks of the theosophically orthodox, asks why we publish reports of spiritist phenomena such as those recently recorded by Sir Oliver Lodge in connection with the death in France of his son Raymond. It would be better, he says, to confine ourselves to a presentation of the theosophical philosophy and to allow these "side issues" to take care of themselves. The question was doubtless inspired by the publication in our last issue of an account of Sir Oliver's new book, in which he recounts the events that followed his great loss. This account was accompanied with a comment that appeared in the *New York Times*, and it is to be feared that we have now sinned again, since the present issue contains another review of the same book which has found space in the columns of the *Springfield Republican*.

Explanation and defense are alike easy, although both are superfluous. The third object of the Theosophical Society, as framed by H. P. Blavatsky, was "to investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the psychic powers latent in man." How, then, can any Theosophist who accepts that third object remain indifferent to phenomena that are unquestionably genuine—quite apart from their explanation—and that have arrested the attention of students throughout the world? It is true that the third object is in no sense an obligation. It is entirely optional, and it

may be regarded with indifference by those who are so inclined. None the less there are very few who do so regard it, and the incident thus comes well within the legitimate sphere of theosophical inquiry.

But upon quite broader grounds than these we may reasonably believe that the duty of the Theosophist is in no way confined to a "presentation of the theosophical philosophy" in the sense in which that phrase is used by our correspondent. Such at least was not the practice of H. P. Blavatsky, if we may base our opinion upon the magazines that she edited, and upon the innumerable activities that she pursued and recommended. For there seemed to be no topic involving human happiness and well-being that she allowed to remain beyond the reach of her touch. Certainly she never confined herself to a "presentation of the theosophical philosophy." On the contrary she was tireless in showing how that philosophy should be applied, and the effects of its application upon society. Does any one suppose that she would have allowed this particular incident to pass without her illuminating comment? Did she not comment upon similar occurrences in a hundred different places in the effort to show the laws upon which they were based and the delusions that they engendered? One of the most scathing articles that ever issued from her pen was an attack upon eugenism as expounded disgustingly by Mr. Grant Allen.

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A PHENOMENON.

A correspondent, belonging evidently to the ranks of the theosophically orthodox, asks why we publish reports of spiritist phenomena such as those recently recorded by Sir Oliver Lodge in connection with the death in France of his son Raymond. It would be better, he says, to confine ourselves to a presentation of the theosophical philosophy and to allow these "side issues" to take care of themselves. The question was doubtless inspired by the publication in our last issue of an account of Sir Oliver's new book, in which he recounts the events that followed his great loss. This account was accompanied with a comment that appeared in the *New York Times*, and it is to be feared that we have now sinned again, since the present issue contains another review of the same book which has found space in the columns of the *Springfield Republican*.

Explanation and defense are alike easy, although both are superfluous. The third object of the Theosophical Society, as framed by H. P. Blavatsky, was "to investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the psychic powers latent in man." How, then, can any Theosophist who accepts that third object remain indifferent to phenomena that are unquestionably genuine—quite apart from their explanation—and that have arrested the attention of students throughout the world? It is true that the third object is in no sense an obligation. It is entirely optional, and it

may be regarded with indifference by those who are so inclined. None the less there are very few who do so regard it, and the incident thus comes well within the legitimate sphere of theosophical inquiry.

But upon quite broader grounds than these we may reasonably believe that the duty of the Theosophist is in no way confined to a "presentation of the theosophical philosophy" in the sense in which that phrase is used by our correspondent. Such at least was not the practice of H. P. Blavatsky, if we may base our opinion upon the magazines that she edited, and upon the innumerable activities that she pursued and recommended. For there seemed to be no topic involving human happiness and well-being that she allowed to remain beyond the reach of her touch. Certainly she never confined herself to a "presentation of the theosophical philosophy." On the contrary she was tireless in showing how that philosophy should be applied, and the effects of its application upon society. Does any one suppose that she would have allowed this particular incident to pass without her illuminating comment? Did she not comment upon similar occurrences in a hundred different places in the effort to show the laws upon which they were based and the delusions that they engendered? One of the most scathing articles that ever issued from her pen was an attack upon eugenism as expounded disgustingly by Mr. Grant Allen.

what Mr. Horace Fletcher calls "fearthought." Fearthought he defines as the "self-suggestion of inferiority"; so that one may say that these systems all operate by the suggestion of power. And the power, small or great, comes in various shapes to the individual—power, as he will tell you, not to "mind" things that used to vex him, power to concentrate his mind, good cheer, good temper—in short, to put it mildly, a firmer, more elastic moral tone.

Theosophical readers may remember H. P. Blavatsky's references to the unsuspected powers of the lower mind, powers that for most of us remain only as theories. Professor James has done no more than skirt on a great subject, but we may be none the less grateful to him for a salutary reminder.

FROM PLOTINUS.

But if they (the souls) alter their mode of existence and change from the whole to the part, and take to existing independently and of themselves, and find, so to speak, their association with the world-soul irksome, they revert each to an independent existence. When they have done this for some time, and have deserted the world-soul and estranged themselves from her through their separation, and no longer regard the intangible universe, then each becomes a part and is isolated and weakened and busied with many things, and regards the part instead of the whole. And then when each through her separation from the whole has lighted upon some one particular part, and has deserted everything else, and turned to and entered into that one part which is subject to the impact and influence of other things, her apostasy from the whole is accomplished, and she directs the individual surrounded as he is by an environment, and is already in contact and concerned with external things, and lives in their presence and has sunk deep into them. Then it is that she is aptly said to have lost her wings and to lie in the bonds of the body—erring as she is from her life of innocence passed in governing the higher world at the side of the world-soul.

But why, then, do we not remain in the vision? I reply, because we have never wholly come forth from our earthly selves. But there shall come a time for us when the vision will be un-

broken, and we are no longer disturbed by any unrest of the body.

Now whosoever beholds himself, when he beholds his real self will see it as such a being, or rather he will be united with such a being, and feel himself to have become such as is wholly simple. Indeed we ought perhaps to say "he will see himself." Nor should we speak of an object of his vision, if we have to mean thereby a quality of the seer and the seen and do not identify the two as one. It is a bold thing to say, but in the vision a man neither sees, nor if he sees, distinguishes what he sees from himself, nor fancies that there are two—the seer and the seen. On the contrary, it is by becoming as it were another than himself, and by neither being himself nor belonging to himself that he attains the vision. And having surrendered himself to it he is one with it, as the centres of two circles might coincide. For these centres when they coincide become one, and when the circles are separated there are two centres again. And it is in this sense that we, too, speak of a difference. It follows that the vision is hard to describe. For how could a man report as something different from himself, what at the time of his vision he did not see as different, but as one with himself?

This is clearly the intent of that injunction of the mysteries which forbids communication of their secret to the uninitiated. Since it was not communicable it was forbidden to explain the divine secret to any one to whom it had not been vouchsafed to see it himself.

So it is that the life of the gods and of godlike and blessed men is a liberation from the things of earth, a life that takes no joy in them, a flight of the soul isolated from all that exists to the isolation of God.

The late Bishop of London was once ordered by his physician to spend the winter in Algiers. The bishop said it was impossible, he had so many engagements. "Well, my Lord Bishop," said the specialist, "it either means Algiers or heaven." "In that case," said the bishop, "I'll go to Algiers."—*The Argonaut*.

LET US TRY MEDITATION.

(From the Minneapolis Journal.)

Not long since a Hindu poet and philosopher on a visit to America expressed astonishment that Americans take no set daily time for meditation. His own people, he says, set apart an hour daily for this duty, believing it necessary for the development of the soul.

Pushing, energetic, rushing America will not take much to heart such a criticism from the "decadent East." Uninterrupted activity is called the secret of American's success and leadership. The hour of quiet in America is too often the hour devoted to a close study of business methods, of industrial processes, of trade strategy. During the hour the Hindu is dreaming, the American has made a good hour's journey past him toward the goal of financial success.

But is not the hour better spent in meditation than in activity? Has not America in her productive restlessness let slip a valuable factor in life, possibly the factor most valuable? Certain it is that no great spiritual movement has ever been begun or carried on successfully that was not born of meditation. Things written and spoken that stir the hearts of men to better behavior are produced by quiet thought, by inward observation, by meditation—and in no other way.

Scarcely one American in a hundred has been halted and brought to serious thought by the heavens under which he goes to and fro day and night through all his years. It was a Hebrew psalmist, a man of meditation, who said:

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,
The moon and the stars which thou hast ordained;
What is man that thou art mindful of him,
And the son of man that thou visitest him?

This was said, not because some lecturer had roused the writer's interest in the heavens, but because the writer had meditated and had listened to the voices of the night. The admonition to go aside from noise for silent communion with one's self is prominent in the Psalms:

Be still and know that I am God.
Commune with your own heart upon your bed and be still.
I call to remembrance my song in the night.
I commune with mine own heart,
And my spirit made diligent search.

Christ gave his disciples command to secret thought: "Enter into thy closet," said he, "and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father which is in secret."

The American habit of continuous activity in company with others results in a feeling of lonesomeness and of wasteful unemployment when alone. If such a one sits down in solitary quiet, he must busy himself with reading. He has not learned that he may teach himself great things by communion with his own heart. He has come to lean on others for thoughts and for inspiration and for this reason continuous companionship seems a necessity to him. He is losing the greatest good in life, for he misses the highest thought and the best exercise for heart and mind.

A deliberate setting aside of an hour each day for meditation may open the door to a fullness in the enjoyment of life such as one has never before known.

The underlying thought of sympathetic magic, as we have seen, appears to have been that by imitative activities the coming of rain, of wind and sunshine, of vegetation and of similar natural processes could be aided and hastened. Hence man himself assisted in the process of nature, and in so far as divinity was associated with these processes man was a fellow-worker with the divine.—*Evelyn Underhill*.

For every spirit as it is more pure
And hath in it the more of heavenlie light,
So it the fairer body doth procure to
habit it. . . .
For of the soul the body form doth take
For soul is form and doth the body make.
—*Edmund Spenser*.

As the inheritance of an illustrious name and pedigree quickens the sense of duty in every noble nature, a belief in preëxistence may enhance the glory of the present life and intensify the reverence with which the deathless principle is regarded.—*William Knight*.

The sin I impute to each frustrate ghost
Was the unlit lamp and the ungit loin.
—*Browning*.

THE ETERNAL PAN.

Onward and onward, the eternal Pan,
 Who layeth the world's incessant plan,
 Halteth never in one shape,
 But forever doth escape,
 Like wax in flame into new forms,
 Oxygen, and air of plants and worms.
 The world is the ring of his spells,
 And the play of his miracles.

As the bee through the garden ranges,
 From world to world the godhead
 changes,

As the sheep go feeding in the waste,
 From form to form he maketh haste;
 This vault which glows immense with
 light

Is the inn where he lodges for the night.
 What reck's such traveler if the bowers
 Which bloom and fade like meadow
 flowers,

A bunch of fragrant lilies be,
 Or the stars of eternity?

Thou meetest him by centuries,
 And lo! he passes like the breeze;
 Thou seek'st in globe and galaxy,
 He hides in pure transparency;
 Thou askest in fountains and in fires,—
 He is the essence that inquires.
 He is the axis of the star,
 He is the sparkle of the spar,
 He is the heart of every creature.
 He is the meaning of each feature;
 And his mind is the sky,
 Than all it holds more deep, more high.

—Emerson.

 "RAYMOND."

(From the Springfield Republican.)

Raymond Lodge, son of Sir Oliver Lodge, the distinguished British scientist, was wounded in action on September 13, 1915, and died in a few hours. Sir Oliver, as is well known, is a spiritualist, believing that messages can be received from the dead, through the agency of psychically gifted mediums. In the book "Raymond, or Life After Death" (Doran; \$3), Sir Oliver says that neither he nor Lady Lodge had any marked presentiment that their son was near death. The day after his son was killed he was in an "exceptional state of depression," and found that he could not play a game of golf to which he had been looking forward. After seven holes he withdrew from the game. The next day

he heard of his son's death. He believes, however, that he had received through Mrs. Piper, the well known American medium, an intimation that something might be going wrong. This message is by far the most significant psychical phenomenon in the book.

On August 8, 1915, a Miss Robbins was having a sitting in Mrs. Piper's house in Greenfield, N. H. A number of matters of personal interest to Miss Robbins had been communicated by the medium, supposedly under the control of Richard Hodgson. The medium's message suddenly went on as follows: "Now, Lodge, while we are not here as of old, that is, not quite, we are here enough to take and give messages. Myers says you take the part of the poet, and he will act as Faunus."

Other questions and answers followed, which need not be noted here. The medium had, however, referred to Mrs. Verrall as one who could explain the message to Lodge. (Myers is supposed to be the spirit of the well-known scholar, F. W. H. Myers). Sir Oliver, on receiving news of the sitting, consulted Mrs. Verrall, who interpreted the message as a reference to Horace's account in the second and third books of the Odes of his escape from death by a falling tree in his garden, through the help of Faunus, the guardian of poets. Sir Oliver believes that he was thus warned by Myers that a blow was coming and that he would receive consolation through the help of his friend in the spirit world.

As evidence of a communication from a disembodied spirit this may be of little worth, but it is at least an interesting coincidence that Mrs. Piper produced a message for Lodge in the midst of a communication to an American woman, unknown to Sir Oliver. The "supernormal" portion of the book is largely a record of experiences with various mediums since the death of Sir Oliver's son. Sometimes Sir Oliver is the sitter; sometimes it is his wife, and sometimes another member of the family or a friend. Sir Oliver believes that he has often been in communication with his son. Most of the messages are delivered by a London medium, Mrs. Leonard, whose control is a little Indian girl, Feda. Another control is one Moonstone, who, while on earth, was a Yogi. Feeling that he had lived a

selfish, though a good life, Moonstone is trying with the assistance of his medium (a man in this case) to share in the sorrows of the world. Whatever may be the scientific explanation of spirit messages, those recorded in Sir Oliver's book are of little intrinsic worth. Sir Oliver, it should be said, intends to examine the evidence critically, though he does believe in the genuineness of the communications.

At a sitting of Lady Lodge with Mrs. Leonard, Raymond is supposed to communicate: "Can you fancy," he says, "you see me in white robes? Mind, I didn't care for them at first and I wouldn't wear them. Just like a fellow gone to a country where there is a hot climate—an ignorant fellow, not knowing what he is going to; it's just like that. He may make up his mind to wear his own clothes a little while, but he will soon be dressing like the natives. He was allowed to have earth clothes here until he got acclimatized; they let him; they didn't force him. I don't suppose I will ever be able to make the boys see me in white robes."

As Sir Robertson Nicoll has pointed out in critising this book, the little Indian "control" had previously stumbled over the word "manufactured," speaking it hesitatingly, syllable by syllable, but has no difficulty with "acclimatized." Most of the communications are trifling, and, to the unbelieving reader, not only excite no mystery (as psychic experiences sometimes do), but awaken feelings of contempt. There is, for instance, the occasion where Sir Oliver visits the same medium, Mrs. Leonard, working by the same control, and we hear that "a chap came over the other day who would have a cigar. 'That's finished them,' he thought. But there are laboratories over here and they manufacture all sorts of things in them. Not like you do, out of solid matter, but out of essences and ethers and gases. It's not the same as on the earth-plane, but they were able to manufacture what looks like a cigar. Some want meat and some strong drink; they call for whisky sodas. Don't think I am stretching it when I tell you they can manufacture even that. He (Raymond) has heard of drunkards who want it for months and years over here, but he hasn't seen any."

Once, to be sure, when a favorite peacock on Sir Oliver's estate has just died, the message purporting to come from Raymond contains a suggestion that some person or animal should be put on a "pedestal." Sir Oliver thinks that in this case the medium may have received the idea from himself by telepathy. To the investigator, only a small fraction of the material is worthy of consideration. There are countless traces of the conscious mind of the medium, who apparently is saying something that the bereaved parents will wish to hear.

The first portion of the book will be preferred by most reader. Here is a collection of letters written by Raymond from the front, with some words about the boy from Sir Oliver and Lady Lodge. In these letters, written to his father, mother, brothers or friends, there is evidence of affection and character which brings home to us once more the enormous loss which the English nation has sustained in the deaths of officers like young Lodge. The letters are simple, unaffected, often humorous in the descriptions of life in the trenches. At times the young officer amuses himself by inventing acrostics for his relatives at home to ponder over. Moreover, in the strong affection of the members of this cultivated English family for one another we see the motive which has so much to do with the search for evidences of the survival of personality. In the last portion of the book Sir Oliver sets forth the reasons for his convictions of the supremacy of mind over matter, and his belief in the survival of personality and affection. One can not accept the "supernormal" evidence here presented as of much value in proving Sir Oliver's contention regarding continuity, but the reader will at least be eager to make the acquaintance of Raymond's family and to share their affection for the cheerful, brave, and self-forgetful boy—so typical of the cultivated English officer—and their grief at his death.

We can not yet have learned all that we are meant to learn through the body. How much of the teaching even of this world can the most diligent and the most favored man have exhausted before he is called to leave it? Is all that remains lost?—*George Macdonald.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

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Price Five Cents

THE BLAVATSKY LODGE.

The Blavatsky Lodge has now moved to its new quarters on the third floor of the Cordes-Rochat Building, 126 Post Street, San Francisco. The meeting-room is commodious and comfortable and there is also a large room that will be used as a library and two smaller rooms that will be devoted to some appropriate purpose. Who can doubt that the change is a prelude to wider activities and an extended usefulness?

ATLANTIS.

The article on "Atlantis," by Professor Garrett P. Serviss, reprinted upon another page of this issue, is an example of the tenacity with which the scientific expositor will cling to a theory in the face of disproving facts. Professor Serviss says: "Every fact gathered by science concerning early man consistently and persistently testifies that the further we go back the lower was his condition, the more beastlike his form, and the more animal-like his intelligence."

And yet a few lines further on we find the professor saying of the prehistoric invaders of the valleys of the Pyrenees and of southwestern France that "the facial types and the size and shape of the skulls show an almost startling resemblance to those of today." Which of the two statements is correct? Obviously they can not both be true.

There are, of course, many evidences

of high civilization in the past and of the dark ages that preceded and followed them. The mysterious ruins that are found in every part of the world, the relics that have been found in Crete and the Gobi Desert, in South Africa, and in many parts of America, all tend to prove the truth of the cyclic theory of human advance, they all tend to show that civilization and savagery existed side by side ages ago just as they do today. Fifty years ago the story of Atlantis was laughed at as a dream. To-day it is accepted as true by science. Tomorrow—who knows?—we may have proofs of its superior civilization.

THE TWO MINDS.

What is the difference between the Higher and the Lower Minds and how did that difference originate?

There is no difference between the Higher and the Lower Minds. They are identical. The difference is in the substance or quality of the media through which they manifest. Consciousness is the same everywhere, whether it be in the mineral or the brain of the sage. The universe in its every department is consciousness that does not change, shining through infinite forms of matter that do change.

Take an analogy. Five miles above the surface of the earth we may suppose that the sunlight is pure and unsullied. But as it passes onward to the earth it

must penetrate the mist and fog and smoke. When at last it reaches the human eye it seems to be dim and discolored. But actually nothing has happened to the sunlight. It is as pure and unsullied as ever it was. The change is not in the sunlight, but in the media through which it has passed. We look at those media and ascribe their characteristics to the light. In the same way a diver descending into the ocean finds that at last the sunlight is represented by a dull green glow. But it is not the sunlight that is either dull or green. These are the characteristics of the ocean. In the same way consciousness must always show itself through some material vehicle which may be transparent or which may be nearly opaque.

The Higher Mind may be likened to the sunlight before it reaches the atmospheric conditions of the earth. The Lower Mind is that same sunlight after it has passed through those conditions. In the human being it is the brain that corresponds with the atmospheric conditions. The brain, it is true, transmits consciousness, but it obscures more than it transmits. It is hostile rather than friendly. It takes more than it gives. It is in a state of perpetual fog and mist.

We may use another analogy, but with the remembrance that analogies are crutches and not feet. They must not be carried too far. And so we may compare the Lower Mind with the few drops of ocean water that are confined within the pores of a sponge. Those few drops of water are identical in every respect with the water of the ocean. They are parts of the cyclone and the tempest. There is no ocean potency that is not in them. But now they are limited by the sponge walls that surround them, and we may even imagine them as forgetting their source and acquiring a conviction of their own inability. We may go so far as to suppose that they actually identify themselves with the spongy pores that have become their momentary homes and so acquire a sense of separateness from all other drops and of antagonism to them. The Lower Mind is the drop of water in the sponge. The Higher Mind is the ocean to which that drop belongs.

The process of occult training has for its object a change in the material sub-

stance of brain and nervous system, so that they shall become transparent instead of opaque to consciousness. Every thought, however insignificant, leaves its trace upon the brain, makes it either more perfect or less so. When the brain has been so perfected by a restrained and regulated thought that it transmits the light of consciousness undiminished we may then say that the Lower Mind has become the Higher Mind. In other words consciousness is no longer deflected or repelled by its material environment.

ART AND OCCULTISM.

The perfection of ancient art and of much of the modern art of ancient peoples seems to have been largely due to a practical application of some of the basic principles of Occultism. Whenever it is possible to gain an insight into method, there we find an unvarying insistence upon the necessity of feeling, and upon the acquisition of the power to feel, not as an accessory to manual skill, but as its indispensable preliminary.

We are reminded of this by Mr. Henry P. Bowie's remarkable work, "On the Laws of Japanese Painting" (Paul Elder & Co.). Mr. Bowie devotes a section of his work to the æsthetics of Japanese art and he describes the principle known as *Sei Do*, which is "the transfusion into the work of the felt nature of the thing to be painted by the artist," and he says that this is a strictly enforced law:

The student is incessantly admonished to observe it. Should his subject be a tree, he is urged when painting it to feel the strength which shoots through the branches and sustains the limbs. Or if a flower, to try to feel the grace with which it expands or bows its blossoms. Indeed, nothing is more constantly urged upon his attention than this great underlying principle, that it is impossible to express in art what one does not first feel. The Romans taught their actors that they must first weep if they would move others to tears. The Greeks certainly understood the principle, else how did they successfully invest with imperishable life their creations in marble.

In Japan, says Mr. Bowie, the highest compliment to an artist is to say he paints with his soul, his brush following the dictates of his spirit:

The Japanese artist is taught that even to the placing of a dot in the eyeball of a tiger he must first feel the savage, cruel, feline character of the beast, and only under such influence should he apply the brush. If he

paint a storm, he must at the moment realize passing over him the very tornado which tears up trees from their roots and houses from their foundations. Should he depict the seacoast with its cliffs and moving waters, at the moment of putting the wave-bound rocks into the picture he must feel that they are being placed there to resist the fiercest movement of the ocean, while to the waves in turn he must give an irresistible power to carry all before them: thus, by this sentiment, called living movement (Sei Do) reality is imparted to the inanimate object. This is one of the marvelous secrets of Japanese painting, handed down from the great Chinese painters and based on psychological principles—matter responsive to mind. Chikudo, the celebrated tiger painter, studied and pondered so long over the savage expression in the eye of the tiger in order to reproduce its fierceness that, it is related, he became at one time mentally unbalanced, but his paintings of tigers are inimitable. They exemplify Sei Do.

There is another principle in Japanese art, that of Ki In, and perhaps it is still more difficult for the Occidental mind to understand. It is the principle of spiritual values, and if this be lacking, the picture is a failure, no matter how great its technical excellences. Mr. Bowie explains it thus:

In our varied experiences of life we all have met with noble men and women whose beautiful and elevating characters have impressed us the moment we have been brought into relation with them. The same quality which thus affects us in persons is what the Japanese understand by Ki In in a painting. It is that indefinable something which in every great work suggests elevation of sentiment, nobility of soul. From the earliest times the great art writers of China and Japan have declared that this quality, this manifestation of the spirit, can neither be imparted nor acquired. It must be innate. It is, so to say, a divine seed implanted in the soul by the Creator, there to unfold, expand, and blossom, testifying its hidden residence with greater or lesser charm according to the life spent, great principles adhered to and ideals realized. Such is what the Japanese understand by Ki In. It is, I think, akin to what the Romans meant by *divinus afflatus*—that divine and vital breath, that emanation of the soul, which vivifies and ennobles the work and renders it immortal. And it is a striking commentary upon artist life in Japan that many of the great artists of the Tosa and Kano schools in the middle years of their active lives, retired from the world, shaved their heads, and, taking the titular rank of Hogen. Hoin, or Hokyo, became Buddhist priests and entered monasteries, there to pass their remaining days, dividing their time between meditation and inspired work that they might leave in dying not only spotless names, but imperishable monuments raised to the honor and glory of Japanese art.

Mr. Bowie's book is well worthy of

attention by those who would understand something of the application of occultism to art, and, inferentially, to all the activities of life.

ATLANTIS.

(Garrett P. Serviss in S. F. Call.)

"What is the attitude of science regarding Atlantis? I do not mean simply the submerged continent, which is, I believe, generally conceded, but the Atlantis of Plato and Donnelly, the seat and centre of a high civilization."—C. C. M., Williamsport, Pa.

It is like the attitude of science regarding any other tradition which has no verifiable facts to support it. To concede the former existence of a habitable country in the midst of the Atlantic Ocean demands no extraordinary nor unjustifiable credulity, because it has been demonstrated not only that broad regions of the earth's surface now submerged were once dry land, but also that on the bottom of the Atlantic lie the topographic features of what may fairly be called a sunken continent. The exact position and outlines of this lost land are matters still under discussion, but its existence can hardly be disputed.

However, when we pass from this general admission of the former existence of an Atlantic continent to the particulars of Plato's legend of Atlantis we encounter something not accordant with scientific knowledge. Plato pictures Atlantis as a land brilliant with a civilization and art surpassing even those of Greece.

He tells of splendid cities, of wise laws, of admirable social and political institutions, of great mechanical achievements, and other things utterly inconsistent with the physical and mental characteristics of the human race as archaeology has revealed that race to us during its earliest known existence upon the earth.

Plato's Atlantis was a kind of sophisticated Eden, but science has been unable to find any indications of a period in man's history when he was particularly suited to inhabit any kind of Eden except a savage one.

The tremendous catastrophe which the ancient legend says caused the sudden disappearance of Atlantis must have occurred ages before the chain of recorded

history began to be linked up. Every fact gathered by science concerning early man consistently and persistently testifies that the farther we go back the lower was his condition, the more beast-like his form, and the more animal-like his intelligence.

How, then, is it possible for science to accept the Platonic legend of Atlantis as the home of men superior even to the Greeks of the golden age of Athens? In view of all that science knows at present about this subject it would be more reasonable to affirm that the inhabitants of Atlantis lived in caves, or in trees, and possessed virtually no arts and but a low degree of intelligence.

If, on the contrary, they were what Plato pictured them, whence did they derive their civilization? This is a question that lies outside the fence of science, in the wild, flowery meadows of legend, where the butterflies of the imagination dazzle the eyes and confuse the reason with a maze of scintillating fancies.

And yet, it is from just such uncultivated wastes that the future fields of science must be redeemed, and some time we may get a trustworthy light on this very question, which now seems so insolvable. The suggestions of the imagination should never be thrown aside untested.

It has been suggested, for instance, that the legend of Atlantis, which Plato says he did not invent (and, indeed, we know he did not), was an original form of the story of the Flood, and that the Eden which the ancient scripture writers had dimly before their minds was situated on the island, or continent, of Atlantis.

With the submergence of Atlantis in consequence of a great earth throe, the race that had once inhabited Paradise disappeared, except a few survivors who reached the shores of Europe, as Europe then was.

Whether these supposed survivors encountered an autochthonous race of men in Europe, still in a savage state, with whom they mingled, or whether they found themselves alone in a new world, they introduced the seeds of change. It is a singular fact, worth recalling here, that, as far as we know, the earliest seats of human occupation in Europe were in Spain and southern France, the nearest

land to the supposed site of the lost Atlantis.

Indistinctly we are able to trace the coming of a new and superior race among the valleys of the Pyrenees and of southwestern France, and some of the specimens of art and handiwork left by this race are of surprising excellence, although they do not indicate civilization in our sense. But the facial types and the size and shape of the skulls show an almost startling resemblance to those of today.

The practically world-wide prevalence of legends of a flood that almost destroyed mankind, the equally widespread traditions of former superior races, the stories heard by early American explorers of the mysterious visits by white men and the wise men, coming no one knew from whence; these may all be connected with the Atlantis legend, and some time they may assume such a form and consistency that science will be able to handle them.

The analogy pointed to is that whereas we living men and women, while associated with the mortal organism, are ignorant of whatever experience our larger selves may have gone through in the past—yet when we awake out of this present materialized condition, and enter the region of larger consciousness, we may gradually realize in what a curious though legitimate condition of ignorance we now are; and may become aware of our fuller possession, with all that has happened here and now fully remembered and incorporated as an additional experience into the wider range of knowledge which the larger entity must have accumulated since its intelligence and memory began.—*Sir Oliver Lodge.*

Every duty, even the least duty, involves the whole principle of obedience, and little duties make the will dutiful, that is, supple and prompt to obey. Little obediences lead into great. The daily round of duty is full of probation and of discipline; it trains the will, heart, and conscience. We need not to be prophets or apostles. The commonest life may be full of perfection. The duties of home are a discipline for the ministries of heaven.—*H. G. Manning.*

THE GHOST OF ALGIERS.

(From the New York Sun.)

Charles Richet, professor of physiology of the Faculty of Medicine, Paris, published lately his observations of a phenomenon not yet explained, the apparition of a ghost at the Villa Carmen, the residence of General Noel, in Algiers.

A ghost is seldom observed with anything like scientific precision. The spectre in the following narrative could be photographed, successful attempts being made with a magnesium flashlight. Efforts to touch its hand were failures with one important exception. On the other hand, it did lend itself, perhaps unconsciously, to one scientific experiment.

Professor Richet is a hard-headed man of science, but he has surrendered to what seems fact. Before entering into the mysteries of the Noel household he says that his business as a physiologist is with facts and consequences, though they may be, as in the present instance, ruinous to our most settled convictions. To the question, "Do you believe in ghosts?" Professor Richet would doubtless reply, "How do you define a ghost?" He does not say in so many words that the apparition of the Villa Carmen was a ghost. But he does say that it was a very terrifying thing, and he implies that it is wonderful that the various persons who saw it—General Noel, Mme. Noel, and M. Delanne, the editor of the *Annales des Sciences Psychiques*—were not injured thereby.

The entire evidence is just published by Dr. Paul Joire, professor at the Psycho-Physiological Institute of France. It is edited by a competent critic, Gabriel Delanne of the *Annales des Sciences Psychiques*. For the sake of orderly arrangement the story is told in three chapters.

In the first the news of the occurrences at Algiers is given, occurrences which induced Professor Richet and M. Delanne to visit the family of General Noel to study the materialization. In the second chapter the affidavit of the architect of the Villa Carmen is published to show that no changes in its structure had taken place. Other evidence is adduced to prove that the apparition could not be the materialization of Areski, the former coachman of General Noel.

In the description of the seances the facts are fully set forth from Professor Richet's notes, with the real names of the witnesses. "These facts," says Dr. Joire, "have been much talked about because they were witnessed by the eminent professor of physiology at the Faculty of Medicine of Paris, M. Charles Richet, who went to Algiers expressly for the purpose of studying them." The professor's narrative follows:

"The persons who were present at these experiments were General and Mme. Noel, Mme. X., a lady whom I know; M. Gabriel Delanne, and the three daughters of M. B., a retired military officer, Marthe, aged 19 years; Paulette, aged 18 years, and Maia, aged 14 years. It is important to note that Marthe was engaged to a son of General Noel.

"It is highly probable that the greater part of the phenomena were due to the influence of this young lady as medium. She is described as an accomplished person, appareled in all the pomp of youth and innocence. The various witnesses were seated outside the curtains of the cabinet where the manifestations were produced, while Marthe was always inside the cabinet behind the curtains.

"The room in which these experiments took place is a small kiosk situated in the garden of the Villa Carmen. This kiosk or pavilion is entirely separated from any habitation; it consists of one room only, and is built over a stable and coach house. This room has two windows and one entrance door. One of the windows looks out on the street, five yards away. The other window looks out on a stone stair which leads from the garden to the street.

"The floor of the room consists of flagstones cemented together. A kind of linoleum is nailed on the floor, and near the seance cabinet this linoleum is covered with thin felt carpet.

"During the seances Marthe seated herself in the cabinet with Aischa, her negro maid; Marthe to the left, Aischa to the right, and the curtain was closed. As I have already mentioned, it was not possible to suppose the presence of some intruder concealed in the seance room or of some one entering the cabinet while the seance was going on, and we can not account for the presence of the new per-

sonage which appeared beside the medium.

"I shall establish first of all that this apparition is neither an image reflected in a mirror, nor a doll, nor a lay figure. In fact, it possesses all the attributes of life. I have heard its breathing. I have heard its voice, I have touched its hand several times; that hand was warm and jointed. I have been able, through the drapery with which the hand was covered, to feel the wrist and palm, which yielded to the pressure of my hand."

Therefore the only fraud possible, Professor Richet points out, must consist in the so-called phantom being the medium disguised. The explanation that it was trickery by Marthe is extremely unlikely.

To practice such a part would require the conspiracy of two others, a lay figure, and a number of costumes, which could not be concealed. Trickery by a cunning girl is an explanation which at least provides a motive, but how such a thing could be managed from within the triangle of the cabinet remains a mystery. Professor Richet has examined all the arguments and acquits Marthe, who was never suspected by her family or the public. In fact she was above suspicion, which, in an imposture, could not be the explanation.

"The phantom appeared on Friday, September 1st," Professor Richet goes on. "Marthe and Aïscha were seated behind the curtain. In front were the usual sitters, General Noel, Mme. Noel, M. Delanne, Paulette, myself, Mme. X., and Maia."

Thus, when the phantom appeared, Marthe was sitting in the cabinet at M and Aïsche at N in the diagram; A B is the curtain with an opening at O, by which the apparition called Bien Boa or B. B. comes out and returns.

"On this day of September B. B. appeared at O," says Professor Richet. "Scarcely had he, or it, reëntered at O than I saw without any movement of the curtain a white light at X on the ground outside the curtain between the table where we sat and the curtain.

"I half rose, in order to look over the table. I saw, as it were, a white luminous ball floating over the ground. Then

moving straight upward very rapidly, as though issuing from a trap door, appeared B. B. He seemed to me to be of no great height; he was clad in white drapery, and, I think, had something like a caftan with a girdle at the waist.

"He was then between the table and the curtain, and he was born, so to speak, out of the flooring by the curtain, which had not moved. The curtain, as I have said, was nailed to the wall along the angles, so that a living person in order to leave the cabinet in that way, would have no other means than to crawl along the ground and pass under the curtain. But the apparition was sudden and the luminous spot on the floor preceded its appearance.

"Then the phantom raised itself up, developing his form rapidly in a straight line. It seemed to me that it tried to come among us, but it had a strange, halting, hesitating gait. I could not say whether it walked or glided. At one moment it wavered, and seemed about to fall, as if unable to support itself. Then it went toward the opening of the curtain.

"Then, without, as far as I believe, opening the curtain, it suddenly sank and disappeared, and at the same time a sound of clac, clac was heard, like the noise of a body thrown on the ground.

"A very little time afterward, two, three, or four minutes, we saw at the very feet of the general the same white ball—it might be the head?—on the ground: it mounted rapidly, quite straight, and rose to the height of a man, then suddenly sank to the ground and disappeared, and again we heard the noise clac, clac of a body falling. The general felt the shock of the limbs, which in falling struck his leg with violence.

"It appeared to me that this experience was decisive, for the luminous spot which formed on the ground, which then changed into a being walking and apparently living, can not seemingly be produced by any trick. To suppose that Marthe, disguised as B. B., could by gliding under the curtain and then rising upright give the appearance of a white spot rising in a straight line is clearly impossible.

"Moreover, on the next day B. B.

again appeared in front of the curtain, and several times I saw him plunge himself straight into the ground. He suddenly became shorter and disappeared under our eyes, and then rose suddenly in a vertical line.

"He seemed to have a helmet and turban and black mustache. The head, with its turban and as it were the indication of the eyes, grew and gradually rose until it nearly overtopped the canopy. At certain moments it was obliged to lean and bend on account of the great height that it assumed. Then suddenly the head sank, sank to the ground, and disappeared!

"Important as this last phenomenon was, three times repeated, it seems to me less decisive than the birth of the phantom by means of a white luminous spot on the ground outside the curtain."

In this way the ghost vanished and grew again. The supernormal appearances were photographed by flashlight with a mixture of chlorate of potash and magnesium. The pictures were taken simultaneously by Mme. X. with a kodak, by M. Delanne with a stereoscopic camera, and by Professor Richet himself with a Richard verascope. Thus there were sometimes five plates exposed at one flash of the magnesium light.

The luminous ball formed in front of and above the table where the witnesses sat, on the right and much in advance of the curtain. The phantom was insubstantial and unlike anything on earth. It seemed to have no distinct shape, and the agency which the drapery covered would rise and fall, as Professor Richet says, like a jack in the box.

Some other peculiarities were noted. The helmet sometimes seemed to be the head covering, sometimes it came down over the ears, and was lustrous, with the tracery of figures. The figure never showed its eyes. Professor Richet invited it to a test, which it accepted willingly. This was blowing through a tube into a bottle of baryta water, which turned milky. Hence he thinks it was a living agency.

In plenty of ghost stories we hear of ghosts who draw curtains or open doors, and these apparent material effects are usually called part of the seer's delusion. But the luminous spot went out of the ground before the curtain, and died away

with a noise of "clac, clac." Either the ghost in this case was an actual one, not a collective hallucination, or the white light is a phenomenon of nature of unknown origin, Professor Richet declares.

FRANKLIN'S EPITAPH.

The Body of Benjamin Franklin, Printer, (like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out, and stript of its lettering and gilding) lies here food for worms. Yet the work itself shall not be lost; for it will (as he believed) appear once more in a new and more beautiful edition, corrected and amended by the author.

"It seems within the range, and not beyond the rights, of the imagination to entertain confident and happy dreams of successive states of real and conscious existence, rising by evolution through succeeding phases of endless life. Why in truth should evolution proceed along the gross and palpable lines of the visible, and not also be hard at work upon the subtler elements which are behind—molding, governing, and emancipating them?"

A Soul occupied with great ideas best performs small duties; the divinest views of life penetrate most clearly into the meanest emergencies; so far from petty principles being best proportioned to petty trials, a heavenly spirit taking up its abode with us can alone sustain well the daily toils, and tranquilly pass the humiliations of our condition.—*J. Martineau.*

Such as are thy habitual thoughts, such also will be the character of thy mind; for the soul is dyed by the thoughts. Dye it then with a continuous series of such thoughts as these: for instance, that where a man can live, there he can also live well. But we must live in a palace; well, then, he can also live well in a palace.—*Marcus Antonius.*

There is no system so simple, and so little repugnant to our understanding, as that of metempsychosis. The pains and pleasure of this life are by this system considered as the recompense or the punishment of our actions in another state.—*Isaac D'Israeli.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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THE NEW SPIRITUALISM.

It has been easy to foresee that psychical research, made respectable by science, would culminate in a revival of spiritualism. We are, indeed, actually witnessing such a revival at the present time. It is not the spiritualism of twenty years ago with its cheap and tawdry phenomena, its sensationalisms, and its credulities. It is a new kind of spiritualism, rationalized, humanized, pruned of many of its absurdities, appealing to the intelligence and the sympathies rather than to the senses, and therefore, perhaps, more insidious and more dangerous. And the difficulty of the situation is increased by the readiness with which responsible newspapers lend their columns to its promulgation and the willingness of the public to stop, look, and listen.

The new movement may be said to have begun with "Letters of a Living Dead Man," which was followed by "War Letters of a Living Dead Man." Then came the "Patience Worth" communications, and now we have a new book by Sir Oliver Lodge dealing with the supposed communications from his son, who was recently killed in France. At the moment of writing our attention is drawn to a novel said to have been mediumistically dictated by Mark Twain since his death, and some comments upon this volume from the skilled pen of

the editor of the *St. Louis Mirror* will be found elsewhere in this issue.

Now there seems to be a right and a wrong way to meet this recrudescence of spiritualism. The wrong, and perhaps the more usual, way among Theosophists is tinctured with a certain Brahminical omniscience and arrogance, and it does more harm than good. It pretends to be based on the explanations of these phenomena that were put forward by H. P. Blavatsky, who, by the way, never claimed to be omniscient and who was certainly never arrogant. It would be hard to have too much respect for even the lightest opinion of H. P. Blavatsky, but we may none the less remember with advantage that she did no more than elucidate the general principles upon which these phenomena are based and that she never claimed for her explanations that they were inclusive or final. No one knew better than she the impossibility of defining or classifying the lives on the unseen planes of nature by a few aphorisms or within the scope of a magazine article. She was dealing with the phenomena of her day and she was satisfied with a broad indication of the nature of forces that were then in evidence and that were likely to be misunderstood and misinterpreted. No worse service could be done to theosophical wisdom than by airy references to "elementals" or "elementaries" in elucidation of occurrences that are not

only amply sustained by the evidence, but that are also of the most complex and baffling kind.

But an open mind does not mean credulity. Nor does it mean a ready acceptance of theories that happen to be indicated by a surface study of the facts or to be congenial with hopes and sentiments. An open mind implies, or should imply, a steadfast effort to understand the laws and forces of nature and a cautious examination of the demonstrated phenomena in the light of what we know and also of the probabilities. And if these phenomena should sometimes seem to be insoluble we shall lose nothing, indeed we may gain much, by confessing our ignorance.

RELIGION AND REALITY.

James Henry Truckwell, author of "Religion and Reality," just published by E. P. Dutton & Co. (\$2.75 net), tells us that he was led to his present inquiry into religion by "a discovery of its rational basis." And if religion has a rational basis it must have also some rational end, some form of highest development, and this seemed to him to be mysticism.

Into the processes of the author's inquiry we need not here enter. It is an elaborate and convincing analysis, although he warns the reader that it is only the mystic who can understand mysticism, which constitutes the final goal of life's whole evolution and which has therefore been reached by comparatively few of the race. None the less there are certain main form of mysticism which all can understand:

And first we must note the apparent suddenness with which this experience emerges in consciousness. If, indeed, the mystic experience is, as we have said, the highest example in mental evolution of what, in biological science, is known as a mutation, then the apparent suddenness and unexpectedness of its arrival quite accords with what we should naturally expect. Yet here again it is well to utter a word of caution against the supposition that it is anything totally new added to the attainments of the past. No mutations ever really are of this character. Rather are they, as we observed, extensions and qualitative changes appearing, somewhat unexpectedly and suddenly, in the functions of organs and powers already existing. Let us take an illustration from the physical world. Water up to 32 degrees F. remains a solid. Although up to that point heat may have

been all the while accumulating, yet no qualitative difference is observed. But at this stage what has been termed "a discrete degree" is reached, a sort of physical mutation takes place, and the solid is at once transformed into a liquid. At 212 degrees or boiling point another discrete degree is reached, another qualitative change is observed, and the liquid is suddenly transformed into invisible vapor. Now something analogous to this happens in the sphere of consciousness. At a certain stage the perceptual consciousness of the mere animal becomes transmuted into the rational reflective self-consciousness of man. And this mutation, if we may believe Professor Metchnikoff, took place almost if not quite suddenly. And the view we offer regarding mysticism is that we witness in it another mutation, that a new and higher type of experience again emerges, and the rational self-consciousness of ordinary humanity becomes transmuted into the universal or cosmic consciousness of the mystic, characterized by an intense sense of identity with God. The mystic experience is as much higher, we contend, than the ordinary human self-consciousness of which it is a mutation, as this latter in its turn is than the simple consciousness of the lower animals from which it originally emerged.

But the mystic consciousness is not something added or new. It is an emergence into full daylight of something that has been maturing for ages. It is a transition from the finite to the Infinite, from the phenomenal to the Noumenal, from the temporal to the Eternal:

The second characteristic of mysticism to which we would draw attention is that it demands, almost invariably, solitude and silence. To attain the mystic experience a certain state of mind is required, aptly described by Wordsworth, who on this subject was no mean psychologist, as a wise passiveness. By this he meant that the activity of the analytic intellect, which is forever busying itself with the mere details and particulars of existence and always "murders to dissect," as also the activity of our final will, which is ever striving for some lower and transient satisfaction, must both be laid to rest, and the mind be allowed to subside into a state of quiet receptiveness, if the messages which convey the deeper meanings of the universe are to reach our inner ear. But to cultivate such a state of mind we need to be alone. William James, it will be recalled, in defining what religion, for the purpose of his great lectures, should be, said, "it shall be the experience of individual men in their solitude, so far as they apprehend themselves to stand in relation to whatever they may consider the divine." Solitude has, indeed, often been termed the mother of genius, and certainly religious genius is no exception to the rule. Jesus, Paul, Buddha, Mohammed, Tauler, a Kempis, Francis of Assisi, George Fox, and the name of many another genius in religion will readily occur to the mind in this connection. "I value solitude," wrote F. J. Hamerton, "for sincerity and peace, and for the better under-

standing of the thoughts that are truly ours. Only in solitude do we learn our inmost nature and its needs." The psychological reason why solitude and silence are so needful to the discovery of our inmost nature is evident: for it is only when no longer inhibited and repressed by the activities and distractions of our more superficial everyday life, that those fountains within us are unsealed, or at least able more copiously to flow, which have their source in those depths of our being where our life is one with the life of God. Thus it came to pass that it was amid the solitude and silence afforded by the great forests of India, that the Upanishads, which contain beyond doubt the profoundest metaphysical religion ever yet given to the world, had their birth. And again it was in the more peaceful retirement and seclusion of the monastic life of the middle ages that our modern classical music, so profoundly religious and mystical in its real significance, first arose.

And here the author warns us against an intuition divorced from reason:

The true mystic experience is always characterized by a sense of great intellectual illumination, or by what is usually termed intuition. Real intuition, it should be borne in mind, always has an element of thought or knowledge in it as well as of feeling. Intuition is, therefore, cognitive or noetic in quality, and not bare feeling or emotion. It is a union of the strands of thought and feeling in a higher inclusive immediacy. We might perhaps more exactly define it as knowledge in and through immediate feeling.

The knowledge of the mystic is a real and an actual knowledge. William James tells us that in mystic states depths of truth are reached which are unplumbed by the discursive intellect. In them we have perception of fact as direct for those who experience them as any physical sensations can be. And then comes the great mystic achievement of immediacy:

The mystic, then, in and through these high immediacies, these transcendental states, discerns that his true self is also the Self of the Absolute. And yet by this discovery he does not lose his finitude; but still retains, not merely undiminished, but even in deepened and intensified form, his own distinctness and uniqueness as a finite centre of experience. It will be seen, therefore, that the mystic experience, when it reaches the highest development of its cognitive content, does not simply claim likeness to God, nor even union with God. This would still be essentially dualistic, implying two terms, God and himself, with some connecting bond *between*. What the mystic declares is more than this, he affirms his fundamental *identity* with God. "That art thou," this experience says to us, speaking in the language of the Vedanta, "not a part, not a mode of That, but identically *That*, that absolute spirit of the World."

The mystic does not try to become

something that he is not, but rather to expoliate something that he now is. The *Tat tvam asi*, the *That thou art*, of the Vedanta, is the affirmation that becomes his guiding star.

THE TWO NATURES.

(By Mary Wright Plummer.)

Where has thou been, O Soul, in thy sojourning

Out of the body? on what high emprise,

What noble quest, that thus to me returning

I labor at my anchor, fain to rise?

What king hath entertained thee, condescending

To share his plenty with thy low estate?

Why turn away from so divine befriending,

To keep thy faith with me inviolate?

Nay, chide me not, and strive not with me longer;

Breathe thou alone the air thou lovest best.

Some day, perhaps, thy loyal wings grown stronger,

Thou mayst with hope disturb me where I rest.

Now through thy ether shouldst thou lead me, breathless,

To that high Presence where thy name is known,

Into that circle heaven-born and deathless,

How should I shame thee, stained and earthy grown!

Sad is thy mien, ay, even unto weeping.—

Car'st thou so much? Are we so firmly one?

Lift me again from out this deadly sleeping;

Help me to raise mine eyes unto the sun.

Yea, where thou soarest I will follow after—

Far, far below, yet always in thy wake;

Should I sink back, remember it hereafter,

Thus have I striven, and striven for thy sake.

We are our own children.—*Pythagoras.*

THE CREED OF CHRIST.

(Published by the John Lane Company.)

Owing to free-thought having been proscribed on every plane but the physical, the Western mind—in its progressive search for freedom—will have to work its way from the physical plane upwards. That circumstances are now favorable for the initiation of such an upward movement can scarcely be doubted. The present generation may seem to be sunk deep in materialism; but there are indications that the Western mind is beginning, if not to wake from its slumber, at least to become aware that it is moving in a dream. The very trend of its more recent scientific discoveries is to emancipate it from the assumption which has long fettered its higher energies, the assumption that things are in themselves what they seem to be to our bodily senses. The solidity, the concrete reality, the self-sufficiency of the outward world are beginning, as Science contemplates them with her steady and penetrative gaze, to pass slowly away. That crude atomism, which has long been the key to the fortress of materialistic thought, is already an exploded theory. Matter itself is melting before our eyes into mysterious and impalpable forces, which seem to be scarcely more substantial in their texture than our own feelings and thoughts. By degrees, as we begin to realize that perceptibility by the bodily senses is not of the essence of matter, the idea that the physical plane of existence is not the only plane, and that there may perhaps be other and higher planes of quasi-objective being, will begin to dawn upon our minds. With the advent of this luminous idea, a gradual but potentially infinite expansion will take place in our conception of the inner life of man. For as it is conceivable that in the quasi-objective world there is plane behind and within and beyond plane, so it is conceivable that in the inner life there is self behind and within and beyond self, and that, though these hidden selves are at present submerged in the darkness of the "buried life," the evolution of the human spirit will gradually call them forth into the light of conscious activity and conscious thought. When this conception has become familiar to the human

mind, the ideas that are implicit in it will begin to make their presence felt. We shall begin to dream, not without reason and not without hope, of new powers in man, of new forces in Nature, of new perceptive faculties, of new developments of reason, of new orders of phenomena, of new sciences, of new ideals and new standards of truth. I can do no more than indicate the marvelous vista which Physical Science, as the reward of its loyalty to its own conception of truth, is being allowed to open up to imaginative thought. In the light of these dawning ideas, the rigid and gloomy philosophy which Christian orthodoxy inherited from Judaism will become so utterly discredited that there will be no need for it to be formally disproved. The Western mind, forgetting that it was once in bondage to those barren dogmas, will turn away from them, not with disgust or contempt, but with the serenity of complete indifference, and pursue its upward way. For there is one lesson which its scientific researches on the physical plane will have taught it, and which it will carry with it as it ascends to higher and wider spheres of work. Its long training in a field in which verification of hypotheses is both possible and necessary will make it impatient of all dogmatism which has not a genuinely scientific basis, and will lead it, when it has to deal with matters which are at present beyond the reach of science, to rely for inspiration and guidance on high imagination, on prophetic insight, on spiritual emotion, on the "common sense" of the soul, on all those faculties which find expression for themselves in *poetry*, rather than on a pseudo-science which mistakes words for realities, and esteems the dead logic of the syllogism above the living logic of spiritual growth.

What can we of the present generation do to hasten the coming of that happier day? One thing, at least. We can lift from the face of Christ the mask of *supernatural* divinity with which theology has invested it. To believe that Christ is supernaturally divine is to assume by implication that every word which he spoke was divinely true. This assumption necessarily diverts our attention from the spirit to the letter of Christ's

teaching—the sympathetic interpretation of the former being, for obvious reasons, incomparably more difficult than the quasi-logical treatment of the latter—and so makes it impossible for us to hold conscious intercourse with his mind. The unhappy belief that the words of Christ, taken sentence by sentence, are a storehouse of “theological information,” instead of being, in their general tenor, a perennial source of spiritual inspiration and guidance, has interposed itself as an impenetrable barrier between the thought of Christendom and the thought of Christ.

The supernatural world is doomed. The floods have risen and are already beating against it. Inward, outward, from deep to deep, from height to height, from plane to plane, from world to world, Nature expands unceasingly before our eyes; and we need not be gifted with prophetic vision to see that, sooner or later, her limits will become commensurate with those of the Universe. There was a time when every operation of Nature was attributed to the direct action of a supernatural deity. Beliefs of this order belong to the remote past, and the modern votary of the Supernatural can afford to smile at them. But the ground on which he himself stands is crumbling beneath his feet. There are many phenomena—earthquakes, eruptions, storms, floods, droughts, famines, pestilences, diseases, and the like—which were ascribed even in recent years to supernatural agency, but which are now admitted to come under the control of Nature's laws. To this progressive extension of the frontiers of Nature and progressive recession of the frontiers of the Supernatural there is no imaginable limit. Like an enchanter's palace, like the cloud-mountains of a summer day, the whole supernatural world is fading away before our eyes into the “formless void” of non-existence. And as it is with Nature—the macrocosm—so it is with that which is “at once its witness and its counterpart,” the being of man. We are at last beginning to realize that the range of human nature is illimitable, that the depths of the “buried life” are unfathomable, that the possibilities of man's development are infinite. Nor will

the expansion of Nature in the life of man carry with it any change in her identity. The process of growth, far from making the thing that grows unworthy of the name that it bears, does but bring it nearer to its true self, to what it really is. If it is Nature that makes us hunger and thirst after meat and drink, it is Nature also—a higher development of Nature, and as such *more* worthy of the name—that makes us hunger and thirst after righteousness, that inspires the Poet and the Prophet, that gives high courage to the Hero, and singleness of heart to the Saint. If this is not so, one can but ask whereabouts in man's complex nature is the “great gulf fixed” which separates Nature from the Supernatural.

MARK TWAIN.

(From the St. Louis Mirror.)

But there are people hereabouts who will say that “Mark Twain knows better now,” for those people have been in communication with him or with his incarnate entity over the ouija board since shortly after his death. There are in existence two short novels and several short stories mysteriously transmitted to or through Mrs. C. Edwin Hutchings and Mrs. Lola V. Hayes. In addition, many long conversations with him through the ouija board medium have been transcribed by the recipients, and those conversations read somewhat like Mark Twain's talk sounded when he was here in the flesh. One of the novels and one of the short stories I have read. I do not care much for the short story, but the novel entitled “Jap Herron” I have read in manuscript, and it is a piece of good work. It is a strikingly vivid picture of journalistic and political life in Missouri. The characters are clearly depicted. There is an abundance of Twainian humor and the development of the boy hero is worthy of the man who created Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn. There is a power of pathos in the story, too, near the end. The mind that conceived the tale surely knew all about life in a small Missouri town, and especially the life in a country newspaper office. There are chapters about a country election that are intensely realistic. Rural meanness and rural goodness are dis-

played with equal fidelity. I should say that the story, "Jap Herron," is in literary value equal, if not superior, to the novels of Gene Stratton Porter, and surpassing the widely disseminated masterpieces of Harold Bell Wright. By this I mean that "Jap Herron" contains more particularly the elements that seem to make for popularity. I have seen and heard chapters of this story communicated to Mesdames Hutchings and Hayes. A part of one chapter came over the board under my own hand as I sat with Mrs. Hayes, while Mrs. Hutchings transcribed the words as they were spelled out by the pointer. The quality of the matter is only less remarkable than the now famous works communicated by "Patience Worth" to Mrs. John H. Curran of this city. It is fully as wonderful as the "Letters from a Dead Man" and certain poems written under spirit influence by Elsa Barker, and it is much better than some spirit-communicated poems of Adah Isaacs Mencken. As to communications between the dead and the living, I am more than skeptical; I am a disbeliever. But here are writings or, let us say, dictations that seem as if they have some of the quality of Mark Twain, who believed neither in God nor in the immortality of the soul. Here he is believed by certain very honest people to make his own appearance as "The Mysterious Stranger," but to have changed his tune and to have announced definitely that he lives and retains his familiar characteristics after what we call death. That Mrs. Hutchings and Mrs. Hayes, the media in this case, are both practiced writers for the press seems of little importance, considering the nature of this "spook" writing; nor does it matter, apparently, that Mrs. Hayes is the daughter of a once well-known rural editor in Missouri who worked in her father's office. The writing of the spook that says it is Mark Twain is not at all like the writings of Mrs. Hutchings and Mrs. Hayes, and but for its sentimentalism it may be said to be like the authenticated writings of the famous humorist and philosopher to whom it is ascribed. But there is no reconciliation possible between the temper and the purpose of "The Mysterious Stranger" and "Jap Herron." When

"Jap Herron" shall have been published, the literary experts will have need of all their knowledge and ability to determine whether the "spook" ascription of the production to Mark Twain is supported by evidence superficial and internal. Here is a case, if the ouija-board workers are right, of an after-deathbed conversion of one of the most effective of the world's scoffers at religious faith.

ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES IN LIFE.

(By William Q. Judge, in the Path for July, 1895.)

That view of one's Karma which leads to a bemoaning of the unkind fate which has kept advantages in life away from us is a mistaken estimate of what is good and what is not good for the soul. It is quite true that we may often find persons surrounded with great advantages, but who make no corresponding use of them or pay but little regard to them. But this very fact in itself goes to show that the so-called advantageous position in life is really not good nor fortunate in the true and inner meaning of those words. The fortunate one has money and teachers, ability, and means to travel and fill the surroundings with works of art, with music and with ease. But these are like the tropical airs that enervate the body; these enervate the character instead of building it up. They do not in themselves tend to the acquirement of any virtue whatever, but rather to the opposite by reason of the constant steeping of the senses in the subtle essences of the sensuous world. They are like sweet things which, being swallowed in quantities, turn to acids in the inside of the body. Thus they can be seen to be the opposite of good Karma.

What, then, is good Karma and what bad? The all-embracing and sufficient answer is this:

Good Karma is that kind which the Ego desires and requires; bad, that which the Ego neither desires nor requires.

And in this the Ego, being guided and controlled by law, by justice, by the necessities of upward evolution, and not by fancy or selfishness or revenge or ambition, is sure to choose the earthly habita-

tion that is most likely, out of all possible of selection, to give a Karma for the real advantage in the end. In this light then, even the lazy, indifferent life of one born rich as well as that of one born low and wicked is right.

When we, from this plane, inquire into the matter, we see that the "advantages" which one would seek were he looking for the strengthening of character, the unloosing of soul force and energy, would be called by the selfish and personal world "disadvantages." Struggle is needed for the gaining of strength; buffeting adverse eras is for the gaining of depth; meager opportunities may be used for acquiring fortitude; poverty should breed generosity.

The middle ground in all this, and not the extreme, is what we speak of. To be born with the disadvantage of drunken, diseased parents, in the criminal portion of the community, is a punishment which constitutes a wait on the road of evolution. It is a necessity generally because the Ego has drawn about itself in a former life some tendencies which can not be eliminated in any other way. But we should not forget that sometimes, often in the grand total, a pure, powerful Ego incarnates in just such awful surroundings, remaining good and pure all the time, and staying there for the purpose of uplifting and helping others.

But to be born in extreme poverty is not a disadvantage. Jesus said well when, repeating what many a sage had said before, he described the difficulty experienced by the rich man in entering heaven. If we look at life from the narrow point of view of those who say there is but one earth and after it either eternal heaven or hell, then poverty will be regarded as a great disadvantage and something to be avoided. But seeing that we have many lives to live, and that they will give us all needed opportunity for building up character, we must admit that poverty is not, in itself, necessarily bad Karma. Poverty has no natural tendency to engender selfishness, but wealth requires it.

A sojourn for every one in a body born to all the pains, deprivations, and miseries of modern poverty, is good and just. Inasmuch as the present state of

civilization with all its horrors of poverty, of crime, of disease, of wrong relations almost everywhere, has grown out of the past, in which we were workers, it is just that we should experience it all at some point in our career. If some person who now pays no heed to the misery of men and women should next life be plunged into one of the slums of our cities for rebirth, it would imprint on the soul the misery of such a situation. This would lead later on to compassion and care for others. For, unless we experience the effects of a state of life we can not understand or appreciate it from a mere description. The personal part involved in this may not like it as a future prospect, but if the Ego decides that the next personality shall be there then all will be an advantage and not a disadvantage.

If we look at the field of operation in us of the so-called advantages of opportunity, money, travel, and teachers we see at once that it all has to do with the brain and nothing else. Languages, archæology, music, satiating sight with beauty, eating the finest food, wearing the best clothes, traveling to many places and thus infinitely varying impressions on ear and eye; all these begin and end in the brain and not in the soul or character. As the brain is a portion of the unstable, fleeting body the whole phantasmagoria disappears from view and use when the note of death sends its awful vibration through the physical form and drives out the inhabitant. The wonderful central master-ganglion disintegrates, and nothing at all is left but some faint aromas here and there depending on the actual love within for any one pursuit or image or sensation. Nothing left of it all but a few tendencies—*skandhas*, not of the very best. The advantages then turn out in the end to be the disadvantages altogether. But imagine the same brain and body not in places of ease, struggling for a good part of life, doing their duty and not in a position to please the senses: this experience will burn in, stamp upon, carve into the character, more energy, more power, and more fortitude. It is thus through the ages that great characters are made. The other mode is the mode of the humdrum average which is nothing after all, as yet, but an animal.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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DREAMS.

Dr. Israel Bram of Philadelphia advances for us a new theory of dreams, and it need hardly be said that it is wholly unlike all other theories. Memories, says Dr. Bram, sink into the subconsciousness and are retained there "even to the most insignificant details." During the waking state they are herded, so to speak, and kept within bounds by the reasoning will, which summons forth the memories that it needs and repels all others. But during sleep the reasoning will is withdrawn. The door of the subconsciousness is thrown wide open and the prisoned memories rush forth chaotically. Thus we often dream of insignificances to the exclusion of importances, and trivialities become blended into composite absurdities.

It may be conceded that Dr. Bram's theory has at least one essential of modern pseudo-scientific speculation. The element of chaos, anarchy, or chance is well to the fore. It is the shibboleth of orthodoxy, the hallmark of materialism. Every domain of nature in which law, regularity, and intention have not yet been detected or identified is at once allotted to chance, whether it be the appearance of life upon the earth or the number of electrons in the atom. Dethroning God, we deify the dicebox.

We should like to have Dr. Bram's opinion as to the value of the subconsciousness with its menagerie of memo-

ries thus struggling ceaselessly to escape. Or has it any value? Perhaps it is like the appendix, obsolete and mischievous, and ought to be excised. Why does it store these memories "even to the most infinitesimal details"? Lacking some intelligible theory, it seems rather like collecting postage stamps, although postage stamps do not try to escape, nor hustle each other in the effort to fly from the album.

We should also like to have Dr. Bram's explanation of the dreams that are not trivial, of the dreams that are instructive, prophetic, or inspired. Or would he deny that there are such dreams on the simple and popular plan of shaping the evidence to fit the theory, rather than adapting the theory to fit the evidence?

But a theory more or less matters little. Perhaps we may even congratulate ourselves that dreams should be allowed to enter the domain of scientific discussion.

NO DOGMAS HERE.

Elsewhere in this issue will be found a reprint of an article contributed by Albert Ernest Stafford to the Toronto *Sunday Globe*. There may be some Theosophists who will not agree with everything that Mr. Stafford says, but they will none the less read with interest the opinions of one who is not only a scholarly expositor, but who for a quarter of

a century and more has labored unceasingly for the spread of theosophical ideas.

Theosophy knows no such thing as orthodoxy. It has neither creeds nor dogmas. Its adherents are advised to believe nothing except by permission of their own reason, and their status remains unaffected alike by their adhesion to authority or by its rejection. These should be commonplaces, but unfortunately they are not. Sometimes they are honored more in the breach than in the observance by those who seem so saturated with the dependent spirit of the age as to be unable to move without a leader or to think without a license.

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

Is there any truth in the doctrine of Metempsychosis, or the incarnation of human souls in animal bodies?

The monad that has attained to the human kingdom does not return to the lower forms of life. The door between the human and the animal kingdoms opens in one direction only.

None the less there is a basis of truth in this old teaching, as there is in most old teachings. The Rev. R. J. Campbell once compared the human consciousness with an island peak projecting above the surface of the ocean. It is only the exposed portion that we can see, but that peak is actually the summit of a mountain that rests broad based upon the ocean floor. What, he asks, do we know of the constitution of that mountain? What do we know of the rock strata of which it is composed, of the thousand forms of verdure with which it is covered, and of the lives that lurk in its caves and caverns? But if we would understand the island we must understand also something of the mountain.

In the same way the consciousness of man may be said to be the apex of a pyramid, shining forth like a beacon upon a vast substructure of the lesser lives that have been summoned into momentary cohesion for its support. Those lesser lives are the elementals, the bacteria, of the lower kingdoms, each one destined to ultimate efflorescence as a human soul, each one now bound into temporary service, with its discipline, as a step upon that road. Choosing another

analogy we may compare the human soul with the captain of a ship. But the ship must have a crew as well as a captain, and the crew is made up of officers, quartermasters, sailors, deckhands, firemen, and stokers. The crew is the pyramid upon which the captain stands. It corresponds with the sheaths of the soul and with the human body, which are but the totalities of the lives that compose them. Every member of the crew is potentially a captain. There is no difference between captain and crew except in experience and evolution. The members of the crew are now serving in order that they may ultimately command, in order that they may exercise the same authority to which they are now subject.

The lives that make up the human body and the sheaths of the soul are drawn from the lower kingdoms of nature. They are animal, vegetable, and mineral lives. They are assembled for the purposes of a human incarnation, and at the end of that incarnation they are dispersed, just as the crew of a ship is dispersed at the end of a voyage. The central authority that held them within their ranks has been withdrawn.

But what now becomes of them? They have been compelled to serve as a vast army in the formation of a human body. They have been held firmly within the grip of form. They have been drilled to preserve their organization, to obey, to act in unison. And now the central authority has withdrawn itself. Discipline is at an end. The army is disbanded. What becomes of it?

We have only to follow the law of affinities and we shall understand. These lives, drawn from the lower kingdoms of nature, will now return to them, but with the addition of the experience they have gained under the direction of the human soul. This is the reward of their servitude. They will profit from their discipline and obedience. Their own evolution is enhanced.

These lives will now pass through a cycle of incarnations in their own proper kingdoms. They will pass into animal bodies—to take one only of their many varieties. And this is the meaning of metempsychosis. The human soul does not pass back into animal bodies. But the lives upon which the human soul

stands as on a platform will pass into animal bodies because they are actually animals.

There are almost endless inferences that we may draw from a comprehension of this process. If the lower lives are thus bound into obligations toward the human soul it is evident that the human soul must also have obligations toward the lower lives. It must give to their service the compensation of discipline and training. And if it fail to do this it must incur the karma of its neglect.

Let us go a step further. The lower lives that have thus been bound into the service of a human soul must have established an affinity with that soul, in much the same way that a soldier has established an affinity with the general under whom he once served. When that general again takes the field his old soldiers will certainly respond to his call. In the same way when a human soul returns to incarnation and once more needs a body upon which to stand, the lives that are attracted to that new service will be to a certain measure the same lives that previously served in that capacity. While the soul was in Devachan those lives have been cycling through the animal kingdoms as animal entities, but they will now return to resume their old functions in the building of a human body, and their characteristics will be those that they have acquired during their previous human servitude and also during their purely animal incarnations. The soul will now experience the results either of its success in training and restraining those animal lives with which it was associated, or of its failure to train and restrain them. The bodily platform upon which it now stands will be of its own design, its own shaping, its own workmanship. And so here we see one of the ways in which karma works.

If men were to do their whole duty by the animal lives that make up their bodies and their lower natures we should see at once an amelioration of the characteristics of the animal world. If there were no cruel men there would be no tigers. If there were no treacherous men there would be no snakes. Thus is the whole of nature bound together by one law. Separateness is an impossibility.

THE SUNSET OF THE CENTURY.

The last sun of the century sets amidst the blood-red clouds of the West and the whirlwind of hatred.

The naked passion of self-love of Nations, in its drunken delirium of greed, is dancing to the clash of steel and the howling verses of vengeance.

The hungry self of the Nation shall burst in a violence of fury from its own shameless feeding.

For it has made the world its food,
And, licking it, crunching it and swallowing it in big morsels,

It swells and swells,

Till in the midst of its unholy feast descends the sudden shaft of Heaven piercing its heart of grossness.

The crimson glow of light on the horizon is not the light of thy dawn of peace, my Motherland.

It is the glimmer of the funeral pyre burning to ashes the vast flesh—the self-love of the Nation—dead under its own excess.

Thy morning waits behind the patient dark of the East.

Meek and silent.

Keep watch, India!

Bring your offerings of worship for that sacred sunrise.

Let the first hymn of its welcome sound in your voice and sing:

"Come, Peace, thou daughter of God's own great suffering.

Come with thy treasure of contentment, the sword of fortitude,

And meekness crowning thy forehead."

Be not ashamed, my brothers, to stand before the proud and the powerful

With your white robe of simpleness.

Let your crown be of humility, your freedom the freedom of the soul.

Build God's throne daily upon the ample bareness of your poverty,

And know what is huge is not great, and pride is not everlasting.

—*Rabindranath Tagore.*

A man's chief care ought to be turned within himself: the renunciation of self-will is a greater thing than the raising of the dead to life.—*S. Ignatius*

UNIVERSAL MIND.

(Bailey Millard in S. F. Examiner.)

When Sir Oliver Lodge rebuked his brother physicists of the British Association in his presidential address on "Continuity" three years ago for rejecting "the spiritual forms of truth" and cleaving solely to the laws of mechanics and physics, he not only made the scientific world sit up, but he gave fresh impetus to the new and great study of universal mind.

In this study we have a fascinating as well as boundless field for research. Up to ten years ago little if anything had been attempted in this line in a scientific way, and nearly all the progress thus far made in it has been during the past few years.

I say "progress," but as a matter of fact mind is a subject of which practically nothing is known. Some of our best psychologists are free to admit that they do not know a single law of thought, but as everything else has laws, they say it is fair to infer that mind also is ruled. Why, then, should a layman, like a blundering surgeon, make a stab at it? Only because he has given some time to the study and because he is not going to intrude his own views, but give those of scientific men who have tried to penetrate this arcanum.

With the exceptions of time and space, mind is the most expansive entity in the universe. Its rate of projection surpasses that of light. We can think of a certain star and in the hundredth part of a second we can think of another separated from it by hundreds of trillions of miles. That a law can be deduced from the fact that mind can not be lost in space, as we see it, is considered possible, and some of the keenest intellects in the world are now bent upon this and other problems of mentology.

A vast field of research and speculation along these lines was entered when the electron was isolated. Electrons, the smallest divisibility of what is known as matter, are being studied very closely, and some scientists predict that within the field of electronic activity and relation the most tremendous discovery bearing upon mind may be made at any moment.

Sitting upon his mountain top in the

Lowe Observatory, Edgar Lucien Larkin has been peering into these mysteries and pondering upon them in a profound way. Though many scientists probably would not accept some of his conclusions as to psychic phenomena, I wish every one interested in that greatest of all subjects, mentology, might read his book, "Within the Mind Maze." In this volume he declares that electrons only have been created or produced and that everything else has been formed of electrons by directivity—direction.

New electrons, according to the latest scientific pronouncement, although they form atoms, are not substance, but merely so much electrical energy—positive and negative manifestations, whirling about each other. What created electrons and set them in motion is not for the evolutionist to answer, for here we deal with first causes. Dr. Larkin declares that we can conceive of no entity save mind that is capable of such power. What mind? His answer is a universal mind.

Over two hundred years ago good old Dr. Berkeley guessed that matter was not substance, but he knew nothing of its electrical nature or internal motion. John Muir had not made the acquaintance of the electron when he said twenty years ago that the Sierras were built up of minute particles, "all dancing to music"; and yet this great naturalist was unshakably convinced that those grand peaks were created and sculptured by an omnipotent being. His "dancing" is now shown as that of revolving electrons, and their activity is the life of the universe.

Our concepts of minute entities are staggered when we are told that an inch-long row of electrons side by side would contain 12,700,000,000,000. And yet to the microscopic individual electron as well as to its atomic relations science is bending its greatest efforts.

Dr. E. P. Lewis, professor of physics at the State University, was silent when I quoted the theory of universal mind activating electrons. He indicated that his speculations had led him, like others, to the theory that the motions of electrons within an atom were something like those of the planets in the solar system.

"The actual internal structure of the atom," said Dr. Lewis, "is engaging the

attention of physicists to a great extent at the present time. There seems to be no escape from the conclusion that the nucleus of the atom is a group of positive charges and electrons, with an excess of positive elementary charges approximately equal to half the atomic weight, while the same number of electrons circulate about the nucleus in rings. In the past ten years great advance has been made in our knowledge of spectral series. The very important discovery made by H. G. J. Moseley of Manchester University in regard to spectra opens up a new field of vision to the physicist. Using the X-rays, Moseley photographed the spectra of a large number of elements. He found that the principal lines in the spectra were connected by a remarkably simple relation, namely, that the square roots of the frequencies of vibration are proportional to the ordinal numbers arranged in the order of the atomic weight of the elements in every case, and that they increase by one in passing from one number of a group to the next."

I asked Dr. Lewis if this evident mathematical design did not indicate a designer, or creator.

"As to that," he replied cautiously, "I can not say. But I will state that we scientists are by no means as materially minded as we are charged with being. Jacques Loeb is not the materialist he seems to some persons. There is something beyond all mechanical and physical laws which we have not yet grasped. I think, however, that we have disposed of a personal God. We know that there is law in the universe and order. That is about all we know of these affairs."

"But, can there be laws without a law-maker and order without some ordering power?"

"I suppose that these operations must start from some source," he replied, and then went on to the discussion of other matters.

The other evening at Hearst Hall, Berkeley, I listened to a lecture on "The Structure of the Atom" by Professor R. A. Millikan of the University of Chicago. When the beautiful spectrum of hydrogen was thrown upon the screen the speaker made many references to it, but never that of the obvious design of the

lines, proportionally spaced and strongly indicating the handiwork of an unknown agent. This omission evidenced the fact pointed out by Sir Oliver Lodge that "while a statement in terms of mechanics and physics can be clear and definite it must necessarily be incomplete."

But speaking of that same Moseley whose work was lauded by Dr. Lewis, Professor Millikan said that what had been found in the X-ray spectra by this young Englishman, establishing what are known as "Moseley's laws," was the most scientific discovery of the past fifty years, because of the potential facts to which it gives the handle, particularly as to the universal forces. Moseley was only twenty-six years old at the time of his discovery. In the following year he was killed in the trenches—"sacrificed," as Dr. Millikan said, "to the Moloch of militarism. What a pity," he added, "that the world should lose such a man in such a way!"

True. But this brilliant young physicist has left in the hands of scientists the key that may yet unlock the secret of universal mind.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's
unresting sea!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

The subjection of the will is accomplished by calmly resigning thyself in everything that internally or externally vexes thee; for it is thus only that the soul is prepared for the reception of divine influences. Prepare the heart like clean paper, and the Divine Wisdom will imprint on it characters to His own liking.—*M. de Molinos.*

Like our other garments, these bodies serve a temporary purpose; when that is accomplished they are to be laid aside, possibly with no more sense of loss than we have at parting with our worn-out clothing.—*Alfred Gatty.*

AFTER DEATH.

(By Albert Ernest Stafford in Toronto *Sunday Globe* in answer to a correspondent who asks upon what authority Theosophists base their theories of post-mortem states.)

What authority have the Theosophists for their statements? is the first question. As I understand their views they do not claim any authority, are quite undogmatic, and merely advance these statements as matters of general experience which any one can question or proceed to verify for himself. From great antiquity there have been handed down accounts of existence in a world or plane of consciousness adjacent or contiguous to this, to which people pass when they lay aside the mortal body. The theory behind the statement is the same as that of St. Paul, who says that in addition to the body of flesh and blood (the soma sarkikon) there is a psychic or soul body (the soma psuchikon) and a spiritual body (the soma pneumatikon). My understanding of St. Paul's teaching and of the early Christian teaching in general is, that it is not desirable to develop the psychic body and its powers, but that all the effort and aspiration of the student should be turned to the attainment of spiritual consciousness and the growth of the spiritual body. "Spiritualists" are content to deal with the psychic body and with phenomena belonging to lower astral and etheric levels. Ignorance of their own scriptures has led Christian people to class all kinds of psychic spiritualistic and Theosophical literature and science together, and I am inclined to think that Christianity has suffered more from this confusion than anything else. Spiritualists as a rule dislike Theosophy, and Theosophy, while it recognizes and explains the phenomena of Spiritualism, directs attention to the highest levels of consciousness and spiritual living. If we have so much vital and emotional and mental and spiritual energy to expend it is reasonable to suppose that if we devote it to the highest purposes and aims we shall achieve the highest results and the most enduring. It is the lesson of the parable of the house built upon a rock. If we build on the sand of the lower states of consciousness our house will tumble down, we shall be involved once more in what St. James calls the

wheel of birth (James iii, 6, Revised Version; wheel of our nativity, Douai version). Once caught in the snares of material life, we have no assurance of "salvation," or escape from mortal life without another struggle which we might as well anticipate now. No one who understands the miseries and sorrow of mortal life wishes to be subject to these pains, and the only means of escape is the birth of the Christ principle or Christ consciousness within us, the only true "guide" or Master, whatever the mediums may say. For those who are spending a comparatively happy life in this world these ideas may have little attraction, but when death and suffering fall upon them they are more willing to listen, and there has been a great awakening since the war fell upon us with all its tragedy. If we expend the energy with which we are furnished for any one life in activities which concern the emotional or psychic nature alone, the result will be to build up the psychic body, and to starve the spiritual. A man who spends all his energies on the lower nature will become gross accordingly. The man of spiritual aspirations will "draw all things unto him," in the sense that all his energies will be directed in spiritual channels, the spiritual body will be developed, the spiritual consciousness awakened, and when he lays aside the physical robe, he will be clothed in the "wedding garment" and can enter naturally into the world of light.

Through all the ages these things have been testified to and taught. In such volumes of hoary wisdom as the Upanishads of India one finds the purest spiritual teaching of the Way of the Master. In the priceless little book, "The Voice of the Silence," which is translated from the archaic Book of Dzyan, the whole message is how to find the Path and how to become one with Him who is known by as many names as there are religions, but whose Name has always been kept an ineffable secret, only known to those who have entered into His nature. The time will come, we are told, when all shall have reached that perfection which in the East is known as Nirvana, the "ceasing of desire," described in the New Testament as "the peace that passeth understanding"; and the true


Name will be known to those who have spent their lives in seeking it. The student might study the references in the book of Isaiah to this Name for some light on the mystery. The Divine Name represents absolute peace or concord. "Calm and unmoved the Pilgrim glideth up the stream that to Nirvana leads. He knoweth that the more his feet will bleed, the whiter will himself be washed. He knoweth well that after seven short and fleeting births Nirvana will be his." There is a higher aim than desire for one's own salvation, however. Having lost the love of pleasure or worldly enjoyment, evil or good, and torn out the root of the will to live, or thirst for existence, which causes rebirth (James iii, 6, again) the Disciple has a further choice. "Canst thou destroy divine compassion? Compassion is no attribute. It is the Law of Laws—eternal Harmony, Alaya's Self; a shoreless, universal essence of the light of everlasting right, and fitness of all things, the law of Love eternal. The more thou dost become at one with it, thy being melted in its Being, the more thy Soul unites with that which Is, the more thou wilt become Compassion Absolute." Those who attain to this supreme spiritual consciousness may elect to remain in contact with earth in order to help others less advanced, and become Nirmanakayas. In that "glorious body" these Arhats or Saints occasionally appear to disciples who are working for humanity, but such things are too sacred for trivial comment, and have nothing to do with the seance room.

Those who lose their lives prematurely, as in the case mentioned in the letter I am answering, or of those who fall in battle, as Sir Oliver Lodge's son Raymond, are in all respects the same as when dwelling on earth except for the loss of the physical body. The energies of the lower vehicles have not been expended nor transferred to the higher. The analogy of the butterfly, at first an egg, then a caterpillar, should help us. In the physical body we are in the caterpillar stage, "worms of the dust" as some writers are fond of telling us. A later stage is that of the chrysalis or pupa, corresponding to the post-mortem stage on the astral plane. It is a sub-

jective condition normally, and when completed the consciousness breaks out on the higher "heaven" plane as the perfect image. After this follows rebirth for the ordinary individual. Those who die prematurely and who are not yet far advanced spiritually continue to "live" on one of the lower levels, in touch with the earth, and may communicate or be communicated with as long as the etheric body in which they function remains intact. When it disintegrates they must pass on. But very frequently in the case of young people, under twenty-eight, there is sufficient vital energy remaining to accomplish a second incarnation with the same psychic body and etheric double, and in such cases rebirth may occur very soon. The great increase of male children born during war is apparently in some measure due to this, but not entirely, as nature always supplies any want out of her own almost experience only a comparatively few are 000,000 who are passing through earth experience only a comparatively few are incarnated on earth at present, and the earth's population might be doubled and scarcely affect the myriads still out of incarnation. The girl who was burned, like the soldiers who have given their lives, may have been born again, or she may have passed to a higher condition. In either case she would not fail her friend. They will be linked together with the "hooks of steel" which join true souls, and they will meet. It must be evident that the great "compassion" which urges the soldier to give his life for his country or for the defense of others, must carry his energies to the highest levels of his nature, and tend to develop spiritual tendencies in his character when he returns to earth, whether immediately or after the interval of heavenly rest.

All the forms are fugitive,
But the substances survive.
Ever fresh the broad creation.
A divine improvisation,
From the heart of God proceeds,
A single will, a million deeds.

—Emerson.

Death is the most beautiful adventure of life.—*Daniel Frohman* 

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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SAUL AMONG THE PROPHETS.

Dr. Bixley, whose suggestions on the etheric nature of the soul will be found elsewhere in this issue, bases his theory on the now known fact that there is no such thing as solid matter, that the atoms of the brain are separated from one another by distances that are vast in comparison with the size of the atoms themselves, and that the electrons within the atom are comparable with the planets within the solar system. May there not, he asks, be a psychic etheric organism within these inter-atomic and inter-electronic spaces, and may it not "both survive and build up for itself a new physical body," betaking itself to some other environment, "where a fuller development and happier existence might be its destiny"?

Certainly it may be so. Indeed it is so. The process is called reincarnation by Theosophists, but the new physical body does not necessarily imply a "happier existence." It may be quite the contrary. It depends.

And now a word about Dr. Bixby's concluding remarks. He says that such a theory as this "is rapidly commending itself to many of our leading thinkers as well as to intelligent Christian believers." That, of course, is good news, but it will be interesting to watch the method chosen by "intelligent Christian believers" to express their acceptance of reincarnation. They have ignored it. They

have derided it. Are we about to hear them say that they have always known it?

"RAYMOND."

The publication of Sir Oliver Lodge's record of supposed communications with his son Raymond, who was recently killed "somewhere in France," has been received with a chorus of comment by the press of America and England. Most of the comment is favorable, some of it is critical, and here and there we find a note of condemnation.

But we are surprised, not so much by the volume of comment, as by the fact that there should be any comment at all. Ten years ago such a book would have been wholly and utterly ignored. It would have been considered as the mark of mental aberration, and we should have been lost in silent wonder that so wise a man should be so foolish. But no such attitude is discernible today. There is not a trace of it. Sir Oliver's revelations are gravely discussed by conservative and conventional newspapers as though they related to a discovery in physics. The frontiers of orthodoxy have evidently been extended.

Actually, of course, no new thing has happened, and no new thing has come to light. It is not the facts that have changed at all, only our attitude toward the facts. The phenomena described by Sir Oliver Lodge have been described a hundred times before, and by observers

equally competent. Sir William Crookes, for example, who is quite as eminent as Sir Oliver Lodge, has related his own personal experiences in psychic research during the last quarter of a century, and they were received with the blank silence of a stupid incredulity. When Professor Wallace offered his testimony as to the reality of these phenomena he was not able to persuade his scientific confreres even to witness them. They told him with a contemptuous insolence that they were not interested. During the last half a century there has been literally thousands of psychic happenings, many of them far more convincing than those related by Sir Oliver Lodge, equally well authenticated, and offered for the elucidation of the scientific world. But the scientific world made no response except to offer the hospitality of the lunatic asylum to those whom it denounced as credulous and superstitious. And now we find this surprising change of front. A story that has not even the recommendation of novelty, that is distinctly inferior in interest and in significance to its predecessors, is not only accepted as a commonplace—as indeed it is—but is gravely discussed by scientists, clergymen, and literati as an important addition to our knowledge of human nature, the soul and immortality. What are we to think of it?

The inference is obvious. We have changed our point of view, our centre of gravity. For forty years we have proceeded on the assumption that whatever conflicts with materialism is, *prima facie*, disproved. We have been obsessed with the fixed idea, mesmerized by the preconception. Materialism has been the yardstick that we have applied to every theory, to every philosophy of life. Whatever has conflicted with materialism has stood condemned. We would not even give it a hearing.

And materialism is dead so far as the leaders of science are concerned. It has been tried in the balance and found wanting. Its cycle has run its course, and we may now contemplate its handiwork in the European war and the degradation of civilization. Here we have the fruits of materialism, of Haeckelism, of Darwinism, of the philosophy that would impose upon man the *lex talionis*, that would glorify the

sharp tooth and the long claw. Here we see man engaged in the sublime task of "self-preservation." Here we see the salvation of the "fit." It is not an edifying spectacle.

But the result will be edifying because it will be a return to spirituality. Already we see the evidences everywhere of the tide that is flowing toward the new thought. There is a universal challenge of the old ideas, a universal recognition that we have been worshipping false gods. Science is being asked if it has nothing better to contribute toward civilization than the high explosives with which to blow it to perdition. We are demanding of commerce that it shall substitute coöperation for competition. And we are exacting from religion some account of its stewardship, some explanation of the fact that humanity, after two thousand years of episcopal ministrations, is still ready to revert to the worst and most cruel barbarisms. And now we see this most significant of all facts, a placid acceptance of the phenomena of a crude spiritualism, an eager willingness to welcome any guidance that shall lead us away from the densities in which we have been floundering.

The real nature of such happenings as those recorded by Sir Oliver Lodge will, of course, become apparent. We need not have any doubt about that. The danger is not in publicity and investigation, but in silence and avoidance. And with publicity and investigation will come a recourse to a theosophical philosophy that has never yet been disturbed by facts nor baffled by new discoveries.

If death were the final dissolution of being the wicked would be great gainers by it, by being delivered at once from their bodies, their souls, and their vices; but as the soul is immortal, it has no other means of being freed from its evils, nor any safety for it, but in becoming very good and very wise.—*Socrates*.

Whenever you find perversion, moral lesion, the reign of sensuality, there you find the strong suspicion that death ends all.—*Dr. Frank Crane*.

By the heart must be expended
What shall work upon the heart.
—*Goethe*.

LIFE.

Each creature holds an insular point in space;
 Yet what man stirs a finger, breathes a sound,
 But all the multitudinous beings round
 In all the countless worlds with time and place
 For their conditions, down to the central base,
 Thrill, haply, in vibration and rebound,
 Life answering life across the vast profound,
 In full antiphony, by a common grace?
 I think this sudden joyance which illumines
 A child's mouth sleeping, unaware may run
 From some soul newly loosened from earth's tombs:
 I think this passionate sigh, which half-begun
 I stifle back, may reach and stir the plumes
 Of God's calm angel standing in the sun.
 —Mrs. Browning.

SOCIALISM.

Socialism, we were told, would produce such a solidarity in the ranks of the workers that wars would become impossible. How completely these predictions have been falsified there is now no need to indicate.

But why has socialism thus failed to achieve its great humanitarian aim? The question is answered by Professor George D. Herron in the *New York Call* and by Gustavus Myers in the *New York Nation*. Both of these writers ascribe the cause to materialism. Mr. Myers says:

The concepts and interpretation of Socialists were rigidly established at a time when materialistic premises were the fashion with scientists, philosophers, and economists. But in the last few decades, as investigation has proceeded and discoveries of hitherto unknown phenomena have taken place, the concepts of man and matter held by scientists have undergone a striking transformation. But most Socialists, notwithstanding these great changes in the world of science and in other domains of thought, still cling with the tenacity of orthodox zealots to the sweeping materialist interpretations popular forty and fifty years ago. Had Socialists devoted careful study to modern science and its widening horizon of meanings, their conceptions and theories would be radically different in a number of important respects. Instead of concentrating upon man as a purely physical crea-

ture, whose every aspiration, act, and motion is (according to their ultra-materialistic theory) determined by the needs of the stomach, they might have come to see that, although visibly physical, he is even more an intellectual and spiritual being. With the acceptance of a virtually exclusive notion of man, as a materialistic automaton, it could hardly be expected that either solid conviction or moral fibre would develop.

Where masses of people are taught in practice to exalt their bodily welfare as the one supreme aim of existence, naturally mind and spirit deteriorate. In a crisis this process of doctrine culminates into the one idea of conserving life and safety. It is then that the effects of the corroding corruption show. The devotees of this doctrine, always prizing bodily security as their great aim, seek to hold on as long as possible, no matter at what expense of self-stultification, to the physical things which they most esteem.

Professor Herron says practically the same thing, and he places the blame squarely upon the shoulders of Karl Marx, pleading for a dethronement of the "monstrous mechanic god" that still commands the worship of socialism:

The conduct of the German Social Democracy is the perfect logic of the materialist doctrine. This unexampled historic betrayal exemplifies the mechanistic conception of life. If the human mind is a biological accident, if the mind is but an incidental chemical combination, if love is but heated dust and the upward or cosmic aspirations of man no more than atomic action—then, of course, is the sacrifice of self for a great cause unreasonable and worthless. Indeed, the materialist dogma, if actually held, would lay such a blight upon mental activity, such paralysis upon all thought and affection, that it would bring both physical and moral worlds to an end.

It is time—it is long past the time—for the Socialist apostle to quit trying to square the stars, and the spaces, and the whole of our human needs and history to the mind of Marx; time to cease circumscribing mortal thought and aspiration by the puerile and pitiful pederastries of Marxian materialism. For materialism as a philosophy of life is obsolete. No longer has it any place in the mind of the serious scientist. It belongs to a juvenile and boastful moment in the earth's intellectual history. It served its day.

The materialist philosophy is dead, and never will it rise again. And the Socialism that proceeded upon the materialist philosophy is dead also, and for it also there is no resurrection.

Socialism began in a political and philosophical radicalism. It seems likely to die under the smothering weight of a conservatism that is not only crude but stupid.

He only earns his freedom and existence
 Who daily conquers them anew.

—Goethe.

ATOMS AND THE SOUL.

One of the chief objections to a belief in a future life (says *Current Opinion*) has been the scientist's conviction that "spirit" can not function apart from "substance"; that the two are indissolubly connected. We are all acquainted with the dictum of the famous monist writer, Ernst Haeckel, that the brain secretes thought just as the liver secretes bile. Another position characteristic of the monistic viewpoint is contained in the statement that the mind of a man is the totality of his successive brain processes in the same sense that the flame of a candle is the totality of the candle's combustible processes. The logical conclusion to be drawn from this image is, of course, that man's "spirit" is extinguished by death as completely as the candle's light when it is blown out.

But the monistic theory of life and death, in the opinion of the Rev. Dr. James T. Bixby of Yonkers, New York, is as insecure as most other theories, and at the present time is being markedly undermined by scientific investigation. Dr. Bixby refers, in particular, to researches along the lines of what he calls "the discontinuity of matter in the human body." It is now a commonplace of scientific thought that so-called "solid" substances, such as the human body, are not "solid" at all, but are composed of countless molecules; and in recent years, so Dr. Bixby assures us, the size of those molecules has been found to be even smaller and their distance from one another has been found to be many times greater than was supposed to be the case a few years ago. Dr. Bixby continues (in *Bibliotheca Sacra*):

By the ultra microscope and a minute beam of Röntgen-ray light, molecules of gold, one-millionth part of a millionth of a half foot, can be observed dancing like fireflies. By the still more delicate electrometer the observer can count the needle jumps of this instrument as helium atoms pass through a film of mica. By mathematical deductions from the action of these instruments the infinitesimal size of the helium particles can be determined. In Risteen's work upon molecules (now for many years a standard authority), the distance from the centre of one molecule to the centre of its neighbor is put, on the average, as ten times the molecular diameter. In many common liquids it is estimated as three to four times the supposed average molecular diameter. In other substances and by more recent calculators the distance is held to be very many times greater than this,

as compared with the molecule's own diameter. The molecule is no longer regarded as a form more or less solid and bounded by a continuous surface or fixed outline. It is simply a group of atoms, united by electrical or other energies. The component atoms are immensely smaller than the circumference of the molecule, and in their turn they are composed of still smaller components, called electrons or corpuscles. These are so minute that a single negative electron has been found, by a dozen diverse methods of computation, to have a mass less than one-thousand part of the mass of the atom. The nucleus of the atom is an exceedingly minute particle. The orbits in which the negative electrons revolve around it have diameter so much greater that the cubic space inclosed within these orbits is ten thousand to a hundred thousand times greater than the volume or space occupied by the material components of the atom.

According to the eminent English physicists, Sir Ernest Rutherford and Professor Nicholson, the nuclei of atoms have diameters whose length is only one-thousandth part as long as the diameter of the outer electron orbit of the same atomic system. The distance from one atomic nucleus to the nucleus of the atom nearest to it is undoubtedly several multiples of this latter distance. The estimates, also, of Dr. K. Fajans of Germany, John C. Dean, Professor Albert C. Crehore of New York, and of Professor W. H. Bragg of Australia (who has recently been honored with a Nobel Prize for his remarkable researches into the structure of crystals)—all of these experts put the distances between the nuclei of the atoms as dimensions ranging from a hundred to a thousand times the length of these diameters.

Dr. Bixby sums up these scientific results under three heads. In the first place, he says that a conservative estimate of the material components, called the molecules, in a cubic inch of brain would find that only one-hundredth part of that volume is actually molecular substance. Secondly, out of the cubic volume of the brain molecule, not more than one five-thousandth part of that molecular space is actually occupied by what is called atoms and supposed to be material substance. In the third place, out of this latter cubic volume only a very infinitesimal fraction is occupied by the corpuscles or material particles. The argument proceeds:

Sir Oliver Lodge affirms that even in such an exceedingly solid atom as that of mercury the space within the atom which is not occupied by material particles or negative corpuscles is more than a million times greater than the cubic space occupied by material substances. Experts such as Professors Rhigi, Fajans, Rakestraw, and J. C. Dean agree in affirming that the discontinuity and relative minuteness of the components of the atoms may quite reasonably be likened to the isolation and pettiness of the planets in our solar

system as compared with the total cubic magnitude of that system.

In the light of these scientific facts, how worthless, exclaims Dr. Bixby, is the current materialistic and monistic argument that when death occurs and flesh decomposes, the atoms of the brain must dissolve, and that therefore it is impossible for the soul to survive the consequent dissolution of the cells and atomic groups of the body. "Already, while we live and breathe, the atoms of the body are in dissolution, thousands of times as far apart as their diameters. Of the space occupied by the brain pulp or any so-called 'solid flesh,' at least 999,999 parts are occupied, in fact, by something else than atomic matter."

But granting the truth of all these contentions, the question is still bound to be asked, What *does* happen to the "soul" after the dissolution of the body? And Dr. Bixby has an answer. He recalls the statement of Professor Haeckel that there are three great realities in the cosmos, all three of which are eternal, namely, matter, ether, and force. He cites Grant Allen to show how all mundane motions, physical energies, and separative powers of the material system are being progressively radiated off and transferred to the bosom of "the interstellar and inter-atomic ether," and swelling the energy of this great storehouse of all force and power. "The cosmic ether with its attendant energies," he says, "is therefore the grand eternal reality, free from disintegration and dissipation; the only thing whose sum total of energy is conserved and indeed growing." The article carries this argument to the following conclusion:

Is it not entirely probable, then, that in accordance with scientific laws and natural processes, such a psychic etheric organism might both survive and build up for itself a new physical body, and might betake itself to some other environment where a fuller development and happier existence might be its destiny? Perhaps it might remain on the earth for a while, as long as the friends of the departed still linger here. Well-vouched-for cases of apparitions, near the hour of death, in which spectral forms of the departed appear to their friends are at least so extraordinarily numerous as to be with difficulty explained as mere hallucinations. This theory, to be sure, may seem to men of science a somewhat bold one. But it is one which our steady progress in wider knowledge of an invisible world, close about us, and startling discoveries, made every year as

to the strange constitution of the universe in which we live, is rapidly commending to many of our leading thinkers as well as to intelligent Christian believers.

SIR OLIVER LODGE.

Here are some recent press comments on Sir Oliver Lodge's book recording the supposed communications with his son Raymond, recently killed in France.

The *Christian Commonwealth* says:

One's first impressions of the book can only be expressed in this antithesis: it is either a simple, straightforward record of events that have actually occurred, or it is the story of a great scientist's credulity and self-deception.

A writer in the *Spectator* compares Sir Oliver's difficulties in communicating with his son to the kind that might arise in connection with efforts to use any new medium of communication. A young man, let us say, is traveling in South America. He arrives at the capital of Bolivia. Here he finds that an American inventor has just perfected a new system of long-distance wireless telephony which can not be worked except through the inventor's two experts at La Paz and in London. In order, that is, to get a message through, the would-be telephoner must stand by the wireless expert and give it to him, and he in turn must give it to the wireless expert in London. The wireless expert in London must then pass it on to the father, who has been brought to the office to hear the message. But the father is suspicious of imposture. He is not sure that he is actually hearing from his own son. He wants conclusive testimony in regard to the identity of his son. And then the trouble of this system of communication begins. The writer in the *Spectator* says:

The system of communication described is not analogous in every particular to that which took place in the case of the communications between Raymond Lodge and his father and mother and his brothers and sisters described in Sir Oliver Lodge's book, "Raymond: or, Life and Death," but it is sufficiently like to be of service to the investigator. As a rule there was a "sensitive" who went into something in the nature of a trance, and an alleged spirit control, or, as I should say, operator on the other side, who purported to put Raymond Lodge's messages through, sometimes in the *oratio obliqua*, "He says that, etc.," but constantly broken in upon by verbatim reports, "I do wish, father, etc.," this being again interrupted by *sotto voce* explanatory comments by the spirit medium—i. e., the medium at the son's end—and by inter-

larded scraps of dialogue between certain spirit interlocutors. Finally, there were raids on the conversation by other alleged communicators on the other side. To people who have never studied the matter in detail this muddle may seem to lead to nothing but a hopeless fog. Yet curiously out of this very muddle come in many cases some of the most impressive indications that we are dealing with realities and not folly or fraud.

Alfred W. Pollard, who reviews the book in the leading Anglican paper, the *Guardian*, and who describes himself as a father bereaved like Sir Oliver, finds the revelation "full of possibilities of harm."

The London *Outlook* speaks of Sir Oliver's book as "most bewildering," and, in some respects, "sadly distressing," while paying tribute to its sincerity and devotion. The same paper goes on to comment:

The world of visions is all around us, and never closer than today. But it is desperately true that to tamper with hidden things is to hand one's self over into perilous company; and that where the heart is too eager to believe, judgment and authority are very easily swept away. As we turn over the pages of this record once more, the voice of "Fedra" rings in our ears like the babble of some shallow brook, wasting itself among the stones. But the deep waters lie beyond, silent, wide, and overhung with mist. The wise man will wait for their secret to be revealed, until the true Daystar shall arise in our hearts.

(A reference to these comments will be found in our editorial column.)

THE DESTINATION.

We may reasonably wonder if modern medical science is aware of the direction in which it is traveling, if it sees the destination ahead of it that others can discern so clearly. Here, for example, is Dr. Guthrie Rankin, writing in the *British Medical Journal* in order to show that weak hearts and deranged nervous systems are the results of precedent mental and emotional states that are easily within our power to control. The weak heart, he says, "is rarely anything but what in technical language may be termed some form of reflex disturbance in the vasomotor nerve centres, which in turn is a reaction from emotional states that grow out of the griefs and worries." Deranged conditions of the body, in other words, are due to deranged states of mind, at least in the instances selected for citation by the author. But may we then infer that *all* morbid physical con-

ditions are the result of our states of consciousness? Why not? And if adverse bodily conditions may be attributed to such a cause, why not also favorable conditions? If the mind produces disease it may produce health, too. And we need go only one step further, and it is almost an imperative step, and assume that the body, as an organism, is the direct creation of the mind. And if the human body is the creation and expression of consciousness, why not all bodies, animal, vegetable, and mineral? Why should we not regard the whole of the material universe as the ever-changing expression and correspondence of the consciousness behind it? This is the goal to which medical science is being forced, and a little courage in imaginative speculation, the *lapis philosophorum* of all science, would greatly hasten the journey. Says Dr. Rankin:

The term "neurosis" is now used as descriptive of nerve disturbance for which no corresponding pathological changes in the nervous system can be found. Many neurotic conditions are essentially of central origin, and are concerned with every variety of subjective sensation. They are more common in women than in men, and are liable to declare themselves under the influence of grief, excitement, anger, jealousy, and other passions by which emotional centres are aroused to unwanted and often uncontrolled activity. The storm soon blows itself out, but it leaves behind a wreckage of shattered nerves, which with each succeeding ebullition find increasing difficulty in settling down to a well-balanced placidity.

How shall we discriminate between real and unreal diseases? Dr. P. A. Zaring, writing in the *Pacific Medical Journal*, seems inclined to argue that all diseases that arise from emotional states are unreal. Hysteria, he tells us, is the disease of the age, but if hysteria can simulate a disease, and even result fatally, we may ask ourselves if there is actually any difference between the two. Moreover, we may ask ourselves, in view of the long list of such emotional and simulated diseases, whether it is only emotion that produces such results, and whether it would not be more logical to regard all disease states and all health states as the result of consciousness. Certainly we can not attribute disease to states of consciousness, and good health to some other cause. But why take so many bites at the cherry? Why divide the universe into so many unrelated water-tight compartments? Why

not adopt the motto *ex uno disce omnes*, and so we see one law as pervading the universe, one reality behind its innumerable forms? —

FORESEEING THE FUTURE.

Two distinct points are to be considered before this question can be answered. First, is the future, like the past, something definite and incapable of change? I left my house at 4 o'clock yesterday and turned down the street to the left. Could I, if I wished, have waited until 4:15, or have turned to the right instead? If so, I could have nullified any prediction that might have been made. Secondly, even granting the future to be absolutely fixed and only one course of events possible, can we get at their connection with the present so clearly that we can tell what they will be?

These are no new questions. They seem simple enough, but students have never agreed on the answers, and possibly never will. In *La Revue* (Paris) we have the opinion of Camille Flammarion, the French astronomer. Flammarion assures us that "future events can be foreseen very exactly and without possibility of contest"; but he does not say whether he means *all* future events, or *some* future events. As will be seen in one quotation below, he admits that man's will is a factor in much that occurs, so that the question reduces to that of the predictability of that will. Flammarion quotes the following passage from the great Laplace's "Essay on the Theory of Probabilities," to show that even a century ago the fixity of the course of events was maintained by philosophers. Said Laplace:

"All events, even the apparently most insignificant ones, are as solidly bound up with the great laws of nature as the revolutions of the solar system. In our ignorance of the links uniting them to the entire system of the universe, we assumed for them either final causes or the freaks of hazard, according to their regular or accidental succession. But these imaginary causes have been successively set back the farther our knowledge advanced, and disappear entirely before a sound philosophy which sees in them only the expression of our ignorance of the true causes of the actions of nature and man.

"An intelligence which, for one single instance, could be imagined to embrace the knowledge of all natural forces and of the mutual relationship of all beings comprising the universe, could sum up in one formula the movements of the largest celestial bodies and of the atoms. To this intelligence nothing could be uncertain; the future and the present would be one for it. The spirit of man, in constructing our science of astronomy, has attempted the first feeble outline of that all-embracing intelligence."

Are we not free agents, then? Only partially, Flammarion thinks. Our freedom, he asserts, is comparable to the relative freedom of a passenger on a steamer in mid-ocean; "he can read and write, smoke, and plays cards at will, but he can not leave the steamer." Returning to his main subject, the author sums up his standpoint as follows:

"The future is no greater mystery than the past. At the time of the eclipse of the sun, predicted by Arago, of July 8, 1842, I was four months and eleven days old; when the eclipse of August 11, 1999, will take place I will have been dead long ago. What does it matter? Past, present, and future are one. There can be no doubt that everything that happens had to happen, from the crimes of Nero to those of William II. But who will, nevertheless, pretend that the latter, who is mainly responsible for the death of 5,000,000 human beings, has been made of the same stuff as St. Vincent de Paul? Neither one nor the other were or are automata, slaves of determinism.

"The future is determined by many circumstances, but the will of man, as far as mankind's fate is concerned, is one of, and not the least, among the determining factors. This antifatalistic doctrine of determinism is the only philosophy worthy of our position in this world and as near to truth as we feeble beings can approach. . . .

"Properly speaking, we do not foresee, we merely see the future. The astronomer calculates the normal orbit of a comet, but it is possible that the comet be attracted to the atmosphere of a large planet. If the astronomer has not taken into account this possible perturbation, his prediction will, of course, be wrong."

Death is only a bend in the road of life.—*Rev. R. J. Campbell.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
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SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. II. No. 9.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, March 3, 1917.

Price Five Cents

PRAYING FOR PEACE.

An association of pastors has issued an appeal for a day of prayer "to supplicate God to avert war by the United States." As all of these pastors belong, or belonged, to one alone of the belligerent nations we may reasonably wonder as to the right division of their activities between piety and partisanship.

Since the war was begun by human beings, since all war must always be begun by human beings, there seems no good reason why God should be expected either to end them or to prevent them. Let men end and prevent their own wars. Why should the superhuman be invoked to remedy the misdeeds or the mistakes of the human. Is there not something infamous in our deliberate creation of causes and our pitiful bleedings to Deity to be saved from the effects? What should we think of the man who prefaced an alcoholic debauch by an appeal to God to be saved from its natural results? And what a universe of intolerable anarchy this would be if our appeals to God were actually effective in securing a divorce between cause and their results, if fire sometimes burned and sometimes did not, if the operation of natural law became fitful, spasmodic, not to be foreseen.

If there should be war it will be because human actions have rendered war inevitable. If there should be peace it will be due also to human actions, and to

nothing else. Surely it is unbecoming to dread a future that is so wholly within our control. Surely it is still more unbecoming to petition Deity to change the law and order of the universe in order that we may escape the result of actions performed in the full light of free will.

But such are the results of a theology that has created a gulf between the natural and the supernatural and that has then sought to bridge that gulf with its creeds, its formulas, and its incantations. It is a theology indistinguishable from that of the savage who attributes disease or misfortune to some lurking god who must be propitiated with gifts and sacrifices, and who can be bribed and cajoled into benevolences. There is no essential difference between the scourge of war and the discomforts of a headache. Both are due to natural law, both are the results of human action. Their remedy is to be found in an avoidance of causes, just as the remedy for alcoholism is to be found in an avoidance of alcohol, and not in prayer, or for prisons in the avoidance of crime and not in prayer, or for poverty in the avoidance of extravagance and luxury and not in prayer. To pray for safety from what we call the inanimate forces of nature, from flood, hurricane, earthquake, is at least intelligible. To pray for wisdom in our choice of action is at least tolerable, although it seems to be unavailing. But to pray for

immunity from the results of our own actions is a shame and a cowardice.

VIVISECTION.

CALIFORNIA HUMANITARIAN LEAGUE.
Room 508, Chamber of Commerce, Los Angeles,
California.

EVIDENCE AGAINST ASSEMBLY BILL 798.

The false impressions sought to be conveyed in a subtly worded statement being sent out by those advocating this bill should be clearly understood. There is nothing in the present law, either directly or indirectly, making the state in any manner an active participant in the practice of vivisection as the proposed bill aims to do by compelling public institutions to turn over animals for this purpose. The exemption referred to simply gives the vivisector immunity to carry on his practice undisturbed.

Animals from the pounds to be destroyed and made into fertilizer are quickly killed, whereas, if used for vivisection they would be subjected to torture by cutting operations and inoculations covering over a period of weeks and months. The statements of the proponents of Assembly Bill 798 that the unclaimed dogs and cats are "waste material" is significant. This regarding of living flesh and blood and quivering nerves as "waste material" shows up in a startling manner the appalling callousness and moral obliquity so often reached by the votaries of this demoralizing practice which inevitably leads to the regarding of the helpless human inmates of public institutions in the same light, as can be abundantly proven to exist at the present time.

Only a fraction of the medical profession lays claim to the statement that any progress that may have been made in surgery, medicine, or hygiene has been due to vivisection,—but on the other hand, many eminent medical authorities have denounced its deductions as being misleading and harmful to humanity and true medical progress. Dr. Henri Boucher, Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur, Paris, says: "In our day the vivisectors, to justify their bloody and barbarous practices, assert that they achieve remarkable results and enable science to make discoveries eminently useful to humanity. Well we are free to say that all these assertions are made for the needs of the

cause; that they are essentially false, and that religious, judiciary, or scientific torture never produced anything but pitiable results, and never amounted to anything but disaster, error, and failure." Another eminent authority, Professor A. Levanzin, A. B., Ph. G., LL. B., further says: "Where are the great results of vivisection? If the medical profession were on the right path why should we have in 800 years of animal experimentation 1,200,000 victims of tuberculosis and 500,000 victims of cancer in the civilized world every year?"

Since its merits and usefulness are so widely disputed in the medical world, and the practice is so deeply repugnant to so many thousands of the citizens of the commonwealth, and the fact that similar measures have been defeated in other states of the Union, it is to be hoped that the great State of California will refrain from becoming a party to this practice by enacting any such questionable legislation.

Signed by the Committee.

SUPERIOR JUDGE LESLIE R. HEWITT,
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Capitalist.

Constantly regard the universe as one living being, having one substance and one soul; and observe how all things have reference to one perception, the perception of one living being; and how all things act with one movement; and how all things are the coöperating causes of all things which exist; observe, too, the continuous spinning of the thread and the texture of the web.—*Marcus Antoninus*.

Such as are thy habitual thoughts, such also will be the character of thy mind; for the soul is dyed by the thoughts.—*Marcus Antoninus*.

AFTER DEATH IN ARABIA.

He who died at Azan sends
This to comfort all his friends:

Faithful friends! It lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say, "Abdallah's dead!"
Weeping at the feet and head,
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile and whisper this,—
"I am not the thing you kiss;
Cease your tears, and let it lie;
It *was* mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends! What the women lave
For its last bed of the grave,
Is but a hut which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage from which, at last,
Like a hawk my soul hath passed.
Love the inmate, not the room,—
The wearer, not the garb,—the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
Which kept him from those splendid
stars.

Loving friends! Be wise and dry
Straightway every weeping eye,—
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear.
'Tis an empty sea-shell,—one
Out of which the pearl is gone;
The shell is broken, it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury,
A mind that loved him; let it lie!
Let the shard be earth's once more,
Since the gold shines in his store!

Allah glorious! Allah good!
Now thy world is understood;
Now the long, long wonder ends;
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,
While the man whom ye call dead,
In unspoken bliss, instead,
Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,
By such light as shines for you;
But in the light ye can not see
Of unfulfilled felicity,—
In enlarging paradise.
Lives a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell;
Where I am, ye, too, shall dwell.
I am gone before your face,
A moment's time, a little space.
When ye come where I have stepped

Ye will wonder why ye wept;
Ye will know, by wise love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught.
Weep awhile, if ye are fain,—
Sunshine still must follow rain;
Only not at death,—for death,
Now I know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of all life centre.

Be ye certain all seems love,
Viewed from Allah's throne above;
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home!
La Allah illa Allah! yea!
Thou love divine! Thou love always!

He that died at Azan gave
This to those who made his grave.
—*Edwin Arnold.*

THE CREED OF CHRIST.

We are coming nearer than we have
yet done to the creed of Christ. What
was negative in that creed had its counter-
part in a supreme affirmation; what
was vague in the stress of an overwhel-
ming faith. For Christ, as for his brother
agnostic, the founder of Buddhism, God
was the all-enfolding, all-pervading, all-
sustaining, all-inspiring life, in which we
and all other things live and move and
have our being. The desire to know
about that universal life (as a chemist
knows about the elements of material
things) had led men to separate it, first
from themselves, that their minds might
become conscious of it, and then from
Nature; had led them to drive it into the
splendid exile of a supernatural heaven,
leaving the world of Nature darkened
and blighted by its absence; has led them,
in the selfish despair of their hearts, to
call God back to earth, but through a
supernatural channel which could not be
used by the natural man; had led them
to conceive of a special revelation, of a
special covenant, of a chosen people, of
a chosen priesthood, of a divinely formu-
lated law; had led them into that jungle
of dogmatism, where grow all the para-
sitic plants (twining round the stem of
religion and exhausting its life) which
Christ hated so fiercely—sacerdotalism,
formalism, materialism, literalism, casu-
istical evasion, separatism, intolerance,
uncharitableness, cant, hypocrisy, spir-
itual pride; had led them at last to drive

bargains with their imaginary God, to buy salvation in the cheapest market, to get their religion done for them by contract, to substitute mechanical obedience for aspiration, legal obligation for love, the "lowest tender" for the highest ideal, bondage to the letter for freedom in the spirit, automatism for initiative, machinery for life. Seeing that all this was the inevitable outcome of the desire to know about God, Christ determined that knowledge of the divine nature should be subordinated to communion with the divine soul. Christ saw that God must at all costs be brought back to Nature, but he saw also that He must first of all be brought back to his own and to every other human heart. Let God be conceived of as the true self of Man, as the eternal source of the light that lightens, and the life that inspires him from within; and two things will happen. Dogmatism will become needless and impious; for the dogmatic attitude implies separation from God, and separation from the true self is the beginning and end of sin. And supernaturalism will wither at its root; for man is the Alpha and Omega of Nature (as he understands the word), and the divine light that glows through his being will sooner or later irradiate every existent thing.—*From "The Creed of Christ." John Lane Company.*

THEOSOPHY IN CHINA.

Lodges of the Theosophical Society are springing up in unexpected places. One has lately been formed in Shanghai, Dr. Wu Tingfang having coöperated with Mr. Spurgeon Medhurst in forming a study circle on Theosophical lines, which later developed into a lodge. Dr. Wu is preparing theosophical literature in Chinese, and his lectures are largely attended. It is the first Theosophical Lodge in the Far East.

O do not pray for easy lives! Pray to be stronger men! Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks! Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle. But you shall be a miracle.—*Phillips Brooks.*

Thou shalt not let thy senses make a playground of thy mind.—*Voice of the Silence.*

THE SOUL.

The soul,
Forever and forever—longer than soil
is brown and solid—longer than
water ebbs and flows.
I will make the poems of materials, for
I think they are to be the most spir-
itual poems,
And I will make the poems of my body
and of mortality,
For I think I shall then supply myself
with the poems of my soul and of
immortality.

I will make a song for these States that
no one State may under any circum-
stances be subjected to another State.
And I will make a song that there shall
be comity by day and by night be-
tween all the States, and between
any two of them.
And I will make a song for the ears of
the President, full of weapons with
menacing points.
And behind the weapons countless dis-
satisfied faces:
And a song make I of the One form'd
out of all.
The fang'd and glittering One whose
head is over all,
Resolute warlike one including and over
all,
(However high the head of any else that
head is over all.)

Each is not for its own sake,
I say the whole earth and all the stars
in the sky are for religion's sake.

I say no man has ever yet been half de-
vout enough,
None has ever yet ador'd or worship'd
half enough,
None has begun to think how divine he
himself is, and how certain the fu-
ture is.

I say that the real and permanent
grandeur of these States must be
their religion.
Otherwise there is no real and permanent
grandeur;
(Nor character nor life worthy the name
without religion,
Nor land nor man nor woman without
religion.) —*Walt Whitman.*

Death is the welcome finish of the
beast life.—*Dr. Frank Crane*

SUPERHUMANISM.

What is the difference between superhumanism and supernaturalism?

Superhumanism is that which is above the normal level of human consciousness such as true genius and spiritual illumination. Supernaturalism is that which is above, beyond, or outside of nature. Superhumanism is a fact, as is shown by the innumerable phenomena of human consciousness. But supernaturalism is a contradiction in terms, since nature represents the totality of being which can have nothing above, beyond, or outside of itself.

The degeneracy of popular religion must be attributed to belief in the supernatural. First of all we have the expulsion of God from humanity, then from nature, and consequently the postulate of two separate and distinct realms, the natural and the supernatural. The next step is to create a bridge between the two, and so we have orthodoxies, creeds, special revelations, and chosen peoples. And from these come the darkening of the human heart, bigotries, intolerances, and persecutions.

SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS.

Why do Theosophists adopt such an irreconcilable attitude toward "spirit communications," such, for example, as those that purport to come from "Raymond"?

If Theosophists adopt an irreconcilable attitude toward this or any other topic they are to blame. But do they? The Theosophist is wholly at liberty to believe whatever he wishes about "Raymond" or the man in the moon, and no one has the right to censure him. As a matter of fact some Theosophists believe all kinds of queer things. Some of them even believe in "Raymond."

After all it is a matter of evidence, but the evidence should be based upon knowledge, or at least upon a study of conditions. It might be hard to persuade a savage that the voice issuing from a phonograph is not a human voice, and it may be said that the opinion of the savage would be of no value unless he had studied mechanics and the laws of vibration. But for him the evidences of "identity" would probably be conclusive.

An opinion as to "spirit communicat-

tions" should, in the same way, be based upon evidence and a knowledge of the unseen planes of nature. When we have such a knowledge we see at once that the "proofs of identity" are valueless, just as valueless as the certainty of the savage that he recognizes the voice from the phonograph. Without a knowledge of the complex nature of man, of the separation of the human principles after death, of the elemental world and the astral plane, there can be no comprehension of these phenomena nor any value in these "proofs of identity," which would then be seen not to be proofs at all. Nor should we forget the fact that Oriental thinkers have been familiar with these occurrences for centuries and that they are unanimously of opinion that they are negligible, that they do not emanate from the souls of the dead, and that their effect upon the minds of the living is an evil one. And these Eastern students have all the evidence that exists.

CORRELATED GREATNESS.

O nothing, in this corporal earth of man,
That to the imminent heaven of his
high soul

Responds with color and with shadow,
can

Lack correlated greatness. If the
scroll

Where thoughts lie fast in spell of hiero-
glyph

Be mighty through its mighty habit-
ants;

If God be in His Name; grave potency if
The sounds unbind of hieratic chants;

All's vast that vastness means. Nay, I
affirm

Nature is whole in her least things ex-
prest,

Nor know we with what scope God builds
the worm.

Our towns are copied fragments from
our breast;

And all man's Babylons strive but to im-
part

The grandeurs of his Babylonian heart.
—Francis Thompson.

In ecstasy, when the breathing stops,
the whole mind remains absolutely fixed
upon the Supreme. All nerve currents
run upward with tremendous force, and
the result is Samadhi or God-conscious-
ness.—Ramakrishna.

CLAY AND FIRE.

Mr. Layton Crippen, author of "Clay and Fire" (Henry Holt & Co.), a book written some three years ago for an audience far smaller than it deserves, tells us that his arraignment of civilization is not inconsistent with belief in a Fate that is kinder than she seems and that even the causes of our pessimism are causes also of hope. Science, for example, is beginning to reform her household, and a theology that went abjectly upon its knees before science will be compelled to do the same. And even at the moment we are listening to the swan song of materialism:

But there are now a good many signs that the dominance of materialistic science is coming to an end. The people are sick of it, and even more sick of the "rationalized" Christianity that is an offshoot of it. If there has ever in all the world been a more absurd and a meaner figure than that of the modern popular preacher, who makes his living by destroying the religion he has sworn to proclaim, I have never heard of it. One does not have to be a Christian to feel for this unique development mingled disgust and contempt.

With Mr. Crippen's indictment of things as they are we need not now concern ourselves. Rather we are interested in his predictions of a return to a thought that will not be recommended by its novelty, but by its continuing ability to answer the eternal questions of the human heart:

We have seen in the first part of this book that the history of mankind, as far as we know it, instead of supporting the opinions of science, would seem to refute them. Suppose, instead of consulting the Occidental professed scientists, we go to those who believe that they have gained illumination, not through the mind, but through the soul—to the poets, the mystics, the prophets, and the saints. Their testimony is well-nigh of one accord: it is that the soul has come from God, and is on its journey back to God, and is fighting its way to God through matter.

And Jesus said: Behold, O Father,
The striving with evil things upon earth,
How it wandereth wide from thy spirit,
And seeketh to flee from the bitter Chaos,
And knoweth not how it may pass through.

This is from a Gnostic hymn given by Hippolytus. And what does Iamblichus say? That the soul desires to fall forever, to rend herself from God forever, but can not do so. Apollonius of Tyana tells how man remembers his divinity, and Swedenborg speaks of "men in their highest state of excellence, before the Flood," adding that in time they became sensual.

The poets tell us the same thing. Most of us know that exquisite passage in "Atalanta

in Calydon," describing how the high gods made the spirit of man:

They breathed upon his mouth,
They filled his body with life;
Eyesight and speech they wrought
For the veils of the soul therein.

His speech is a burning fire;
With his lips he travaileth;
In his heart is a blind desire,
In his eyes foreknowledge of death.

And George Meredith:

More gardens will they win than any lost;
The vile plucked out of them, the unlovely slain.
Nor forfeiting the beast with which they are crossed,
To stature of the Gods will they attain:
They shall uplift their Earth to meet her Lord,
Themselves the attuning chord.

The Oriental poet-mystic speak continually of this return to God. "For the grave is a curtain hiding the communion of Paradise. After beholding descent consider resurrection," wrote Shamsi Tabriz, and the Sufis, believing that the existence of the soul was prenatal, also believed that the appreciation of earthly beauty was due to memory of heavenly beauty.

Is it absurd, asks the author, to suggest that the poets know more of the mystery of life than all our scientists? But even they do not explain the spiritual materialism of which so many signs are apparent:

Five years ago in Alameda, California, I found myself with a couple of hours to spare, and went into the little Carnegie library there. In California, among other charming and unusual customs, they are used to give the freedom of a public library to any visitor—he wanders at will and consults whatever books he chooses. I examined many rows of volumes, and at length came to a section devoted to Oriental philosophy. Here I discovered a little book, very badly printed in Calcutta about the year 1820, written by some old Hindu swami, which contained a chapter in which I found the desired euphrasy, in which, as I believe, the wisdom of the ages, the wisdom of which the Gnostics had a little, the wisdom that Paracelsus went to India to learn, was summed up. The swami began by presenting the figure of a circle. Mankind, he said, in describing the use of this figure, descended from the spiritual into the material, and returned to the material, carrying back with him the experience that matter gave—the experience that he was created, or created himself, to obtain.

According to this teaching—and this is the important point—mankind has nearly reached the nadir, has nearly arrived at the bottom of the circle, the ultimate of materialism. In a little while man will begin to crawl up the ascending arc, to regain that spirituality which he has lost in his descent into matter. In a word, the story of mankind shows a

centrifugal and a centripetal force. It would appear that the centrifugal influence is not yet quite exhausted; but, if we accept the testimony of the wise men of the East, we have nearly reached—as time is measured in the life of a world—the turning point of the circle.

And then Mr. Crippen has something to say about psychic research. He tells us of Dr. Dee and of Edward Kelley. We can not, he says, doubt the facts that are so well established and yet we are baffled, wondering if these visitants are angelic or diabolic:

But such experiments are valuable. Dee's commerce with his "angels" and Mrs. Piper's mediumistic manifestations at least tell us one thing—that man is envisaged and surrounded by intelligences that exist apart from matter. The alternative theory of the subliminal consciousness has, it would seem, been shown to be absolutely inconsistent with the evidence, but in either case we have, so far as the "scientific" bigot is concerned, an antiphrasis (from his own point of view) which exasperates him but which ought to comfort those who permit themselves to realize what even a single proven case of the manifestation of unembodied intelligence or semi-intelligence involves. That we are able to learn little more than this by such methods, however, now seems to be certain. Never, in any spiritualistic seance, has the slightest indication been given as to what happens to man after death, as to what his condition is, what are his delights and his pains. To regard the emanations that apparently manifest themselves in seances as being the actual individualities of dead human beings requires an amount of credulity of which most of us are incapable. That some sort of dreamlike intelligence is displayed by them, carrying with it occasionally such memory as exists in dreams, we must admit; but we do not have to admit that the soul, the divine part of man, is concerned in these pitifully inane "messages."

Here the author is on safe ground, and this in spite of the wave of psychic happenings of which the last two years have been the witness:

The psychical research societies will, I think, before long, devote more attention than hitherto to certain phenomena, or alleged phenomena, the examination of which would be of far more value to us than millions of reports of seances under "test" conditions. If only one case of the return of a soul to earth, of reincarnation, could be proved, man would have made an immense advance toward an understanding, not of the meaning and mystery of life, but of his own immediate fate. The Orientals are well aware of this. They pay no attention to the phenomena obtained through mediums; their attitude, indeed, suggesting that it is an old story to them, and a story that is not worth the telling. But they take infinite pains to examine any report of a child remembering a previous existence, and such cases, it may be remarked,

are reported only of children. To many, perhaps to most adults, there have come at times strange intuitions, shadows of what seem memories, a sense of previous knowledge of ancient cities visited for the first time; but actual memory of past existence has, if it has ever been displayed, been confined to the very young. The most detailed and convincing report of such a case that I have read is given by Lafcadio Hearn—a translation of a number of long, official Japanese documents, signed and sealed, the names of the witnesses and their evidence all in proper order.

Mr. Crippen is not quite correct in saying that such memories have been confined to the very young. Even if we dismiss the many evidences of adults as being no more than haunting and perhaps illusory reminiscences there still remain some few occurrences such as that recorded by Colonel de Rochas and narrated by Maeterlinck.

In conclusion Mr. Crippen asks if we can escape the conviction that all ends in oblivion, the teaching, and travail and conflict, the struggles and the battles with desire, the ambitions, hopes, ideals?

No, we do not have to believe this; but what we are compelled to believe is that, in the present stage of our development, we suffer oblivion, pass through the waters of Lethe, if not at death, then at some time after death, if we are among those who are reborn into this world. And those who are reborn, if we are to believe the wise men of the East, are those who love the world.

It is a worthy conclusion to a notable book.

FROM A JESUIT.

Rev. C. C. Martindale, S. J., M. A., in the concluding chapter of his book, entitled "Theosophy," says: "I have sometimes been reproached for 'taking Theosophy seriously'; I frankly confess I take it quite seriously. It is a form of religious belief and practice, and I can not conceive myself taking any such form, however unprepossessing or remote, otherwise than seriously. What means to deal with God can not be trivial. Moreover, Theosophy consists of its ultimate doctrines, and of their popular presentment. Its elaborate historical, philosophical, and 'occultist' *mise en scene* is probably what attracts the very great majority of its adherents, and this is serious."

Though from gods, demons, and men your deeds are concealed, they remain as causes in your own nature.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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GENIUS.

Dr. A. C. Jacobson of Brooklyn has made a discovery, and he hastens to tell us about it. He has been pondering on the nature of genius, and even though we may be critical of his conclusions at least he spares us the fatuity either of a denial of the reality of genius or its definition as "an infinite capacity for taking pains."

Dr. Jacobson is struck by a similarity between genius and trance mediumship, and it may be said that he assumes the reality of trance mediumship without any apology for some half-century of contemptuous scientific neglect. But if there is a marked similarity there is also a marked dissimilarity. The medium displays an inferior and irresponsible consciousness, the genius a consciousness that is superior and creative.

The similarity, it seems to Dr. Jacobson, is therefore one of cause rather than of effect. In each case there is an invasion of the normal mind by a consciousness that is ordinarily outside of that mind, and that may be either inferior or superior to it. In the former case we speak of genius, in the latter case of mediumship. The genius seems to have the power to inhibit or remove what we may call the upper frontiers of the mind, and so to enable a higher consciousness to descend into the brain. In the case of the medium it is the lower frontier of the mind that is thus inhibited, and usually involuntarily, the invader being of an inferior order.

The theory is a good one, indeed a very good one, because, with some reservations, it happens to be true. But why clutter up its presentation with so much psychological jargon about the subconscious and the subliminal? Why commit the verbal crime of giving the name of *subconsciousness* to something that is avowedly *superconscious*, something that is above, and not below, the normal mind? Indeed, why should we use such stupid terms at all, seeing that both genius and mediumship, whether latent or manifest, are obviously states of consciousness, and how can any state of consciousness be either above or below, *super* or *sub*, consciousness? Now consciousness may be above or below the brain mind, above or below normality, but habitually to speak of a consciousness that is above consciousness, or below consciousness, is one of those absurdities at which we can only marvel.

Dr. Jacobson's theories might be still further simplified. Doubtless he supposes that he called them forth, perhaps from his own subconsciousness. He is mistaken. They are as old as humanity. His two orders of abnormal consciousness have been known from time immemorial as the Higher Self and the Lower, or Elemental, Self. The mind of man, like Mahomet's coffin, is suspended between the two, between heaven and hell. The frontier that bars its union with the Higher Self is the sense of egotism, of separateness, in other words selfishness.

The lower frontier, a salutary one and one that ought not to be removed, is positivity of mind, self-consciousness.

So far from Dr. Jacobson having introduced us to a novelty, it might almost be said that the religions of the world have had no other object than to make known the existence of the Higher Mind and to show the road to its attainment. We may give what names we please to that Higher Mind, but we can not veil its identity. We may use that much abused word, the Soul, or we may place ourselves in line with scientific modernity and talk of a subconsciousness which is very evidently above, and not below, the mind. And we may describe its results as genius if we please, or as spiritual illumination, or by any other terminology that has been applied to the indescribable. But the day can not be far off when a psychically inclined public, searching avidly for something that is new, will discover that there is actually nothing new and that they came within sight of the truth only as they approach the ancient philosophies and the Theosophia.

H. G. WELLS.

Mr. H. G. Wells, not usually counted among the religious forces of the world, has yet been stirred by the war to inquire into the domain of religion, what it has done, what it might have done, what it will do. And he finds much, very much, to displease him. He finds that organized religion has done the things that it ought not to have done and that it has left undone the things that it ought to have done and that there is no health in it. He has discovered that it is not thinking at all about the sin of war, but only about itself and its own status. The Bishop of London, dressed in khaki like a soldier, explains at great length to open-air meetings why it is necessary that he should have a salary of \$40,000 a year, why, indeed, it ought to be more. Lesser clerical luminaries talk about sex, and explain that the moral law must not be allowed to stand in the way of population needs. And then Mr. Wells asks why it is that His Holiness the Pope has no clear word to say about the rights and wrongs of this thing. Indeed some of his representatives seem to infer that God is now meting out some special Nemesis to the nations that have offended the

church. A bewildered and horrified people have asked organized religion for the bread of guidance and direction, and they have received a stone.

Mr. Wells says that he has been discussing religion with many people, and he then goes on strangely to add that all these conversations must have ceased "if any one bearing the uniform and brand of any organized religious body, any clergyman, priest, mollah, or such like advocate of the ten thousand patented religions in the world had come in." It is impossible, it seems, to talk about religion with the only men who are paid to talk about it. Their minds are so clogged with their propaganda, their sectarianisms, their politics, and their persecutions of the heretic as to be incapable of free and direct thought. And then Mr. Wells tells us that although there is a great wave of religious revival throughout the world we may doubt if it bodes well for the professional religions. And finally he quotes a statement that he heard during one of these discussions to the effect that "There are four stages between belief and utter unbelief. There are those who believe in God; those who doubt him like Huxley the Agnostic; those who deny him like the Atheists, but who do at least keep his place vacant, and, lastly, those who have set up a church in his place. This is the last out-
 —————
 rage of unbelief."

I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therein, to be content. I know how to be abased, and I know also how to abound; in everything and in all things have I learned the secret both to be filled and to be hungry, both to abound and to be in want.—*Paul*.

I have now come to a stage of realization in which I see that God is walking in every human form and manifesting himself alike through the sage and the sinner, the virtuous and the vicious.—*Ramakrishna*.
 —————

Karma-Nemesis is no more than the spiritual dynamical effect of causes produced, and forces awakened into activity, by our own actions.—*H. P. Blavatsky*.

The permanent thing in everything is the unseen part of it.—*Hugh Black*.

"SPIRIT LAND."

(From *Detroit Black and White*.)

And now one of the leading scientists of the world, knighted for his achievements in electricity and the physics of the ether, and president of the British Association, one of the foremost of scientific bodies, stakes his reputation on the fact that he has heard from his own son, Raymond, since the latter was killed in Flanders. Moreover, the means of communication appear on their face no less absurd than the glass decanter and the trumpet I have been describing.

It would be gross impertinence to test the statements of Sir Oliver Lodge by the spiritualistic farce I have been relating. Neither his veracity nor his sanity have been questioned even by those who do not accept the conclusions he has reached from his experiments in psychical research extending over many years. We can not dismiss his findings with a jest, as we would the performances of a cheap faker in a side street. And yet, if we are cynical or skeptical, we can not follow him all the way. What are we to think?

In his recent book, "Raymond; or, Life and Death," Sir Oliver devotes a chapter to the discovery of a photograph, which he did not know was in existence, until the dead boy told him through a medium. The record Sir Oliver presents is, in brief, this:

July 20, 1915—Raymond Lodge, a second lieutenant in the Second South Lancshires, made his last visit home from the front.

Aug. 24, 1915—Raymond's photograph taken at the front with a group of officers, twenty-one days before his death, but not mentioned in any of his letters.

Sept. 14, 1915—Raymond killed in Flanders. None of his family has as yet seen or heard of the photograph.

Sept. 27, 1915—Raymond's mother learns of the photograph from Raymond in a "sitting" with a medium by the name of Peters, who gives her the information thus:

You have several portraits of this boy. Before he went away you had a good portrait of him—two—no, three. Two where he is alone, and one where he is in a group of other men. He is particular that I should tell you of this. In one you see his walking stick.

Oct. 5, 1915—Negatives of the photo-

graph the medium, Peters, mentioned are received in England by Gale & Polden, Aldershot, from Captain Boast of the Second Lancshires for printing, because paper for printing was not available in France.

Nov. 29, 1915—Mrs. Cheves, whose son was an officer with Raymond's regiment, writes spontaneously to Mrs. Lodge, offering her a group photograph of some of the Second South Lancashire officers.

Dec. 3, 1915—Sir Oliver, in a sitting with the medium, Mrs. Leonard, asks the dead Raymond for a further description of the photograph in order to get as much information as possible about it before seeing it. The medium reported Raymond as not being sure about having the walking stick with him that Peters mentioned, but he did remember about somebody leaning on him or wanting to lean on him while the photograph was being taken, that there were a dozen or more in the picture, that some were standing and some were sitting, that he himself was sitting, that some of them were comparative strangers to him, that there was one whose name began with B, another with C, and another with R, and that there was a K somewhere; also that the photograph was taken "practically" out of doors, and that there were vertical lines in the background.

Dec. 6, 1915—Raymond's mother, on examining his kit, which had been returned from the front, finds an entry in his diary which reads, "24 August—Photo taken."

Dec. 7, 1915 (morning)—Sir Oliver writes to his friend, Mr. J. Arthur Hill, a brief record of the sitting with Mrs. Leonard in order that it might be recorded before the photograph arrived. It was witnessed by his secretary.

Dec. 7, 1915 (afternoon)—The photograph arrives from Mrs. Cheves, and proves to be as described by Raymond through the mediums. There are twenty-one officers in the group, five squatting on the grass in the front row, seven sitting on chairs in the second row, and nine standing at the back. In the background is a woodshed with vertical lines running down the roof. There are officers whose names begin with C, and B, and R, none with K, though there is one whose name begins with a hard G. Ray-

mond is squatted on the ground, with his walking stick lying across his feet. The man behind Raymond is resting his arm on Raymond's shoulder. In one or two other photographs of the same group taken at the same time and printed for Sir Oliver by Gale & Polden the arm has been removed from Raymond's shoulder. This, Sir Oliver suggests, accounts for Raymond's uncertainty, when communicating with the medium, whether anybody was leaning on him or not at the moment the photograph was taken.

This is the record of only one incident. Sir Oliver has others, all of which he presents with circumstantial detail. Do with them what he will, they have only one meaning for him:

I have made no secret of my conviction, not merely that personality exists, but that its continued existence is more entwined with the life of every day than has been generally imagined; that there is no real branch of continuity between the dead and the living; and that methods of inter-communion across what has seemed to be a gulf can be set going in response to the urgent demand of affection—that, in fact, as Diotima told Socrates, "Love bridges the chasm."

We need hardly be reminded that if this generation, or others that are to come, produce many men of the scientific standing of Sir Oliver Lodge who offer reputable evidence of communication with the next world, the immortality of the soul will be regarded, not as an abstruse theory of churchmen nor as the pleasing imagery of poets, but as a demonstrated fact. And who will attempt to measure the effect on the life of humanity?

It is an appalling prospect that Sir Oliver Lodge opens to our present-day world of materialism and atheism, of unbelief and skepticism, of war and hate and savagery—appalling because it exhibits, as though under the merciless flash of the searchlight, realities that we have been relegating to the fairy tales of the nursery, or according only a conventional recognition in religious forms as a concession to our own doubts.

Philosophy, lacking the necessary data to give it positive assurance, confines its predication of immortality to a rational hope. Sir Oliver Lodge believes that with patience and intelligent investigation and careful scrutiny the data on which philosophy can make a positive

predication of immortality may yet be secured in a thoroughly scientific way. In his own words:

Some of us—whether wisely or unwisely—now want to enlarge the recognized scope of physical science, so as gradually to take a wider purview and include more of the totality of things. That is what the Society for Psychical Research was established for—to begin extending the range of scientific law and order, by patient exploration in a comparatively new region. The effort has been resented, and at first ridiculed, only because misunderstood. The effort may be ambitious, but it is perfectly legitimate; and if it fails it fails.

Not only do the forty volumes of the Society's records contain a mass of encouraging evidence, he says, but some of the best evidence has never been published and is not likely to be because it is "of a very private and family character." Moreover, he utters this warning concerning the value of isolated, spectacular incidents:

No one crucial episode can ever be brought forward as deciding such a matter. That is not the way in which things of importance are proven. Evidence is cumulative, it is on the strength of a mass of experience that an induction is ultimately made, and a conclusion provisionally arrived at; though sometimes it happens that a single exceptionally strong instance, or series of instances, may clinch it for some individual.

But indeed the evidence, in one form and another, has been crudely before the human race from remote antiquity; only it has been treated in ways more or less obfuscated by superstition. The same sort of occurrences as were known to Virgil, and to many another seer—the same sort of experiences as are found by folk-lore students today—are happening now in a scientific age, and sometimes under scientific scrutiny. Hence it is that from the scientific point of view progress is at length being made; and any one with a real desire to know the truth need not lack evidence, if he will first read the records with an open mind, and then bide his time and be patient till an opportunity for first-hand critical observation is vouchsafed him.

And now let us see what it all means to Sir Oliver Lodge personally, and individually, not forgetting that he himself is an acknowledged leader in other departments of science, and accustomed to weighing cold facts. Here is his conclusion, his declaration of faith:

I am as convinced of continued existence, on the other side of death, as I am of existence here. It may be said, you can not be as sure as you are of sensory experience. I say I can. A physicist is never limited to direct sensory impressions, he has to deal with a multitude of conceptions and things for which he has no physical organ; the dynamical

theory of heat, for instance, and of gases, the theories of electricity, of magnetism, of chemical affinity, of cohesion, aye and his apprehension of the ether itself, lead him into regions where sight and hearing and touch are impotent as direct witnesses, where they are no longer efficient guides.

In such regions everything has to be interpreted in terms of the insensible, the apparently unsubstantial, and in a definite sense the imaginary. Yet these regions of knowledge are as clear and vivid to him as are any of those encountered in everyday occupations; indeed most commonplace phenomena themselves require interpretation in terms of ideas more subtle—the apparent solidity of matter itself demands explanation—and the underlying non-material entities of a physicist's conception become gradually as real and substantial as anything he knows. As Lord Kelvin used to say when in a paradoxical mood, we really know more about electricity than we know about matter. . . .

That being so, I shall go further and say that I am reasonably convinced of the existence of grades of being, not only lower in the scale than man, but higher also, grades of every order of magnitude from zero to infinity. And I know by experience that among these beings are some who care for and help and guide humanity, not disdaining to enter even into what must seem petty details, if by so doing they can assist souls striving in their upward course. . . .

And further it is my faith—however humbly it may be held—that among those lofty beings, highest of those who concern themselves directly with this earth of all the myriads of worlds in infinite space, is One on whom the right instinct of Christianity has always lavished heartfelt reverence and devotion.

Those who think that the day of that Messiah is over are strangely mistaken; it has hardly begun. In individual souls Christianity has flourished and borne fruit, but for the ills of the world itself it is an almost untried panacea.

It will be strange if this ghastly war fosters and simplifies and improves a knowledge of Christ, and aids a perception of the ineffable beauty of his life and teaching; yet stranger things have happened; and, whatever the churches may do, I believe that the call of Christ himself will be heard and attended to, by a large part of humanity in the near future, as never yet it has been heard or attended to on earth. . . .

My own time down here is getting short: it matters little; but I dare not go till I have borne this testimony to the grace and truth which emanate from that divine Being—the realization of whose tender-hearted simplicity and love for man may have been overlaid at times and almost lost amid well-intentioned but inappropriate dogma, but who is accessible as always to the humble and meek.

Intercommunication between the states or grades of existence is not limited to messages from friends and relatives, or to conversation with personalities of our own order of magnitude—that is only a small and verifiable portion of the whole truth—intercourse between the states carries with it occasional

and sometimes unconscious, communion with lofty souls who have gone before. The truth of such continued influence corresponds with the highest of the Revelations vouchsafed to humanity.

This truth, when assimilated by man, means an assurance of the reality of prayer, and a certain gracious sympathy and fellow-feeling from One who never despised the suffering, the sinful, or the lowly: yes, it means more—it means nothing less than the possibility some day of a glance or a word of approval from the Eternal Christ.

Let the scoffer have his fling. In the presence of such a faith we stand with head uncovered.

A CLERGYMAN CHALLENGES THE CHURCH.

It is only forty years since the great Bishop of Natal was tried and excommunicated by his church for saying publicly that he did not believe that the count of the Israelites and their cattle as given in the Book of Exodus was true.

For many generations the church had been living within a ring fence of dogma. One of its pannels was the doctrine of the Inspiration and Infallibility of the Bible. It believed that if a single rail of the fence should be loosened the whole interior would be exposed and threatened. Dean Burgon and Canon Liddon, the two foremost ecclesiastics in England, declared that "if the Bible is not infallible in every chapter, verse, and syllable, then is our faith vain and Christ died in vain." The Presiding Bishop of the American Church agreed with them and urged the prosecution, and so did the Pope, and the General Assembly, and all the rest. And this was only forty years ago.

Since then that particular pannel of the ring fence has been removed bodily. The matter now concerns the central dogmas which the fence enclosed. Can the churches insist upon these, and at the same time win and retain the allegiance of intelligent men? It is noteworthy that there is now an almost complete absence of open antagonism to religious dogma or church order. No Huxley is today firing hot shot into the theological camp; and no Gladstone is discharging heavy and ill-directed artillery in its defense. We who are not old can remember when the issue of the latter's book, "The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture," was regarded as an international event. Who cares about such

things now? Apologists and the religious press accept the situation with much satisfaction. The warfare of science and religion is over, they say; thank God for the victory! They are mistaken. Religious dogmas were in infinitely less danger while men cared enough about them to attack them than when they have ceased to regard them at all. That is the situation today. A great and increasing multitude of the best and most intelligent men silently turn away from the churches and go their own way. They are not irreligious. On the contrary, judged by any fair test of life, they include the best among us. We can count them by the dozen among our acquaintances. They used to go to church; they do not now. They are silent upon the subject. If pressed they are likely to adopt Disraeli's answer. When asked what his religion was he answered, "That of all sensible men." When asked farther what that was, he replied, "Sensible men never say."

For many centuries the church has been organized around dogmas. Let us admit in passing that it was not so at the beginning. During the first and second generation of Christians few of the dogmas since held to be vital had been formulated. But it is so now, and has been so for many centuries. It is often asserted by those who solicit good men to join their churches that subscription to doctrines is not essential. This is not true. In most cases a declaration of belief is either positively required, or it is so plainly implied that an honorable man must feel himself so bound. Probably the minimum demand is that for membership in the Episcopal Church, "Do you believe all the articles of the Christian faith as contained in the Apostles' Creed?" If he becomes a member he must either join with the congregation in reciting that creed, or become conspicuous by his silence. If he join another Protestant church he must listen with tacit assent to hymns, prayers, and sermons, the very stuff of which he does not believe to be true. If he goes to Rome he must assent in advance and in bulk to whatever the church has in the past or may in the future declare to be true.

Let us ask plainly, What are these beliefs? and what attitude toward them the churches can take in order to secure the

allegiance of the class of men we are considering?

The beliefs of the church arrange themselves within concentric circles. Occupying the centre is the "Incarnation," i. e., the belief that on a certain date A. U. C., in a remote district of Asia, God took upon himself the form of a man, that that man lived as a man for thirty years or more, was put to death as a malefactor, rose again from the dead three days later, and returned to heaven.

But this belief can not stand alone. It is meaningless until its purpose and intention are interpreted. Thus we pass into the second and wider circle, when we learn, in rough outlines, something like this: All mankind are descended from a common ancestor generally known by the name Adam; this man sinned; all his posterity are sinners, either by inheritance of his nature or transmission of his guilt; without shedding of blood there is no remission of sins. Thereupon the "Second Adam" offered himself and was accepted by God as a "Sacrifice" sufficiently valuable to placate the anger of God, and to make possible the "safety" of any who will make the proper terms with the Redeemer. As to just what these terms are there is much difference of opinion among the various Confessions, but in substance all mean that, apart from a belief in the things stated above, there is no forgiveness or eternal safety for any human soul.

These are the fundamental tenets officially announced, held, and defended by ninety-nine hundredths of the churches, in confessions, articles, and creeds, and promulgated in hymns, prayers, sermons, and press.

We are not unappreciative of the solicitude of the churches toward us. It would be a pleasure for us to join with them in their good works. Nor are we indifferent to the obligations of religion. We face the deep mysteries of existence and destiny seriously. We endeavor to conform our lives to duty. We do what we can to help our fellow-men. We believe in God. And in this connection we bow with unfeigned reverence before the incomparable person of Jesus Christ. But we can not join any church.—*Rev. S. D. McConnell, D. D., in the North American Review.*

VIVISECTION.

(From the L. A. Examiner, January 5.)

A letter from the California Anti-Vivisection Society reminds us that this organization is very much alive and active. As most of our readers are aware, it largely is composed of prominent men and women in and around Los Angeles. These people are leaders in business, society, and constructive citizenship, and their opinions are not to be ignored by the community at large. All of them are lovers and protectors of dumb animals, and thoroughly believe in the biblical declaration that "The merciful man is merciful to his beast."

They do not believe that there is mercy, justice, or public policy in the unrestricted and secret practice of the vivisection of monkeys, dogs, cats, rabbits, and other unfortunate victims of scientific researches. Naturally, they are strongly antagonized by a part of the medical profession, on the ground that the torture of creatures who have no rights that science is bound to respect is necessary to the proper study and alleviation of ills that affect the comfort or longevity of a single order of animals which has made itself dominant over all other of God's creatures on this earth.

On this subject Dr. George Wharton James, a respected medical authority of Philadelphia, and one who does not believe in unlimited and unpoliced vivisection, places the position of our California Anti-Vivisection Society very clearly before the public. He says:

"If a bricklayer were curious enough to seal up a dozen cats in the wall he was building, in order to see what the effect would be, he would be arrested and punished.

"But if a 'scientific investigator' wants to plow up an animal's brain with red-hot instruments, or prick, slice, and galvanize it; explore the spinal cord with scalpel and forceps; burn and bite out its eyes with strong acids; starve or feed it on all kinds of horrible things; drown it; pump out its blood and have other animal's blood pumped in; make it inhale poisonous gases; shave and varnish or cover it with wax or something else to prevent action of the skin; shave and immerse it in ice-water to see how long it will live without contracting pneumonia; bake it alive; boil it alive; freeze

it until it is as stiff as wood; inoculate it with every known disease and then watch its sufferings and tortures until death ensues—if, we say, a scientific man wishes to do all these things to gratify his curiosity or his pride, you let him escape, because he has buncoed you by pretending that it is done 'in the interests of science and humanity.' Do not believe it.

"God is not mocked, neither is man. An educated man, no more than an illiterate man, can do wrong and not suffer for it. A crime is a crime whether done by a clodhopper or the greatest scientist in the world."

SCIENCE AND THE ATOM.

(San Francisco Bulletin.)

Scientists are now comparing the structure of the atom—once supposed to be the smallest particle of matter—with that of the star systems. Atoms are composed of electrons, as much as they are composed of anything, but all the electrons are in rapid motion, and the total volume of all the electrons inside an atom is very much less than the total volume of the atom. The orbits of the electrons have been compared with the orbits of the planets, and the relative distance between them with the distance between the members of star systems. If this is true atoms, and consequently the things which armies of atoms form, consist primarily of space, and only incidentally of what we think of as matter. A solid is not a solid at all. Perhaps it is only a rapid series of motions in the ether which is supposed to be to electrons, and consequently to all the universe, what water is to fish—a medium in which to move. If we could think of a fish as made up of a series of very rapid motions of the water, and not of scales, muscle, and bone, we could think of electrons, and consequently of all matter, as the great physicists do. Streets, buildings, mountains, human beings—all these apparently solid objects melt away under the scientific scrutiny. Yet if we fall over a chair in the dark it still hurts.

Some men make a womanish complaint that it is a great misfortune to die before our time. I would ask what time? —*Cicero*.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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MAR 26 1917



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INTUITION.

The January issue of the *Hibbert Journal*, a weighty publication devoted to religion, theology, and philosophy, contains an article by Mr. H. Wildon Carr in defense of Bergson against the criticisms of Mr. Gustavus Watts Cunningham. The criticism was directed mainly against Bergson's claim that intuition must be the distinctive method of philosophy, inasmuch as the intellect alone can not be expected to know what is more and greater than the intellect. In defense of this position, and as sustaining the validity of an appeal to the intuition, Mr. Carr says: "Some two or three years ago, when Sir J. J. Thomson demonstrated the existence of an atom with an atomic weight till then unknown to chemist or physicist, it was pointed out to him by a prominent Theosophist that his discovery had already been forestalled, that an atom corresponding exactly to that which he had discovered had been proved to exist by methods quite different from the crude materialistic experiments made in his laboratory. It was quite true."

With the dispute so far as it wages around Professor Bergson we need not concern ourselves except to wonder that any one should be found to cavil at his contention that the intellect can not transcend itself. But it is not a little remarkable that the *Hibbert Journal* should admit to the ponderous respectabilities of

its pages an appeal to theosophical research and the results obtained thereby in the field of physical discovery. Certainly such an occurrence would have been impossible ten years ago, which goes to show that the world does, after all, move.

TAGORE.

Some of our readers seem to be distressed by the publication in the *Outlook* of Paul Elmer More's criticism of Tagore. Mr. More, it will be remembered, said that Tagore was "nice" and "pretty," but that he failed to find any resemblance between his philosophy and that of the *Gita*. Mr. More's article was reprinted in the *Outlook* not so much because of his opinion of Tagore as because he had selected the *Gita* as typical of the highest expression of the philosophical thought of India.

At the same time we may confess to a certain disappointment with Tagore, not because he did so little, but because he might have done so much more. He had the ear, one might say the rapt attention, of the whole English-speaking world, eager for some definite presentation of Oriental wisdom, for some strong bold note of guidance and leadership. There was nothing of the kind. Without venturing upon those sweeping generalizations that are always leaky it may be said that Tagore has rarely said or written anything that would provoke the remonstrance of the curate, or that

seems to have other than a distant relationship with the sinewy and uncompromising system of the *Gita*. He had an unparalleled opportunity and he seems to have missed it.

AH, WHEN?

I came at eve on a sunset field unknown
to me,
Unknown and yet known.
Here did I run as a boy, or loitered a
lover,
Ah, when?
I came at dawn on a river, visited never,
Strange, yet unstrange,
For I could follow faithful the wind of
that river
Away to sea.
I was driven late at night to the house
of a stranger,
Never that house had I seen;
Though I never slept in it, yet could I
tell each room of it,
I knew my way.
At times a lonely face from a crowd
looks out at me,
Startling me, wherefore?
That sudden, flitting face I remember
dimly,
Dimly familiar.
They played me music at midnight, never
yet heard by me;
Unheard, yet heard,
Ah, when? —Stephen Phillips.

"MAGIC."

J. Clifford Brooke, producer of G. K. Chesterton's play, "Magic," has given to the New York *Sun* an interview in which he indicates his own beliefs about Occultism and without indulging either in praise or criticism, we may at least say that they are interesting:

The production of a play like Mr. Chesterton's "Magic" involves problems which do not usually arise in the general routine of a director's work. It requires first of all a working knowledge of the doctrines underlying such a piece. Mr. Chesterton has called it a "fantastic comedy," probably for the purpose of disarming criticism on the part of modern materialists, but every line in the play would indicate that if he does not actually believe in magic himself he has at least given it a thorough study from many points of view.

Probably only a very few persons today have made a special study of occultism, but among the number are many of the finest minds in literature, art, and science. Everybody knows of M. Maeterlinck's interest in the subject. W. B. Yeats is another student of the ancient mysteries, and a strong in-

fusion of Celtic magic runs through the work of Fiona Macleod. George Russell is another Irish occultist, and of course everybody is familiar with the work of the master of occult fiction, Algernon Blackwood, whose latest book, "The Wave," appeared the other day. In America there is Will Levington Comfort, and in England Allen Upward and W. Somerset Maugham, whose novel, "The Magician," is one of the most remarkable occult studies of the time.

Mr. Brooke went on to speak of other well-known men who had made a study of occult phenomena, and among them Balzac, Strindberg, Masefield, Scriabine, Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Crookes, Havelock Ellis, Lombroso, and many others. To the direct question if he himself believed in magic, he replied that he would rather not commit himself, but it appeared to him to deserve the attention of every thinking man. Asked what he meant by magic, he said:

Well, I am afraid it would take too long to tell you in detail. All religions have taken count of descending orders of being, driving down into mineral life as we are driving up from it. Their course is directly opposed to ours, and from our point of view they are evil. They are invisible to us except in certain psychic or clairvoyant states, and constitute the orders of fairies and elves, which science has ignored, but has never successfully explained away. You can not with a stroke of the pen sweep away the observations of centuries, you know.

Magic consists in the power to make these little people do one's bidding. If he use them for selfish purposes it is called "black magic," if for unselfish and noble purposes it is called "white magic." From the point of view of the occultist it is as ordinary as any of the phenomena of electricity or light or sound. The only difference is that the scientist calls these things forces, whereas, the occultist calls them intelligences!

Mr. Chesterton's play shows a man who has stumbled upon these hidden powers of nature and has learned to use them by sheer effort of will. He is not, as some of the critics have called him, a medium, nor have his operations anything whatever to do with spiritualism. He is a conscious, definite, powerful figure set down in the midst of a group of persons, skillfully arranged by the dramatist to embody every point of view regarding occult phenomena. First there is the girl, young and visionary, a born seer, who believes in fairies as naturally as she believes in the flowers. Far different is her brother, with the same visionary strain, but afraid of his lurking belief in a super-physical world and frantic in his desire to explain away the phenomena. Alongside of them is the doctor, the kindly old scientist who steadfastly adheres to the materialism of Huxley's day; the Duke, who is too hazy-minded to believe anything, and last and most ironical of all, the clergyman, who preached every day a religion which is based on angels and devils and miracles and an unseen world, but who can

not believe in the natural miracles of the magician.

"Magic," said Mr. Brooke in conclusion, was not an easy play to produce. Indeed it was more than a play. He was inclined to think that it was in itself a magical ceremonial and that it actually created the very conditions that it described.

We have another interesting view of this play from the dramatic critic of the *New York Times*, who persuaded Mr. Roy Mitchell, who takes the part of the Conjuror, to talk about his own opinions. Mr. Mitchell is described "assistant stage manager and also an Orientalist and Vedic scholar, a lecturer and writer on the Eastern philosophies of the occult." Speaking of the effect of the last act of the play he says:

Two of the players have spoken to me of that last act and of the effect of reality it is having on them. "I can feel them—the room full of devils!" they said. And yet I do not know that they have the definite belief I have in the existence of those forces which we call evil spirits. It is a part of occult philosophy to believe in the great cycle of spiritual life. Human life is constantly evolving upward from the coarser into the finer forms of spiritual development. But as we evolve there come pouring down, an involuting stream of them, the lower and coarser forms of life, lower even than the mineral kingdom, not necessarily evil in themselves, but malign under certain conditions in their effect upon us. These we know as the little people of legend. Every land has evidence of them in its folk lore. The fairies, the elves, the pixies, what you will!

You must realize how much there is beyond our five senses, tones between tones, too high or too low to be registered upon our hearing; colors too deep in their violet rays to be distinguished from black, colors too pale in their tint to be distinguished from white, rainbows beyond the scope of our vision, worlds we can not see. What the world denied before the telescope gave it eyes! What the world had never dreamed before the microscope made it clear!

It is only when something pushes the normal man a little aside from his normal view of nature, develops his perceptions abnormally, disturbs his normal poise, that he can perceive the things in heaven and earth that are not in the philosophy of the majority of men. He may be what we call "eccentric," or a genius, or a man made clear-sighted to spiritual things by pure living; or it may be alcohol, or drugs, or the delirium of fever that opens the door to this involuting stream of fairies and devils and what not. But these elemental forces exist. And they can be controlled and made to obey humans. The literature of many religions bears evidence to the use of the potent Name or incantation to control these spirits.

Curiously enough, Mr. Mitchell does not hesitate to give to Theosophy the credit for a revival of interest in esoteric philosophy:

Toronto is the great centre of interest in occult things on this side of the Atlantic, and there is a growing movement, whose importance can not be overestimated, in the revival of the ancient Oriental cults. Theosophy, for instance, is gaining ground in many quarters—I first came in contact with this movement out in Seattle, and it has a strong following on the Pacific Coast. In Toronto a group of intellectual men—men of affairs and influence—are heading this occult movement.

The occultism of Mr. Chesterton's play is not perhaps of the most approved kind, but at least it may serve a purpose in calling attention to the hidden side of life. H. P. Blavatsky once deplored the scarcity of occult novels and recommended that they be written by those competent to do so. She would certainly have rejoiced at any serious attempt to give dramatic expression to the occult philosophy, and we may be quite sure that she would not have criticized any sincere attempt along such lines even though it fell somewhat short of the highest ideals.

CYCLES.

(By Herbert Spencer.)

Motion as well as Matter being fixed in quantity, it would seem that the change in the distribution of Matter which Motion effects, coming to a limit in whatever direction it is carried, the indestructible Motion thereupon necessitates a reverse distribution. Apparently, the universally co-existent forces of attraction and repulsion, which, as we have seen, necessitates rhythm in all minor changes throughout the Universe, also necessitates rhythm in the totality of its changes—produce now an immeasurable period during which the attractive forces predominating, cause universal diffusion—alternate eras of Evolution and Disso-lution. And thus there is suggested the conception of a past during which there have been successive Evolutions analogous to that which is now going on; a future during which successive other Evolutions may go on—ever the same in principle, but never the same in concrete result.

Death is not the end of life; it is one event in life.—*Dr. Brooks.*

PRELUDE.

(Published by the Bibliophile Society.)

"When first I began to take an interest in the poor and the sorrowful."

By sunny market place and street
Wherever I go my drum I beat.
And wherever I go in my coat of red
The ribbons flutter about my head.

I seek recruits for wars to come—
For slaughterless wars I beat the drum.
And the shilling I give to each new ally
Is hope to live and courage to die.

I know that new recruits shall come
Wherever I beat the sounding drum,
Till the roar of the march by the country
and town
Shall shake the tottering Dagon's down.

For I was objectless as they
And loitering idly day by day;
But whenever I heard the recruiters
come,
I left my all to follow the drum.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

RELIGIOUS PATENTS.

Nothing is more remarkable and at the same time more distinctive than the efforts of Christian theologians to emphasize the differences rather than the resemblances between the great world faiths. One would suppose that a system or a teaching gained something in the way of strength or probability from the fact that it stood unsustained and unsupported, that it lost something by confirmation and agreement. It seems to show a curious obliquity of thought, and one that is certainly not to the advantage of Christianity.

Of this we have an example in an article contributed to the *Hibbert Journal* by Professor H. H. Scullard, and entitled "The Originality and Finality of Christian Ethics." The author is gravely perturbed by current efforts to establish the practical identity of the religions of the world. He says he takes up a recently published book and he reads: "On these practical points," i. e., the kind of life that the good man will lead, "the teaching is identical in Hinduism and Buddhism, in Zoroastrianism and Muhammedanism, in Judaism and Christianity." This seems very dreadful to Professor Scullard, and therefore very untrue, although one would suppose that

even a scanty acquaintance with the religions named would have satisfied him that at least it is true, however dreadful it may still appear to be. At the same time we are not told why it should be dreadful to suppose that Hindus and Buddhists, Zoroastrians and Muhammedans, are inspired by their religions to the cultivation of the highest ethics. But, continues Professor Scullard, "it is not only Theosophists who speak thus":

In a book issued not long ago by the Rationalist Press it is stated that the whole code of Christian morals is found in the *Book of the Dead* six thousand years before Christ; that the attitude and tone of the devout Persian were in no substantial sense different from those of the Christian; that Buddhism includes every virtue of the Christian code; that the whole of the moral teaching of the Gospels was the common property of the world into which Jesus was born, and that, as He added nothing to the ethical thought of His age, His claim to divinity falls to the ground. Nor is it in works of this class alone that we meet with similar ideas. In a volume of a series on the History of Religions, which contains many scholarly books, it is written: "Confucianism may be said to contain all the great ethical truths to be found in the teaching of Christ." The implication in all these assertions seems to be that there is nothing new in the ethical teaching of Jesus. Now, why has this teaching gained currency?

Perhaps it has gained currency because it happens to be true. Nor can we find in it anything that lessens the value of the teachings of Jesus. A truth does not become less precious because we must be reminded of it. The laws of mathematics do not become useless by repetition. Nor can we understand why the teachings of Jesus should become less valuable because they were also the teachings of Buddha or Krishna. But these are among the mysteries of the theological mind, and it might be indiscreet to inquire into them too closely.

But, says the author, it is not surprising that those who collected the sayings of Jesus should be influenced by the thought of the day and should thus have given a tint, so to speak, to the theology that they promulgated:

Men in Palestine must have known something of what was going on outside their own borders. An eminent Jewish scholar has told us that at this time Jerusalem was "boiling over with theological and theosophical discussions." Simon Magus, whom Peter met in Samaria, was evidently acquainted with the teaching of Zoroaster. Some have thought, not unreasonably, that the Essenes were influenced by Buddhism, though, curiously, the later Essenes apparently, like the Sikhs in

India, from being the most pacifist became the most belligerent of the sects. Even if one wished to do so, it would be hazardous enough to maintain that no fragments of Eastern wisdom were known to the fishermen of Galilee, and absurd to suppose that the traveler Paul was uninfluenced by what was so widely diffused in the different centres of population to which he went.

That there are similarities between the teachings of Jesus and those of his predecessors the author can not, of course, deny. They are patent, evident, and indisputable, but his explanation of those similarities strikes us as an example of theological unfairness almost without a parallel. Let us make a single excerpt in evidence of this. Professor Scullard writes:

Then do not the deniers of the originality of Jesus forget the most elementary facts which the comparative methods brings to light—that the same word has not always the same meaning, and that the same propositions in different contexts acquire a different and sometimes opposite value? Take the virtue of humility. We rightly regard this as a characteristically Christian virtue, and when we find it in Laotzu or Plato we are perhaps a little surprised. But it is only necessary to put the two qualities side by side to see how different they really are. The self-effacement of Laotzu and the meekness which Plato regarded as a component part of two of the cardinal virtues are not at all the same thing as the meekness and lowliness of Jesus. So with truthfulness, fortitude, magnanimity.

Now this, in a plain and comfortable vernacular, may be said to "take the cake." We should have to go far before finding so striking an example of a theological arrogance that is alike unjust and offensive. Truthfulness, it seems, means one thing when it is recommended by Jesus, but "not at all the same thing" when it is advocated by Plato. But how can truthfulness be anything other than truthfulness? Or fortitude anything other than fortitude? Are we to suppose that Plato actually meant falsehood when he recommended truthfulness, or cowardice when he advised fortitude? And this pitiful nonsense is gravely advanced in order to show that there was no such thing as truthfulness or fortitude until Jesus introduced these virtues to the world for the first time. And again:

Among the few authentic sayings which go back to a probably authentic Laotzu is the precept, so truly Christian in form, "Recompense injury with kindness." But in the teaching of Jesus and His apostles it came to mean in practice the exact opposite of what

the Chinese philosopher had desired. In the do-nothing, strive-for-nothing mysticism of Laotzu it meant, Confront the evil-doer by a mild passivity, a vacancy of mind, an unconsciousness as real as that of a man in a drunken swoon, and you will have returned good for evil.

Once more we must gasp for breath, and ask ourselves if this rather repellent rubbish is offered seriously for the consideration of sane minds. Has theology, greedily for its patents and exclusive trade-marks, sunk so low as this in its frantic search for monopolies? Kindness when recommended by Jesus means kindness, but when recommended by Laotzu it means a "drunken swoon." Does Professor Scullard suppose his readers to be idiots? The alternative is one that it would be impolite to suggest.

VIVISECTION.

The following letter of protest against the Pendergast Vivisection bill appears in the *San Francisco Call*:

Vivisection, like the social evil, goes on in many places, not because it is desirable, but that it is difficult to prevent. The surreptitious sale of stolen or impounded dogs for this purpose also occurs, but in no place is the sale from pounds COMPELLED and LEGALIZED.

It is doubtful if an ingenious piece of iniquity, like the Pendergast vivisection bill, was ever so much as introduced in any lawmaking body in the world. It trifles with the conscience of the poundmaster, especially if the pound is managed by a humane society—as it is in San Francisco—and would make its existence as a humane society inconsistent and impossible. It compels the pet owner to endure a legal condition to which he objects, not only as a citizen, but a voter. It not only permits, but COMPELS cruelty, in that it makes well-disposed humane animal lovers unwilling partners in a most intense form of cruelty.

If this law is passed California will stand unique and should stand ashamed before the rest of the country and the world.

If public opinion in California had yet reached the stage of articulation this disgrace would be impossible. Unfortunately we are all so busy minding our own business.

Sail forth—steer for the deep waters only,
Reckless O soul, exploring, I with thee,
and thou with me,
For we are bound where mariner has
not yet dared to go,
And we will risk the ship, ourselves and
all.

SOME SAYINGS OF BUDDHA.

It is not that I am careless about beauty, or am ignorant of (the power) of human joys, but only that I see on all the impress of change; therefore my heart is sad and heavy.

I now will seek a noble law, unlike the worldly methods known to men, I will oppose disease and age and death, and strive against the mischief wrought by those on men.

The senses not confined within due limits, and the objects of sense not limited as they ought to be, lustful and covetous thoughts grow up between the two, because the senses and their objects are unequally yoked.

From pure behavior comes self-power, which frees a man from dangers, pure conduct like a ladder, enables us to climb to heaven.

The foolish man conceives the idea of "self," the wise man sees there is no ground on which to build the idea of "self," thus through the world he rightly looks and well concludes.

He who does not do what I command sees me in vain, this brings no profit. A man may dwell beside me, and yet, being disobedient, be far away from me. Keep your heart carefully—give not away to listlessness. Earnestly practice every good work. Permit that heretic to advance. I was born to save mankind, make no hindrance therefore, or excuse.

Ill-governed feelings (senses), like the horse, run wild through all the six domains of sense, bringing upon us in the present world unhappiness, and in the next, birth in an evil way.

Eat your food to satisfy your hunger and (drink to satisfy) your thirst, as we repair an old and broken chariot, or like the butterfly that sips the flower, destroying not its fragrance or its texture.

If a man with a sharp sword should cut the body bit by bit (limb by limb)

let not an angry thought or of resentment rise, and let the mouth speak no ill word. Your evil thoughts and evil words but hurt yourself and not another; nothing so full of victory as patience, tho' your body suffer the pain of mutilation. For recollect that he who hath this patience can not be overcome, his strength being so firm; therefore give not way to anger or evil words towards men in power. Anger and hate destroy the true law, and they destroy dignity and beauty of body; as when one dies we lose our name for beauty, so the fire of anger itself burns up the heart.

Without self-seeking or self-honor, without desire for personal renown, but following what the scriptures say, to benefit the world has been my aim.

Use then the principles of righteousness, use the expedients of good-will and love. Conquer your foe by force, you increase his enmity; conquer by love, and you will reap no after sorrow. If you desire to honor Buddha, follow the example of his patience and long suffering.

Be sure, no earnest work
Of any honest creature, howbeit weak,
Imperfect, ill-adapted, fails so much,
It is not gathered as a grain of sand
To enlarge the sum of human action used
For carrying out God's end.

—Mrs. Browning.

The mind is infinite and able to understand everything that is brought before it; there is no limit to its understanding.—Richard Jefferies.

A friend completes us less by his personal contribution than by all that he calls forth in us that was already there.—Jules Bois.

Death is only one aspect of eternal life; destruction is only the troubled sleep of resurrections.—Jules Bois.

Continuity is the expression of the Divine Veracity in Nature.—Newman Smith.

He that knows no guilt can know no fear.—Phillip Massinger.

THE BOOK AND THE GERM.

(New York Sun.)

The results of an investigation made by Dr. C. A. Laubach of the Johns Hopkins Medical School in Baltimore on the subject of the alleged affinity of bacteria and books are indeed gratifying, for they confirm in a scientific if not in a dramatic way our own observations along this line.

Dr. Laubach gathered all the bacteria from seventy-five volumes and examined their characters. Not one was of the criminal class; all came from the honest, hard-working families of germs that fill the air. Some of the books were from homes where there had been diphtheria, but the bacillus of that disease was absent at the scientist's roll-call. The doctor does not say what the books were. Perhaps he considers that item negligible, but our own researches indicate that it is not. Once, taking a young and active pneumonia germ by the neck we tried to house it in a census report. It resisted savagely, crying out that it preferred the warmer pages of Buckle's "History of Civilization," but in the end it was overcome. A day later its corpse was found lying across the population figures of Wichita, Kansas, 1890. A germ can not stand everything.

There was another bacillus, of the fever group, who went humming to his fate when placed between two pages of last year's *Congressional Record*. He may have been under the influence of a drug. In the morning the librarian found him dead upon the last letter of Adamson's speech on the eight-hour bill. A scornful smile still curled his lip.

A splendid specimen of the tetanus bacilli, the gift of a proofreader who had been on duty during the campaign in Russia, was lured into a volume of free verse. What his wanderings were that night among the uncut pages we can not say, but when he was released it was evident that his reason and his sting were gone. We let him go and it is rumored that he killed himself in Open Window Week.

One of the most evil-looking micro-organisms that ever darkened our library door was a grip germ. He appeared, as the P. R. reporters say, to pack a sneeze in each mitt. He was put away between

a set of the incomplete works of George Sylvester Viereck and Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," but he broke out and swaggered to the fiction shelves, where he took lodging in one of Gouverneur Morris's recent love stories. Two days later, when the Chief Duster picked him up, a harmless, flabby thing, he was uttering little cries of "Oogle-google." Hurling into Spruce Street at high noon, he made eyes at a stenographer.

How the germ that lives in ice froze to death in one of Rex Beach's Alaska books; how the smallest of bacilli died of envy on observing the minuteness of detail in one of Arnold Bennett's novels; how the bacterium of leprosy ran blushing out of a society story—these incidents we might detail if it appeared necessary to offer further proof of the influence of books on germs.

Read on, gentle reader of books, without alarm. There is a bug-killer in each tome. If a germ enters "Kidnapped," Alan Breck's sword hilt will dirl on its breastbone. If it crawls upon a page of "Crusoe" the old she-goat will bite it. If it ventures into the tattered leaves of "Sappho" it will fall down that classic staircase in the cold gray light of the morning and break its inquisitive neck.

We must teach our fellow-men that honor comes from within, not from without, that honor must be earned, that it is not alms, that even an infinite God could not enrich the beggars' palm with the gem of honor.—*Robert Ingersoll*.

The heights by great men reached and kept

Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

—*Longfellow*.

The soul is always beautiful,
The universe is duly in order, everything
is in its place,
What has arrived is in its place and what
waits shall be in its place.

—*Walt Whitman*.

As we must account for every idle word, so we must for every idle silence.
—*Benjamin Franklin*.

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Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

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WAR.

There is nothing to be afraid of, nothing to deplore, in the torrent of devastation that is passing over the world and that threatens to bring the human race momentarily under the dominion of the sword. On the contrary we should consider ourselves fortunate that Karma permits us to witness the reconstruction of the human race, and to aid in that work so far as our strength and our intelligence will permit. It is strange that those who are so quick to see the workings of a remedial spiritual law in the calamities that befall the individual should be so slow to see the same remedial spiritual law when calamity overwhelms us in the aggregate. It is still more strange that there should be so many to confuse causes with effects, and to enlist all their energies in the abstract cause of peace while remaining relatively indifferent to fundamental conditions that make wars inevitable. It would be so much better to make disease impossible than blindly to protest against the administration of remedies.

That war is the remedy, and not the disease, should be sufficiently evident from even the most cursory study of history. For which of the great wars of the world would we willingly see obliterated from the story of the nations? Would we dispense with the mediæval wars against the Turks which swept back the flood of Mohammedan in-

vasion? Or the wars of Gustavus Adolphus? Or the Peasants' War in Germany? Or the Elizabethan wars against Spain? Or the English Revolution? Or the French Revolution? Or the American Revolution? Would we willingly now face a world in which these wars had not been fought? Of course we would not. They are so far removed that we can see them in their true perspective, always as the lesser of two evils, always as the remedy for the intolerable, always as the grim and terrible incentive to human progress.

Perhaps never before in the history of the world have we been so content as now to live upon platitudes, formulas, and happy thoughts. The peoples of the world, we are told, are driven unwillingly into war as sheep to the slaughter. They are nothing of the sort. There is no power on earth that can compel twenty-five millions of men to do anything that they do not wish to do. On the contrary it is the people who clamor for war, and their rulers who try to dissuade them. Read history, even if only the history of our own times. And the people clamor for war because they are saturated with the "peaceful" principles of competition, rivalry, jealousy, greed, and hate. There will be wars so long as we teach our children that self-preservation is the first law of life, so long as we teach them that "nature preserves the fit," so long as we teach them that their own nation is more virtuous, more enlight-

ened, more favored of God than other nations. When we nurture the spirit of competition in our schools, universities, and business houses we are pouring libations to the war God. For how can we say to men that they may make war on each other with mortgages and bills of sale, but not with bayonets and guns, that it is lawful to make "corners" in wheat and potatoes, but unlawful to establish a military blockade, that we are serving God in the stock exchange, but the devil on the battlefield? War is born in the heart of the average man, and not in the chancellory.

War, we are told, involves a frightful destruction of human life. Certainly it does. But is nature more pitiful? Of the millions of dead men in Europe how many would have been alive in half a century? Most of them would be dead of agonizing disease, some would have starved to death, some would have died of drink and vice, but all would be dead, and most of them would be dead from the wounds inflicted by our "peaceful" competitive civilization. Every four seconds some American is wounded in industrial pursuits. Every four minutes some American is killed. And most of these calamities are preventible. Surely it ill becomes us to talk of the horrors of war and to be so indifferent to the horrors of peace.

This is not said in defense of war. No one defends war. No one could. But it is said in defense of the view that war is a result and not a cause, a cure and not a disease, and that we can never abolish war by any or all of the quack medicines, treaties and the like, that are so much easier than a change in the human heart, but that can never, while the world stands, take the place of that change. War is caused by the greeds of the individual heart, by its fostered rivalries, its false patriotisms. War is but the final breaking of the dams behind which the waters have been so inexorably accumulating.

H. P. Blavatsky predicted the war into which the world is now plunged, and in the most definite and specific terms. She said that it could not be prevented except by a wave of human brotherhood that should counteract the hates fostered by materialism. And so it may be said that the wars of the future can be pre-

vented in no other way. But if they should unhappily come they will be remedies, as in the present case, and not maladies. They will be evidences of the working of a spiritual law that may bring darkness, but that brings also light out of darkneses, that compels even the wrath of men to serve it.

VIVISECTION.

The advocate of vivisection, being usually a fool and often a knave, says that he values the life of a child more than that of a dog, and so he conjures up the picture of a child doomed to death because of the sentimentality that would save the dog.

Of course there is no such picture in reality. Vivisection has never yet saved the life of a child, nor of any one else, if we may accept the definite and emphatic opinions of a great many medical and other scientists of the front rank who not only say that vivisection has been of no value to medicine, but that it has proved itself positively misleading and dangerous.

But we are not at all sure that mankind has the right to benefit itself by the torture of animals. Has morality no power to draw a line of self-restraint? If we may torture animals, may we torture savages, for example, or criminals, or idiots, or the feeble-minded, or those who happen to be poor and defenseless? Why not? If it is justifiable to torture animals for the physical benefit of children, why not torture children for the benefit of average adults, and average adults for the benefit of superior adults?

The vivisector, of course, does not practice his abominable trade for the benefit of humanity, but that he may increase his own knowledge, in other words from curiosity. Professor Slosson, for example, defending vivisection, says: "The aim of science is the advancement of human knowledge at any sacrifice of human life. We do not know of any higher use we can put a man to. . . .

A human life is nothing compared to a new fact in Science." Dr. James P. Warbasse says similarly, "Man's power and self-interest constitute his right to torture animals. Science has nothing to do with morality."

Evidently not, since we have now reached a point where our physicians

lure openly to publish the record of the needless and horrible experiments that they have carried out upon the human beings so luckless as to be brought by poverty within their savage clutches.

The inane plea that the life of a child is of more value than the life of a dog seems intended for the feeble-minded. Certainly it is only the feeble-minded who would be influenced by it.

THE CELTIC DAWN.

This is by no means the first important book on the Irish Literary Renaissance to explain the movement as the result of Mysticism and Occultism. Indeed it could hardly be otherwise if its author, Mr. Lloyd R. Morris, is right when he describes Mr. George W. Russell, "A. E." as the acknowledged leader of the Renaissance. For Mr. Russell was also the leader of the Irish Theosophists in the early days, and the associate and pupil of H. P. Blavatsky:

To comprehend his view of life one must return by way of Blake and Jacob Boehme, by way of Swedenborg and Crashaw and Santa Teresa to the neoplatonists of Alexandria, to Plato himself, and to the sacred books of the East: for his philosophy of life is not a product of Ireland, although it has profoundly influenced the literature that we are considering. It is, however, a product of the conflict between the rational and intuitional explanations of the world, between the despotism of fact and the revelation of a spiritual order beside which fact sinks into insignificance, which has been characteristic, in one form or another, of every period of thought in man's intellectual history.

Plato, it will be remembered, explained the vision of the mystic by the beautiful fable of the heavenly chariot ride of the unborn soul, and in his declaration that inspiration is a divine madness attained by those who have kept the soul sensitive to beauty. A similar belief underlies A. E.'s reaction to life.

With the Brahmins and with Plato, he holds that the life of the soul is cyclic, that its physical birth and rebirth is but the condition of a pilgrimage from the eternal to the eternal, and that the spiritual memories of the eternal are the motivating forces of physical life. This has found definite expression in the preface to his "Homeward: Songs by the Way" (1894): "I move among men and places, and in living I learned the truth at last. I know I am a spirit, and that I went forth in old time from the self-ancestral to labors yet unaccomplished; but filled ever and again with homesickness I made these songs by the way." Spiritual memory was explained by Plato as the recollection of the visions of those Ideas which were seen by the soul in its heavenly ride.

The author gives us an example, in-

deed several, of A. E.'s verse in which he expresses the "paganism" of his philosophy. One alone must suffice:

In the wet dusk silver sweet,
Down the violent-scented ways,
As I moved with quiet feet
I was met by mighty days.

On the hedge the hanging dew
Glossed the eve and stars and skies;
While I gazed a madness grew
Into thundered battle cries.

Where the hawthorn glimmered white,
Flashed the spear and fell the stroke—
Ah, what faces pale and bright
Where the dazzling battle broke!

There a hero-hearted queen
With young beauty lit the van:
Gone! the darkness flowed between
All the ancient wars of man.

While I paced the valley's gloom
Where the rabbits pattered near,
Shone a temple and a tomb
With the legend carved clear:

"Time put by a myriad fates
That her day might dawn in glory;
Death made wide a million gates
So to close her tragic story."

Mr. Morris gives second place to W. B. Yeats among the forces of the Irish Renaissance. And yet, too, we find mysticism and magic playing their familiar parts. And we need hardly remind ourselves that Mr. Yeats also was among the earlier pupils of H. P. Blavatsky and one of the moving spirits of the Irish Theosophical Society:

At first sight it might be said that Yeats, like Coleridge, became a philosopher and a critic only when his poetic inspiration was at its lowest ebb, were it not for the fact that his interest in the philosophy of magic and the psychology of mysticism can be dated as early as 1886, when he was a member of the Hermetic Society, of which A. E. was, and still is, the leader. It is difficult, therefore, to account for the change in the character of his poetry. . . .

To make clear the underlying inspiration of the poetry of Yeats the author quotes from what we may almost call his confession of faith. He says:

I believe in the practice and philosophy of what we have agreed to call magic, in what I must call the evocation of spirits though I do not know what they are, in the power of creating magical allusions, in the visions of truth in the depths of the mind when the eyes are closed; and I believe in three doctrines, which have, as I think, been handed down from early times, and been the foundations of nearly all magical practices. These doctrines are:

(1) That the borders of our mind are ever shifting, and that many minds can flow into

one another, as it were, and create or reveal a single mind, a single energy.

(2) That the borders of our memories are as shifting, and that our memories are a part of one great memory, the memory of Nature herself.

(3) That this great mind and great memory can be evoked by symbols.

There is much more of the same kind, but this must suffice to show the extent to which the influence of Occultism is being acknowledged by those who would find the mainspring that actuates the great world movements.

But we should like to ask why Mr. Morris ignores the part played by Theosophy as such in the genius of both A. E. and Yeats? Certainly he must know of it, and it may be said that if, while knowing it, he has allowed his own prejudices to dictate its suppression he has shown himself to that extent ill-equipped for the work of criticism and exposition that he has set himself.

THE CELTIC DAWN. By Lloyd R. Morris. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

THE FOURTH DIMENSION.

There is something almost portentous in the fact that Mr. James Huneker should think it worth his while to write two somewhat solid columns for the *New York Sun* on Mysticism and the Fourth Dimension. Evidently Saul also is among the prophets and the frontiers of the metaphysical orthodoxies are once more to be moved. Mr. Huneker reminds us that without a vision the people perish. We need, he says, more elbow room in the infinite and we must seek it in the Fourth Dimension of Higher Space.

Mysticism, says Mr. Huneker, is not cloudiness nor obscurity:

After reading St. Teresa, John of the Cross, St. Ignatius, or the selections in Vaughan's "Hours with the Mystics," even the doubting Thomas is forced to admit that here is no trace of rambling discourse, fugitive ideation, half-stammered enigmas; on the contrary, the true mystic abhors the cloudy, and his vision pierces with crystalline clearness the veil of the visible world. As literary style we find sharp contours and affirmations. Remember that we are not stressing the validity of either the vision or its consequent judgments: we only wish to emphasize the absence of muddy thinking in these writings. This quality of precision, allied to an eloquent, persuasive style, we encounter in Claude Bragdon's newly published "Four Dimensional Vistas." The author is a well-known architect and has written much of his art and of projective ornament. He is a mystic. He is also eminently

practical. His contribution to aesthetics in "The Beautiful Necessity" is suggestive, and on the purely technical side valuable. But Mr. Bragdon, being both a mathematician and a poet, does not stop at three dimensional existence. Like the profound English mystic, William Blake, he could ask: "How do you know but every bird that cuts the airy way is an immense world of delight, closed by your senses five?" A subtle transposition of precious essences from the earthly to the spiritual plane.

The existence of a Fourth Dimension is not without scientific warrant. It is a sort of last resort to explain the inexplicable:

What is the Fourth Dimension? We live in a world of three dimensions, the symbols of which are length, breadth, thickness. A species of triangular world, a prison for certain souls who see in the category of Time an escape from that other imperative, Space (however, not the Categorical Imperative of Kant and its acid moral convention). Helmholtz and other mathematicians employed the "N" dimension as a working hypothesis. It is useful in some analytical problems, but it is not apprehended by the senses. Pascal, great thinker and mathematician, had his "Abyss"; it was his Fourth Dimension, and he never walked abroad without the consciousness of it at his side. This illusion or obsession was the result of a severe mental shock early in his life. Many of us are like the French philosopher. We have our "abyss," mystic or real. Mr. Bragdon quotes from the mathematician Bolyai, who in 1823 "declared with regard to Euclid's so-called axiom of parallels, 'I will draw two lines through a given point both of which will be parallel to a given line.'" Lobatchevsky and Henri Poincaré—the latter not long ago—are equally revolutionary. Space, then, may be curved in another dimension. Mr. Bragdon believes that it is, though he does not attempt to prove it, as that would be impossible; but he gives his readers the chief points in the hypothesis. The "N" dimension may be employed as a lever to the imagination. Even revealed religion demands our faith, and imagination is the prime agent in the interpretation of the universe, according to the gospel of mystic mathematics.

Nature geometrizes, says Emerson, and transcendentalism can not get along without a Fourth Dimension. Nor, indeed, can religion with its heaven world upon another plane:

The human brain, well adapted for a priori reasoning, is indifferently equipped for the apprehension of reality. We shall never know the real nature of the phenomena that crowd in on us from lust to dust. Not even that synthesis of the five senses, the sixth, or sex sense, with its evanescent ecstasy, cuts very deep into the darkness. There may be a seventh sense, a new dimension, intonations of which are setting advanced thinkers on fresh trails. But there is as yet no tangible proof. Philosophers, who, like some singers, bray their brainless convictions to a gaping

auditory, ask of us much more credence, and little or no imagination. As that "old mole," working in the ground, gravitation, is defied by aeroplanes, then we should not despair of any hypothesis which permits us a peep through the partly opened door. Plato's cavern and the shadows! Who knows but in this universe there may be a crevice through which filters the light of another life? Emerson, who shed systems yet never organized one, hints at aerial perspectives. A flight through the sky with the sun bathing in the blue jolts one's conception of a rigid finite world. In such perilous altitudes I have enjoyed this experience and felt a liberation of the spirit which has no parallel; not even when listening to Bach or Beethoven or Chopin. Music, indeed, is the nearest approach to psychic freedom.

Mr. Bragdon approvingly quotes Goethe's expression "frozen music" applied to Gothic architecture. For us the flying buttress is aspiring, and the pointed arch is a fugue:

The precise patterns in our brain, like those of the ant, bee, and beaver, which enable us to perceive and build the universe (otherwise called innate ideas) are geometrical. Space is the first and final illusion. Time—which is not "a stuff both resistant and substantial," as Henri Bergson declares—is perhaps the Fourth Dimension in the guise of a sequence of states, and not grasped simultaneously, as is the idea of Space. That Time can shrink and expand, opium eaters, who are not always drugged by their dreams, assure us. A second becomes an æon. And space curvature! Is it any wonder that "Lewis Carroll," who wrote those extraordinary parables for little folk, "Alice Through the Looking Glass" and "Alice in Wonderland," was a mathematician? A topsy-turvy world; it is even upside down as an optical image. The other face of good and evil may be around the corner. Eternity can lurk in a molecule, too tiny to harbor Queen Mab. And we may all live to see the back of our own heads without peering in mirrors. That "astral trunk" once so fervently believed in may prove a reality; it is situated behind the ear and is a long tube that ascends to the planet Saturn, and by its aid we would be enabled to converse with spirits! The pineal gland is the seat of the soul, and miracles fence us in at every step. We fill our belly with the east wind of vain desires. We eat the air promise crammed. This world is but a point in the universe, and our universe only one of an infinite series. There was no beginning, there is no end. Eternity is now; though death and the tax-gatherer never cease their importunings.

The Fourth Dimension, we are reminded, belongs to a hoary wisdom. It wears no laurels of modernity:

The truth is that the majority of humans are vegetables, living in two dimensions, mentally considered. To keep us responsive to spiritual issues, as people were awaked in Swift's Laputa by flappers, is the service performed by such transcendentalists as C. Howard Hinton, author of "The Fourth Dimen-

sion": Claude Bragdon and Cora Lenore Williams, whose admirable "Creative Involution" served as text for a sermon several months ago in these columns. Their thought is not new; it was hoary with age when the Greeks went to old Egypt for fresh learning; Noah, the first nominalist, conversed with his wives in the same terminology. But its application is novel, as are the personal nuances. The idea of a fourth spatial dimension may be likened to a fresh lens in the telescope or microscope of speculation. For the present writer the hypothesis is just one more incursion into the fairyland of metaphysics. Without fairies the heart grows old and dusty.

The seven arts are fairy tales in fascinating shapes. As for the paradise problem, it is horribly sublime for us, this idea of an eternity to be spent in a place which, with its silver, gold, plush, and diamonds, seems like the dream of a retired pawnbroker. The Eternal Recurrence is more consoling.

But what does Mr. Humecker mean by the Eternal Recurrence?

THE MAN TO THE ANGEL.

I have wept a million tears;

Pure and proud one, where are thine,
What the gain though all thy years
In unbroken beauty shine?

All your beauty can not win

Truth we learn in pain and sighs:
You can never enter in
To the circle of the wise.

They are but the slaves of light

Who have never known the gloom,
And between the dark and bright
Willed in freedom their own doom.

Think not in your pureness there,

That our pain but follows sin;
There are fires for those who dare
Seek the throne of might to win.

Pure one, from your pride refrain:

Dark and lost amid the strife
I am myriad years of pain
Nearer to the fount of life.

When defiance fierce is thrown

At the god to whom you bow,
Rest the lips of the Unknown
Tenderest upon my brow.

—George W. Russell (A. E.).

Unfortunately, no nation or nations can escape their Karmic fate, any more than can units and individuals.—H. P. Blavatsky.

With pure thoughts and fullness of love, I will do towards others what I do for myself.—Buddha.

INTROVERSION OF MENTAL VISION.

(By Mohini M. Chatterji.)

Some interesting experiments have recently been tried by Mr. F. W. H. Myers and his colleagues of the Psychic Research Society of London, which, if properly examined, are capable of yielding highly important results. With the details of these we are not at present concerned: it will suffice for our purpose to state, for the benefit of readers unacquainted with the experiments, that in a very large majority of cases, too numerous to be the result of mere chance, it was found that the thought-reading sensitive obtained but an inverted mental picture of the object given him to read. A piece of paper, containing the representation of an arrow, was held before a carefully blindfolded thought-reader, who was requested to mentally see the arrow as it was turned round. In these circumstances it was found that when the arrowhead pointed to the right it was read off as pointing to the left, and so on. This led some to imagine that there was a mirage in the inner as well as on the outer plane of optical sensation. But the real explanation of the phenomenon lies deeper.

It is well known that an object as seen by us and its image on the retina of the eye are not the same in position, but quite the reverse. How the object of an image on the retina is inverted in sensation is a mystery which physical science is admittedly incapable of solving. Western metaphysics, too, with regard to this point, hardly fares any better; there are as many theories as there are metaphysicians. The only philosopher who has obtained a glimpse of the truth is the idealist Berkeley, who says that a child does really see a thing inverted from our standpoint; to touch its head it stretches out its hands in the same direction of its body as we do of ours to reach our feet. Repeated failures give experience and lead to the correction of the notions born of one sense by those derived through another; the sensations of distance and solidity are produced in the same way.

The application of this knowledge to the above-mentioned experiments of the Psychic Research Society will lead to very suggestive results. If the trained

adept is a person who has developed all his interior faculties, and is on the psychic plane in the full possession of his senses, the individual who accidentally, that is, without occult training, gains the inner sight, is in the position of a helpless child—a sport of the freaks of one isolated inner sense. Such was the case with the sensitives with whom Mr. Myers and his colleagues experimented. There are instances, however, when the correction of one sense by another takes place involuntarily and accurate results are brought out. When the sensitive reads the thoughts in a man's mind, this correction is not required, for the will of the thinker shoots the thoughts, as it were, straight into the mind of the sensitive. The introversion under notice will, moreover, be found to take place only in the instance of those images which can not be corrected by the already acquired sense-experience of the sensitive. A difficulty may here suggest itself with regard to the names of persons or the words thought of for the sensitive's reading. But allowance must in such cases be made for the operation of the thinker's will, which forces the thought into the sensitive's mind, and thereby obviates introversion. It is abundantly clear from this that the best way of studying these phenomena is when only one set of inner faculties, that of the sensitive, is in play. This takes place always when the object the sensitive has to abnormally perceive is independent of the will of any other person, as in the case of its being represented on paper.

Applying the same law to dreams, we can find the rationale of the popular superstition that facts are generally inverted in dreams. To dream of something good is generally to be taken as the precursor of something evil. In the exceptional cases in which dreams have been found to be prophetic, the dreamer was either affected by another's will or under the operation of some disturbing forces, which can not be calculated except for each particular case.

In this connection another very important psychic phenomena may be noticed. Instances are too numerous and too well authenticated to be amenable to dispute, in which an occurrence at a distance—for instance, the death of a person—has pictured itself to the mental vision of one

interested in the occurrence. In such cases the double of the dying man appears even at a great distance, and becomes visible usually to his friend only, but instances are not rare when the double is seen by a number of persons. The former case comes within the class of cases under consideration, as the concentrated thought of the dying man is clairvoyantly seen by the friend, and the incidents correctly reproduced by the operation of the dying man's will energy, while the latter is the appearance of the genuine Mayavi Rupa, and therefore not governed by the law under discussion.—*From "Five Years of Theosophy."*

EAST AND WEST.

Benoy Kumar Sarkar, a Bengali scholar now visiting New York has been interviewed by a representative of the *New York Times*, and among much else that is interesting he said:

"Comparative philosophy and comparative metaphysics show that mankind has followed the same lines of thought in the East as in the West, under the guidance of intellectual leaders from Confucius to Swami Vivek-ananda, and from Socrates to Bergson.

"The poets and the artist show us that there is little difference in the passions of mankind wherever mankind may be found. Mankind has worked upon the same gamut of passions from Homer to Maeterlinck and from the Pharonic 'Book of the Dead' down to 'Gitanjali.' I have made a study of mediæval Chinese poetry and found that in the second century B. C. there were written love poems almost identical in idea with those now being written in Europe and America. I found the theme of Dante's 'Vita Nuova' appearing in the poetry of China in the second century B. C. and in that of Japan in the eighth century A. D. And this theme was already familiar to me in Hindu literature. If the differences of language were removed, if the poems of the different nations were brought down to a common denomination, so to speak, it would be found that Occidental love poems and Oriental love poems are the same.

"As a matter of fact, the East is not more spiritual than the West, and the West is not more spiritual than the East. This is not a mere sentiment; it is a

thesis on which I have been at work for years. What is needed is a comparative study of the world, race by race, population by population.

"People who hastily classify a nation as materialistic or idealistic have not a proper sense of historical perspective. They see their own time, the present relative positions of the nations, and they fail to understand that a nation is not to be judged by any one period of its development. Few of us have any conception of how things were a century ago. How many Americans can visualize their country as it was eighty or ninety years ago, when there was only an open prairie where now stands the city of Chicago?

"It is difficult for the memory of mankind to go back more than one generation. Scientists, politicians, students of economics all think of the world in terms of the present. But this is an unsound basis for comparisons between nations—we should remember, for instance, that at the time of Napoleon the East and the West were practically equal in science and sociology and other branches of human thought and endeavor. . . .

"So we must be careful not to judge nations comparatively when we consider only the present conditions. We must compare the civilizations of the world, epoch by epoch and race by race. In this way we shall retain our sense of historical perspective. And in this way we shall overcome the temptation to indulge in rash classifications, such temptation as that to which Tagore yielded when he said—if he actually did say what is attributed to him—that the East is spiritual and the West material."

There is no such thing as forgetting possible to the mind. A thousand accidents may and will interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscription on the mind; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains forever.—*De Quincey.*

The doctrine of metempsychosis may almost claim to be a natural or innate belief in the human mind, if we may judge from its wide diffusion among the nations of the earth and its prevalence throughout the historical ages.—*Professor Francis Bacon.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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TWO ENEMIES.

(Reprinted by request.)

Theosophy has two enemies in its own household, and they are intellectualism and psychism. The history of the society is a long record of war against these evils, both of them evoked by the very nature of its work and both alike fatal to its success. But psychism is the more direct of the two, and it would seem also to be the more incurable.

It is perhaps inevitable that the dawning interest of the theosophical student should usually take the intellectual form. It may even be right that it should do so, since intellect is the outpost of the Soul and its vehicle and agent. In this sense intellectualism becomes an evil only when the means and the end are confused, only when the gratification of an intellectual curiosity is allowed to become the final goal. This was the condition that evoked from H. P. Blavatsky the memorable assertion that in spite of its numbers and its influence the work of the Theosophical Society had been a comparative failure.

And just as the Society itself was a comparative failure because it had forgotten Brotherhood, so it may be said that every lodge meeting is a comparative failure unless some one is thereby propelled toward the fraternal life. Merely to arouse an intellectual interest, however keen, is to build upon the sand,

unless that interest tend to gravitate toward the practical life of the altruist.

But the evil of psychism is of a far more formidable and discouraging kind. Intellectualism, while by itself useless for the higher theosophical purposes, is at least honest, whereas psychism seems to have a fatal propensity to produce that kind of dishonesty that takes the form of self-deception. Psychic development ought to be pursued, so we are told, because of the added opportunities to help others that come in its train. There are no such added opportunities. We have only to observe within ourselves the immediate results of a diversion of interest in the direction of psychism to know that it paralyzes altruism, that it is the enemy of devotion to the welfare of others, that it strengthens the bonds of self-love, that it destroys the spiritual life. Psychism inevitably means a concentration of interest on the personality, an increased attention to the changes and fluctuations of the lower nature and its vehicles. Equally inevitably it produces self-love, a sense of superiority, and the inner attitude of a teacher without any of the knowledge of a teacher. Whereas a genuine occultism insists that its devotees shall think of themselves and of their development not at all, an imperious psychism demands that all thought, all attention, all activity, shall be focused upon itself. It is the antithesis of occult-

ism. We may even say that occultism and psychism are a pair of opposites.

It may be that the day will come when those who search for such Dead Sea fruit as this will awake once more to their responsibilities and to the tremendous obligations that they have assumed and that they neglect. Their mission was not to arouse the treacherous powers of the lower mind, but to carry to the world the knowledge of a philosophy that shall make life worth living and death worth dying, that shall lighten burdens and awaken hope where now there is despair. The cardinal points of that philosophy have been indicated again and again, and there is no true theosophical teaching that is other than an elaboration of those essentials. Psychism is no aid in such a work. Indeed it is incompatible with it, seeing that the simple duty of explaining those essentials to those who need such explanation and are eager for it would leave no time for the weird vagaries and inutilities of a pursuit that is held by the Higher Nature in contempt and that can add nothing to its powers or to its experiences.

Now it may be that we can deceive ourselves with the pretense of altruistic aims and that this most subtle form of self-ministration and self-gratification can be shrouded and hooded in a veil of lofty platitudes and resonant formulas. But there is that within ourselves that we can not deceive. There is a power within and about us that records inexorably the debt and that will demand inexorably the payment to the uttermost farthing. The debt is a debt to humanity and to those Beings who have humanity in Their care. Let us see to it that we do not find our greatest condemnation in that moment when by a stern compulsion we look defenseless upon the unveiled truth. In the meantime, and lest we forget, it is well that we dwell with some repetition and insistence upon the work and the end that we have in view, which is the dissemination of the Fundamental Principles of the Philosophy of Theosophy and the exemplification in practice of those principles.

I was an ingenuous child, and received a good soul; nay, more, being good, I came into a body undefiled.—*Solomon*.

OCCULT SCIENCE.

What is the best way to study Occult Wisdom?

Was it not Socrates who once asked a similar question of the Oracle and received as reply the memorable words, "Man, know thyself"? That reply is not likely to become obsolete.

And to know yourself you need neither books nor teacher, although both may help. The secret of wisdom is to look and to ask, but the asking must be done by the mind that has freed itself from theology, from all pre-conceived ideas, and that is willing to follow wherever the trail may lead. And there are no limits to that trail except the self-imposed limits of prejudice and fear.

You need not look for the large and the recondite as objects for inquiry. The seemingly small and simple things are better, for here wisdom lies closer to the surface and is more easily found. For example, you may ask yourself how it is that, like Mahomet's coffin, the mind seems to be suspended between heaven and hell, with sometimes an inclination in one direction and sometimes in another. At such times the mind seems to hesitate and to waver in its course, listening, like a judge, to the arguments from either side and at last inclining toward what seems to be the better plea. And so you may ask yourself whence these voices come, for it would seem that speech implies a speaker and that it must come from some source, either wholly angelic or wholly animal. And so we learn that there are poles to human nature of which ordinarily we know no more than the forces that emanate from them, but that may be found in their essence by vigorous and sustained and concentrated thought. It may be that the Oracle meant some such thing as this when she said, "Man, know thyself."

Indeed there is nothing so seemingly trivial that it will not disclose wisdom. You wish to move a hand or an arm, and at once the limb obeys. But do you know how or why it obeys, and by what mechanism an act of the mind translates itself into a motion of the body? Of course you do not know, because if you were aware of this you would be aware also of all secrets of nature. Begin, then, by taking this simple thing apart and you will find that it is not so simple.

but that it includes three separate operations that follow each other with such speed as to seem as one. For first comes desire, and secondly a mental or imagined picture of the thing that is wished, and thirdly an act of the will that it be carried into effect. Now it is possible that any or all of these processes might be so intensified as to produce magical results, for it is by these three processes that nature works in the evolution of the world. Desire may be so trained and purified that it relates itself only to those things that are good. Imagination, or the power to make images, may be so strengthened that it becomes creative. And will, purified from self-interest, will be irresistible. And these are achievements that are within the reach of all.

Every natural process reveals all other natural processes by means of analogies. Argue, then, from the seen to the unseen and have no fear that you will go astray. A leaf falls to the ground, and if you visit the spot in a week you will find that no smallest vestige of it remains. But what has become of it? It has disintegrated, you say, under the impression that you have thereby explained something. But of what was that leaf composed? Molecules, of course, and atoms, so minute that the human mind can hardly conceive of them. But what, then, has become of the molecules and atoms? A moment's thought will show you that they must presently be caught up into other forms, and that we may once more be brought into contact with them, not now in the shape of a leaf, but in some other. But is there then something that governs their choice of the new forms in which they will bear a part, or is this a matter of chance? It can hardly be a matter of chance, since the whole history of evolution shows a steady and consistent process by which material nature becomes more complex, more intricate, and more beautiful. Evidently the atom must in some way be guided or directed in its flight from form to form, and it must be subject to some force that holds it to that form during its brief life cycle. But what is that guidance, and direction, and force that carries the atom ceaselessly to higher forms than it has yet known, that compels it to seek new experiences rather than to repeat the old ones? The question is worth an answer,

because, once more, we may recognize that the answer, when it is found, will concern itself with something more than a leaf on the ground. It will answer also the riddle of the universes.

For are not similar atoms and molecules being thrown off by the human body during every moment of its life? And is not their place being taken by other atoms and molecules? Are we, then, to suppose that in some mysterious way they have been chosen or selected? Obviously it must be so. And they must be chosen or selected according to their characteristics or their qualities. They must be driven off by the body, or selected by the body, by a certain law of consonance or affinity, and therefore they must either advance the evolution of the body or retard it. But what is this law, and what the force that selects the atoms and molecules and that holds them within the model of the human body for fixed and definite periods? Can that force be governed, and, if so, in what way? These questions are not asked because they are unanswerable, but because they are so easy of solution by courageous thought that is not afraid to follow the links of reason as they lead onward to wisdom.

Now in such ways as this we may select any fact of life, no matter how small, and compel the answer. But the answer will not come to the wavering mind, nor to the mind obsessed with theological or scientific guesses. It will come only to the mind that can hold itself steadily upon a point until the path ahead becomes illuminated.

THE SENSES.

The most material age has always been the most sensual, whether it be that which produced the appalling society of Rome under the Cæsars, or the cyclone of intellectual materialism which men call the Renaissance. On the other hand, the great bursts of spiritual light have always been moments of intense material depression. The martyrs of the Early Church passed through tortures, whether at the hands of the Roman emperors, or of the familiars of the Holy Office, which could never have been faced by the Roman patrician of the era of Commodus or the Italian princes of the Italy of the Renaissance. The martyrs of the Coli-

seum, like the heretics of the marketplace, were, however, men and women intensely alert to the voice of Spirit: they were standing perpetually porters at the doors of thought, and so kept out of their minds that sensual abandonment to matter which produces at once the most ecstatic sensual enjoyment and the basest fear of material pain. They were, to use the illustration of Jesus, the wise virgins, who had kept the wicks of their spiritual lamps so trimmed, and the reservoirs of their spiritual consciousness so filled with oil, that they were ready at any moment of the day or night to open the doors to every spiritual messenger that knocked upon them. The Roman ladies of the age of Commodus, the Italian nobles of the Renaissance, were the foolish virgins. They slept literally and figuratively. Day and night they were asleep in the senses, and may, indeed, be said to have fulfilled the quaint epigram of the Chinese sage, of passing from the inaction of sleep to the greater inaction of being awake.—*Christian Science Monitor*.

NATURE AND MIRACLES.

(By the late Harvey Scott in the New Northwest.)

Man is the only creature endowed with reason. For what purpose is he endowed with it? Is it the first and highest duty of reason to renounce its own functions? Since we see all round us continual proofs of the reign of undeviating law, why should we hesitate to recognize and admit the fact? Man is everywhere the sport of the mighty forces that surround him. His existence is only tolerable, his progress is only possible, as he learns to protect himself against these forces by conforming his life to their inexorable conditions. Nature, in all its operations, moves with mighty and resistless purpose. What fatuity to presume that this course can be arrested by petitions to the Supreme Power. What man has seen such a thing? That the movements of nature, controlled as they are by law, were ever arrested, even in the smallest particular, for the benefit or protection of our race, reason and experience alike forbid men to believe. For whenever our race comes in conflict with the forces of nature it surely perishes. Law sweeps on

unpitifully, crushing all who are in its path. A drought occurs, the earth fails to yield its fruits, and millions of human beings perish together. No petitions for mercy from despairing creatures avail. Law is deaf to human entreaty, and pursues its unvarying course. Storms arise, careering over sea and land with a fury which mocks at man's puny resistance, and multitudes are swept into a common ruin. Volcanoes disgorge their fiery contents, and whole cities are overwhelmed. Earthquakes come without warning, and swallow in a moment myriads of human beings. Pestilence sweeps over whole continents, filling every habitation with the dead. Taking such facts soberly into account, is it possible to believe that the forces of nature are ever overruled or their course altered for man's protection, or that they would be if the preservation of the entire human race depended upon it? What reason, then, have we to imagine any miraculous interference by the Supreme Power in behalf of men?

But how, demands the *Advocate*, are we to account for the appearance of life on the globe without a miracle? Science can not yet answer all questions; it has already answered vastly more questions of highest import in the intellectual development of man than ecclesiastical creeds ever did or ever can; but the sum of all knowledge has not yet been reached. The phenomena of life are in no way more mysterious than the properties of matter; attraction, gravitation, cohesion, crystallization—in a word, motion and force—are manifested all around us. But we see nothing irregular in their movements. Astronomers can calculate with as much certainty the transits of Venus, thousands of years hence, as they can next year's eclipses of the moon. Nor need the *Advocate* be alarmed, thinking it possible, as it says, that the Supreme Power may decide to interpose suddenly and "terminate all earthly history" by causing the collapse or annihilation of our planet. People have often indulged this fear hitherto, and some, expecting a miracle, and not relying on the course of immutable law, have even calculated the time for the collapse, and have settled their earthly concerns with a view to being ready for the occasion. Numbers continue to do this almost every year, but the common judgment is that

their faith in the supernatural and miraculous has made them mad.

"SHE AND HE."

"She is dead!" they said to him; "come away;
Kiss her and leave her,—thy love is clay!"

They smoothed her tresses of dark brown
hair;

On her forehead of stone they laid it fair;

Over her eyes that gazed too much
They drew the lids with a gentle touch;

With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell;

About her brows and beautiful face
They tied her veil and her marriage lace,

And drew on her white feet her white silk
shoes—
Which were the whitest no eye could choose—

And over her bosom they crossed her hands.
"Come away!" they said; "God under-
stands."

And there was silence, and nothing there
But silence, and scents of eglantine,

And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary;
And they said, "As a lady should lie, lies
she."

And they held their breath till they left the
room,
With a shudder, to glance at its stillness and
gloom.

But he who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,

He lit his lamp and took the key
And turned it—alone again—he and she.

He and she; but she would not speak,
Though he kissed, in the old place, the quiet
check.

He and she; yet she would not smile,
Though he called her the name she loved ere-
while.

He and she; still she did not move
To any one passionate whisper of love.

Then he said: "Cold lips and breasts with-
out breath,
Is there no voice, no language of death?

"Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,
But to heart and to soul distinct, intense?

"See now; I will listen with soul, not ear;
What was the secret of dying, dear?

"Was it the infinite wonder of all
That you ever could let life's flower fall?

"Or was it a greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?

"Was the miracle greater to find how deep
Beyond all dreams sank downward that
sleep?

"Did life roll back its records dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things
clear?

"And was it the innermost heart of the bliss
To find out so, what a wisdom love is?

"O perfect dead! O dead most dear,
I hold the breath of my soul to hear!

"I listen as deep as to horrible hell,
As high as to heaven, and you do not tell.

"There must be a pleasure in dying, sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet!

"I would tell you, darling, if I were dead,
And 'twere your hot tears upon my brow
shed,—

"I would say, though the Angel of Death had
laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.

"You should not ask vainly, with streaming
eyes,
Which of all deaths was the chiefest surprise,

"The very strangest and suddenest thing
Of all the surprises that dying must bring."

Ah, foolish world; O most kind dead!
Though he told me, who will believe it was
said.

Who will believe that he heard her say,
With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old
way:

"The utmost wonder is this,—I hear
And see you, and love you, and kiss you,
dear;

"And am your angel, who was your bride,
And know that, though dead, I have never
died."

—Edwin Arnold.

REINCARNATION.

The soul of man
Is like the water,
From heaven it cometh,
To heaven it mounteth,
And thence at once
It must back to earth,
Forever changing. —Goethe.

The ancient theologians and priests
testify that the Soul is conjoined to the
body through a certain punishment, and
that it is buried in this body as in a
sepulchre.—*Philolaus*.

COMETS.

(Wm. Q. Judge in the Path, April, 1895.)

The probable genesis, the constitution, the movements, and the functions of comets have engaged the greatest attention of astronomers. They very often appear to defy laws which apply to other celestial bodies. That the laws governing the heavenly bodies are not all known must be admitted upon very little reflection. Two things alone would raise doubts as to whether modern astronomers are acquainted with all those laws. The first is that although the great fixed stars are known to be moving at enormous rates—for instance, that Sirius is receding from us with great velocity every moment—yet for ages they all appear to stand in the same relative positions, and are therefore called “fixed” stars in comparison with the planetary bodies nearer to us, which move with apparently greater rapidity. The other is that some of the planets having one moon seem to have a different law prevailing over them, in that one of the moons will move in a direction opposite to the others. There are, in the first volume of the *Secret Doctrine* (first ed., pp. 203-209), two paragraphs which indicate some of the views of the Adepts in respect to comets.

“Born in the unfathomable depths of space, out of the homogeneous element called the World-Soul, every nucleus of Cosmic matter suddenly launched into being begins life under the most hostile circumstances. Through a series of countless ages it has to conquer for itself a place in the infinitudes. It circles round and round between denser and already fixed bodies, moving by jerks, and pulling toward some given point or centre that attracts it, trying to avoid, like a ship drawn into a channel dotted with reefs and sunken rocks, other bodies that draw and repel it in turn: many perish, their mass disintegrating through stronger masses and, when born within a system, chiefly within the insatiable stomachs of various suns. Those which move slower and are propelled into an elliptic course are doomed to annihilation sooner or later. Others moving in parabolic curves generally escape destruction, owing to their velocity.

“Some very critical readers will per-

haps imagine that this teaching as to the cometary stage passed through by all heavenly bodies is in contradiction with the statements just made as to the moon's being the mother of the earth. They will perhaps fancy that intuition is needed to harmonize the two. But no intuition is, in truth, required. What does science know of comets, their genesis, growth, and ultimate behavior? Nothing—absolutely nothing! And what is there so impossible that a laya centre—a lump of cosmic protoplasm, homogeneous and latent—when suddenly animated or fired up, should rush from its bed in space and whirl throughout the abysmal depths in order to strengthen its homogeneous organism by an accumulation and addition of differentiated elements? And why should not such a comet settle in life, live, and become an inhabited globe?”

It is to be observed here that the same war which we see going on upon this plane goes on upon the cosmic planes also, it being stated that when a nucleus of matter begins life it does so under the most hostile circumstances. On this plane, the moment the soul leaves the body the never-ceasing life-energy begins to tear the particles apart and separate them into smaller lives. And it is known that the theory is held by the Adepts that during life one set of cells or points of life wars against another set, and that what we call death results from the balance being destroyed, so that the mass of cells which work for destruction, of any composition in nature, gaining the upper hand, immediately begin to devour the other, and, at last, turn upon themselves for their own destruction as composite masses. That is to say, not that there is one distinct quantity of cells which are destroyers, opposed by another distinct quantity which are conservers, but that the negative and positive forces in nature are constantly acting and reacting against each other. The equilibrium, or natural state, is due to the balancing of these two opposite forces. The positive is destructive, and if that force gains the upper hand it converts all those cells over which it has control for the moment into destroyers of the other, negative, cells. Hence a negative cell might at some time become a positive cell, and *vice versa*. After the balance is destroyed, then the

positive forces accumulate to themselves more cells under their influence, and then again a division of the two forces takes place, so that a portion of the positive become negative, and in that way, continually dividing and subdividing, so-called death, as known to us, takes place.

It has not been understood what comets are, but these paragraphs indicate that the opinion of the Adepts is that they are the beginning of worlds, *i. e.*, that we see in comets the possible beginnings of worlds. The sentence beginning the quotations—"Born in the unfathomable depths of Space," etc.—means that, a laya center being formed, the homogeneous mass of matter is condensed at that point, and, the energy of nature being thrown into it, it starts up, a fiery mass, to become a comet. It will then either pursue its course in evolution, if it is accumulating to its matter from other masses, or will be drawn into them for their aggrandizement. The hint is thrown out that the parabolic moving masses, owing to their velocity, escape destruction because they are able to evade the attraction from greater masses.

In the second paragraph quoted a clue is given to those who would be likely to think that this theory could not be consistent with the other, *viz.*, that the moon is the mother of the earth. It is intended to be shown in the paragraph that the starting-up, as before suggested, of a mass of matter from the laya centre is due to the energy propelled into that centre from a dying globe, such as the moon is. This having been begun, no matter what may be the wanderings of the fast-moving mass, it will at last come back to the place from which it started, when it shall have grown to a greater maturity. And this is indicated in the last statement—"Why should not such a comet settle in life, live, and become an inhabited globe?"

This theory is as useful, consistent, and reasonable as any that materialistic science has invented in respect to comets or any other heavenly bodies, and, being perfectly in accord with the rest of the theories given out by the Adepts, there can be no objection raised to it, that it violates the general system which they have outlined.

PARACELSUS.

Perchance

I perished in an arrogant self-reliance
An age ago; and in that act, a prayer
For one more chance went up so earnest,
so

Instinct with better light let in by Death,
That life was blotted out—not so completely

But scattered wrecks enough of it remain,

Dim memories; as now, when seems once more

The goal is in sight again.—*Brownngi.*

SUN SPOTS.

(By Garrett P. Serviss.)

It is a curious fact, which should, however, be regarded as no more than a coincidence, that ever since 1914, when the great war broke out, the sun has been gradually becoming more and more disturbed, as shown by the increasing number and size of the black spots on its surface. In 1913 the sun was quiescent, but at the beginning of the next year evidences of trouble appeared and multiplied, until some of the spot groups recently visible have been as formidable as any ever seen. And it is likely that the magnitude of the solar disturbances will go on increasing for a year or more to come. We may see such spots on the sun as have never been equaled since systematic observation of these phenomena began.

It is perfectly certain that solar disturbances react upon the earth, and therefore upon the inhabitants of the earth. Astronomers have become very conservative in their treatment of this subject, because they have found that some of the earlier assumptions about it were erroneous, and because their later discoveries open up questions not easily answered. They are seeking and waiting for more light.

A good many mysteries, affecting human life and health, may be explained when we have learned all that is to be known about what happens to the earth when the sun is in the convulsions of a spot maximum. About all that is known at present is that at such times the earth's magnetism is extraordinarily disturbed, with the consequent prevalence of magnetic storms.—*San Francisco Call.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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"A COMPARATIVE FAILURE."

From some of the incidents in the history of the Theosophical Society we can learn almost as much as from the philosophy itself. One such period occurred at a time, now many years ago, when Theosophical teachings seemed to be exercising a peculiar fascination upon the mind of the day, when Theosophy, in fact, was becoming popular. News of the society was eagerly sought by the journals of the day. Presentations of Theosophical teachings were in demand both upon the lecture platform and in the press. Theosophical lodges all over the world were flourishing, and the more short-sighted among their members were satisfied that the fight had been won and that their cause was secure in the growing interest of humanity. And it was just at this time that H. P. B. expressed her sorrow that her work had so far been a failure, and that there must be some radical effort to redeem the Society from a mistake all the more dangerous because it was so deceptive. The nature of that special effort need not be indicated here, since very few sincere workers remained outside the field of its benefits.

H. P. B. left us in no doubt of her meaning when she said that her work had been a comparative failure. Indeed, she explained that meaning with her usual vigor. She had created the Society to do a specific work, and that work had not been done. She had labored to

fashion the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, and the only response had been an intellectual movement that had indeed aroused curiosity and inquiry, but that had little practical bearing upon the moral growth of the world. The practical and personal obligations of fraternity were almost wholly unrecognized, even by those who were loudest in their demands for teaching and advancement. And brotherhood was the one thing for which H. P. B. cared. Never had she written a line or spoken a word that were not intended as an argument for human fraternity and an incitement to its practice. No other motive underlay her enormous efforts or inspired her unrelenting devotion to the Society. And those for whom she had done so much seemed not even to be aware of what was expected of them, of what they had pledged themselves to perform. They seemed to be as indifferent to the regulation of their own lives as they were oblivious to the wider work of human amelioration that awaited them in vain. No wonder H. P. B. should describe the society as relatively a failure, that she should be indifferent to the intellectual curiosity of selfish people and the ambitions of those who thought that they were her followers, or that she should adopt new measures to remind us that our duty was not to acquire, but to bestow, or rather to acquire by bestowing.

There are points in the progress of every movement such as ours when it is

profitable to compare the work that we are actually doing with the pattern that was first given to us. The Society had reached such a point at the period referred to, and we are now confronted with the same difficulties, with the same failures, and with the same need for revision. Just as a minute initial error in the angle measurements of a land surveyor may enlarge itself to vast blunders at the extremities of his lines, so the least departure from the plan set forth by the Founders of our movement may cause us not wholly to lose sight of the goal, but may even entangle us in the meshes of the most subtle forms of a spiritual selfishness. It is so easy to juggle with our own minds, so easy to persuade ourselves that we are working for humanity when actually we are bending every effort to the acquisition of power for its own sake or to gratify an intellectual acquisitiveness that may be proper enough in its own place, but that is not Theosophy. There is hardly a limit to our capacity for self-deception, to our ability to persuade ourselves that we have motives that actually we have not. We may deceive the mind, but we can not deceive the soul. There is no pleading before the inexorable judgment seat of Karma, no justification, no defense. And if we have allowed ourselves to postpone a practical participation in the work of Theosophical propaganda until we shall have learned something more, acquired some new vision, stirred some nerve centre to activity, gained some power, then, indeed, we stand already condemned before our Higher Selves. For none of these things was asked of us. None of these things is necessary to the work that we were invited to do. That work is as plain as human words can make it, as distinct as the voice of compassion itself, for it is that voice. It is to make known to the world, to rich and poor, to learned and unlearned, those broad teachings of Theosophy that speak of unity, of the great law of cause and effect that governs alike and to one common end the sands upon the seashore, and the suns in unimaginable depths of space, and the hearts and minds of men. It was to speak to humanity of an eternal justice working ever at the loom of human fate, attentive to all little things of life, compelling all men, even through tears and pain, into

the ultimate paths of fraternity. It was by our work among men and by our forgetfulness of our intellectual curiosity and our "occult" ambition that we were to be judged as Theosophists, and not by our capacities of mystic vision or our knowledge of the finer forces of nature, or our obeisances toward our fellow-members, or our ecstatic contemplation of the wonders that the future may hold. It was a Master who said: "They who live the life shall know of the doctrine." And the life is one of unobtrusive service, desiring nothing for self, neither knowledge, nor power, nor human praise. If there is a doctrine that comes in any other way than this, it is a false doctrine.

No argument is possible against self-deception. Nor is there a remedy except that of an unflinching self-analysis. But there may be warnings, uttered first of all for self-guidance and then as an appeal to those who have listened to the subtle persuasions of self that are never so fatal as when they come in the assumed garb of altruism. Those who postpone the simple and practical teaching of Theosophy until they shall first have won some imagined great things for themselves, are postponing it until the hand of a retributive sorrow shall arouse them from that dream. For it was born of a lie. The future will never come. The only time for work is the present, for the night cometh when no man can work.

How vast a gain for humanity might already have been won if the thousands of Theosophists throughout the world had bent themselves single-minded to the greatest and yet the simplest task that was ever given into human hands. How many asperities might not have been softened, how many hatreds assuaged, how many luminous points of spirituality created in the vast fields of human life that are now so dark. If we had done our duty, if we had only tried to do our duty, there would not today be a single mind in civilization to which at least the opportunity of Theosophic light had not been presented, and there is no human mind that will wholly and utterly reject the basic conceptions of the unity of life, of reincarnation, of the laws of periodicity, of cause and effect in the moral world, of order, design and intention in human life. And what is it that we have been doing in place of our duty? Let us re-

view for ourselves the whole field of present Theosophical activities and decide for ourselves how much of it is calculated to touch the heart of the world, to make life worth living and death worth dying to those millions who now believe themselves to be the sport of a cruel fate, or leaves driven over the ground by careless winds. And our mission was to those millions, not only to the few whose cultivated minds are eager for new and obscure facts in human psychology or in the secrets of nature. Our mission was to explain the great laws of life to those who most need that knowledge, to those in whom ignorance of law has bred hate and revenge, to those who sit despairing in the dark places of the world, to those who see visions and dream dreams of violence, and of the passions that wreck and kill. Once more let us look over the field of our work and decide for ourselves how far we have fulfilled that mission, how far we have even tried to do it. Let us compare our achievements with the pattern and the model already given to us. There is none among us who has the right to put any other upon the defensive, to demand explanations, or to condemn. But in the silences of meditation we may, indeed we must, do these things for ourselves.

And if, in the silences, we hear the voice of self-condemnation, it is well for us that it should come now and by our own invitation. It is well for us that it should come before that last and great illumination when the Soul gathers to itself its harvest of deeds, when no crooked path can be straightened, no error undone. Otherwise it may be that for untold ages to come we shall be knit up with the bitter fruits of our own neglect, bound helplessly to the burden of responsibility for the evils that might never have been.

Whoever in acting dedicates his actions to the Supreme Spirit and puts aside all selfish interest in their result is untouched by sin, even as the leaf of the lotus is unaffected by the waters.—*Bhagavad-Gita*.

This is to be understood by the heart; there is no separateness at all. He goes from death to death who beholds separateness.—*Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad*.

THE WAVE.

It seems only a few weeks since the publication of "Julius Le Vallon," and now Mr. Algernon Blackwood gives us another story, and upon the same general theme of reincarnation. The hero of Mr. Blackwood's new novel is Tommy Kolverdon, who has always been haunted by the nightmare of a wave that threatens to topple over and engulf him. And with this nightmare of a wave comes a premonition of some impending event. "Can a chap feel things coming?" he asks his father, who successfully evades the difficult question only to find that one still more complex awaits him:

"Can a thing happen before it really happens?"

Dr. Kolverdon may or may not have thought the question foolish; his face was hidden a moment as he bent down to put the Indian rug straight with his hand. There was no impatience in the movement, nor was there mockery in his expression when he resumed his normal position. He had gained an appreciable interval of time—some fifteen seconds. "Tom, you've got good ideas in that head of yours," he said calmly, "but what is it that you mean exactly?"

Tom was quite ready to amplify. He knew what he meant:

"If I know something is going to happen, doesn't that mean that it has already happened—and that I remember it?"

"You're a psychologist as well as engineer, Tom," was the approving reply. "It's like this, you see: an emotion, with desire in it, can predict the fulfillment of that desire. In great hunger you imagine you're eating all sorts of good things."

"But that's looking forward," the boy pounced on the mistake. "It's not remembering."

"That is the difficulty," explained his father; "to decide whether you're anticipating only—or actually remembering."

"I see," said Tom politely.

Readers of "Julius Le Vallon" will remember that the story hinged on the meeting of three persons who had been associated in a previous life and who must now compensate for their ancient mistakes. Mr. Blackwood follows the same general plan here, but perhaps not so successfully. When he grows up he meets Lettice, a boyhood's sweetheart but now married to a man who has become insane. He also meets his cousin Tony, in whom he finds a rival for the affections of Lettice, and the three make holiday in Egypt and play over again the drama that they dimly remember to have played thousands of years ago. [Here is

one of the early conversations between Tom and his cousin:

"I say," Tom began with a sudden plunge, "you know a lot about birds and natural history—biology, too, I suppose. Have you ever heard of the spiral movement?"

"Spiral, did you say?" queried the other, turning the stem of his glass and looking up. "No—*spiral*," Tom repeated, laughing drily in spite of himself. "I mean the idea—that evolution, whether individually in men and animals, or with nations—historically, that is—is not in a straight line ahead, but moves upward, in a spiral?"

"It's in the air," replied Tony vaguely, yet somehow as if he knew a great deal more about it. "The movement of the race, you mean?"

"And of the individual too. We're here, I mean, for the purpose of development—whatever one's particular belief may be—and that this development, instead of going forward in a straight line, has a kind of—spiral movement—upwards?"

Tony looked wonderfully wise. "I've heard of it," he said. "The spiral movement, as you say, is full of suggestion. It's common among plants. But I don't think science, biology, at any rate, takes much account of it."

Tom interrupted eagerly, and with a certain grave enthusiasm that evidently intrigued his companion. "I mean—a movement that is always upward, always getting higher, and always looking down upon what has gone before. That, if it's true, a soul can look back—look down upon what it has been through before, but from a higher point—do you see?"

Tony emptied his glass and then lit a cigarette. "I see right enough," he said at length, quick and facile to appropriate any and every idea he came across, yet obviously astonished by his companion's sudden seriousness. "Only the other day I read that humanity, for instance, is just now above the superstitious period—of the Middle Ages, say—going over it again—but that the recrudescence everywhere of psychic interests—fortune-telling, palmistry, magic and the rest—has become quasi-scientific. 'It's going through the same period, but seeks to explain and understand. It's above it—one stage or so. Is that what you mean, perhaps?'"

Tom has the usual premonitions of disaster, while at the same time his reminiscences of past lives grow stronger. Tony, too, has similar memories, but less well defined:

And then he suddenly thought of Tony, and of Tony's careless remark as they sat in ruined Karnak together: "I feel as if we three had all been here before."

Why it returned to him just now he did not know: for some reason unexplained the phrase revived in him. Perhaps he felt an instinctive sympathy towards the poet's idea that he and *she* were lovers of such long standing, of such ancient lineage. It flattered his pride, while at the same time it disturbed him. A sense of vague disquiet grew stronger in him. In any case, he did not dismiss it and

forget—his natural way of treating fancies. "Perhaps," he murmured, "the bodies she and I once occupied lie there now—lie under the very stars their eyes—*our* own—once looked upon."

Tom has to go away on business, and on his return he finds that Lettice and Tony have gone on a picnic to the desert. He follows and observes them jealously, and then suddenly the picture before him changes and he is looking upon some corresponding event of ages ago in which the same people participated:

He did not recognize two persons whom he knew, while yet some portion of him keenly, fiercely searching, dived back into the limbo of unremembered time. . . . A thin blue smoke rose before his face, and to his nostrils stole a delicate perfume as of ambra. It was a picnic fire no longer. It was an eastern woman he saw lean forward across the gleam of a golden brazier and yield a kiss to the lips of a man who claimed it passionately. He saw her small hands folded and clinging about his neck. The face of the man he could not see, the head and shoulders being turned away, but hers he saw clearly—the dark, lustrous eyes that shone between half closed eyelids. They were highly placed in life, these two, for their aspect as their garments told it; the man, indeed, had gold about him somewhere, and the woman, in her mien, wore royalty. Yet, though he but saw their hands and heads alone, he knew instinctively that, if not regal, they were semi-regal, and set beyond his reach in power natural to them both. They were high-born, the favored of the world. Inferiority was his who watched them, the helpless inferiority of subordinate position. That, too, he knew . . . for a gasp of terror, though quickly smothered terror, rose vividly behind an anger that could gladly—kill. . . .

And another picture—or another aspect of the first—dropped into place. There was an outline of a shadowy tent. The flap was stirring lightly, as though behind it some one hid—and watched. He could not tell. A deep confusion, as of two pictures interfused, was in him. For somehow he transferred his own self—was it physical desire? was it spiritual yearning? was it love?—projected his own self into the figure that had kissed her, taking her own passionate kiss in return. He actually experienced it. He did this thing. He had done it—once before. Knowing himself beside her, he both did it and saw himself doing it. He was both actor and on-looker.

It may be said frankly that "The Wave" is inferior to its predecessor. Its philosophy is obscure and its situations are sometimes strained and forced. None the less, it will serve a useful purpose in familiarizing the public with the idea of reincarnation.

THE WAVE. By Algernon Blackwood. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE WHITE COMRADE.

(By Robert Haven Schauffler, in New York Outlook.)

Under our curtain of fire,
Over the clotted clods,
We charged, to be withered, to reel
And despairingly wheel
When the bugles bade us retire
From the terrible odds.

As we ebbd with the battle-tide,
Fingers of red-hot steel
Suddenly closed on my side.
I fell, and began to pray.
I crawled on my hands and lay
Where a shallow crater yawned wide;
Then,—I swooned. . . .

When I woke, it was yet day.
Fierce was the pain of my wound,
But I saw it was death to stir,
For fifty paces away
Their trenches were.
In torture I prayed for the dark
And the stealthy step of my friend
Who, stanch to the very end,
Would creep to the danger zone
And offer his life as a mark
To save my own.

Night fell. I heard his tread,
Not stealthy, but firm and serene,
As if my comrade's head
Were lifted far from that scene
Of passion and pain and dread;
As if my comrade's heart
In carnage took no part;
As if my comrade's feet
Were set on some radiant street
Such as no darkness might haunt;
As if my comrade's eyes,
No deluge of flame could surprise,
No death and destruction daunt,
No red-beaked bird dismay,
Nor sight of decay.

Then in the bursting shells' dim light
I saw he was clad in white.
For a moment I thought that I saw the
smock

Of a shepherd in search of his flock.
Alert were the enemy, too,
And their bullets flew
Straight at a mark no bullet could fail;
For the seeker was tall and his robe
was bright;
But he did not flee nor quail.
Instead, with unhurrying stride
He came,

And gathering my tall frame
Like a child, in his arms. . . .

Again I swooned,
And awoke
From a blissful dream
In a cave by a stream.
My silent comrade had bound my side.
No pain now was mine, but a wish that
I spoke,—

A mastering wish to serve this man
Who had ventured through hell my
doom to revoke

As only the truest of comrades can.
I begged him to tell me how best I
might aid him

And urgently prayed him
Never to leave me, whatever betide;
When I saw he was hurt—

Shot through the hands that were
clasped in prayer!

Then, as the dark drops gathered there
and fell in the dirt,

The wounds of my friend
Seemed to me such as no man might
bear.

Those bullet-holes in the patient hands
Seemed to transcend

All horrors that ever these war-
drenched lands

Had known or would know till the mad
world's end.

Then suddenly I was aware
That his feet had been wounded, too;
And, dimming the white of his side,
A dull stain grew.

"You are hurt, White Comrade!" I cried.

His words I already foreknew:

"These are old wounds," said he,
"But of late they have troubled me."

From Gods to men, from Worlds to
atoms, from a Star to a rush-light, from
the Sun to the vital heat of the meanest
organic being—the world of Form and
Existence is an immense chain, the links
of which are all connected. The Law of
Analogy is the first key to the world-
problem.—*Secret Doctrine*.

Spirit (or Consciousness) and Matter
are to be regarded, not as independent
realities, but as the two symbols or as-
pects of the Absolute.—*Proem of Secret
Doctrine*.

For him who maketh no sacrifices
there is no part nor lot in this world;
how then shall we share in the other,
O best of the Kurus?—*Bhagavad-Gita*.

SOME WORDS ON DAILY LIFE.

(By a Master.)

It is divine philosophy alone, the spiritual and psychic blending of man with nature, which, by revealing the fundamental truths that lie hidden under the objects of sense and perception, can promote a spirit of unity and harmony in spite of the great diversities of conflicting creeds. Theosophy, therefore, expects and demands from the Fellows of the Society a great mutual toleration and charity for each other's shortcomings, ungrudging mutual help in the search for truths in every department of nature—moral and physical. And this ethical standard must be unflinchingly applied to daily life.

Theosophy should not represent merely a collection of moral verities, a bundle of metaphysical ethics, epitomized in theoretical dissertations. Theosophy must be *made practical*; and it has, therefore, to be disencumbered of useless digressions, in the sense of desultory orations and fine talk. Let every Theosophist only do his duty, that which he can and ought to do, and very soon the sum of human misery, within and around the areas of every branch of your society, will be found visibly diminished. Forget Self in working for others—and the task will become an easy and a light one for you. . . .

Do not set your pride in the appreciation and acknowledgment of that work by others. Why should any member of the Theosophical Society, striving to become a Theosophist, put any value upon his neighbors' good or bad opinion of himself and his work, so long as he himself knows it to be useful and beneficent to other people? Human praise and enthusiasm are short-lived at best; the laugh of the scoffer and the condemnation of the indifferent looker-on are sure to follow, and generally to outweigh, the admiring praise of the friendly. Do not despise the opinion of the world, nor provoke it uselessly to unjust criticism. Remain rather as indifferent to the abuse as to the praise of those who can never know you as you really are, and who ought, therefore, to find you unmoved by either, and ever placing the approval or condemnation of your own *Inner Self* higher than that of the multitudes.

Those of you who would know your-

selves in the spirit of truth, learn to live alone even amidst the great crowds which may sometimes surround you. Seek communion and intercourse only with the God within your own soul; heed only the praise or blame of that deity which can never be separated from your *true self*, as it is verily that God itself: called the Higher Consciousness. Put without delay your good intentions into practice, never leaving a single one to remain only an intention—expecting, meanwhile, neither reward nor even acknowledgment for the good you may have done. Reward and acknowledgment are in yourself and inseparable from you, as it is your Inner Self alone which can appreciate them at their true degree and value. For each one of you contains within the precincts of his inner tabernacle the Supreme Court—prosecutor, defense, jury and judge—whose sentence is the only one without appeal; since none can know you better than you do yourself, when once you have learned to judge that Self by the never wavering light of the inner divinity—your higher Consciousness. Let, therefore, the masses, which can never know your true selves, condemn your outer selves according to their own false lights. . . .

The majority of the public Arcopagus is generally composed of self-appointed judges, who have never made a permanent deity of any idol save their own personalities—their lower selves; for those who try in their walk in life, to follow their *inner light* will never be found judging, far less condemning, those weaker than themselves. What does it matter then, whether the former condemn or praise, whether they humble you or exalt you on a pinnacle? They will never comprehend you one way or the other. They may make an idol of you, so long as they imagine you a faithful mirror of themselves on the pedestal or altar which they have reared for you, and while you amuse or benefit them. You can not expect to be anything for them but a temporary *fetish*, succeeding another fetish just overthrown, and followed in your turn by another idol. Let, therefore, those who have created that idol destroy it whenever they like, casting it down with as little cause as they had for setting it up. Your Western Society can no more live without its Khalif

of an hour than it can worship one for any longer period; and whenever it breaks an idol and then besmears it with mud, it is not the model, but the disfigured image created by its own foul fancy and which it has endowed with its own virtues, that Society dethrones and breaks.

Theosophy can only find objective expression in an all-embracing code of life, thoroughly impregnated with the spirit of mutual tolerance, charity, and brotherly love. Its Society, as a body, has a task before it which, unless performed with the utmost discretion, will cause the world of the indifferent and the selfish to rise up in arms against it. Theosophy has to fight intolerance, prejudice, ignorance, and selfishness, hidden under the mantle of hypocrisy. It has to throw all the light it can from the torch of Truth, with which its servants are entrusted. It must do this without fear or hesitation, dreading neither reproof nor condemnation. Theosophy, through its mouthpiece, the Society, has to tell the Truth to the very face of Lie; to beard the tiger in its den, without thought or fear of evil consequences, and to set at defiance calumny and threats. *As an Association*, it has not only the right, but the duty to uncloak vice and do its best to redress wrongs, whether through the voice of its chosen lecturers or the printed word of its journals and publications—making its accusations, however, as impersonal as possible. But its Fellows, or Members, have *individually* no such right. Its followers have, first of all, to set the example of a firmly outlined and as firmly applied morality, before they obtain the right to point out, even in a spirit of kindness, the absence of a like ethic unity and singleness of purpose in other associations or individuals. No Theosophist should blame a brother, whether within or outside of the association; neither may he throw a slur upon another's actions or denounce him, lest he himself lose the right to be considered a Theosophist. For, as such, he has to turn away his gaze from the imperfections of his neighbor, and centre rather his attention upon his own shortcomings, in order to correct them and become wiser. Let him not show the disparity between claim and action in another, but, whether in the case of a brother, a neighbor, or simply a fellow man, let him rather ever

help one weaker than himself on the arduous walk of life.

The problem of true Theosophy and its great mission are, first, the working out of clear unequivocal conceptions of ethic ideas and duties, such as shall best and most fully satisfy the right and altruistic feelings in men; and, second, the modeling of these conceptions for their adaptation into such forms of daily life as shall offer a field where they may be applied with most equitableness.

Such is the common work placed before all who are willing to act on these principles. It is a laborious task, and will require strenuous and persevering exertion; but it must lead you insensibly to progress, and leave you no room for any selfish aspirations outside the limits traced. Do not indulge personally in unbrotherly comparison between the task accomplished by yourself and the work left undone by your neighbors or brothers. In the fields of Theosophy *none is held to weed out a larger plot of ground than his strength and capacity will permit him*. Do not be too severe on the merits or demerits of one who seeks admission among your ranks, as the truth about the actual state of the inner man can only be known to Karma, and can be dealt with justly by that all-seeing Law alone. Even the simple presence amidst you of a well-intentioned and sympathizing individual may help you magnetically. . . . You are the free volunteer workers on the fields of Truth, and as such must leave no obstruction on the paths leading to that field.

The degree of success or failure are the landmarks the Masters have to follow, as they will constitute the barriers placed with your own hands between yourselves and those whom you have asked to be your teachers. The nearer your approach to the goal contemplated—the shorter the distance between the student and the Master.

(The foregoing was first published by Madame Blavatsky in *Lucifer* for January, 1888.)

"Time" is only an illusion produced by the succession of our states of consciousness as we travel through Eternal Duration.—*H. P. Blavatsky in The Secret Doctrine.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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HISTORY.

Science and myth are in agreement that there was once a great continent where now roll the waters of the Pacific Ocean. But the occult records say more than this. They say that this great continent of Lemuria was overwhelmed by the waters because its people chose evil rather than good, and that the hand of Nemesis destroyed the Lemurian races when they had definitely set their faces against the Law of Life.

After Lemuria came Atlantis, occupying what is now the bed of the Atlantic. Plato wrote of the seven great islands of Atlantis which lay westward of the Pillars of Hercules, or Gibraltar. But the seven islands were but the remains of the continent itself, which had disappeared ages before.

Atlantis, says the occult history, was destroyed for the same causes that brought Lemuria to her doom. Her people practiced cruelty. They enslaved their brethren, and they used the forbidden arts of magic to secure their evil ends. And after the Atlanteans came the Aryans, our own race, thus brought to the bar of evolution with new opportunities to win the right to survive and with the tragedies of the past for inspiration and for guidance.

The same law that has thus operated through the great racial cycles has been no less active in the smaller national cycles. We have but to turn the pages

of history and we see nation after nation born, culminating, dying. War, famine, pestilence, flood, earthquake, and climatic changes have brought each one to its doom. They have climbed from weakness and obscurity to the zenith of power and then they have gone down in blood and ruin. Persia, Babylon, Egypt, Greece, and Rome have had their day and ceased to be, and even in the life story of each of these we see the lesser cycles of war, revolution, and conquest. And now once more humanity is shaken to its foundations and we ask ourselves the meaning of the tempest just as the Lemurians and the Atlanteans asked this same question ages ago.

Surely history is something more than the record of material events. Surely we can see the "one increasing purpose" that has guided the greater and the lesser cataclysms that have successively devastated the world. For none of these cataclysms has come unwarned, unheralded. Always there have been the seers and the wise men who have discerned a moral law that asserts itself sometimes by war, sometimes by flood, sometimes by fire. If we turn only to the Christian Scriptures we find those solemn warnings permeating the sacred writings from the story of the "Flood" to the doom pronounced against Jerusalem for the hardness of its heart. The world of matter is the garb of that other world of soul and consciousness where causes are born, and it is the world of matter that re-

flects the disturbances of consciousness that are wrought by human thoughts. If the physical body of individual man is responsive to his thoughts, if it can be broken and damned by his thoughts, why should not the greater body of nature be equally responsive to the collective thoughts of humanity?

Forty years ago H. P. Blavatsky said that this civilization would go down under an ocean of blood the like of which the world had never before seen unless it should be possible to arouse mankind to a recognition and observance of the law of brotherhood. She said that Europe was on the brink of a crisis that would cause every frontier in Europe to be redrawn. The fulfillment of that prediction is now before our eyes, and yet we still ask the meaning of these events as though they were other than a part of that tremendous retributive, and yet redemptive, law that overthrew Lemuria and Atlantis and that has filled the pages of history with a hundred successive catastrophes.

But there is no cause for despair. If these events rested upon no moral basis, if they were due to chance, if they were any other than the working out of law, then indeed there would be no light, no solace, no compensation. But the same forces, the forces of human thought, that have filled the world with miseries can also redeem it. Already we see those healing forces at work in a new fraternal spirit, the destruction of old tyrannies, the slow polarization of human minds toward a new light. It was a Master of Theosophy who warned us ever to keep in view the perfectability of the human race. And we may believe that we are actually advancing toward that goal and that it is only the smoke of battlefields that hides it from us.

As the inheritance of an illustrious name and pedigree quickens the sense of duty in every noble nature, a belief in preëxistence may enhance the glory of the present life and intensify the reverence with which the deathless principle is regarded.—*William Knight*.

I think I must once have been masculine, because my love is all for girls.—*Louisa M. Alcott*.

PATIENCE WORTH.

(From Reedy's St. Louis Mirror.)

I have seen the complete manuscript of the three-hundred-thousand-word novel communicated over the ouija board to Mrs. John H. Curran by the personality that calls itself Patience Worth. It is called "A Sorry Tale." It will be published in a few days by Henry Holt & Co., New York. This is the most remarkable piece of literature I have ever read. It has no fellow that I know of. It is written in a language that is its own and no other's—not a language in imitation of old or middle-English, but a language of locutions and turns of phrase and formation of words peculiar to Patience Worth. The story is a fifth gospel. The narrative of the accepted four gospels is rewritten in a form bold and unique. The mere story is a marvel of intricate construction, without discoverable flaw. It has the local color of Palestine and of Rome. There are one hundred characters in it—real characters expressed in action, not superficially described. It is full of incident of passion, humor, tragedy, meanness, and moral splendor—aside from the personality of Christ that forms its focus. The theme is tremendous. A child of a Roman courtesan, born on the same night as the Saviour, evolves into direct antagonistic contact with the Christ, embodying hate as Jesus incarnates love. This love-child of a persecuted, leprous mother, a violated Greek slave, is important to Rome because of his paternity. His mother is torn from him and he is embittered. He mocks the Saviour and even spits at him on the occasion of the miracle of the casting of the nets. And by the outworking of motives and circumstances this child of hate is one of the two men who die beside the Saviour on Calvary. The plot is worked out with the precision of a Sardou, and its culmination is not discovered until the very end. Jews, Romans, Greeks, Arabians move in the story—each one to a definite purpose. The miracles of the four gospels are retold for the reader with a new turn or twist that gives *vraisemblance* if not verity, and there are new and striking miracles that do not mar the harmony of the history as we know it. The conversations of Christ are beautiful in

form and orthodox in spirit even where and when they depart farthest from the recorded words of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. The scene in the garden of Gethsemane is an exquisite piece of writing, while the version of the trial and crucifixion of Jesus is of a marvelous meticulousness of strange detail. The very last scene on the last page of the book is a piece of anguishing irony, as I read it—the wise man of the East, the clever fakir, Ahmed Hassan, a comic-shrewd picaresque character, and Aaron, the idiot son of the faithful Peter, ward of the faithful servitor Panda, disappear over the hills as the women weep at the foot of the cross, the idiot boy laughing as he goes. The book is full of the writing that biblical scholars call wisdom. It is beautiful and deep when one has mastered the difficulties of its form. The description of life among shepherds, fishermen, barterers, life in hovel and hill-cave and in Herod's and Tiberius' palaces are vivid as they are in such a book as "Quo Vadis" or "Ben Hur" or Croly's "Salathiel" or the unfortunately forgotten Ingraham's "Prince of the House of David," with which, naturally, this story is compared by any one familiar with the fictional treatment of the supreme tragedy of human history. "A Sorry Tale" is original in every aspect in which it can be considered and it appeals to all the emotions with the sureness of literary artistry. It contains but one thing that might be historically or topographically anachronistic: it says that Bethlehem is a walled town, for which apparently there is no recorded verification. It is correct in its detailed *mores* of the Jews and even in the matter of costumes and minor domestic manners. And its demonstration is not inconsistent with the pure teachings of the Saviour. It has every characteristic of a contemporaneous document—or creates the illusion of such quality. And all this comes into being by way of a woman whose learning is exceedingly limited and her experiences as well, who has had no discoverable familiarity with the places and times and people described so faithfully, and has never shown any literary ability aside from her participation as controlled amanuensis for the personality that communicates through her presi-

dency of the ouija board—Patience Worth. I have no hesitation in saying that this production—I ignore any religious claims for it and I discount the adventitious interest of the manner of its presentation—is a world's literary marvel. It is a new gospel shaped out of the old gospels and it has claims entitling it to the highest consideration of critics of creative fiction, independent of the psychological mystery surrounding its coming into being.

LAST LINES.

No coward soul is mine,

No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere:

I see Heaven's glories shine,

And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God within my breast,

Almighty, ever-present Deity!

Life—that in me has rest,

As I—undying Life—have power in Thee!

Vain are the thousand creeds

That move men's hearts: unutterably vain;

Worthless as withered weeds,

Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one

Holding so fast by Thine infinity;

So surely anchor'd on

The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love

Thy Spirit animates eternal years,

Pervades and broods above,

Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,

And suns and universes cease to be,

And Thou wert left alone,

Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,

Nor atom that his might could render void:

Thou—Thou art Being and Breath,

And what Thou art may never be destroyed. —Emily Brontë.

The experiences gained in one life may not be remembered in their details in the next, but the impressions which they produce will remain.—Hartmann.

LOST ENDEAVOUR.

Mr. John Masfeld in his novel of adventure, "Lost Endeavour," shows that he is able to introduce into his work an element of Occultism that betokens study and comprehension. The scene is laid in the year 1690. and his hero is a school-boy who is abducted by a band of ruffians and sold as a slave to the Virginia plantations, a crime common enough in those days. But Charles Harding eventually escapes from his owner, joins a band of outlaws, smugglers, pirates, and Indians, and takes part in the search for treasure that forms the main plot of the story. But with this we have nothing to do save to say that the story is a good one. It is the element of Occultism with which we are the more concerned.

Of this the first suggestion comes in the rescue of a sloop threatened with destruction on the rocks. There are unknown spiritual powers, says the narrator, that come to human aid when all else seems to fail:

When I got to the jetty I scrambled and stumbled along it, in the breaking water, till I reached the sand. Then I turned and began to haul in, hand over hand, faster than I have ever hauled a rope since. It is hard to drag a hawser ashore through water. You will say that the tide helped me, or that I am lying. I am saying most solemnly that at times a man's body is seized by spiritual powers stronger than himself; and then he laughs at dangers, flings them aside, tramples on them, stamps them under, destroys them. I have seen an Indian in the Nicaraguas who stood up unclothed, armed only with a faith as strong as chain mail, while his tribe flung spears at him. The spears bounded off his body. I flung one. It bounded back like a ball in a fives court. I hacked at him with a sword, jarring my arm to the shoulder at each blow; and not a single scratch showed upon him. His muscles stood out rigid like rolls of iron below the skin; but there was no drawing blood from him.

The Indians, says the chief character of the story, are addicted to the use of a magic that is sometimes lofty and sometimes degraded. He finds the log of a dead navigator who had seen some of this magic and been impressed by it to such an extent that he had undertaken its study:

It in part consists of going to the Paw-waw house mother-naked, and howling and scratching there like Wild Beasts and other strange Animals, till they are all of a muck-sweat and fit to burst. What other rites they may practise there I confess I am ignorant of; nor did I ever met with one who had seen Em. But that they had a god or devil

I know from my own experience, for it chanced I crept very close to the Paw-waw House at the very Nick or Moment when they fell Silent after a Howl, as they doe always out of a Reverence, to let his Devilship have his Say, belike. In that Moment of Time I heard a small quaking Voice, answering to their questions which I do suppose their priests, or Wise Men, had put before hand. It was much such a Voice as you might expect an old Monkey to speake with, rather high and as't were wavery, but not human, nor was it Indian, who speake always very rounde in the throat, like the low Irish, as they are called, in the Towns about Limerick, where I was as a Boy in one of the Beef-Ships supplying the King's Fleet in K. Charles his Time.

The narrator is a little in doubt as to the real meaning of magic or whence it comes, but at least he is satisfied as to its results:

I regretted it afterwards, for the learning of the mysteries is very terrible, for it begins with fasting and maceration of a very severe kind. After the body had been subdued the novice learns other things; secret things, of which I will say this, that they are really wonderful, and that the Church in Europe knew of them, and condemned them long ago as magic. The mysteries were not all of the magical kind. As I became more perfect, and learned to read the hieroglyphs on the temple walls and in O'Neill's books, I found that there was a higher ritual, of the spirit of which O'Neill, by the way, was entirely ignorant.

"Please," you say, interrupting. "Is there really any truth in magic?"

"Magic?" I answer. "Truth? A measure of it—yes. It is as true as pagan religion, and no truer. I sometimes think that it is a trick of the imagination; and at other times that it is more than that, but not much more. It is mostly a matter of secret rites and incantations, demanding, like other religious practice, a sincere faith. In all such arts much depends on little details and significances of color and form and attitude. Some of the results are—you would not believe. You could not without knowing. But I tell you that if I had here certain precious colors and some rare gums, and a sacred metal, I would bring before you visibly in this ship's cabin— There—I can not tell you what, but something wonderful in mystical shape and beauty. Often there, at dusk in the temple, old Nicolai and I would light the gums and arrange the colors and display the metal, murmuring and singing strange words, terrible in themselves, till the night became to me or seemed to become a court, a palace, a hall, filled with immortals muttering wisdom."

Again and again we have references to the strange and weird power of the Indian magic, which not only conferred powers, but an actual extension of consciousness and vision:

One night I realized suddenly, as though a

sunbeam had shattered within my brain, that all visible nature, color, odor, and form is but the shadow of immortal nature; and that that immortal nature is but the shadow of a higher spirit, and that perhaps at the college on the island I should learn how to use immortal nature magically, to learn of the spirit which it hid, as now I used color, odor, and form magically to learn of it. There were wheels within wheels, magic within magic, wonder within wonder. And when I realized it, it was in my brain like fire.

Later on we have a glimpse of the higher magic, which is taught on a sacred island devoted to the purpose. It is only a glimpse, but perhaps that evidences the author's discretion:

I know that some visionary Indian priests see symbols in their dreams. By symbols I mean arrangements of line and color capable, mystically, of suggesting emotions and images to the mind of any attentive person beholding them. Each symbol seen by the visionary is therefore a thing of power, by which he can influence his fellows. These are revealed only after strict discipline. As a poet, by striving towards excellence, becomes a fit receptacle for excellence, so one of these priests, ever meditating upon occult wisdom, is rewarded by the gift of it. I have known Indians who added fresh symbols to their mystical robes after each vision, till they were hung with the evidence of their wisdom from their neck to their heels.

Here we may leave a remarkable story and with congratulations to an author who is so wise as to speak with caution and only of what he knows.

LOST ENDEAVOUR. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company.

APHORISMS ON KARMA.

(From the Path, March, 1893.)

The following among others not yet used, were given to me by teachers, among them being H. P. Blavatsky. Some were written, others communicated in other ways. To me they were declared to be from manuscripts not now accessible to the general public. Each one was submitted for my judgment and reason; and just as they, aside from any authority, approved themselves to my reason after serious consideration of them, so I hope they will gain the approval of those my fellow-workers to whom I now publish them.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

APHORISMS.

1. There is no Karma unless there is a being to make it or feel its effects.

2. Karma is the adjustment of effects flowing from causes, during which the

being upon whom and through whom that adjustment is effected experiences pain or pleasure.

3. Karma is an undeviating and unerring tendency in the Universe to restore equilibrium, and it operates incessantly.

4. The apparent stoppage of this restoration to equilibrium is due to the necessary adjustment of disturbance at some other spot, place, or focus which is visible only to the Yogi, to the Sage, or the perfect Seer: there is therefore no stoppage, but only a hiding from view.

5. Karma operates on all things and beings from the minutest conceivable atom up to Brahma. Proceeding in the three worlds of men, gods, and the elemental beings, no spot in the manifested universe is exempt from its sway.

6. Karma is not subject to time, and therefore he who knows what is the ultimate division of time in this Universe knows Karma.

7. For all other men Karma is in its essential nature unknown and unknowable.

8. But its action may be known by calculation from cause to effect; and this calculation is possible because the effect is wrapped up in and is not succedent to the cause.

9. The Karma of this earth is the combination of the acts and thoughts of all beings of every grade which were concerned in the preceding Manvantara or evolutionary stream from which ours flows.

10. And as those beings include Lords of Power and Holy Men, as well as weak and wicked ones, the period of the earth's duration is greater than that of any entity or race upon it.

11. Because the Karma of this earth and its races began in a past too far back for human minds to reach, an inquiry into its beginning is useless and profitless.

12. Karmic causes already set in motion must be allowed to sweep on until exhausted, but this permits no man to refuse to help his fellows and every sentient being.

13. The effects may be counteracted or mitigated by the thoughts and acts of oneself or of another, and then the resulting effects represent the combination and interaction of the whole num-

ber of causes involved in producing the effects.

14. In the life of worlds, races, nations, and individuals, Karma can not act unless there is an appropriate instrument provided for its action.

15. And until such appropriate instrument is found, that Karma related to it remains unexpended.

16. While a man is experiencing Karma in the instrument provided, his other unexpended Karma is not exhausted through other beings or means, but is held reserved for future operation; and lapse of time during which no operation of that Karma is felt causes no deterioration in its force or change in its nature.

17. The appropriateness of an instrument for the operation of Karma consists in the exact connection and relation of the Karma with the body, mind, intellectual and physical nature acquired for use by the Ego in any life.

18. Every instrument used by any Ego in any life is appropriate to the Karma operating through it.

19. Changes may occur in the instrument during one life so as to make it appropriate for a new class of Karma, and this may take place in two ways: (a) through intensity of thought and the power of a vow, and (b) through natural alterations due to complete exhaustion of old causes.

20. As body and mind and soul have each a power of independent action, any one of these may exhaust, independently of the others, some Karmic causes more remote from or nearer to the time of their inception than those operating through other channels.

21. Karma is both merciful and just. Mercy and Justice are only opposite poles of a single whole; and Mercy without Justice is not possible in the operations of Karma. That which man calls Mercy and Justice is defective, errant, and impure.

22. Karma may be of three sorts: (a) presently operative in this life through the appropriate instruments; (b) that which is being made or stored up to be exhausted in the future; (c) Karma held over from past life or lives and not operating yet because inhibited by inappropriateness of the instrument in use by the Ego, or by the force of Karma now operating.

23. Three fields of operation are used in each being by Karma: (a) the body and the circumstances; (b) the mind and intellect; (c) the psychic and astral planes.

24. Held-over Karma or present Karma may each, or both at once, operate in all of the three fields of Karmic operation at once, or in each of those fields a different class of Karma from that using the others may operate at the same time.

25. Birth into any sort of body and to obtain the fruits of any sort of Karma is due to the preponderance of the line of Karmic tendency.

26. The sway of Karmic tendency will influence the incarnation of an Ego, or a family of Egos, for three lives at least, when measures of repression, elimination, or counteraction are not adopted.

27. Measures taken by an Ego to repress tendency, eliminate defects, and to counteract by setting up different causes, will alter the sway of Karmic tendency and shorten its influence in accordance with the strength or weakness of the efforts expended in carrying out the measures adopted.

28. No man but a sage or true seer can judge another's Karma. Hence while each receives his deserts, appearances may deceive, and birth into poverty or heavy trial may not be punishment for bad Karma, for Egos continually incarnate into poor surroundings where they experience difficulties and trials which are for the discipline of the Ego and result in strength, fortitude, and sympathy.

29. Race-Karma influences each unit in the race through the law of Distribution. National Karma operates on the members of the nation by the same law more concentrated. Family Karma governs only with a nation where families have been kept pure and distinct; for in any nation where there is a mixture of family—as obtains in each Kaliyuga period—family Karma is in general distributed over a nation. But even at such periods some families remain coherent for long periods, and then the members feel the sway of family Karma. The word "family" may include several small families.

30. Karma operates to produce cataclysms of nature by concatenation through the mental and astral planes of being. A cataclysm may be traced to an

immediate physical cause such as internal fire and atmospheric disturbance, but these have been brought on by the disturbance created through the dynamic power of human thought.

31. Egos who have no Karmic connection with a portion of the globe where a cataclysm is coming on are kept without the latter's operation in two ways: (a) by repulsion acting on their inner nature, and (b) by being called and warned by those who watch the progress of the world.

THE COMRADE IN WHITE.

(From the Watchman-Examiner.)

The battle? Aye, the battle has been dire,

My captain shot to death: his dying sigh,

His parting words I heard above the fire
And the guns' thunder; his last low
"good-by"—

"No war in heaven, brother." Then he smiled

And died. While I (the pang no words can tell!)

First knew that I was wounded: anguish wild

Clutched me with iron hand, and then
—I fell.

Yes, I have seen the vision. That dark night

When all the world seemed vanishing in flame,

Wounded, I lay upon the ground—my sight

Striving to pierce that blackness; then, he came.

The One who walks the field of Death and Night—

Who bends down to the dying: his eyes meet

The closing eyes; his touch, his arm is might—

Nor Death, nor darkness, check those coming feet.

I hear the rifle shots, the bullets groan
Fast through the air. On him they have no power.

He speaks—his arms outstretched, "If thou hadst known

Thy peace . . . 'tis hidden from thine eyes, this hour."

And he was close beside me—Comrade, friend—

Gently his hand had touched my throbbing breast:

All pain was gone, all terror at an end.
Soon, gathered in his arms, I lay at rest.

He carried me where ran a mountain stream.

He washed my wounds, bound them with tender care.

I strove to speak my thanks—so poor they seem!

But he spoke not; his hands were clasped in prayer.

The while he prayed, a drop of crimson blood

Fell slowly from his hands. I cried in pain:

"Whence are these wounds that pierce thy hands, my friend?"

"An old wound, yes," he said, "but keen again."

And then I saw the blessed sign—he bore
Upon his feet, the cruel crimson, too.
I had not known—I *had not known, before,*

But when I saw his wounded feet—I knew.

Friend of the dying! Is it not like thee
To stand beside us, in our deadliest wo?

Ah, when our eyes thy radiant presence see

Our hearts cry out, "We will not let thee go!"

No, in the darkest battle hour, be sure,
Brother, tho sorely stricken, do not fear;

He's by thy side. Know this: thou canst endure—

All is not lost. Our Comrade will appear.

There, on the dreadful field, among the slain

Bending above the wounded, drawing nigh

To every passing soul; comforting pain,
Yes, we have seen Him. We fear not to die. —*Martha Elvira Pettus.*

If there be no reasons to suppose that we have existed before that period at which our existence apparently commences, then there are no grounds for supposing that we shall continue to exist after our existence has apparently ceased. —*Shelley.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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MEN AND CYCLES.

The fact that there is an intimate relation between man and the solar system of which his world is a part needs hardly to be stated. It belongs to the common experience of daily life. Without solar heat there could be no vitality upon the earth. The sun and the moon are our timekeepers, measuring off the periods by which all human affairs are regulated. The moon governs the ocean tides, and it is the constant struggle between land and water that has successively submerged every portion of the world's surface and returned it again for human habitation. Wherever there is a drop of water, there also there must be a tide, and the tides must ebb and flow in the human blood just as they do in the waters of the ocean. When we examine the more obscure motions of the earth in its relation to the sun we find the explanation of the changes of seasons, and we understand why every terrestrial area has in turn been torrid and frigid. Land and water change places, the seasons revolve under the precession of the equinoxes, the cycles of day and night, the week, the month, and the year, are continuous, and the whole mighty mechanism of nature is regulated, governed, and controlled by the sun and the moon.

Science seems now to be on the verge of an even more intimate knowledge of the influence upon the earth of the heav-

enly bodies. Father Ricard believes that earthquakes are caused by the opposing pull of the sun and the moon. Other astronomers, equally eminent, tell us that sun spots are responsible for disturbances in the terrestrial magnetism, and that these result in storms and hurricanes. And sun spots are cyclic and therefore predictable. All movements of the heavenly bodies are cyclic. An unvarying regularity rules the universe and an equally unvarying responsiveness pervades the whole.

But there is no such thing as repetition in nature. Her movements are cyclic, but they are not circular. They are like the thread of a screw that returns to its starting point, but always at a higher level. Day follows day in response to the revolution of the earth upon her axes. Year follows year in obedience to the course of the earth around the sun. But actually there is no duplication of movement. There are no two days that are born under the same conditions, no two years that are alike in their circumstances. For the sun himself is in motion, and he draws his galaxy of planets with him into the unfathomed depths of space. Just as the earth describes a circle around the sun, so the sun follows his majestic course around some other sun, and the vast circle of his progress has never been measured nor has the centre of that circle been discovered. Every morning finds the earth and all the other planets of the

solar system in some part of space in which they have never been before, at least within human record, and therefore exposed to the incalculable forces that may lie there hidden.

A speculation as to the nature of such forces is necessarily futile, and yet we may believe that they are not without their effect upon the fate of humanity. We can not attribute an influence to a sun spot with its cycle of about thirteen days and deny a far greater influence to that cycle of the solar movement which is too vast to be measured and that yet gives a distinctiveness and a difference to every sunrise. For what tremendous and unsuspected potencies may not lie in those dark depths of space into which the earth is being drawn by the sun in his progress around that unthinkable circle that can not be measured and of which the human mind can barely conceive. And if we should succeed in computing the centre of that solar circle, should we find that it, too, is moving around some other centre and that we are still in search of some ultimate and final spiral of which the axis should point to the ultimate of all things?

REALITY.

That remarkable chapter of personal experience entitled "Twenty Minutes of Reality," that was first published by the *Atlantic Monthly*, has now been produced in volume form by E. P. Dutton & Co. together with a collection of comments by various other persons who have had similar experiences of their own or who advance various interesting and explanatory theories. It may be remembered that the author was recovering from a surgical operation and was suffering from the acute mental depression not unusual under such circumstances. She says she can not recall whether the revelation came suddenly or gradually, but it came:

It was not that for a few keyed-up moments I *imagined* all existence as beautiful, but that my inner vision was cleared to the truth so that I *saw* the actual loveliness which is always there, but which we so rarely perceive; and I knew that every man, woman, bird, and tree, every living thing before me, was extravagantly beautiful, and extravagantly important. And, as I beheld, my heart melted out of me in a rapture of love and delight. A nurse was walking past; the wind caught a strand of her hair and blew it out in a momentary gleam of sunshine, and never in my life before had I seen how beautiful

beyond all belief is a woman's hair. Nor had I ever guessed how marvelous it is for a human being to walk. As for the internes in their white suits, I have never realized before the whiteness of white linen; but much more than that, I had never so much as dreamed of the mad beauty of young manhood. A little sparrow chirped and flew to a nearby branch, and I honestly believe that only "the morning stars singing together, and the sons of God shouting for joy" can in the least express the ecstasy of a bird's flight. I can not express it, but I have seen it.

And so, says the author, she believes that she has looked into the heart of reality, that she has seen life as it really is. But the distinguishing feature of her vision was the sense of rhythm:

Besides all the joy and beauty and that curious sense of importance, there was a wonderful feeling of rhythm as well, only it was somehow just beyond the grasp of my mind. I heard no music, yet there was an exquisite sense of time, as though all life went by to a vast, unseen melody. Everything that moved wove out a little thread of rhythm in this tremendous whole. When a bird flew, it did so because somewhere a note had been struck for it to fly on; or else its flying struck the note; or else again the great Will that is Melody willed that it should fly. When people walked, somewhere they beat out a bit of rhythm that was in harmony with the whole great theme.

The author then goes on to quote from some of the poets and seers who have spoken of similar experiences. Perhaps Emerson had it when he said: "We are immersed in beauty, but our eyes have no clear vision."

The comments called forth by this vision are not, for the most part, noteworthy except as showing that some glimpse of the Manasic plane may come when least expected. But there is one letter from a "Literary Man," who says that on two occasions he has felt the same "universal ecstasy of being":

Do you know "Light on the Path"? For me it is one of the great revelations of inspired literature. It has a passage so in accord with that article's vision of the Divine Ecstasy that I must quote it:

"Listen to the song of life.

"Store in your memory the melody you hear.

"Learn from it the lesson of harmony. . . .

"Only fragments of the great song come to your ears while yet you are but man. But if you listen to it, remember it faithfully, so that none which has reached you is lost, and endeavor to learn from it the meaning of the mystery which surrounds you. In time you will need no teacher. For as the individual has a voice, so has that in which the individual exists. Life itself has speech and is never silent. And its utterance is not, as you that are deaf may suppose, a cry; it is a

song. Learn from it that you are part of the harmony; learn from it to obey the laws of the harmony."

The little volume is well worth reading as the record of an experience that perhaps is more common than we suppose.

A CURIOUS TALE.

(Bryan Kinnavan in the Path, December, 1888.)

Some years ago I ran down to the Lakes of Killarney, but not for the purpose of merely seeing them as any other traveler. During my boyhood the idea of going there had always been before me, and in dreams I would often find myself on the water or wandering near by. After this had occurred many times I procured photographs of the scenery and was quite surprised to find that the dreams were accurate enough to seem like recollections. But various vicissitudes took me to other parts of the world, so that I had passed my majority without having visited the place, and, indeed, the decision to go there at last was not made until one day, while looking into a shop window in Dublin, my eye fell upon a picture of Killarney, and in an instant I was filled with a strong desire to see them. So I went on the first train and was very soon there, quartered with an old man who from the first seemed like an old friend.

The next day or two were devoted to wandering about with no purpose nor with very great satisfaction, for the place as a bit of country did not interest me after all my wanderings in many different climes. But on the third day I went off into a field not far from the shores of one of the sheets of water, and sat down near an old well. It was still early in the afternoon, and unusually pleasant. My mind had no particular object before it, and I noticed an inability, quite unusual, to follow long a definite train of thought. As I sat thus drowsiness came over my senses, the field and the well grew gray but still remained in sight, yet I seemed to be changing into another man, and, as the minutes flew by, I saw the shadowy form or picture of a tall, round tower rising, some fifty feet high, just beyond the well. Shaking myself, this disappeared and I thought I had fought off the sleepy feeling, but only for

a moment. It returned with new intensity.

The well had disappeared and a building occupied its place, while the tall tower had grown solid; and then all desire to remain myself disappeared. I rose with a mechanical feeling that my duty, somehow or other, called me to the tower, and walked over into the building through which I knew it was necessary to go in order to reach the tower. As I passed inside the wall, there was the old well I had seen on first coming into the field, but the strange incident did not attract my attention, for I knew the well as an old landmark. Reaching the tower, the steps wound up before me to the top, and as I mounted them a voice quite familiar called my name—a name not the same that I owned to upon sitting down near the well, but that did not attract my attention any more than the old well inside the wall. At last I emerged upon the top of the tower, and there was an old man keeping up a fire. It was the eternal fire never yet known to have gone out, and I out of all the other young disciples alone was permitted to help the old man.

As my head rose above the level of the low rim of the tower, I saw a calm and beautiful mountain not far away, and other towers nearer to it than mine.

"You are late," said the old man. I made no reply, as there was none to make; but I approached and showed by my attitude that I was ready to go on watching in his place. As I did this it flashed across me that the sun was nearing the horizon, and for an instant the memory of the old man with whom I had lodged came before me, as well as the express train to be reached by cart, but that faded out as the old watcher looked into my brain with his piercing eyes.

"I fear to leave you in charge," was his first remark. "There is a shadow, dark and silent, near you."

"Do not fear, father," said I; "I will not leave the fire nor permit it to go out."

"If you do, then our doom is sealed and the destiny of Innisfallen delayed."

With those words he turned and left me, and soon I heard his footfall no more on the winding stairs that led below.

The fire seemed bewitched. It would hardly burn, and once or twice it almost

paralyzed me with fear, so nearly did it expire. When the old man left me, it was burning brightly. At last it seemed that my efforts and prayers were successful; the blaze sprang up and all looked well. Just then a noise on the stairs caused me to turn round, and to my surprise a complete stranger came upon the platform where none but the guardians were allowed.

"Look," said he; "those fires beyond are dying out."

I looked and was filled with fear to see that the smoke from the towers near the mountain had died out, and in my sudden amazement rushed to the parapet to get a nearer view. Satisfied that what the stranger said was true, I turned to resume my watch, and there, O horror! my own fire was just expiring. No lights or tinder were permitted there; the watcher had to renew the fire by means of the fire. In a frenzy of fear I leaped to new fuel and put it on the fire, fanned it, laid my face to it and strove with maddened gasps to blow the flame up, but all my efforts were vain—it was dead.

A sickening dread seized me, succeeded by a paralysis of every nerve except those that aid the hearing. I heard the stranger move toward me, and then I recognized his voice as he spoke. No other noises were about, all was dead and cold, and I seemed to know that the ancient guardian of the fire would return no more, that no one would return, that some calamity had fallen.

"It is the past," the stranger began, "you have just reached a point where you failed to feed the fire ages ago. It is done. Do you want to hear of these things? The old man has gone long ago, and can trouble you no more. Very soon you will be again in the whirl of the nineteenth century."

Speech then returned to me and I said, "Yes, tell me what this is, or has been."

"This is an old tower used by the immediate descendants of the white Magicians who settled on Ireland when England's Isle had not yet arisen from the sea. When the great Masters had to go away, strict injunctions were left that no fires on these towers were to go out, and the warning was also given that, if the duties of life were neglected, if charity, duty, and virtue were forgotten,

the power to keep these fires alive would gradually disappear. The decadence of the virtues would coincide with the failure of the fires, and this, the last tower, guarded by an old and a young man, would be the last to fail, and that even it could save the rest if its watchers were faithful.

"Many years elapsed, and the brilliant gem placed upon the mount of Innis-fallen blazed both by day and night until at last it seemed to fade a little. The curious sounding-stones, now found in Ireland, were not so easily blown; only when a pure and faithful servant came down from the White Tower did the long, strange, and moving sounds float over the mountains from the stone placed near the mount on which was the gem. Those stones had been used by the great magicians, and when the largest of them all, lying near the great White Tower, was sounded, the fairies of the lakes appeared; when the stone of the mount was blown together with that at the White Tower, the spirits of the air and the water ranged themselves obediently around.

"But all this altered, and unbelief crept in while the fires were kept up as a form.

"You were relied on with the old man. But vain dreams detained you *one* hour beyond your appointed time on this fatal day, now in the past but shown you by my special favor. You came, but late. The old man was compelled to wait, but still feared to leave you, for he saw with prescient eye the dark finger of fate. He descended the stairs, and at its foot fell down and died. Your curiosity then drew you at the exact fatal moment to look at yonder tower, although you knew the prophecy and believed it. That moment decided all—and, poor boy, you could not hold back the iron hand of destiny.

"The fire has gone out. You returned to the floors below; at the foot of the stairs you saw them carrying off the old man and . . ."

At this point I saw the shadowy wav-ing shape of the tower; the building had disappeared, the well was beside me, and I was in the field again. Oh!

Our acts our angels are, or good or ill
Our fatal shadows that walk with us still.

—*Baumont and Fletcher.*

A DISCOURSE OF BUDDHA.

Shadows are good when the high sun
is flaming.

From whereso'er they fall;
Some take their rest beneath the holy
temple,
Some by the prison wall.

The King's gilt palace roof shuts out the
sunshine,

So doth the dyer's shed!
Which is the chiefest shade of all these
shadows?

They are alike! one said.

So it is, quoth he, with all shows of
living;

As shadows fall, they fall!
Rest under, if ye must, but question not
Which is the best of all.

Therefore, though all be false, seek, if
ye must,

Right shelter from life's heat.
Lo! those do well who toil for wife and
child,
Threading the burning street!

Good is it helping kindred! Good to
dwell

Blameless and just to all!
Good to give alms, with good-will in the
heart,
Albeit the store be small!

Good to speak sweet and gentle words,
to be

Merciful, patient, mild;
To hear the Law, and keep it, leading
days
Innocent, undefiled.

These be chief goods—for evil by its like
Ends not, nor hate by hate;

By love hate ceaseth; by well-doing ill;
By knowledge life's sad state.

But see where soars an eagle! Mark
those wings!

Which cleave the cool, blue skies!
What shadow needeth yon proud Lord of
Air

To shield his fearless eyes?

Rise from this life: lift upon pinions bold
Hearts free and great as his;

The eagle seeks no shadow, nor the wise
Greater or lesser bliss!

—Edwin Arnold.

FROM MR. SINNETT.

To the sobering effect of war we may ascribe the appearance in the *Nineteenth Century* for February of two articles of marked occult interest. The first is by Sir Oliver Lodge in defense of his book, "Raymond," and the second is by Mr. A. P. Sinnett on Reincarnation. At a time when unnumbered thousands of people are mourning the deaths of relatives on the battlefields of Europe it is inevitable that there should be a tendency to turn away from the unilluminating orthodoxies of theology to other theories that have a greater power to explain and to console.

Mr. Sinnett deals not only with the subject of reincarnation, but with those postmortem states of the individual on the Astral Plane to which he is attracted by the affinities of his thoughts and deeds. The probabilities of reincarnation he holds to be so well established that no lengthy defense is now needed:

Reincarnation when first scientifically defined some thirty-odd years ago was quickly seen to solve many previously insoluble problems. The hideous inequalities of human condition no longer seemed to insult Divine justice. Suffering became intelligible when the conditions of each new life were realized as the consequence of previous "doing" (or Karma). The superficial objection, that the sufferer did not remember his former misdoing, was dissipated as we realized that the Higher Self did so, and profited by each physical plane experience. Further knowledge showed that humanity is still in its youth. A few more advanced than the multitude *do* remember former lives. The whole course of reasoning need not be repeated here. And appreciation of rebirth as essential to a comprehension of human life is already widely spread. By reason of misunderstanding many people regard it with dislike, and the dislike has been accentuated by the eagerness of those who seized upon it at first to deal with it as though it covered all mysteries of the future. To think of the future as simply a return to this life is as great a blunder as to think of the life which opens up to the person just set free from the physical body, by *its* death, as entering an everlasting existence of a super-physical order. The personality of a brutal criminal in the slums is clearly not fit for eternal perpetuation. The bishop in his palace, if he honestly considers the matter, will come to the same conclusion as regards himself.

The Astral Plane, says Mr. Sinnett, contains within itself a variety of conditions toward which the Soul is attracted, or toward which it gravitates by the self-induced forces of its earth life:

"The Astral Plane" is a term generally

used by Occultists to designate the vast realm of unseen life immediately surrounding this globe. It is not a well-chosen term, as the region in question has nothing to do with the stars, but it has become rooted in occult phraseology, and we can not now escape from its use. It is really a vast concentric sphere of matter that does not appeal to our physical senses; far greater in size than the physical globe it embraces, including an enormous variety of conditions, some of them highly disagreeable; but of these it is needless to speak for the moment, as the vast majority of decently behaved people will have nothing to do with them, but will pass at once, when free of the body, to regions where they will find themselves happier than they are likely to have ever been, even under favorable circumstances, in the physical life. Naturally the character of such happiness is determined by the use that has been made of the earth life and the extent of spiritual development that the Soul (or Ego) has reached in its long progress through the ages, its innumerable immersions in physical life, its former incarnations.

Without entering upon Mr. Sinnett's analysis of the various departments of the Astral Plane it may be said that his outlook is a distinctly cheering one, and with none of the gloom of uncertainty that theology has found it profitable to foster:

Counting from below upwards, the first and second, actually immersed in the body of the earth, are regions of suffering with which none but the very worst offenders against Divine laws have nothing to do. The third sub-plane, above the earth's surface, is still a comfortless region in which people who have been too deeply absorbed by the lower interests of physical life may have to spend a period of purification before ascending to happier levels; but this vast and highly varied range of experience may be ignored for the moment, as it need not disturb the apprehensions either of people who lead fairly wholesome lives while incarnated, or of the large numbers of gallant victims of the War who, on passing over, find the normal consequences of minor shortcomings obliterated by the sacrifice they have made of their earth lives in a noble cause. They, and the fairly well-behaved majority, will slip through the third sub-level without finding themselves entangled in it, and awake to consciousness on the fourth level of the astral world, the circumstances of which are almost infinitely varied, but on which, however varied, happiness is the underlying principle of all sensation and experience.

The process of adding by experience to the spiritual nucleus that is the real human being is a slow one:

The law applies to all, but is so elastic as to fit in with very different volumes of circumstance. First we must remember that Egos ripe for reincarnation represent very different stages of development. The humblest of these, leaving out quite savage races

that we need not think about for the moment, is not a very expanded being when, after a long stay on the astral, he has shed all memories of his past life, and remains its spiritual nucleus. The law, guided by divine agency, puts that spiritual nucleus in touch with a new birth, and there is not much consciousness left on higher planes to be thought of as the Higher Self of the new personality. But in the case of the highly developed entity, astral experience, instead of obliterating unimportant memories, has enormously expanded those that are important. The Ego as it stands ready for reincarnation is a being on the Astral Plane of immense complication, built up by the experience of many lives in the past, by that of many intervening astral episodes. He is probably something much more than can be fully expressed in its next immersion in physical matter. He will remain, all through the earth life to come, the Higher Self of the visible entity, of which the visible entity in its physical brain will have but little consciousness. But, by the hypothesis, enough of the real complete being will be expressed on the physical plane to make the new incarnation greater than ever along the lines of its former growth. If a great scientist before, a greater scientist again. If a great poet, a greater, and so on. But the point to be emphasized for the moment is that, while the new body is growing, the actual great intellectual being destined to use it at maturity is doing little more than looking on from above. If that idea can once be properly grasped, it does away with the fear some people seem to feel, to the effect that they with their present volume of consciousness will have to go through babyhood and all the experiences of the nursery when they come back to earth life. During all that time they will simply be looking on from above. To understand fully how it will come to pass that the baby and the young child will in a certain sense be conscious also, is very difficult for most of us, but, however faintly, that is what has to be realized. There is so little of the real Ego in the new child up to seven years of age that, if it dies within that time, the trace of consciousness it has been expressing simply reverts to the Higher Self, who makes another attempt a little later on and begins to animate a new form, not infrequently in the same family as the first. The mother's pretty belief that a later child is her first baby restored is often the outcome of a literal scientific truth.

Mr. Sinnett's sketch of the slow occupancy of the growing body and brain by the reincarnating Ego is particularly good, and with this we have an explanation of precocious genius:

Mutatis mutandis, the process of reincarnation as described above with reference to a well-developed Ego is applicable also to people at intervening stages of growth. The return to physical life is never attended by inconveniently premature consciousness in the new body. Or this broad rule is only in rare cases partially infringed. Here and there, for example, young children have been known to show musical talent at a ridiculously early

age. In such cases the Ego of the great musician in the background is so eager to express itself on the physical plane that it can not wait till the new instrument is properly attuned for the task. But even Mozarts who play the piano at six are not all there.

Mr. Sinnett's article, even though we may not be able to give it our full agreement, is none the less a welcome evidence of a growing interest in occult theory as well as a promise of its ultimate acceptance.

A PREDICTION.

It is curious, says H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*, to see how prophetic in almost all things was the writer of *Vishnu Purana*, when foretelling to Maitreya some of the dark influences and sins of this Kali, or Black, Age. For after saying that the "barbarians" will be masters of the banks of the Indus, he adds: "There will be contemporary monarchs reigning over the earth, kings of churlish spirit, violent temper, and ever addicted to falsehood and wickedness. They will inflict death on women, children, and cows; they will seize upon the property of their subjects (or, according to another reading, be intent upon the wives of others); they will be of limited power . . . their lives will be short, their desires insatiable. . . . People of various countries intermingling with them will follow their example; and, the barbarians being powerful (in India) in the patronage of the princes, whilst pure tribes are neglected, the people will perish. Wealth and piety will decrease day by day until the world will be wholly depraved. . . . Property alone will confer rank; wealth will be the only source of devotion; passion will be the sole bond of union between the sexes; falsehood will be the only means of success in litigation; and women will be objects merely of sensual gratification. . . . External types will be the only distinction of the several orders of life; dishonesty will be the (universal) means of subsistence; weakness the cause of dependence; menace and presumption will be substituted for learning; liberality will be devotion; a man if rich will be reputed pure; mutual assent will be marriage; fine clothes will be dignity. . . . He who is the strongest will reign . . . the people, unable to bear the heavy burdens (load of taxes) will take refuge among the valleys. . . . Thus in the

Kali Age will decay constantly proceed, until the human race approaches its annihilation. When the close of the Kali Age shall be nigh, a portion of that divine Being which exists, of its own spiritual nature . . . shall descend upon earth . . . endowed with the eight superhuman faculties. . . . He will reestablish righteousness upon earth; and the minds of those who live at the end of the Kali Yuga shall be awakened, and shall be as pellucid as crystal."

The author of the *Secret Doctrine* adds that whether right or wrong in regard to the latter prophecy, the "blessings" of Kali Yuga are well described, and fit in admirably even with that which one sees and hears in Europe and other civilized and Christian lands in our great "Era of Enlightenment."

ALL MEANS AND NO END.

Once, perhaps in a parable, the plain man traveling met another traveler. And the plain man demanded of the traveler:

"Where are you going to?"

The traveler replied:

"Now I come to think of it, I don't know."

The plain man was ruffled by this insensate answer. He said:

"But you are traveling?"

The traveler replied:

"Yes."

The plain man, beginning to be annoyed, said:

"Have you never asked yourself where you are going to?"

"I have not."

"But do you mean to tell me," protested the plain man, now irritated, "that you are putting yourself to all this trouble, peril, and expense of trains and steamers, without having asked yourself where you are going to?"

"It never occurred to me," the traveler admitted. "I just had to start and I started."

Whereupon the plain man was, as too often with us plain men, staggered and deeply affronted by the illogical absurdity of human nature. "Was it conceivable," he thought, "that this traveler, presumably in his senses," etc. (You are familiar with the tone and the style, being a plain man yourself.) And he gave way to moral indignation.—*Arnold Bennett.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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CORRESPONDENCES.

The article by Professor Garrett Serviss on the correspondences between sound, color, and form, reproduced elsewhere in this issue, appears to be one of those scientific ventures that trench very closely on the borders of Occultism. That there is such a correspondence is now a matter of common knowledge, and we need only study the facts with attention and with courage to find ourselves on the line of discovery.

But we must, of course, unite these facts with the states or conditions of consciousness. And it is quite easy to do so. If we can accept the fact that a sound suggests or invokes a color, it is still more obvious that both sound and color produce changes in consciousness. Otherwise we should be indifferent alike to music and to art. Certain combinations of sound are known as harmony, and consciousness is instantly responsive to them, although it would sadly puzzle our psychologists to tell us why it should be so. The same may be said of combinations of color. Both sound and color may raise us to spiritual heights, or cast us into spiritual depths, and this must be due to an actual correspondence between etheric vibrations and states of consciousness. They must be mutually implicative. There must be constant action and interaction between them.

But we must be willing to go further afield, and into regions where our senses

will no longer help us. If there is a correspondence between audible sounds, and visible colors, and normal states of consciousness, as we all know that there is, it becomes at once reasonable to suppose that there must also be a correspondence between inaudible sounds—that is to say the vibrations that are above the audible scale—and the abnormal states of consciousness that tend toward the spiritual. And here at once we are embarked on the sea of occultism. Science needs no more than a little courage to build on its own foundations, and to argue from the known to the unknown. Doubtless it will come.

"PATIENCE WORTH."

A valued correspondent who is somewhat afflicted with the malady of a theosophical "orthodoxy" is perturbed at the publication in these columns of so much information and of so many opinions in regard to "Patience Worth." We are told that the phenomena grouped under this head are "mere spiritualism," and that as such they are outside the proper scope of a magazine avowedly devoted to the spread of the theosophical philosophy.

Now with every desire to accept rebuke and to profit by it we may confess to an impenitence that is likely enough to lead to a repetition of the offense. If our correspondent will take the trouble to remind himself of the objects of the

Theosophical Society as laid down by its Founders he will find that the third of those objects is "to investigate unexplained laws of nature and the psychic powers latent in man." The phenomena associated with the name of "Patience Worth" seem certainly to come under this designation, and therefore to be fit subjects for consideration in the columns of this or any other theosophical magazine.

For what are the facts? It seems that a Mrs. Curran, who is well and honorably known in her environment, has produced through the mechanism of the ouija board a mass of writing that is admitted to be of a high literary order, and that is couched in the phraseology and terminology of some three hundred years ago. These writings are religious, philosophical, pathetic, poetic, and humorous. They seem to be the work of an intensely vivid personality, and that personality is not the personality of Mrs. Curran, who will not be offended if she is described as of average intelligence and attainments, and to be wholly incapable of such a literary feat as this. The productions in question have been submitted to many eminent critics and authorities, who pronounce them to be not only of an exceptionally high order, but to possess all the distinguishing features of the period to which they are assigned. And it may be said that no one has been found to question either the good faith of Mrs. Curran or the accuracy of the statements that have been made by her or on her behalf.

Now to say that such a phenomenon is not one that should interest Theosophists is to proclaim one's self as ignorant of Theosophy, or else as unwilling to face a perplexing problem. To attempt to explain that problem by an aphorism, a phrase, or by some easy reference to the Astral Light or to Elementaries is merely childish. And it may be said also that to deprecate a scientific inquiry or the expression of the many theories that are naturally provoked is not only childish, but futile, as well as being the mark of arrogance and ignorance. "Patience Worth" is a fact in psychology that will not be conjured away by a wave of the dogmatic wand, and that Theosophists should be willing to wave the dogmatic wand is not to

their credit. Fortunately they are not numerous.

There are now a large number of intelligent persons who are asking themselves who, or what, is "Patience Worth"? And they will continue to ask it. Are Theosophists able to supply an answer, an answer that shall be something more than a mere vague generality, a mere repetition of some half-digested teaching, an answer that shall provide a ray of light to honest inquiry?

This is not the place to attempt such a reply. Such, at least, is not the present object, which is no more than to indicate the problem as one worthy of all the study and attention that it is likely to receive. Nor are we at all inclined to deplore its presentation, or to join in lugubrious regrets at what is called the recrudescence of psychism. Psychism such as this is at least far preferable to materialism. At least it is arousing the attention of very many who are being thus rudely shaken from the intellectual slough which is the most potent ally of materialism and who are being "led on," as the *Gita* says, to an inquiry that shall be fruitful of good things. We need have no doubt that the theosophical philosophy can solve this problem, as it can solve all problems. But it will not yield the solution to shallow inquiry, or to a contentment with the repetition of formulas, or to airy references to the great unseen planes of nature, the mysteries of which are not divulged on printed pages or by spoken words, but that must be sought for with industry and effort and sacrifice.

We can not yet have learned all that we are meant to learn through the body. How much of the teaching even of this world can the most diligent and the most favored man have exhausted before he is called to leave it? Is all that remains lost?—*George Macdonald*.

The first necessary requisite for the attainment of real knowledge is the possession of power to distinguish the enduring from the non-enduring.—*Sankaracharya*.

The whole weight of the world can not crush out this individuality of mine. I maintain it in spite of the tremendous gravitation of all things.—*Tagore*.

THE MYSTERY OF ALL TIME.

(From *Lucifer*, September, 1887.)

The inner light which guides men to greatness, and makes them noble, is a mystery through all time and must remain so while Time lasts for us; but there come moments, even in the midst of ordinary life, when Time has no hold upon us, and then all the circumstance of outward existence falls away, and we find ourselves face to face with the mystery beyond. In great trouble, in great joy, in keen excitement, in serious illness, these moments come. Afterwards they seem very wonderful, looking back upon them.

What is this mystery, and why is it so veiled, are the burning questions for any one who has begun to realize its existence. Trouble most often rouses men to the consciousness of it, and forces them to ask these questions when those, whom one has loved better than one's self, are taken away into the formless abyss of the unknown by death, or are changed, by the experiences of life, until they are no longer recognizable as the same; then comes the wild hunger for knowledge. Why is it so? What is it that surrounds us with a great dim cloud into which all loved things plunge in time and are lost to us, obliterated, utterly taken from us? It is this which makes life so unbearable to the emotional natures, and which develops selfishness in narrow hearts. If there is no certainty and no permanence in life, then it seems to the Egotist that there is no reasonable course but to attend to one's own affairs, and be content with the happiness of the first person singular. There are many persons sufficiently generous in temperament to wish others were happy also, and who, if they saw any way to do it, would gladly redress some of the existing ills—the misery of the poor, the social evil, the sufferings of the diseased, the sorrow of those made desolate by death—these things the sentimental philanthropist shudders to think of. He does not act because he can do so little. Shall he take one miserable child and give it comfort when millions will be enduring the same fate when that one is dead? The inexorable cruelty of life continues on its giant course, and those who are born rich and healthy live in pleasant places, afraid to think of the horrors life holds within it. Loss, de-

spair, unutterable pain, comes at last, and the one who has hitherto been fortunate is on a level with those to whom misery has been familiarized by a lifetime of experience. For trouble bites hardest when it springs on a new victim. Of course, there are profoundly selfish natures which do not suffer in this sense, which look only for personal comfort and are content with the small horizon visible to one person's sight; for these there is but little trouble in the world, there is none of the passionate pain which exists in sensitive and poetic natures. The born artist is aware of pain as soon as he is aware of pleasure; he recognizes sadness as a part of human life before it has touched on his own. He has an innate consciousness of the mystery of the ages, that thing stirring within man's soul and which enables him to outlive pain and become great, which leads him on the road to the divine life. This gives him enthusiasm, a superb heroism indifferent to calamity; if he is a poet he will write his heart out, even for a generation that has no eyes or ears for him; if he desires to help others personally he is capable of giving his very life to save one wretched child from out a million of miserable ones. For it is not his puny personal effort in the world that he considers—not his little show of labor done; what he is conscious of is the overmastering desire to work with the beneficent forces of super-nature, to become one with the divine mystery, and when he can forget time and circumstances, he is face to face with that mystery. Many have fancied they must reach it by death: but none have come back to tell us that this is so. We have no proof that man is not as blind beyond the grave as he is on this side of it. Has he entered the eternal thought? If not, the mysterey is a mystery still.

To one who is entering occultism in earnest, all the trouble of the world seems suddenly apparent. There is a point of experience when father and mother, wife and child, become indistinguishable, and when they seem no more familiar or friendly than a company of strangers. The one dearest of all may be close at hand and unchanged, and yet is as far as if death had come between. Then all distinction between pleasure and pain, love and hate, have vanished. A

melancholy, keener than that felt by a man in his first experience of grief, overshadows the soul. It is the pain of the struggle to break the shell in which man has prisoned himself. Once broken then there is no more pain; all ties are severed, all personal demands are silenced forever. The man has forced himself to face the great mystery, which is now a mystery no longer, for he has become part of it. It is essentially the mystery of the ages, and these have no longer any meaning to him to whom time and space and all other limitations are but passing experiences. It has become to him a reality, profound, indeed, because it is bottomless, wide, indeed, because it is limitless. He has touched on the greatness of life, which is sublime in its impartiality and effortless generosity. He is friend and lover to all those living beings that come within his consciousness, not to the one or two chosen ones only—which is indeed only an enlarged selfishness. While a man retains his humanity, it is certain that one or two chosen ones will give him more pleasure by contact, than all the rest of the beings in the Universe and all the heavenly host; but he has to remember and recognize what this preference is. It is not a selfish thing which has to be crushed out, if the love is the love that gives; freedom from attachments is not a meritorious condition in itself. The freedom needed is not from those who cling to you, but from those to whom you cling. The familiar phrase of the lover, "I can not live without you," must be words which can not be uttered, to the occultist. If he has but one anchor, the great tides will sweep him away into nothingness. But the natural preference which must exist in every man for a few persons is one form of the lessons of Life. By contact with these other souls he has other channels by which to penetrate to the great mystery. For every soul touches it, even the darkest. Solitude is a great teacher, but society is even greater. It is so hard to find and take the highest part of those we love, that in the very difficulty of the search there is a serious education. We realize when making that effort, far more clearly what it is that creates the mystery in which we live, and makes us so ignorant. It is the swaying, vibrating, never-resting desires of the

animal soul in man. The life of this part of man's nature is so vigorous and strongly developed from the ages during which he has dwelt in it that it is almost impossible to still it so as to obtain contact with the noble spirit. This constant and confusing life, this ceaseless occupation with the trifles of the hour, this readiness in surface emotion, this quickness to be pleased, amused, or distressed, is what baffles our sight and dulls our inner senses. Till we can use these, the mystery remains in its Sphinx-like silence.

COLOR AND SOUND.

(By Garrett P. Serviss.)

I am a young man. When I pronounce any word, immediately a certain color appears before my eyes. For instance, when I say "sand" I see the color light yellow; "pound," brown; "date," red; "book," black; "nice," pink. No matter in what language the words may be I always see them in a certain color. Sometimes when a word has more than one syllable I may see the different syllables in different colors. Thus in "table" the "ta" is red, the "ble" white. All syllables which rhyme have the same color. People ridicule and laugh at me. What is the meaning of it? —J. D.

You need not be troubled by anybody's ridicule of your interesting peculiarity. Hundreds of others have the same, or a similar, idiosyncrasy. Some persons see a particular color for each letter, especially the vowels, and they perceive the colors in merely thinking of the letters without uttering the sounds for which they stand. Thus a word, or a name, appears to them as a band of contrasted colors.

Others attach colors to numerals. The months of the year appear to some in the form of a circle of gorgeous colors, resembling a circular rainbow. In a colored drawing of an example before me (from Francis Galton's book on "Human Faculty") the winter months appear in dull, neutral tints, which take a warmer tone at the end of February, turn to bright yellow in March, bright blue in April and May, pink in June and July, rose in August, partly red in September and October, after which they change through steel blue to dark slate, and finally into the sombre hues of the late fall and middle winter months.

Mr. Galton, who made elaborate studies of these color associations, says that "the instantaneous association of color with

sound characterizes a small percentage of adults and appears to be rather common, though in an ill-developed degree, among children." A Dr. James Key, mentioned by Mr. Galton, had a similar experience to yours. He was laughed at by his comrades and teachers when a child; but he says: "'A' is brown. I say it most dogmatically, and nothing will ever have the effect. I am convinced, of making it appear otherwise. Shades of brown accompany to my mind the various degrees of openness in pronouncing 'A.' I have never been destitute in all my conscious existence of a conviction that 'E' is a clear, cold, light-gray blue."

Some persons attach to words, letters, and numerals not only certain distinctive colors, but very curious figures. In addition to these color associations, many persons see the numerals, especially from 1 to 100, arranged in space before the mind's eye. I myself have this peculiarity. From 1 to 12 the numerals seem to me to ascend a slope, beginning straight before me; at 12 they take a turn to the left, and the slope becomes steeper. A shade seems to draw over the figures as they approach 20, and the slope from 19 to 20 is like a precipice, almost hidden in its own shadow. But the moment 20 is reached there is, as it were, a burst of sunshine illuminating the top of the precipice on which 20 lies.

Above that the slope is gentle, gradually increasing as 30 is approached, and 30 lies at the top of a second rather steep ascent, shadowed as before, but not so deeply. About 30 the darkness increases, and the way lies through a shadowy region, sloping not very steeply until it reaches 40, after which it turns more and more to the left, and becomes steeper until it suddenly climbs out of the gloom onto the sunlit highland where 50 lies.

Between 40 and 50 the path of the numerals swings round through the quadrant of a circle, and from 50 it becomes a straight way, leading up a steep, continuous slope, always well illuminated, until it arrives at 100, which seems to be situated over my left shoulder. In other words, having started out straight away before me, the numerals make a right-angled turn at 12 and another at 50, after which there is no change of direction, although the figures have climbed, in the meanwhile, from the level of my eyes to

a point high above my left shoulder. Beyond 100 I have no distinct vision of a path. I became conscious of this arrangement of the numerals when I was a small schoolboy, and it has never changed.

Mr. Galton and others have collected many similar examples, and I think that more persons possess a peculiarity of the kind than is usually supposed. Many perhaps refrain from speaking of it. It is without doubt an expression of the visualizing faculty. With certain persons it is enormously exaggerated.

For some time past I have been receiving letters from an unknown correspondent, apparently a woman, who seems to see the whole world in a visionary aspect. Strange colors, shapes, shadows, motions, illuminations appear to be associated by her with the commonest phenomena, and many of them are purely mind-born. I have known at least two persons, both women, who repeatedly assured me that they could feel the earth rotate.

One is reminded of the extraordinary visions of Swedenborg, who, whatever may be thought of his "New Church," was unquestionably possessed of a mind of great power, which enabled him to foresee some of the most notable advances of modern science.

To return to the question of associations of color, form, and direction, with letters, words, and numerals, I am not aware that any very satisfactory explanation of their origin has been found, but Mr. Galton was of the opinion that they were hereditary. At any rate, they do no harm, while the study of them may lead to important advances in psychology.—*San Francisco Call*.

The doctrine of metempsychosis may almost claim to be a natural or innate belief in the human mind, if we may judge from its wide diffusion among the nations of the earth and its prevalence throughout the historical ages.—*Professor Francis Bowen*.

The ancient theologians and priests testify that the Soul is conjoined to the body through a certain punishment, and that it is buried in this body as in a sepulchre.—*Philolaus*.

THE BOOK OF SELF.

Mr. James Oppenheim has attracted well-deserved attention for the vigor and originality of his poetry, and this in spite of some eccentricities of *vers libre* of which he will doubtless presently rid himself. He calls his latest volume "The Book of Self," and while its three parts are of unequal merit, the third section, "Creation," is admirable alike in form and content. It is described as "the drama of all Life portrayed through the Life of Man," and perhaps one or two extracts will be sufficient to show its quality. The Man, shown by the All-Mother the history of the race, beholds a pageant of human history:

From the ape, the savage . . .
Driven from the beast, they make in their own
image,
Shadow-gods . . .
This is their longing beyond themselves,
shaped in dream-symbols . . .
And following after, they rise into civiliza-
tion . . .

The greater race passes:
Egypt, following Osiris, born of longing,
With sunbright cities of the Nile and the won-
der of Cleopatra,
Drives on the wind, and vanishes . . .

But now Zeus leads . . .
Radiant from the dust, leaps Greece
With golden clouds of gods,
And Helen walks again . . .
But the girls go down to the dust, and the
heroes are no more.

Up rises the sun of Jupiter,
Rome shines:
And Cæsar's legions come from the conquest:
But Earth devours the Empire,
And the shouting hosts are hushed . . .

Behold, from the East, the stream . . .
Jehovah's children, the seed of Abraham,
Come out of Asia, David singing, Isaiah thun-
dering,
And following them, the longing of humanity
Shaped in a lowly god, young Jesus . . .

Now under God the Father,
The Early Christians pray and fast and are
persecuted . . .
But they scatter the strange commandment:
Save that ye be born again, ye shall surely
die . . .

What has become of the past humani-
ties? What is the meaning of the aspi-
rations and efforts of the dead days?
And the Man learns that "in us, who are
they," they live again:

Who buried Atlantis
And devoured Egypt?
Into what jaws has Athens gone?
Galley-slave and Agamemnon, the great king,
are shoveled under,

And the girl that combed the hair of Helen is
dust with her golden mistress . . .
Cities of great pride, with their multitudes,
Have gone down,
And Spring, that called out the boy Dante into
the streets of Florence,
Silent when Beatrice walked,
Opens wild roses in the ruins over the
dead . . .
The snows where Saga heroes fought
Melted with those warriors,
And the desert girls of Arabia are only a song
and an echo in our brains . . .

Who has kept a tally of the souls that have
been on the six continents?
Who marked the nameless slave-boy in Rome,
in the crowd hailing Cæsar home?
Or some mother of Africa, fifteen thousand
years ago, wailing because her child was
blind?
In what books are the records kept?
In what divine index are listed the struggles
of millions multiplied by millions?

Ah, we are the wave into which this mounting
sea has risen . . .
The height of our curve measures the infinite
impulse of those stopped hearts . . .
The shine of our flashing waters retains the
glow of their vision and their works.
Gathered into immortality they circle and sing
in us . . .
In us, their Heaven,
In us, their Hell,
In us, who are they, breathing again and bar-
gaining in streets of steel . . .

Then comes the final vision in which
the Man sees that he himself is the rec-
ord of all past ages and that the history
of the world is buried in his memories.
He says:

I go down the winding stairs of my own self.
Every landing is an age. I go down past
Crusader, and Roman and Greek, and
savage and beast: down to the Earth:
down to the Sun: down to Chaos . . .
Opens up then vastness within me, glimpses,
tumult and madness . . .
The rolling of primal lava . . .
Sealed and dynamic, in this tiny body of
mine,
Whipping me on and on . . .

(Rises slowly, eyes shining, delirious.)

Take me then, Power!
Use me, great Mother!
And on you I turn, and consciously use you
also,
Shape to your driving,
Divert your currents,
Build to a Vision.

(Raising his hand.)

This then my contract . . .
To the uncreated I go,
To the unforeseeable . . .
Forth still and forth,
I, the Wanderer,
I, Man, that was sun-fire,
Leaving all moorings,
Cast from all safety,
Footing it beyond the last span of the bridge
into the emptiness,

In a world that is terror and might and ignorant darkness,
 In a world where a growing light and a growing godliness is Man, and Man alone,
 To a Fate I myself shall Will,
 And a Destiny I myself shall make,
 To a height undreamed of by the Mother
 To children of my own unbelievable . . .

(Staggering, sinking in his chair, trying to rise.)

Courage, my heart.
 This is man's life . . .
 To pause, or retreat, is sure and certain death,
 In the peril of advance is the only safety,
 In the ultimate hazard the only security,
 So on: in this life I am living: on in my loneliness:
 On, striving and toiling: seeing but little ahead:
 On, then, through death as a victory, through annihilation as a triumph,
 Yea, to break through the smoke to the flame of the next life beyond,
 Yea, to burst through wall after wall into the unshaped Future,
 On, ever greater,
 On, ever stronger,
 On to fulfillment.

It is a notable poem, one of fire and intensity and vision.

THE BOOK OF SELF. By James Oppenheim.
 New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.50.

THE SPIRITUAL WILL.

(From the writings of William Q. Judge.)

Pure thinking and living are necessary for the development of the Spiritual Will. Those who live grossly will forever have base metal. But those who think, live, and act carelessly are untrue to their high duty just as much in their own degree. It is not only pandering to mere appetites and passions that keeps us down. Just as much as there is a hindrance in every day continually falling under the sway of purely personal ideas and desires, both great and small. The small added together make up the sum of life and from day to day intervene to prevent success. While the Soul plane is in itself strong it is not able to overcome unless we who function on this one permit the Soul to act and follow its leading. The lower act and thought react against the higher, through the inner body.

That is why charity, generosity, high morality, kindness, truthfulness, and all the virtues inculcated by ethics are of vastly more importance than learning and study without them.

The Spiritual Will is developed by true

unselfishness, a sincere and full desire to be guided, ruled, and assisted by the Higher Self and to do that which, or suffer and enjoy whatever, the Higher Self has in store for one by way of discipline and experience; by sinking as much as possible, day by day, little by little, the mere personal self.

Hence self-discipline must be pursued. Mere mortifications, such as eating unaccustomed food or doing any other outward observance for the sake of what is hoped to be gained, will not bring out the Spiritual Will. The observances and practices must be mental and moral. They must be in the nature of an actual sacrifice of the personal self, which, acting as a mortification of the latter, begins to loosen the hold of the lower and bring out the powers of the higher nature.

The very perfection of this sort of mortification is hardly possible in our present state, nor would it now be judicious. It consists in not doing that which one's personal self desires for itself. Such a method would, with the ordinary student, lead to confusion, because he has not yet found out how to distinguish duty, pure and simple, from personal desires. But the essence of the practice, so far as it is possible, lies precisely in that regulation. That is, the personal self must be mortified, and it must begin with our relations to and with each other. As a real and valuable branch of Occultism this is not thought much of by the general mass, but it is essential. We see a great deal about getting rid of the personal self, but this method which will lead to reducing the lower self to its proper subjection to the Higher is not followed. It will be easy to know when to do this and when to refrain by always looking to see if what you are going to do is for purely your own sake and pleasure or because it is a duty owed to others, either from natural law or from agreement.

Judgment, of course, must be used. But there will be every day and in all places opportunity after opportunity to pursue this practice. It is the giving up of yourself, and that is the only way through which a true White Adept is ever a possibility.

Man's character is his fate.—*Heraclitus.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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PAIN AND SUGGESTION.

Among the almost innumerable books on mental suggestion as a therapeutic agent we now have a little volume by Dr. Loring W. Batten, who writes from the standpoint of the Emmanuel Movement and whose work is obviously animated by a sincere desire to alleviate human pain. It is a commendable desire and one that must necessarily command the sympathy of the benevolent, and moderate the force of a criticism that none the less must not be allowed to be wholly silenced. Indeed we can not view without grave misgiving the general promulgation of a knowledge that can be used so effectively for evil and that can be restrained neither by law nor by public opinion.

That the author knows nothing of the occult effects of suggestion need hardly be said. All works such as his are purely empirical. They depend upon the observed results of processes, into the real nature of which there is hardly an effort to penetrate. And the processes in question usually involve some suspension, and often some actual inhibition, of the free will of the patient. And that those same processes can be used with equal efficacy and with great secrecy to mischievous ends is so obvious that it hardly needs indication.

Faith, says the author, is the one supreme essential to success along the lines of mental therapeutics. In other words

a state of strong expectation must be created, not by the processes of intellect or reason, but by the more or less artificial imposition of some stamp or mold from the outside. It is the method by which the state of expectation is created that is open to criticism. Once the patient has placed himself in the hands of the operator he permits the paralysis of his will. He suspends his judgment and allows himself to become mentally plastic to the curative idea. He establishes an automatism of which the immediate effects may be beneficial, but that must leave behind it a certain weakening of the mental fibre, a certain destruction of the defenses of positivity.

A state of strong expectation, says H. P. Blavatsky in *Isis Unveiled*, will suffice to remove almost any morbid condition. But this is in no sense a reference to therapeutic suggestion. The state of expectation must be attained by reason, and not by the fiat of an operator. There must be no abrogation of the will. The conviction that health will be restored by the observance of certain definite although obscure mental laws is by no means the same thing as a similar conviction that the desired result will be attained by suggestive interference from beyond. In the one case we have a reasoned certainty; in the other an unreasoned although effective credulity. In the one case we have an exercise of the free will; in the other its inhibition.

Into the real nature of faith there is

no serious effort to inquire, and faith that is not founded upon reason is no more than credulity. Now faith appears to be a compound process. At its base lies imagination, by which is meant the power to construct an image or picture of the desired state. This must be followed by an expectation that the mental image or picture will materialize itself, and if this expectation is to be of the highest potency it must be built upon a knowledge of the occult law that *all* mental pictures or images will materialize themselves if they are sufficiently intense and sustained. The sick man who forms a mental picture of himself in a state of health has actually done something very real and definite. He has produced a change in the astral body, which is extraordinarily sensitive to the molding power of the imagination, and that change tends to reproduce itself upon the physical body. The process is as precise and as certain as any of the operations of the chemist. True faith therefore resolves itself into a knowledge of natural law, and it involves the certainty that natural law is never abrogated. The chemist knows that a compliance with chemical laws will unfailingly produce certain results. In other words he has faith because he has knowledge. And there can be no true faith without knowledge. In justice to the Emmanuel Movement it must be said that there is usually an effort to find some mental cause for disease, usually a hidden fear, and to remove it. That is unqualifiedly good, but at the same time the element of automatism is far too prominent. And in other and less intelligent movements it is dangerous and obnoxious.

But there is another word of criticism that may be directed against the Emmanuel Movement. It ought not to attempt to identify a natural and universal force with any form of organized religion. One might almost suppose that the curative powers of faith, or of mental suggestion, were available only to Christians. It would be as intelligent to make the same claim for electricity, or sunlight, or fresh air. There is not one of these curative processes that is not as much at the service of a Chinaman as of an American, and there ought to be no effort to attach it to the chariot wheels of a church.

Incidentally we may draw attention to a fatuity that should find no place in a work such as this. Speaking of the question asked by the disciples concerning the man who was born blind—"Who sinned, this man or his parents, that he should be born blind?" the author says. "They never dreamed of doubting that the blindness was the result of sin; but there was an interesting point unsettled, whether the blind man was paying the penalty for his parents' sin, or whether his affliction was an *anticipatory punishment for sins he would commit himself.*" Thus far will theological preconceptions carry us along the road of a frank and unashamed silliness. That the Jews believed in reincarnation is undisputed. They were accustomed to attribute misfortune to the deeds of a previous earth life. What, then, more natural than that they should ask whether this particular calamity was due to the sins of the parents, or to sins committed by the man himself in some previous incarnation? The idea of "anticipatory punishment" is so revolting, one might say so nauseating, that even the most orthodox forms of theology might well shun it.

THE RELIEF OF PAIN BY MENTAL SUGGESTION. By Loring W. Batten. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1.25.

There is no system so simple, and so little repugnant to our understanding, as that of metempsychosis. The pains and pleasure of this life are by this system considered as the recompense or the punishment of our actions in another state.—*Isaac D'Israeli.*

Light will blind a man, sound will make him deaf, taste will ruin his palate, the chase will make him wild, and precious things will tempt him. Therefore does the wise man provide for the soul and not for the senses.—*Laotze.*

Shall I return good for evil? What then should I return for good? My son, deal justly with all, and so shall thou prosper.—*Laotze.*

Not from birth does one become a slave; not from birth does one become a saint; but by conduct alone.—*Buddha.*

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS.

Dr. Loring W. Batten's little volume on "The Relief of Pain by Mental Suggestion" (Moffat, Yard & Co.) contains a brief exposition of Psycho-analysis that may prove welcome to those who are deterred by the somewhat voluminous writings of the expert. Sometimes, says the author, it will be found that maladies refuse to yield to the more usual mental processes and recourse may then be had to Psycho-analysis:

Psycho-analysis means, of course, the analysis of the mind, and its aim is to ascertain the origin of the peculiar mental forces at work in any given case. We do a great many acts from motives of which we are quite unconscious, and yet every act must have some constraining mental impulse back of it. In ordinary life it may often not be important to know what that compelling force is. And yet I think that our conduct would be much more satisfactory from an ethical standpoint if we knew more about the motives from which we act.

As an example the author considers the condition known as *brontophobia*, or the fear of thunderstorms to which a large proportion of the human race is subject. What causes that fear? While it is true that a thunderstorm is an awesome spectacle, yet at the same time we are so used to it that we must go farther afield to explain its continuing terrors:

In the search for causes we must distinguish the ordinary mild dread from the intense morbid terror. In the former condition the sense of danger is commonly due to the fact, to put it advisedly in the first person, that as children we were often forced to rush for shelter, and given the impression we were fleeing from some grave peril. While nature was in an angry mood we were regaled with tales of buildings being struck, and of animals and people being killed. Pernicious ideas put into the mind of a child bear their evil fruit for many a long day afterward.

In the severe cases the task is not so simple, for a fully developed phobia will hardly arise from mere suggestion. The first thing is to find exactly what the sufferer fears, and when we do this we are likely to meet with a surprise, for in my experience the fear of being killed by lightning is not the real trouble at all. In two cases that were exhaustively worked out, by pressing my questions to learn what the real object of fear was, I found that in one it was the heat and in the other the noise. This discovery was the first stage in psycho-analysis, and the sufferers were more surprised at the results than I was; for I had often found that the apparent object of fear is not the real one. By association a substitution may take place. The real cause of fear is hidden, and another and more plausible one is put in its place. It is recog-

nized as reasonable to be afraid of thunder and lightning, because it is so common, but to be terrified by noise is deemed worthy only of a Chinaman; and to be afraid of ordinary heat would put one beyond the pale of reason. So the mind represses the real object, and introduces an acceptable one in its place.

It is the real cause of the fear that we must look for, and we shall usually find it along the lines of mental association. There are persons who seem to be afraid of the dark, but this is actually due to the association of darkness with some unpleasant event. The mind has substituted the associated condition for the event and has even forgotten the event. The cure is to be found in a recalling of the event and facing it. And then the author has something to say about dreams:

I have spoken of the common way of searching for the *trauma*, the forgotten shock which started a psychic disturbance. Of late years a good deal of emphasis has been laid upon another method of reaching the secret impulses, that is by the interpretation of dreams. Most people laugh at the idea that dreams have any significance, and indeed they do seem to be wholly fanciful and meaningless. Yet a careful study does tend to establish the conclusion that every dream has a definite meaning, and a meaning the knowledge of which may be of great importance to the dreamer. It is interesting certainly to see that modern science is taking us back to the contention of primitive man, to whom a dream was full of significance. In the Bible there are very many stories in which the dream figures, and in every case there is the belief that the dream is the means by which God reveals his purpose to the dreamer. The modern psycho-analyst insists no less stoutly that the dream is a revelation, not, however, of something external to the dreamer, but of forces at work within his own brain. The ancients recognized the difficulty of interpretation, and the moderns must agree with their conclusion. This difficulty stands in the way of one who would use the dream as a source of information; nevertheless our dreams probably do reveal some of the profoundest secrets of the mind, or rather will, if we are able to understand them correctly.

Dr. Batten's treatment of Psycho-analysis is avowedly cursory, but it is none the less competent and suggestive.

As a fletcher makes straight his arrow, a wise man makes straight his trembling and unsteady thought, which is difficult to guard, difficult to hold back.—*Dhammapada*.

Life is a pure flame and we live by an invisible sun within us.—*Sir Thomas Browne*.

THE DHAMMAPADA.

Thought in the mind hath made us,
What we are

By thought was wrought and built. If
a man's mind
Hath evil thoughts, pain comes on him
as comes

The wheel the ox behind.

What we are is what we thought and
willed;

Our thoughts shape us and frame. If
one endure
In purity of thought, joy follows him
As his own shadow—sure.

"He hath defamed me, wronged me, in-
jured me,
Abased me, beaten me." If one should
keep

Thoughts like these angry words within
his breast
Hatred will never sleep.

"He hath defamed me, wronged me, in-
jured me,
Abased me, beaten me." If one should
send

Such angry words away for pardoning
thoughts,
Hatreds will have an end.

For never anywhere at any time
Did hatred cease by hatred. Always
'tis

By love that hatred ceases—only love;
The ancient law is this.

The many who are foolish, have for-
got—

Or never knew—how mortal wrongs
pass by;
But they who know and who remember,
let
Transient quarrels die.

Whoso abides looking for joy, un-
schooled,

Gluttonous, weak, in idle luxuries,
Mara will overthrow him, as fierce winds
Level short-rooted trees.

Whoso abides, disowning joys, controlled,
Temperate, faithful, strong, shunning
all ill,

Mara shall no more overthrow that man
Than the wind doth a hill.

Whoso "kashya" wears—the yellow
robe—
Being "anishkashya"—not sin-free,

Nor heeding truth and governance—un-
fit

To wear that dress is he.

But whoso, being "nishkashya," pure,
Clean from offense, doth still in vir-
tues dwell,

Regarding temperance and truth—that
man

Weareth "kashya" well.

Whoso imagines truth in the untrue,
And in the true finds untruth—he ex-
pires

Never attaining knowledge; life is
waste;

He follows vain desires.

Whoso discerns in truth the true, and
sees

The false in falseness with unblinded
eye,

He shall attain to knowledge; life with
such

Aims well before it dies.

As rain breaks through an ill-thatched
roof, so break

Passions through minds that holy
thought despise;

As rain runs from a perfect thatch, so
run

Passions from off the wise.

The evil-doer mourneth in this world,
And mourneth in the world to come;
in both

He grieveth. When he sees fruit of his
deeds

To see he will be loath.

The righteous man rejoiceth in this
world

And in the world to come; in both he
takes

Pleasure. When he shall see fruit of his
works

The good sight gladness makes.

Glad is he living, glad in dying, glad
Having once died; glad always, glad
to know

What good deeds he hath done, glad to
foresee

More good where he shall go.

The lawless man who, not obeying law,
Leaf after leaf recites, and line by
line,

No Buddhist is he, but a foolish herd
Who counts another's kine.

The law-obeying, loving one, who knows
Only one verse of Dharma, but hath
ceased

From envy, hatred, malice, foolishness—
He is the Buddhist priest.

—Translated by Sir Edwin Arnold.

THE REINCARNATING EGO.

(E. P. C. in the Word, 25 West Forty-
Fifth Street, New York.)

The particular phases to be considered are: The Reincarnating Ego from the point of view of the theosophist; the Reincarnating Ego from our present, humanly comprehensible standpoint; what we should do to prepare for a future incarnation; and the obstacles in the way of such preparation.

To every one this question of what we have been in the past and what we shall be in the future must be of interest. To answer fully and exactly is, of course, impossible, as that would require a knowledge of all the laws of Karma, and of the separate threads of our destiny, which are blended in one life, then sun-dered, a few of them uniting in the next existence, others waiting until a later incarnation for their chance in the world of materialization. For out of the past have been woven the threads which make us in the present, and we are now busy with that which will make up the fabric of our being in the future.

According to theosophical teachings, man is dual or triple or more manifold still in his nature, depending upon the extent of the divisions and the point one is trying to make. He is considered dual in that there is the immortal part of him, the mind; and the mortal and earthly part, the body. But between these two, and constituting him in this instance a three-fold being, there is what is termed the personality, the bundle of desires and passions, likes and dislikes, what are called by a single term the skandhas; these are not immortal in the sense in which the mind is so termed, that is, there is no conscious immortality, yet they endure and are brought back with the mind when it is ready again to incarnate.

The mind is the flowering of a previous period of evolution, and is in man but an individualization of a universal power termed Mahat. This is one of the

three eternally existing conditions, imperishable, and in its totality, incomprehensible to humanity. No full incarnation of this universal power is possible in present-day humanity; but in so far as we are able by our limitations, each of us shows a reflection more or less clear of the great light of mind; and each of us according to our limitations partakes in degree of its immortality. From this light of mind comes the reasoning faculty in man, the power to weigh and judge between courses of action; the ability to apply his knowledge; to plot and scheme for the carrying out of his plans. Though none of these powers are used to very high ends, they show even in the degradation of their present use the power residing in them. The mind, therefore, in man, is the thinker, the reasoner, the decider of action.

This light of mind or individualized mind comes over from a previous period of manifestation; has made many appearances in the present world-period, and has a vast power and store of knowledge, which our feeble and material human bodies do not permit of its exhibiting. It is this which is consciously immortal—not its reflection which we call I, and which is hampered by its faulty vehicle.

The reincarnating ego has associated with it in each life an understudy, a combination by means of which, and only by means of which, it is able to contact physical existence. This is a composite being, termed the personality which does not have self-consciousness, and yet is, in process of evolution, so closely associated with the mind to be lighted up and become mind, that it can not be thrown into the rubbish heap or even the melting pot at the end of each physical life. It has been built up through many lives by association of the mind and desire in a human body, desires being the great driving power of the universe and of man. This product, the result of the action of mind and desire, maintains its existence in the form of the skandhas, or embers of dormant thought and desire, and again begins its upward journey when the mind returns to earth. Combine with these embers the latent soul and spirit, quicken all with the life power, and we have the composite parts

of the reincarnating ego. A new physical body at each birth gives to mind and that which is associated with it opportunity to incarnate and continue its progress.

But such words as the reincarnating ego, the personality, the skandhas, convey no meaning to one unfamiliar with theosophical ideas. Such a one would perhaps be more quick to comprehend if we said the reincarnating ego is the I that comes back; or looking at it from another point of view, the I of each of us now is that which is to be the reincarnating ego of the future. Then the question arises, what to the comprehension of one familiar with Theosophy, makes up this I? We find that this centre of being which we are trying to analyze is connected all the time with a background of thoughts and fancies and whims, of likes and dislikes, of real and imagined needs—the most important of all being our thoughts. The idea necessary to be grasped is that our thoughts are the factors important in our development. Thought is constructive or it is destructive; it builds up and it tears down; under everything and through everything is this thread of thought. The whole of nature is changed by man's thought. Thought improves and strengthens the character if it is good and uplifting, or it degrades and debases. This comprehension of the wonderful power of human thought would strike at the very root of vicarious atonement and wholesale salvation, by showing the individual necessity borne by each. As a man thinks, so is he. He is not what the conceited opinion one may have of himself; tells that he is pretty good at this, that he has made a success of that, where another has failed. He is not vaguely, not alone for some distant period, but he is here and now and always. We are apt to look on this old saying as meaning that a man with the ability to plan and build a big bridge, invent an aeroplane, or perform marvels in surgery, is a great man because he has worked out a few big things; that is, that the one or two big things he has thought and accomplished of necessity make him a big man; but he may be great in that direction only, while in others—instead of ruling his thoughts, they rule him. We would then

have a libertine, a man of violent ungoverned temper, a man with a religious mania or what not. It is all of one's thoughts that are blended into the character of the next being; not the vast, the successful one alone; but as well the everyday, sordid, jealous, penurious, licentious, covetous thoughts and fancies that have found lodging in the mind. It is these which we are to change, to refuse shelter to. We are too ignorant to be aware when habits of thought are forming; this does not come in the courses of study outlined in our schools and educational centres. Therefore, we do not understand that we are making, as we go along, ourselves that which we shall be in a future life. We learn about so many things outside of ourselves, but are not taught the necessity of understanding and working with ourselves. When we are young we are careless and indifferent; when we get older we are indolent—and young or old, we are so ignorant. We have just mind enough to make us appreciate the things of the senses, but not enough to rise above them. A classification of the thoughts out of which are fashioned the very body with which we have to contend at a next incarnation has been made, as thoughts of sex, elemental thoughts, emotional thoughts, and mental thoughts. That exhausts pretty well all the vague idle fancies or dreams or conjectures which float through a person, or those which the mind consciously holds and fosters. It is these which are so important to our future welfare. "As a man thinks, so is he." For that which comes back at birth from the other side is the residuum, freshly placed in order, grouped and put in shape, of that which entered the gates of death from this side.

Too much stress can not be laid on the importance of thought. It is the thinking part of us that is the lasting part, and the thoughts evolved by us determine the character of the entity which is to be each of us in the next life.

If we want to change our condition in another life, to better it, we must begin here, in this life. If we are satisfied with ourselves, or indifferent, we shall drift along out of this life and into another in all probability very like this.

There is usually no marked change in any one's existence from day to day;

after our habits and methods of life have become fixed we go along, one twenty-four hours are like another twenty-four. Only when we compare childhood with maturity and both with old age do we see more of a change in an individual. From this we would deduce that the lives which follow each other as do the days in any one life would be somewhat alike, and the unfolding of the permanent character as separate from mere habits is gradual. We would then expect the lives which touched on either side to be quite similar. It would only be when we compared lives remote from each other in our evolution that a startling change might be expected to reveal itself. And yet, even when such a generalization seems reasonable, we have to remember that we know but little of the workings of the great laws of Karma, and that a life of calm and quiet may of necessity be followed by one of turbulent change. The rule would seem to be, however, that like will produce like; and that unless we take a decided stand and set out to make a change in our character by rooting out the undesirable and by carefully cultivating what seems more worth while, our next life bids fair to run along in similar channels to this one.

Now if it is possible that we here on this earth can in any way mould the existence, shape the destiny, determine the thoughts of the being we are to be scores of years hence, why do we not enter more seriously into the business and attempt to get rid of the obstacles in the way of a broader, fuller, nobler life? We hear a good deal about instinct, intuition, and intellect, but there are three other I's which equal if they do not excel in importance the first set, and they are the three referred to—ignorance, indolence, and indifference. First of all, ignorance stands in the way—our ignorance which is abysmal. When we consider how very restricted is the field of our knowledge in almost every direction, the miracle is that mankind has pulled itself as far out of the mire of animalism as it has; and we wonder how any one could have invented a hell for souls so smothered in materiality, and yet keeping alive sparks of hope and faith and aspiration.

Indolence is the next. After the fer-

vor and haste of youth have passed, we become torpid, lazy. It becomes hard and harder to think out, to reason out anything; therefore, we do not do it and yet let ourselves drift. The imagination is less active; the faith in ourselves and our ability has probably had some rude shocks, and we settle down into the idle, comfortable condition of middle age. And with this indolence comes the other darkness—indifference; we ask ourselves if the burning questions of our youth were after all so vital? Is it not foolish to entertain all these thoughts of reform, of the nation, or of the individual? The world has gone on its way for ages, why bother to change it? And when we consider ourselves, we ask "How do I know I am right in thinking these things in me should be changed? Is there not a natural growth? Why attempt to force it? Why this eternal fuss and flurry over the faults of human nature?"

Thus do the giants Ignorance, Indifference, and Indolence bar the way to individual progress.

To sum up: Theosophy regards man or the ego, as a being essentially of mind, driven by the force of desire; with latent possibilities of soul and spirit, animated by the life force and working through the physical and form body.

To one not a Theosophist the ideas might find representation as the thinker, guided at times by altruistic thought, and at times by the man of appetites and passions, working with thought, in a physical body, in a world of the senses. It is by means of these thoughts that we can qualify ourselves for a better position in the school of life; or by the power of the same thoughts that we are demoted and start in the next life in a lower grade.

Those things which stand in the way of our progress are the dark qualities of indolence, ignorance, and indifference.

It is one light which beams out of a thousand stars. It is one soul which animates all men.—*Emerson*.

The wise man knows no distinctions; he beholds all men as things made for holy uses.—*Laotze*.

Not seeking the things of sense keeps the mind in peace.—*Laotze*.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

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Price Five Cents

A BOOK ON THEOSOPHY.

That there should be a new book, and so good a one, on Theosophy is an event of some significance at a time when Theosophy is being given to the world under every name except its own. Mr. Whitty calls his work "A Simple Study in Theosophy," and it is to be noted that its pages contain none of the extravagances or speculations with which the last few years have made us uncomfortably familiar.

How are we to know, asks the author, that the teachings of Theosophy are true? What proof can be advanced?

It is naturally impossible to demonstrate that which is intangible and imperceptible to our physical senses, so that all may be convinced. The materialist who must be shown, who has to feel, see, touch, taste, or hear something, before he will believe it, and who denies the existence of everything which he can not sense, is a perfectly hopeless individual—blind, deaf, and dumb in a spiritual sense—and to him Theosophy will make no appeal; but to those who feel that life is not bounded by birth and death; that there is a meaning, an intelligent plan, an order, in a seeming chaos; who realize that there must be a cause behind these effects, that this consciousness of I AM, I EXIST, is independent of the body and continues after the body dies—to all these people, searching for an explanation of these things, Theosophy will present a vast and comprehensive picture of a marvelously ordered universe which expresses the Beauty, Love, Power, and Wisdom of God.

A chapter is devoted to the nature of God, and the author is careful to explain that consciousness is limited by its vehicles, and that human consciousness ex-

tends no further than the sense organs permit:

Now, what is called the Manifested God in Theosophy is the appearance or manifestation, in the all-embracing That, of Consciousness and the Vehicle of Consciousness, or Spirit and Substance, the two poles of the one force. We can get some faint idea of this by considering the analogy of electricity. A glass tube rubbed with a piece of silk will immediately manifest the electric force. The friction disturbs the equilibrium and sets up vibration; at one end we have the positive pole which will repel objects, and at the other end the negative pole which will attract. Electric activity has been set up. Thus we may consider the Absolute as the Unmanifested, the equilibrium, and the Manifested as showing the two poles, the duality, spirit, and substance; and the relation or action and reaction between them as a third aspect of activity. This is the fundamental basis of all teachings of the trinity, which most religions have in some form or other. First the one, then the two, then the three—Father, Mother, Son.

The theosophical system is monotheistic in that there is but One Cause: God. It is pantheistic in that all is God, and Polytheistic in the sense that there exist innumerable Beings who in their greatness and power are Gods to us:

Hermes, the great Egyptian teacher, laid down the axiom "As above, so below," which is to say that the operation of the Divine Will, which we call law, and the method of procedure on the vastest possible scale, is exactly repeated on lesser and lesser scales. Theosophy confirms this in stating that every Solar System in the Universe is the self-circumscribed limit of the manifestation of one of these Great Beings, who, working in the primordial matter brought into existence by the Universal or Cosmic Logos, manifests

Himself as a solar system which is His Body and in which His Consciousness is limited, repeating in a lesser degree the process of the greater manifestation. By this work these Great Beings are performing their proper function in the greater whole. It is their especial work which, in its performance, permits their further growth. They furnish the field, or the conditions, for the development of special classes of monads. These Great Ones are called Solar Logoi, and the One who is responsible for our existence, whose body is our Sun and all its planets, who is at once our God and our Great Mother, who nourishes and cherishes us, is usually termed the Solar Logos, although only one of an immense number in the mighty universe.

Growth or evolution, says the author, depends on the development of individuality, the previous state being that of the group soul:

In the previous chapter we read of the group soul as animating many forms at one and the same time and of its being the storehouse of all the experiences of all its units. When, however, the experience of one unit differs from all the rest it has acquired a characteristic of its own and therefore can ensoul only one body—this is at the human stage—so the Ego which now acts as the group soul, instead of ensouling a number of forms at once, gathering experience from each, has now to ensoul a number of forms in succession and gather differing experiences in each. Hence it follows that a series of physical lives—a period of activity on earth followed by a period of rest and assimilation—is the method of growth for man, instead of a continuous experience in many forms, as in the case of the animal.

What we call death is the throwing off by the Ego of its densest garments, or the physical body. Its densest body after death is the etheric double:

There seems to be no clarity of teaching in this regard. Some people seem to be conscious immediately after leaving the physical body, they are aware of being outside of it, can see it and all the surroundings; while others have a period of unconsciousness until they awake again in the astral. It is said that existence in the etheric double lasts but a few hours and then it is withdrawn from, but it may be that this etheric double is incapable of acting as a vehicle of consciousness, and that the explanation of the phenomenon is that some persons withdraw from both the dense and etheric portions of the physical body simultaneously and so are immediately conscious in their astral vehicle, while others withdraw first from the physical and then from the etheric portions, but why they should do so the writer does not know. The soul that has now left the physical plane is conscious on the astral plane, functioning in his body of astral matter. It has lost nothing but the physical body, and has gained in having an extension of consciousness embracing astral conditions. This extension of consciousness, however, depends upon the development

of the astral body; that is to say, how far it is organized as a vehicle of consciousness to respond to the variety of impacts upon it and translate the sensations received to the mind. This depends mainly upon the age of the Ego. When the astral body is more or less undeveloped the consciousness of outer things is dim, and sometimes even quite lacking; and the soul is in a subjective condition, living in a kind of dream-world of its own, created by its own thoughts and desires. With an improvement in development of the vehicle the soul is more aware of its surroundings.

The great majority of human beings incarnated in the civilized nations have a fairly developed astral vehicle, which permits a state of consciousness after the physical death of part-waking, part-dreaming. They are conscious of what interests them in the physical life they have left, they can see and hear the people whom they care for, they can meet and talk with other denizens of the astral world. They can pursue courses of study in which they were interested and they can gain considerable knowledge, but at the same time they will be considerably limited; *they will imagine that they are in the condition they expected to be in*, if that belief in the future condition was strongly and vividly held. This is an important point. The American Indian will be in his "Happy Hunting Grounds," the follower of the faith of Islam will be in one of his Paradises surrounded by lovely hours; the orthodox Christian will have his "New Jerusalem" and its appurtenances and will meet his Savior. The materialist, firmly convinced that death ends all, will be quite unconscious and asleep. A firmly fixed idea so moulds the astral matter through which the mind works that it becomes crystallized, as it were, into an actuality to him, though really a delusion. Such a state of semi-reality and semi-illusion would seem incongruous to us in life here because our physical brain is an organ through which we on the earth plane can think more clearly than through our astral brain, but on the other side of death it will all seem natural enough.

The author gives us a good illustration of the process by which the Ego extracts from the experiences of a lifetime the spiritual material for its own use:

Reincarnation may be illustrated thus: a man, wishing to find out what is at the bottom of a muddy pool, puts down his arm and gropes about in the mud, bringing up a handful to examine—the man is the Ego, the arm and hand the personality, and the result of the action of the arm as that of one incarnation, in that it increases the knowledge and enlarges the consciousness of the Ego. Or, take a child's rubber ball painted in many different colors, and place it in muddy water: a small portion showing a certain color, or parts of colors, will be visible to the eye above the surface—the visible part is the personality, the whole ball the Ego. If we take the ball out of the water and put it back again, quite different colors will appear, which symbolized another incarnation; but the Ego,

the ball, is just the same. Just so is every incarnation only an aspect of the Ego, and how much or how little is shown depends upon the stage of growth, and the law of Karma.

Karma, we are told, is an impersonal law under whose operation man exists. It is equilibrium in nature, which asserts itself after every disturbance:

As a better illustration of its operation in man, let us fancy a man who, in his last incarnation, was a Roman citizen of wealth and position, a good, brave man in his way, fond of his wife and children, but proud and haughty; who looked down upon his slaves, took no interest in their welfare and, through his indifference, allowed them to be so ill-used by their overseers that they suffered considerable misery, injustice, and unhappiness. He himself may have been a clever man, a scholar, fond of learning, but his pursuit of knowledge has been for his own benefit; he never made use of his knowledge to serve his country or to benefit others. He dies, and after a long period in other states, he comes back for another life on earth. He is again placed with those he loved in the past, because love is the strongest of ties and keeps those who love each other in constant association. The relations may be different: his former wife may now be his father, mother, brother, sister, or even close friend; one of his children in his life before may be his wife now. These relationships are but details; but most of those he loved are still with him. The misery he caused those who were his slaves, and his indifference to it, bring him into a social position where he himself is practically a slave, where he has to work hard, and for long hours, in order to keep his family and himself alive; he is driven, and, as it seems to him, undeservedly ill-treated by his employers; and his life generally is not much happier than the lives of his slaves were in the Roman life. He is very proud, just as before, and strongly resents the way he is treated, which makes him more unhappy; but he is a good man to his family, he is capable of even more love than before, and as he made them happy in the past, so they try to make him happy in the present. He is also a clever, and bright-minded man, eager to learn and study, but owing to the poor use he made of his previous learning, he now finds many obstacles to the acquirement of knowledge. Possibly he gets but little education, little time for study, and no money to buy nor opportunity to secure books. He was rich and powerful once, but not knowing the responsibility of wealth and power, he misused them, and in consequence finds himself poor, and dependent on the good-will of others. He was responsible for the unhappiness of others, and so he is himself unhappy. He had possessed a good mental development and he had pursued knowledge—a cause which results in a still brighter mind and a greater ability to learn—but owing to the selfishness of his studies, he now experiences great difficulty in acquiring knowledge.

He does not remember his past life as a

Roman and wonders why he should be having such a hard time of it, while he sees others, neither so good nor so clever as he, getting all they want, and apparently having a happy life. The Ego, the spirit, the real man, does know, and remembering the Roman life, sees that the difficulties under which it now lives are the effects of its previous actions, desires, and thoughts, and so learns the lesson—learns it so well that when that soul again incarnates he will be a much improved character, incapable of unkindness or cruelty, without arrogant pride and haughtiness, endeavoring to help his fellows and make them happy. He may even be a learned man, a great scholar whose teaching is of benefit and help to humanity.

Mr. Whitty has written a thoroughly practical little book and one that can hardly fail in its mission.

A SIMPLE STUDY IN THEOSOPHY. By Michael J. Whitty. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

SIR OLIVER LODGE AND MRS. PIPER.

(June Metropolitan.)

In 1889 the famous medium, Mrs. Piper, of whom William James had told us in America, crossed the Atlantic on a visit to this country at the invitation of Mr. Myers; and I took part in her reception and had many sittings with her. The evidence for survival furnished through her trance-mediumship was extraordinarily strong and direct; deceased relatives spoke or sent messages through her organism, and informed me not only of known, but of unknown facts subsequently verified. The substance of these messages, with a description of the process by which they were received, is published in the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research, and less fully in my book, "The Survival of Man."

My skepticism on the subject of continued existence was now greatly weakened and almost overborne by the weight of the evidence, the multifarious incidents, and great variety of proofs. It now began to appear to me that although a brain and nerve mechanism and a muscular organism were as needful as ever for effective and demonstrable communication between mind and mind, yet that it was possible to use such an organism vicariously, and that identity of instrument was not absolutely essential so long as some physiological instrument was available. In other words, that the brain and organism of a living person might

be utilized by deceased personalities whose own body had ceased to work. Mrs. Piper went into a trance and seemed as it were to vacate her body for a time. In this condition it appeared temporarily revived, not by her own personality, but by another; and this secondary personality, or whatever it ought to be called, was able to manage what they called "the machine," so that through her bodily mechanism communications were received from persons deceased, but still apparently mentally active and retaining their personal memory and affection, though now able to display them only in a fragmentary and imperfect manner. As if a musician deprived of his violin should manage to get something through by means of a piece of string stretched over a box. Or, a closer analogy, as if a violinist having no instrument of his own had to stand behind a member of the orchestra and guide his hands as best he could from that uncomfortable and inefficient position.

Good, bad, and indifferent—the whole case is conscientiously recorded, after years and years of investigation, in volume after volume of the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research; and the Society is grateful to Mrs. Piper for the freedom with which she placed her rare gift at its disposal. She shared our anxiety to have her strange faculty elucidated, for, of course, she understood it as little as any of us. The medium, indeed, is in a worse position for forming a sound opinion than is an investigator; for during reception of messages she is unconscious, and not till long afterward is she allowed to see the record, not indeed till publication makes all further precautions useless. And whether she sees it earlier or later, the result is still desperately puzzling; although, no doubt, habit inures the victim and produces some kind of familiarity with the empirical laws and processes of the faculty.

All the senses of man originate in one sense, which is sensation.—*Eckhartshausen*.

The soul alone is the medium by which spirit and body are united.—*Hermes*.

The wise man keeps earnestness as his best jewel.—*Dhammapada*.

KARMA.

(A)

Who paints a picture, writes a play or book
Which others read while he's asleep in bed
O' the other side of the world—when they o'erlook
His page the sleeper might as well be dead;
What knows he of his distant unfelt life?
What knows he of the thoughts his thoughts are raising,
The life his life is giving, or the strife
Concerning him—some cavilling, some praising?
Yet which is most alive, he who's asleep
Or his quick spirit in some other place,
Or score of other places, that doth keep
Attention fixed and sleep from others chase?
Which is the "he"—the "he" that sleeps.
or "he"
That his own "he" can neither feel nor see?

(B)

What is't to live, if not to pull the strings
Of thought that pull those grosser strings whereby
We pull our limbs to pull material things
Into such shape as in our thoughts doth lie?
Who pulls the strings that pull an agent's hand,
The action's counted his, so, we being gone,
The deeds that others do by our command,
Albeit we know them not, are still our own.
He lives who does and he who does still lives,
Whether he wots of his own deeds or no.
Who knows the beating of his heart, that drives
Blood to each part, or how his limbs did grow?
If life be naught but knowing, then each breath
We draw unheeded must be reckon'd death.

(C)

"Men's work we have," quoth one, "but we want them—"

Them, palpable to touch and clear to view."

Is it so nothing, then, to have the gem

But we must weep to have the setting too?

Body is a chest wherein the tools abide

With which the craftsman works as best he can

And, as the chest the tools within doth hide,

So doth the body crib and hide the man.

Nay, though great Shakespeare stood in flesh before us,

Should heaven on importunity release him,

Is it so certain that he might not bore us,

So sure but we ourselves might fail to please him?

Who prays to have the moon full soon would pray,

Once it were his, to have it taken away.

—*Samuel Butler.*

MOON'S MYSTERY AND FATE.

(William Brehon (W. Q. Judge) in the Path, June, 1894.)

Probably no heavenly body has received as much attention from men in all ages as our moon. Many causes contributed to this. The moon is near us; she is a remarkable and large object in the sky; she enlightens the night; she appears to have much to do with man and his affairs. Omens, spells, wishes, oracles, divination, traditions cluster around her during all time. It would be difficult to find a scripture that does not exalt the moon. The Christian Bible says that God ordained that the sun should rule the day and the moon the night. The Roman Church depicts Mary the Mother of God holding the child while she stands upon the crescent moon. The twelfth chapter of Revelations opens thus: "And there appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars."

Other religions are the same as this modern Hebraic one in giving the moon a very great prominence.

Even science can not escape the fascination. The brilliancy and nearness of the moon and her many recurring changes all aid in fixing the attention of science. Modern and ancient science

alike unite in watching the night's great light as she performs her journey round us. Nations regulate themselves and their acts, religious and commercial, by the moon. Feast days of the church are fixed more by the lunar than the solar calendar, for all the movable feasts depend on the moon. Calendars rule commercial affairs in credits, obligations, and settlements.

From earliest times the calendar, ruled in fact by the moon's motion, has been of immense interest to man. Periodically rulers of the earth try to reform the calendar of days and months when it as periodically gets out of order. The present arrangement of months with twenty-eight, twenty-nine, thirty, and thirty-one days was invented to make a calendar which would last some centuries before another one will be needed, just because the moon's motion will not give twelve regular months, but twelve regular ones and one small one of about six days. And when the present style of reckoning was introduced, many communities of men in Europe rebelled because they thought they had been deprived of some actual days of life.

Cæsar ordered a reformation of the calendar by attempting to use the sun, but in time it fell into great confusion. Pope Gregory XIII directed ten days to be suppressed, and then found that the Julian calendar had an error which would amount to three days in four hundred years—quite a serious matter. The Gregorian year now prevails, except in Russia. But still the greater number of men and the greater number of festivals depend on the moon and her motion. While if we examine the records relating to superstition, we will find that whatever may have been the place once held by the sun, it has been usurped by the moon, leaving one nation distinctly worshippers of the Lord of Day.

Modern Theosophy, coming on the field as the uniter of all religions by explaining the symbols and traditions of each, is not exempt from the mystery of the moon. H. P. Blavatsky is our sole originator of a theory regarding the satellite which one could not have invented with the most wonderful imagination. She says her teachers told her, and leaves us to work out the details; but her theory will bear investigation if

taken as part of the whole evolutionary scheme reported by her. If we had thought to escape from lunar dreams and puzzles we were in error, for while she plainly asserts that the former body of the entity now called Man's Earth is the very moon in our sky, the existence of a mystery is as plainly declared. The first mystery which she claimed to reveal—and, indeed, she first of every one states it—is that in a remote period, when there was no earth, the moon existed as an inhabited globe, died, and at once threw out into space all her energies, leaving nothing but the physical vehicle. Those energies revolved and condensed the matter in space near by and produced our earth; the moon, its parent, proceeding towards disintegration, but compelled to revolve around her child, this earth. This gives us a use and history for the moon.

But then the same messenger says that the "superstition" prevailing so long and widely as to the moon's bad influence, as in insanity, in necromancy, and the like, is due to the fact that the moon, being a corpse, intimately associated with earth, throws upon the latter, so very near to her, a stream of noxious emanations which, when availed of by wicked and knowing persons, may be used for man's injury. Then the same writer goes on to assert that six mysterious doctrines or facts remain yet untold, and all relating to the moon.

It would be idle to speculate on these mysteries, for it has ever been found that unless the Great Initiates speak the general run of men can but modify, enlarge, or intertwine by their fancy those facts and doctrines of which they have heard. But as to the fate of the moon, H. P. B., speaking for those Initiates, says plainly what is to become of our satellite.

In the first volume of *Secret Doctrine*, in a footnote on page 155 of the first edition, she writes:

"Both [Mercury and Venus] are far older than the earth, and before the latter reaches her seventh Round her mother moon will have dissolved into thin air, as the "moons" of the other planets have, or have not, as the case may be, since there are planets which have several moons, a mystery again which no *Ædipus* of astronomy has solved."

This is extremely plain as to our moon, yet raises another mystery as to the general subject of moons. If correspondence is a law of nature, as I firmly believe, then it would be in accordance with it for the moon, considered as earth's former body, to dissolve all away in course of time. And as evolution proceeds with uniformity, the upward progress of our races and earth should be marked by the gradual fading and final disappearance of the moon, as H. P. B. says. It is likely that before our sixth round is ended, it being the round relating to *Buddhi* as the vehicle of *spirit*, the body of the moon, which was the vehicle for *prana* and astral body, will have disappeared. Very probably one of the unrevealed mysteries has to do with the uses and purposes of and for the whole mass of matter now constituting the moon's bulk. But whatever those mysteries are, the fate of our satellite is very clearly asserted, for the benefit of those who have confidence in H. P. B.'s teachers, and who are willing to take the key of correspondence for the unlocking of the lock of Nature.

FROM SAMUEL BUTLER.

There is the reproduction of an idea which has been produced once already, and there is the reproduction of a living form which has been produced once already. The first reproduction is certainly an effort of memory. It should not therefore surprise us if the second reproduction should turn out to be an effort of memory also. Indeed all forms of reproduction that we can follow are based directly or indirectly upon memory. It is only the one great act of reproduction that we can not follow which we disconnect from memory.

When people talk of atoms obeying fixed laws, they are either ascribing some kind of intelligence and free will to atoms or they are talking nonsense. There is no obedience unless there is at any rate a potentiality of disobeying.

No objection can lie to our supposing potential or elementary volition and consciousness to exist in atoms, on the score that their action would be less regular or uniform if they had free will than if they had not. By giving them free will we do no more than those who make them

bound to obey fixed laws. They will be as certain to use their freedom of will only in particular ways as to be driven into those ways by obedience to fixed laws.

The little element of individual caprice (supposing we start with free will), or (supposing we start with necessity) the little element of stiffneckedness, both of which elements we find everywhere in nature, these are the things that prevent even the most reliable things from being absolutely reliable. It is they that form the point of contact between this universe and something else quite different in which none of those fundamental ideas obtain without which we can not think at all. So we say that nitrous acid is more reliable than nitric for etching.

Atoms have a mind as much smaller and less complex than ours as their bodies are smaller and less complex.

Complex mind involves complex matter and vice versa. On the whole I think it would be most convenient to endow all atoms with a something of consciousness and volition, and to hold them to be *pro tanto*, living. We must suppose them able to remember and forget, i. e., to retain certain vibrations that have been once established—gradually to lose them and to receive others instead. We must suppose some more intelligent, versatile, and of greater associative power than others.

Animals and plants can not understand our business, so we have denied that they can understand their own. What we call inorganic matter can not understand the animals' and plants' business, we have therefore denied that it can understand anything whatever.

What we call inorganic is not so really, but the organization is too subtle for our senses or for any of those appliances with which we assist them. It is deducible, however, as a necessity by an exercise of the reasoning faculties.

People looked at glaciers for thousands of years before they found out that ice was a fluid, so it has taken them and will continue to take them not less before they see that the inorganic is not wholly inorganic.

I believe there is an unseen world about which we know nothing as firmly

as any one can believe it. I see things coming up from it into the visible world and going down again from the seen world to the unseen. But my unseen world is to be bona fide unseen and, in so far as I say I know anything about it, I stultify myself. It should no more be described than God should be represented in painting or sculpture. It is as the other side of the moon; we know it must be there, but we also know that, in the nature of things, we can never see it. Sometimes some trifle may sway into sight and out again, but it is so little that it is not worth counting as having been seen.

If a man has sent his teeth and his hair and perhaps two or three limbs to the grave before him, the presumption should be that, as he knows nothing further of these when they have once left him, so will he know nothing of the rest of him when it, too, is dead. The whole may surely be argued from the parts.

SUFFRAGE IN CHINA, 675 B. C.

I would have gone to my lord in his need,
Have galloped there all the way,
But this is a matter concerns the state,
And I, being a woman, must stay.

I watched them leaving the palace yard,
In carriage and robe of state.
I would have gone by the hills and the
fords;

I know they will come too late.

I may walk in the garden and gather
Lilies of mother-of-pearl.

I had a plan would have saved the State.
—But mine are the thoughts of a girl.

The Elder Statesmen sit on the mats,
And wrangle through half the day;
A hundred plans they have drafted and
dropped,
And mine was the only way.

—Translated by Helen Waddell.

Whatever hath no beginning may be
confident of no end.—Sir Thomas
Browne.

The whole past of the earth is nothing
but an unfolded present.—Buchner.

Than self-restraint there is nothing
better.—Laotze.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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BILLY SUNDAYISM.

Billy Sundayism has been vigorously attacked by three of the leaders of modern religious thought. Bishop Joseph Berry of the Methodist Episcopal Church expresses his distaste for "personally appointed evangelists who have an astonishing mania for grotesque religion," and he invites Methodists "in the name of God to call a halt." Dr. Stephen S. Wise, a leader in reform Judaism, describes Billy Sundayism as a disease, adding that there are over a hundred clergymen in New York City who would lose their places if they ventured to say in their pulpits what they thought of this mountebank. Dr. Wise says that Sundayism is "grave and imperiling, and reveals a social disorder, a moral failure, and religious bankruptcy in our time. It is only an incident which means that the church may be in danger of failure and doomed to extinction." Finally we have the Rev. Hamilton Schuyler, rector of Trinity Church, Trenton, New Jersey, who says that there is an elaborate system of blackmail in large shops and industrial plants and that the "free-will offerings" are extorted by employers who see in Billy Sundayism an adjunct to their trade.

But there is another and an even more real danger that should not go unnoted. Billy Sundayism is creating a habit of collective hysteria, of collective mediumship, in which self-control is lost and large bodies of people submit wholly to

the sway of a passionate emotionalism. How long will it be before the Billy Sunday of anarchy, of riot, and of ruin takes the place of the Billy Sunday of evangelism? Masses of people are being drilled in a delirious and rabid obedience to a frantic oratory. How long will it be before the fields are ripe for some unexpected harvest?

MEDIUMSHIP.

Dr. J. Godfrey Raupert, writing in *America*, sounds a needed note of warning against an aspect of modern spiritism that has been too much neglected by the investigators and writers of today. Can we expect to gain real values, he asks, from a condition in which passivity is an essential? There can be no success, he points out, without a passivity that seems to be a negation of the highest human attributes of positivity and free will. Can this conceivably be the road to the attainment of actual wisdom? Can health, physical, mental, or moral, result from the deliberate induction of a state of disease?

Quietude, says Dr. Raupert, is something very different from the passivity of mediumship. There is undoubtedly a condition of quietude in which the soul is brought into close contact with God, but "it is sometimes forgotten that there is also a false mysticism which induces a form of mind passivity that has nothing in common with the former state,

but, on the contrary, terminates in a condition of trance and insensibility during which the soul is exposed to the wiles of evil spirits."

It is supremely necessary, says the author, that there should be a discrimination between the two states, for "a humble submission to God is not a weak hypnotic attitude of mind, depending for its development upon temperamental or peculiar physical conditions; on the contrary, it is a very definite operation of the will. It is the coöperation of the human will with God's will. It comes of a successful effort to silence the jarring voices of the world, sounding in our ears, and to induce a calmness that makes it possible for us to catch the sound of God's voice. There is involved in this idea the notion of energy and determination, not of dreamy, sentimental imbecility. The condition cultivated by modern psychic investigators is totally different from this state of soul. It is a mere travesty and caricature of it. In the former consciousness remains intact, and the highest and noblest powers of the soul are called into operation. No injury, physical or moral, is inflicted thereby. The latter condition terminates in the loss of consciousness, with the after effect of an increased activity of the sense-life and the passions, and a loss of self-control which brings about a state of physical and moral helplessness. While the former shuts the door which gives access to evil spirits, the latter throws it open."

With all of which we may express our hearty agreement. And we may further express our approbation of Dr. Raupert's warning that when these avenues have once been opened they can seldom be closed again. They remain open to the invasion of intelligences from which we should shrink in horror if we were but able to penetrate their disguises and see and know them as they are.

I thought I touched the god and felt him draw near, and I was then between waking and sleeping. My spirit was so light that no one who is not initiated can speak of or understand it.—*Aristides*.

By purging the mind of impurities it is possible to remain untainted.—*Laotze*.

UNIVERSAL THEOSOPHY.

(By Albert Ernest Stafford in Toronto World.)

TO THE EDITOR—I was very interested in the reply which you gave to "American Episcopal" in last week's issue. I would like very much to know if Theosophists act on the assumption that their religion is REAL, or is it more or less mere imagination with them. Imagination without the knowledge, training, observation, critical faculty, and humor which compel ordinary people to distinguish between what they may sanely believe, and what they would like to believe? I notice a great deal of the glorification of the miraculous—a sure mark of romantic religion—amongst them. Of course miracles in the sense of phenomena we can not explain, surround us on every hand; life itself is the miracle of miracles; but I do think a great deal of valuable time is wasted by Theosophists in reading and chattering about trivial miraculous powers (I refer to their study of "Black and White Magic"). You end up your remarks by saying you prefer the worship of the God within; or rather the Christ within, to that of Grant Allen. Is Christ, then, more to you than God? This, to me, is inexplicable, but I suppose after all belief is a matter of taste. If Theosophists believe in a higher hierarchy, a great white brotherhood of spirits, who guide and guard the destiny of this sad, mad, bad world, what need is there for democracy—indeed, do any Theosophists believe in democracy? I have seen it questioned more than once in their literature. I would be very glad if you could clear up some of these points for me. They have been troubling me for some little time, and possibly there may be others who feel the same. Thanking you in anticipation.

Yours faithfully, F. H.

P. S.—I wished to ask the general attitude of Theosophists towards the life and teaching of Jesus. Perhaps you might deal with that another time.

It does not seem possible, to judge from this letter, that my correspondent has been reading my writings for any great length of time or she would have been earnestly seized of the fact that I do not profess to state what any person should "sanely believe." I am charitable enough to suppose that "their religion," whatever it may be, is real to all people while they practice it, and it is the problem, as I understand it, of the Theosophists to find that underlying truth which makes any form of religion real which is devoutly practiced. Surely my correspondent with knowledge, training, critical faculty, and observation, sees that good men and women come out of all the religions and creeds and churches. The Lord Krishna said in the Bhagavad Gita millenniums ago, "By whatever path a man comes to Me by that way I re-

ceive him, for all roads are Mine." The big question about religion, therefore, is not whether it is real, but whether it represents reality. There is nothing in Theosophy so far as I can discover to take any man away from the truths of his own religion. Rather he should find them emphasized, explained, and simplified. But it would be altogether to make more of the photograph than of the person represented, to exalt and glorify a form of religion over the realities which the form is intended to bring before us. I think this is the chief difficulty with all the churches today, but perhaps more especially with the ritualistic ones, that their adherents think a great deal more of the forms and creeds than of the realities behind them. People whose religion consists in attending church (or Theosophical lectures) or any other form, are following the shadow rather than the substance. These things are helps, but must not be regarded as the essentials. If, then, Theosophists do not base themselves on realities they will not endure. But the whole system of Theosophy, so far as I have followed it, rests on fundamental realities, admitted and professed by all the religions. It is only the Positivists, I think, who rely on their imagination for a religion, and even their system rests on the truth that mankind is a unity, and that the great ones of the race are worthy to be followed. If we exercise knowledge, training, observation, critical faculty, and humor I do not myself see how we shall "believe" anything. The wise man only follows what he knows. Belief as credulous acceptance is a dangerous habit, but there is no reason why we should not accept advice and guidance from those whom we have found trustworthy. People ought to understand that this is quite a different thing from belief in the sense of swallowing a creed. The superstition about names is one of the stumbling-blocks in this connection. "Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?" This is the old question. I think we should "believe" nothing, that is to say, rely on no statements without reasonable grounds, and hence my repudiation of "authority" in the "American Episcopal" correspondence.

Glorification of the miraculous is the very last charge I would have expected

to hear brought against the Theosophists. Usually the charge is that they rob life of all its mystery and reduce everything to law and order. I should like to know where my correspondent got the impression or had the experience that they waste a great deal of valuable time in reading and chattering about miraculous powers. Above all things they would not study black magic. If my correspondent alludes to Dr. Franz Hartmann's book, "Magic White and Black," I think she can scarcely have read it or she could not speak of it as trivial. Trivial people will find matter for trivial discussion in the weightiest books. The Bible is no exception. I open Dr. Hartmann's book at random and the first paragraph I find (page 47) is this: "The philosopher, unable to see the truth, attempts to grasp it with his intellect, and may approach it to a certain extent; but he, in whom the truth has attained the state of self-consciousness, knows the truth by direct perception, he is one with it, and can not err. Such a state is incomprehensible to the majority of men, to scientists and philosophers as well as to the ignorant, and yet men have existed, and exist today, who have attained that state. They are the true Theosophists, but not every one is a Theosophist who goes by that name, nor is every one a Christ who is called a Christian. But a true Theosophist and a true Christian or Mahatma are one and the same, because both are human forms in which the universal spiritual soul has attained a state of self-consciousness." And he continues in a subsequent paragraph: "A real Theosophist is not a dreamer, but a most practical person. By purity of life he receives the power to perceive higher truths than the average man is able to see. As the truth is only one, men in all countries, in whom the truth has become self-conscious, have the same perception. This explains why the revelations of all prophets are identical with each other, provided they have attained the same power." . . .

My remark about Grant Allen is not quite correctly quoted. It was to the effect that I preferred to worship the God within; the Christ, before the gospel of Grant Allen. It is a matter of taste and experience what form of wor-

ship one adopts. The Christ must be born within one, according to St. Paul. The Christ is the Word, the Logos, according to St. John, which becomes flesh, and as Dr. Hartmann says, "He in whom the Christ lives is a real Christian." It does not matter whether we call the Christ the Word, or the Logos, or Vishnu, or Horus, or the Shekinah, or the Buddhic principle, or any other name. The thing of importance is to recognize it, to "follow the Gleam," to understand it, to become one with it. To quote Dr. Hartmann once more (page 136), "Deep in yourself, in the cloudless centre of your soul, is your internal god, your ethereal prototype, your real self, the immortal Adonai. . . ." The "higher Hierarchy," of which my correspondent speaks, the great white Brotherhood (why of spirits?) of "just men made perfect," consists simply of those in whom "Christ is made alive," that is actually, and not as a sham profession. These men have unusual but not "miraculous" powers, for all things are obedient to law. The Elder Brothers can only guide and guard mankind to the limited extent that the law permits, and man's own free will and choice allow. The world need not be mad or sad or bad. If the people in it choose to have it so, thus will it be. They are making a determined effort just now to get it reformed democratically. I would be glad to know in what Theosophical literature democracy is questioned? Except in the Point Loma effusions, which are negligible, democracy is the keynote of all Theosophical literature. It is not, however, the profession, but the practice, that counts. Of course a man can live a spiritual life under any form of government, but the essential principle of democracy is service. "Let him that would be greatest among you be the servant of all." And Jesus also said, "I am among you as one that serves." The Masters or Elder Brothers have no other idea than of service. In democratic service only can Theosophy or any other system succeed. Those who read the New Testament without prejudice or preconception, testing what they find there in practice, and who accept the results in good faith, would be adopting the Theosophic attitude towards Jesus.

"If any man willeth to do His will, he shall know of the teaching" (John vii, 17). This is the only attitude that avails, and there is no imagination about it. It is the only reality.

WHEN WILL THE WAR END?

(From Puck.)

President Wilson—

Was born	1856
Took office	1912
Has been in office.....	5 years
Has lived	61 years
	<hr/> 3834

President of France—

Was born	1860
Took office	1913
Has been in office.....	4 years
Has lived	57 years
	<hr/> 3834

King of England—

Was born	1865
Ascended throne	1910
Has reigned	7 years
Has lived	52 years
	<hr/> 3834

King of Italy—

Was born	1869
Ascended throne	1900
Has reigned	17 years
Has lived	48 years
	<hr/> 3834

Czar of Russia—

Was born	1868
Ascended throne	1894
Has reigned	23 years
Has lived	49 years
	<hr/> 3834

King of Belgium—

Was born	1875
Ascended throne	1909
Has reigned	8 years
Has lived	42 years
	<hr/> 3834

Emperor of Japan—

Was born	1879
Ascended throne	1912
Has reigned	5 years
Has lived	38 years
	<hr/> 3834

King of Servia—

Was born	1844
Ascended throne	1903
Has reigned	14 years
Has lived	73 years
	<hr/> 3834

King of Montenegro—

Was born	1841
Ascended throne	1910
Has reigned	7 years
Has lived	76 years
	<hr/> 3834

3834 divided by 2 equals 1917.

"I, MARY MACLANE."

At rarish intervals comes my Soul to visit me.

My Soul is light sheer Being.

My Soul is like a young most beautiful girl marked and worn by long cycles of time but not anyway edged. She comes dressed in something like gray-white de-soie muslin or fine-grained crêpe silk, a loose-belted frock reaching to her ankles.

My Soul is unmoved by the world and the flesh and their feeling, as befits a Soul. She looks on me with a chill faëry-ish contempt, as also befits a Soul. The quality of her contempt is of weary understanding and is like a caress.

In the dusk of yesterday came my Soul to visit me—a dusk of deep beauty. The last glow of the sun lay along the earth, and all was gentian blue.

I leaned against my window-pane watching it, and beside me sat her Presence. Her Presence makes me feel wonderfully gifted: it is *mine*, this Soul all Golden-Silk and Silken-Gold!

We talk on many topics, of many things: I in worldly nervous ignorance and with a wishfulness to reach and compass and know: the Soul with poise and surety of attitude, a wearied patience and the chill sweet contempt.

She answers me from her cool old tranquil viewpoint, which is near me yet remote.

We talked last of some bygone persons I have been, some shapes she wore.

Said the Soul: "Early in the sixteenth century you were a ragged Russian peasant girl living in ignorance and filth in a hut by a swamp-edge. You had parents

both of whom beat your body black-and-blue from your babyhood. And at eighteen you were a coarsened hardy wench tending a drove of pigs and goats on the sunny steppe. I was there with you as presently as now—as sentient, as perceptive. But it is a question whether you or the little beasts you drove were the more beastly stupid. You and they were equal in outer quality, equal in uncleanliness, equally covered with vermin."

I have no ghost-memory of that time, but as the Soul told of it a nascent feeling came on me, as if some part of my Mind felt its way back to that. I warmed to the thought of the Peasant Girl. I was quiescent in her filth and ignorance.

Said I: "Was she brave and fairly honest?"

Said the Soul: "You were a ready liar—you lied your way out of many a beating. But you were brave enough. You faced the roughnesses of your life uncringing, and you died game."

Said I: "How did I die?"

Said the Soul: "You were run neatly through the body by the short sword of a soldier whose lust-desire you had had the hardihood to refuse—and I fled away upon the instant."

Said I: "I half-knew it—She died a violent death. You—were you glad to be quit of her filthy flesh, her surroundings, her ignorance?"

Said the soul: "Glad? Such things mean nothing to me. Your body, be it sweet or foul, has no bearing on my long journey. Motives—motif—back of your human acts make me glad or sorry at leaving you."

Said I: "Tell me about a time when I seemed somehow fine, humanly fine."

Said the Soul: "In London, near the end of the seventeenth century, before and during the period of the Gordon Riots, you lived in a way of peace. From when you were fourteen until you were twenty-nine you live alone with your little lame half-sister whom you cared for very devotedly, very tenderly."

My little half-sister— Until the Soul spoke of her there was no vision, no image like her. Then something of me remembered. . . .

Said I: "How long did that life last?"

Said the Soul: "Four years after that your sister changed from her bare little

bed to a coffin and you went on alone achingly suffering her loss for long years. You lived to be seventy, a thin old woman, working latterly as one of the night nurses in a public hospital. You lived an abstemious outwardly self-sacrificing life and died alone, from hardened arteries, one autumn night."

Said I: "And was there an informing beauty for you, for you and for me, in my life then?"

Coldly said the Soul: "You were self-centered, for all your self-sacrifice. You reckoned it your duty to care for your sister. It was also your irresistible delight. And after her death you took self-satisfaction in self-sacrifice: smug—smug. For me there was a laming distortion in it all."

Said I: "Tell me some other life."

Said the Soul: "You were a little thief in the streets of a later London. You picked pockets, you stole bits of food in Covent Garden market, you pilfered shop-tills, you systematically worked the wealthy throngs as they came from the Opera at midnight. You were known to the police as the cleverest child-thief in London."

It warmed my vanity to think of myself as clever in so theatric rôle as thief.

Said I: "How did that life like you?"

Said the Soul, with a shrug of her delicate shoulders: "I had little to do with it and that in a negative way. My part in you was to keep up your heart in hungry hunted days. You were neither a good thing nor a bad thing: perishingly passive. And you were dead in a potter's field before your sixteenth birthday."

Said I: "What was my next life?"

Said the Soul: "It was not so petty as were some others. You were next—about seventeen-fifty—a quaint, extremely common little person. You were apprenticed as a child to a milliner in Liverpool, England. You grew out of that and became a dancer in a dingy theatre—a cheap bedraggled life. You were a cheap and bedraggled young woman. You wore odd gay tawdry frocks, hideous little shoes, ragged raveled silk hose, surprising bright bonnets. Your mind was a shallow pool filled with tales from shilling shockers and penny dreadfuls in which you be-

lieved implicitly. You were mentally degenerate, organically a fool, a wonderful snob. You wanted only wealth and place bitterly to deride and browbeat the low class to which you belonged—not from lack of heart, but because you believed it to be the proper aristocratic manner. And what you wanted in mind you made up in temper. You quarreled, you came to blows, with your fellow-dancers in any of a half-score of small selfish daily disputes. Cleverness among you consisted in gaining any possible advantage over the others and in calling each other names. Also in manœuvring bits of money—as much as might be—from unpleasing men who hung about the dingy play-house. On holidays you were invariably half-drunk."

The Soul has an airless voice which tells her meanings, beside her words and in their rhythm.

Said I: "What do you, and how do you, with me now?"

Said the Soul: "I grow tired with you. Exasperated. Desperate. As if I, too, wore flesh. You are a deathly prison, a torture chamber. I turn everywhere and nowhere at all. You tire me—you wear me. I wait. I stay. Yet I move."—*From "I, Mary MacLanc."* Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

CONVERSATIONS ON OCCULTISM. (Reprinted from the Path for October, 1894.)

Student—What is Occultism?

Sage—It is that branch of knowledge which shows the universe in the form of an egg. The cell of science is a little copy of the egg of the universe. The laws which govern the whole govern also every part of it. As man is a little copy of the universe—is the microcosm—he is governed by the same laws which rule the greater. Occultism teaches therefore of the secret laws and forces of the universe and man, those forces playing in the outer world and known in part only by the men of the day who admit no invisible real nature behind which is the model of the visible.

Student—What does Occultism teach in regard to man, broadly speaking?

Sage—That he is the highest product of evolution, and hence has in him a

centre or focus corresponding to each centre of force or power in the universe. He therefore has as many centres or foci for force, power, and knowledge as there are such in the greater world about and within.

Student—Do you mean to include also the ordinary run of men, or is it the exceptions you refer to?

Sage—I include every human being, and that will reach from the lowest to the very highest, both those we know and those beyond us who are suspected as being in existence. Although we are accustomed to confine the term "human" to this earth, it is not correct to confine that sort of being to this plane or globe, because other planets have beings the same as ours in essential power and nature and possibility.

Student—Please explain a little more particularly what you mean by our having centres or foci in us.

Sage—Electricity is a most powerful force not fully known to modern science, yet used very much. The nervous, physical, and mental systems of man acting together are able to produce the same force exactly, and in a finer as well as subtler way and to as great a degree as the most powerful dynamo, so that the force might be used to kill, to alter, to move, or otherwise change any object or condition. This is the "vril" described by Bulwer Lytton in his *Coming Race*.

Nature exhibits to our eyes the power of drawing into one place with fixed limits any amount of material so as to produce the smallest natural object or the very largest. Out of the air she takes what is already there, and by compressing it into the limits of tree or animal form makes it visible to our material eyes. This is the power of condensing into what may be known as the ideal limits, that is, into the limits of the form which is ideal. Man has this same power, and can, when he knows the laws and the proper centres of force in himself, do precisely what Nature does. He can thus make visible and material what was before ideal and invisible by filling the ideal form with the matter condensed from the air. In his case the only difference from Nature is that he does quickly what she brings about slowly.

Among natural phenomena there is no present illustration of telepathy good for

our use. Among the birds and the beasts, however, there is telepathy instinctually performed. But telepathy, as it is now called, is the communicating of thought or idea from mind to mind. This is a natural power, and being well understood may be used by one mind to convey to another, no matter how far away or what be the intervening obstacle, any idea or thought. In natural things we can take for that the vibration of the chord which can cause all other chords of the same length to vibrate similarly. This is a branch of Occultism, a part of which is known to the modern investigator. But it is also one of the most useful and one of the greatest powers we have. To make it of service many things have to combine. While it is used every day in common life in the average way—for men are each moment telepathically communicating with each other—to do it in perfection, that is, against obstacle and distance, is perfection of occult art. Yet it will be known one day even to the common world.

Student—Is there any object had in view by Nature which man should also hold before him?

Sage—Nature ever works to turn the inorganic or the lifeless of the non-intelligent and non-conscious into the organic, the intelligent, the conscious; and this should be the aim of man also. In her great movements Nature seems to cause destruction, but that is only for the purpose of construction. The rocks are dissolved into earth, elements combine to bring on change, but there is the ever onward march of progress in evolution. Nature is not destructive of either thing or time, she is constructive. Man should be the same. And as a free moral agent he should work to that end, and not to procuring gratification merely nor for waste in any department.

Men who picture the gods as created in their own human forms give them human senses, voices, and bodies. But if cattle and lions had hands, and knew how to use them, like men, in painting and working, they would paint the forms of the gods and shape their bodies as their own bodies were constituted. Horses would create gods in horse-form, and cattle would make gods like bulls.—*Xenophanes*.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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A BOOK BY H. G. WELLS.

"Religion is the first thing and the last thing, and until a man has found God and been found by God he begins at no beginning, he works to no end." These are the words of Mr. Britling in H. G. Wells' novel, "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," and they are of particular significance now in view of the publication this week, May 10th, of Mr. Wells' new book, "God the Invisible King." For in this volume Mr. Wells sets forth with the eloquence of utter sincerity the religious belief toward which Mr. Britling felt his way. This is the religion which Mr. Wells himself has sought and found in the ruins of the devastated countries of Europe, a religion of immediate faith in God, "a protest against dogmas which have obscured, perverted, and prevented the religious life of mankind," a religion intended not primarily to shock and insult, but to liberate.

Something of the volume's spirit may be seen from the following extracts from the preface:

"This book sets out as forcibly and exactly as possible the religious belief of the writer. The belief is not orthodox Christianity; it is not, indeed, Christianity at all. . . . There is nothing in its statements that need shock or offend any one who is prepared for the expression of a faith different from, and perhaps in several particulars opposed to, his own. The writer will be found to be sympathetic with all sincere religious

feeling. Nevertheless it is well to prepare the prospective reader for statements that may jar harshly against deeply-rooted mental habits. It is well to warn him at the outset that the departure from accepted beliefs is here no vague skepticism, but a quite sharply defined objection to dogmas very widely revered. . . ."

"The writer is quite unable to pretend any awe for what he considers the spiritual monstrosities established by the Council of Nicaea. He makes no attempt to be obscure or propitiatory in this connection. He criticizes the creeds explicitly and frankly because he believes it is particularly necessary to clear them out of the way of those who are seeking religious consolation at this present time of exceptional religious need. After this warning such readers from among the various Christian churches and sects as are accessible to storms of theological fear or passion, to whom the trinity is an ineffable mystery and the name of God almost unspeakably awful, read on at their own risk. This is a religious book written by a believer, but so far as their beliefs and religion go it may seem to them more skeptical and more antagonistic than blank atheism. That the writer can not tell. He is not simply denying their God; he is declaring that there is a living God different altogether from that triune God and nearer to the heart of man. The spirit of this book is like

that of a missionary who would only too gladly overthrow and smash some Polynesian divinity of shark's teeth and painted wood and mother of pearl. To the writer such elaborations as 'begotten of the Father before all worlds' are no better than intellectual shark's teeth and oyster shells. . . ."

"This matter is modern religion as he sees it. It is only incidentally and because it is unavoidable that he attacks doctrinal Christianity."

From the foregone passages the importance and significance of Mr. Wells' book may readily be seen. It has not infrequently been held that one of the chief reasons for the widespread success of "Mr. Britling Sees It Through" is the way in which it deals with the religious life of man. This volume, which has been aptly termed an exposition of the religion of Mr. Britling and in which the ideas suggested in the novel are pursued further and more in detail, would seem destined to be as generally read and discussed as was the story which preceded it.

That the Bible is not a book like the Koran, for instance, set forth by the founder of the religion as its authoritative exposition, is, in fact, the fundamental weakness of Bible Protestantism. But the Bible, so far from being such a book, is simply, so far as the New Testament—its important part for us—is concerned, a collection of Christian writings, on its face, not essentially more conclusive than the works of other early Christian writers would be, especially if we consider the Gospel of St. Mark, and the Gospel and Acts of St. Luke; for no special reason is evident why their words should be infallible. They were not apostles; and we do not read of their having any divine commission to teach Christianity to the world.—*Rev. George M. Scarle.*

What is now called the Christian religion already existed amongst the ancients and was not lacking at the very beginnings of the human race.—*Augustine.*

Life and death, waking and sleeping, youth and age are the same; this in changing is that, and that again this.—*Heraclitus.*

THE INSIDE OF AN ATOM.

Many intelligent men of middle age (says the *Literary Digest*) who retain their college interests in chemistry and physics have still the idea of an atom as something immutable—different for every chemical element and absolutely simple, that is, without structure. The atom, as recent science has revealed it, is something vastly different, yet information about it is still confined largely to very technical papers, and has not become part of the ordinary citizen's equipment of knowledge. In an address on "Radiation and Atomic Structure," delivered as president of the American Physical Society and printed in *Science* (New York, April 6th), Professor Robert S. Millikan of Chicago University pictures to his fellow-scientists this up-to-date atom—a nucleus charged with positive electricity around which revolve in fixed orbits negative electrons, as planets about a central sun. There are exactly ninety-two chemical elements, and the only difference between them is in the electrical charge of the nucleus, which differs always by the same amount from one element to the next in the series. Hydrogen, the lightest element, has only one electrical element in its nucleus, and uranium, the heaviest, has ninety-two. The orbits draw nearer to the nucleus, as it is heavier and more powerful, but they always remain at the same distances for the same substance. When an atom radiates light or heat an electron jumps from one orbit to the next, so that radiation is a series of little explosions and not a continuous process. Of this surprisingly complicated atom Professor Millikan says that it is really much simpler than physicists have for years been expecting. They have long known that atoms were not simple, but they had no means of ascertaining in what way and to what extent their structure was complex. He says:

While the study of the physical and chemical properties of matter has produced our present atomic theory and furnished most of the information which is available about the way in which the myriad molecular structures are built up out of their atomic constituents, it has been chiefly the facts of radiation which have provided reliable information about the inner structure of the atom itself. Indeed, during all the years in which the dogma of the indestructible and indivisible atom was upon the stage, it was

the complexity of the spectra even of simple gases which kept the physicist in the path of truth and caused him continually to insist that the atom could not be an ultimate thing, but rather that it must have a structure, and a very intricate one at that—as intricate, in Rowland's phrase, as a grand piano.

Exactly how the discoveries of late years have led to the conception of the atom as above described can hardly be told without the use of algebraic formulas. These discoveries have depended more recently largely on the study of X-rays. The name of Moseley, who furnished the proof that the chemical elements are built up, one from another, by successive additions of the same electrical charge, is placed by Professor Millikan among those of the world's great discoverers. We read:

In a research which is destined to rank as one of the dozen most brilliant in conception, skilful in execution, and illuminating in results in the history of science, a young man, but twenty-six years old, threw open the windows through which we can now glimpse the subatomic world with a definiteness and certainty never even dreamed of before. Had the European war had no other result than the snuffing out of this young life, that alone would make it one of the most hideous and most irreparable crimes in history.

For the proof that there exist but ninety-two elements, from the lightest known one, hydrogen, to the heaviest known one, uranium, and that these are built up one from the other by the successive addition of one and the same electrical element to the nucleus—this proof comes alone from Moseley's discovery.

The only evidence which we now have as to just how many elements there are between hydrogen and uranium, and as to just where each one belongs, is the evidence of the X-ray spectra. . . . Moseley's name must then be set over against one of the most epoch-making of the world's great discoveries.

Despite this fact, the general conception of the atom as we have indicated it is due to Bohr, a German physicist, whose theory antedated Moseley. The "Bohr atom," fortified by Moseley's proofs, at present holds, according to Professor Millikan, the forefront of scientific belief. He says:

If, then, the test of truth in a physical theory is large success both in the prediction of new relationships and in correctly and exactly accounting for old ones, the theory of non-radiating orbits is one of the best established truths of modern physics. For the present at least it is truth, and no other theory of atomic structure need be considered until it has shown itself able to approach it in fertility. I know of no competitor which is as yet even in sight.

What we have, therefore, so far as Professor Millikan can now guide us, is a universe built up of electrical charges, its multitudinous changes of growth, decay, and evolutionary development being dependent on the continual adjustment of those charges, not always smoothly, but in a more or less jerky or explosive manner. Sun and stars, mountain and river, tree and flower, bird and beast, and even our own bodies, would seem to be all built up and operated on this plan.

SUPERSENSUOUS PLANES AND MIND.

(James J. Connelly in the Path, October, 1894.)

Theosophy affirms the existence of supersensuous planes in the Macrocosm, each of which bears its part in the composition of the Microcosm (man), and occultism—or, in other words, advanced science—demonstrates beyond question the intimate relations between them and the material one which is the field of our mundane experiences. Evidence of their existence is also found in a proper understanding of the operations of the mind. These may be broadly classed as imagination, perception, reception, retention, recollection, ratiocination, and impulsion. That this classification is crudely general may be admitted, but it is sufficiently definite for present purposes, which do not include an exhaustive analysis of the infinitely complex functions of the mind, a work in which even so close and careful a reasoner as Raue found himself hampered by the limitations of a volume of almost six hundred pages.

Ultra-materialists—whom it would be better perhaps to call corporealists—affirm that all thought is a product of molecular modes of motion, mere expression of activity in brain-tissue cells, and point to the discernible effects of mental action upon the gray matter of the brain as evidence in support of their hypothesis. This is as correct as it would be to say that the copper of the etcher's plate originates the picture which, in lines and dots, is bitten into its surface by the acid skilfully applied by the artist in conformity to the requirements of the ideal in his mind. The fact of the matter is that the gross matter of which

the brain is composed, whether gray or white, great or small in quantity, and much or little convoluted, is of itself as little capable of originating thought, or even sensing an impression, as a stone would be, or the brain itself if the life-principle were separated from it. But within that brain, present in every molecule and even atom of it—yet as far beyond the corporealists' discovery as the conditions of life on Sirius—is the astral brain, which is also matter, but of such tenuity in its atomic constitution that it may not be, in any way, apprehended by our gross senses.

The functions of that astral brain are perception of sensations and their translation to the mind, and the application of the conative forces resultant from such mental cognition to the direction, through the gross brain, of subservient physical impulse. What, then, is the gross brain? Simply a cellular aggregation of molecular matter having such specialized differentiation as enables it to store up, as impressions, the vibrations conveyed to it by the astral brain, holding them as latent vestiges of sensation and, when required, translating them to the lower rate of vibrations appreciable by the denser molecular matter of the body, so becoming the immediate motive force for action. The capacity for development with which it came into being was a matter of Karmic award, being prescribed by its environment, the hereditary influences upon it, and various other circumstances which it is not necessary now to particularize, all having their effect in determining its quality—as the sun, air, soil, and moisture govern the growing plant—but nothing endowing it, in any degree, with the power of starting vibrations, or—in other words—originating thought. Even the primitive forces, the capacity for mere sensory perceptions, do not belong to the gross brain, but to the astral brain, in which it is not unreasonable to suppose they inhere as unconsciously-cherished remainders from the exceptionally strong range of impressions naturally resultant from preceding existences, subject to the needs and desires of the corporeal form.

Those who affirm the capacity of gross matter to generate thought assume to find support for their hypotheses in the

waste, by mental energy, of the gray tissue of the corporeal brain, but they might as well ascribe to flowing blood the cutting of the vein from which it issues. The waste is an effect, not a cause. All energy is destructive, or, to speak more accurately, is reconstructive, and "the power which builds, unbuilds, and builds again" is ceaselessly at work. Molecular disintegration is hastened by all activity in every sort of tissue, and, if a proper balance is maintained, the work of molecular rearrangement is proportionately hastened by nutrition. Some scientists now affirm that cholesterol—a fatty salt found in the bile, lungs, and brain, and for which until very recently nobody saw any particular use—is the especial nutriment of the gray matter of the brain. Will the corporealists affirm that it is the cholesterol which does the thinking; that an heroic impulse or poetic thought is flattened crystals, insoluble in water but solvable in alcohol and ether, having well-defined angles of crystallization and obtainable in quantity from gall-stones? The gentlemen who study mind from the standpoint of matter know a little about the physical brain, but not all, by any means, even of that. Is there one of them who knows the use of the pineal gland—which Descartes affirmed to be "the seat of the soul"—or can account for the gray sand found in it, not present in idiots or infants, scant in old age, and most abundant in middle-age brains of notable mental vigor?

The primitive forces already spoken of manifest themselves in the earliest moments of an infant's existence and do not cease while life lasts. They all tend towards experience of and repletion with external stimuli which correspond to their nature, and all experiences of sensation thus perceived are recorded in the plastic substance of the molecular brain as vestiges which may be stirred from latency to manifestation either by repetition of the stimuli primarily causing them, by contrasting stimuli, or by a strenuous effort of the mind, consciously or unconsciously applied, as conative vibrations, through the astral medium. Evidently the depth of such latent impressions must be proportioned to the strength and frequency of the experiences of like stimuli of which the

vestiges are resultants. Hence it is but natural that the larger number of vestiges accumulated from the lower, or animal, senses—which are most productive of experiences in corporeal life—should eventually predominate in strength over those of the higher or intellectual range. And this affords an explanation of the power of Kama—or animal desire—in controlling our lives, so that a pessimistic good man has been moved to declare that “man is born to evil as the sparks fly upward.” It also, if we reflect upon the extensions of this influence, enables us to comprehend the seeming mystery of the formation, during life, of the Kama-rûpa, the wholly animal soul which becomes perceptible after death as an objective entity. And it makes apparent why and how men’s characters are so often stamped upon their bodily features and forms. All the sensualities and vices that stain men’s souls stamp themselves first in deep impressions upon the plastic brain, and thence find expression in the outward form to every part of which that brain extends its influence. It is erroneous to suppose that the brain is all lodged in the cavity of the skull. It is in the spine and the nerve ganglions, and practically throughout all the extensions of the nervous system. Virchow characterized the new-born child as “an almost purely spinal being,” and Pflüger’s experiments upon frogs demonstrated that consciousness of sensations, capacity to locate them, and power to direct corporeal action were all retained by the unfortunate batrachians upon which he experimented, after their skulls had been emptied of brain matter. The transference of consciousness of a still higher range from the brain to the solar plexus, under certain abnormal nervous conditions, may also be cited as an additional evidence of the diffusion of the specialized matter responsive to astral vibrations. So throughout the entire man runs his gross brain, and coextensive with it his astral brain, energizing it, directing its formative work of giving outward demonstration, in all his physical being, of what he has made of his soul.

Perception of sensations and their retention as vestiges for stimulation of conative force at the command of recollection—which is a mandatory vibration

in the mind—may then be said to be powers located in the astral brain and its tool, the gross organ. But beyond these is the higher range of faculties, ratiocination, reception of purely mental impressions—either from purely subjective concepts or by reflection from the mentality of another—and finally the power of impulsion of mental force upon others. All these must necessarily, to be made potential, find translation through the lower rate of the astral medium to the still further diminished rate of the gross brain, if eventual manifestation on the material plane is sought, but not otherwise.

That sensory perception is an attribute of the astral brain and not of the corporeal is sufficiently evidenced by its highest manifestation in the experience of the many who possess the power of “seeing on the astral plane” either normally or under the abnormal stimulus of some phase of hypnotic control. The entities seen by so-called “spiritualistic mediums,” and which they mistake for spirits of the dead, are on the astral plane. Charcot, Binet *freres*, James, and many others have shown the ability of a hypnotee to become a witness of things which were not within the range of physical perception and, being outside the knowledge of any person whose mentality could have reached the subject, could only have been sensed through perception of astral vibrations. And the state of statuvolism, or self-induced trance, is simply an excitation of the astral precipieny to an abnormal degree.

These phenomena must not be confused with others, very closely related yet altogether different, in which the compelling force of one mentality exerted upon another is very clearly demonstrated. The mind of every human being, in proportion to its development, possesses individual capacity in ability to reason, to draw deductions from vestiges of perceptions at its command, or impressions of a higher range, and thus to elect for itself between good and evil. It is this which constitutes its moral responsibility and determines its evolutionary progress, whether downward under the domination of its Kamic control or upward to spiritual life. But it is likewise susceptible, in greater or

lesser degree, to the vibrations projected upon its plane by other minds, affecting and in some cases even paralyzing that power of ratiocination. This is the case when it is subjected to the will of another mentality exercising upon it hypnotic control, when it is rendered mentally—and it would justly seem—morally irresponsible. It may, on the other hand, if sufficiently forceful to impel such vibrations on the mental plane, in the same way take from others their mentality temporarily and even, to some extent, permanently. Herein lies the awful danger attendant upon the practice of hypnotism, for both the "hypnotist" and the "sensitive."

TRENCH SUPERSTITIONS.

It is told in the chronicles of "The White Company" how the veteran English archer, Samkin Aylward, was discovered by his comrades one foggy morning sharpening his sword and preparing his arrows and armor for battle. He had dreamed of a red cow, he announced.

"You may laugh," said he, "but I only know that on the night before Crécy, before Poitiers, and before the great sea battle at Winchester, I dreamed of a red cow. Tonight the dream came to me again, and I am putting a very keen edge on my sword."

Soldiers do not seem to have changed in the last five hundred years, for Tommy Atkins and his brother the poilu have warnings and superstitions fully as strange as Samkin's. Some of these superstitions are the little beliefs of peace given a new force by constant peril, such as the notion common to the soldier and the American drummer that it is unlucky to light three cigars with one match; other presentiments appear to have grown up since the war began. In a recent issue of the *Literary Digest* two poems were published dealing with the most dramatic of these—the Comrade in white who appears after every severe battle to succor the wounded. Dozens have seen him, and would not take it kindly if you suggested they thought they saw him. They are sure of it. The idea of the "call"—the warning of impending death—is firmly believed along the outskirts of No Man's

Land. Let us quote some illustrations from the Cincinnati *Times*:

"I could give you the names of half a dozen men of my own company who have had the call," said Daniel W. King, the young Harvard man, who was transferred from the Foreign Legion to a line regiment just in time to go through the entire battle of Verdun. "I have never known it to fail. It always means death."

Two men were quartered in an old stable in shell-range of the front. As they went to their quarters one of them asked the other to select another place in which to sleep that night. It was bitterly cold and the stable had been riddled by previous fire and the army blanket under such conditions seems as light as it seems heavy when its owner is on a route march.

"Why not roll up together?" said the other man. "That way we can both keep warm."

"No," said the first man. "I shall be killed tonight."

The man who had received the warning went into the upper part of the stable, the other pointing out in utter unbelief of the validity of a call that the lower part was the warmer, and that if his friend were killed, it would make no difference whether his death chamber were warm or cold. A shell came through the roof at midnight. It was a "dud"—which is to say that it did not explode. The man who had been warned was killed by it. If it had exploded the other would probably have been killed likewise. As it was he was not harmed.

A few days ago the chief of an aeroplane section at the front felt a premonition of death. He was known to all the army for his utterly reckless daring. He liked to boast of the number of men who had been killed out of his section. He was always the first to get away on a bombing expedition and the last to return. He had received at least one decoration—accompanied by a reprimand—for flying over the German lines in order to bring down a Fokker.

"I have written my letters," he said to his lieutenant. "When you hear of my death send them on."

The lieutenant laughed at him. That sector of the line was quiet, he pointed out. No German machine had been in the air for days. He might have been justified in his premonition, the lieutenant said, on any day of three months past. But now he was in not so much danger as he might be in Paris from the taxicabs. That day a general visited the headquarters and the chief went up in a new machine to demonstrate it. Something broke when he was three thousand feet high and the machine fell sidewise like a stone.

It is possible, say the soldiers, to keep bad fortune from following an omen by the use of the proper talisman. The rabbit's foot is unknown, but it is said that a gold coin has much the same effect—why, no one seems to know. A rabbit's foot, of course, must be from the

left hind leg; otherwise it is good for nothing, and according to a poilu the efficacy of the gold piece depends upon whether or no it puts the man into touch with his "star." It is said in the *New York Sun*:

Gold coins are a mascot in the front lines, a superstition not difficult to explain. It was at first believed that wounded men on whom some gold was found would be better looked after by those who found them, and by degrees the belief grew up, especially among artillery, that a gold coin was a talisman against being mutilated if they were taken prisoners, whether wounded or not.

The government's appeals to have gold sent to the Bank of France and not to let it fall into enemy hands in case of capture have since reduced the amount of gold at the front, but many keep some coins as a charm. Many men sew coins touching one another in such a way as to make a shield over the heart.

"Every man has his own particular star," a Lyons farm hand said to Apollinaire, "but he must know it. A gold coin is the only means to put you in communication with your star, so that its protecting virtue can be exercised. I have a piece of gold and so am easy in my mind I shall never be touched."
—*Literary Digest*.

It is said that human nature is something small and limited, and that God is infinite, and it is asked how the finite can embrace the infinite. But who dares to say that the infinity of the Godhood is limited by the boundary of the flesh, as though by a vessel? For not even during our lifetime is the spiritual nature confined within the boundaries of the flesh. The mass of the body, it is true, is limited by neighboring parts, but the soul reaches out freely into the whole of creation by the movements of thought.—*Gregory of Nyassa*.

At the magic touch of the beautiful the secret chords of our being are awakened, we vibrate and thrill in response to its call. Mind speaks to mind. We listen to the unspoken, we gaze upon the unseen. The master calls forth notes we know not of. Memories long forgotten all come back to us with a new significance. Hopes stifled by fear, yearnings that we dare not recognize, stand forth in new glory.—*Okakura Kakuzo*.

Nothing in the world is lost, nothing falls into the void; everything has its place and purpose.—*Sohar*.

A DYE-CURE.

Over four hundred patients have been successfully treated with various anilin dyes by Dr. Erwin Baumann, a physician of Königsberg, Prussia, according to a note in the *English Mechanic and World of Science* (London, April 6th). We are told by this paper that Dr. Baumann has been using large quantities of dye-stuffs for medicinal purposes, and that as germ-killers and arresters of noxious growths these materials are far superior to any antiseptic substances so far known. They are quickly distributed, do not coagulate albumen, and, in the quantities used, are absolutely non-poisonous. To quote from the article, it appears further:

They can thus be used in a very compact form, and their prompt destruction of all bacteria rapidly stops suppuration, heals wounded tissues, and causes a lowering of temperature.

Dr. Baumann at first used methylene blue, and subsequently methyl violet, which in most cases he found gave the best results. For burns, cuts, scratches, whitlows, abscesses, injuries to the skin of the head, and in many other cases the surface of the wound was painted with a 4 per cent. dye solution, and (unless very dirty) the wound was closed up at once. If easily accessible the wound was treated with the dye in powder form, while, in the case of deep wounds, a solution of the dye was worked up into a paste with glycerin, which, with the addition of a little alcohol, was then introduced into the wound by the aid of a small rod. If the wound is already deepened by cavities, antiseptic gauze is saturated with the dye solution and then carefully introduced into the cavity.

Fistulous passages were treated by squirting the dye into them with a syringe. After one or two treatments all formation of matter was found to cease, all unpleasant odors disappeared, and the wounds dried up.

In the case of suppurations of the bones . . . the period of convalescence was greatly shortened. Also, in ventricular ulcers, appendicitis, abscesses, and the like, anilins were found to be of great value; suppuration rapidly ceased, and the cavities granulated and closed. Even on using as much as one gram daily, no harmful effect was observed. The injection was rapidly absorbed by the tissues, and subsequently left the body through the kidneys, upon which no prejudicial effect of any kind was exerted. Methyl violet gave excellent results in cases of suppurations in the pleural cavity, while methylene blue was found to be especially valuable for irrigating the bladder and destroying all bacteria and germs.

We boast that we have conquered Matter and forget that it is Matter that has enslaved us.—*Okakura Kakuzo*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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A BOOK BY MR. WELLS.

Mr. H. G. Wells, inspired by the problems of the war, has written a book in order to define his own religion. Quite frankly he says it is not orthodox Christianity, nor Christianity at all. Mr. Wells will have no creeds that are an outrage upon intelligence, and particularly when those creeds were invented by worldly men for worldly purposes:

The entire history of the growth of the Christian doctrine in those disordered early centuries is a history of theology by committee; a history of furious wrangling, of hasty compromises, and still more hasty attempts to clinch matters by anathema. When the muddle was at its very worst, the church was confronted by enormous political opportunities. In order that it should seize these one chief thing appeared imperative: doctrinal uniformity. The emperor himself, albeit unbaptized and very ignorant of Greek, came and seated himself in the midst of Christian thought upon a golden throne. At the end of it all Eusebius, that supreme Trimmer, was prepared to damn everlastingly all those who doubted that consubstantiality he himself had doubted at the beginning of the conference. It is quite clear that Constantine did not care who was damned or for what period, so long as the Christians ceased to wrangle among themselves.

Christ himself, says Mr. Wells, knew nothing of the creeds that have been allowed to cluster around his name. It was apparently left for the Church Fathers, three centuries after the death of Christ, to discover what their Master was driving at:

Men still sit at little desks remote from God or life, and rack their inadequate brains to

meet fancied difficulties and state unnecessary perfections. They seek God by logic, ignoring the marginal error that creeps into every syllogism. Their conceit blinds them to the limitations upon their thinking. They weave spider-like webs of muddle and disputation across the path by which men come to God. It would not matter very much if it were not that simpler souls are caught in these webs. Every great religious system in the world is choked by such webs; each system has its own. Of all the blood-stained tangled heresies which make up doctrinal Christianity and imprison the mind of the western world today, not one seems to have been known to the nominal founder of Christianity. Jesus Christ never certainly claimed to be the Messiah; never spoke clearly of the Trinity; was vague upon the scheme of salvation and the significance of his martyrdom. We are asked to suppose that he left his apostles without instructions that were necessary to their eternal happiness, that he could give them the Lord's Prayer, but leave them to guess at the all-important Creed, and that the church staggered along blindly, putting its foot in and out of damnation, until the "experts" of Nicæa, that "garland of priests," marshaled by Constantine's officials, came to its rescue. . . . From the conversion of Paul onward, the heresies of the intellect multiplied about Christ's memory and hid him from the sight of men. We are no longer clear about the doctrine he taught nor about the things he said and did. . . .

Our religious teachers, says Mr. Wells, are all too apt to hawk God for what he will fetch. God to them is nothing more than a magnificent Fetish that can be made use of:

They call upon his name, they do certain things that are supposed to be peculiarly influential with him, such as saying prayers and repeating gross praises of him, or reading in a blind, industrious way that strange

miscellany of Jewish and early Christian literature, the Bible, and suchlike mental mortification, or making the Sabbath dull and uncomfortable. In return for these fetishistic propitiations God is supposed to interfere with the normal course of causation in their favor. He becomes a celestial log-roller. He remedies unfavorable accidents, cures petty ailments, contrives unexpected gifts of medicine, money, or the like, he averts bankruptcies, arranges profitable transactions, and does a thousand such services for his little clique of faithful people. The pious are represented as being constantly delighted by these little surprises, these bouquets and chocolate boxes from the divinity. Or contrawise he contrives spiteful turns for those who fail in their religious attentions. He murders Sabbath-breaking children, or disorganizes the careful business schemes of the ungodly. He is represented as going Sabbath-breaking on Sunday morning as a Staffordshire worker goes ratting. Ordinary everyday Christianity is saturated with this fetishistic conception of God. It may be disowned in the *Hibbert Journal*, but it is unblushingly advocated in the parish magazine. It is an idea taken over by Christianity with the rest of the qualities of the Hebrew God. It is natural enough in minds so self-centred that their recognition of weakness and need brings with it no real self-surrender, but it is entirely inconsistent with the modern conception of the true God.

Unregenerate men have a natural hatred of anything that is unlike themselves, and of everything that is strange to them, and so they invent a malignant and partisan Deity, perpetually "upset" by the things that people do, and contriving murder and vengeance:

Closely related to the Heresy of God the Avenger is that kind of miniature God the Avenger, to whom the nursery-maid and the overtaxed parent are so apt to appeal. You stab your children with such a God and he poisons all their lives. For many of us the word "God" first came into our lives to denote a wanton, irrational restraint, as Bogey, as the All-Seeing and quite ungenerous Eye. God Bogey is a great convenience to the nursery-maid who wants to leave Fear to mind her charges and enforce her disciplines, while she goes off upon her own aims. But indeed, the teaching of God Bogey is an outrage upon the soul of a child scarcely less dreadful than an indecent assault. The reason rebels and is crushed under this horrible and pursuing suggestion. Many minds never rise again from their injury. They remain for the rest of life spiritually crippled and debased, haunted by a fear, stained with a persuasion of relentless cruelty in the ultimate cause of all things.

I, who write, was so set against God, thus rendered. He and his Hell were the nightmare of my childhood: I hated him while I still believed in him, and who could help but hate? I thought of him as a fantastic monster, perpetually spying, perpetually listening, perpetually waiting to condemn and to "strike

me dead"; his flames as ready as a grill-room fire. He was over me and about my feebleness and silliness and forgetfulness as the sky and sea would be about a child drowning in mid-Atlantic. When I was still only a child of thirteen, by the Grace of the true God in me, I flung this Lie out of my mind, and for many years, until I came to see that God himself had done this thing for me, the name of God meant nothing to me but the hideous scar in my heart where a fearful demon had been.

I see about me today many dreadful moral and mental cripples with this bogey God of the nursery-maid, with his black, insane revenges, still living like a horrible parasite in their hearts in the place where God should be. They are afraid, afraid, afraid; they dare not be kindly to formal sinners, they dare not abandon a hundred foolish observances; they dare not look at the causes of things. They are afraid of sunshine, of nakedness, of health, of adventure, of science, lest that old watching spider take offense. The voice of the true God whispers in their hearts, echoes in speech and writing, but they avert themselves, fear-driven. For the true God has no lash of fear. And how the foul-minded bigot, with his ill-shaven face, his greasy skin, his thick, gesticulating hands, his bellowings and threatenings, loves to reap this harvest of fear the ignorant cunning of the nursery girl has sown for him! How he loves the importance of denunciation, and, himself a malignant cripple, to rally the company of these crippled souls to persecute and destroy the happy children of God!

Mr. Wells falls foul of Professor Metchnikoff, who confuses religion with "Christianity" and so looks upon it as a scheme of personal immortality. Religion, says the learned professor, is still occupied with the problem of death:

Now here it is clear that by death he means the individual death, and by a future life the prolongation of individuality. But Buddhism does not in truth appear ever to have been concerned with that, and modern religious developments are certainly not under that preoccupation with the narrower self. Buddhism indeed, so far from "preaching resignation" to death, seeks as its greater good a death so complete as to be absolute release from the individual's burthen of *karma*. Buddhism seeks an *escape from individual immortality*. The deeper one pursues religious thought the more nearly it approximates to a search for escape from the self-centred life and over-individualisation, and the more it diverges from Professor Metchnikoff's assertion of its aims.

The new religion, says Mr. Wells, may be compared with a crystal. It has no church, no authorities, no teachers, no orthodoxy. It simply grows. It grows clear. "It comes as the dawn comes, through whatever clouds and mists may be here or whatever curtains may be there. It comes as the day comes to the

ships that put to sea. It is the Kingdom of God at hand."

GOD, THE INVISIBLE KING. By H. G. Wells.
New York: The Macmillan Company.

A SONG OF THE TRAWLERS.

WIRELESS.

Now to those who search the deep,
Gleam of Hope and Kindly Light,
Once, before you turn to sleep,
Breathe a message through the night.
Never doubt that they'll receive it.
Send it, once, and you'll believe it.

Wrecks that burn against the stars,
Decks where death is wallowing green,
Snare the breath among their spars,
Hear the flickering threads between,
Quick, through all the storms that blind
them,
Quick with worlds that rush to find
them.

Think you these aerial wires
Whisper more than spirits may?
Think you that our strong desires
Touch no distance when we pray?
Think you that no wings are flying
'Twixt the living and the dying?

Inland, here, upon your knees,
You shall breathe from urgent lips,
Round the ships that guard your seas,
Fleet on fleet of angel ships;
Yea, the guarded may so bless them
That no terrors can distress them.

You shall guide the darkling prow,
Kneeling thus—and far inland—
You shall touch the storm-beat brow
Gently as a spirit-hand.
Even a blindfold prayer may speed them,
And a little child may lead them.
—From "*Songs of the Trawlers*," by
Alfred Noyes.

We have an old saying in Japan that a woman can not love a man who is truly vain, for there is no crevice in his heart for love to enter and fill up.—*Okakura Kakuzo*.

I look upon the simple and childish virtues of veracity and honesty as the root of all that is sublime in man.—*Emerson*.

He only who has lived with the beautiful can die beautifully.—*Okakura Kakuzo*.

ASTRAL INTOXICATION.

(By William Q. Judge.)

There is such a thing as being intoxicated in the course of an unwise pursuit of what we erroneously imagine is spirituality. In the Christian Bible it is very wisely directed to "prove all" and to hold only to that which is good; this advice is just as important to the student of occultism who thinks that he has separated himself from those "inferior" people engaged either in following a dogma or in tipping tables for messages from deceased relatives—or enemies—as it is to spiritists who believe in the "summerland" and "returning spirits."

The placid surface of the sea of spirit is the only mirror in which can be caught undisturbed the reflections of spiritual things. When a student starts upon the path and begins to see spots of light flash out now and then, or balls of golden fire roll past him, it does not mean that he is beginning to see the real Self—pure spirit. A moment of deepest peace or wonderful revealings given to the student is *not* the awful moment when one is about to see his spiritual guide, much less his own soul. Nor are psychical splashes of blue flame, nor visions of things that afterwards come to pass, nor sights of small sections of the astral light with its wonderful photographs of past or future, nor the sudden ringing of distant fairy-like bells, any proof that you are cultivating spirituality. These things, and still more curious things, will occur when you have passed a little distance on the way, but they are only the mere outposts of a new land which is itself wholly material, and only one remove from the plane of gross physical consciousness.

The liability to be carried off and intoxicated by these phenomena is to be guarded against. We should watch, note, and discriminate in all these cases; place them down for future reference, to be related to some law, or for comparison with other circumstances of a like sort. The power that Nature has of deluding us is endless, and if we stop at these matters she will let us go no further. It is not that any person or power in nature has declared that if we do so and so we must stop, but when one is carried off by what Böhme calls "God's wonders," the result is an intoxication

that produces confusion of the intellect. Were one, for instance, to regard every picture seen in the astral light as a spiritual experience, he might truly after a while brook no contradiction upon the subject, but that would be merely because he was drunk with this kind of wine. While he proceeded with his indulgence and neglected his true progress, which is always dependent upon his purity of motive and conquest of his known or ascertainable defects, nature went on accumulating the store of illusory appearances with which he satiated himself.

It is certain that any student who devotes himself to these astral happenings will see them increase. But were our whole life devoted to and rewarded by an enormous succession of phenomena, it is also equally certain that the casting off of the body would be the end of all that sort of experience, without our having added really anything to our stock of true knowledge. The astral plane, which is the same as that of our psychic senses, is as full of strange sights and sounds as an untrodden South American forest, and has to be well understood before the student can stay there long without danger. While we can overcome the dangers of a forest by the use of human inventions, whose entire object is the physical destruction of the noxious things encountered there, we have no such aids when treading the astral labyrinth. We may be physically brave and say that no fear can enter into us, but no untrained or merely curious seeker is able to say just what effect will result to his outer senses from the attack or influence encountered by the psychical senses.

And the person who revolves selfishly around himself as a centre is in greater danger of delusion than any one else, for he has not the assistance that comes from being united in thought with all other sincere seekers. One may stand in a dark house where none of the objects can be distinguished and quite plainly see all that is illuminated outside: in the same way we can see from out of the blackness of our own house—our hearts—the objects now and then illuminated outside by the astral light; but we gain nothing. We must first dispel the inner darkness before trying to

see into the darkness without; we must *know ourselves* before knowing things extraneous to ourselves. This is not the road that seems easiest to students. Most of them find it far pleasanter work, and as they think, faster, to look on all these outside allurements, and to cultivate all psychic senses, to the exclusion of real spiritual work.

The true road is plain and easy to find: it is so easy that very many would-be students miss it because they can not believe it to be so simple:

"The way lies through the heart;"
Ask there and wander not;
Knock loud, nor hesitate
Because at first the sounds
Reverberating, seem to mock thee.
Nor, when the door swings wide,
Revealing shadows black as night,
Must thou recoil.
Within, the Master's messengers
Have waited patiently:
That Master is Thyself!

Heavens! when I think how perishable things, how imperishable thoughts seem to be! For what is forgetfulness? Renew the state of affection or bodily feeling, some or similar, sometimes dimly similar, and instantly the trains of forgotten thoughts rise from their living catacombs!—*Coleridge*.

Hiakujo was walking in the forest with a disciple when a hare scurried off at their approach. "Why does the hare fly from you?" asked Hiakujo. "Because he is afraid of me," was the answer. "No," said the master, "it is because you have a murderous instinct."—*Okakura Kakuzo*.

Keep thy soul free, thy body pure,
and thy reason upright, and thou shalt
go to dwell with the gods.—*Pythagoras*.

A man must not do reverence to his own sect by disparaging that of another man.—*Emperor Asoka*.

Mental baseness is a greater evil than either poverty or disease and bodily deformity.—*Plato*.

Truth is the beginning of all good;
and self-love the greatest of all evils.
—*Plato*.

THE PLACE OF PEACE.

(By Annie Besant.)

The rush, the turmoil, the hurry of modern life are in everybody's mouth as a matter of complaint. "I have no time," is the commonest of excuses. Reviews serve for books; leading articles for political treatises; lectures for investigation. More and more the attention of men and women is fastened on the superficial things of life; small prizes of business success, petty crowns of social supremacy, momentary notoriety in the world of politics or of letters—for these things men and women toil, intrigue, and strive. Their work must show immediate results, else it is regarded as failure; the winning-post must always be in sight, to be passed by a swift brief effort with the roar of the applauding crowd hailing the winner. The solid reputation built up by years of strenuous work; the patient toil that labors for a lifetime in a field wherein the harvest can only ripen long after the sower has passed out of sight; the deliberate choice of a lofty ideal, too high to attract the average man, too great to be compassed in a lifetime—all these things are passed by with a shrug of good-natured contempt or a scowl of suspicion. The spirit of the age is summed up by the words of the caustic Chinese sage of yore: "He looks at an egg, and expects to hear it crow." Nature is too slow for us, and we forget that what we gain in speed we lose in depth.

But there are some in whose eyes this whirling dance of gnats in the sunlight is not the be-all and end-all of human life. Some in whose hearts a whisper sometimes sounds softly, saying that all the seeming clash and rush is but as the struggle of shadows thrown upon a screen; that social success, business triumph, public admiration are but trivial things at best, bubbles floating down a tossing streamlet, and unworthy the rivalries, the jealousies, the bitternesses their chase engenders. Has life no secret that does not lie on the surface? no problem that is not solved in the stating? no treasury that is not scattered on the highway?

An answer may be found without straying beyond the experience of every man and woman, and that answer hides

within it a suggestion of the deeper truth that underlies it. After a week or a month of hurried town life, of small excitements, of striving for the little triumphs of social life, of the eagerness of petty hopes, the pain of petty disappointments, of the friction arising from the jarrings of our selfish selves with other selves equally selfish; after this, if we go far away from this hum and buzz of life into silent mountain solitudes where are sounding only the natural harmonies that seem to blend with rather than to break the silence—the rushing of the waterfall swollen by last night's rain, the rustle of the leaves under the timid feet of the hare, the whisper of the stream to the water-hen as she slips out of the reeds, the murmur of the eddy where it laps against the pebbles on the bank, the hum of the insects as they brush through the tangle of the grasses, the suck of the fish as they hang in the pool beneath the shade; there, where the mind sinks into a calm, soothed by the touch of Nature far from man, what aspect have the follies, the exasperations, of the social whirl of work and play, seen through that atmosphere surcharged with peace? What does it matter if in some small strife we failed or we succeeded? What does it matter that we were slighted by one, praised by another? We regain perspective by our distance from the whirlpool, by our isolation from its tossing waters, and we see how small a part these outer things should play in the true life of man.

So distance in time as well as distance in space gives balanced judgment on the goods and ills of life. We look back, after ten years have slipped away, at the trials, the joys, the hopes, the disappointments of the time that then was, and we marvel why we spent so much of our life-energy on things so little worth. Even life's sharpest pains seem strangely unreal thus contemplated by a personality that has greatly changed. Our whole life was bound up in the life of another, and all of worth that it held for us seemed to dwell in the one beloved. We thought that our life was laid waste, our heart broken, when that one trust was betrayed. But as time went on the wound healed and new flowers sprang up along our pathway, till today we look

back without a quiver on an agony that then well-nigh shattered life. Or we broke with a friend for a bitter word; how foolish seem our anger and excitement, looking back over the ten years' gulf. Or we were madly delighted with a hardly-won success: how trivial it looks, and how exaggerated our triumph, when we see it now in due proportion in the picture of our life; then it filled our sky, now it is but a point.

But our philosophic calm, as we contemplate the victories and defeats of our past across the interval of space or time, suffers an ignominious breach when we return to our daily life and find it not. All the old trivialities, in new dresses, engross us; old joys and sorrows, with new faces, seize us. "The tumultuous senses and organs hurry away by force the heart." And so once more we begin to wear out our lives by petty cares, petty disputes, petty longings, petty disappointments.

Must this be always so? Since we must live in the world and play our part in its drama of life, must we be at the mercy of all these passing objects? Or, though we must dwell among them in place and be surrounded with them in time, can we find the Place of Peace, as though we were far away? We can, and this is the truth that underlies the superficial answer we have already found. Man is an Immortal Being, clad in a garb of flesh, which is vivified and moved by desires and passions, and which he links to himself by a thread of his immortal nature. This thread is the mind, and this mind, unsubdued and inconstant, wanders out among the things of the earth, is moved by the passions and desires, hopes and fears, longs to taste all cups of sense-delights, is dazzled and deafened by the radiance and tumult of its surroundings. And thus, as Arjuna complained, the "mind is full of agitation, turbulent, strong, and obstinate." Above this whirling mind, serene and passionless witness, dwells the True Self, the Spiritual Ego of man. Below there may be storm, but above there is calm, and there is the Place of Peace. For that Self is eternal, and what to it are the things of time, save as they bring experience, the knowledge of good and evil? So often, dwelling in its house of clay, it has known

birth and death, gains and losses, joys and griefs, pleasures and pains, that it sees them all pass by as a moving phantasmagoria, and no ripple ruffles its passionless serenity. Does agony affect its outer case, it is but a notice that harmony has been broken, and the pain is welcome as pointing to the failure and as bearing lesson of avoidance of that whence it sprang. For the True Self has to conquer the material plane, to purify and sublimiate it, and only by suffering can it learn how to perform its work.

Now the secret of reaching that Place of Peace lies in our learning to identify our consciousness with the True, instead of the apparent, Self. We identify ourselves with our minds, our brain minds, active in our bodies. We identify ourselves with our passions and desires, and say *we* hope or *we* fear. We identify ourselves with our bodies, the mere machinery wherewith we affect the material world. And so, when all these parts of our nature are moved by contact with external things and feel the whirl of the material life around them, *we* also in consciousness are affected, and "the uncontrolled heart, following the dictates of the moving passions, snatcheth away" our "spiritual knowledge, as the storm the bark upon the raging ocean." Then excitement, loss of balance, irritability, injured feelings, resentments, follies, pain—all that is most separated from peace and calm and strength.

The way to begin to tread the Path that leads to the Place of Peace is to endeavor to identify our consciousness with the True Self, to see as it sees, to judge as it judges. We can not do it—that goes without saying—but we can begin to try. And the means are: disengagement from the objects of the senses, carelessness as to results, and meditation, ever renewed, on the True Self. Let us consider each of these means.

The first of these can be gained only by a constant and wise self-discipline. We can cultivate indifference to small discomforts, to pleasures of the table, to physical enjoyments, bearing with good-humored tolerance outward things as they come, neither shunning nor courting small pleasures or pains. Gradually, without growing morbid or self-conscious, we shall become frankly indif-

ferent, so that small troubles that upset people continually in daily life will pass unnoticed. And this will leave us free to help our neighbors, whom they do disturb, by shielding them unobtrusively, and so smoothing life's pathway for feet tenderer than our own. In learning this, moderation is the keynote. "This divine discipline, Arjuna, is not to be attained by the man who eateth more than enough or too little, nor by him who hath a habit of sleeping much, nor by him who is given to over watching. The meditation which destroyeth pain is produced in him who is moderate in eating and in recreation, of moderate exertions in his actions, and regulated in sleeping and waking." The body is not to be shattered: it is to be trained.

The second of these methods is "carelessness as to results." This does not mean that we are not to notice the results of our actions in order to learn from them how to guide our steps. We gain experience by such study of results, and so learn Wisdom. But it does mean that when an action has been done with our best judgment and strength and with pure intent, then we should let it go, metaphorically, and feel no anxiety about its results. The action done is beyond recall, and we gain nothing by worry and by anxiety. When its results appear we note them for instruction, but we neither rejoice nor mourn over them. Remorse or jubilation takes away our attention from, and weakens us in the performance of our *present* duty, and there is no time for either. Suppose the results are evil, the wise man says: "I made a mistake, and must avoid a similar blunder in future; but remorse will only weaken my present usefulness and will not lessen the results of my mistaken action. So instead of wasting time in remorse, I will set to work to do better." The value of thus separating one's self from results lies in the calmness of mind thus obtained and the concentration brought to bear on each action. "Whoever in acting dedicates his actions to the Supreme Spirit (the One Self) and puts aside all selfish interest in their result, is untouched by sin, even as the leaf of the lotus is unaffected by the waters. The truly devoted, for the purification of the heart, perform actions with their bodies, their minds, their un-

derstanding, and their senses, putting away all self-interest. The man who is devoted and not attached to the fruit of his actions obtains tranquillity; whilst he who through desire has attachment for the fruit of action is bound down there, by."

The third method, meditation, is the most efficacious and the most difficult. It consists of a constant endeavor to realize one's identity with one's True Self, and to become self-conscious here as it. "To whatsoever object the inconstant mind goeth out he should subdue it, bring it back, and place it upon the Spirit." It is a work of a lifetime, but it will bring us to the Place of Peace. The effort needs to be continually renewed, patiently persisted in. It may be aided by fixing on definite hours, at which, for a few moments, we may withdraw ourselves like the turtle into its shell, and remember that we are not transitory, but eternal, and that passing incidents can affect us not at all. With the gradual growth of this power of remaining "in the Self" comes not only Peace, but Wisdom, for absence of personal desires, and recognition of our immortal nature, leaves us free to judge all things without bias and without prejudice. "This tranquil state attained, therefrom shall soon result a separation from all troubles; and his mind being thus at ease, fixed upon one object, it embraceth wisdom from all sides. The man whose heart and mind are not at rest is without wisdom." Thus "being" possessed of patience, he by degrees finds rest, supreme bliss surely cometh to the sage whose mind is thus at peace; whose passions and desires are thus subdued; who is thus in the True Self and free from sin."

This is the three-fold Path that leads, to the Place of Peace, to dwell wherein ever is to have conquered Time and Death. The "path winds steeply uphill all the way," but the pinions of the Dove of Peace fan the wearied brow of the pilgrim, and at last, at last, he finds calm, that naught can ruffle.—*Reprinted from the Path.*

It is not enough to know virtue, it is necessary to possess it.—*Confucius.*

Do good with all thy might.—*Zoroaster.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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WAR.

Several correspondents have asked for an expression of opinion as to the right attitude of Theosophists toward war and conscription. Ought the Theosophist to fight? Ought he to countenance any measure that tends in the direction of war?

But it is not the part of Theosophy to place the labels of right and wrong upon definite human acts. It has no Ten Commandments to enforce. The function of Theosophy is to point the way to the attainment of discrimination, and this, we are told, may be done by so intensive a cultivation of human brotherhood that wisdom necessarily follows in its train. There are very few actions that in themselves are either right or wrong. The wrong action is that which is done in conscious violation of the moral law, and thus an action may be wrong when done by one person and right when done by another. If I believe that it is wrong to go to a theatre, or to dance, or to play cards, I am breaking the moral law of my being when I do these things. The things in themselves are neither right nor wrong, but it is my thought concerning them that makes them right or wrong. The function of Theosophy is to strengthen and to clarify the messages from the Higher Self and to enable us to discriminate between them and the prejudices and misconceptions that come from the lower nature.

None the less there are certain considerations that ought not to go unnoticed when we are considering the question of war. We are not living in an ideal human society, and it is useless to act as though we were. But it is evident that no human society whatever could exist without an adhesion to human law. Nor could any human society permit the individual citizen to determine for himself whether its laws should be obeyed or disobeyed. There are many laws to which we do not give our moral sanction, but we are not thereby justified in disobeying them. That would be to choose the greater rather than the lesser of two evils, seeing that nothing but chaos and anarchy could result from such a freedom of choice. Socrates preferred to die by an unjust law rather than to violate it, and it will be observed that all the spiritual teachers of the race have carefully obeyed the laws of the society in which they found themselves. Socrates himself was a soldier and fought as a soldier.

But, it may be said, the laws that demand the use of force stand by themselves, and because of their exceptional gravity they should be disobeyed even though all others be kept. Are there, then, any among us who are prepared to renounce the use of force, and who are willing to live without the protection of force? We have yet to hear of a pacifist who will not claim the protection of the police or who demands the abolition of

the police, and there is no practical difference between the police and the army. If police are needed to check individual criminality there is no reason why armies and navies should not be used to check national criminality. Let us at least be logical and consistent, and refrain from denouncing an action on the ground that it is wrong, whereas our real reason is that it is unusual.

Is there any one among us who would refrain from using force for the protection of the helpless individual? Of course there is not, or at least we may hope that there is not. We do not summon forth our pacifist arguments when we see a beaten child or an assault upon a woman. To refrain from interposing the protection of force would be to become an accomplice in the crime. May we not, then, engage in war in order to resist these same crimes upon a larger or a national scale?

We are living in a world that is still largely governed by force. We use force against the criminal, against the lunatic, against the savage, against the wild beast. And so long as there are criminal and lunatic and savage and wild beast nations we must use force against them also. It may be said therefore that Theosophy demands of its adherents that they do their duty, that they render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and that they ceaselessly aspire to that discrimination that shall make their duty clear unto them by the destruction of false ideas.

MENTAL HEALING.

What is the rationale behind the various systems of mental healing?

The student should search for some principle that is common to all of them, putting wholly upon one side the religious superfluities in which they are usually imbedded. The power to heal is a natural force and therefore as available to the Chinaman as to the Christian. It is as natural as electricity or magnetism, and as independent of pietisms and creeds. It ought not to be harnessed to a religious system, and indeed it will be found impossible to do so.

We may reasonably believe that there is more than one way of mental healing. It may be done by an elimination of the mental causes of disease, and it may be

done in a far less satisfactory way by a mere temporary effacement of results. It is now well known to medical science that some diseases are caused by fear, for example diabetes and Bright's Disease. Fear generates a poison which ultimately destroys the body. Now there are mental methods by which this poison may be temporarily neutralized, but obviously the best of all methods is to eliminate fear. But if fear causes diabetes or Bright's Disease may we not suppose that all other vices have their corresponding maladies? Indeed it seems certain that it must be so. *Mens sana in corpore sano* is something more than a piece of proverbial philosophy. The healthy mind must always create the healthy body, although the process may be a long one. The body is the product of the mind and it corresponds with the mind.

The principle usually underlying the systems of mental healing is that of expectation. H. P. Blavatsky says that almost any inoribific condition can be removed by a state of strong expectation. Now expectation is obviously the same thing as faith. We expect only what we believe will transpire. But faith itself is a somewhat complex force. It seems to depend upon visualization, imagination, the faculty of making a picture of one's self as in some desired state or condition, and a confidence that such a picture will be realized. But the disease that is healed by faith will necessarily recur so long as its cause remains unaffected. The only philosophical way is to remove the cause by compelling the mind to assume the forms of truth. And one of the forms of truth that is most potent in healing disease is a certain "divine carelessness" concerning the body, a realization that the body is not the man, a gradual withdrawal of the central consciousness from an undue interest in the vicissitudes of the body. Remember that we give vitality to any organ of the body to which we give our attention, and if that organ is diseased we are liable to increase the disease.

The bridge between the mind and the body is the Astral Body. The Astral Body is infinitely plastic and malleable by thought, and whatever change occurs in the Astral Body will be reproduced on the physical. By forming a mental pic-

ture of one's self in a state of health we produce a change in the Astral Body and a corresponding and resultant change in the physical.

But do not let us use the magic power of the imagination only for the things that do not matter, or, worse still, for the ends of selfishness. Patanjali says that the mind becomes like unto the thing thought of, as water poured into a jug assumes the shape of the jug. It is a tremendous pronouncement and it loses none of its force from its brevity. It places all heights within our reach. It brings the kingdom of heaven upon earth.

BIGOTRY.

Do you advise Theosophists to read books other than those written by the Founders of the Society. I refer, of course, to Theosophical books and books on cognate subjects? If so, what books do you recommend?

What an extraordinary question, and yet perhaps not so extraordinary when one considers the bitter sectarianism and bigotry that so often mask themselves under the name of Theosophy. You are recommended to read any and every book that can throw any light or convey any suggestion upon the problems of life and death. Does not the *Gita* recommend "strong search" and the "asking of questions"? Does not Paracelsus tell us that he wandered throughout the world seeking knowledge wherever it might be found, and not disdaining to ask of fortune-tellers, executioners, and gypsies? The right attitude for the Theosophist is one of an immense interest in everything that concerns the well-being of humanity, and a determination to know and understand the questions that are occupying men's minds, and the answers that they are giving to those questions. The Theosophist, so far as it is within his power, ought to make himself familiar with the whole world of human thought. He ought to know at least something of what is being done by scientists, by the religious, and by the psychical researchers. He ought to participate intellectually in all of these movements in order that he may do what little is in his power to give them a right direction and a right tendency. If you want guidance as to

the duty of the Theosophist toward the world, why not consult the early numbers of *Lucifer* and the *Path*, and note their breadth of view, their catholicity of interests, the unfailing attention that they paid to everything that had even the most remote bearing on Theosophy or upon human brotherhood. Read the articles written by Mme. Blavatsky on Tolstoi, and on the Salvation Army, for example. Read what she had to say about eugenism and a dozen other movements of the same kind. Nothing was a matter of indifference to her. The whole world of humanity came within her view.

It would be unwise to recommend books in this column other than the standard volumes by Mme. Blavatsky and Mr. Judge. But read everything omniverously. Do not allow yourself to anathematize anything save vice. You might know the *Secret Doctrine* by heart, but it will avail you nothing if at the same time you are intolerant. Do not boycott anything nor ban anything. Seek for wisdom wherever there is the least chance that you may find it. Be eternally receptive. Let your mind be a perpetual question mark, and have no doubt whatever that the "wise shall reveal it unto thee."

I have no fear that our souls will vanish like smoke, or that the dead sleep on forever like Endymion. Our souls are born again. The pure soul, herself invisible, departs to the invisible world, to the divine, the immortal, and the rational, where she dwells in bliss in company with the gods, released from the errors and follies of men, their fears, their unruly passions, and all evils of humanity.—*Socrates*.

As the inheritance of an illustrious name and pedigree quickens the sense of duty in every noble nature, a belief in preëxistence may enhance the glory of the present life and intensify the reverence with which the deathless principle is regarded.—*William Knight*.

The experiences gained in one life may not be remembered in their details in the next, but the impressions which they produce will remain.—*Hartmann*.

SEEKING THE SELF.

(Reprinted from the Path, October, 1894.)

"Every new mind is a new classification." Every incarnate soul presents us with a new aspect of that Self by reason of which we exist. Yet here is one who has in fact, if not in theory, set around himself a barrier. Within it certain of his fellows have been honored with admission. From them he can learn; others he can only teach. Perhaps those so highly favored are students of older date than he himself; perhaps they are scholars of recognized achievements. What indeed is to be learned from one who can not even talk good English? Another, hearing that "within one's self the key to the mystery lies hidden," delves within his own mind in search of its secret workings. He is enough for himself, he thinks. He will expound to those unhappy seekers after the objective as much of what he has discovered as they can understand. He has not learned their language; but then how could he? Yet a third will study Nature, will roam the fields, will watch the lilies grow, will listen to the music of the wind as it croons amidst the trees. Man, he says, has become diseased, and is no longer a natural growth, but one of Nature's great mistakes. Or perhaps the Ancients alone were possessed of the occult truth. Nothing worth the hearing or the reading has been written for some two thousand years. This age is matter-sodden; the spirit has gone out of it. Then he buries himself in musty volumes of a bygone age, seeking in them the Light of lights.

Barriers all. Why such false limits to the unlimited? Is not the Self in our midst today as yesterday and forever? Is not man, corrupt or incorrupt, its chief expression. Its long-worn vesture? And if one could judge of a city by one inhabitant, it could only be after many travels through many lands and with a perfect knowledge of race and type and history.

Wise indeed is he who finds his teacher everywhere. In stone and star and scroll, in man and child, in the present and the past—in boundless Nature. Who would exile Life from any point in space? Is there an atom that is not con-

scious? And is there not Motion and that which moves, both in ourselves and everywhere without? The fall of a leaf, the chance word of friend or foe—both show us the workings of forces which as the agents of law might help in the downfall of nations.

We must interpret other minds by ours; but we must learn to understand our own by those around us. Mind is something more than our own mind. Only a fool in his pride will think that *that* man at any rate can teach him nothing. There is naught existing from which we have not much to learn. Nor need we make such haste to teach. Many, like live volcanoes, perpetually pour forth a stream of smothering verbiage; not waiting to be asked, seeking but an ear into which to turn their surplus energy. Their word must be heard. Of ignorance in themselves they rarely have time to think. An answer is always ready, though not of necessity correct.

Yet it is possible to teach by proper learning. If we seek in all things their lesson, we give whilst we receive. We admit no barriers; we turn to each and all and listen, looking for the Self. It speaks. The poorest, meaning thing on earth knows something we do not know. By causing its expression, by receiving in humility some simple fact, some glimpse of truth, we teach. Whether it be from man or beast or mineral, we give strength to its inner life. We have called forth that which lay hidden; we have helped in the birth of a thought.

The true learner is a teacher of wisdom. All that he takes he bestows; all that he gives is returned to him with increase. But this give and take is not his doing; it is the movement of that Law upon which he waits.

We have but one tireless Friend, who, though forsaken, forsaketh not; who, throughout long neglect, standeth at hand, waiting but a call to lighten our hearts of their burdens. His memory doth not fail. When thy friends abandon thee, when they ask of thee a price for their friendship thou canst not pay, this Friend stands as forever unshaken and ready. Yet, oh my brother, if in thy loneliness thou turnest to the faithful One, forget not that he standeth also by those who do not stand by thee. Also by

them he is hidden. Then turn not thy face from their sight, lest thou shouldst lose the vision of this thy Comforter and Companion. His homes are not numbered. He answereth thy cry from strange places, though thou callest him from out the chamber of thy heart.

CHE-YEW-TSANG.

"OR EVER THE KNIGHTLY
YEARS WERE GONE."

Or ever the knightly years were gone
With the old world to the grave,
I was a King in Babylon
And you a Christian Slave.

I saw, I took, I cast you by,
I bent, and broke your pride.
You loved me well, or I heard them lie,
But your longing was denied.
Surely I knew that by and by
You cursed your gods and died.

And a myriad suns have set and shone
Since then upon the grave
Decreed by the King in Babylon
To her that had been his Slave.

The pride I trampled is now my scathe,
For it tramples me again.
The old resentment lasts like death,
For you love, yet you refrain.
I break my heart on your hard unfaith,
And I break my heart, in vain.

Yet not for an hour do I wish undone
The deed beyond the grave,
When I was a King in Babylon
And you were a Virgin Slave.

—William Ernest Henley.

If there be no reasons to suppose that we have existed before that period at which our existence apparently commences, then there are no grounds for supposing that we shall continue to exist after our existence has apparently ceased.—*Shelley*.

Are you not ashamed of being so anxious for riches and glory, and honor, but take no thought for wisdom and truth and for your own soul, how it may be made most perfect?—*Socrates*.

We are not to be anxious about living, but about living well; and to live well is to live honorably and justly.—*Socrates*.

RAYMOND AGAIN.

Eleanor Mildred Sidgwick contributes to the *Hibbert Journal* a critical review of "Raymond," by Sir Oliver Lodge. Mrs. Sidgwick is frankly sympathetic, but none the less wary. She says that if there were no other evidence than is to be found in this book, "the cautious student would hesitate to conclude more than that there was a good *prima facie* case for investigation." This caution seems to be reflected by Sir Oliver himself, for he says: "The gradually recognized possibility of what may be called normal telepathy, or unconscious mind-reading from survivors, raises hesitation—felt most by studious and thoughtful people—about accepting such messages as irrefragable evidence of persistent personal existence; and to overcome this . . . difficulty it is demanded that facts shall be given which are unknown to any one present, and can only be subsequently verified." But even this safeguard seems a slight one. The possibilities of telepathy are surely not confined to persons who happen to be present.

Elsewhere Mrs. Sidgwick lays still further emphasis on the unreliability of the communications that come through a medium. Speaking of Sir Oliver Lodge, she says:

As regards the mixed, and therefore untrustworthy, nature of the communications he is in entire agreement with me, and frequently warns the reader that they can not be taken at their face value without examination. For instance, on p. 180, "It is unlikely that lucidity is constant all the time, and Feda" [the so-called control of the medium through whom the communication is supposed to come] "may have to do some padding." Or again, p. 192, "I should think myself that they" [i. e., statements about life on the other side] "are of very varying degrees of value, and peculiarly liable to unintentional sophistication by the medium." Or again, on the same page, "Some books, moreover, have been published of late, purporting to give information about ill-understood things in a positive and assured manner, and it is possible that the medium has read these and been influenced by them." Or again, on p. 269, "A good deal of this struck me as nonsense; as if Feda had picked it up from some sitter. But I went on recording what was said."

It is certain, then, that no supposed communications, whether through private persons or professional mediums, should be accepted uncritically at their face value. But the difficulty is greatly increased in the case of professional mediums for three reasons. Firstly, many of them—perhaps most—are more or less fraudulent. Even where there is some

real power it acts fitfully, and the temptation to supplement genuine with manufactured evidence must often be great when the medium's living depends on satisfying sitters. My second and third reasons do not necessarily involve conscious deception. The second is, that the need of producing something must tend to increase the amount of what may be called padding. The third is, that the effort to get into relation with the affairs of a constant succession of new sitters and to give them tests is apt to develop a habit of fishing, of rapid inference from small indications, and of bold guessing. For these reasons I think resort to professional mediums is to be deprecated.

Sir Oliver Lodge in his wholesome advice to bereaved persons (pp. 342-3) also deprecates it for many people. "It may be asked," he says, "do I recommend all bereaved persons to devote the time and attention which I have done to getting communications and recording them? Most certainly I do not. I am a student of the subject, and a student often undertakes detailed labor of a special kind. I recommend people in general to learn and realize that their loved ones are still active and useful and interested and happy—more alive than ever in one sense—and to make up their minds to live a useful life till they rejoin them.

"What steps should be taken to gain this peaceful assurance must depend on the individual. Some may get it from the consolations of religion, some from the testimony of trusted people, while some may find it necessary to have first-hand experience of their own for a time. And if this experience can be attained privately, with no outside assistance, by quiet and meditation or by favor of occasional waking dreams, so much the better."

I am afraid that notwithstanding this excellent advice "Raymond" is likely to lead many people, who had much better not do so, to go to professional mediums, and is likely to encourage a very undesirable trade. I can only hope that the evil of this will be compensated by the comfort which the book will bring to many mourners.

It is to be feared that there is small comfort for spiritism in Mrs. Sidgwick's review. And indeed there is small comfort to be found from Sir Oliver himself, so far as his general reflections are concerned. For what moral status can we allot to a method of communication with the dead against which it is necessary to warn the average inquirer? Surely it must dawn even upon the enthusiast that there must be something fundamentally wrong with practices so saturated with the possibilities of delusion and fraud.

As the soul plainly appears to be immortal, no release or salvation from evil can be found, except in the attainment of the highest wisdom and virtue.—*Socrates*.

THE SPIRIT SHALL NOT DIE.

"Yet some men say that King Arthur is not dead, but had by the will of Lord Jesu into another place; and men say he shall come again and he shall win the Holy Cross."—Sir Thomas Malory.

Arthur, the peerless king, went out upon

The tide and left Sir Bedivere alone:
Who, reft of his liege lord, the well-loved one,

Stood wailing by the marge and made his moan.

With Arthur all was well, but with his realm

Ill—now the lawless days drew nigh to
whelm.

And many said that he would come again:

Haply they meant return in youthful might,

Girt up and ready to wipe out the stain
Of erring years, and trumpet in the right

Which, he a-gone, had faded from the land,

So that it drooped beneath the heathen hand.

It is not thus he shall come back; yet truth

They spake who so declared; for all the deeds

He did were deeds of gentleness and ruth

And virtue, and whoever sows such seeds

Shall bring forth fruit again in spirit, him

Time can not quell, nor death itself bedim.

Yea, Arthur shall return and still return,

Till all the earth's good souls are blent as one,

Till steadily in hearts of men shall burn
Love that shall leap like fire from sun to sun;

Return from Avalon, and evermore
Kindle the faith of those beside the shore.

—Richard Burton, in *"Poems of Earth's Meaning."* (Henry Holt & Co.)

What the superior man seeks is in himself; what the small man seeks is in others.—*Confucius*.

VIVISECTION.

(From the San Francisco Bulletin.)

(During the course of the recent agitation to secure the passage of a law making vivisection legal in California—an agitation which failed of its purpose—the adversaries on either side had occasion frequently to animadvert on the writings of Stephen Coleridge, a leading English publicist on the subject of vivisection. The rumble of the controversy at length reached the ears of Mr. Coleridge in his English home, and he has written the appended letter in reply to some of the strictures passed on his views.)

EDITOR BULLETIN: A person signing himself Philip S. Haley, Ph. G. D. D. S., San Francisco, has written a letter to your paper in which he says:

"If Mr. Stephen Coleridge, the classic champion of anti-vivisection, were to see a child of his die from cancer, and knew that animal experimentation, performed in time, could have saved it, I wonder how he would feel?"

He might with equal reason ask me whether if I knew that drinking distilled water would intoxicate my child I should prevent my child drinking it.

I happen to know that distilled water will not intoxicate my child and I am equally aware that the vivisection of hundreds of thousands of animals by the officials of the Cancer Research Fund will not cure anybody of cancer.

That avenue of research has been pursued absolutely in vain for years, and anybody who is really scientific, when one avenue of experimental investigation proves entirely fruitless, tries another.

But vivisection dulls the minds, sterilizes invention, and renders those who practice it unable to perceive what is obvious to others.

The death rate per million living persons in England and Wales from cancer has gone up and up during all the years that these dull-witted persons have been monotonously repeating their foolish vivisection—all they have ever discovered is how to give cancer—they have never, and now, of course, never will, discover a cure by that means.

I find also in Mr. Philip S. Haley's letter the following sentence: "If the Son of God suffered for man the pussies should not object."

This illumines Mr. Philip S. Haley as a man of taste and reverence, and it also seems to display him as believing

that the voluntary submission of Christ to agony and death justifies vivisection in torturing helpless animals.

This is a hopeless mental confusion and Mr. Philip S. Haley's degrees have left him quite ignorant of ethics or logic.

Then I find another correspondent of your paper who signs himself "W. Ophuls, Dean Stanford University Medical School," who says of my book, "Vivisection," that—

"It is written by a fanatic who is more or less irresponsible for his utterances. It is a sad commentary on how far a man of considerable mental calibre may be misguided from the truth when he permits his prejudices and passions to gain control over his reasoning power."

I should have thought a dean of a university school could do better than this as a controversialist. He makes no attempt to quote and answer any single utterance of mine—he merely calls me a fanatic and says I am irresponsible.

His calling me names and his assigning to me faults, without producing any evidence that I deserve the one or am guilty of the other show him to be a rude person who trusts that his discourtesy will never come to the knowledge of a man in another continent.

I invite him to endeavor to make a reasoned reply to my book if he can. It is an adventure upon which no one either in England or America has yet embarked.

That will be more to the credit of himself and his university than talking at large in this immature and childish way about my passions and prejudices and the rest of it.

STEPHEN COLERIDGE.

The Ford, Chobham, Surrey, May 8, 1917.

We can not yet have learned all that we are meant to learn through the body. How much of the teaching even of this world can the most diligent and the most favored man have exhausted before he is called to leave it? Is all that remains lost?—*George Macdonald*.

If I must necessarily either act unjustly or suffer unjustly, I should rather choose to suffer.—*Socrates*.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz.:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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WAR AND RELIGION.

The effect of the war upon religion is just now being actively discussed by quite a number of people whose qualifications for that task are more or less dubious. There are clergymen who would have us believe that the world is undergoing some kind of chastisement for its neglect of religion—that is to say, for its neglect of churchgoing. The materialist—Professor Haeckel, for example—is equally sure that religion will henceforth disappear from human calculations, and that the whole of mankind will worship the great god of chance. Mr. H. G. Wells, having just discovered God, is anxious to introduce him to us, and we find ourselves confronted with a sort of deified H. G. Wells, who is anxious to do what he can for the world and sincerely sorry that he can not do more. We do not particularly like the God of H. G. Wells, although gratified that H. G. Wells should have discovered any sort of a God so long as it is not the God of theology. Now we should like to hear Bernard Shaw's opinion of the God of H. G. Wells, and doubtless Mr. Chesterton will oblige with some views. And so it goes.

Perhaps the most striking comment on current religion has been supplied by Donald Hankey, the young divinity student who was recently killed in France while fighting as a soldier. Mr. Hankey speaks of the unselfishness, the kindli-

ness, and the charity of his soldier associates. Even the "bad men" are matchless in fortitude and in tenderness for the wounded. Religion, says Mr. Hankey, can produce nothing finer, but these men have no idea that religion is in any way associated with conduct. They have never been taught to associate them. They distrust the chaplains as exponents of a mere piety in which they have no interest. How comes it, asks Mr. Hankey, that the average soldier can show so much sublimity of behavior, so many of the essentials of religion, and yet be wholly unaware that they are associated with religion?

Mr. Wells himself has a somewhat similar criticism to make. He says that all over Europe he found men who wanted to discuss religion, who believed that only in some sort of religion could be found the solution of human problems. But all these discussions, says Mr. Wells, must have come to an end at once if a clergyman or a minister had come into the room. These are the only men with whom it is not possible to discuss religion. They seem to know nothing about it. Religion, for them, means creeds, dogmas, orthodoxies, and heresies. It means churches, establishments, institutions, and formulas. Therefore, says Mr. Wells, the religious revival will pass completely over the heads of the churches and submerge them. They have had their day and ceased to be. They have had all the powers of govern-

ment behind them for two thousand years. They have had all the sanctions of the state and of society. And they have not been able to raise even the least barrier between human nature and barbarism.

That we are on the eve of a religious revival we need have no doubts whatever. Indeed it is already here in the questioning and the challenging that we hear upon all sides. But it will be a religion wholly unlike the systems of the past, although every effort will be made to attach the old labels to it. It will be a religion that seeks for the causes of effects, a religion that makes of man the arbiter of his own destiny, that establishes the reign of law in ethics as well as in physics, that will have no dealings with supernaturalism.

TO A BUDDHA SEATED ON A LOTUS.

Lord Buddha, on thy Lotus-throne,

With praying eyes and hands elate,
What mystic rapture dost thou own,

Immutable and ultimate?

What peace, unravished of our ken,
Annihilate from the world of men?

The wind of change forever blows

Across the tumult of our way,
Tomorrow's unborn griefs depose

The sorrows of our yesterday.
Dream yields to dream, strife follows
strife,

And Death unweaves the webs of Life.

For us the travail and the heat,

The broken secrets of our pride,
The strenuous lessons of defeat,

The flower deferred, the fruit denied;
But not the peace, supremely won,
Lord Buddha, of thy Lotus-throne.

With futile hands we seek to gain

Our inaccessible desire,
Diviner summits to attain,

With faith that sinks and feet that
tire;

But nought shall conquer or control
The heavenward hunger of our soul.

The end, elusive and afar,

Still lures us with its beckoning flight,
And all our mortal moments are

A session of the Infinite.

How shall we reach the great, unknown
Nirvana of thy Lotus-throne?

From "*The Golden Threshold*," by Sarojini Naidu. (John Lane Company.)

THE ADVENTURE OF DEATH.

When with his first cry, says Dr. MacKenna, the new-born infant challenges the world, he carries with him sealed orders, but whatever road he may have to travel there is one gate through which he must pass, and it is the gate of death. It is the destination of the whole human race. No single unit escapes it. There is no preference and no favoritism. Why, then, do we fear it? Why should we think it possible that nature has ordained that every human life shall end in calamity? Why do we associate tragedy with the inevitable?

Dr. MacKenna has written his little book with the object of showing that death is not a misfortune nor to be dreaded. Indeed it is not dreaded by those who are about to die. It is the anticipation that is feared, and not the realization:

It falls to the lot of most doctors to see much of death, and I have watched by the bedside of the dying of many classes and of all ages. I have seen the little silken thread on which a child's life hung—a life so far as one could tell of infinite potentialities for good—snap suddenly, leaving only a terrible sense of the mystery and inscrutableness of it all; and I have fought with death, and lost: the battle, over the beds of young men and women in the first flush of maturity; I have seen strong men and women cut down in their prime; I have watched the old totter down the slope into the twilight, and at the end fall asleep like little children, and I say it with a due sense of the importance of the statement: that my experience has been that, however much men and women may, when in the full vigor of health, fear death, when their hour approaches the fear is almost invariably lulled into quietness, and they face the end with calmness and a serene mind.

Physical death, says the author, is not painful. Healthy individuals in profound sleep will sometimes seem to be nearly asphyxiated and will show every sign of acute distress, although actually they are sleeping restfully. Dr. MacKenna tells us that he has seen healthy sleepers who were apparently suffering more than the dying and who knew nothing whatever about it:

In February, 1914, an interesting correspondence took place in the columns of the *Times* as to whether the act of death is associated with physical pain. Much interesting evidence was offered from many quarters, but I shall make use of only two of the letters published. One was from Professor J. Cook Wilson, who described the terrible respiratory struggles of his father, when dying

from cardiac failure supervening on influenza. The harrowing struggles of the dying man were apparently so painful that his son could hardly believe the assurance of the medical attendants that the patient knew nothing of them. After several hours passed, apparently, in intense agony the patient woke up, and volunteered the statement that he had spent a comfortable night. This was unexpected but very gratifying corroboration of the physician's opinion. Another correspondent contributed a personal experience. He had narrowly escaped death from typhoid fever in a mining camp in Mexico, and after his recovery he was informed by his friends that in his delirium he had shrieked and fought as though suffering untold agonies. As a matter of fact he had, all the while, been entirely free from pain, anxiety, or fear.

If death were the end of all things, says the author, we might well fear it. But can we believe that it is the end of all things? Can we believe that a man's ambitions, ideals, hopes, and fears are no more than the outcome of some chemical, electrical, molecular, or other physical change in his brain cells? Are the masterpieces of art and literature nothing more than effervescence in the brain cells transferred to canvas or to paper?

How can we imagine that alterations in our brain cells can determine moral issues? Can we write down conscience as nothing more than a chemical reaction in the test-tube of the brain? Is lofty and consecrated devotion to high ideals nothing more, let us say, than a hyperæmia of the brain, and must we attribute the reasoned self-sacrifice of Captain Oates to nothing higher than a physical cause. When that "gallant English gentleman" walked out from the lone tent into the Antarctic blizzard to die for his friends, was his noble act no more than the outward manifestation of a sluggishness of his intra-cranial blood-stream?

What, then, is actually the relation between mind and brain? The same relation, says the author, as between light and the window through which it passes. The light is always the same, but its quantity is governed by the medium of its transmission:

Let us imagine that we are sitting in a closed and darkened room, with only a faint beam of light struggling through the curtain that covers the window. When the curtain is thrown back, the light can enter the room, and the amount which will come through the window—the intensity of the source remaining the same—will depend on the character of the glass that fills it. Clear glass will let through much more light than opaque glass, and a large window will admit more light than a couple of tiny panes. So it may be with the stream of consciousness. The clear window of the brain of a normal healthy man will admit more consciousness than the nerve

ganglia of one of the lower vertebrates. And just as the rose window of some ancient cathedral will break up the beams of light that penetrate it into shafts of gold, and ruby red, and blue, letting them fall in a cascade of beauty on the pavement between the choir-stalls, so the stream of consciousness flowing through the brain of a poet or a man of genius will produce a more brilliant result than when it flows through the cottage window of some peasant's brain. It is not given to all of us to live behind "rose windows." Most of us have to be content with more commonplace illumination. But when we escape from our cathedral or our cottage, though we leave the windows behind we do not leave the light; but discover that we have emerged into an effulgence of illumination of which our little windows give us no idea. As the windows limit our light, so our brains may limit consciousness. The glass does not create the light, it simply transmits it, modifying it in accordance with its own qualities. It is, therefore, more than possible that our brain, instead of creating consciousness, only modifies, according to its own inherent quality, the rays of consciousness that play upon it. Light is not recognized as such till it impinges upon the retina and is transmitted by the optic nerve to the visual centre. So, it may be, we are aware of consciousness only through the action of some subtle influence outside ourselves playing upon our brain.

Matter is indestructible. Why not also mind? The atoms that composed the bodies of Julius Caesar and of Cleopatra must still exist. They may have changed their quality, but they have not ceased to be. Nature uses them again and again, building them up into other shapes and molds. But what is the power that thus builds and shapes and holds them, and finally lets them go. We see the building, but who was the builder, and who was the architect?

There are those, says Dr. MacKenna, who believe in survival, but they do not believe in the survival of the individuality. They hold that a spiritual something leaves the body at death and that it is then merged into a central soul and so loses its individuality. But this he can not accept. Consciousness that is not individualized is not a man at all. It must remain as a separate entity. It must persist as a man.

Of the "evidences" of the spiritist Dr. MacKenna has a low opinion. He remains unconvinced. Usually they amount to little more than vague and incoherent babblings:

It is reasonable to suppose that if the spirit of a Gladstone or a Myers or a Stead could communicate with those who have sought to

reach them from this side of the "great gulf fixed," the message given would be something worthy of the men—some trumpet-tongued revelation for the times, some brave word of encouragement for those who are still entangled in the meshes of life. But, instead, any communication has been little more than the unconnected rambling of some idiot boy. Some day, perhaps, those who love to grope with blind fingers along the edge of this gulf of separation may stumble upon some great discovery, and may get into touch with those who have passed onward. But the time is not yet.

Faith is sometimes a surer guide than intellect. One day we may have proof. We may hold our judgment in abeyance until proof has come, but at least we can avoid a fear of death.

THE ADVENTURE OF DEATH. By Robert W. MacKenna. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

ARCHÆOLOGY.

Interesting discoveries have recently been made by Daninos Pasha of what he believes must be the ancient Egyptian city of Canopus, near Aboukir Bay. He hopes to continue his excavations during the year. As the city is hidden in sand, the work entailed digging down fourteen meters before the discoveries were made. The discoveries already made include a great public bath of the Ptolemaic period which is the most complete bath of that date that has yet been found in Egypt. It measures 26 meters by 24 and has a depth of from 6 to 7 meters. The establishment consists of eighteen rooms arranged round a central hall, into which opened a number of baths of various kinds. There was also a large swimming bath and a reservoir for the water supply, besides many private baths. The building was made of calcareous stone covered with plaster and decorated with artistic Greek friezes. A number of bronze coins have been found bearing the effigies of Ptolemy Soter, Ptolemy Euergetes, and Queen Berenice, and also several stauettes and the remains of a sphinx which probably came from some avenues of sphinxes leading to the temple. Among the statuets is a Chinese figure, which is interesting as added evidence of the relations existing between China and ancient Egypt. Canopus was the commercial capital of Egypt, and was situated at the mouth of the Nile near the Red Sea Canal, which connected the Mediterranean with the Gulf of Suez.

IMMORTALITY.

Foild by our fellow-men, depress'd, out-worn,

We leave the brutal world to take its way,

And, Patience! in another life, we say,
The world shall be thrust down, and we up-borne!

And will not, then, the immortal armies scorn

The world's poor routed leavings? or will they,

Who fail'd under the heat of this life's day,

Support the fervours of the heavenly morn?

No, no! the energy of life may be
Kept on after the grave, but not be-gun!

And he who flagged not in the earthly strife,

From strength to strength advancing—only he,

His soul well-knit, and all his battles won,

Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life.
—Matthew Arnold.

THE ATOMIC.

Through the void of space the eternal atoms fly

In three-fold paths, immeasurably fleet,

Varied their forms, they oft colliding meet,

Or, when uniting, matter comes thereby.

Earth, teeming life, heat, light, the starry sky,

While still for them Time's mortal pulses beat,

Atoms exhale, inhale, and so repeat
This act of respiration till they die.

Atoms and space make up the cosmic whole;

The things they form have no abiding power,

They vanish forever in eternal death:

But their freed atoms other forms control,

New planets, skies, and suns, and things with breath,

Destroying, recreating evermore.

—Charles Tomlinson.

THE NEW LITERATURE.

(By Honoré Willsie.)

The greatest literature that the war has produced is to be found in *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* and President Wilson's Declaration of War. One significant thing about President Wilson's Declaration is that its author is absolutely sure of the hereafter. He is convinced that God is Eternal Goodness. All his utterances are the utterances of a man with a deep faith that never has been disturbed. And that sort of man is the man for statesmanship.

Religious fervor was the driving force of the fathers of our country. For an agnostic like myself to witness an exhibition of this force is to look wistfully at a Power that can not be understood. It is the spirit of the little red schoolhouse, of the meetinghouse, of the town meeting—the spirit of American statesmanship and of American democracy.

Human beings aren't big enough to get along without religion. Somehow or other we moderns have got to have some faith—as Lincoln had it, and Adams, and Washington—as Wilson has it. We need a new religion. For Wilson won't happen again very often.

President Wilson's message formulates a new philosophy of government. His message came on Europe like a flash of light in the darkness of battle.

President Wilson seems to have started his message with a definite conviction as to the existence of God. Mr. Wells must have started his novel with the hope of finding God through it. I size Wells up as a modern with the modern craving for God. Wells does not lead you to God, but he gives you the idea that God exists, and is just over beyond.

But, then, religion is a favorite theme of the novelist, isn't it? Every ten years or so we have a new novel with religion for its subject. You remember Winston Churchill's *The Inside of the Cup*? He said that social service would take the place of religion. Well, maybe it would for some people. But nowadays most people need a religion that says that there is a hereafter.

I think that I am the only human being in captivity who has read all of Holt's book on the cosmic relations.

And what I got out of it was not a belief in spiritualism, but a realization of the fact that every one, high and low, rich and poor, educated and illiterate, has a craving for knowledge of life after death, has a craving for belief in life after death. And the war has raised this feeling to the *n*th power. We feel that we shall go mad if there is no hereafter. Mr. Wells leads us to believe that he will find that there is a hereafter. President Wilson shows us that he is sure there is one.

This craving for conviction of the hereafter, increased by the war, inevitably makes our literature more spiritual. So we are seeing the last for a while of the sex novel and of sordid realism. We no longer find people who believe that since you are an artist you should describe the contents of a garbage can. The soul of man as well as the body of man is coming into its own as the theme of the novelist.

And the war is responsible. You can't stick out your tongue and make a face at God when a shell may momentarily hurl you from the earth. And who cares to read a sex novel now? What do Robert W. Chambers' little bedroom scandals matter when the womanhood of Belgium has been despoiled?—*New York Times Magazine*.

Is it only a chance concurrence of atoms, organized into a brain . . . from which comes the confident voice: I love, I hope, I worship eternal beauty, I offer myself in obedience to a perfect law of righteousness, I gladly suffer that others may be saved, I resist the threatening evil that I see? . . . Molecules, however organized, do not naturally thus utter themselves; chemical reactions are not thus expressed.—*Samuel McChord Crothers*.

He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do anything.—*Dr. Samuel Johnson*.

The attainment of wisdom is the sure guaranty to all durable pleasure and happiness.—*Confucius*.

It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives.—*Dr. Johnson*.

"SONG OF THE BROADAXE."

(The Hon. Stephen Coleridge, in his book, *An Evening in My Library Among the English Poets*, criticizes Walt Whitman for the "idiotic catalogue of words" in his *Song of the Broadaxe*. Albert Ernest Stafford in the Toronto *Sunday World* thus replies to Mr. Coleridge.)

Some time ago I quoted from a little book, *The Life of an Enclosed Nun*, by "A Mother Superior," in which among other things she describes how "nothing astonished me more than the fact that he [Father F.] dwelt so briefly on the sins of the flesh, and so strongly on those of the spirit. Slowly, indeed, I came to comprehend how one might love publicans and sinners and loathe Pharisees and hypocrites." She tells how she was introduced to the exercises of St. Ignatius. "This was the knowledge I craved! The futility of deeds—the power of thought—became potent to me—I wanted to do nothing else for the rest of my life but to seek God in prayer." It will probably astonish Mr. Coleridge to find "Leaves of Grass" regarded as a method of seeking God. Yet such it is. The Mother Superior describes the exercise of the "Central Meditation," in which there were seven stages. "1, The house and those therein; 2, The town and those therein; 3, Europe and those therein; 4, The whole world and those therein; 5, Other worlds—the universe; 6, Heaven and the Heavenly Host; 7, God." At the close of each five minutes a bell rang and the meditants passed to the next subject, the mistress directing them, as in No. 4. "Higher, my children, higher! Now the whole round world lies below you. The heathen! the Indians, the negroes! Remember all our missionaries at work—love the Chinese, love the Japanese. See all the sailors on the seas; see the Arabs in the desert; see Jerusalem upon its Holy Hill." All religions of a practical kind have followed some such method for the expansion of consciousness and the development of mental powers, and what Mr. Coleridge calls "an idiotic catalogue of words," complaining "that it has no distinction of thought and no felicity of expression, and that it is in fact a literary impertinence"; it has an occult value for those who care to use it of a very high order. Likewise in many similar lists we have the meditation of

the seer, not to be rattled over as idiotic catalogues, but to be dwelt upon, every object fully realized until it becomes part of the consciousness, until the imagination recreates it, holding it in spiritual vision. Most of Whitman's long poems afford exercises of this kind and those who read them, a line a day, perchance, until every object has yielded its secret relationships, and bound the soul with another tie to the Universal, have no thought of "idiotic catalogues." Mr. Coleridge could find nothing in the *Song of the Broadaxe* but matter for scorn. Yet he passed over half a dozen superlative passages, any one of which lift the poem into first rank. I will close with one, a noble conception of democratic life and ideals, a Pisgah-sight of the new age of which Whitman was the herald, the full significance of which the Hon. Stephen in his aristocratic aloofness may not be able to grasp. It is the true note of the Aquarian age, the era of woman's consummation in purity and in power:

Her shapes arises,
She less guarded than ever: yet more guarded
than ever,
The gross and soil'd she moves among do not
make her gross or soil'd,
She knows the thoughts as she passes, nothing
is conceal'd from her,
She is none the less considerate or friendly
therefor,
She is the best belov'd, it is without excep-
tion, she has no reason to fear and she
does not fear,
Oaths, quarrels, hiccup'd songs, smutty ex-
pressions are idle to her as she passes,
She is silent, she is possess'd of herself, they
do not offend her,
She receives them as the laws of Nature re-
ceives them, she is strong,
She, too, is a law of Nature—there is no law
stronger than she is.

There is no system so simple, and so little repugnant to our understanding, as that of metempsychosis. The pains and pleasure of this life are by this system considered as the recompense or the punishment of our actions in another state.—*Isaac D'Israeli*.

A man is not a man by virtue of his face and body, but by virtue of his understanding and will.—*Swedenborg*.

Nothing is real except that which concerns the workings of our own minds.—*Okakura Kakuzo*.

CYCLES.

(By Dr. Thomas E. Reed.)

All forces in nature seem to move directly, but on analysis it is found that the progression is never direct, but always by alternate deviations, first to one side, then to the other of a common mean or norm. We look in vain for perfect equilibrium or absolute stasis. Wherever we appear to find it, we find only a change of one form of rhythm into another. The spiral nebulae manifest a form of rhythm, as do the revolution of double stars. Coming within the bounds of our own solar system, since revolution is but a completed rhythm, the revolution of the planets about the sun are examples of rhythm; the revolution of the earth on its axis and the revolution of the axis itself about a mean point, the North Pole, as well as a thousand other minor forms of rhythm which complicate the great astronomic rhythms. Light and sound progress through rhythmical vibration of the air and ether. Flowing water and air are always rhythmical in motion. The rhythm of the revolution of the earth on its own axis and about the sun produce the diurnal and seasonal rhythms, which in turn are responsible for rhythms in plant and animal life.

Atoms and molecules are known to be in a constant state of vibration, and some physicists are now teaching that the elements differ only in the rate and amplitude of the vibration of their electrons. That everything is in constant motion, that change is continuous, is an observation as old as Heraclitus and Buddha. Nothing ever is, everything is only becoming. Even truth can not be considered at rest and absolute. Nothing progresses directly, but only by spiral or vibratory motion. Matter that seems to be motionless and at rest is only in a state of higher vibration than matter that seems to be in motion. Huxley has said in regard to rest and motion:

"The more we learn of the nature of things, the more evident is it that what we call rest is only unperceived activity; that seeming peace is silent but strenuous battle. In every part, at every moment, the state of the cosmos is the expression of a transitory adjustment of contending forces, a scene of strife in which all the combatants fall in turn

What is true of each part is true of the whole. Natural knowledge tends more and more to the conclusion that 'all the choir of heaven and furniture of the earth' are transitory forms or parcels of cosmic substances wending along the road of evolution, from nebulous potentiality, through endless growths of suns and planets and satellites, through all varieties of matter, through infinite diversities of life and thought; possibly, through modes of being of which we have neither a conception, nor are competent to form any, back to the indefinable latency from which they arose. Thus the most obvious attribute of the cosmos is its impermanence."

Motion being always vibratory and motion being universal, everything may thus be said to be in a state of vibration. But the vibrations of different forms of matter differ themselves in rate and amplitude.

Therefore, while it may be said that every form of matter is in continuous vibration, any particular form of matter or force is strictly held to its own rate and amplitude of vibration. It must vibrate within the limits of its own nature, just as it is impossible for a pendulum to beat outside the limits of the arc of a circle of which its own length is the radius.—*From "Sex: Its Origin and Determination." New York: The Rebman Company.*

Your mental life is destitute of all the qualities of material existence, and it possesses all the qualities which the material existence lacks. Matter and mind belong to different realms. They are separated by the whole diameter of being.—*Professor A. W. Momerie.*

Shallow men believe in luck; strong men believe in cause and effect.—*Emerson.*

The Universe exists for the experience of the Soul.—*Patanjali.*

You can not do wrong without suffering wrong.—*Emerson.*

The world exists for the education of each man.—*Emerson.*

There are no dead.—*Macaulay.*

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GIFT
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Vol. II. No. 25.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, June 23, 1917.

Price Five Cents

BUDDHA'S TEACHINGS.

Is it true that Buddha denied the immortality of the soul?

No, it is not true. Such assertions are usually made by those to whom the wish is father to the thought, or by those who desire to cite the authority of Buddha in support of their materialisms. The fact that Buddha put the doctrine of Karma in the forefront of his teachings is a sufficient proof that he believed in the continuity of the human consciousness. For how could Karma operate except through a continuing consciousness? How could it operate from life to life except over the bridge of continuity?

Such ambiguities as we may find in Buddha's teachings on the immortality of the soul are undoubtedly due to the failure of his hearers to comprehend the nature of soul. They seem to have confounded it with the mind. Now before we can say that the mind is immortal we must know what sort of a mind it is. For not all minds are immortal. It depends upon their quality, which in turn depends on the way they have been employed. A mind that has been devoted exclusively to material things can not exist upon immaterial planes. A mind that has been directed wholly to bodily pleasures, for example, can not live under conditions that do not include a body, any more than a fish whose breathing apparatus has been designed for living

in the water can continue to live after it has been deprived of water. The mind can exist upon super-physical planes only to the extent to which it has prepared itself for such an existence. Therefore when Buddha was asked whether the soul, or mind, was immortal he sometimes seemed to evade the question, because while some minds are immortal there are other minds that are not immortal.

The relation between the true soul and the mind has been so often explained that it need not now be discussed again. The soul is somewhat in the position of one who lifts a handful of mud from a river bottom and anxiously examines it for gems. He wants nothing but gems. He has no use for the mud and he rejects it. In the same way the soul may be supposed to scan the life experiences of the man, his thoughts. It wants nothing but the spiritual thoughts. It rejects all others. There is no immortality for what remains.

KARMA.

Is there any difference between fate, predestination, and Karma?

There is no difference if these words are used in their strictly accurate signification. There is a great deal of difference if we accept their theological interpretations. Fate and predestination are used by the theologian as signifying effects without a cause, as in the case of

the Calvinist who asks us to believe that God has created certain souls with the intention to damn them. In the same way the Mohammedan uses the word fate as signifying a human destiny over which the individual has no control, as something pre-ordained by some inscrutable and external power and from which there can be no escape.

The Theosophist believes in fate and predestination, but only as the logical results of the past. He believes that there is an unvarying sequence of cause and effect, and that when the cause has been generated the effect is certain to follow. In that sense the effect becomes fate or predestination and is preferably known as Karma.

THE DIVINE ALCHEMY.

This is the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead; that is, the transfiguration of the body.

For the body, which is matter, is but the manifestation of spirit; and the Word of God shall transmute it into its inner being.

The Will of God is the alchemic crucible; and the dross that is cast therein is Matter.

And the dross shall become pure gold, seven times refined; even perfect spirit.

It shall leave behind it nothing; but shall be transformed into the Divine image.

For it is not a new substance; but its alchemic polarity is changed, and it is converted.

But except it were gold in its true nature it could not be resumed in the aspect of gold.

And except matter were Spirit, it could not revert to Spirit.

To make gold the alchemist must have gold.

But he knows that to be gold which others take to be dross.

Cast thyself into the will of God, and thou shalt become as God.

For thou art God, if thy will be the Divine Will.

This is the great secret; it is the mystery of redemption—*From "Clothed with the Sun."*

If evil be said of thee, and if it be true, correct thyself; if it be a lie, laugh at it. —*Epictetus.*

A DISCOURSE OF BUDDHA.

Shadows are good when the high sun is flaming,

From wherso'er they fall;

Some take their rest beneath the holy temple,

Some by the prison wall.

The King's gilt palace roof shuts out the sunshine,

So doth the dyer's shed!

Which is the chiefest shade of all these shadows?

They are alike! one said.

So it is, quoth he, with all shows of living;

As shadows fall, they fall!

Rest under, if ye must, but question not Which is the best of all.

Therefore, though all be false, seek, if ye must

Right shelter from life's heat.

Lo! those do well who toil for wife and child,

Threading the burning street!

Good is it helping kindred! Good to dwell

Blameless and just to all!

Good to give alms, with good-will in the heart,

Albeit the store be small!

Good to speak sweet and gentle words, to be

Merciful, patient, mild;

To hear the Law, and keep it, leading days

Innocent, undefiled.

These be chief goods—for evil by its like

Ends not, nor hate by hate;

By love hate ceaseth; by well-doing ill;

By knowledge life's sad state.

But see where soars an eagle! Mark those wings!

Which cleave the cool, blue skies!

What shadow needeth yon proud Lord of Air

To shield his fearless eyes?

Rise from this life: lift upon pinions bold

Hearts free and great as his;

The eagle seeks no shadow, nor the wise Greater or lesser bliss!

—*Edwin Arnold.*

THE FUTURE LIFE.

At a time when some of the wisest of men are devoting themselves to a search for the soul and to the proof of its immortality, Mr. Samuel Waddington finds a certain distinction by his championship of materialism. In his little book, "Some Views Respecting a Future Life," he burns the usual incense to Truth, and proclaims the usual intention to follow it at every cost. With such a prelude we are hardly surprised to find an intolerance that is always based upon ignorance and that is often expressed by insolence.

As an example of both ignorance and insolence we may quote Mr. Waddington's comments on the opinion of Mill that a belief in a future life is often found to rest upon the conviction of a rude humanity that the soul could visit earth scenes after death. He says:

But when Mill wrote these words of wisdom, some fifty years ago, he clearly did not foresee the recent development of necromancy, or spiritualism, under the title of "psychical research," with the approval of such illustrious men as the late F. W. Myers, Professor Sidgwick, Mr. A. P. Sinnett, and other well-known occultists. Possibly if he had done so he would have explained this modern phenomenon as being the result of overwork on brains that were, by nature, so highly-strung, delicate, and nervous, that they had, like the primitive races of old, become subject to hallucinations and illusions of various character, in some extreme cases, perhaps not far removed from actual mental aberration.

Now this seems to put Mr. Waddington out of court both as a dialectician and as a logician. Confronted with a mass of the definite experiences of trained and competent observers, he tranquilly waves it upon one side as the result of mental aberration. The "other well-known occultists" would doubtless include Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Crookes, Professor Lombroso, and Professor Wallace. They are all suffering from mental aberration, and for no better reason than that they have seen and heard things that Mr. Waddington refuses either to see or to hear. Mental aberration may evidently be defined as any state of mind or belief that happens to be in disagreement with the state of mind or belief of Mr. Waddington. It is an example of that personal offensiveness in argument to which materialists have accustomed us.

With such an insight into the author's psychology we need hardly be so sanguine as to expect an impartial presentation of anything. Certainly we do not find it. Commenting upon Buddhism, the author tells us that there is much difference of opinion as to the teaching of Buddha with regard to Nirvana and the survival of the soul. He quotes from Dr. Rhys Davids to the effect that Nirvana is "the extinction of that sinful, grasping condition of mind and heart, which would otherwise, according to the great mystery of Karma, be the cause of renewed individual existence." Now Dr. Davids' meaning is clear enough and accurate enough. Nirvana means the extinction, not of the soul, but of the selfish personality. In other words the soul has relinquished its excrescences of self-love, and has resumed its pristine state of purity. But Mr. Waddington naturally selects the heresy and the parody, although the slightest attention to Buddhist teachings would have saved him. He says:

There is, however, to be found in Buddhism a doctrine (Karma) somewhat similar to that of transmigration, but it does not by any means refer to the transmigration of souls, as the belief in "self" or "soul" is distinctly regarded as a heresy by the Buddhists. To believe in the immortality of the "individual" is, in their opinion, the great delusion which must be abandoned at the very first stage of the Buddhist path of holiness.

If Karma has no reference to transmigration or reincarnation, to what, then, does it refer? If there is no bridge or continuity between one life and another there could be no vehicle for the operations of Karma. Mr. Waddington evidently assumes that his readers are as ignorant of Buddhism as he is himself, an ignorance that might be removed by the simple expedient of reading the Dhammapada. Let it be repeated for Mr. Waddington's benefit that Buddha did not deny the immortality of the soul, but only of those selfishnesses and greeds that so often occupy well nigh the whole of the mental field to the exclusion of the real self.

Mr. Waddington's reference to Plato are of so condescending a kind as to be ludicrous. Knowledge, says Plato, is no more than reminiscence, and therefore to have knowledge the soul must have learned at some former time what it now remembers. But, says the author, "in

reply to this suggestion, I would venture to quote the two following sonnets of my own as being applicable to Plato's contention respecting knowledge and pre-existence." As poetry the sonnets are pretty poor stuff and need not be quoted, but the famous cause of Plato versus Waddington will doubtless be remembered with amusement.

To traverse this pretentious argument would be a waste of time, since it has neither accuracy nor logic. Indeed it has rarely been our lot to see so much self-conceit, misrepresentation, and prejudice enlisted even in a cause so unworthy and antiquated as this. For ignorance there should always be toleration, even though it be the ignorance that refuses to learn. But for the ignorance that is combined with vanity and insolence there should be nothing but contempt and the whip.

SOME VIEWS RESPECTING A FUTURE LIFE.
By Samuel Waddington. New York: John Lane Company.

Man was troubled and lived in fear so long as he had not discerned the uniformity of law in nature; till then the world was alien to him. The law that he discovered is nothing but the perception of harmony that prevails between reason, which is the soul of man, and the workings of the world.—*Tagore*.

I thought I touched the god and felt him draw near, and I was then between waking and sleeping. My spirit was so light that no one who is not initiated can speak of or understand it.—*Aristides*.

The God who is in fire, who is in water, who interpenetrates the whole world, who is in herbs, who is in trees, to that God I bow down again and again.—*Hindu Mantram*.

With an eye made quiet by the power
Of Harmony and the deep power of joy
We see into the life of things.

—*Wordsworth*.

Then they said to the mind, "Do you sing for us." "Yes," said the mind and sang.—*Upanishad*.

Death is law, not a penalty.—*Cicero*.

CRUSTS AND CRUMBS.

(By Albert Ernest Stafford.)

I have been looking over some copies of the magazine, *Esoteric Christianity*, which came into my hands for the first time last week. It is published by Max and Ray Wardall, and its immediate interest was in the approaching visit of Max Wardall to Toronto. Mr. Wardall was president of the city council and acting mayor of Seattle in September, 1910, when the "clean-up" of that city took place. In the absence of the mayor he fought graft, gambling, and immorality. His friends have urged him to go in for the higher politics, which the elective office system of the United States lays open to the ambitious, but Mr. Wardall says he prefers to devote himself to the spread of Theosophic ideas. He has abandoned a lucrative law practice that he may give his time to this work, for which, of course, there is no remuneration. Mr. Wardall's lectures, beginning here on Sunday, the 10th, will be on "Esoteric Christianity"; "The Swirl of Fate," dealing with Karma and Reincarnation; "Magic and Service"; and "Our Abiding Hope," which will be about the Great War and its problems. It has been a somewhat frequent criticism and in some respects justified that the cult which Mr. Wardall espouses has left no visible mark on society or on the world in general. Mr. Wardall at least is a standing testimony to the contrary, and it appears there are many more who attribute their public zeal and energy in moral causes to the impetus they derive from Theosophic thought and association. A system that does not lead to action has little to commend it in the present day of social storm and battle. The Theosophist is concerned with action, but he is more concerned that it shall be right action, and that he shall not muddle where he meddles, than that he shall rush into action for its own sake. He is consequently deliberate in his judgments, usually unobtrusive in his interference, and less concerned about being recognized as the visible agent than in having results accomplished. He is aware that it is not sufficient to deal with mere surface appearances, but that to be effective, action must strike at the roots, and therefore that thought in the first place is more

important than action. When people think right they will act right.

Mr. Wardall is a pronounced reincarnationist, and proceeds on the theory that all of us have lived before, and that we will live on earth again. Once a man gets a firm grip of this idea his theological difficulties and worries are over. The longer I live and the more I see of the peace of mind and the renewed energy of life that this knowledge gives the more I am convinced that it is the one great truth that our Western civilization needs to redeem it from the swelter of desire and sensation into which it has fallen. Practically all our methods of reform and nearly all our religious remedies are but palliations and never go to the root of the sorrow and distress of the world. The idea is so common to many worthy people that they are here today and gone tomorrow—forever, paralyzes all great efforts at practical, social and political reform. In the greater round of reincarnating experience, as in one's ordinary life, when we learn that as we make our beds we must lie on them, it gives a new turn to our thought and effort. A great deal of the namby-pamby sentimental religion of the day would be all the better for the strong tonic of the knowledge of the real hell that men make for themselves in lives to come by the neglect of moral and ethical laws at present. We are getting rid of the absurd and unreasonable conception of a hell of everlasting fire burning our material bodies forever and ever. While it lasted this idea blinded us to the very real hells that lie all around us. There is a transition stage in which people ceasing to believe in a hell of fire seem to think that there is no retributive law in nature. To learn that one reaps as one sows is a better lesson in morals than all the sermons ever preached on future punishment. It is present punishment, punishment now and active, self-prepared and self-preparing, that makes people sit up. It does people far more benefit to know that God is just than that God is good. Of course He is good. But He is good because He is just.

Mr. Wardall says he is a Theosophist, ardent for the cause and its teachings. In an interview he said: "I am a Theosophist in so far as it relates to the uni-

versal brotherhood of man and the theory of evolution of the human species. I believe that all of us have lived before and that we will all live again; that the soul is either consciously or unconsciously expressed in each embodiment at a higher stage of intelligence and understanding. Just as one eats a meal and it is digested and assimilated, just so the period of rest between incarnations will represent periods of digestion and ingestion. So that one returns to life with added wisdom and power after a period of such assimilation. The theory of evolution is the most striking feature of Theosophy. I do believe in the reincarnation of the soul; I believe that man has come up through the civilizations of the past. I believe that all a man is today is the outgrowth and product of his various experiences of the pilgrimages in other lives." Commenting on an article by M. Gaston Revel, written from the battle-front, on the religion which is to come, "the religion of tomorrow and perhaps of ages thereafter," in which he regards the burning question of the moment to be that of survival after death and hopes for "an eirenicon to be established ultimately between religion and science, for a science which shall make further progress towards the spiritualization of matter, and for a religion which shall itself be knowledge"; the *Occult Review* for May remarks that "the desired eirenicon will be established most readily for all between regenerated science and the universal spirit of religion, outside all churches and sects."

It is obvious that science and the churches can never coöperate as long as science is based on knowledge, and the churches continue to declare that knowledge of the other world, its laws and its facts, is impossible. There is a tendency in some churches towards the broader position of science. M. Revel believes he sees signs of it in the Latin church itself. But the reactionary element is strong in all the churches, and thus must be looked upon as natural, for churches depend largely upon form and formalism, upon creeds and dogma, as binding elements in their constitution. A society or ecclesia like that which Mr. Wardall represents, absolutely without forms, creeds, or dogmas, based only on the principle of human brotherhood put

into practice, is naturally more open to scientific possibilities of knowledge, than a society or ecclesia which starts out by declaring such knowledge to be unattainable. Exactly the same attitude has been adopted in all ages of reform by the "orthodox" of the time. The Lord Buddha met the reprobations of the Brahmin ecclesiastics when He sought to reform the evils of the ancient system, and if we are to believe the New Testament the true spirit of Christianity, which is and was certainly one of reform, was met in Judea in the customary way. "They shall put you out of the churches (synagogues); yea, the time cometh that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service" (John xvi, 2). This spirit is just as rampant as ever, and they who entertain it lose most of their attitude. It is not the exclusion of knowledge that is their greatest loss, but the hardness of nature, the uncharity and intolerance that unconsciously grow up with the exclusiveness which imagines itself to be refinement, and the spiritual pride and vain glory which are only forms of self-deceit.

There is an editorial article in Mr. Wardall's magazine which follows aptly here and which I will quote:—Divergent are the paths that lead to the goal of Truth. To what sect one belongs, to what faith one has subscribed, matters not, but the realization that Truth is reached by divergent paths is most necessary for real spiritual growth. Recognition of this great fact gives birth to tolerance, the basis of Brotherhood. Tolerance breaks down the barriers separating all true followers of the Master, who is "The Way, the Truth, and the Life." It is only as these barriers—the middle wall of partition—are broken down that we can see that all paths converge toward the one goal—His presence. It is only when we understand we become tolerant; it is only when the Light of Truth breaks through and clears away the cobwebs of prejudice that we can clasp hands with those who are climbing by the path on which their feet have been placed. The light of Understanding enables us to see that although their paths and ours may have been far apart at the base of the hill, the higher we climb—the nearer we approach the Truth—the closer we come to each other

in communion and fellowship. When we reach this height in our upward journey our hearts are pierced with the earnestness of His prayer, "Father, I pray that they may be one," and note, it is for His disciples (followers of Truth), for whom He prayed, "even as we are one." Then shall be consummated the ideal expressed by St. Paul, "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus."—*Toronto World*.

ANCIENT EGYPT.

(By Edgar Lucien Larkin.)

Again my mail is changing; letters, one would not think the kind to be sent from so many parts of the world to an astronomical observatory, are coming. they follow fast, and follow faster. And upon Ancient Egypt. To say that I am wondering what it all means is to say little.

Whether a change is now occurring in the vast world of changing humans, I can not say, but the very character of my incessant flood of letters is changing to the Egyptian way. Whether this is due to my first mention in the *Examiner* about five years ago of that wonderful building of all ages, the Labyrinth at Arsimee, in the Fayum, Egypt; or the many references to the symbolism of the Pyramid of Khufu, I do not know, but within the last year the letters relating to truths taught in Egypt regarding Man's true place in Nature have been coming in increasing volume.

Drawings of the interiors of sepulchres, rock-hewn tombs, ancient temples, subterranean corridors, passageways, altars of initiation, of the House of the rites of Hermes, the wondrous unfed light; temples of the unknown currents of force; Cubic Altars of the Rites of Ammon; Holy of Holies of the temple of Memphis; the Altar room of the vast temple of Meroe, Nubia the Coffin in the King's Chamber in the Pyramid of Khufu, these and more have been received. How the people secured their designs, I do not know. Some are in crayon, others in the blackest ink, and still others in ordinary pencil. Drawings of the soul rising above the body at death have come. Some of the letters, drawings, and inscriptions are anonymous, and only the post-mark reveals whence

they came; the most recent from afar was marked New Zealand. The good British censor who opened the envelope and closed it must have been astonished.

Every theatre, every moving-picture show in the United States, half of our current music, new songs, new compositions, these and more, are now saturated with Egypt, the very influence of very ancient Egypt is here. It is a revival of a course of Egyptian thought, culture, literature, and daily customs. In several new churches the new stained glass windows contain very ancient and archaic symbols of Egypt. Winged globes, Egyptian drawings of temple façades, the columns of temples along the Nile, replicas of obelisks and statues, porches, pylons, and approaches to shrines of Egypt, the mysterious, are daily reappearing in modern buildings.

It is common to see Egyptian styles in columns and their capitals. The pure white lotus bloom of the Nile is blooming in stone and Portland cement in modern buildings. The interiors of new theatres are going the way of ancient Egypt.

But the terpsichorean art, what of that? The highest paid dancers are they who can the best imitate the dances of the most remote Egyptian sculptures. The peculiar dances engraved on temples, within and without, are imitated by the world's greatest theatrical artists. Grand opera everywhere is based on Egyptian thought and action. The sacred dances and classic posings before the Altars of Osiris, Isis, Kneith, Set, Hathor, the dances for centuries in the Rameuseum, the temples at Sais, Edfu, and Abydos, in Thebes, Meroe, Aresnoe, and Memphis are now central in opera.

Thus I saw recently on a breastplate correct replicas of Egypt's most ancient scarabs, glyphs, and symbols in a dance of high order. The daughters of the Nile up before Seti I and Rameses II, in the height of Egyptian civilization, could not do the dances better than our moderns.

Letters come here containing verses from the Egyptian Book of the Dead, from mummy bandages, from the interior of sarcophagi, from obelisk, tomb, and temple, the writers quote them from books and magazines and then ask me: "Are these genuine?" "Did the Egypt-

tians know these things so long ago?" and similar.

Anxious letters are now coming asking this: "Is reincarnation true?" "Is Egypt prehistoric now really impressing the minds of the people?" "What is really occurring now?" "Are we on the eve of a change?" these daily.

And the world war seems to have awakened long latent and dormant thoughts in the mind of man. It is a fact, all humanity is now affected mentally by this peculiar world war. My letters constitute a most remarkable study in recent and also very ancient psychology. So remarkable is this Egyptian psychological problem that I have just added a series of four lectures on this most fascinating subject to my regular series in Science Chambers in Los Angeles, a branch of the observatory service.—*San Francisco Examiner*.

I know not whether there be, as is alleged, in the upper region of our atmosphere, a permanent westerly current which carries with it all atoms which rise to that height, but I see that when souls reach a certain clearness of perception they accept a knowledge and motive above selfishness. A breath of will blows eternally through the universe of souls in the direction of the Right and Necessary. It is the air which all intellects inhale and exhale, and it is the wind which blows the worlds into order and orbit.—*Emerson*.

It is true that I preach extinction but only the extinction of pride, lust, evil thought, and ignorance, not that of forgiveness, love, charity, and truth.—*Buddha*.

The knowledge of this nether world—

Say, friend, what is it, false or true?
The false, what mortal cares to know?

The true, what mortal ever knew?

Virtue consists, not in insensibility or total freedom from passion, but in well ordering and keeping them within measure.—*Plutarch*.

The best way of avenging thyself is not to become like the wrong-doer.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

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Vol. II. No. 26.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, June 30, 1917.

Price Five Cents

"IT IS ENOUGH."

The article "On Living Again" that appears elsewhere in this issue has been selected for much the same reason as the ancient Greeks selected their helots—as a horrid example. One would suppose that a writer in a widely read newspaper would at least familiarize himself with his topic, that he would refrain from combating arguments that no one has ever advanced, from assaulting positions that have no defenders, that do not indeed exist at all. But not the author of "On Living Again." He writes on one of the fundamental beliefs of the human race and he does not even acquaint himself with that belief. And the curious part of the thing is that his graceful and futile little essay should be selected for perpetuation in volume form.

If human incarnations were governed by chance we might indeed say at the end of life that "it is enough." If reincarnation were but another venture with the dice of fate, then indeed we might dread it. By assuming such a basis as this one could overthrow any philosophy that the world has ever known. Not even the Sermon on the Mount could survive. But if we suppose that each earth life is the logical and natural sequel of the life that preceded it, just as each day is the logical and natural sequel of yesterday, then we need not be afraid of "that weak chin and flickering eye," nor need we apprehend that "everything that

makes life dear to us would have vanished with the old familiar faces and happy association of our former pilgrimage."

If the author is truly in dread of untrodden paths and of unfamiliar scenes he should direct his arrows against the orthodox heaven, not to speak of the orthodox hell, although in that case his essay would have been unacceptable to the popular newspaper in which it appeared. If he does not wish to experience another life on earth it would be interesting to know what he does wish.

PRIMITIVE MAGIC.

Frederic Lyman Wells in his "Mental Adjustments," just published by D. Appleton & Co., devotes a chapter to the symbolic associations which usually form the basis of primitive magic. The identification of a symbol with the thing symbolized is supposed to confer power over the thing symbolized, and the exercise of this power is sympathetic magic. Another variety is imitative magic by which the power is expected through similarity, as when it is sought to destroy an enemy by making a waxen image of him and allowing it to melt before the fire:

A few symbols show combination of association by similarity with association by contiguity. An image of the person to be affected may be made with pieces of his clothes, or some of his hair or finger nails. In many cases, however, there is no attempt at con-

structing a physical likeness, but the charm is worked merely upon something with which the person has been associated by contiguity. This is the second main division of sympathetic magic, being called contagious magic. If any harm comes to an extracted tooth it may affect the previous owner. . . . Among the Melanistans, if a man's friends find an arrow which has wounded him, they keep it in a damp place, and with cool leaves, to make the inflammation subside. If his enemies find it, they put it in the fire to further inflame the wound. They "keep the bowstring taut, and twang it occasionally, for this will cause the wounded man to suffer from tension of the nerves and spasms of tetanus." This principle of a "hair of the dog that bit you" is reflected in the idea that injuries may be treated by treating the nail or knife by which they were caused. Frazer gives it as an especially pervasive superstition that by injuring footprints the feet that made them are injured. Thus, if a nail is driven into a man's footprints, he will fall lame.

The student may find much to interest him and much of profit in the study of primitive magic. However saturated it may seem to be with a crude superstition it none the less may rest upon a basis of law. Even the most orthodox of our religious observances were originally intended to be an imitation of natural processes, and they were established under the conviction that the spiritual potencies of nature were thereby attracted. This same conviction is represented in innumerable ceremonials, procedures, and folk dances that were intended as imitative symbols and that were confidently believed to be efficacious in the evocation of the powers desired.

Perhaps the expectation was not wholly unreasonable if we are inclined to attach weight to the ancient belief in affinities and correspondences. We may suppose, for example, that the spiritual forces of the solar system find an actual and real expression in the harmonies and proportions that govern the movements of their parts. Bode's law of planetary distances is certainly due neither to chance nor coincidence. It is the visible expression of invisible forces through ratio and proportion. An imitation of those movements by ceremonial, or ritual, or dance may reasonably be supposed to evoke the same forces. At least we may say that such a belief is not wholly fanciful, any more than is the belief, now knowledge, in a positive and precise correspondence between the

etheric vibrations that produce heat and sound and color.

Sympathetic magic has probably another basis. The ancient practice referred to by Mr. Wells whereby it is sought to injure an enemy by the construction of a waxen image which is allowed to melt before the fire doubtless owes its supposed efficacy to the power of a malefic imagination. The waxen image is intended to stimulate and focus the imagination, and if this theory be true we may suppose that a photograph would be still more effective.

But there are very many procedures such as these and their rationale varies widely. That they have a rationale we need have no doubt.

MEDITATION.

What mental obstructions are in the way of meditation and most frequently present?

The greatest foe and that most frequently present is memory, or recollection. This was at one time called *phantasy*. The moment the mind is restrained in concentration for the purpose of meditation, that moment the images, the impressions, the sensations of the past begin to troop through the brain and tend to instantly and constantly disturb the concentration. Hence the need for less selfishness, less personality, less dwelling on objects and desiring them—or sensation. If the mind be full of impressions, there is also a self-reproductive power in it which takes hold of these seeds of thought and enlivens them. Recollection is the collecting together of impressions, and so it constitutes the first and the greatest obstruction to meditation.—*W. Q. Judge*.

It is a mark of a mean capacity to spend much time on the things which concern the body, such as much exercise, much eating, much drinking, and much easing of the body. But these things should be done as subordinate things; and let all your care be directed to the mind.—*Epictetus*.

Follow the divinity which is implanted in thy own breast, saying nothing contrary to the truth, and doing nothing contrary to justice.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

THE SILENT HOUR.

It is gratifying to note that New Thought books show a steadily ascensive tendency. There is still a substratum of these writings that assume the highest human good to be the gratification of greed and a freedom from well-earned bodily pain. But there is an increasingly large number that are written from a more illuminated standpoint and that show a genuine desire for the attainment of actual knowledge and for a comprehension of the deeper realities of human nature.

Among these may be classed "The Silent Hour," by Charlotte Burd. The author believes, and very truly, that we are at the dawn of a new age and that some new road to wisdom is about to be opened. She calls it, of course, the subconscious mind, and, equally of course, we have the usual nebulous uncertainty as to its nature. The subconscious mind, in the hands of the New Thought writer, is always a sort of compromise between a god and an idiot, an angel and a devil. But it always has an immense knowledge:

Hidden away down in the depths of being, the subconscious mind has vastly more knowledge than the conscious mind ever dreamed of possessing. Where did it get this vast, almost super-mundane knowledge? Does it come from the stored-up subliminal memories brought over from a previous state of existence? Or does the subconscious mind draw all of its supplies from the Universal Store of knowledge? Here we stand in the presence of one of life's profound mysteries.

Why does not the author conquer her dread of New Thought unorthodoxy and accept the "previous state of existence" theory? How can there be an "universal store of knowledge" unless it has been gained by mental experience? She tells us that the subconscious mind never forgets anything. Is it not, then, obvious that all of its knowledge is remembered experience? Why is she afraid of reincarnation. In no other way can she explain her own assertions.

The subconscious mind, it seems, is the doorway for divine knowledge:

Yet the subconscious mind is vastly more than a reservoir of superior human knowledge. At the heart of things is always the Supreme Being, the Ruler of the universe, the Eternal Father. And under the direct influence of the Eternal Father alone can the subconscious mind serve best as an agent in man's amazing growth in strength and refine-

ment of being. Thus, the subconscious mind is not only a reservoir of superior human knowledge: it is also the doorway through which the Universal Father enters the human heart and so freely pours into it His wisdom and other richest blessings. It is through the subconscious mind that the visible and invisible worlds are brought into touch. Through this avenue, always open on the divine side, each human being may draw upon God as the illimitable source of every kind of riches.

But it seems that the subconscious mind is just as ready to do evil as good. It has no moral sense whatever:

Since the subconscious mind obeys unquestioningly all the suggestions made to it by the conscious mind, it follows that it is as impressionable to the bad as to the good. Any thought, good or bad, which passes through the conscious mind, is a seed sown in the fertile soil of the subconscious and, after its kind, it will surely come to harvest. Every idle, foolish, envious thought will bring forth fruit after its kind, usually resulting in the vulgar and insignificant in the daily life. Every desire to be good, strong, worthy successful, will be impressed on the subconscious and held there faithfully. Sooner or later it will be expressed in exactly those qualities in the wisher's life which will show forth its goodness, strength, and worthy success. Thus the conscious mind is working in harmony with the Universal Spirit. This is the grand secret of all fine human growth and achievement of any kind whatever. Only the impressions made on the subconscious mind by the conscious mind are not always intentional or conscious. It is when they are consciously, regularly, patiently made that they become the most potent means of the best growth.

By setting apart a certain hour each day for going into the quiet of solitude and concentrating attention on it, the powers of the subconscious mind can be vastly and steadily increased. Thus its possessor will feel himself unfolding a new and superior being within himself. More and more, he will become conscious of the indwelling God. This sense may not come at once, but with unwavering persistence it will surely come. With the feeling of spiritual uplift the conviction will strengthen that to the power of man's deeper life, even here on earth, there are simply no limitations whatever.

It must surely be apparent that the subconscious mind is no more than a loose term applied to many different and widely separated planes or states of consciousness that have no necessary relation to one another. It is as though one should apply the term "downstairs" to every part of the house other than the room in which one happened to be, alike to the cellar and the garret, the drainage system and the sun parlor. The obstinate use of so stupid a term as

"subconscious mind" shows surprisingly poor ingenuity.

The same confusion of thought and poverty of definition is shown elsewhere. For example:

Paul speaks of the natural body and of the spiritual body. Each human being has a spiritual body which surrounds and permeates his physical body. Its size, color, and general quality depend on the spiritual fineness of the possessor's daily living. Thus he carried about with him the register of his daily moral and spiritual life.

Now, willingly or unwillingly, everybody is affected by the spiritual bodies of those in whose presence he finds himself. And he can not help, more or less, feeling their moral and spiritual quality. According as they repel or attract, these spiritual bodies sap the physical and spiritual vitality, or they refresh to the point of healing. A highly spiritual nature will with special promptness detect the predominating qualities of strangers whose personal impression on him has not yet been overlaid with perplexities. Perhaps this is why the highly spiritual person is endowed with such a peculiar personal charm.

How can a spiritual body have size, color, or quality? How can a spiritual body "sap the physical and spiritual vitality"? What does the author mean by the word "spiritual"? Does she mean only ethereal? Does she mean anything? There are, of course, many ethereal bodies and they may have size and color.

Elsewhere we find the word "spiritual" used where the word "astral" might be better employed, and always with the same confused thought:

Spirit not only permeates matter and makes it live; matter furnishes the base, the medium for the action of spirit. Pervading the earth substance and surrounding it, there is a spiritual universe, the counterpart of the material universe with which we are all acquainted. Through the avenue of the subconscious mind of each individual this spiritual universe is in actual relation with life on this sphere. In this spiritual universe resides the energy which maintains the physical world, just as does the spirit within maintain the physical body of each individual. This spiritual energy we can not see, nor hear, nor touch, nor taste. We can not possibly imagine what it is like. Yet we know that it exists, that it is as substantial as the earth, though more finely so, and that it is superlatively beneficent. Our spirits are nourished by a perpetual inflow of this energy, which we may call God, the Father, the Universal Spirit—whatever we will. The consciousness of this spirit in our hearts is the supreme blessing which life can know. It means harmony with God's universe; it is the kingdom of God in the heart. Thus the kingdom of God is not a place; it is a condition.

The author has many good things to say about thought, but they are all inclined to be vague and to include loose expressions. For example, what is a "cosmic world"?

Great events also, like the European war, exist in the cosmic world, created by man's secret thought, before they are manifested on the earth plane. This is why they can so often be so marvelously foretold. These images of whatever character in the spiritual sphere, continue to be modified by subsequent thinking, till they are congealed on the earth plane in deeds and things. And so the sage's prophecies are often not literally fulfilled.

Now in the spirit realm thought gives substance to these visions and creates them into real existences. The day dreams and air castles are, therefore not the mere vaporings commonly supposed. They are real existences which have not yet arrived at material manifestation on the earth plane. Their creators do not ordinarily have an inkling of it, but they are entirely capable of material manifestation in the earth life. They are not carried far enough; that is the only difference.

The author is to be congratulated on her insistence that the higher consciousness is the first requisite and the cause of all lesser benefactions:

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matthew vi, 33). Jesus uttered these words in all seriousness and he expected them to be taken as literally true. Yet how many people in the world really and truly believe them, literally believe that if he is a true child of God, his temporal blessings will be abundantly supplied. Yet in its dealings with God human experience has proved over and over again that with Him nothing is too great, nothing too small, so far as the satisfaction of human needs is concerned.

The book, as has been said, shows a distinct advance over many of its predecessors. If the author had but the courage to break away from the anthropomorphisms that engulf her in a sea of the illogical and the contradictory she would very largely increase the value of her writings.

THE SILENT HOUR. By Charlotte Burd. New York: Barse & Hopkins.

If a man has reported to you that a certain person speaks ill of you do not make any defense to what has been told you, but reply: "The man did not know the rest of my faults, for he would not have mentioned these only."—*Epictetus*.

There is no condition of life that debars a man from discharging his duty.—*Seneca*.

THE DIVINING ROD.

(By Garrett P. Serviss.)

Will you tell me why, an olive branch or crotch in the hands of some people will turn down when passing over running water in the ground, while in the hands of others it will not move at all? I have always been skeptical until recently, but the action of an olive crotch in the hands of a young man, who knew nothing about the water conditions here, and had never seen the land before, have completely changed my views. He is capable of locating water while riding in an auto ten or fifteen miles per hour just as accurately as when on foot, and can give a very close estimate on the quantity of water and the size of pump the vein will stand. It was a wonderful exhibition to me. L. C.

There is a widespread impression that science utterly repudiates these things as mere superstition, or imposture, but that is a mistake; there are too many carefully observed facts in support of the water finder's claims to permit of their being altogether thrown aside as inventions or deceptions. Science has not yet satisfactorily explained them, but it does not summarily reject them.

It is probable that the true explanation lies in some obscure development of human faculty which needs to be systematically investigated as Francis Galton investigated other peculiarities of men and women. Unquestionably, we do not yet know half our powers, and who does not occasionally feel that he is in contact with nature around him in many wonderful ways that have never been explored?

The history of the divining rod affords a clue to the nature, and the seat, of the faculty upon whose activity its performances depend. That the rod itself has no essential connection with the power it helps to manifest is indicated both by the great variety of forms that the instrument takes, the variety of materials of which it is made (witch hazel, willow, olive, or, in fact, any kind of wood or even metal), and especially by the fact that some diviners use no rod at all.

Then, too—and this is very significant—the objects disclosed by the diviner have varied at different times. Formerly the search was devoted principally to lodes of metal and minerals, and Robert Boyle, in the seventeenth century, was among the men of science who admitted the efficacy of the divining rod, consisting of a crotch or twig of hazel, in locating subterranean deposits of metals.

The tentative explanation offered was that "some kind of attraction" existed between the metal and the rod, but why the force should be manifested in the hands of some persons and not in those of others was an unsolved mystery. Later the process came to be applied in the search for underground water, and in this the divining rod has achieved its most puzzling successes.

Professor W. F. Barrett in England and Dr. Pierre Janet in France are in accord in ascribing the phenomenon of the twisting of the rod in the hands of the operator to "auto-automatism," a learned expression which is defined as "a non-reflex movement of a voluntary muscle executed in the waking state, but not controlled by the ordinary waking consciousness." In plainer words, this means that a man's muscular movements may be controlled by his mind when he is wide awake without his being conscious of any attempt to make the movements. Examples are seen in "table-turning," "automatic writing," etc.

When applied to the specific case of water finding it is supposed that some impression is made upon the mind by the presence of the unseen water acting upon a peculiar kind, or degree, of sensitiveness, which is not developed, or not existent, in ordinary persons, and this impression translates itself into involuntary movements of the stiffly held muscles of the hands that carry the rod. The mental impression indicates the direction of the hidden water somewhat as the sense of vision indicates the direction of an object seen by the eyes. The judgment formed of the quantity of water may be a sense impression resembling that by which the eye perceives the bulk of an object.

Sometimes it happens that the operator makes a mistake, particularly in the case of other objects than water (for this kind of divination is often applied in the search for all sorts of lost things), and it has been suggested that in such cases the error is due to a misinterpretation of the source of the stimulus upon the mind, "the divining rod being an indicator of any subconscious suggestion or impression."

It must be admitted that this method of explaining the mystery rests upon a basis which has not been thoroughly es-

tablished by scientific experiment, for the subconscious world is an obscure thing in itself, and in appealing to it we are, to a certain extent, supporting one hypothesis by another.—*San Francisco Call*.

ON LIVING AGAIN.

(Reprinted from the *Star*, London.)

A little group of men, all of whom had achieved conspicuous success in life, were recently talking after dinner around the fire in the smoking-room of a London club. They included an eminent lawyer, a politician whose name is a household word, a well-known divine, and a journalist. The talk traversed many themes, and arrived at that very familiar proposition: If it were in your power to choose, would you live this life again? With one exception the answer was a unanimous "No." The exception, I may remark, was not the divine. He, like the majority, had found one visit to the play enough. He did not want to see it again.

The question, I suppose, is as old as humanity. And the answer is old, too, and has always, I fancy, resembled that of our little group round the smoking-room fire. It is a question that does not present itself until we are middle-aged, for the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts, and life then stretches out in such an interminable vista as to raise no question of its recurrence. It is when you have reached the top of the pass and are on the downward slope, with the evening shadows falling over the valley and the church tower and with the end of the journey in view, that the question rises unbidden to the lips. The answer does not mean that the journey has not been worth while. It only means that the way has been long and rough, that we are footsore and tired, and that the thought of rest is sweet. It is nature's way of reconciling us to our common lot. She has shown her child all the pageant of life, and now prepares him for his "patrimony of a little mould"—

Thou hast made his mouth
Avid of all dominion and all mightiness,
All sorrow, all delight, all topless grandeurs,
All beauty, and all starry majesties,
And dim transtellar things;—even that it may,
Filled in the ending with a puff of dust,
Confess—"It is enough."

Yes, it is enough. We accept the ver-

dict of immortality uncomplainingly—nay, we would not wish it to be reversed, even if that were possible.

Now this question must not be confounded with that other, rather foolish, question, "Is life worth living?" The group round the smoking-room fire would have answered that question—if they had troubled to answer it at all—with an instant and scornful "Yes." They had all found life a great and splendid adventure; they had made good and wholesome use of it; they would not surrender a moment of its term or a fragment of its many-colored experience. And that is the case with all healthy-minded people. We may, like Job, in moments of depression curse the day when we were born; but the curse dies on our lips. Swift, it is true, kept his birthday as a day of mourning; but no man who hates humanity can hope to find life endurable, for the measure of our sympathies is the measure of our joy in living.

Even those who take the most hopeless view of life are careful to keep out of mischief. A friend of mine told me recently of a day he had spent with a writer famous for the sombre philosophy of his books. In the morning the writer declared that no day ever passed in which he did not wish that he had never been born; in the afternoon he had a most excellent opportunity of being drowned through some trouble with a sailing boat, and he rejected the chance with almost pathetic eagerness. Yet I daresay he went on believing that he wished he had never been born. It is not only the children who live in the world of "Let us make pretend."

No, we are all glad to have come this way once. It is the thought of a second journey over the same ground that chills us and gives us pause. Sometimes you will hear men answer, "Yes, if I could have the experience I have had in this life." By which they mean, "Yes, if I could come back with the certainty of making all the short cuts to happiness that I now see I have missed." But that is to vulgarize the question. It is to ask that life shall not be a splendid mystery, every day of which is

an arch wherethrough
Gleams the untraveled road;

but that it shall be a thoroughly safe 3

per cent. investment into which I can put my money with the certainty of having a good time—all sunshine and no shadows. But life on those terms would be the dreariest funeral march of the marionettes. Take away the uncertainty of life, and you take away all its magic. It would be like going to the wicket with the certainty of making as many runs as you liked. No one would trouble to go to the wicket on these preposterous terms. It is because I may be out first ball or stay in and make a hundred runs (not that I ever did any such heroic thing) that I put on the pads with the feverish sense of adventure. And it is because every dawn breaks as full of wonder as the first day of creation that life preserves the enchantment of a tale that is never told.

Moreover, how would experience help us? It is character which is destiny. If you came back with that weak chin and flickering eye, not all the experience of all the ages would save you from futility.

No, if life is to be lived here again it must be lived on the same unknown terms in order to be worth living. We must come, as we came before, like wanderers out of eternity for the brief adventure of time. And, in spite of all the fascinations of that adventure, the balance of our feeling is against repeating it. For we know that every thing that makes life dear to us would have vanished with all the old familiar faces and happy associations of our former pilgrimage, and there is something disloyal in the mere thought of coming again to form new attachments and traverse new ways. Holmes once wrote a poem about being "Homesick in heaven"; but it would be still harder to be homesick on earth—to be wandering about among the ghosts of old memories, and trying to recapture the familiar atmosphere of things. We should make new friends; but they would not be the same. They might be better; but we should not ask for better friends; we should yearn for the old ones.

There is a fine passage in Guido Rey's noble book on the "Matterhorn" which comes to my mind as a fitting expression of what I think we feel. He was on his way to climb the mountain, when, on one of its lower slopes, he saw standing

lonely in the evening light the figure of a gray-headed man. It was Whymper, the conqueror of the Matterhorn—Whymper grown old, standing there in the evening light and gazing on the mighty rock that he had vanquished in his prime. His climbing days were done, and he sought no more victories on the mountains. He had had his day and was content to stand afar off, alone with his memories, leaving the joy of battle to the young and the ardent. There was not one of those memories that he would be without—save, of course, that terrible experience in the hour of his victory over the Matterhorn. But had you asked him if he was still avid for those topless grandeurs and starry majesties he would have said, "It is enough."

Men are disturbed, not by the things which happen, but by the opinions about the things; for example, death is not terrible, for if it were it would have seemed so to Socrates; for the opinion about death that it is terrible is the terrible thing. When, then, we are impeded, or disturbed, or grieved, let us never blame others, but ourselves—that is, our opinions. It is the act of an ill-instructed man to blame others for his own bad condition; it is the act of one who has begun to be instructed to lay blame on himself; and of one whose instruction is completed neither to blame another nor himself.—*Epictetus*.

When you have decided that a thing ought to be done, and are doing it, never avoid being seen doing it, though the many shall form an unfavorable opinion about it. For if it is not right to do it, avoid doing the thing; but if it is right, why are you afraid of those who shall find fault wrongly.—*Epictetus*.

Consider that everything that happens, happens justly; and if thou observest carefully thou wilt find it to be so.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

The ether which is around us is the same as the ether within us, and that is the ether within the heart.—*Upanishad*.

A life virtuously spent is a perpetual happiness.—*Cicero*.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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SCIENCE SPEAKS.

Thanks are due to Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg of John Hopkins University for an explanation of certain mysteries that might otherwise baffle our uninstructed minds. Pity, says Dr. Hirshberg, is "the feeling of compassion, mercy, and sympathy brought about by the action of the gland substances in the body." Not every one, says the learned doctor, experiences these feelings of pity. It depends upon the "gland substances," such as the adrenal, pituitary, suprarenal, thyroid, and others. For this reason pity is not governed by "sane reasoning." If you pity a poor old woman you should stop and reason with yourself before giving her a penny. Do not allow yourself to succumb to these glandular persuasions. Keep your glands in order. The city ought to attend to the old woman, the city having no glands. There are institutions for beggars, blind persons, and the aged. The institutions have no glands either. The glands lead us into all sorts of deplorable errors, such as sympathy and compassion. Doubtless surgical science will soon be able to relieve us of all these emotional superfluities and it will be cheaper to pay the surgical fees than to waste our substance in riotous almsgiving as we are doing now.

We wonder if Dr. Hirshberg believes this drivell. Or has he merely the itch for publicity? If pity is to be excised, why not parental love and all the do-

mestic affections? They, too, must be glandular. Even "sane reasoning" may be glandular. Perhaps it is a waste of good glandular activities to reason with Dr. Hirshberg, but we should like to ask a question, and we ask to know. If pity is brought about by the action of gland substances we should like to know what brings about the action of the gland substances? No wonder H. P. Blavatsky talked of the "monkeys of science." They are still with us.

USELESS STATISTICS.

Professor James H. Leuba of Bryn Mawr College has been to much pains to discover the opinions of scientists on the existence of God and the immortality of the soul. He has questioned about scientists and he has tabulated the results in his new book, "The Belief in God and Immortality," just published by Sherman, French & Co.

The results need not be noticed. They are unimportant. As might be expected, there are a great many scientists who believe in God and immortality, and there are a great many who do not. There are also many scientists who have red hair and many others whose hair is black or brown. It has nothing to do with science.

We do not often find ourselves in agreement with *America*, the Roman Catholic weekly, but on this occasion we may applaud its comment on Professor

Leuba's researches. As far as the value of the concursus of opinion is concerned, says *America*, the professor who is credited with compiling the figures might just as well have consulted 5000 plumbers, for no matter what may have formed the basis of the disbelief, it was not found in science. Science, ancient or modern, has discovered nothing whatsoever that runs counter to the fundamental philosophic truth that God exists, or to the clear conclusion based on the evidence of the facts of consciousness that the soul is immortal.

MEDIUMS.

In short, for all the years of experience in America, I never succeeded in identifying, in one single instance, those I wanted to see. It is only in my dreams and personal visions that I was brought in direct contact with my blood relatives and friends, those between whom and myself there had been a strong mutual spiritual love. For certain psychomagnetic reasons, too long to be explained here, *the shells of those spirits* who loved us best will not, with a very few exceptions, approach us. They have no need of it, since, unless they were irretrievably wicked, they have us with them in Devachan, that state of bliss in which the Monads are surrounded with all those, and that which, they have loved—objects of spiritual aspirations as well as human entities. "Shells" once separated from their higher principles have nought in common with the latter: They are not drawn to their relatives and friends, but rather to those with whom their terrestrial, sensuous affinities are the strongest. The shell of a drunkard will be drawn to one who is either a drunkard already or has a germ of this passion in him, in which case they will develop it by using his organs to satisfy their craving: one who died full of sexual passion for a still living partner will have its shell drawn to him or her. We Theosophists, and especially Occultists, must never lose sight of the profound axiom of the Esoteric Doctrine which teaches us that it is we, the living, who are drawn towards the spirits—but that the latter can never, even though they would, descend to us, or rather into our sphere.—*Extract from "Incidents in the Life of Mme. Blavatsky."*

CYCLES OF BELIEF.

Nothing is more interesting than a record of changing belief as the mental horizon is widened by a study of philosophy and of science. Old creeds are seen to be insufficient as new facts demand a revision of our convictions, and so we pass on to a wider conception of God, of man, and of nature.

In this volume by Waldo Emerson Forbes we have such a survey as this. There always comes, he says, a fresh wind with the dawn, and a new vision with every effort to reach the light. But there are many false lights upon the road, and these must be examined and rejected. For example, we have the mechanistic theories of life that are urged upon us with acclaim, but that refuse to stand the tests that must be applied:

It is hard to find anything in the mechanistic universe but cold, exact law, a material or basic substance upon which it works, and a cold, more or less imperfect, reflection of these laws in the human brain. Yet this view of the situation is not conclusive even from an intellectual point of view.

The methods of life, in the very nature of the case, preclude the possibility of discovering a complete correspondence between the subjective mental states and the objective history of the brain. I say complete correspondence, because, while it is true that for every thought there may be a change in the brain, those changes do not represent the total content of the thought. They can not tally with every shade and quality in the thought because these depend upon non-physical elements. The attempt to find such a correspondence would be like trying to explain the law of the image which greets the eye as one looks upon a mirror, by a chemical analysis of the mercury on the back. The explanation simply isn't there. One can not find an explanation of thought by an examination of the brain. You can point out a number of conditions without which there will be no thought, but you can never point to the cause of a particular thought in the structure of the brain. You can, of course, find a book in a library, you can describe its physical position and the dynamics of the shelf which holds it up, but you can not imagine that book to be in the library for any reason dissociated from the meaning of the book itself.

It would seem, therefore, that the thought in the brain must be, to some extent at least, considered in its own right. There is an apparent discontinuity in the series of physical causes in which certain phases of mental activity intervene. Now why should the supposition that the intervention of non-physical mental elements modifies the physical world offend the sense of propriety of the mechanistic philosopher? It offends him because of his faith in law; for in reality he, too, has a faith. He reasons by the analogy of

what he finds in the laboratory. Law is his infallible God.

The author asks the meaning of the unity of life where all things seem to speak of diversity. And then he gives us an example drawn from nature of a unity in diversity:

I recall the picture of a lily pond in a wood of sassafras and tupelo. Over the flowers dragon-flies are darting. On the margin are mosses and ferns, sedges and reeds, and low arching loose-strife, above which a bank of blueberry, clethra, and other swamp bushes forms an encircling wall of leaves. What has all this life in common, each part with each? This picture lies in my mind a unity. A unity it was when I came upon it, a little gem in nature, complete in itself. It has its own individual character shared by all its parts, but deeper than that, it has the universal spirit of life; and we may wonder as much at the variations between sedge and sedge, lily and lily, as at the brooding unity of the whole. These flowers, one much like another, reveal a single character, exemplified many times, as a note or chord in music may be repeated over and over again.

If one watches blackbirds wheeling over a marsh, one may see thirty or forty individuals change the direction of their flight apparently upon a single impulse. Perhaps all react simultaneously to the same outward event, perhaps one is leader, and all the rest follow him; but so instantaneously is the signal obeyed that you will fail to distinguish which the leader is. In either case here is a single response linking these birds together. The individual, as the spatial, differences are superficial. The birds feel alike and act alike; essentially they are identical. It is but little different with man. People often become nearly identical in their sympathies, or with respect to certain aspects of life they become completely identical, the differences branching apart as they meet a different set of conditions. Our differences are annulled or held in abeyance by strong patriotic passions or similar influences; and like the blackbirds, many men will act as one.

We are more or less remote from one another, as one part of a man's body is more or less remote from some other part. Personality is continuous. Nowhere does your own personality leave off and the external world begin. There is something foreign in every particle of your body—something which may be cast off, and the conscious self remain the same, and there is something appertaining to you throughout the whole extent of nature. Intimate sympathies lie in store for us among alien surroundings, or remote corners of nature, and even peculiar and strange forms convey an echo of familiarity. The unity which the eye gives the pond is not arbitrary or fanciful. It is a necessity in the mind to find nature thus. All is a hierarchy of unities branching from deeper unities. Our particular self as we ordinarily think of it is but a trifling part of our whole nature. The self even in its particular history dates back into the obscurity of the generation which preceded us. The blood-line has a strange and

shifting identity throughout its length. The self as a private individual is lost among its limitations only to reappear in deeper more far-reaching relationships.

Whence comes a belief in the supernatural, asks the author. It can not be dismissed without some explanation of its presence. And perhaps even the most enlightened of us have done no more than exchange one superstition for another:

Now when one finds that his beliefs, his impressions, his contact with the shifting phenomena of the world have yet a reality and potency which during his periods of doubt seemed lost, he begins to inquire with a keen appetite for the richness in nature which he thought was gone forever. He begins to question how the belief in the supernatural came to possess its wonder, its flavor, its profound significance. There is always something in the totality of a belief which its elemental factors fail to explain.

There is a sea captain in a New England coasting trade, a man of checkered career, who once told me about a haunted ship which he used to take to sea. There were uncanny noises in the hold, which greatly disturbed the crew. He stuttered as he said, "I told them it w-w-w-was r-r-r-rats"; then he added, "But it w-w-w-wasn't r-r-r-rats." Apparently his was the type of mind which believed in these things, believed in the actual presence of supernatural elements. Well, what was actually there? The captain will probably die in the belief that the cause of these noises was spirits; the crew will perhaps die in the belief that "it was rats"; and you and I may believe it was the creaking of the ship herself. It may be assumed that there was a physical basis for the noises; that is to say, there were sound vibrations, even if they were actuated in the first place by spirits. There is then a physical basis, and three diverse interpretations of the actuating cause. Three beliefs exist side by side profoundly modifying the mental impressions derived from an identical phenomenon. Now the interesting question is, and always has been in such cases, whence came the sense of supernatural power which gave rise to the supposition that spirits haunted the ship? Supposing that rats did cause the noises, then how came the captain to imagine spirits; how account for the awe in the captain's mind? Is it not more remarkable that he should conceive of spirits if there are none, than if they actually exist? It is true the superstition may have been imported from another mind; but that simply transfers the problem to the other mind. Where does the superstition originally come from? It can not matter much what the data of the senses may be if the mind is free to read that data in its own way.

The fairies are not dead, says Mr. Forbes. They have only hidden themselves, chilled and frightened by our materialism:

Why has the blindness of materialism clung so persistently to modern life? You hear music that revolutionizes your mood, recalls

long-forgotten emotions or stirs every fibre in your body with a fire of activity. Afterwards you think all this was the physical effect of material agencies. Wine or opium has done as much for some men. As if these agencies were not the merest common carriers, as if opium could produce a vision, where there was no vision to be produced. As if you created the landscape by opening the window shutters. The tones of flute or violin or voice of man or woman have little or no existence but as they rise to meet a living need, but as they carry an extra-material meaning,—a meaning known only by the heart, understood only by being alive.

The subject of dreams gives occasion to the author for some wise reflections. For what, after all, is a dream, except a state of consciousness that seems less real than the waking state. Perhaps it is not actually less real:

In experience, however, a series of states of mind clings together with many universal elements in common, and these states are broken at regular intervals by states of partial consciousness in which come the dream states, for the most part unrelated to one another, and lacking any rational principles for their order and behavior. Hence we call those states which cohere, real or actual, and those fragmentary bits of experience which come in sleep, or float detached and inconsequent around the edges of waking life, unreal, insubstantial, or imaginary. But these states as I have said are often permeated by a spiritual unity. There is no reason to condemn even the wildest, most chaotic dream as unmeaning simply because it is a dream. It must influence us or not like a waking state according to its merits. There are delicate and essential hints which the mind seems incapable of grasping when broad awake, and day dreams are a sort of antechamber where much of our progress is originated. In our fancies we dream out the drops of balm, from our crude, distressing experience. At night, after the day's attempts have all been made, and the results have become an irrevocable part of our life, hope gathers the golden meanings and washes them till they again reflect the sky.

There are cycles, says the author, in human affairs. There must be. The influence of each personality is printed on the world as the tones of a voice are printed on a graphophone record. And as the echo is released at times and takes effect in the world, so from the face of the world or from the impressions in the memory the personal influences of bygone days again and again are set re-echoing. Change implies a cyclic process:

Now a life, to be life, must change or at any rate know change. Yet how can things change forever or change at all and yet be immortal? Evidently an element of change

belongs to all particular things, and this element of change is an evidence of mortality in them. If, however, a change is but a cycle or period, the relation of a part of the cycle to its recurrence may explain our difficulty. The circulation of material elements suggests the periodicity of moods. Our memories will not come back to us on some days, whereas on others they return with startling freshness. We pass through cycles of experience and frequently find ourselves traversing familiar ground.

A cycle is by no means a repetition. If cycles were identical they would not know each other and there could be no progress:

The theory, however, of an absolute recurrence due to a complete cycle in which experience begins to relive itself when the cycle is ended, and reproduces each successive passage of the cycle exactly point for point, means nothing. For if two cycles were identical in every particular they could have no knowledge of each other, they must coincide absolutely, and two, ten, or an infinity of them would be no different from one. Imagining them end to end means no more than imagining them all going on at once.

The desirability of the recurrence of an experience rests upon the need that each recurrence shall be under at least slightly altered circumstances. We have no wish for an absolute recurrence. Even when we imagine that we wish an identical reproduction of a sensation, we are deluded: we wish that sensation enhanced by the after knowledge that it was worthy to be repeated. We never really want back the ignorance which a state of innocence would imply. The love of innocence is really the love of health. If our receptive organs are healthy, it is a gain to have our memory alive.

The theory of recurrence gains vitality from the spiral tendency of our progress. We come back over the same part of the field, but higher up. And as the course of the earth through the ether is a spiral by virtue of the progress of the solar system toward the constellation Hercules, so the sweep of a man's personal thought is carried on by the progress of the society to which he belongs.

In his chapter on immortality the author comes close to reincarnation. In fact he touches it:

There may at last come a time when we feel the unity of self with what is universal, and say, not "Where did I come from? Where shall I go?" but, "How came I here? Why am I not at home? How came I to be divided into fragments, and harassed and embarrassed with strange particulars?" This deeper understanding, this deeper sympathy would still the insistent murmur that immortality without love were nothing, mortality with love were all. The universal spirit is not heartless. It is the author of heat. It has thrown the ideas out to conquer the cold. They are not cold themselves.

Immortality is the continuance of life, not

over a particular span of time, but as something which is perpetually renewing itself as a permanent force, or an inexhaustible fountain. With death we have nothing to do. For the conscious self death is always in the future, and as the future is imaginary, so also is death.

Mr. Forbes has written one of the numerous volumes now before the public which prove the presence in our midst of a new order of thoughts.

CYCLES OF PERSONAL BELIEF. By Waldo Emerson Forbes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

TIME.

What thought can measure Time?—

Tell its beginning, name

The void from which it first, faint-pulsing, came?—

Follow its onward going,—

A restless river without tumult flowing,—

Or with sure footing climb

Unto its unlit altitudes sublime?

What thought can trace the wonders it hath seen—

Time, the creator of all that hath been,

Giver of bounty where was dearth,

Bringer of miracles to birth:

Time, through whose office is the seedling sown,

The fruit up-gathered, the ripe harvest mown,

And beauty made to glorify the earth?

Before the land took shape and rose

Black and chaotic from the old, old sea,

Before the stars their courses chose,

Before the moon's most ancient memory,

Time to earth's vision, veiled in night, appears

Back of the viewless cycles of the years.

The Hours, his little children, run

Lightly upon his errands ever;

By sure and swift relays is done

His will, disputed never;

The while these transient Hours infirm
Measure of mortal things the destined term.

Ah, me, the days! the heavy-weighted years,

Each with its Spring and Winter, dusk and dawn!

The centuries, with all their joys, and tears,

That came, and now—so utterly are gone!

Gone whither? Whither vanished so?

Does broad Orion, or does Hesper know?

There comes no answer. Are we dupes, indeed,—

Offspring of Time, by Time relentless slain,

Our purest aspirations dreamed in vain?

Ah, no: man's soul indignant doth disdain

Ignoble vassalage to such a creed,

Well-knowing it is free—

Aye, free!—for present, past, and future blend,

The segments of a circle without end,
Losing themselves in one, unbounded eternity!

—*Florence Earle Coates.*

The world is a contradiction, a shade, a symbol—and, in spite of ourselves, we know that it is so. From this knowledge does all melancholy proceed. We crave for that which the earth does not contain; and whether this craving display itself by hope, by despair, by religion, by idolatry, or by atheism—it must ever be accompanied with a sense of defect and weakness—a consciousness, more or less distinct, of disproportion between the ideas which are the real objects of desire and admiration, and the existences which excite and represent them.—*Coleridge.*

The Hindu doctrine of Maya, or "illusion," does not mean that the objective universe is a dream, but that it is a disguise; it veils the Spiritual Being who pervades all things, and men are so far deluded as to believe that nothing exists except that which meets the senses.—*P. C. Mozoomdar.*

Wisdom is not only knowing how and why, but is the attitude of a mind that has been put in parallel with great truths and is thereby nourished and fortified.—*Alan Sullivan.*

I will not believe that it is given to man to have thoughts nobler or loftier than the real truth of things.—*Sir Oliver Lodge.*

FRAGMENTS.

(Extracts from Letters of a Guru to His Chéla.)

My child, you have many things to learn, many things to remember; but whatever you forget or leave undone, bear this in mind: the unreality of material life, the reality of the spiritual. If you will do this, there can be no discord or confusion. Event will follow event in orderly progression, steadfast and eternal as the stars. The path of duty will be clear and lit; your courage to tread it always equal to the moment. Each portion of the mosaic will fit perfectly into the other. Follow the pattern, then you can make no mistake. We to whom you look for guidance must follow these same simple rules, along what seem to you the dizzy heights upon which we walk. There are for us vast problems, endless mysteries, baffling difficulties; and we have learned to meet them in just this way. All life is one: the Rule of life must, therefore, be one also, with varied degrees of expression. We alone enlarge the expression, and the Master acknowledges the enlargement when made.

Yours can be no easy position, no easy task, nor would you have it so. Each step in fulfilling it opens wider visions of usefulness and service—tokens of growth, a deeper fellowship, a greater isolation.

There is not much more for me to tell you, in this manner, of your own life, as you pass on to those portions of the Path around which the cloud-mists hover. More and more it must be silence and communion, intense communion. . . . You will find new difficulties, new temptations, and the old ones under different forms. You must meet them all. Rub thinner the human vestment. Here is a parting of the ways. I make great demands. . . .

Be strong in faith, be steadfast, be united; only so can you carry the torch you hold forward into the darkened world. When you consider this darkness, realize therefrom the amount of light which it behooves you to bring:

Knowledge to the ignorant;

Strength to the weak;

Purity to the impure;

Wisdom to the foolish;

Above all, to enkindle in those sunk in materialism and apathy the fire of aspiration, the hunger for spiritual things. These are great tasks, yet if the Wedge is to cleave its way through, they must be performed.

Prepare for them by a perfect consecration—only as we possess can we give. And these are the possessions which you must desire above all, that they may in time come to be possessed by all pure souls equally.

Stand always on guard; watch.

Do all things in love. Beware of personal feeling, of impatience, of all smallness or meanness. Preserve the widest charity. Do not be *against* any one or any thing (that were a negative attitude, and so at the best dangerous), but stand firmly, immovably, courageously for the highest principles you know, never losing your sweetness or calm ("He that is not for me is against me").

Remember at every moment that you are a disciple, and are standing for discipleship; it must be proved and glorified in the eyes of men. Therefore move slowly and with care, giving fullest consideration to each step, to every opinion you form, to every word you utter. All must be worthy. . . .

Success is not to be tested by results, but by the perfection with which from end to end you maintain inviolably the attitude—interior and exterior—of discipleship. If you can do that while fighting for my cause, and aid those with you so to do, *I can do anything.*—*Carré in the Theosophical Quarterly.*

Art renders the eternal ideas which have been apprehended in pure contemplation, that which is substantial and abiding in all the phenomena of the world; and becomes, according to the material in which it renders them, plastic art, poetry, or music. And the essential character of genius consists precisely in the exceptional capacity for this contemplation.—*Schopenhauer.*

It seems to me a firm and well-grounded faith in the doctrine of . . . metempsychosis might help to regenerate the world.—*Professor Francis Bowen.*

It is a great calamity to have a mind anxious about thing to come.—*Seneca.*

KARMA.

Let Meditation's exercise give pause
 And inhibition of the Sense's dross,
 That dooms the soul to its eternal loss:
 For certain, Fate's inexorable laws
 Ordain Effect shall surely follow Cause:
 'Twere better Self expired upon the
 Cross,
 Than endless Centuries the Soul
 should toss,
 In fatuous homage to the Body's flaws!
 The Mind that shall relinquish Hope and
 Fear,
 Nor dwell upon Result as fixed by
 Deed,
 Has rescued Soul from any debt to
 Need;
 And risen to those Heights, sublimely
 sheer,
 Where Self, renouncing Self, evolves
 to Life,
 That marks no note of either Calm or
 Strife! —J. M. B.

VIVISECTION.

It is often charged by the upholders of vivisection that none but weak-minded sentimentalists, mollicoddles, and ignoramuses are found in the anti-vivisection ranks.

Here are a few of the famous "mollicoddles and weak-minded fanatics" who have tried to "block the wheels of progress and stop science in her glorious career" by condemning the practice: Count Leo Tolstoy, Mark Twain, Bismarck, Rev. C. H. Parkhurst, Elbert Hubbard, Luther Burbank, General Nelson A. Miles, John Ruskin, Thomas Carlyle, Charles Dickens, Lord Alfred Tennyson, Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, Laurence Irving, Victor Hugo, Longfellow, Emile Zola, Richard Wagner, Queen Alexandra, Alfred Russel Wallace, Ralph Waldo Trine, Sir Walter Scott, Robert Browning, Wu Ting Fang, William T. Stead, Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, George Bernard Shaw, Sir Lewis Morris, Queen Victoria, Cardinal Farley, Cardinal Newman, Sir Arthur Arnold, Rhoda Broughton, Cardinal Manning, Rev. Morgan Dix, Bishop of Durham, De Quincy, Ouida, Cuvier, Hamlin Garland, William Lloyd Garrison, Alexander Pope, Auguste Comte, William Dean Howells, Sarah Grand, Julian Hawthorne, Sir Henry Irving, Robert G.

Ingersoll, Dr. Samuel Johnson, Sir Edwin Arnold, Henry Ward Beecher, Annie Besant, Jerome K. Jerome, Frances Power Cobbe, Lord Bacon, John Bright, the late Earl of Shaftsbury, Professor Goldwin Smith, Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Henry Berg, Rev. Phillips Brooks, Voltaire, Archdeacon of Westminster Schopenhauer, Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop of Manchester, Ernest Thompson Seton, Thoreau, Maurice Maeterlinck, Historian Freeman, Wordsworth, Gilbert K. Chesterton, Pope Pius X, William Watson, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Lord Chief Justice Coleridge of England, Lord Loreburn (Lord Chancellor of England), General Booth, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, Matthew Arnold, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Mona Caird, Bishop of Canterbury, Marie Corelli, Mme. Emma Eames, Pierre Loti, John Stuart Mill, Humboldt, Plato, Rev. Dewitt Talmage, Mme. Cosima Wagner, Jeremy Bentham, Edwin H. Markham, Cicero, Senator Gallinger, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Countess of Warwick, John Strange Winter, Florence Nightingale, Julia Marlowe, Ellen Beach Yaw, John Wana-maker, Poultney Bigelow, J. Howard Moore, Mme. Lilli Lehman, Whittier, Lord Channing, Brand Whitlock, Dr. Henry Bigelow, Lotta Crabtree, George Arliss, George T. Angell, Agnes Repplier, John Burns (member of Parliament), Philip Snowden (member of Parliament), Charles Kingsley, Baron von Weber, Darwin, Fanny Davenport, Mme. Adelina Patti, and Lady Paget.

This "thinking of one's self" as this, that, or the other is the chief factor in the production of every kind of psychic or even physical phenomena.—*H. P. Blavatsky.*

The merciful Lord, our Master, hears the cry of agony of the smallest of the small, beyond vale and mountain, and hastens to its deliverance.—*Buddhist Text.*

If a day passes without my having learnt something that brings me nearer to God, let not the dawn of that day be blessed.—*Verse from the Hadith.*

Practice dying by a little sleep.—*Donne.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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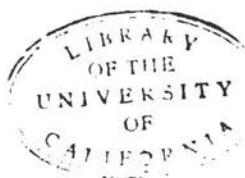
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A NEW GOD.

Mr. H. G. Wells is one of the few writers of the day who bring a deep philosophical insight to the cause and the cure of war. As a practical man of the world he knows that statecraft must play its part, and that the great ameliorative social forces of modern life must be called upon for all the aid that they can give. But Mr. Wells knows their limitations as well as their capacities. He is not among the foolish ones who suppose that any real reform can be accomplished by the passage of a law, or by the signing of a treaty. He knows that the war is the result of the collective thought of the nations involved, and that emperors, kings, presidents, and statesmen have done no more than give it form and expression. The abolition of war will follow upon a change in the national mind, upon the choice of new ideals and new standards of right and wrong, newer and better patriotisms.

We must have a new religion, says Mr. Wells, or at least a better comprehension of the old ones. Passing along the highways of history we have fallen among the theological thieves and robbers who have stripped us of knowledge, and even of the desire for knowledge. We have been juggled into the worship of gods who change their minds, and who must be coaxed and flattered and wheedled out of their natural vindictiveness. It is true enough, says Mr.

Wells, that the upper strata of theologians have freed themselves from these savage creeds, but it is not the upper strata with which we are concerned. It is the lower strata. It is the masses of the people, who have either rejected religion altogether, or who remain under the shadow of the ecclesiastical juggernaut.

With the new God invented by Mr. Wells we need not now concern ourselves. He bears a strange resemblance to Mr. Wells himself. Those newly invented Gods are usually much like their creators, which is just what one would expect. But it is not a little significant that Mr. Wells should look to religion for the abolition of war, and it is still more significant that men of light and leading all over the world should be doing the same thing, and this, says Mr. Wells, is the case.

Without following Mr. Wells in his efforts to create God in his own image, we may at least hope for some new conception of deity that shall take the practical form of human brotherhood, and that shall imply a recognition of law in human affairs. War is the result, not so much of the things that men have done, as of their habits of thought, of their prevailing mental attitude toward events. If materialistic science is to be permitted to abolish the human soul, we can not at the same time invoke the qualities of the human soul in the preservation of

peace. If the universe at large is the sport of chance, we can not expect to inaugurate a reign of order in human affairs. If a ruthless competition is to be the mechanism of evolution, we can not so hedge it around that it shall never express itself by bayonets and bullets. If the acquisition of *things* is the only worthy ambition of a human being, we can not demand that the process shall confine itself to the ordinary media of commerce, and that it shall never avail itself of guns and armies. It is principles that we have to change rather than practices. If we adhere to the principle that we may profit ourselves at the expense of others, then there is no other prospect before us than wars and rumors of wars. We can not go on in the old way and expect to reach some new kind of result. If we reestablish the cause we shall reestablish also the effect.

The erection of a new God who wills virtue and peace and concord is of no avail. We have tried it before and it failed. What we need is a recognition that virtue and peace and concord are laws of nature, that a violation of human brotherhood results in misery, with just the same certainty that water drowns or fire burns. Hitherto we have been proceeding on the theory—carefully fostered by theology for its own ends—that laws may be broken and the penalties evaded. Unless the new religion shall teach that penalties can not be evaded, it will be no better, no more useful, than the old ones.

Remember that as you live your life each day with an uplifted purpose and unselfish desire, each and every event will bear for you a deep significance—an inner meaning—and as you learn their import, so do you fit yourself for higher work.—*W. Q. Judge.*

The most rational cure, after all, for the inordinate fear of death is to set a just value on life.—*William Hazlitt.*

He who instructs the ignorant is like a living man amongst the dead.—*Verse from the Hadith.*

He who has learned to die, has forgot what it is to be a slave.—*Montaigne.*

CRUSTS AND CRUMBS.

(By Albert Ernest Stafford.)

EDITOR CRUSTS AND CRUMBS: Yours of April 15.—I make no pretense of being a student of Theosophy. One may enjoy your column as one enjoys any column of good writing or a page of *Punch*, for its humor and originality. It is not your exposition of Theosophy, but your caricature of Christendom that brings me into the fray. Clerics are only officers of a divine organism called the church, and so far from the rank and file kicking, they are calling out for stronger leadership. Laymen are as keen as clerics on fundamentals, and it is the fundamentals that you attack. Theologians, like Peter and Paul (the clerics of their day), come under your censure equally with Thomas Aquinas and the judicious Hooker, but they can take care of themselves. Any one who can assume, *e. g.*, that Aquinas shut his eyes to evidence or preached the doctrine of "blind belief" would be talking nonsense. Not every writer on theology is a theologian. Not every theologian is a cleric. When we speak of Christianity, we mean Christianity as held for nineteen centuries by great laymen, the Faith as understood by King Alfred, Samuel Pepys, Dr. Johnson, Dante, Balzac, and John Ruskin; by Walter Scott and William Shakespeare; by the Toronto tinker and the Bedford tinker, John Bunyan. The facts as understood by all these persons are essentially the same. To them Christ is God, unique in time and eternity. You put Him in the Pantheon, with Krishna, Buddha, and Mahomet. Not one of those great laymen would subscribe to your Bible glosses and hopeless Pantheism. Faults enough they saw in the church, but their loyalty to foundation principles was never called in question. They and their like created modern Europe, brought civilization out of the Dark Ages, fostered education, architecture, and a stable economic system, which was only destroyed with the rise of capitalism in the sixteenth century. Then Nemesis. To the makers of Christian Europe there was such a thing as the Absolute. The creature was not confused with the Creator. Infidels, like Bradlaugh and Grant Allen, were much more honest than the half-Christians of our days. They did not pour scorn on clear thinking or sneer at scholarship. But you say, "There is no parallel between the scientific man and the theologian." Excuse me, their methods are identical. It is the subject matter that differs. What would you think of the Huxley who proposed to alter the symbol H.O.² to H.₂O.²? Or the mathematician who denied the axioms of Euclid? These things are symbols, vouched for by authority, and every student who is not a fool or a crank takes them for granted. The Catholic creeds are symbols and only symbols. But if every boy and girl is going to examine the symbols and test them for himself, he will be ninety before he gets through the Apostles' Creed. Hence my axiom, that authority saves us the trouble of investigation. Now we spend so much time grubbing about the foundations that people have no time to get to the superstructure.

This unsettlement of faith has led to a decay of worship and morals. Places of worship have become places of controversy. The Ark has been captured by the Philistines and the glory has departed from Israel. Ichabod. I think you said I "seemed to favor the teaching of the Docetae who taught that Christ . . . had only a phantom body. But unless spiritual-phantom, body." Why drag in the Docetae? You owe me some sort of a retraction, do you not? So Jericho is a lunar body! In my innocence I thought it was the city under a curse (Josh. vi, 26). I was under the delusion that the Ark of the Covenant and the Trumpets of Jubilee and the presence of God had something to do with the faith by which the walls of Jericho fell down. But how can a bigoted cleric know these things. Dear Crusts and Crumbs, do tell me what Pythagoras said about Nineveh? For I will finish with a few words about Jonah. And the simple fact about Jonah is this—he had been through death and burial and resurrection. And it was in the power of that resurrection he preached to the people of Nineveh. That threefold experience was his credentials. And no sign shall be given to this generation but the sign of Jonah the Prophet. Not long sermons, oratory, philosophy, social reform, or any sophism will bring the world to repentance, but the short and simple warnings that God utters through his prophets, clothed with his authority. If you, dear sir, could get yourself dead and buried and resurrected in three days, I would gladly put on sackcloth and ashes and recognize your authority. And really you ask too much. I can not "accept the authority of Buddhism, Hinduism, and Mohammedanism" all at once. Not all three. One religion at a time is as much as I can manage. My point remains. Destroy the authority and you undermine the religion. Undermine faith and you destroy worship. Esoteric Buddhism will never capture the masses. They like their symbolism, ceremonialism, and authority and worship of the Absolute. And if they can not get them in the church, they will get them in the lodges. And small blame to them.

Yours faithfully,
AMERICAN EPISCOPAL.

There has probably never been penned a more characteristic exposition of the views against which our modern world is struggling than the foregoing letter. Inspired, no doubt, by the best intentions, and, no doubt also, representing a faithful devotion to simple duty which "builds better than it knows" and is the redeeming element in all false thinking, it embodies at the same time the vast ignorance which narrows the mind and the sympathies, and leaves outsiders aghast at the pretensions of "the only officers of a divine organism called the Church." Not that one expects omniscience in the church any more than from humanity itself, which is an equally "divine body,"

seeing that God became Man. My own idea of the church is that it is composed of those who are conscious of God, whatever "church" they belong to or creed they profess. But the clerics, like my correspondent, are unable to understand that there are other sheep not of their fold, and they refuse to subscribe to what they call "Bible glosses and hopeless Pantheism." My correspondent, while denouncing Pantheism, talks about worshipping the Absolute, which is worse than any intelligent Pantheism I ever heard of. In the list of great laymen drawn up in the letter Alfred Tennyson is omitted. Is his Pantheism also hopeless, and are the probings of "In Memoriam" Bible glosses? I find all that I want in Tennyson, as I have found it since I was fifteen. But let us take Balzac, who is numbered with the San Francisco elect! What about "Seraphita"? Is this hopeless Pantheism also? I'll venture to say that the facts as understood by King Alfred, Samuel Pepys, and Balzac are unchangeable, but their several understandings of them are as wide apart as the poles.

My correspondent practically agrees with all this when he admits that "the Catholic creeds are symbols and only symbols," but he is all wrong when he says that the methods of the scientific man and the theologian are identical. Let us suppose it is a slip of the pen by which he makes the chemical symbol of water H_2O instead of H_2O . He asks me what would I think of the Huxley who proposed to alter the symbol. Thus he begs the whole question. The theologian neither alters the symbol nor his understanding of it. The scientific man does not alter his symbols, but he is constantly changing his understanding of it. H_2O means an entirely different thing to Ramsay and Curie and Crookes from what it meant to the chemists of fifty years ago, and the theory of the valency of the atoms is on another basis altogether. A generation ago the transmutation of the elements was regarded as a superstition of the Dark Ages. Now we know it to be a fact. The chemists retain their symbols, but they treat them as symbols. The theologians regard their symbols as unchangeable realities, and they will allow no change to their interpretation. Then he insists, that I am at-

tacking the reality because I happen to criticize his view or interpretation of the symbol of the reality. I am not attacking Peter and Paul when I attach a different meaning than he does to what Peter and Paul said. But you never can get this into the average clerical head. I'll venture to say I have a higher estimate of both Peter and Paul than my correspondent has. His system explicitly excludes Peter and Paul from the rank I would give them. When the "strong leadership" is offered him which he says the rank and file are calling for, he deliberately rejects it. It is he and not the rank and file who kicks. Saul! Saul?

It is the fundamentals I try to establish. If Christ is God to King Alfred, Pepys, Johnson, Dante, Balzac, Ruskin, Scott, Shakespeare, and the Toronto and Bedford Tinkers, so also Krishna is God to a host of equally eminent men, and Buddha is God in the same degree to another lot of equally eminent men. If I began paralleling King Alfred with King Asoka and the others with an equally eminent series of men, followers of Buddha or Krishna, I would only be catering to the dependence on authority which my friend deems essential. He must have some one precede him and show him. To discover the path for himself is to him inconceivable. What would I think of the man who denied the axioms of Euclid? he asks, again begging the question. He ought to know without coming to Crusts and Crumbs for it that modern mathematicians have evolved systems of geometry which ignore Euclid altogether, and question many of his principles. Probably he never heard of the mathematics of the fourth dimension, and yet the Easterns have a work on it containing 5000 sutras. "They didn't know everything down in Judee." If I relied on authority I would ask "American Episcopal" to produce his warrant according to John xiv, 1-2, but I am content to suggest that wherever these signs are to be found the same power is at work. The ark has been captured, forsooth! Perhaps it is just as well this particular symbol has been removed. Certainly "American Episcopal" never would have had the temerity to look inside it. He accuses me of introducing the Docetae, whereas it was he in his first letter who did so. They sim-

ply pushed the symbolic principle to a logical conclusion, which is worth thinking over. Similarly Jericho (the city of the moon) certainly symbolizes the lunar body. If my correspondent was familiar with "The Voice of the Silence" or the Apocalypse in this connection he would better understand the encircling trumpets in their sevenfold mission.

Pythagoras knew all about the symbolism of the East, for he was an initiate. He was held in Babylon for twelve years, and he had the same opinion about Nineveh. He said that luxury entered into cities in the first place, afterwards satiety, then lascivious insolence, and after all these destruction, and that that city was the best which contained most worthy men. He said also: "It is requisite to choose the most excellent life: for custom will make it pleasant. Wealth is an infirm anchor, glory is still more infirm, and in a similar manner the body, dominion, and honor. For all these are imbecile and powerless. What, then, are powerful anchors? Prudence, unanimity, fortitude. These no tempest can shake. This is the Law of God, that virtue is the only thing that is strong; and that everything else is a trifle." Jonah had nothing better to say and Sir George Adam Smith conservatively dates the book of Jonah 300 B. C., while Pythagoras lived in the sixth century, B. C. Jonah had been, according to my correspondent, through the threefold experience of death and burial and resurrection. So was Pythagoras and many another. My friend wants me, however, to give him cause to put on sackcloth and ashes and recognize my authority. He still harps on authority, when the only authority he can ever have or properly recognize is within himself. I can accept the authority of any exoteric religion, as well as that of Christianity, to the extent that it is endorsed by the one authority which alone should be followed. This is fundamental. "One is your Master, Christ, and all ye are brethren." And the Master added: "He that is greatest among you shall be your servant," and "Ye also ought to wash one another's feet." My correspondent would not even have us understand each other's views of religion, and speaks of views differing from his own as "Bible glosses and hopeless Pantheism." My

favorite ninth chapter of Luke has all the fundamentals. It has these verses: "Then there arose a reasoning among them, which of them should be greatest. And Jesus, perceiving the thought of their heart, took a child and set him by him, and said unto them, Whosoever shall receive this child in my name receiveth me; and whoever shall receive me receiveth Him who sent me: for he that is least among you all, the same shall be great. And John answered and said, Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name; and we forbade him, because he followeth not with us. And Jesus said unto him, Forbid him not; for he that is not against us is for us."—*Toronto Sunday Globe*.

FRIENDS OR ENEMIES IN THE FUTURE.

By Eusebio Urban (W. Q. Judge).

The fundamental doctrines of Theosophy are of no value unless they are applied to daily life. To the extent to which this application goes they become living truths, quite different from intellectual expressions of doctrine. The mere intellectual grasp may result in spiritual pride, while the living doctrine becomes an entity through the mystic power of the human soul. Many great minds have dwelt on this. Saint Paul wrote: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and though I have faith so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing."

The Voice of the Silence, expressing the views of the highest schools of occultism, asks us to step out of the sunlight into the shade so as to make more room for others, and declares that those whom we help in this life will help us in our next one.

Buttresses to these are the doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation. The first shows that we must reap what we sow, and the second that we come back in the company of those with whom we lived

and acted in other lives. St. Paul was in complete accord with all other occultists, and his expressions above given must be viewed in the light Theosophy throws on all similar writings. Contrasted with charity, which is love of our fellows, are all the possible virtues and acquirements. These are all nothing if charity be absent. Why? Because they die with the death of the uncharitable person; their value is naught, and that being is reborn without friend and without capacity.

This is of the highest importance to the earnest Theosophist, who may be making the mistake of obtaining intellectual benefits but remains uncharitable. The fact that we are now working in the Theosophical movement means that we did so in other lives, must do so again, and, still more important, that those who are now with us will be reincarnated in our company on our next rebirth.

Shall those whom we now know or whom we are destined to know before this life ends be our friends or enemies, our aiders or obstructors, in that coming life? And what will make them hostile or friendly to us then? Not what we say or do to and for them in the future life. For no man becomes your friend in a present life by reason of present acts alone. He was your friend, or you his, before in a previous life. Your present acts but revive the old friendship, renew the ancient obligation.

Was he your enemy before, he will be now, even though you do him service now, for these tendencies last always more than three lives. They will be more and still more our aids if we increase the bond of friendship of today by charity. Their tendency to enmity will be one-third lessened in every life if we persist in kindness, in love, in charity now. And that charity is not a gift of money, but charitable thought for every weakness, to every failure.

Our future friends or enemies, then, are those who are with us and to be with us in the present. If they are those who now seem inimical, we make a grave mistake and only put off the day of reconciliation three more lives if we allow ourselves today to be deficient in charity for them. We are annoyed and hindered by those who actively oppose as well as others whose mere looks, tem-

perament, and unconscious action fret and disturb us. Our code of justice to ourselves, often but petty personality, incites us to rebuke them, to criticize, to attack. It is a mistake for us to so act. Could we but glance ahead to next life, we would see these for whom we now have but scant charity crossing the plain of that life with ourselves and ever in our way, always hiding the light from us. But change our present attitude, and that new life to come would show these bores and partial enemies and obstructors helping us, aiding our every effort. For Karma may give them then greater opportunities than ourselves and better capacity.

Is any Theosophist who reflects on this so foolish as to continue now, if he has the power to alter himself, a course that will breed a crop of thorns for his next life's reaping? We should continue our charity and kindnesses to our friends whom it is easy to wish to help, but for those whom we naturally dislike, who are our bores now, we ought to take especial pains to aid and carefully toward them cultivate a feeling of love and charity. This adds interest to our Karmic investment. The opposite course, as surely as sun rises and water runs downhill, strikes interest from the account and enters a heavy item on the wrong side of life's ledger.

And especially should the whole Theosophical organization act on lines laid down by St. Paul and *The Voice of the Silence*. For Karmic tendency is an unswerving law. It compels us to go on in this movement of thought and doctrine; it will bring back to reincarnation all in it now. Sentiment can not move the law one inch; and though that emotion might seek to rid us of the presence of these men and women we presently do not fancy or approve—and there are many such in our ranks for every one—the law will place us again in company with friendly tendency increased or hostile feeling diminished, just as we now create the one or prevent the other.

What will you have? In the future life—enemies or friends?

As for knowledge, I bear her no grudge; I take joy in the pursuit of her. But the other things are great and shining.—*Euripides*.

THE JUDGMENT OF THE DEAD.

The dead man stood before the shadowy throne

Wherefrom the judgment of the dead is given,

And waited sentence calmly, unafraid,

Guiltless of evil deed in earthly life.

When lo, from out the judgment book was read

The doom of him who wasted, robbed, and slew!

"Nay, Lord," cried the bewildered, "when did I

These evil things whereof I am accused?

Sore, sore have I been tempted, but withstood.

From spoliation I withheld my hand,

And slew not, though my heart was hot with hate.

Riches have passed, and all that men desire

I have put from me for a blameless life:

And empty hands and broken heart attest

That I have passed through life without its gains."

Then spake in sorrow He who rules the dead:

"The spirit judge I; not the flesh of man

Which is subservient to the lord of life

And of the earth, in whom I have no part.

Lo, to the spirit what is its desire

It makes thereby its own! Wherefore I say,

Thou, who hast had so much in thy desire,

And in desire hast done so many ills,

Work out the punishment I mete to thee

So that these things shall tempt thee not again."

—*M. E. Buhler, in New York Sun.*

What need is there of grief for those who have gone where there is no pain?

—*Plutarch.*

God fulfills Himself in many ways

Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

—*Tennyson.*

Let the wise man guard his thoughts, for a tamed mind brings happiness.—*Dhammapada.*

No man is great or powerful who is not master of himself.—*Seneca.*

PREDICTIONS.

A. J. E. Fish, in the *Los Angeles Times Magazine*, very cleverly juggles with the date of the Kaiser's birth, and by combining it with some Scriptural prophecies which he thinks are applicable to the case of the emperor—and he undoubtedly will find many of his view—he arrives (says the *Literary Digest*) at the date of the end of the war a little more definitely as January 27, 1918. Here is the way Mr. Fish works it out:

Most people are more or less familiar with Bible prophecies, many of which seem to be coming true at this time. In Revelation we find:

Revelation xiii, 4: "And they worshipped the Beast, saying: 'Who is like unto the Beast? Who is able to make war with him?'"

Revelation xiii, 5: "And power was given unto him to make war forty and two months."

Revelation xiii, 18: "Here is wisdom, Let him that hath understanding count the number of the Beast; for it is the number of a man; and his number is six hundred three score and six."

Now the number 666 has been regarded as that of the reincarnated Nero, who is said to reappear on earth at intervals.

One student of biblical prophecies has said that "Six hundred three score and six years is not the age of a man, but that six hundred three score and six months are," and "equal to fifty-five and a half years."

Emperor William was born January 27, 1859 1—27—1859
Add his age in July, 1914..... 6—0—55

Beginning of war..... 7—27—1914

And "Power was given him to continue forty and two months."

If this refers to the present war, it indicates that the war will end January 27, 1918 (Kaiser's birthday), and forty-two months from the beginning of the war.

Ralph Shirley, an English occultist, has made an interesting collection of olden prophecies, says Mr. Fish, who tells the story of "The Gipsy's Prophecy" as fitting very well with the two previous divinations:

It seems that in 1849 the Kaiser's grandfather, Prince William of Prussia, was wandering incognito through some of the provinces of the Rhine. He was at that time very unpopular, owing to his attitude toward the Berlin revolution of 1849, and therefore had little thought of ever coming to the throne.

At Mayence a gipsy woman offered to tell his fortune, and addressed him as "Imperial Majesty." Not a little amused, the prince asked, "Imperial Majesty, and of what empire, pray?" "Of the new German Empire,"

was the reply. He inquired, "When is this empire to be formed?"

The gipsy took a piece of paper and wrote on it the year 1849. Then she placed the same figures in a column beneath:

$$\begin{array}{r} 1849 \\ 1 \\ 8 \\ 4 \\ 9 \\ \hline 1871 \end{array}$$

The sum obtained being the beginning of the empire.

"How long am I to rule over this empire?" asked the prince.

The gipsy repeated the mathematical operation again, taking the number 1871 and adding the same figures in column:

$$\begin{array}{r} 1871 \\ 1 \\ 8 \\ 7 \\ 1 \\ \hline 1888 \end{array}$$

The result being the time of his death.

Then the prince asked, "How long is this empire to last?"

And the gipsy, taking the figures 1888, and repeating the same operation:

$$\begin{array}{r} 1888 \\ 1 \\ 8 \\ 8 \\ 8 \\ \hline 1913 \end{array}$$

obtaining the result: 1913

Time has proved the first two clauses of this strange prophecy to be true; as to the third—well, the war began in earnest in 1914, and may that year not have been the beginning of the end of the Hohenzollern empire?

An old prophecy of a Japanese dating back to 1793 is recalled. It reads: "When men fly like birds, ten great kings will go to war against one another and the universe will be under arms."

The Paris *Figaro* recently printed the following prediction, whose source is unknown:

In the twentieth century after the incarnation of Christ the forces of anti-christ will work through a Lutheran monarch, who will claim to be inspired by God, but whose actions will be demoniacal in arrogance and cruelty. The world will be filled with spies, and women, children, priests, and old men will be chosen victims. This brutality will awaken the world to the necessity of determined resistance, and many nations will need to combine and put forth their greatest strength; for it will be a stupendous struggle, and the prayers and spiritual resistance of the Allied nations will be needed, as well as their utmost military activity.

Time runs away with all things, including the mind.—*Virgil*.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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MATERIALISM.

A correspondent asks in what way and to what extent the philosophy of materialism can be held responsible for the social evils of the day. How can we suppose, he says, that the theories of science can influence the thoughts and actions of masses of people who have never even heard of them?

Now it is true that the masses of the people are in no way familiar with the distinctive theories of the school of scientific speculation that is known as materialistic. They are not in the least disposed to decide for themselves whether the brain is the product of thought or whether thought is the product of the brain. It is true enough that there are large numbers of people who are wholly unaffected in any direct way by such questions as this and a hundred others like it and who do not even know that they exist. But it would none the less be a mistake to deny the philosophy of materialism a profound influence upon popular thought and upon the actions that spring from thought.

It is general tendencies that we have to consider rather than definite and concrete teachings. The popular mind may easily receive a trend and an impress without being in the least aware of its source. It is not necessary to study the conclusions of the physiologist, searching with his scalpel for the human soul and failing to find it, in order to develop a

vague belief that there is no such thing as the human soul or of human responsibility. It is easy to acquire a vague conviction that the universe is governed by chance and not by law without studying the "demonstrations" to that effect that have been put forward by Haeckel and his school. There is a certain process by which the teachings of the schoolmen filter downward through the various intellectual strata until at last they reach the popular mind in the form of impulses and received opinions that become the molds of action.

If we view the matter from such a standpoint as this we shall see that materialism, so far from failing to influence the general thought, has actually placed its almost ineffaceable seal upon it. It has furnished it with the popular axioms that are now so firmly established as almost to defy all efforts to uproot them. It was materialism that gave to the world that hateful axiom that "self-preservation is the first law in nature," a formula now so firmly established that it passes current as good coin of the realm, and in no way to be challenged or denied. It was materialism that taught us of the "survival of the fit," with the morally destructive inference that "fitness" implies long teeth and sharp claws. It was materialism that bade us look downward to the law of the jungle for example and guide rather than upward to conscience and self-sacrifice. It was materialism that taught us that virtue

and honor and truth and courage are mere correlations of brain cells that are well nigh beyond our power to create or to control. And it was materialism that gave us the vague conviction that we are the sports of chance and that the only armor upon which we can rely is a certain ruthless ferocity of fratricidal competition. We shall not find these things inculcated in the scientific textbooks. Indeed they would be illogically disavowed. None the less they are the inescapable inferences from the philosophy of materialism and to a very large extent they have been accepted by the popular mind.

We need not go far afield to find examples of their application. The physician who has the effrontery to assure a court of criminal law that moral derelictions are the result of brain abnormalities and that vice can be cured by a surgical operation is no more than the logical exponent of materialism. The psychologist who adds his quota to the gospel of irresponsibility by prating of heredity as the cause of moral aberrations is the same. No one, it seems, is responsible for anything. Virtue is no more admirable, nor vice detestable. Self-discipline, self-conquest, self-denial are out of date. They surrender at discretion to inescapable necessity and to the laws of chance. These are some of the fruits of materialism. These are among the direct reactions upon the popular mind of a philosophy that would have us believe that consciousness is the result of correlations of matter and that it disappears when those correlations are hindered or stopped.

Be not concerned with other men's evil words or deeds or neglect of good: look rather to thine own sins and negligence (lit. "sins of commission and omission": things done and undone).—*Dhammapada*.

Desire waxes great in him who is oppressed by wandering thoughts, fired with lust and seeking after pleasure. So doth he make his fetters strong.—*Dhammapada*.

All things are in a state of flux.—*Heracleitus*.

REVEILLE.

What sudden bugle calls us in the night
And wakes us from a dream that we
had shaped;
Flinging us sharply up against a fight
We thought we had escaped.

It is no easy waking, and we win
No final peace; our victories are few.
But still imperative forces pull us in
And sweep us somehow through.

Summoned by a supreme and confident
power

That wakes our sleeping courage like
a blow.

We rise, half-shaken, to the challenging
hour,

And answer it—and go. . . .

—*Louis Untermeyer* in "*These Times*."

CRUSTS AND CRUMBS.

(By Albert Ernest Stafford.)

When the Good Samaritan is mentioned nowadays it is usually for the purpose of holding up the priest and the Levite to obloquy, but rarely for the sake of the command—"Go, thou, and do likewise." Very few people know or remember or think about the origin of the parable. The great truth is lost sight of, as perhaps it was intended to be, letting him that has ears to hear use them, in the picturesque and dramatic little bit of fiction. "By a coincidence," is the Greek phrase, "a certain priest went down that road," and coincidence has never ceased to play its part in fiction. All such considerations tend to lead us away from the main point. The parable only appears in Luke x, 30-37. But to appreciate its intention one must begin at the twenty-fifth verse. "Behold, a certain doctor of the law stood up, tempting him," after the approved manner of LLd D's. In the eighteenth chapter there is a similar incident, when a "certain ruler" asked the same question. In Mark x, 17, what is apparently this second incident is related when "one running up and kneeling down to him" asked the same piercing question: In Matthew xix, 16-30, we learn that it was a young man who was so eager. It would be a great nation in which all the young men were so anxious about the answer to this question that they must need run to find it. It is well to note also the prominence given to the

question, a young man's question, a lawyer's catch question, the most serious question, and the most fully answered of any that the Master dealt with, the question that troubled the disciples themselves, and Paul afterwards, who was afraid that after being a preacher he might be a castaway. This is a humility rare among his modern successors. The young man who ran up was urgent. "Good teacher," he begged, "what shall I do that I may inherit æonian life?" It was the lawyer, however, who got the fuller answer.

Young men are apt to be disappointed at the reply. It was meant for that aspect of the young man's character that was moved. His feelings and emotions were stirred, and the answer went direct to that nature of desire which had yet to be controlled. "Sell all that thou hast and distribute to the poor, and come, take up your cross, and follow me." The lawyer came with his clear brain-mind, and he had to be convinced by logic or reason, or parried with his own weapons. And so he was, but he was answered, and answered so well, that like most other people who read his story, he probably forgot his question in the answer, which was a much bigger solution than he expected, and apparently much less associated with it. "Teacher," he asked, "what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" The Master countered at once, meeting him on his own ground, the sphere of the brain-mind, "What is written in the law? How readest thou?" And he answering, said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul (psyche) and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself." The fourfold division is of interest, for it is that of the Hindu Taraka Raja Yoga system, as well as the usual gnostic and Rosicrucian classification of consciousness and its vehicles, corresponding with the four worlds or ethers, the four symbolic elements, fire, air, water, earth, associated with the four gospels and their symbolic "living beings," the eagle, the ox, the lion, and the man or angel. The four chief arch-angels, Michael, Gabriel, Raphael, and Uriel, ruled these four—the alchemists spoke of them as mercury, azoth, sulphur, and salt. The four temperaments are related—the phlegmatic, the san-

guine, the melancholic, and the bilious. A world of knowledge lies behind these symbols also, and the consecration of the whole character and being was implied in their comprehensive statement. Yet there was one thing more. "And thy neighbor as thyself."

To love one's neighbor as one's self is the whole of the law and the prophets, and the parable was spoken to drive home with irresistible logic, even to the legal mind of him who questioned, that one's neighbor is whoever stands in need of help. A society or ecclesia founded on that one principle and excluding all others would be bound to have a tremendous influence upon humanity. Its members would have to love God in all their four natures before they could fully devote themselves to the greater task which is the proof that they are consecrated men. Mere self-righteousness, cloistered holiness, all the forms of personal sanctification, are but steps and preparations for something greater. Leigh Hunt's sonnet on "Abou Ben Adhem" who loved his fellow-men expounds a real creed, the faith of those who do not wait for perfection before they begin the great service. It is on this condition and this alone that eternal life is obtainable. It is not belonging to a church, or believing in a creed, or accepting a dogma that raises one's consciousness to the heavenly places, or develops the inner body, the soma pneumatikon, in which eternal life is possible. The young man who came running was very rich, and probably sick of the worry this wealth involved. It gave him no satisfaction. His desires were unsatisfied. Out of his desire nature (psyche, nephesh) he asked his question. The answer was to the desire nature. "Sell all that thou hast, and distribute unto the poor." That would be a test of the sincerity of his disgust with the world. If he were ready to abandon the worldly life this was the way to do it, and he would have treasure in heaven. But he was not ready. It was only a temporary disgust. The root of desire still held him bound to the wheel of birth (James iii, 6). Most people stop at this point of the teaching and think that if they sold all they had and gave to the poor that nothing more could be expected of them. But this also was only a beginning, a

preparation. The Revised Version leaves out the clause which is given in the Authorized Version, Mark x, 21. "And come, take up the cross and follow me." There is no other way to follow the Master than by taking up one's own cross daily (Luke ix, 23).

Poor people are apt to dwell upon the renunciation of wealth as the means of grace. The fact is that poor people are just as likely to have the desire nature strongly developed as rich people. It is not the principle of giving up wealth that is important, but of giving up. The widow who put in her mite gave more than the wealthy man with his abundance. The really important thing in the quest for eternal life is giving up everything, and taking up the cross daily. It is only in the Bhagavad Gita, centuries older than Christianity, that this doctrine of renunciation and stewardship is fully explained. The true spirit of renunciation may be present in the king, the millionaire, the merchant, as well as in the mendicant or the laborer. Is he bearing the cross of the world's wrongs? Is he trying to lighten the burden for his fellows? Is he living for his own satisfaction, or is his life dedicated to the plan of the Master? St. Mark and St. Matthew record the astonishment of the disciples over the difficulty that existed for the rich man entering the kingdom of heaven, and the passage is interesting as containing a statement about reincarnation which recalls the sixth chapter of the Bhagavad Gita. St. Peter was anxious to know how it was possible for a man to enter the kingdom of heaven if it was so difficult for the rich man. "With men this is impossible; but with God all things are possible." I sometimes hear people saying that reincarnation is impossible. "Entering the worlds won by holy deeds," says the Gita, "and dwelling for long ages there, he who fell short of union is reborn in the house of pure and holy folk." St. Peter asked (Matthew xix, 27), "Lo, we have left all and followed thee; what then shall we have?" And Jesus said to them, "Verily, I say unto you, that ye which have followed me, in the reincarnation (palinogenesis) when the Son of Man shall sit on the throne of his glory, ye also shall sit on twelve thrones (or

seats) judging the twelve tribes of Israel."

It is in the spirit of the teaching of the parable of the Good Samaritan that all the world has gone to the help of those who have fallen among the thieves of Europe. If religion has done nothing else, whether Christian, Hindu, Buddhist, Shinto, Parsee, Jewish, or other, it has developed and organized the spirit of sacrifice and of help. It would have been a real world-tragedy if the materialistic "rich man" of Germany had been able to accomplish his materialistic desires, and put the rest of the world under his feet. In the nature of a just universe this could not be, but it could only be prevented by men who knew or felt the higher law, making the tremendous sacrifice they have. The nations have risen to great heights of self-devotion in their several ways, and individuals have laid down their lives cheerfully for the great cause of humanity. Canada has not failed in this, but has taken up the cross daily in this desperate need, and the promise will be fulfilled, which has often been a stumbling-block to many who only associated it with the ascetic life: "Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or wife, or brethren, or parents, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this time, and in the age to come, eternal life (Luke xviii, 29-30).—*Toronto Sunday World*.

WEALTH.

Far below flowed the Jumma, swift and clear, above frowned the jutting bank.

Hills dark with the woods and scarred with the torrents were gathered around.

Govinda, the great Sikh teacher, sat on the rock reading scriptures, when Raghumath, his disciple, proud of his wealth, came and bowed to him and said, "I have brought my poor present unworthy of your acceptance."

Thus saying he displayed before the teacher a pair of gold bangles wrought with costly stones.

The master took up one of them, twirling it round his finger, and the diamonds darted shafts of light.

Suddenly it slipped from his hand and rolled down the bank into the water.

"Alas," screamed Raghunath, and jumped into the stream.

The teacher set his eyes upon his book, and the water held and hid what it stole and went its way.

The daylight faded when Raghunath came back to the teacher tired and dripping.

He panted and said, "I can still get it back if you show me where it fell."

The teacher took up the remaining bangle and throwing it into the water said, "It is there."—*Rabindranath Tagore in "Fruit Gathering."*

SUPERSTITION UP TO DATE.

(Helen Stone Tuzo in "The Word.")

"Great Pan is dead"—or at least he has withdrawn himself from the ken of a humanity so vain of its intellectual stature that it looks down with contempt upon him and his sylvan retinue. No longer for us do the dryads glimmer down the vistas of the moonlit woods, the summer meadows are not jocund with the feet of dancing fairies, nor beaches vocal with the siren's song. We gaze with fatuous self-satisfaction upon our man-made picture of a mechanistic universe, and flatter ourselves that our sight is clearest when it is most limited.

But the mythopoeic faculty may be dulled; it can not be extinguished. Although we laugh to scorn the tales of elf and salamander, it has remained for the crass materialist to evoke—I dare not say create—that most fantastic of fabulous monsters—the Average Man. You who deny vehemently the possibility of any beings who can not be observed by human eyesight; which of you has ever seen him? As described, he is more than Protean, varying in contradictory fashion as to every characteristic which is predicted of him. To use the expressive slang nomenclature, the Bromide exalts him, and in speaking of him really means "that fine, sterling, sensible fellow who has no wider range of powers than I myself," while the Sulphite on the other hands holds him in derision as "that thoroughly inferior being whom I, thank God and my own intellect, do not resemble in any way whatever." He is credited with every shade of dull or imbecile opinion, with all sorts of erratic emotions, with enjoying the most vapid

of publications, with rejecting every gleam of unfamiliar illumination. In short, he is a man of straw, erected for the very purpose of being demolished, or for blocking the way to disturbing conclusions. He is the scarecrow of the field of platitude.

Any average, of course, is an imaginary thing, though the term has its uses in statistics or computations. It describes a non-existent ratio, something that would be the result of sharing unequally a given amount of something among a given number of recipients. Thus if you give to one child two sticks of candy, to another eight, and to a third eleven, the average (which no child receives!) will be seven sticks. It is fair, though in truth somewhat futile, to use it thus of material objects, but when it is taken out of its legitimate employment, and we speak of average length of life, average mental capacity, or average moral advancement, it is at once carried into the realm of fancy.

To anything out of the ordinary this mythical Average Man is declared to be menacing and forbidding. We climb painfully up the mountains of experience in order to find a wide, coördinating view of life, but when we reach a peak high enough to permit the beams of the coming sunrise to illumine us, instead of facing it with clear-eyed homage, we turn aside to notice its effect upon the world; and lo, that Brocken spectre, that distortion of our own shadow, the figure of the Average Man capering and cavorting upon the clouds of ignorance, affrights us with his fancied enmity, and we turn our backs upon the light, and hasten down again to the dark and sheltered valley. Is not this the acme of superstition? For to be superstitious is to have a reverence for something dislocated, something which stands outside the laws of life, something, in a word, arbitrary. It is superstitious to proclaim any one part as the whole, and to take humanity in a lump, to color it with our own prejudices and our own preferences, to shear off from it any faculties which we do not possess, any function which we can not exercise, and then to call this Frankenstein monster the Average Man, and admit nothing as true which would not fall within its pitiful limitations, is ranker superstition than any relief in the

homunculi whose creation is attributed to the Alchemists of old.

We turn from the oasis to the mirage, and try to slake our thirst at springs which do not exist. We speak of inanimate nature—inanimate, when every plant arising mysteriously from the dark earth to set about its work of selection and transmutation of the silent summons of the sunshine, every flame that rushes to embrace the ready fuel, every vapor gathering up its strength and condensing its vivifying energy into a rain drop, nay, every chemical atom that will unite for action with none but its natural allies, all testify to the omnipresent life of the universe. From the vivid, lucid, manifestation of mind which is all around us we turn to the puny, contracted image of our own lower minds and cry, "this is the Average Man; let us cast aside as absurd and impossible all but the content of his capacity, for except what he sees, nothing exists." In our stupid, dull-eyed, modern superstition, we deny the ghosts that never were men in favor of this abject, miserable Average Man that never was, and never will be, any kind of a ghost? —◆—

IN DARKNESS.

I will be still;
The terror drawing nigh
Shall startle from my lips no coward
cry;
Nay, though the night my deadliest dread
fulfill,

I will be still.

For oh! I know,
Though suffering hours delay,
Yet to Eternity they pass away,
Carrying something onward as they flow,
Outlasting woe!

Yes, something won;
The harvest of our tears—
Something unfading, plucked from fading
years,
Something to blossom on beyond the sun,
From sorrow won.

The agony,
So hopeless now of balm,
Shall sleep at last, in light as pure as
calm
As that wherewith the stars look down
on thee.

Gethsemane!

—*Florence Earle Coates.*

INTELLIGENCE.

(From "Erewhon," by Samuel Butler.)

This philosopher was professor of botany in the chief seat of learning then in Erewhon, and whether with the help of the microscope still preserved, or with another, had arrived at a conclusion now universally accepted among ourselves—I mean that all, both animals and plants, have had a common ancestry, and that hence the second should be deemed as much alive as the first. He contended, therefore, that animals and plants were cousins, and would have been seen to be so, all along, if people had not made an arbitrary and unreasonable division between what they chose to call the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

He declared, and demonstrated to the satisfaction of all those who were able to form an opinion upon the subject, that there is no difference appreciable either by the eye, or by any other test, between a germ that will develop into an oak, a vine, a rose, and one that (given its accustomed surroundings) will become a mouse, an elephant, or a man.

He contended that the course of any germ's development was dictated by the habits of the germs from which it was descended, and of whose identity it had once formed part. If a germ found itself placed as the germs in the line of its ancestry were placed, it would do as its ancestors had done, and grow up into the same kind of organism as theirs. If it found the circumstances only a little different, it would make shift (successfully or unsuccessfully) to modify its development accordingly; if the circumstances were widely different, it would die, probably without an effort at self-adaptation. This, he argued, applied equally to the germs of plants and of animals.

He therefore connected all, both animal and vegetable development, with intelligence, either spent and now unconscious, or still unspent and conscious; and in support of his view as regards vegetable life, he pointed to the way in which all plants have adapted themselves to their habitual environment. Granting that vegetable intelligence at first sight appears to differ materially from animal, yet, he urged, it is like it in the one es-

sential fact that though it has evidently busied itself about matters that are vital to the well-being of the organism that possesses it, it has never shown the slightest tendency to occupy itself with anything else. This, he insisted, is as great a proof of intelligence as any living being can give.

"Plants," said he, "show no sign of interesting themselves in human affairs. We shall never get a rose to understand that five times seven are thirty-five, and there is no use in talking to an oak about fluctuations in the price of stocks. Hence we say that the oak and the rose are unintelligent, and on finding that they do not understand our business conclude that they do not understand their own. But what can a creature who talks in this way know about intelligence? Which shows greater signs of intelligence? He, or the rose and oak?"

"And when we call plant stupid for not understanding our business, how capable do we show ourselves of understanding theirs? Can we form even the faintest conception of the way in which a seed from a rose-tree turns earth, air, warmth, and water into a rose full-blown? Where does it get its color from? From the earth, air, etc.? Yes—but how? Those petals of such ineffable texture—that hue that outvies the cheek of a child—that scent again? Look at earth, air, and water—these are all the raw material that the rose has got to work with; does it shown any sign of want of intelligence in the alchemy with which it turns mud into rose-leaves? What chemist can do anything comparable? Why does no one try? Simply because every one knows that no human intelligence is equal to the task. We give it up. It is the rose's department; let the rose attend to it—and be dubbed unintelligent because it baffles us by the miracles it works, and the unconcerned businesslike way in which it works them.

"See what pains, again, plants take to protect themselves against their enemies. They scratch, cut, sting, make bad smells, secrete the most dreadful poisons (which Heaven only knows how they contrive to make), cover their precious seeds with spines like those of a hedgehog, frighten insects with delicate nervous systems by assuming portentous shapes, hide themselves, grow in inaccessible

places, and tell lies so plausibly as to deceive even their subtlest foes.

"They lay traps smeared with bird-lime, to catch insects, and persuade them to drown themselves in pitchers which they have made of their leaves, and fill with water; others make themselves, as it were, into living rat-traps, which close with a spring on any insect that settles upon them; others make their flowers into the shape of a certain fly that is a great pillager of honey, so that when the real fly comes it thinks that the flowers are bespoke, and goes on elsewhere. Some are so clever as even to over-reach themselves, like the horse-radish, which gets pulled up and eaten for the sake of that pungency with which it protects itself against underground enemies. If, on the other hand, they think that any insect can be of service to them, see how pretty they make themselves.

"What is to be intelligent if to know how to do what one wants to do, and to do it repeatedly, is not to be intelligent? Some say that the roseteed does not want to grow into a rosebush. Why, then, in the name of all that is reasonable, does it grow? Likely enough it is unaware of the want that is spurring it on to action. We have no reason to suppose that a human embryo knows that it wants to grow into a baby, or a baby into a man. Nothing ever shows signs of knowing what it is either wanting or doing, when its convictions both as to what it wants, and how to get it, have been settled beyond further power of question. The less signs living creatures give of knowing what they do, provided they do it, and do it repeatedly and well, the greater proof they give that in reality they know how to do it, and have done it already on an infinite number of past occasions."

From the Theosophist must radiate those higher spiritual forces which alone can regenerate his fellow-men.—*H. P. Blavatsky.*

Cowards die many times before their death,

The valiant never taste of death but once.
—*Shakespeare.*

Whoso seeks his own pleasure by another's pain is entangled in hate and can not get free.—*Dhammapada.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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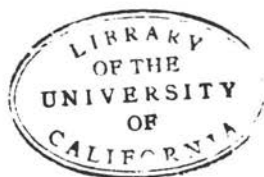
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"THROUGH."

"Through," by E. F. Benson in the *July Century*, is a remarkable story of the superhuman in which a fake medium, who out of his talent at thought reading had built up a credulous clientèle, suddenly finds himself overwhelmed and amazed by contact with uncontrollable unknown powers. The passage below describes his sensations at the moment when his assumed trance becomes actual unconsciousness:

"Up to this moment Waghorn had been enjoying himself immensely, for after the days in which he had been unable to get into touch with his rare and marvelous gifts of consciousness-reading, it was blissful to find his mastery again. But at this moment he was aware of a startling change in the quality of his perceptions. Fresh knowledge came into his mind, but he felt that it was coming from some other source. Some odd buzzing sang in his ears, as when an anæsthetic begins to take effect, and opening his eyes, he thought he saw a strange patch of light, inconsistent with the faint illumination of the red lamp, hovering over his breast. At the same moment he heard, though dimly, for his head was full of confused noise, the violent rapping of the electric hammer. He struggled with the oncoming of the paralysis that was swiftly invading his mind and his physical being, but he struggled in vain, and the next moment,

overwhelmed with the onrush of a huge, enveloping blackness, he lost consciousness altogether. The trance that he had often simulated had invaded him, and he knew nothing more.

"He came to himself again, with the feeling that he had been recalled from some vast distance. Still unable to move, he sat listening to the quick panting of his own breath before he realized what the noise was. His face, from which the sweat poured in streams, rested on something cold and hard, and presently, when he opened his eyes, he saw that his head had fallen forward upon the table. He felt utterly exhausted and yet somehow strangely satisfied. Some amazing thing had happened."

Some amazing thing certainly had happened. During his loss of consciousness he had spoken to his client in the voice of her brother lately dead, who had told her where to find a present that he had concealed in readiness for her birthday and who had warned her that on a certain day her house would be destroyed by a bomb thrown from a Zeppelin. The present, minutely described, was found in the place indicated and the warning of the Zeppelin was justified by the subsequent event. The story as told by Mr. Benson is ostensibly a piece of fiction, but there is reason to believe that it is the narration of an actual experience. We may note as doubly significant the fact that such a story should be told

by so eminent a novelist and that it should find admission to the somewhat ruthlessly orthodox pages of the *Century*. Evidently the world does move in spite of opinions to the contrary.

THE FAR-OFF DAY.

Whenever I behold a little bird
Moving and singing close about my
feet,
All unafraid—because I have not
stirred—

Of brutal blow or pitiless bullet fleet,
Eager to meet the mood which I profess,
By blithe acceptance of my friendliness,

I get a vision of the far-off day,
Far-off and dim, descried by faith
alone,

When all the tribes of Cain have passed
away,

And Love, somehow, has come into his
own;

When kindness is the one felicity,
And bird and beast and man are one in
Thee. —Richard Burton.

A SONNET TO HEAVENLY BEAUTY.

If this our little life is but a day
In the Eternal,—if the years in vain
Toil after hours that never come
again.—

If everything that hath been must decay,
Why dreamest thou of joys that pass
away,

My soul, that my sad body doth re-
strain?

Why of the moment's pleasure art
thou fain?

Nay, thou hast wings,—nay, seek an-
other stay.

There is the joy whereto each soul
aspires,

And there the rest that all the world
desires,

And there is love, and peace, and
gracious mirth;

And there in the most highest heavens
shalt thou

Behold the Very Beauty, whereof now
Thou worshipspest the shadow upon
earth.

—From the French of Joachim du Bel-
lay. Translated by Andrew Lang.

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

(Extracted from "The Creed of Christ."
Published by the John Lane Company.)

To trace the growth of the Christian Church is beside my purpose and beyond my power. What it concerns us to notice is that, by the time the church had been fully organized, the whole diameter of thought separated Christianity from the mind of Christ. Everything that Christ valued most, with the exception of such sentiments and rules of life as devotion to his person had forced upon the conscience of Christendom, had either been ignored or proscribed. Everything that Christ hated most had been accepted, systematized, and authoritatively taught. All the ideas of the Old Testament, the ideas that had led men to Pharisaism, had been formally adopted. The central idea of Israel's creed, that of salvation by machinery, had won a complete and apparently final triumph over the central idea of Christ's creed, that of salvation by spiritual growth. The false dualism of the Old Testament—its total separation of the supernatural from Nature, of Heaven from earth, of God from man—had become the basis of the philosophy of Christendom. The fundamental postulate of dogmatism—that it is possible to know about God as one knows about material things, and that therefore knowledge of God can be received in the form of a series of propositions, instead of being secretly assimilated, as light and life, by the growing and expanding soul,—this fatal postulate, with all that it implied, had become the very cornerstone of the edifice of the church. The externalism, the ceremonialism, the literalism, the materialism, the pessimism, the false asceticism, the exclusiveness, the uncharitableness of the Jews had entered into the life-blood of Christianity. The audacious claim of Israel to be God's chosen people had been matched and even outrivalled by the claim of the church to have inherited a complete monopoly of the grace and favor of God. The Messianic idea, an idea which polluted the eschatology of the church at its very fountain-head, had been welcomed with enthusiasm and applied to the person of Christ. The doctrine of the Incarnation—a doctrine which, rightly interpreted, is in itself

the antidote to all the poison of Judaism—had been Judaized, set forth in the notation of the supernatural, brought into line with the stories of the Creation and the Fall. Except so far as the personal influence of Christ—the Christ of Gospel story—liberated men from and lifted them above the formal conceptions of their creed, the relapse into Judaism was complete. The war that Judaism had waged against freedom—the inward freedom which is the counterpart of spiritual life—had been renewed by Christianity, and was being carried on with deeper skill, with ampler resources, and on an immeasurably larger scale. If in the sphere of conduct the yoke of the church was less heavy than the yoke of the law, in the sphere of belief it was incomparably heavier. Indeed, it is because the church has always cared more for belief than for conduct, that it has been, and still is, the most implacable enemy of freedom that the world has ever known. To tell men that they are to believe such and such things about God and Nature and Man, that these things are "the Truth," that to question them is to run the risk of spiritual death; to feed the soul with rations of "doctrine" which it can not assimilate, and which it is not even asked to digest, and to forbid to it all other spiritual food!—is to starve all those vital faculties and energies—the higher reason, the higher imagination, prophetic insight, poetic emotion—by which, and through which, the spiritual development of mankind is carried on. It is this, and it is more than this. It is to undermine the faith of the soul in its higher self, and therefore in the indwelling spirit of God: it is to deny it personal access to the one unfailing fountain of life and light. Of the sacramental system of the church—that elaborate machinery for monopolizing and exploiting the Divine Grace—I need not speak at length. That the church, as a living organism, should have chosen that way of interposing itself between the soul and God, was as inevitable as that the Law, being a written code, should have taken the path of Pharisaical intolerance in its attempt to reach the same goal.

If the message of Christ to mankind was a message of spiritual life, the

progress of Christendom under the guidance of the church must have been in the direction of spiritual death. It is true that Christianity has, from the beginning of things, had one good angel, by whose beneficent influence it has again and again been saved from itself.—the incomparable personality of Christ. But personal influence, however potent it may be, can not operate effectively except through a sympathetic medium; and as the creed of the church became more and more antagonistic to the creed of Christ, the response of Christendom to the magnetic charm of the Gospel story became proportionately weaker. Great as was the advantage that the early Christian church possessed in its comparative nearness to the life of Christ on earth, there is reason to believe that, as the religion of the Græco-Roman world, Christianity would have died of its own inherent corruption—so radically false was its philosophy—had not a fortunate accident enabled it at once to enlarge its borders and to renew its youth. That accident was the overthrow of the Roman Empire by the semi-barbarous races from the North and East. In Asia and Africa, where there was no strong influx of young-hearted conquerors, Christianity, though it had produced a noble army of saints and martyrs, died an early and ignominious death. Having, in strict accordance with the first principles of its philosophy, exhausted its higher energies—intellectual and emotional—in a series of miserable logomachies, it shriveled up like stubble before the flame of the Moslem's faith.

From such a fate the Teutonic conquerors of the Roman Empire saved the Christianity of Western Europe. Far from being decadent, like those whom they conquered, these vigorous races were in the child-stage of mental development, and a régime of obedience was therefore indispensable for them. For Nature, which has decreed that children shall obey their parents and teachers, has also decreed that every nation shall pass through an epoch of strict and stern discipline (social, political, ethical, religious—four streams of tendency flowing for the time being in a single channel), in order that, before the boon of freedom is granted, the foundations of

character may be firmly laid. Obedience, if not the last and the greatest, is at any rate the first and most elementary of virtues. It is not until it is regarded as an end in itself that it ceases to be a virtue and becomes a soul-destroying vice. For in the inward and spiritual world freedom is at once the proof and the reward of progress; and to substitute mechanical obedience for the spontaneous effort, the inward struggle which the pursuit of a spiritual ideal inevitably and unceasingly demands, is to arrest the growth of the soul and lower the plane of its life. But the Teutonic races were still far from their adolescence, and spiritual freedom was for the time being beyond the horizon of their lives. Having subjected itself to a régime of obedience, the Græco-Roman world was able to give its conquerors the spiritual discipline that they needed; and so for many centuries the church ruled Western Christendom with an undisputed sway. But it was as children, not as self-conscious machines, that the Teutonic races yielded obedience to the authority that they regarded as divine. And it was the self-distrust that springs from spiritual helplessness, not the self-distrust that springs from spiritual lassitude, which led them into the path of blind and unquestioning faith. The church herself, as was natural and indeed inevitable, became infected with the childlike naïveté and simplicity of those whom she taught. That she did not and could not teach them "the Truth" (though both she and they fondly imagined that she did) mattered little. What she did for them was to transmit to them, through a medium which their own childlike faith had helped to clarify, the life-giving influence of Christ's gracious personality; and the natural, trustful obedience which they willingly gave to him and to her (for his sake) was an infinitely better and healthier thing—healthier as a symptom, and healthier in its reaction on the character of the giver—than the artificial obedience of worldly and decadent souls.

We sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up tomorrow.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

In the gray of the Arctic twilight,
As close by my side she lies,
I ponder the fathomless mystery
That broods in my wolf dog's eyes.
She is gentle, yet fiercely loving;
She is jealous and stealthy and wise.
As ever she watches and guards me
With a yearning that never dies.
Together we've crossed the silent wastes:
We have breasted the howling gale;
We have seen the glory of Northern
Lights;
Together we've slaved on the trail.
Is there something that holds her to me?
Some secret I can not know—
An expiation of crime or wrong
That happened long ages ago?
Is there bound in this wolf dog's body
The soul of some woman of old,
Who lived and loved and betrayed, per-
chance,
When her love was growing cold—
The soul of some passionate princess
Who dwelt where the desert sand
Sweeps down to the banks of the templed
Nile
In that sun-warmed Lotus Land;
Or the soul of an Indian nautch girl
Who trampled the hearts of men
Into dust 'neath her slender and jeweled
feet,
And for this she is living again;
Or is it some spirit that drained to the
dregs
The wine from the full cup of life
And left the hemlock for others to quaff.
Laughing idly at ruin and strife.
And who was I in those centuries gone.
And what was her guilt to me,
That makes her my dumb and willing
slave
In the North by the Frozen Sea?
If mine was the sorrow and hers was the
sin
And all that is now had to be,
Whatever her debt, she paid it in full.
And her prisoned soul shall be free.
And I wonder if some time in ages to
come
Will the ghosts of this dead past arise:
Shall I know then the mystery that
broods today
In my faithful wolf-dog's eyes?
—*Mrs. Charles E. Darling.*

ON SEEING VISIONS.

(Reprinted from the London *Star* as a hint against extravagances.)

The postman (or rather the postwoman) brought me among other things this morning a little paper called the *Superman*, which I find is devoted to the stars, the lines of the hands, and similar mysteries. I gather from it that "Althea," a normal clairvoyant, and other seers, have visited the planets—in their astral bodies, of course—to make inquiries on various aspects of the war. Althea and "the other seers" seem to have had quite a busy time running about among the stars and talking to the inhabitants about the trouble in our particular orb. They seem really to have got to the bottom of things. It appears that there is a row going on between Lucifer and Arniel. "Lucifer is a fallen planetary god, whose lust for power has driven him from his seat of authority as ruler of Jupiter. He is the evil genius overshadowing the Kaiser and is striving to possess this world so that he may pass it on to Jupiter and eventually blot out the Solar Logos," etc.

I do not know who sent me this paper or for what purpose; but let me say that it is sheer waste of postage stamps and material. I hope I am not intolerant of the opinions of others, but I confess that when people talk to me about reading the stars and the lines of the hand and things of that sort I shut up like an oyster. I do not speak of the humbugs who deliberately exploit the credulity of fools. I speak of the sincere believers—people like my dear old friend W. T. Stead, who was the most extraordinary combination of wisdom and moonshine I have ever known. He would startle you at one moment by his penetrating handling of the facts of a great situation, and the next moment would make you speechless with some staggering story of spirit visitors or starry conspiracies that seemed to him just as actual as the pavement on which he walked.

I am not at home in this atmosphere of mysteries. It is not that I do not share the feeling out of which it is born. I do. Thoreau said he would give all he possessed for "one true vision," and so long as we are spiritually alive we must all have some sense of expectancy that

the curtain will lift, and that we shall look out with eyes of wonder on the hidden meaning of this strange adventure upon which we are embarked. For thousands of years we have been wandering in this wilderness of the world and speculating about why we are here, where we are going, and what it is all about. It can never be a greater puzzle than now, when we are all busily engaged in killing each other. And at every stage there have been those who have cried, "Lo, here!" and "Lo, there!" and have called men to witness that they have read the riddle and have torn the secret from the heart of the great mystery.

And so long as men can feel and think, the quest will go on. We could not cease that quest if we would, and we would not if we could, for without it all the meaning would have gone out of life and we should be no more than the cattle in the fields. Nor is the quest in vain. We follow this trail and that, catch at this hint of a meaning and that gleam of a vision, and though we find this path ends in a cul-de-sac, and that brings us back to the place from whence we started, we are learning all the time about the mysteries of our wilderness. And one day, perhaps—suddenly, it may be, as that vision of the great white mountains of the Oberland breaks upon the sight of the traveler—we shall see whither the long adventure leads. "Say not the struggle naught availeth," said a poet who was not given to cultivating illusions. And he went on:—

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

But though I want to see a vision as much as anybody, I am out of touch with the company of the credulous. I am with Doubting Thomas. I have no capacity for believing the impossible, and have an entire distrust of dark rooms and magic. People with bees in their bonnets leave me wondering, but cold. I know a man—a most excellent man—whose life is a perfect debauch of visions and revelations. He seems to discover the philosopher's stone every other day. Sometimes it is brown bread that is the way to salvation. If you eat brown bread you will never die, or at any rate you will live until everybody

is tired of you. Sometimes it is a new tax or a new sort of bath that is the secret key to the whole contraption. For one period he could talk of nothing but dried milk; for another, acetic acid was the thing. Rub yourself with acetic acid and you would be as invulnerable to the ills of the body as Achilles was after he had been dipped by Thetis in the waters of Styx. The stars tell him anything he wishes to believe, and he can conjure up spirits as easily as another man can order a cab. It is not that he is a fool. In practical affairs he is astonishingly astute. It is that he has an illimitable capacity for belief. He is always on the road to Damascus.

For my part I am content to wait. I am for Wordsworth's creed of "wise passiveness." I should as soon think of reading my destiny on the sole of my boot as in the palm of my hand. The one would be just as illuminating as the other. It would tell me what I chose to make it tell me. That and no more. And so with the stars. People who pretend to read the riddle of our affairs in the pageant of the stars are deceiving themselves or are trying to deceive others. They are giving their own little fancies the sanction of the universe. The butterfly that I see flitting about in the sunshine outside might as well read the European war as a comment on its aimless little life. The stars do not chatter about us, but they have a balm for us if we will be silent. The "huge and thoughtful night" speaks a language simple, august, universal.

It is one of the smaller consolations of the war that it has given us in London a chance of hearing that language. The lamps of the street are blotted out, and the lamps above are visible. Five nights of the week all the year round I take the last bus that goes northward from the city, and from the back seat on the top I watch the great procession of the stars. It is the most astonishing spectacle offered to men. Emerson said that if we only saw it once in a hundred years we should spend years in preparing for the vision. It is hung out for us every night, and we hardly give it a glance. And yet it is well worth glancing at. It is the best corrective for this agitated little mad-house in which we dwell and quarrel and fight and die. It gives us

a new scale of measurement and a new order of ideas. Even the war seems only a local affair of some ill-governed asylum in the presence of this ordered march of illimitable worlds. I do not worry about the vision; I do not badger the stars to give me their views about the war. It is enough to see and feel and be silent.

And now I hope Althea will waste no more postage stamps in sending me her desecrating gibberish.

FRUIT-GATHERING.

(By Rabindranath Tagore.)

I will meet one day the Life within me, the joy that hides in my life, though the days perplex my path with their idle dust.

I have known it in glimpses, and its fitful breath has come upon me, making my thoughts fragrant for awhile.

I will meet one day the Joy without me that dwells behind the screen of light—and will stand in the overflowing solitude where all things are seen as by their creator.

It can never be too often repeated that *real* Theosophy is not contemplation or introspection or philosophizing or talk, but work, work for others, work for the world. We are told that the one fatal bar to progress is selfishness in some one of its protean forms. Selfishness will *never* be overcome by thinking about oneself. And, as we have to think about something, the alternative is thought for others and how to help them. As the mind fills with such schemes and the hands take hold of them, self-interest is displaced and egoism fades out. Selfishness dies of inanition, and altruism grows insensibly on. The mind clears of prejudices and fogs, the spirit grows more sunny and cheerful, peacefulness settles over the whole interior being, and truth is seen with great distinctness. For the great hindrance to evolution is decaying away.—*H. Q. Judge.*

The pivotal doctrine of the Esoteric philosophy admits no privileges or special gifts in man, save those won by his own Ego through personal effort and merit throughout a long series of metempsychoses and reincarnations.—*H. P. Blavatsky.*

DANTE.

Earth-centre of the universal whole—

The sun and other planets, globes of light,
Revolve around her with a varied flight,
And winged messengers their paths control.

Earth lodges Hell for the unrepentant soul:

Its circle passed, choose we our path aright,
We come where decks the Southern Cross the night,
Where Purgatory's mountain is the goal.

Within the spheres of air and fire it lies;
Its spiral paths we painfully ascend
And reach its crown, the Earthly Paradise:

Then through nine heavens our joyful way we wend
To the infinite, motionless Empyrean rise,
Where Time had no beginning,
knows no end.

—Charles Tomlinson.

THE UNMEANING HOURS.

(By Rabindranath Tagore.)

In the lightning flash of a moment I have seen the immensity of your creation in my life—creation through many a death from world to world.

I weep at my unworthiness when I see my life in the hands of the unmeaning hours,—but when I see it in your hands I know it is too precious to be squandered among shadows. — *From "Fruit-Gathering."*

All nature is but art unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony, not understood,
All partial evil, universal good.

There is no fear in him, the vigilant one, whose mind is not befouled with lust, nor embittered with rage, who cares nought for merit or demerit.—*Dhammapada.*

The simpleton ages like the ox: his weight increases, but not his wisdom.—*Dhammapada.*

MONSTERS.

(By W. Q. Judge.)

Do monsters of depravity ever seek rebirth through any but mothers of like character?

I would like to answer this question so as to satisfy the questioner, but it being a question of statistics it is not possible to be exact from want of data. The question seems to bear the inference that the questioner thinks monsters of depravity seek mothers of like character. But is this so? Do we not know that all through time very bad men and women have been born of virtuous, righteous mothers. It was the mother's Karma to be so unfortunate. In Indian history there was a monster named Kansa born of a good mother; doubtless the mothers of Nero and other wicked Roman emperors were good women. All this being the case, we are at liberty to assume that sometimes monsters of depravity obtain birth through mothers of opposite character. If we were to insist on the opposite, then we must say, in the case of great sages and Avatars, such as Buddha, that they only seek birth through mothers who are great as they; but this is known not to be the case.—*Extract from "Theosophical Forum."*

AB HUMO.

The seedling hidden in the sod
Were ill content to stay;
Slowly it upward makes its way
And finds the light at last, thank God!
The most despised of mortal things—
The worm devoid of hope or bliss,
Discovers in the chrysalis
Too narrow space for urgent wings.

These are my kindred of the clay;
But as I struggle from the ground
Such weakness in my strength is found,
I seem less fortunate than they;

Yet though my progress be but slow,
And failure oft obscures the past,
I, too, victorious at last,
Shall reach the longed-for light, I know!
—*Florence Earle Coates.*

Speak not harshly to any one: else will men turn upon you. Sad are the words of strife: retribution will follow them.—*Dhammapada.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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POINTING TO THE TEACHINGS.

We shall doubtless be criticized by the theosophical elect for the publication in this issue of Mr. Yost's introduction to "The Sorry Tale," by Patience Worth. Theosophy, we shall be told, ought not to concern itself with the phenomena of what is called Spiritism. It should "point to the teachings," or whatever the particular incantation of the moment may be, and leave the bewildered to their own devices.

But the real Theosophist will interpret his duty in a sense very different from this. His success will be judged, not by the extent to which he has pointed to the teachings, but by his actual influence upon the thought of the day. The soldier in war must either win his battles or lose them. That his tactics were technically correct will be a poor excuse for defeat. Still more deplorable would be the plea that he was so attentive to the evolutions of the parade ground that he overlooked the movements of the enemy.

If the phenomena associated with the name of Patience Worth are genuine phenomena—and no one can doubt this—they ought to be known to the Theosophist, just as new stellar phenomena ought to be known to the astronomer. He can not afford to overlook them. For they are facts, and they are facts that will be interpreted by the world without the least consideration for the few obscure per-

sons such as ourselves who are "pointing to the teachings" and murmuring irrelevances about elementals and the Astral Plane. Let us remember that new philosophies are being born today, new theories, new thoughts, new ideals, new creeds, and they will be based upon just such facts as these, and the future happiness of men will largely depend upon them. We can not afford to wrap ourselves in robes of indifference or to occupy reserved seats above the amphitheatre wherein the new and the old are at death grips.

How fortunate it would be for us if we were to imitate H. P. Blavatsky instead of erecting images that bear no resemblance to her and then adoring them—usually an indirect way of adoring ourselves. With what enormous zest she was wont to throw herself into the movements of the day, with what extraordinary vigor she immersed herself in every new thought. Nothing was above or below the reach of her interest, whether it was Tolstoy, or Father John of Cronstadt, or General Booth, or the Australian savages, or a heresy hunt. With what energy she would have addressed herself to the phenomenon of Patience Worth, with what care she would have collected the facts and explained them. No one can imagine her as waving them to one side as unrelated to Theosophy, and those who suppose that she would have done so would do well to study the pages of the magazines

that she edited and to note their inclusive breadth.

The greatest of all needs among Theosophists and in the world at large is a sense of individual responsibility for the fate of humanity, just the same sense of responsibility as would be felt by any one of right mind who realized that the burning of a home was the result of a match carelessly thrown by himself. Then there would be fewer Brahmins among us "pointing to the teachings" with equanimity and self-content, and almost audibly thanking God that they are not as other men. For with a sense of responsibility comes a great desire for knowledge, for knowledge of facts, intellectual knowledge, a comprehension of what men are doing, hoping, fearing, suffering; a desire for knowledge based upon a growing sense of identity, a growing determination to help on the ground floor, rather than by a lofty willingness to impart some of the wisdom that we think we have, and have not.

It is the interior attitude that counts, and because it counts so heavily it is just here that we deceive ourselves the most readily. We are our own judges and there is no advocate for the prosecution. We do the things that we wish to do and call it service. We "point to the teachings" and congratulate ourselves that it is so easy to serve humanity. We proclaim universal brotherhood and neither know nor care what our brothers are thinking or doing. Perhaps when it is too late we shall realize that the battle is lost unless it is won, and that the gage of battle is the happiness of the race.

That man who conquered matter sufficiently to receive the direct light from his shining Augoiedes feels truth intuitively; he could not err in his judgment notwithstanding all the sophisms suggested by cold reason, for he is illuminated.—*H. P. Blavatsky.*

Not what we *give*, but what we *share*.
For the gift without the giver is bare.
Who gives *himself* with his alms feeds three—

Himself, his hungry neighbor, and
Me.
—*Sir Launfal.*

The gods themselves can not annihilate the action which is done.—*Pindar.*

CRUSTS AND CRUMBS.

(By Albert Ernest Stafford.)

EDITOR CRUSTS AND CRUMBS: Thank you for answering my rather irritating questions so kindly. Brought up from my earliest childhood by my father, an artist-philosopher, to question every statement I came across, added to the fact that I am not a practiced writer, makes it difficult to express exactly what I mean. I think the first part of your article fine, and with the exception of one or two points I entirely agree with it. You say that the whole system of Theosophy rests on fundamental realities and that it reduces everything to law and order. Hypothetically this is true, but unless we can verify our hypothesis it is of little value. To do this, one has to get into an abnormal state. I don't know what we should think of a scientist who had to drug himself to prove his statements. Not much anyway. Of course Dr. Hartmann's remarks about the philosopher unable to see the truth, and the man who lives a "pure life" having all the advantage that way certainly is incomprehensible to me, in fact, to be frank, utter tosh. I suppose the idea is—out of the mouth of babes and sucklings, etc. But so much depends on what we mean by "pure life." There is no golden rule. Conduct must justify itself by its effect upon happiness, and not by conforming to any rule or idea. I am sure you can see that it is sometimes far nobler to tell a lie than to blurt out the truth, and the same with all the other virtues. We must not put the moral condition before the actual living reality. Then about the Elder Brothers, the "just men made perfect." Well, all I can say is, I don't think much of the results of their guidance in spite of their perfection—why don't they wake up and get a wiggle on? The world today is so badly governed that those who know the truth about it can hardly bear to live in it. For my own part I can see no way out of the world's misery, but the way which would have been found by Christ's will. The doctrines of Jesus have never been put in practice. All the same we must reduce His proposals to modern political measures if they are to be of any use to us. To quote an eminent English economist, with whose works I have no doubt you are familiar, "The rich man must sell up, not only himself, but his whole class. Being members of one another means, One man, one vote; and one woman, one vote; and universal suffrage and equal incomes and all sorts of modern political measures." Yours faithfully, F. H.

P. S.—I am sending you a copy of the *Lahan*, the only undemocratic statement I can find at the moment. But "a straw shows which way the wind blows." You will see the whole tone is narrow and middle-class. The meetings, etc., provided for the officers' ladies! The wives of the privates being left to the Salvationists, etc. I must really apologize for writing at such length, the subject is so fascinating, though we don't seem to get much "forrarder" with Theosophy. I'm afraid I must have a congenital incapacity for believing it, much as I should like to.

This is a letter which illustrates as

well as anything could that the point of view is everything. Unless we have the desire to help or to be helped, we never get any "forrarder." It is perfectly right to question every statement we come across, but if we are doing so in good faith we should make some effort to get the answer, and accept it when we do. Merely to question a statement, and let it go at that, brings one nowhere. Hypothetically, the theosophical system is true, my correspondent admits, but it needs to be verified. Of course it does. Every hypothesis does. That is the difference between the theosophical hypothesis and a good many others. It says you must verify it, and no one else can verify it for you. You must do it for yourself. We always come back to that. If reluctant to do so there is no use blaming Theosophy. The theory is that it is a life to be lived, and that by living this life certain results are achieved. Full perfection is rarely attained in any one life, so those who have not completed their development return again and again to earth as often as necessary to attain perfection. This seems to me very reasonable. Nothing is wasted. We use the world as long as we need it. We reap as we sow, and discharge the debts we contract on the same Rialto where we ran into them. Evidently—self-evidently, as it appears to me—some of us have got much "forrarder" than others. I am happy to think that it is by their own efforts they have done so, and that they have not been unduly favored by some capricious being who has advanced some and left others behind. I see nothing in all this suggestive of drugging, and I am entirely at a loss to discover where my correspondent got the idea that drugs had any part in the business. As I have been instructed, drugs of all kinds, especially alcohol, are detrimental. I must protest against this suggestion, which certainly could not have been derived from anything I ever wrote. There is nothing abnormal about the powers acquired in connection with mental development. Should Kenler or Kelvin, Newton or Edison be described as abnormal? Is the man who knows the multiplication table abnormal beside the savage who is unable to count his fingers and toes? It is merely a question of degree, and what

is true of the mind-nature is true of the love-nature.

There are four world, the form-world, the life-world, the mind-world, and the love-world, and four cosmic elements—form, life, mind, and love. They are called by all sorts of different names; as prakriti, ether, prana, and manas; or matter, force, intellect, and spirit; or earth, water, air, fire; or flesh, life, light, love. These names all represent the same elements from different points of view. The great secret of all is that the form-world, represented by prakriti, or matter, or earth, or flesh is a world of illusion. Science has discovered this in the last generation or so, recognizing that matter is merely the form that energy takes in motion. Hence the lord of this world is the lord of limitation or form, and consequently maya or illusion. All religions teach this, and new ones are constantly springing up and giving it out as an entirely new and original discovery. They usually fail to discriminate between the three worlds beyond, the Trinity or Trimurti of the ancient religions, lumping them all together in one, or in the pessimistic religions and philosophies which have realized the illusion, denying any subsisting reality. To these the idea of living in harmony with the laws of the three worlds is incomprehensible—utter tosh, perhaps, but that is merely part of the form-world illusion. If you live in a certain frame of mind you get certain results. The Germans are a notable example. Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow you die, is their motto. The world is ours, let us conquer it! This is the great illusion. Out of this attitude comes the philosophy of "F. H."—"Conduct must justify itself by its effect on happiness," which is possibly the falsest doctrine to which the world listens, because the happiness it seeks is of the world of illusion, instead of that of the higher worlds. But there are those, like Moses, who choose "rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."

Because it may be permissible to tell a lie under certain circumstances, one can not deduce from this that lying is a virtue and to be generally indulged in. The occasions on which a lie is legitimate are so rare that practically they do

not come into our ordinary everyday experience, and it requires a singularly noble motive to justify the falsehood. One might as well say that because Lady Godiva once made a sacrifice of her modesty we should all go around without clothes. Lady Godiva did not make a habit of it. My correspondent does not think much of the guidance of the Elder Brothers, which almost leads me to remark that I don't think much of her judgment or common sense. Guidance is a very different thing from compulsion. A guide is one who may be followed. If you don't think much of the results of the guidance then blame the people who do not follow, and not the guides. Is it not my correspondent who has to get a wiggle on? She admits as much by declaring that the doctrines of Jesus have never been put in practice. That is not the fault of Him nor of the doctrines. The Elder Brothers are always ready to help those who will follow, but when we refuse to be guided, it is illogical to blame them. I have looked over the copy of the *Vahan* sent me, which is for January, 1916. I am not familiar with the magazine, which I rarely see. I have usually heard that theosophical literature is "high-browed," and my curiosity was aroused to hear that it is "middle-classy." There must be several kinds of it, perhaps, for different tastes. The first article is a New Year sketch of proposed activities by the new secretary. The second is an able outline of the Sankhya philosophy, filling six columns. The next twelve pages are filled with articles about India: "Within the Purdah," Indian home life; "The Education of Indian Girls"; "Indian Music"; "Ancient Indian Literature"; "Some Modern Indian Literature"; "The Indian Student in England." The rest contains reports and notices of meeting and reviews. The impression I formed from it is that if this be "middle-classy" the middle class is certainly getting on. The first meeting mentioned was one of a series of monthly "At Homes" at Headquarters, Adyar, Shorncliffe Road, Folkestone. It is said, "we shall expect visiting members . . . to disregard the ordinary conventions, which, however useful in certain conditions, should be to members of the Theosophical Society a worn-out barrier."

Another report is copied from the Folkestone *Herald* of December 18, 1915, and this is where the officers' wives come in. It seems that the Folkestone society is lending its premises as a club and rendezvous to Canadian ladies, and was "At Home" one afternoon to all wives and relatives of Canadian officers. "Besides the committee and members of the society, the Hon. Mrs. Howard, Sir Stephen and Lady Penfold (the mayor and mayoress), and Mrs. Muir acted as hosts and hostesses, gladly availing themselves of the opportunity offered them of showing some hospitality to our overseas visitors. Major-General S. B. Steele, C. B., M. V. O. (G. O. C. Shorncliffe), was present with Mrs. and Miss Steele, and there was a large attendance of Canadian ladies." Arrangements had been made for lectures by Mrs. Pertwee of the Women's Emergency Corps on "Women's Work in France at the Front," and by Mrs. Parker (Lord Kitchener's sister) on the British Women's Patriotic League. The whole report is rather interesting, but I did not find anything about the Salvation Army. I hope the society at Folkestone has had an "At Home" for the privates' wives also. The main point brought out, it appears to me, as Miss Edwards, the secretary, stated it, was that "the committee felt that the word Theosophy might perhaps put some people off, for so many did not realize that the only 'dogma' of Theosophy was Brotherhood. The finest reply to this fear had been made by a Canadian lady herself. 'We Canadians are far bigger than you English, if you think that the name of any society would matter at all to us. All that we look for is the spirit and true friendliness of that society.'"—*Toronto World*.

That flash of memory which is traditionally supposed to show a drowning man every long-forgotten scene of his mortal life as the landscape is revealed by the intermittent flashes of lighting—is simply the sudden glimpse which the struggling soul gets into the silent galleries where his history is depicted in imperishable colors.—*H. P. Blavatsky*.

The true tragedy is a conflict of right with right, not of right with wrong.—*Hegel*.

PATIENCE WORTH.

(The following is the introduction contributed by Casper S. Yost, editor of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, to "The Sorry Tale," a story of the time of Christ, just published by Henry Holt & Co. Price, \$1.90.)

The story of the invisible author of *The Sorry Tale* was told in the book entitled *Patience Worth: a Psychic Mystery*. It seems sufficient here to present a brief statement of the facts in relation to that phenomenal personality. She came to Mrs. John H. Curran of St. Louis, Missouri, one evening in the summer of 1913, as Mrs. Curran sat with a ouija board on her knees, and introduced herself as "Patience Worth," with the declaration that she had lived long ago and now had come again. From that time she has poured out a continuous stream of communications, conversational or literary, including hundreds of poems, numerous parables and allegories, several short stories, a drama, and two novels. All of her compositions are distinguished by the archaic form of her language, which is, however, not the same in any two of her larger works, there being important dialectical variations that make each one quite different from the others in this particular, and the archaic quality as well as the dialectal form varies as much in her minor productions and in her conversations. Yet upon all of them is the impress of a single creative personality. Each and every one of them bears the imprint of Patience Worth.

Mrs. Curran, through whom all of this matter has come, is a young woman of normal disposition and temperament, intelligent and vivacious. She receives the communications with the aid of the mechanical device known as the ouija board as a recording instrument. There is no trance or any abnormal mental state. She sits down with the ouija board as she might sit down to a typewriter, and the receipt of the communications begins with no more ceremony than a typist would observe. Mrs. Curran has had no experience in literary composition and has made no study of literature, ancient or modern. Nor, it may be added, has she made any study of the history, the religions, or the social customs of the period of this story, nor of the geography or topography of the regions in which it is laid. Her knowledge of Palestine and

of the beginnings of the Christian religion is no greater, and probably no less, than that of the average communicant.

Patience Worth began writing this story on the evening of the 14th of July, 1915, and some time was given to its transmission on two or three evenings of every week until its completion. In the early months she proceeded leisurely with the task, usually writing 300 to 1000 words of the story in an evening, and, in addition, poems, parables, or didactic or humorous conversations, as the mood or the circumstances prompted. As a relief to the sorrows of *The Sorry Tale* she started another story which she called *The Merry Tale*, and for months the composition of the two stories continued alternately. Often she would work at both on the same evening. But as *The Sorry Tale* progressed she gave more and more time to it, producing on many evenings from 2500 to 3500 words of the tale in a sitting of an hour and a half or two hours. In one evening 5000 words were dictated, covering the account of the Crucifixion. At all times, however, it came with great rapidity, taxing the chirographic speed of Mr. Curran to the utmost to put it down in abbreviated longhand. The nature of the language made it unsafe to attempt to record it stenographically. At the beginning of the story Patience had a little difficulty in dropping some of the archaic forms she had previously used, and which she continued to use in her other productions and in her conversation; but this difficulty seemed to disappear in a few weeks, and thereafter there was never a change of a word, never a pause in the transmission, never a hesitation in the choice of a word or the framing of a sentence. The story seemed literally to pour out, and the amount of her production in an evening appeared to be limited only by the physical powers of Mrs. Curran. "Ye see," she said once to a visitor who inquired about this ability to write with such pauseless continuity, "man setteth up his cup and filleth it, but I be as the stream." As in all her work, it mattered not who was present or who sat at the board with Mrs. Curran. Whether the *vis-à-vis* was man or woman, old or young, learned or unlettered, the speed

and quality of the production were the same. From start to finish some 260 persons contributed in this way to the composition of the strange tale, some helping to take but a few hundred words, some many thousands. Parts of the story were taken in New York, Boston, and Washington. Each time the story was picked up at the point where work was stopped at the previous sitting, without a break in the continuity of the narrative, without the slightest hesitation, and without the necessity of a reference to the closing words of the last preceding installment. These words were often read for the benefit of those present, but Patience repeatedly proved that it was not required by her.

For some weeks before the beginning of the story Mrs. Curran had received intimations of its coming and of its nature: "'Tis sorry tale (a tale of sorrow) I put a-next," Patience said on the 5th of July. "Aye, a lone-eat tale. Ye ne'er do to know an eat like to a lone. Be ye lone (alone) eat doth bitter." It was as "the sorry tale" that she ever afterward spoke of it. On the evening of the 9th she entertained a company of twelve persons and in the midst of her conversation she exclaimed: "Hear ye a song!" and presented the following verses referring to this story and the material she desired for it:

Wind o' the days and nights,
Aye, thou the searchers of the night,
Lend thou to me of thee.

Sun of the day, a-bath o'er Earth,
Lend thou of thee to me.

Rains of the storm,
And wash of Earth's dust to a-naught,
Lend thou of thee to me.

Sweets o' the Earth, the glad o' day,
Lend thou of thee to me.

Prayers o' the soul, the heart's own breath,
Lend thou to me of thee.

Fields of the earth, a-gold o' harvest-ripe,
Lend thou to me of thee.

Dark o' the nights, strip o' thy robe,
And lend o' thee to me.

For I do weave and wash and soothe
And cloak o' one who needeth thee,
A one o' His, a-stricken,
A one whose soul hath bathed o' crime,
And Earth hath turned and wagged a nay to him.

Two persons besides the Curran family—Mr. and Mrs. Curran and Mrs. Pol-

lard, Mrs. Curran's mother—were present on the evening of July 14th, two persons under whose hands Patience had expressed a wish to begin the tale. There was a certain solemnity to the occasion, a feeling that something of profound significance was to be inaugurated. Solemnity is quite unusual in the meetings with Patience, whose exuberant humor is one of her most charming qualities, and who, however serious she may be, loves not a long face. But on this night there were no flashes of wit. On the contrary, it was for a while a tremorous, hesitating, faltering Patience, almost overcome by the task upon which she was entering.

"Loth, loth I be," she said. "Yea, thy handmaid's hands do tremble. Wait thou! Wait! Yet do I to set" (to write). For a moment the pointer circled slowly about the board recording nothing until it picked up the murmur: "Loth, loth I be that I do for to set the grind" (the circling motion of the pointer). And then, for the first and only time in the long experience with her, she asked for a period of quiet. "Wait ye stilled," she said. "Ah, thy handmaid's hands do tremble!"

For three or four minutes there was no sound in the room, and then, as if in reality from out the silence of twenty centuries, as if actually from out the darkness of the greatest night in all history came the plaintive cry of Theia. "Panda, Panda, tellest thou a truth?"

There was no further hesitation in the delivery. Without another pause, except by Mrs. Curran for rest and discussion, the story proceeded rapidly, and about two thousand words were received on that evening. The first thing noticed was the great difference in the language and the atmosphere from anything previously written by Patience. Next was the knowledge displayed of the people and the time and of the topography of the country. The language retained some of the verbal and syntactical peculiarities of Patience, the same freedom from grammatical restraints, but it was not the language of her other works, not that which she used in her conversation. Her other productions of a narrative nature had been redolent of mediæval or Renaissant England; the atmosphere of this was truly Syrian and Roman. But

the knowledge shown was and is most puzzling. I do not undertake to say that there are no errors of fact or condition, no anachronisms. I merely assert that after much study and research I have been unable to find anything that I could so term with certainty. There are some things upon which no authority accessible to me gives any information. There are some variances from history, profane and sacred, but these are quite evidently intentional and with definite purpose. From the beginning to the end of the story *Patience* seemed to be absolutely sure of herself. Discussion of mooted points brought no comment from her and no modification of her statements. Several times she condescended to clear a doubt by later putting an explanation into the text, but in doing so she emphasized the original assertion. The interesting question arises: If *Patience* is, as she says, an English-woman of the seventeenth century, where did she get the knowledge and the material for this story? It is a question that gives rise to many speculations, but apparently she answers it for herself in the words of *Theia* to *Tiberius* in the garden of the imperial palace at Rome: "Thy hand did reach forth and leave fall a curtain of black that should leave a shadow ever upon the days of *Theia*. And the hand that shall draw the curtain wide and leave the light to fall upon thy shadows shall be this!"—and she held her hand high."

I have described the trepidation of *Patience* at the beginning of the story. Several times in the course of the composition she gave expression to this feeling, which seemed to grow out of a profound sense of personal responsibility. "Thee'rt a wind of a golden strand," she said one evening. "This be the smile of Him that turneth back unto the past. The hand of thy handmaid shaketh at the task. This lyre singeth the song of Him. Think ye the hand of me might touch athout (without) a shake? 'Tis a prayer I'd put that the very shaking of this hand should cause a throbbing of the air of Heaven and set aflow the song unto the Earth." At another time she said: "This holied tale be the love of me. Yet 'tis a sorry put (a work of sorrow), for woe is me that I do tell of the woes of Him." Again she remarked, by

way of introduction to an evening's work: "Athin (within) the put (the story) be much of Him, and this tale be dear, dear unto me. Ye see, I be at put (at the writing) as though 'twere me upon thy earth. Yea, for how may a one tell unto his brother that that he knoweth as the dear wish of him unless he be as the brother of the flesh of him?" . . .

Upon still another evening she said: "Look ye! The side that flowed red doth weep fresh drops, e'en unto this day. Yea aday! And this shed of the tides (times) agone but bought of the then, and yet He, smiling, sheddeth ever, yea, ever. The every day seeth the weeped drops. Think ye then that this hand would set these drops gushed, or yet touch them that fell and be dust that they stir in their holy, athout (without) a tremor?

"Ah, men of Earth, look, look! Amid thy day stalketh He. Yea, and thou mayest see His drops aflow e'en upon thy byways. Yea, and what doest thou that the drops be stopped? He be the oped chalice that poureth the cleansed flow ever, ever, ever. Think ye that they who fall, bathed of blood, be stopped athin (within) their own flow? Nay!—born anew athin (within) His own. Yea, His arms cradle seas. Yea, and His hands plucketh e'en the moles as His own. Yea, His treasures gleam. And I be a-telling thee—ah, joy!—much be His that He doth treasure that Earth hath cast as chaff. E'en though His vineyard showeth blight, still within His press, behold, naught save sweetened wines do flow!"

I present these expressions of profound devotion to show the sentiment that has unquestionably actuated *Patience* Worth in the production of this story. There is much within it to arouse discussion, but she has no fear. "Hark ye!" she says. "There shall be ones who shall tear at this cloth till it shreddeth, yet the shreds shall weave them back unto the whole 'pon love strands. For Love be the magic warp, and Love may ne'er die, but be born athin all hearts that sup the words."

C. S. Y.

These appearances indicate the fact that the universe is represented in every one of its particles. Everything in nature contains all the powers of nature.—*Emerson*.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

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"THE SORRY TALE."

(The following review of "The Sorry Tale," by Patience Worth, appears in the literary supplement of the *New York Times* and is here reprinted as showing the view taken by a competent reviewer of a remarkable book.)

Again comes "Patience Worth," the so-called "Psychic Mystery" to whom attention was called a year or more ago by the publication of a book bearing her name as title. The story it told was perhaps one of the strangest in all the chronicles of psychic manifestations and mysteries. Mrs. John H. Curran of St. Louis and a friend had been dallying with a ouija board for amusement, and one evening four years ago the pointer suddenly began to travel with more vigor and purpose than it had done before, and "Patience Worth" introduced herself, saying she had lived long ago, and adding, "again I come." From that moment she has led Mrs. Curran a strenuous life. The former book contained an account of the matter by Mr. Yost, who edits this new story, with extracts from the communications received from her through the ouija board under Mrs. Curran's fingers. There were many pages of poems, some short stories, extracts from a play and from a novel, with many verbatim reports of conversations. Unlike all other alleged communications from the unseen world, these poems and stories and plays had literary quality. The poems showed nobility of thought, exquisite fancy, beauty of expression.

The extracts from stories and plays had the fire of passion, dramatic movement and situation, the sense of character, literary beauty. The reported conversations revealed a striking personality, interesting, entertaining, with a mind alert and keen and a strong sense of humor.

Invested thus with the interest and mystery of its origin, this second book increases the marvel of the first. Merely as a feat of literary composition it is remarkable, for the novel fills 640 closely printed pages and must contain well over 300,000 words. And it was all spelled out through the ouija board during part of the evenings of the last two years. Mr. Yost says in his preface that from 2500 to 5000 words would be produced at an evening's sitting, and that for some time "Patience" varied her composition with poems, parables, and conversation, even beginning another story and working upon the two alternately. But after awhile she dropped everything else and devoted herself solely to "The Sorry Tale," which, in her use of language, is the same as "The Tale of Sorrow." After she got well into the stride of her work he says, "There was never a change of word, never a pause in the transmission, never a hesitation in the choice of a word or the framing of a sentence." A few evenings before the story was begun a dozen persons were present, says Mr. Yost, and conversation was going on between these and "Patience," through the medium of

the ouija board, when she exclaimed, "Hear ye a song!" and presented a set of verses referring to the story she had already announced she would next write and the material she desired for it. Here are the first and last stanzas:

Wind o' the days and nights,
Aye, thou the searchers of the night,
Lend thou to me of thee.

For I do weave and wash and soothe
And cloak o' one who needeth thee,
A one o' His a-stricken,
A one whose soul hath bathed o' crime,
And earth hath turned and wagged a nay to him.

The intervening stanzas are appeals to sun and rains and fields, to "sweets o' the earth" and "dark o' the nights," to "Lend thou of thee to me" for the weaving of this tale. It is indeed a tale of sorrow, a dark and troubled tale, but noble in its conception and remarkable in the complexity of its weaving and the variety with which it is clothed.

It is a tale of Bethlehem and Jerusalem and Rome in the days of Jesus Christ, and its theme is the interaction of the love and hate incarnated in the bodies of the Christ and of the thief who died on the cross with Him. When Jesus is born in the manger on the same night a courtesan of Rome who had been the slave of Tiberius and had been cast forth finds shelter in a hut near the manger and gives birth to the son of the Roman. These two lives, thus setting forth together, are followed through the years, as they swerve widely apart but are always more or less bound together by people, events, incidents, and at last are brought together again at the crucifixion. The plot of the story is long and intricate, but it is closely woven, and the threads that go to its weaving are every color and shade of human passions, desires, ambitions. A great crowd of characters, there must be more than a hundred, carry on the action of the drama, and every one is individualized, full of its own tang of humanity, human and alive. Among them all Theia, the Greek dancing girl, one-time courtesan of Rome and favorite of Tiberius, now mother of his son and a leprous outcast, stands forth a creature of vivid and protean characteristics. She runs the gamut of human emotion from searing hate and fury to tenderest love. In a

golden cloud of hair she trips seductive measures, with prophetic fire she chants eldritch prophecies, consumed by longing for revenge upon Rome's world she breaks out into torrents of objurcation, filled with hatred she is drawn into sweeter life under the magic of Mary's smile.

"Patience" works her own will with the Gospels. She invents new miracles, she retells the old ones, she fills out with incidents the lives of Christ and His disciples; but the touching beauty and simple dignity of the figure of Christ are treated always with reverence and there is nothing in the tale to which the most orthodox could object. There is wonderful and graphic detail in the picturing of many of the scenes of Christ's life, such as the trial and the crucifixion. The same is true of manners and customs, incidents, events, characters all through the story. In detail one vivid scene after another passes before the reader—pictures from the life of dissipated Rome, as Theia remembers and tells of their lewd horrors, of the shepherds upon the hills, of the men and women of the city, of Herod's palace, of the desert. And through it all goes the sense of life, of reality, of having been seen and lived until all its details become familiar. This picture of the waking city of Jerusalem examples the vividness of the narrative:

The morn spread forth the golded tresses of the sun, and lo, a star still rested upon a cloud bar. And Jerusalem slept. The temples stood whited, and the market's place shewed emptied. Upon the temple's pool the morn-sky shewed the doves bathed within the waters at its edge. Beside the market's way camels lay, sunk upon their folded legs, and chewed, their mouths slipping o'er the straw, and tongues thrust forth to pluck up more for chewing. The hides shewed like unto a beggar's skull, hair fallen off o'er sores. The day had waked the tribes, and narrowed streets shewed bearded men, and asses, packed. The temple priests stood forth upon the stoned steps and blew upon the shell that tribesmen come. From out the pillared place the smoke of incense curled, and within the stone made echo of the chants and sandals-fall of foot.

The pages are full of just such exquisitely described miniatures. But they are merely the jewels that adorn and hold in place the rich robes of the story. For the long and intricate tale is constructed with the precision and accuracy of a master hand. It centres around the

child of Theia and Tiberius, the child whom she in her wild anger and desperation names "Hate" at his birth, who because of his paternity is of consequence to Rome, and around the confusion in people's minds as to him and the Son of Mary, because both of them speak of being of high lineage. The noble central thought, the spiritual machinery of the story, is that love is more powerful than hate and its greatness dominates the horror and the irony of the closing pages.

It is a wonderful, a beautiful, and a noble book, but it is not easy to read and it is not for those who delight in best sellers, who like a novel which can be galloped through in an evening. Its archaic language and its frequently indirect modes of expression make necessary constantly the closest attention. The meaning is often so obscure that only considerable study will make it clear. And in much of the conversation there are far too many words and the talk grows wearisome. Whoever would read it through will need to be well supplied with time and patience. But if he appreciates the noble and the beautiful in literature he will be well repaid. And he will marvel more deeply than ever over the mystery of "Patience Worth."

Look on the Spirit as the rider! take
The Body for the chariot, and the Will
As charioteer! regards the mind as reins,
The senses as the steeds; and things of
sense

The ways they trample on. So is the
Soul

The lord that owneth spirit, body, will,
Mind, senses,—all; itself unowned.

Thus think

The wise! He who is unwise drives
with reins

Slack on the neck o' the senses; then
they ramp,

Like restive horses of a charioteer.

He that is wise, with watchful mind and
firm.

Calm those wild Five, so they go fair
and straight,

Like well-trained horses of a charioteer.
—*Sir Edwin Arnold, in "The Secret of Death."*

We are our own children.—*Pythagoras.*

CRUSTS AND CRUMBS.

(By Albert Ernest Stafford.)

"Can man by searching find out God?" is a question as old as the religious faculty, and there are answers for every generation. It was said long ago that man makes God in his own image and it is certain that the God of one age is a different being from the God of the next. Other times, other manners. This fact does not become apparent to most readers and thinkers till they have begun to know God in their own experience, and it comes as a shock to most men and women to find that the God of which they conceive is altogether different from that of their neighbors, or of the churches they attend. It is usually preconceptions of God, racial, national or individual, that prevent us arriving at some true knowledge of God, and the wise man hesitates to make statements which he knows, however true they may be regarding his own experience, must almost certainly have the effect of creating a false impression in the minds of others. "Be still, and know that I am God," is an ancient oracle of the profoundest wisdom, but few understand or heed it. Few even venture to attempt the analysis of their own consciousness and the identification of that "I" which must be realized in the typical and universal expression of the final experience, "I and my Father are one." In the tremendous book in which Mr. H. G. Wells sets forth his idea of God we have the rediscovery for his age and time of what is forever present and forever new for each generation of humanity. Even each period of each man's life affords him new glimpses, if he be observant, of that which the race in the mass attains by slow degrees. World events, social cataclysms, intellectual exploration expeditions, necessitate new views of God. The world war has compelled for many men a restatement of their idea of God, and Mr. Wells in his new book aims brilliantly and reverently at the greatest common measure of these new estimates.

Such a tremendous book as "God the Invisible King" is bound to make a cultural impression on the public. Everybody may not read it, but it will inevitably get into the hands of the thinkers, and the preachers and the conversa-

tionalists, and its seed will be sown far and wide. The pronouncements of a popular novelist do not excite such hostility as would those of a propagandist, a proselytizer or a missionary of some new faith. There isn't really anything new in Mr. Wells' idea, but he gets away from ancient formulas, he ignores the stereotyped conventions, and he places the fundamental conceptions of all religions in plain and simple language before the reader—any reader, who wishes to know all that any plain honest man can know of God or that which God shows us as Himself when we are willing. The student knows that Mr. Wells has set down a true record, for what he says agrees perfectly with what every other seeker after God has recorded of his experiences at the same stage. The genuinely devout man who knows that names are but signs and symbols will hail with delight a statement which will confirm his own discovery of the "Great Companion." It is true that there are many expressions and assertions in this book that will offend the "unco guid," but there is no class that more needs to be offended—shocked, even, into a sense of reality. Mr. Wells says, for example, that "such elaborations as 'begotten of the Father before all worlds' are no better than intellectual shark's teeth and oyster shells." Those who stick at this will lose much. For the ordinary man who is willing to confess the truth that is in him, it is indisputable.

God as a finite being is the prime conception of Mr. Wells' revelation. It will be just as much of a revelation to many people as "The Secret Doctrine" has been to some of us. His intention has been to clarify the idea of God for the ordinary man or woman, and I think he succeeds. I am satisfied myself that his hostility to the idea of a Trinity is the result of a misunderstanding, and Mr. Wells' own Trinity is obvious enough. His finite God, whatever he may say, is certainly the Logos, and the personal manifestation of that God in a man's heart is the third aspect of his Trimurti. He confesses to "Complete Agnosticism" in the matter of God the Creator, and secondly, entire faith in the matter of God the Redeemer. "That, so to speak," he adds, "is the key of his book." He uses the word God "for the God in our

hearts only, and he uses the term the Veiled Being for the ultimate mysteries of the Universe." . . . He suggests that many will wish to use the term "Christ-God" where he has written "God." A better understanding of the functions of Christ might result from such a custom, were it adopted. Of the Veiled Being, who is the Cosmic God, he says there is no reason to believe that he is either benevolent or malignant towards men. "For the purpose of human relationship it is impossible to deny that God presents himself as finite, as struggling and taking a part against evil." Summing up, Mr. Wells declares, "Whether we are mortal or immortal, whether the God in our hearts is the Son of or a rebel against the Universe, the reality of religion, the fact of salvation is still our self-identification with God, irrespective of consequences, and the achievement of his kingdom, in our hearts and in the world."

Mr. Wells recognizes the rise and growth of a new religion in the world, taking shape without the direction of a founder, pointing to no origin. "It is the truth, its believers declare; it has always been here; it has always been visible to those who had eyes to see. It is perhaps plainer than it was and to more people—that is all." It has been defined as "Christianity without Theology," but Mr. Wells believes it has "a very fine and subtle theology, flatly opposed to any belief that could, except by great stretching of charity and the imagination, be called Christianity." Whereby Mr. Wells means, I have no doubt, what Lawrence Oliphant called Churchianity. Through the three early centuries, he points out, Christianity had never defined its God, and these were the centuries of greatest achievements, of noblest martyrdoms. Christianity in those days knew itself, but it was very different from some of the later developments. The present renaissance of the religious idea as Mr. Wells conceives it, "a thing active and sufficient in many minds, has still scarcely come to self-consciousness." It is with this renescent religion that Mr. Wells declares his sympathies and convictions lie. He asserts he is neither atheist nor Buddhist nor Mohammedan nor Christian. And once more he emphasizes the view

that this new religion worships a finite God, "neither all-wise, nor all-powerful, nor omnipresent; neither the maker of heaven or earth," and that he is neither the God of the Jews nor of the Mohammedans. Personally, I think Mr. Wells' idea embodies the best in all these conceptions, anthropomorphized as they undoubtedly are. Mr. Wells, in his conception is nearer the Ishwara of the Bhagavad Gita than any other ideal. "For the True God," he says, "is a generous God, not a jealous God; the very antithesis of that bickering monopolist who will 'have none other Gods but Me,' and when a human heart cries out—to what name it matters not—for a larger spirit and a stronger help than the visible things of life can give, straightway the nameless Helper is with it and the God of Man answers to the call." This is the Christ of all the Mystics; the Ishwara of the Gita; the Warrior of "Light on the Path." Angus Oge of the Keltic occultists, the "Eternal Goodness" of Whittier, the "Light that lighteneth every man that cometh into the world" of St. John.

"At present," says Mr. Wells, "if any one who has left the Christian Communion declares himself a believer in God, priest and parson swell with self-complacency. There is no reason why they should do so. That many of us have gone from them and found God is no concern of theirs. It is not that we who went out into the wilderness which we thought to be a desert, away from their creeds and dogmas, have turned back and are returning. It is that we have gone on still further, and are beyond that desolation." We can not altogether repudiate the ladder that helped us to climb, and it must be admitted that Christianity, false as many of its modern suggestions may be, has helped to bring the world a long road on its way. No more can we repudiate any of the other religions which has contributed its quota to the general stock of sentiment and doctrine, of devotion and reverence in the world. Whether we are conscious of it or not we partake of the established good, and all who have helped to establish it are our benefactors. "God comes we know not whence into the conflict of life. He works in men and through men. He is a spirit, a single

spirit and a single person; He has begun and He will never end. He is the immortal part and leader of mankind. . . . He is by our poor scales of measurement, boundless love, boundless courage, boundless generosity. He is thought and a steadfast will. He is our friend and brother and the light of the world." All this is in the first thirty pages or so of "God the Invisible King," to which I must return next week—*Toronto World*.

CONVERSATIONS ON OCCULTISM.

(By W. Q. Judge.)

Student—What is the effect of trying to develop the power of seeing in the astral light before a person is initiated?

Sage—Seeing in the astral light is not done through Manas, but through the senses, and hence has to do entirely with sense-perception removed to a plane different from this, but more illusionary. The final perceiver or judge of perception is in Manas, in the Self; and therefore the final tribunal is clouded by the astral perception if one is not so far trained or initiated as to know the difference and be able to tell the true from the false. Another result is a tendency to dwell on this subtle sense-perception, which at last will cause an atrophy of Manas for the time being. This makes the confusion all the greater, and will delay any possible initiation all the more or forever. Further, such seeing is in the line of phenomena, and adds to the confusion of the Self which is only beginning to understand this life; by attempting the astral another element of disorder is added by more phenomena due to another plane, thus mixing both sorts up. The Ego must find its basis and not be swept off hither and thither. The constant reversion of images and ideas in the astral light, and the pranks of the elementals there, unknown to us as such and only seen in effects, still again add to the confusion. To sum it up, the real danger from which all others flow or follow is in the confusion of the Ego by introducing strange things to it before the time.

Student—How is one to know when he gets real occult information from the Self within?

Sage—Intuition must be developed and

the matter judged from the true philosophical basis, for if it is contrary to true general rules it is wrong. It has to be known from a deep and profound analysis by which we find out what is from egotism alone and what is not; if it is due to egotism, then it is not from the Spirit and is untrue. The power to know does not come from book-study nor from mere philosophy, but mostly from the actual practice of altruism in deed, word, and thought; for that practice purifies the covers of the soul and permits that light to shine down into the brain-mind. As the brain-mind is the receiver in the waking state, it has to be purified from sense-perception, and the truest way to do this is by combining philosophy with the highest outward and inward virtue.

Student—Tell me some ways by which intuition is to be developed.

Sage—First of all by giving it exercise, and second by not using it for purely personal ends. Exercise means that it must be followed through mistakes and bruises until from sincere attempts at use it comes to its own strength. This does not mean that we can do wrong and leave the results, but that after establishing conscience on a right basis by following the golden rule, we give play to the intuition and add to its strength. Inevitably in this at first we will make errors, but soon if we are sincere it will grow brighter and make no mistake. We should add the study of the works of those who in the past have trodden this path and found out what is the real and what is not. They say the Self is the only reality. The brain must be given larger views of life, as by the study of the doctrine of reincarnation, since that gives a limitless field to the possibilities in store. We must not only be unselfish, but must do all the duties that Karma has given us, and thus intuition will point out the road of duty and the true path of life.

Student—Are there any Adepts in America or Europe?

Sage—Yes, there are and always have been. But they have for the present kept themselves hidden from the public gaze. The real ones have a wide work to do in many departments of life and in preparing certain persons who have a future work to do. Though their in-

fluence is wide they are not suspected, and that is the way they want to work for the present. There are some also who are at work with certain individuals in some of the aboriginal tribes in America, as among those are Egos who are to do still more work in another incarnation, and they must be prepared for it now. Nothing is omitted by these Adepts. In Europe it is the same way, each sphere of work being governed by the time and the place.

Student—What is the meaning of the five-pointed star?

Sage—It is the symbol of the human being who is not an Adept, but is now on the plane of the animal nature as to his life-thoughts and development inside. Hence it is the symbol of the race. Upside down it means death or symbolizes that. It also means, when upside down, the other or dark side. It is at the same time the cross endowed with the power of mind, that is, man.

Student—Is there a four-pointed star symbol?

Sage—Yes. That is the symbol of the next kingdom below man, and pertains to the animals. The right kind of clairvoyant can see both the five and the four-pointed star. It is all produced by the intersections of the lines or currents of the astral light emanating from the person or being. The four-pointed one means that the being having but it has not as yet developed Manas.

Student—Has the mere figure of a five-pointed star any power in itself?

Sage—It has some, but very little. You see it is used by all sorts of people for trademarks and the like, and for the purposes of organizations, yet no result follows. It must be actually used by the mind to be of any force or value. If so used, it carries with it the whole power of the person to whom it may belong.

Student—Why is the sword so much spoken of in practical Occultism by certain writers?

Sage—Many indeed of these writers merely repeat what they have read. But there is a reason, just as in warfare the sword has more use for damage than a club. The astral light corresponds to water. If you try to strike in or under water with a club, it will be found that there is but little result, but a sharp

knife will cut almost as well under water as out of it. The friction is less. So in the astral light a sword used on that plane has more power to cut than a club has, and an elemental for that reason will be more easily damaged by a sword than by a club or a stone. But all of this relates to things that are of no right value to the true student, and are indulged in only by those who work in dark magic or foolishly by those who do not quite know what they do. It is certain that he who uses the sword or the club will be at last hurt by it. And the lesson to be drawn is that we must seek for the true Self that knows all Occultism and all truth, and has in itself the protecting shield from all dangers. That is what the ancient Sages sought and found, and that is what should be striven after by us.—*Reprinted from the Path, November, 1894.*

THE TEMPLE BELL.

Hark! the East disdaining mouth of
droning bonze
Speaks through bronze,
From the Temple's cedarn shadows
booms the note
Over moat,
Over panes of level paddy, ridge and
roof,
Holt and kloof.
For the mystic thought that Gautama
made word—
Overheard
From the Genii of the mountains—
traveled East;
This same priest
On the great Bell of the Tera graved in
terse
Chinese verse:
"All is fleeting. 'Tis the law of birth
and death.
Birth and death
All to die; and lo! the Death Serene
shall be
Ecstasy."
And the bell-note's transient tremor,
born to cease
In last peace,
Tells its allegoric message from the
tower
Hour by hour:
Naught remaineth until death death's
self shall garner
To Nirvana.

In life's noontide men may heed not nor
believe,
But at eve
When the sunset prints the pinehill's
silhouette
Black as jet,
When the meditative silence muffles
village,
Croft and tillage,
Peradventure then Man templewards
shall turn
And discern
Buddha's Bell forth-tolling night's on-
drawing peace,
Toil's surcease,
And the curfew of earth's vanities, the
soul
Near its goal.
Dreamers wake! for hark! yon campa-
nile saith:
Life not death;
Heard aright its "All is fleeting" trulier
states:
Naught stagnates;
Tells the glory of the sempiternal range
Of life's change.
For ere night inks out our hamlet,
morning gilds
Other fields.
Ere our belfry's voice fell mute, another
vale
Caught the tale;
It has set live echoes flying shall not
cease
In mere peace,
But horizon past horizon thrill vibra-
tions
Through far nations.
Wherefore rise and join the world's
great lampadrome!
Forward roam!
This torch falls, that flakes and blackens,
lit in turn
Others burn,
Lap on lap linked fires of flambeaux
press the pace.
'Tis the race—
Not the finish, not the laurel, not souls'
rest—
That is blest.
Not the saint's dead slumbers matter,
but his spirit
Ye inherit.
—E. M. H-H. in the *New East*.

Continuity is the expression of the
Divine Veracity in Nature.—*Newman
Smith.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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WAR FRUITS.

Mr. Blathwayt's Reminiscences, elsewhere noticed in this issue, contains the record of a conversation between the author, Sir Henry Irving, and Mr. Algernon Blackwood, a conversation that drifted, as all normal conversations do drift nowadays, to the subject of the war. Mr. Blathwayt modestly refrains from giving us his own share of the conversation, but he quotes some remarks of Mr. Blackwood that are well worth attention. A new power, says Mr. Blackwood, is coming into the world, and its herald and forerunner is war. Deep down within him, almost beyond the place where he could find words, was the profound conviction that we are witnessing the birth of a new age, even though the only present sign is the great and remarkable increase of human sympathy. When that time comes we shall have a wholly new vision of life, an outlook of which we have never yet dreamed.

It is a comfortable assurance, this of Mr. Blackwood, and undoubtedly a true one. War is not a disease, but a remedy. It is the externalization of the forces of human thought that would eventually have proved more destructive than artillery or bayonets. If our thoughts are those of competition and rivalry, of mutual greeds and hates, those thoughts must eventually materialize themselves, and in the horrid ways that we are now witnessing. But when the

poison is discharged there will be a better and a more wholesome world than before, a world in which the moral laws of the universe will receive a deference hitherto denied to them.

Indeed that day is already within sight. It is marked by the increase of sympathy of which Mr. Blackwood speaks. And there can be no higher religion than sympathy, that irresistible spiritual power that proclaims the essential unity of life. This is the thing unto which all other things are added, the Philosopher's Stone that turns everything to gold.

CRUSTS AND CRUMBS.

(By Albert Ernest Stafford.)

What H. G. Wells has done in both "Mr. Britling" and "God, the Invisible King," is to interpret the average man's normal thoughts to him. Men who have been trained out of the normal by any system, whether philosophy, theology or anything else, will have a great deal to say in criticism of Mr. Wells' views. Nor can it be asserted that Mr. Wells has had all the kinks straightened out in his own mind which he has acquired by his own abnormal experiences. No man can live in our modern artificial social conditions and not take on something of the environment, for we share with the chameleon his gift as we share other gifts of the lower life vehicles. Rev. Prof. David Smith, D. D., has recently been declaring that "in this age,

when proficiency is an imperative desideratum, it is impossible for a man to devote himself at once to the prosecution of a worldly calling and to the cultivation of sacred scholarship, and this constitutes the *raison d'être* of the Holy Ministry. . . . We ministers are like the spies whom Israel sent to explore the Land of Promise and bring back a report of it. . . . This is our solemn trust, our sacred, beneficent, and most needful office, and it imposes on us a heavy responsibility. A minister is a Christian teacher. His business is the instruction of his people in the things of God, and his essential equipment, second only to a personal experience of the Saviour's grace, is an understanding of the Sacred Oracles." This is the general position of sacerdotalism and should appeal to "American Episcopal," although Dr. Smith is a Presbyterian. Specialization has its advantages, of course, but mere intellectual study of the scriptures of any religion will carry one but a little way. It is decidedly second, and a long way behind the "personal experience" which is the basis of all true spiritual living. Mr. Wells, like many others, has had through the great war such experience brought home to him. He may have a different report from Dr. Smith, but what then? We must choose according to our own experience. Dr. Smith cites the Spies in the Promised Land. He should reflect on his illustration. Only two out of the dozen were reliable guides.

St. Paul was a tentmaker and followed his occupation, being no burden to those for whom he worked in spiritual ways. This is the great mark of distinction between the priests and the prophets, and I am inclined to think that the destiny of the world is safer with the prophets than the priests. There are false prophets, it is true, but the test of laboring for hire is one that goes to the root of the matter. Where there is a hoarding of wealth, and emphasis laid on the value of financial contributions, there is cause for suspicion, and Simony has always been regarded as a radical evil. People must learn to choose for themselves. The struggle between the prophets and the priests is unending. The people, usually, and because it is the line of least resistance, follow the priests. But the

prophets mark out the new channels of spiritual life, create the new ideals, and are the living forces of the spiritual world. The priests only preserve what may survive and be used of the work of the prophets of the past, and they could not even do that did not the new prophets sanction the survivals. All religions are outgrowths of earlier ones. Moses builded on Hermes and Jesus supplanted Moses. The two thousand year tides of revelation flood anew the creeks and crannies of human speculation, and in the great springtide of the 25,000-year cycle new marks are set for a new age, and the old bearings are swept away. People who look for stability in form are ignorant of Life's greatest laws. It is only Life that endures. "The Self remains and returns again."

H. G. Wells states the new conclusions to which his prophetic instinct has moved him, with a good deal of ingenuousness and naïveté. He exhibits no consciousness of any one else having arrived at such views before. This is great gain for the reader who is satisfied with nothing that is not new. Some of the ecclesiastical reviewers are very amusing in the superior attitude they assume towards him. They point out that Hinduism or Christianity, or Buddhism, as the case may be, gives expression to all his ideas and more. But they fail to recognize that Wells speaks in the vulgar tongue in language understood by the people, about the elements of the spiritual life. For example: "God comes, we know not whence, into the conflict of life. He works in men and through men. He is a spirit, a single spirit, and a single person; he has begun and he will never end. He is the immortal part and leader of mankind. He has motives, he has characteristics, he has an aim. He is by our poor scales of measurement boundless love, boundless courage, boundless generosity. He is thought and a steadfast will. He is our friend and brother and the light of the world." All this, he asserts, is in the nature of things. "If every one who perceives and states it were to be instantly killed and blotted out, presently other people would find their way to the same conclusions; and so on again and again." This is the declaration of a natural Theosophy, the guidance of the Master within; the Ish-

wara of the Bhagavad Gita, the Comforter of the New Testament, the Refuge of the Buddhist which Toplady Christianized in his "Rock of Ages"; the Shekinah, the Shield and Salvation of the Old Testament. Theologians will say these things are different. They are different as loaves of bread are different in size and shape, but they are the bread of life.

Mr. Wells, like Prof. William James, identifies the several stages of "Conversion," conviction of sin, repentance, as the ordinary man in the street experiences them, without any knowledge of theological methods at all, whether ritualistic or evangelical. There is "an initial state of distress with the aimlessness and cruelties of life, and particularly with the futility of the individual life, a state of helpless self-disgust, of inability to form any satisfactory plan of living. . . . For a time there is a curious resistance to the suggestion that God is truly a person; He is spoken of preferably by such phrases as the Purpose in Things, as the Racial Consciousness, as the Collective Mind. . . . They had been hypnotized and obsessed by the idea that the Christian God is the only thinkable God. They had heard so much about that God and so little of any other. . . . Then suddenly in a little while, in his own time, God comes. This cardinal experience is an undoubting, immediate sense of God. It is the attainment of an absolute certainty that one is not alone in one's self. It is as if one was touched at every point by a being akin to one's self, sympathetic, beyond measure wiser, steadfast and pure in aim. It is completer and more intrinsic, but it is like standing side by side with and touching some one that we love more dearly and trust completely. . . . After it has come our lives are changed, God is with us and there is no more doubt of God. Thereafter one goes about the world like one who was lonely and has found a lover, like one who was perplexed and has found a solution. One is assured that there is a Power that fights with us against the confusion and evil within us and without. There comes into the heart an essential and enduring happiness and courage.

All this is universal as a teaching of the great religions of the world. It mat-

ters not what we call that Being who is our very Self, Alaya, the Master-Soul, as long as we learn to deal with Him directly and not be misguided into dependence on some vicarious authority outside and not ourselves. He is the Warrior of "Light on the Path," the Master of all true Theosophic literature, and only those who are conscious of Him are true Masters, and serve His purpose. I must quote one more passage from "God, the Invisible King," in the first chapter, beyond which this review has not passed, although the other six chapters are as full of interest. "There is but one God, there is but one true religious experience, but under a multitude of names, under veils and darkness, God has in this manner come into countless lives. There is scarcely a faith, however mean and preposterous, that has not been a way to holiness. God, who is himself finite, who himself struggles in his great effort from strength to strength, has no spite against error. Far beyond half-way He hastens to meet the purblind. But God is against the darkness to their eyes. The faith which is returning to men girds at veils and shadows and would see God plainly. It has little respect for mysteries. It rends the veil of the temple in rags and tatters. It has no superstitious fear of this huge friendliness, of this great brother and leader of our little beings. To find God is but the beginning of wisdom, because then for all our days we have to learn His purpose with us and to live our lives with Him."

Such gifts the great war is bestowing upon the world as this book, wrenched out of the battle-tortured consciousness of one who is compelled to face the awful malignity of it, and find an explanation. If God could stop the war, would He not do it? This was a question asked by ex-Mayor Max Wardall of Seattle when he was in Toronto recently. He has since enlisted in an ambulance corps and is going to the front immediately. God will stop the war when we help Him. He can't stop it when we sit around and refuse to fight or harangue the universe about the evil of fighting. When we fully realize that God is in us (Immanuel) and that He can neither start nor stop any human affair save through us, we may perhaps be per-

sueded to make ourselves better agents for His purpose. It will help many of the unchurched and the perplexed to this end to read "God, the Invisible King."—*Toronto World*.

REMINISCENCES.

Mr. Raymond Blathwayt in his new book, "Through Life and Round the World," tells us of a conversation that he once had with Mr. Algernon Blackwood, well-known as a writer of occult and mystic stories and credibly suspected of a knowledge not always fully expressed in his writings:

I forget how the conversation first began at luncheon that day, but I rather fancy it was started by Mrs. Alfred Curzon telling us some interesting happenings or coincidences in connection with crystal-gazing, of which a friend of her's had recently had a close personal experience. It appeared she had encountered a certain crystal-gazer who had informed her that what he saw in the crystal at the moment of conversation were some hideous and terrible leonine heads, fierce rows of teeth, and a crown. Well, so far all right; but a week or so later this lady paid a visit to ——— Palace, and, seated in one of the great staterooms, she happened to raise her eyes, when she was immediately confronted by the lions' heads and the teeth and the crown. She mentioned this to Lady ———, and a crystal was produced, and looking into it, the lady, after a while, dimly discerned a long hospital ward, white beds, white-capped nurses, and all.

"That is curious," observed Lady ———, "for I was just thinking of my nephew, who is in hospital at this very moment."

"Now," said Mrs. Curzon, "what I want to know is, how was her thought conveyed to my friend's mind without a single word being spoken?"

"Well," ventured Mr. Algernon Blackwood, who was seated at the table, "that opens up such a big question that it is hopeless to attempt to settle it at a luncheon party. Still, we may speculate on it to a certain extent. You know how wonderfully news, which is, after all, but a tangible expression of thought, travels in Africa or in India, where the bazaars know everything that is happening thousands of miles away before even the official circles hear of it. Don't you think that in time we may reduce all this to a scientific method of communication? I will try and explain exactly what is in my mind. Thought appears to me to be dynamic; that is, with every thought an actual force leaves the brain, and all force acts via wave vibrations. Now, as you know, the one teaching common to all forms of new belief today—the new mysticism, in short—is that thought is dynamic, and more important even than acts, since an act is merely the result of a thought."

"It seems to me," said a clergyman who

was present, "that must surely, in the long run, lead to the belief that prayer is actually scientific, which is what I have been trying to teach for years."

"I think so," replied Mr. Blackwood; "and if once this action got into the pulpits and churches as a living reality you would find that the effect would be revolutionary. It is what we want today, an idea like that, which would do more good, because it probes deeper and is really more scientific, than a whole succession of National Missions on the very conservative and rigid lines on which this National Mission is being held. The truth of the matter is, ordinary religious forms are crumbling, and if the churches want to get up to date, if they are really to keep in touch with the needs and hopes of everyday people, they will have to strike out on new lines altogether."

The conversation turned on the occult arts in general and Mrs. Curzon suggested a consultation of the crystal:

And then our hostess made us all laugh.

"I think I had better get my crystal out and try to see something a little bright and hopeful in it. You are all getting dreadfully morbid in your search for the truth."

"Ah!" said the clergyman, "I don't know that even an optimistic crystal leads us nearer the truth; I am quite sure it often lands us far short of happiness. At all events, I know Planchette does. I'll tell you of an experience I once had," he continued, as he helped himself to a glass of port and leaned confidentially forward, as he who has a good tale to tell. "I once invested my humble earnings in a wonderful and a very artistic concern, and a really genuine one, too, for the matter of that, which was being converted into a big company. I went to see the promoter one day, and we had a long talk—a very learned talk—on art and the Stock Exchange and the price of shares and the condition of the market and consols and everything financial you could think of. And at last I said to my business friend:

"So you think it all promises well?"

"Promises well!" he cried. "Look here, my boy. Do you believe in these clairvoyantes? You don't? Well I do, and so do thousands of men on the Stock Exchange." ("And so they do," remarked the parson parenthetically.) "And then my friend went on: 'I sent one of my old gloves to a wonderful person in Bond Street, and two days later she sent me a letter.

"'You are interested in a great scheme,' she wrote. 'I can't make out whether it's art or business or Stock Exchange hares or what it is, but anyway it will turn out beyond your fondest hopes. You are going on a long voyage; you will see great people; you will revolutionize many lives.'"

"Heavens!" sighed the parson, "I know that was true, for he simply turned mine topsy-turvy!"

"And sure enough," said my business friend, "I did go a long voyage, though I had no idea of it when I consulted the clairvoyante, and I did meet a lot of great people, and my own life is absolutely changed from

what it was, and I believe the whole thing will be a brilliant success.'"

Mr. Blathwayt tells us that he once had a remarkable experience in mesmerism:

Closely allied to these mysteries of the crystal and the dual personalities and all the many mystic phases of human life is the subject of mesmerism, of which I have had only one experience in my life, but it was so remarkable that I think I may well record it here. A friend and myself were members of a large house party, at Haverholme Priory a good many years ago, during the lifetime of the late Lord Winchelsea. Staying in the house also was Colonel Edgar Larking, a younger brother of Colonel Cuthbert Larking, a well-known court official in the days of Queen Victoria. One evening at dinner the conversation turned upon mesmerism and hypnotism, and my friend Alaricus Delmard and Colonel Larking had a great argument about it. At last Larking said:

"Well, Delmard, I will engage to throw you into a mesmeric trance, and you shall do everything I wish you to. Will you accept the challenge?"

"Very good," replied Delmard; "but I think you will fail."

I must mention that neither Lord nor Lady Winchelsea, being at another table, knew anything of what had taken place. At 10 o'clock, the hour of a cotillion dance which Delmard had got up, he and Larking and myself went into Lord Winchelsea's study, and in two minutes or so Colonel Larking had actually thrown Delmard into a deep trance.

"Now get up," he said, "go into the ball-room and select your partner, dance with her, and at the end of the cotillion distribute the presents and prizes."

Rather dreamily, but still not noticeably so to any one who was not in the secret, Delmard did exactly as he was told. He went through a number of extremely intricate figures in the dance, and then he distributed the favors and presents and prizes to those who had won them, and then he began to get a little vague. So Larking went up to him and said, quite casually:

"Come and have a drink in the smoking-room, Delmard."

Delmard accompanied the colonel to the smoking-room, and then Larking tried to bring him back to earth again, and for a time his efforts were in vain.

Just at that moment Lord Winchelsea came in. He was rather annoyed.

"I wish you hadn't done this thing, Larking," he said. "If I had known of it I should not have permitted it. I don't like these queer dodges."

And then he left the room, and Larking made some vigorous passes. Delmard, to our great relief, slowly and dreamily came back to full consciousness, and expressed the greatest surprise to learn the cotillion was over, and absolutely refused to believe us when we told him of the leading part he had taken in the evening's proceedings.

It was interesting to me mainly because it was purely spiritual and mental; there were no tangible or visible or material aids and

paraphernalia as in the case of crystals and old gloves and the like.

The book is full of delightfully told reminiscences, not the least among them being that of the author's conversation with Blackwood.

THROUGH LIFE AND ROUND THE WORLD. By Raymond Blackwayt. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Look sharply after your thoughts. They come unlooked for, like a new bird seen on your trees, and, if you turn to your usual task, disappear; and you shall never find that perception again; never, I say—but perhaps years, ages, and I know not what events and worlds may lie between you and its return. In the novel the hero meets with a person who astonishes him with a perfect knowledge of his history and character, and draws from him a promise that, whenever and wherever he shall next find him, the youth shall instantly follow and obey him. So is it with you and the new thought.—*Emerson*.

Man was troubled and lived in fear so long as he had not discerned the uniformity of law in nature; till then the world was alien to him. The law that he discovered is nothing but the perception of harmony that prevails between reason, which is the soul of man, and the workings of the world.—*Tagore*.

The Secretary said when the book he had read,

And cast his nativity,

That a mole upon the face boded something might take place,

But not what that something might be.

Let us build altars to the Blessed Unity which holds nature and souls in perfect solution, and compels every atom to serve an universal end.—*Emerson*.

My friend, the golden age hath passed away,

Only the good have power to bring it back.

—*Cicero*.

A philosopher when smitten must love those who smite him, as if he were the father, the brother, of all men.—*Epicetus*.

LETTERS OF H. P. B. TO DR.
HARTMANN.

(1885 to 1886.)

MY DEAR DOCTOR: Every word of your letter shows to me that you are on the right path, and I am mighty glad of it for you. Still, one may be on the right way, and allow his past self to bring up too forcibly to him the echoes of the past and a little dying-out prejudice to distort them. When one arrives at knowing himself, he must know others also, which becomes easier. You have made great progress in the former direction; yet, since you can not help misjudging others a little by the light of old prejudices, I say you have more work to do in this direction. All is not and never was bad in Adyar. The intentions were all good, and that's why, perhaps, they have led Olcott and others direct to fall, as they had no discrimination. The fault is not theirs, but of circumstances and individual karmas.

The first two pages of your letter only repeat that, word for word, which I taught Olcott and Judge and others in America. This is the right occultism. Arrived at Bombay, we had to drop Western and take to Eastern Rosicrucianism. It turned [out] a failure for the Europeans, as the Western turned [out] a failure for the Hindus. This is the secret, and the very root of the failure. But, having mixed up the elements in the so-desired Brotherhood—that could not be helped. Please do not misunderstand me. Occultism is one and universal at its root. Its external modes differ only. I certainly did not want to disturb you to come here only to hear disagreeable things, but [I] do try: (a) to make you see things in their true light, which would only benefit you; and (b) to show you things written in the *Secret Doctrine* which would prove to you that that which you have lately learned in old Rosicrucian works, I knew years ago, and now have embodied them. Cross and such symbols are world-old. Every symbol must yield three fundamental truths and four implied ones, otherwise the symbol is false. You gave me only one, but so far it is a very correct one. In Adyar you have learned many of such implied truths, because you were not ready; now you may have the rest through self-effort. But don't be

ungrateful, whatever you do. Do not feel squeamish and spit on the path—however unclean in some of its corners—that led you to the Adytum at the threshold of which you now stand. Had it not been for Adyar and its trials you never would have been where you are now, but in America married to some new wife who would either have knocked the last spark of mysticism out of your head, or confirmed you in your spiritualism, or what is worse, one of you would have murdered the other. When you find another man who, like poor, foolish Olcott, will love and admire you as he did—sincerely and honestly—take him, I say, to your bosom and try to correct his faults by kindness, not by venomous satire and chaff. We have all erred and we have all been punished, and now we have learned better. I never gave myself out for a full-blown occultist, but only for a student of Occultism for the last thirty-five or forty years. Yet I am enough of an occultist to know that before we find the Master within our own hearts and seventh principle—we need an outside Master. As the Chinese Alchemist says, speaking of the necessity of a living teacher: "Every one seeks long life (spiritual), but the secret is not easy to find. If you covet the precious things of Heaven you must reject the treasures of the earth. You must kindle the fire that springs from the water and evolve the Om contained within the Tong: One word from a wise Master and you possess a draught of the golden water."

I got my drop from my Master (the living one); you, because you went to Adyar. He is a Saviour, he who leads you to finding the Master within yourself. It is ten years already that I preach the inner Master and God and never represented our Masters as Saviours in the Christian sense. Nor has Olcott, gushing as he is. I did think for one moment that you had got into the epidemic of a "Heavenly Master and Father God," and glad I am to find my mistake. This was only natural. You are just one of those with whom such surprises may be expected at any moment. Commit one mistake, and turn for one moment out of the right path you are now pursuing, and you will land in the arms of the Pope. Olcott does not teach what you say, doctor. He teaches the

Hindus to rely upon themselves, and that there is no Saviour save their own Karma. I want you to be just and impartial; otherwise you will not progress. Well, if you do not come and have a talk—I will feel sorry, for I will never see you again. If you do, the countess and I will welcome you.

Yours ever truly, H. P. B.
—Reprinted from "*The Path*," March, 1896.

NEMESIS.

(The following stanzas are selected from an impressive poem contributed by Marshal South to the August issue of the *Forum*. It is entitled "Nemesis.")

Build ye the cities, grave ye well the signs

That mark your rise above the bestial void;

This know: The very noblest height ye raise,

By thine own brain and hand shall be destroyed.

Thus runs the Law; since first the new-born stars,

As vapor flamed across the Stygian vault,

That very power which urges Progress on,

Shall Progress call to halt.

Thus it is writ. And in the mirthless jest

With which Time mocks the puny human brain,

By adamant law, thy fairest dreams,

Like dreams at dawn are doomed to

fade again.

By this Eternal Paradox the dreams,

Which dreamers from the birth of

Time have spun,

Before the brutal Law of Power must pass,

Like mist-wreaths in the sun.

For, by brute law of strength and power ye rose,

And by your swords earned leisure for your lore—

Your lore of Wisdom—all that ye have reared

Upon the pedestal ye won by War.

Behind the rampart of your ready swords

That warded off the bitter tempest blows,

Like tender plants behind a shielding wall,

Your Art and Learning rose.

And, by the law of Fate, the more ye rise,

The nearer climb your minds to god-like height,

The more refined, the more shall ye abhor

The brutal power which led you from the night.

Then shall ye vainly dream that ye are gods

Who are not gods, but sparks encased in clay.

Then shall ye turn in loathing from your swords—

And from that hour decay.

For thus the cycle runs. By strife ye climb

To broader heights where nobler passions glow,

And as you rise to lofty dreams so grows

Thy arm more powerless to resist the blow

That, soon or late, shall swift and stunning fall,

From Races led by the unswerving Law—

And from those heights which War for thee had won,

Shall thou be hurled by War.

Behold! For ye were not the first to rise;

There have been others in the gulf of Time;

And after you come others still, to learn That clay can not be cast in form

sublime.

Ye may not mould a diamond from the mud,

Nor form a lustrous pearl from salty tear—

In other worlds may other laws prevail:

Ye may not change them here

The ether which is around us is the same as the ether within us, and that is the ether within the heart.—*Upanishad*.

God fulfills Himself in many ways

Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

—*Tennyson*.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. II. No. 34. SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, August 25, 1917. Price Five Cents

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

The author of an article on "Pacifism" that appears in a recent issue of a popular magazine brings a not wholly unmerited charge against the Theosophists, Occultists, and Mystics of all ages. He says that they make loud protestations of human brotherhood, but that they are rarely to be found in the ranks of those who are fighting for social and political reform. They are rich in ideals, but poor in deeds.

There is, of course, a conventional reply to such a charge as this. It may be said, and very truly, that the inculcation of human brotherhood is, of all other works, the most practical and the most beneficent, and that if such an ideal could be attained there would be no need for the many agitations and crusades that now occupy the human mind. It may be said also that no reform can be effective unless it proceeds from a basis of human brotherhood, and that there can be no social structure of value or stability unless it have such a foundation as this.

The defense is a good one theoretically. Practically it has no validity for the Theosophist whose sense of brotherhood is so slight as easily to be satisfied with the presentation of ideals. For how can there be a brotherhood that falls short of an expression in deeds? How can human love fail to

show itself in action? Such action is not of the deliberated kind. It is spontaneous, instinctive, emergent. And where there is no such action we may be assured that there is neither brotherhood nor love, no matter how profound may be the intellectual knowledge, nor how eloquent in expression.

It is a matter to which Theosophists must give some attention. They ought now to know enough of Occultism to be aware that the energy of the action is the indication of the sincerity of the thought, and that unproductive thinking is little more than an ethical narcotic. We may talk as much as we please about the power of thought, but unless the power be great enough to produce some corresponding action it is not likely to be very effective on the unseen planes of nature. The mere weaving of fraternal fancies has no saving grace about it unless it descend to the plane of material deeds. And certainly the world was never in greater need of action than it is today.

It need hardly be said that this is no incitement to the adoption of any particular scheme of social reform. That would be impossible for Theosophists collectively. But it is intended to suggest that no ideal is worth entertaining unless it have power enough to prompt to such action and deeds as shall seem to correspond with it.

ORTHODOX SCIENCE.

The following is the conclusion of an article on "Orthodox Science and Psychic Research" contributed by H. B. Marriott Watson to the *North American Review*:

There are, it appears to me, two laws which should control our researches in these fields. The first is that nothing is impossible merely because it is incredible. So many things have been found incredible to other generations, and yet have been proved true, and are now accepted among the common-places of fact. You have only to refer to the quotation from Dr. Russel Wallace in the forepart of this article to illustrate this. The second law is that nothing should be accepted unless it is adequately proved. These may seem, and indeed are, simple, trite axioms, but they are in constant danger of being forgotten—the one or the other—and moreover they cover the whole ground and are a sufficient protection to us in these or any other investigations. The one guards us from obstinacy, the other from credulity. The monistic theory claims that life is only known as functioning through the physical structure of the body; and that the mind is the product of chemical processes in the brain. If the brain perish the mind perishes with it. If that theory be correct, there is an end to our speculations as to the beneficent God. Man dies, and there is no further record of him save in the disintegrating dust and bones in the graveyard. If mind is a mere function of the brain this is undeniably true. It was Professor William James who suggested that possibly the mind is a *transmissive* function of the brain; that is to say that the brain is a necessary conduit for the action of the mind in physical life. In Bergson's words the brain is the organ of attention to earth. There is surely no difficulty in squaring our theories with ascertained facts. If it be proved that human beings survive, if the evidence is so great in quantity and quality that a reasonable mind can not resist it, that reasonable mind will revise its old working hypotheses and come out with new ones. It all depends on evidence, and you are not in a position to pronounce judgment until you have carefully examined the evidence. To all scientific men who are at work in the various provinces I would say bluntly—"Have you?"

An acceptance of the faith that the human personality survives death involves a tremendous change in one's outlook on life. No longer is the universe seen as a chance issue of undetermined forces, no longer as the ruthless scheme of an unknown and terrible God. The phenomena, if they prove anything, not only demonstrate the persistence of life beyond death, but also give evidence of a beneficent scheme of continuous evolution. Let us look for a moment at the content of these communications which are represented as coming from human spirits. There are many contradictions and inconsistencies in them, mainly on question of detail; nor need we boggle at that, as there are many contradictions, inconsistencies and even absurdities conveyed in descriptions of earth life by hu-

man beings on earth. But in the main facts the communications agree, and from a consideration of them one can see a picture emerge, rational in its aspects, bold, satisfying in its effects, logical, and harmonious with the great law of evolution. There is in this picture a God of unknown power, the source of all spiritual life, who has through unknown agencies set the universe in being and started it on a course of eternal evolution. In the fabric of this divine scheme our earth is but a speck, yet as essential as the smallest nut is to the proper working of vast and intricate machinery. No one on earth has been able to explain the mystery of life, or of birth; and no one on the other side of death has been able to explain the mystery. Death indeed does not solve the problem of life, but only the problem of death. It is only known, or at least believed, that the incarnation of spirit, as presented to us in birth, is necessary for the individuation of spiritual entities, that they live their physical life through, a correlated and coördinated duality; and that dissociation takes place through death. The problem of death has been often the subject of communications by clairvoyants and other psychics. All are agreed that at the instant of bodily dissolution a nebulous mist forms over the body and is slowly gathered into an ethereal form which is the counterpart of the physical body in subtle matter. The world this spiritual body inhabits (they say) lies about our own earth, and is not so very greatly different from it. It is divided into spheres according to the state of evolution of the spirit. It is indeed evolution that is the key of this other world. Human life does not stop short at the grave, a truncated thing, but takes up its growth and development after death and continues the course of evolution in future worlds as yet unknown and unguessed. No one can possibly deny the nobility and comprehensiveness of this conception; which far surpasses the conventional ideas of heaven taught by orthodox religions. The spirit that was imprisoned today in a physical body, wakes tomorrow, in its new birth, into a life of greater freedom, greater power, greater opportunity, greater happiness; and it wakens the same personality as it was in earth life. Mere physical accretions have fallen away, but the character and properties remain the same.

To me this seems inspiring in its general conception, and calculated to stimulate to the full the ethical efforts of mankind on this side, efforts to join hands in the common cause of spiritual evolution. For that evolution is endless, and it is impossible to put a term to it. The ultimate goal that we poor human creatures shall reach is to us now inconceivable, but that it is one in keeping with a divine and beneficent scheme we are able to satisfy ourselves by careful and conscientious study—conscientious study of all the obscure, scattered, and often involved phenomena to which these pages have endeavored to call attention.

Thou shalt not let thy senses make a playground of thy mind.—*Voice of the Silence.*

ROME ANSWERS SIR OLIVER LODGE.

(By H. M. Nimmo.)

Nobody outside the Church of Rome can have any quarrel with the papal decree of April 24, 1917, which in effect condemns Sir Oliver Lodge's communications with his dead son, Raymond. Sir Oliver Lodge's name is not mentioned, much less is his sincerity or his veracity questioned. The heads of the Roman church have simply decided that any attempt at such communications is unlawful in a religious sense, and the decree governs only adherents of that faith. It was promulgated in the form of a "doubt," or interrogation, which was answered in the negative by the cardinals and fathers of the Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office, to-wit:

Is it lawful to be present with a medium or without a medium, hypnotism being used or not, at any kind of a spiritistic seance or manifestation, even at those apparently honorable, either by interrogating spirits or souls, or listening to responses, or only as onlookers, even with the express or implied protestation that there is no desire to have anything to do with evil spirits?

Rev. Dr. Joseph H. McMahon, of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, New York, interprets the decree as not only an answer to Sir Oliver Lodge's book, but to the growth of spiritism in England during the German war. Thousands of fathers and mothers have found solace in their belief that they could speak with the spirits of their sons, who, like Raymond, had fallen on the battlefield fighting for their country. Among the most noted English converts to spiritism is Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who holds that "the stage of investigation" has ended and that "the period of religious construction" has begun. The testimony of Sir Oliver Lodge on this new phase of Christian faith has been welcomed by many non-Catholic pulpits in many lands as convincing proof of the life hereafter and the immortality of the soul.

Father McMahon testifies on the contrary that no good can come of spirit communication, because, according to his investigations, the spirits that respond are all bad. "They are evil spirits," he says, "who were never in the flesh." But "many times these evil spirits pretend to be the spirits of the dead"; and

"they do this to lead mankind astray."

Which is to say that when Sir Oliver Lodge thought he was receiving messages from, or talking to, his dead son, he was in reality communicating with some close friend of the devil. Yet the innocent bystander who has read Sir Oliver's book is bound to testify, if indeed his testimony is weighable in this controversy, that there doesn't seem to be anything particularly devilish in any of Raymond's messages from spirit land.

But Father McMahon has a stronger count against spiritism:

These practices disobey the first commandment—Thou shalt have no other Gods before Me.

For that reason the Catholic church has always forbidden attempts to get in touch with the other world. This new decree affirms and strengthens decrees on the same subject promulgated in 1840, 1847, 1856, and 1898.

Is it permissible for the innocent bystander to inquire whether it might not be possible for man to have learned something more about spirit life since 1840 than he knew then? Must science always plead to theology for mercy? Copernicus, according to the most reliable reports, long made a secret of his theory that the earth revolved about the sun lest he invite the clerical anathemas of Rome, and Galileo went to jail at the hands of the Inquisition for being less discreet.

As for breaking the first commandment—that is a matter of ecclesiastical judgment in which the innocent bystander is not directly interested. He knows that all faithful Catholics should, and will, accept the ruling of their church thereon; and he knows equally well that Sir Oliver Lodge and the non-Catholic Christians in his following do not believe they are breaking the first commandment. They do not worship the spirits of their departed relatives and friends; but they rejoice in the assurances that they receive from their beloved dead ones that earth is not "the be-all and the end-all" of existence. They rejoice to hear from the other side that the Christ is there fulfilling the promise of His church; and they see in the possible demonstration of this fact to all mankind an appeal for righteousness that can not go unanswered.

Innocent bystanders of a Missouri

frame of mind will also be inclined to ask, if we are not to accept Sir Oliver Lodge's findings, on what evidence we shall accept Father McMahon's—or Vicar-General Lavelle's, his New York colleague, who proclaims:

Spirits can appear on earth—they indisputably have appeared especially to persons of holy lives—but they can not be summoned.

How is the innocent bystander to decide whether Monsignor Lavelle is "indisputably" right, or Father McMahon, or Sir Oliver Lodge?

While he is trying to reach a verdict, the innocent bystander can at least be sure of this—that Secretary James S. Hyslop of the American Society for Psychical Research is right when he says the decree "won't hinder the development of spiritism one whit." The fact that the Vatican has deemed it necessary to launch such a decree for the fifth time is sufficient in itself to stimulate popular interest in the subject for some time to come; though that is perhaps not just what Mr. Hyslop meant.—*Black and White*.

LETTERS OF H. P. B. TO DR.
HARTMANN.

(1885 to 1886.)

APRIL 3, 1886.

MY DEAR DOCTOR: I had given up all hope of ever hearing from you again, and was glad to receive today your letter. What you say in it seems to me like an echo of my own thoughts in many a way; only knowing the truth and the real state of things in the "occult world" better than you do, I am perhaps able to see better also where the real mischief was and lies.

Well, I say honestly and impartially now—you are unjust to Olcott more than to any one else; because you had no means to ascertain hitherto in what direction the evil blew from.

Mind you, doctor, my dear friend, I do not justify Olcott in what he did and how he acted toward yourself—nor do I justify him in anything else. What I say is: he was led on blindly by people as blind as himself to see you in quite a false light, and there was a time, for a month or two, when I myself—notwithstanding my inner voice, and to the day the Master's voice told me I was mis-

taken in you and had to keep friends—shared his blindness.

This with regard to some people at Adyar; but there is another side to the question, of which you seem quite ignorant; and that I wanted to show you, by furnishing you with documents, had you only come when I asked you. But you did not—and the result is, this letter of yours, that will also go against you in the eyes of Karma, whether you believe in the Cross empty of any particular entity on it—or in the Kwan-Shi-Yin of the Tibetans.

To dispose of this question for once, I propose to you to come between now and May the 10th, when I leave Würzburg to go elsewhere. So you have plenty of time to think over it, and to come and go as you like. The countess is with me. You know her; she is no woman of gush or impulse. During the four months we have passed together, and the three months of utter solitude, we have had time to talk things over; and I will ask you to believe her, not me, when and if you come, which I hope you will.

As to the other side of the question, that portion of your letter where you speak of the "army" of the deluded—and the "imaginary" Mahatmas of Olcott—you are absolutely and sadly right. Have I not seen the thing for nearly eight years? Have I not struggled and fought against Olcott's ardent and gushing imagination, and tried to stop him every day of my life? Was he not told by me (from a letter I received through a Yogi just returned from Lake Mansarovara) in 1881 (when he was preparing to go to Ceylon) that if he did not see the Masters in their true light, and did not cease speaking and inflaming people's imaginations, that he would be held responsible for all the evil the Society might come to? Was he not told that there were no such Mahatmas, who Rishi-like could hold the Mount Meru on the tip of their finger and fly to and fro in their bodies (!!) at their will, and who were (or were imagined by fools) more gods on earth than a God in Heaven could be, etc., etc., etc.? All this I saw, foresaw, despaired, fought against; and, finally, gave up the struggle in utter helplessness. If Sinnett has remained true and devoted to them to this

day, it is because he never allowed his fancy to run away with his judgment and reason. Because he followed his common sense and discerned the truth, without sacrificing it to his ardent imagination. I told him the whole truth from the first, as I had told Olcott, and Hume also.

Hume knows that Mahatma K. H. exists, and holds to it to this day. But, angry and vexed with my Master, who spoke to him as though he (Hume) had never been a Secretary for the Indian Government and the great Hume of Simla—he denied him through pure viciousness and revenge.

Ah, if by some psychological process you could be made to see the whole truth! If, in a dream or vision, you could be made to see the panorama of the last ten years, from the first year at New York to the last at Adyar, you would be made happy and strong and just to the end of your life. I was sent to America on purpose and sent to the Eddies. There I found Olcott in love with spirits, as he became in love with the Masters later on. I was ordered to let him know that spiritual phenomena without the philosophy of Occultism were dangerous and misleading. I proved to him that all that mediums could do through spirits others could do at will without any spirits at all; that bells and thought-reading, raps and physical phenomena, could be achieved by any one who had a faculty of acting in his physical body through the organs of his astral body; and I had that faculty ever since I was four years old, as all my family know. I could make furniture move and objects fly apparently, and my astral arms that supported them remained invisible; all this ever before I knew even of Masters. Well, I told him the whole truth. I said to him that I had known Adepts, the "Brothers," not only in India and beyond Ladakh, but in Egypt and Syria—for there are "Brothers" there to this day. The names of the "Mahatmas" were not even known at the time, since they are called so only in India. That, whether they were called Rosicrucians, Kabalists, or Yogis—Adepts were everywhere—Adepts—silent, secret, retiring, and who would never divulge themselves entirely to any one, unless one did as I did—passed seven and ten years' proba-

tion and given proofs of absolute devotion, and that he, or she, would keep silent even before a prospect and a threat of death. I fulfilled the requirements and am what I am; and this is no Hodgson, no Coulombs, no Sellin, can take away from me. All I was allowed to say was—the truth: There is beyond the Himalayas a nucleus of Adepts, of various nationalities; and the Teschu Lama knows them, and they act together, and some of them are with him and yet remain unknown in their true character even to the average lamas—who are ignorant fools mostly. My Master and K. H. and several others I know personally are there, coming and going, and they are all in communication with Adepts in Egypt and Syria, and even Europe. I said and proved that they could perform marvelous phenomena; but I also said that it was rarely they would condescend to do so to satisfy inquirers. You were one of the few who had genuine communications with them; and if you doubt it now, I pity you, my poor friend, for you may repent one day for having lost your chance.

Well, in New York already, Olcott and Judge went mad over the thing; but they kept it secret enough then. When we went to India, their very names were never pronounced in London or on the way (one of the supposed proofs—that I had invented the Mahatmas after I had come to India—of Mr. A. O. Hume!) When we arrived, and Master coming to Bombay bodily, paid a visit to us at Girgaum, and several persons saw him, Wimbridge for one—Olcott became crazy. He was like Balaam's she-ass when she saw the angel! Then came Damodar, Servai, and several other fanatics, who began calling them "Mahatmas"; and, little by little, the Adepts were transformed into Gods on earth. They began to be appealed to, and made *pūja* to, and were becoming with every day more legendary and miraculous. Now, if I tell you the answer I received from Keshow Pillai you will laugh, but it characterizes the thing. "But what is your idea of you Hindus about the Masters?"—I asked him one day when he prostrated himself flat before the picture in my golden locket. Then he told me that they (the Mahatmas) were their ancient Rishis, who had never died, and

were some 700,000 years old. That they were represented as living invisibly in sacred trees, and when showing themselves were found to have long green hair, and their bodies shining like the moon, etc., etc. Well, between this idea of the Mahatmas and Olcott's rhapsodies, what could I do? I saw with terror and anger the false track they were all pursuing. The "Masters," as all thought, must be omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent. If a Hindu or Parsi sighed for a son, or a government office, or was in trouble, and the Mahatmas never gave a sign of life—the good and faithful Parsi, the devoted Hindu, was unjustly treated. The Masters knew all; why did they not help the devotee? If a mistake or a flapdoodle was committed in the Society—"How could the Masters allow you or Olcott to do so?" we were asked in amazement. The idea that the Masters were mortal men, limited even in their great powers, never crossed any one's mind, though they wrote this themselves repeatedly. It was "modesty and secretiveness"—people thought. "How is it possible," the fools argued, "that the Mahatmas should not know all that was in every Theosophist's mind, and hear every word pronounced by each member?"

That to do so, and find out what the people thought, and hear what they said, the Masters had to use special psychological means, to take great trouble for it at the cost of labor and time—was something out of the range of the perceptions of their devotees. Is it Olcott's fault? Perhaps, to a degree. Is it mine? I absolutely deny it, and protest against the accusation. It is no one's fault. Human nature alone, and the failure of modern society and religions to furnish people with something higher and nobler than craving after money and honors—is at the bottom of it. Place this failure on one side, and the mischief and havoc produced in people's brains by modern spiritualism, and you have the enigma solved. Olcott to this day is sincere, true, and devoted to the cause. He does and acts the best he knows how, and the mistakes and absurdities he has committed and commits to this day are due to something he lacks in the psychological portion of his brain, and he is not responsible for it. Loaded and

heavy is his Karma, poor man, but much must be forgiven to him, for he has always erred through lack of judgment, not from any vicious propensity. Olcott is thoroughly honest; he is as true as gold to his friends; he is as impersonal for himself as he is selfish and grasping for the Society; and his devotion and love for the Masters is such that he is ready to lay down his life any day for them if he thinks it will be agreeable to them and benefit the Society. Be just, above all, whatever you do or say. If any one is to be blamed, it is I. I have desecrated the holy Truth by remaining too passive in the face of all this desecration, brought on by too much zeal and false ideas. My only justification is that I had work to do that would have been too much for four men, as you know. I was always occupied with the *Theosophist* and ever in my room, shut up, having hardly time to see even the office Hindus. All was left to Olcott and Damodar, two fanatics. How I protested and tried to swim against the current, only Mr. Sinnett knows, and the Masters. Brown was crazy before he came to us, unasked and unexpected. C. Oakley was an occultist two years before he joined us.

You speak of hundreds that have been made "cowards" by Olcott. I can show you several hundreds who have been saved through Theosophy from drunkenness, dissolute life, etc. Those who believed in a personal God believe in him now as they did before. Those who did not—are all the better in believing in the soul's immortality, if in nothing else. It is Sellin's thought, not yours—"the men and women ruined mentally and physically" by me and Olcott. Hübbe Schleiden is ruined only and solely by Sellin, aided by his own weakness.

No, dear doctor, you are wrong and unjust; for Olcott never taught any one "to sit down and expects favors from Mahatmas." On the contrary, he has always taught, verbally and in print, that no one was to expect favors from Mahatmas or God unless his own actions and merit forced Karma to do him justice in the end.

Where has Sellin heard Colonel Olcott's Theosophy? Sellin had and has his head full of spiritualism and spiritual

phenomena; he believes in spirits and their agency, which is worse even than believing too much in Mahatmas. We all of us have made mistakes, and are all more or less to blame. Why should you be so hard on poor Olcott, except what he has done personally against you, for which I am the first to blame him? But even here, it is not his fault. I have twenty pages of manuscript giving a detailed daily account of your supposed crimes and falseness, to prove to you that no flesh and blood could resist the proofs and the insinuations. I know you now, since Torre del Greco; I feared and dreaded you at Adyar—just because of those proofs. If you come, I will let you read the secret history of your life for two years, and you will recognize the handwriting. And such manuscripts, as I have learned, have been sent all over the branches, and Olcott was the last to learn of it. What I have to tell you will show to you human nature and your own discernment in another light.

There are things it is impossible for me to write; and unless you come here—they will die with me. Olcott has nothing to do with all this. You are ignorant, it seems, of what took place since Christmas. Good-by, then, and may your intuitions lead you to the Truth. Yours ever, H. P. B.
—*Reprinted from the Path, March, 1896.*

It is more beautiful to overcome injury by the power of kindness than to oppose to it the obstinacy of hatred.—*Valerius Maximus.*

Look within. Within is found the fountain of good, and it will ever bubble up, if thou wilt ever dig.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Our deeds still travel with us from afar, And what we have been makes us what we are. —*George Eliot.*

Then they said to the mind, "Do you sing for us." "Yes," said the mind and sang.—*Upanishad.*

If evil be said of thee, and if it be true, correct thyself; if it be a lie, laugh at it. —*Epictetus.*

Time runs away with all things, including the mind.—*Virgil.*

THE VOICE OF NEMESIS.

You knew me of old and feared me,
Dreading my face revealed;
Temples and altars you reared me,
Wooded me with shuddering names;
Masking your fear in meekness,
You pæaned the doom I wield,
Wrought me a robe of your weakness,
A crown of your woven shames.

Image of all earth's error,
Big is the bulk of its guilt,
Lo, I darkled with terror,
A demon of spite and grudge;
You made me a vessel of fury
Brimmed with the blood you spilt:
With devils of hell for jury,
You throned me a pitiless judge.

For ever the wages of sorrow
Paid for the lawless deed;
Never the gray tomorrow
Paused for a pious price;
Never by prayer and psalter
Perished the guilty seed;
Vain was the wail at the altar,
The smoke of the sacrifice.

I come like a crash of thunder;
I come as a slow-toothed dread:
With fire and sword to plunder
Or only with lust and sloth.
By star or sun I creep or run,
And lo, my will was sped
By the might of the Mede, the hate of
the Hun,
The bleak northwind of the Goth!

Yet, older than malice and cunning,
The love and the hate of your creed,
I smile in the blossom sunning,
I am hurricane lightning-shod!
Revealed in a myriad dresses,
I am master or slave at need.
You grope for my face with your
guesses,
And kneel to your guess for a god.

I am one in the fall of the pebble,
The call of the sea to the stream,
The wrath of the starving rebel,
The plunge of the vernal thaw:
The yearning of things to be level,
The stir of the deed in the dream;
I am these—I am angel and devil—
I am Law!

From "*The Quest*," by John G. Neihardt. Published by the Macmillan Company.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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DOGMAS.

A correspondent is somewhat perplexed by what he calls the inconsistencies of Theosophists. We are perplexed ourselves, and for the same reason, but let that pass.

In this case there is no inconsistency at all. We are asked why Theosophists denounce religious dogma and at the same time put forth such dogmas of their own as those of reincarnation, Karma, and the other contents of the theosophical philosophy.

But these are not dogmas unless we may also impute dogma to the astronomer who tells us the distance from the earth to the moon, or to the anatomist who instructs us on the working of the nervous system. The astronomer and the anatomist give us the results of their knowledge, but at the same time they indicate how that knowledge was attained, and in such a way that we can acquire it for ourselves. But the dogma is not based upon knowledge. It is not known to be true by those who advance it and its truth can not be verified by those who receive it. It must be accepted without evidence or intellectual support.

The great theosophical teachers have always placed their knowledge at the service of mankind, but they have done much more than this. They have shown also how it was acquired and they have incited to its acquisition by offering their

aid. Therefore their teachings are not dogmas in any sense of that word.

PRAYER.

That the churches should recommend prayer as a means to shorten or to end the war was only to be expected. The essence of modern theology is a conviction that results do not necessarily follow causes, that results may be evaded by an appeal to spiritual potencies. The conviction is, of course, an immoral one, although not intentionally so. A universe in which there were occasional interferences with law, interferences secured by petitions, would be an intolerable one.

But that an organization of "Christian Mystics" should recommend prayer for such a purpose is certainly an anomaly. It provokes some wonder as to the nature and quality of the mysticism, some suspicion that mysticism may have been confounded with sentiment and emotion. The recommendation to prayer is contained in a circular emanating from the Order of Christian Mystics, of Philadelphia, and it contains references to the "terrible Karmic conditions" that have produced the present cataclysm.

For the benevolence that inspires a communication of this kind there must be alike admiration and respect. For its intelligence there will be neither one nor the other. Karma has been defined as the law of ethical causation, or, in simi-

pler language, the law of cause and effect in the domain of morals. It means that all human actions are necessarily and inevitably followed by their results, and it is therefore the greatest of all redemptive and reformatory forces. If it were not an inexorable force, if it could be wheedled, or coaxed, or juggled upon one side, we should have a world, not of order, but of chaos and anarchy, a world in which evil would be its own incitement, and not its own cure. We have only to imagine the introduction of such a principle into the world of hygiene, for example, to recognize its calamitous character. Suppose it were possible to suspend the laws of health by means of prayer. Or the laws of chemistry. Suppose the science of mathematics were to become unreliable as a result of supplication. All these laws impose pains and disabilities of their kind, and if we would avoid those pains and disabilities we must adapt our conduct to that end. Certainly the laws will not adapt themselves to our conduct. And if this is so obviously and beneficently true with regard to material laws, may we not suppose that it is equally true with regard to moral laws?

How long must it be before we shall finally rid ourselves of the strange delusion that the laws of nature can be stultified by prayers, that two and two can be coaxed into making five, or that the whole may be less than its part in answer to supplication? And what sort of a universe would this be if such things were possible?

The causes of war are not at all in doubt. They have been rampant in our midst for a thousand years, and so far from seeking to check them we have proudly acclaimed them as the corner-stones of our civilization, as proofs of our enlightened progress. Actually the war did not begin three years ago. It began with our blatant avowal that might makes right, that competition is the law of life, that the rule of the jungle, and only the rule of the jungle, must govern human relations. With a stupidity almost beyond belief we have persuaded ourselves that rapacities sanctioned by law can also be restrained by law, and that we can build a wall around our greeds so that they shall never burst forth into the horrid conflagration of

physical war. Of course they have done so. They were certain to do so, just as certain as that the seething lava of the volcano will one day devastate the countryside. And now, when we are compelled to suffer from our own misdeeds, to meet the inevitable results of our follies, we are invited to unite in prayer that fire shall not burn, nor water drown, nor two and two make four. Rather let us pray, if pray we must, that law shall be vindicated, and that war shall not cease until its beneficent purpose shall be wholly accomplished. When we shall be finally persuaded that cause and effect are inseparable like the two sides of a dollar, then we shall be better disposed to conform with law and to avoid the deeds of which the results are certain.

For such reasons we may recommend the Order of Christian Mystics to learn something of the philosophy of Mysticism and to refrain from recommendations unworthy of the system that it avows. It can serve humanity in no worse way than by its promulgation of a teaching that spiritual powers can be flattered and wheedled into an interference with the basic laws of nature, by the tacit assurance to men that they can continue in their unbrotherliness and that when Nemesis takes a hand in the game its sharp touch can be diverted by charms and incantations.

Religion was once the pillar of fire which went before the human race in its great march through history, showing it the way. Now it is fast assuming the rôle of the ambulance, which follows in the rear and picks up the exhausted and wounded. This, too, is a great work, but it is not sufficient. And when religion has disburdened herself of all her dead values, she will once more, in intimate association with ethics, rise to be a power which leads men forwards.—*Hoffding*.

Lead, lead Cleanthes, Zeus and holy Fate.
Wher'er ye place my post to serve or wait:

Willing I follow; if against my will
A baffled rebel I must follow still.

We should do good to our enemy and make him our friend.—*Cicobulus*.

PLATO.

Mistrust the senses, they do but deceive;
Derive your knowledge solely through
the mind;

Your mental intuitions truth will bind;
Not natural objects, but ideas believe.

Things wax and wane, no permanence
achieve,

Them heavy, light, or hot or cold we
find;

But primal weight, heat, cold, all un-
combined,

These as eternal archetypes receive.

Ideas are so related that if one

Be rightly grasped, it leads to all the
rest,

So potent is the mind all truth to
win.

Fruit from this tree of knowledge there
was none;

The world without not answering to
his quest,

He sought with more success the
world within.

—Charles Tomlinson.

CRUSTS AND CRUMBS.

(By Albert Ernest Stafford.)

Criticisms of H. G. Wells' book, "God, the Invisible King," are almost entirely confined to the expression of the dissent of prejudiced readers. Scarcely one of them recognizes or seems to regard as a possibility the basis upon which Mr. Wells' experience, and consequently his book, are based. They all unite in declaring that it isn't Christianity. Of course it isn't any form of official ecclesiastical Christianity of the twentieth century, but this will not disturb real people. There was a time when Methodism, Presbyterianism in several of its forms and various other phases of Christianity were regarded as unchristian, and I had it from the lips of Archbishop Bruchesi himself, that he could not recognize any church but one. There are degrees of exclusiveness among the churches. Mr. Wells draws no line. Herein to my mind he is more Christian than the churches. "This is that light that lighteneth every man that cometh into the world." Every man! Modern Christianity reads this text, "Every man that cometh into our church." Mr. Wells does not know his

Bible, particularly his New Testament as he might, or he could confound all his critics and substantiate his positions out of their own book. His view is that Man may find God in himself, that no special creed or form is needed to do so, that God is a great Friend, who has to struggle with the perversity of things as we all have, that His powers are limited, and His work is a struggle against evil and darkness. It is astonishing how much opposition this view has aroused, more especially the idea that God is finite. Yet this is distinctly the teaching of the New Testament. He is "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." He is "the Word made flesh." This God is the Christ, God in manifestation, and as manifested, hence limited. Paul argues out the position in I Corinthians, xv., 25-28. If there is not limitation implied in these verses, what do they mean? Are the rule and authority and power of enemies not limitation? Is there no struggle involved in the subjection of all things under him, a progressive subjection, which continues until it is complete? "And when all things have been subjected unto Him, then shall the Son also be subjected to Him that did subject all things unto Him that God may be all in all." It is not evident that these are nothing but the "Veiled Being" and the "Finite God" of Mr. Wells, which he has failed to identify with the God and the Son of St. Paul?

It is the sacerdotalists who are real objectors to lay prophets like Mr. Wells and their teaching. They objected just as strenuously to the teaching of Jesus in His day as they do to that of Mr. Wells. They refuse to see that any man in whom the Christ spirit is present is a Christ. They decline to recognize the logical deduction from the acceptance of Jesus' injunction to His disciples—"Be ye perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect." Men who thus "perfect" themselves have found the God that Mr. Wells preaches. If we translated the word "initiated" instead of "perfect," it would carry a more accurate meaning for modern ears. It is because people insist on thinking of the Son as the man Jesus, of nineteen hundred odd years ago, instead of "Christ in you, the hope of Glory," today, as always and ever,

that all the confusion has arisen. "Thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world," is the record in John, xvii, 24, and in Hebrews, 1, 2, it was through Him, we are told, that He made the worlds, or ages (the æons), the time-images of His eternal thought. When one considers these ideas the dogmas of the sacerdotalists seem rather petty and hollow. Mr. Wells says, "God comes we know not whence into the conflict of life." Jesus told us "The Spirit breathes where it listeth and thou hearest the voice thereof, but knowest not whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit," which is exactly Mr. Wells' meaning. "He works in men and through men," he writes in "God, the Invisible King." "He is a single spirit, and our friend and brother, and the light of the world." It is not necessary to have a church or a society or a priest to bring one to this "friend and brother," but in saying this I am not saying that a church or society or priest may not help to bring one. That depends on the spirit of service and the selflessness of the priest or the organization.

A writer in the English *Outlook* says, "Mr. Britling must evolve something more satisfying than this to reconcile him to the sufferings of the present time." Such utterances are the result of the refusal to identify the spirit of Christ under any but the conventional forms. The sacerdotalists are always afraid that some one shall bring strange fire to the altar of the human heart. There is nothing of the breadth of Jesus, who told His disciples, "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring and they shall hear my voice, and they shall become one flock, one shepherd." And Krishna had the same spirit in His message. "By whatever path a man comes to me, by that way I receive him, for all roads are mine." Most of the critics object to such a simple and kindly God as that. They want something unintelligible, profound, metaphysical, who will need priests to explain Him. A God who can be approached by any and every man on his own account is too irreverent a conception, too democratic, for them. They wish to see God sur-

rounded by servants, and a body-guard to take care of Him. They forget that "He that is greatest among you shall be servant of all." God is the great Server and Preserver and He is not looking for worship or glory or adoration, but the man who fails to render such homage loses in his own nature. What more can God have who has all already? It is man who benefits by his realization of what God is, and the better he knows God the more like Him, particularly in humility and self-abnegation, he becomes. It is enough for God to be. It should be sufficient for man also, but men insist on going outside the Divine nature, and having "sought out many inventions," in the world of manifestation, which is illusory and transient, it becomes more to them than the world of reality. Buddhism teaches this lesson, and it is the essence of the profound faith of Lao Tzse in his teaching of the Tao. But it is pure Christianity also. St. Paul tells us, "the things that are seen are temporal, the things that are unseen are eternal." St. John says "all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the vain glory of life, is not of the Father, but of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever." And St. Peter quotes an older writer—"All flesh is grass, and all the glory thereof as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower falleth. But the Word of the Lord abideth forever." St. James asks: "What is your life? For ye are a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." And Jesus confirms all this so-called pessimism of "the valley of the shadow" by the tremendous assertion, "Heaven and earth shall pass away," so that those who depend on heaven or earth have a poor foundation; "but My Word shall not pass away." Is Mr. Wells' "Invisible King" not nearer the eternal reality than most of the teachings pressed upon an ignorant humanity?

It is the intellectual mind that refuses to accept such simple teaching as Mr. Wells places before his readers. I was reproached recently, as I frequently am, for being too intellectual. I frequently enough declare that there is nothing in

the intellectual world but disappointment and the bitter ashes of Dead Sea fruit. But the intellectual mind, "which is at enmity with God," refuses to become as a little child, and one must offer such consolations as one can on intellectual grounds. Real religion never appeals to the intellectual mind, so when Mr. Wells gets a hold of a real experience and feels God, he need not expect the intellectual people to respond. "God, the Invisible King" calls for action. Intellectual people do not desire to act. They wish to remain exclusive, and read exquisite books and analyze the universe. "A little child shall lead them." But not at first. They do not wish to become as little children, as simple, as confiding, as loving, as full of wonder. Perhaps the Gate of Wonder is the intellectual man's nearest way into the Kingdom. He revolts at the instability of things, instead of wondering at the permanence through all change. The grass withereth and the flower falleth, but we do not cease to enjoy them on that account. We know that the flowers and the birds of next year shall be as fair and as sweet as those around us which the winter shall drive away. When we learn to look on life as a series of changing seasons, with a spring of childhood, a summer of action, an autumn of achievement, and a winter of death, to be followed by a new spring in a new life, with the essence of all our action and achievement stored within us as character, and the permanent nucleus of our being remaining as unchanging and eternal as the Light and the Life and the Love itself we shall be more ready to recognize "God, the Invisible King" in our hearts, the unchangeable Friend. Our immortality is a basis for adventures in life as various as the face of nature through all her seasons. When we learn to know ourselves "through all the changing scenes of life," dwelling on earth life after life, in nation after nation, empire after empire, in all the kindreds, tongues and tribes of the race, and resting between times in the heaven-world, we shall not fear though heaven and earth pass away, for we shall have the consciousness of "God, the Invisible King" always with us, to be the Diamond Heart of our Eternal Life.

—*Toronto Sunday World.*

"MY OWN SHALL COME TO ME."

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it hath sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs in yonder
hight;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

—*John Burroughs.*

WRONG POPULAR NOTIONS.

(By W. Q. Judge.)

"What are your proofs?" is often asked of the Theosophical student who believes in reincarnation and Karma, who holds to the existence of the astral body, and who thinks that evolution demands a place in the cosmos for Mahatmas (or great souls) as facts and ideals. "If you can not prove reincarnation just as you would a fact in a court of law, I will not believe," says one, while another says, "Make such objective demonstrations as science does, and then you may expect me to agree with you." But in truth all these objectors accept as proven in the way they demand for Theosophy many things which on a slight examination are seen to rest as much on theory and metaphysical argument as do any of the doctrines found in Theosophical literature. The axioms of mathematics are unprovable; the very word assumes that they have to be accepted. Being accepted, we go forward and on the basis of their unproved truth demonstrate other and succedent matters.

The theories of modern astronomy are taken as true because by their means eclipses are foretold and other great achievements of that science made possible. But many centuries ago quite different theories of the relations and motions and structure of the heavens allowed the old astronomers to make the same deductions. Let us examine a few words and things.

THE ATOM.

The atom and the molecule are very influential words. They are constantly used by people claiming to follow science, but who indulge in criticisms on the uncertainties of Theosophical speculation. Yet no one ever saw an atom or a molecule. They are accepted as facts by science—just as the spiritually-inclined accept the existence of the invisible soul—yet it is impossible to objectively prove either the one or the other. They are deemed to be proven because they are necessary. But let a Theosophist say that the astral body exists, and Mahatmas also, because both are necessary in evolution, and at once a demand arises for “demonstration” by objective proofs.

THE SUN.

The sun is the apparent source of energy, and is confidently supposed by many to be a mass of burning material. No one, however, knows this to be so. No one was ever there, and the whole set of theories regarding the luminary rests on assumptions. Many natural facts are against some of the theories. The great fact that the higher the mountain the more cold it is on top would be one, not wholly accounted for by theories as to radiation. And when we remember the great, the immense, difference between the various scientific estimates of the sun's heat, doubt increases. Seeing that electricity is now so much better known, and that it is apparently all-pervading, the ancient idea that the sun is a centre of electrical or magnetic energy which turns into heat as well as other things on reaching here, becomes plausible and throws some spice of illusion into the doctrine that our sun is a mass of burning matter.

Again, the sun is seen as if over the horizon in full view every clear evening, when in fact he has been some minutes down below the line of sight. Refraction

partly accounts for this, but none the less is his apparent visibility or position above the horizon an illusion.

THE STARS.

Many of those that are known as fixed stars are immeasurably far away. Sirius is at an immense distance, and has been receding always many thousands of miles each minute. Others are so far off that it takes one hundred thousand years for their light to reach here.

Yet since records began they have all remained apparently in one place and in the same relation to each other. They constitute a vast illusion. They are moving and yet they remain still. We point the telescope at one of our sister planets, and knowing that its light takes fifteen minutes or more to get to us, we must be continually directing the glass to a point in space where the planet is not, and by no possibility can we point to where it actually is. Still, for all this uncertainty, many complicated and definite calculations are based on these observations of mere illusions.

LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE.

These are practically used every hour of the day for the safeguarding of human life and property. But they exist only in the brains of men, for they are not in the sky or on land. They are theoretical divisions made by man, and they are possible only because the sole reality in nature is that which is jeered at by many as the ideal. But if the ancients are said to be the constructors of a great human chart in the Zodiac, the divisions of which have a bearing on the navigation of the great ocean of human evolution, the proud practical man says that you have but shown the ancients to be fanciful, superstitious, grotesque. But they were not so. Doubtless the saying recorded of Jesus about the time when we should see “the sign of the Son of Man in the heavens” will not so far from now be found to have a practical meaning in human life.

The ancient Sage was like the modern captain. The captain takes an observation of the illusionary stars and the blazing sun, thus discovering whether his ship is near or far from land. The Sage observed the Zodiac, and from the manner it and its boats were related to each other he was able to calculate

whether the human freight in the boat of human evolution was near a rock or on the free, open sea in its eternal and momentous journey.

SENSATION OF TOUCH.

Every one is accustomed to say that he has touched this or that object on which his fingers may have rested. But this is not so. We do not touch anything; we only perceive and report a sensation which we call touch. If that sensation is due to actual contact between the skin and the object, then the harder we pressed, and thus the nearer we came to the object's surface, the more accurate should be the sensation. In fact, however, if we press hard we dull the sensation and turn it into one of pain for the skin. There is always a space between the skin and the surface dealt with, just as there is always a space between the molecules of each mass. If two smooth planes be pushed on to each other they will adhere, and the smoother they are the more difficult it will be to get them apart. If we could actually touch the hand to any surface so as to cover all of it with a touching surface, we could not withdraw the hand at all. All that we get, then, by what we call touch is the idea produced by the vibration and by that much of contact as is possible in the case.

CONTINUOUS SOLIDITY.

Quite theosophical is the scientist when he says that "we can not know anything of the actual nature of matter in itself, but can only know the sensation or the phenomena." The mineral or metal called even the hardest is not solid or continuous in itself. This is now admitted by all scientific men. Even the diamond, "hardest of all," is a mass of moving molecules made up of like moving atoms. Its hardness is only relative. It is simply harder than glass because its atoms are moving at a more rapid rate. In a recent lecture in London Mr. Bell, a scientific light, told how the edge or point of the diamond cuts the glass because the molecules in the diamond move rapidly and get in between the slower ones of the glass and thus cut it. And so it is with all other masses of matter. They are only masses of molecules in different rates of vibration; none of them solid or hard save

in a relative sense. Is it not true, then, as so often held by philosophers and so insisted on by those Adepts who gave us information through H. P. Blavatsky that the world we are in is to be properly considered in a metaphysical sense and not as a mere mechanism that can be explained on mechanical principles? And in the face of all the illusions and all the speculations of life and science, why should the Theosophist be asked to make or give any different sort of proofs than those availed of by science in all its investigations? There is no reason.—*Reprinted from the Path, November, 1894.*

MESSAGES FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE.

(By Maurice Maeterlinck.)

The results obtained by Sir Oliver Lodge, described in his book *Raymond*, show at least that we have around us wandering intelligences, already enfranchised from the narrow and burdensome laws of space and matter, that sometimes know things which we do not know or no longer know. Do they emanate from ourselves, are they only manifestations of faculties as yet unknown, or are they external, objective, and independent of ourselves? That is what we can not yet decide; but it must be acknowledged that, once we admit their existence, which at this date is hardly contestable, it becomes much less difficult to agree that they belong to the dead.

This at least may be said: If experiments such as these do not demonstrate positively that the dead are able directly, demonstrably, and almost personally to mingle with our existence and to remain in touch with us, they prove that they continued to live in us much more ardently, profoundly, vividly, and passionately than had hitherto been believed; and that in itself is more than we dared hope.—*Bookman.*

Let the wise man guard his thoughts, for a tamed mind brings happiness.—*Dhammapada.*

Beware when the great God lets loose a new thinker on this planet.—*Emerson.*

The wise man avenges his injuries with benefits.—*Lao-tse.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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SPIRITUALISM.

Dr. George M. Robertson and Mr. Stuart Cumberland seem to have united in a sort of protest against the practices of spiritism, if we may judge from the *résumé* of their utterances that finds a place in *Current Opinion*. With that protest there will be some sympathy, certainly from Theosophists. At a time when civilization is unutterably saddened by bereavement it is peculiarly important that there should be no recourse to a false and sickly solace, and that deception should not add its sting to sorrows already unbearable. But it is equally important that a protest against the morbid and the abnormal should not take the form of mere negation, and that even credulity should not be destroyed without some reasoned effort toward a constructive substitute.

At the same time it may be said that those who would wage war against "superstition" should heedfully avoid those intellectual puerilities that they denounce in others. An ignorance of facts is the worst of all implements for their task, and when ignorance is joined with stupidity we have a combination even worse than spiritism.

For example, we are told by Dr. Robertson, and quite truly, that every lunatic asylum contains those who hear things that are inaudible, and see things that are invisible, to others, the inference being that all persons who claim

these abnormal perceptions are lunatics. Dr. Robertson should study logic. His syllogism is faulty, one might say childish. It may be true that all horsethieves are Democrats, but it does not follow that all Democrats are horsethieves. Dr. Robertson may have a profound contempt for superstition, but he would do well to hide his contempt for logic. He might also reflect on the fact that if all persons with abnormal perceptions were to be confined as lunatics we should much prefer the society of the asylum to that of the outside world and of those like Dr. Robertson. For in the asylum we should find Plato, Socrates, Paul, Hypatia, St. Francis, Luther, and all the assemblage of saints. We should find Christ and Buddha and Mahomet, Joan of Arc and Proclus and Iamblichus, St. John and Moses and Plotinus. Dr. Robertson should think again, or rather he should think. He might even ask himself the real nature of lunacy, of which he now knows nothing.

Mr. Stuart Cumberland is almost equally foolish, if possible. Himself a modern pioneer in what is called thought reading, he now joins in the hue and cry against all powers greater than, or different from, his own. Mr. Cumberland tells us that he has traveled all over the world in search of the "occult" and that he has failed to find it. That is quite likely. He should have stayed at home. The "occult" is not to be found on the map. It is not included in Cook's tours.

Mr. Cumberland's naïveté is stupefying. One wonders if there are actually people who listen to his absurdities. One must suppose there are, since there are actually people who will print them. Mr. Cumberland tells us that he has never found anything that is inexplicable on natural grounds. Neither have we, nor do we expect to. The essence of occultism is the invariableness of natural law. No occultist ever yet believed in the supernatural. Occultism and supernaturalism are contradictions in terms, and we feel that we owe some apology to our readers for a statement so elementary. Is Mr. Cumberland really unaware of this or is he only pretending?

If the dead were able to communicate with their friends, says Mr. Cumberland, they would do so direct, and not through a medium. Being Theosophists, we do not believe that the dead communicate except in the rarest instances, but this does not justify a denial that is based upon sheer naked silliness. Mr. Cumberland might as well say that if his friend in New York wished to send him a message he would do so direct and not by way of telegraph wires or telegraph boys. Or that stars that can be seen only through a telescope do not really exist. But why argue with Mr. Cumberland. He can not really be so ignorant as he seems. No one could.

It is to be regretted that there are a certain number of persons who try to establish their own superiority by a lofty rebuke of what they call the superstitions and the credulities of others. It is so easy to establish a reputation among the thoughtless by the simple processes of denial and demolition. But it is actually they who are credulous and superstitious. They are not aware that human thought and knowledge have left them behind like melancholy frogs croaking to each other upon the banks of a dessicated watercourse. Nearly the whole world of science is now investigating just those facts that they say are not facts. Nearly the whole world of science is in agreement as to the reality of those facts. They are not in dispute except among the small fry who by their noisiness are trying to win the notoriety denied to them by their meagre attainments.

INVISIBLE HELPERS.

To what extent may we suppose that spiritual intelligences intervene in the government of the world?

That is a matter upon which we have practically no information. That there is a disposition on the part of such intelligences to aid humanity in the most practical of ways we need have no doubts whatever. But we must also suppose that their capacities are severely limited by karmic law. An interference between causes and their effects might seem to have beneficent results to those who are satisfied with the surface seeming of things, but actually it would be no more than a perpetuation of the mischief if it precluded the lessons that can be learned only by experience. None the less we are allowed to believe that intervention sometimes takes the form of a postponement of Karma or its diffusion over a long period of time.

That the spiritual teachers of the race have usually seemed to confine their external activities within the confines of ethics has actually a far more practical bearing than we might suppose at a first glance. Apart from the fact that human happiness would be broadly and completely secured by the observance of fraternity, there is another law involved, and one that must probably wait a long time for its recognition. For human brotherhood is by no means purely moral in its effects. Its persistent practice, with the consequent weakening of the selfish personality, acts as an invocation of the powers of wisdom and discernment, and these must take the form of material as well as of spiritual advance. Our scientific and mechanical discoveries are certainly marvelous, but we are still a long way from the comprehensive grasp of basic principles that was possessed by the people of a more spiritual antiquity and that has been lost with the advance of selfishness. All this will be recovered when we learn collectively to break down the crass self-seeking to which we seem now to have pinned our faith. And when that time shall come we shall find that a new insight into nature's laws brings within our reach such material powers as we have not yet dreamed of.

But there is no particular advantage in speculating as to the extent to which

spiritual intelligences are intervening in human affairs. Let us ourselves intervene in human affairs, and with a certain wise indifference as to the co-operation of unseen powers of which we can know no more than they themselves may wish us to know. For of one thing we may be assured. If such intervention actually exists it will be accomplished through human agencies, and in no other way. It will use as its instruments those men and women who have fitted themselves by their own unexpected efforts.

PSYCHOANALYSIS.

That there is a need for increasing the number of popular expositions of psychoanalysis may perhaps be doubted (says the *Nation*). Of Wilfred Lay's "Man's Unconscious Conflict" (Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.50 net) we may say, however, that it gives one a fair idea, in an easy and entertaining style, of what it is all about—and incidentally enables one to measure the depths of psychoanalytic credulity. For example, on page 215: "One man is telling another how to use the telephone. 'You ring up central and say, Main 9871.' The number is an imaginary one." Now, the game of the psychoanalyst, who holds that nothing occurs to us by chance, is to trace the motives which led to the selection of this number; and, of course, we look first (also last and always) for the amatory motive. Well, then, 9 is the number of the house in which resides the young woman beloved by the suggester of the telephone number; 7 is the number of the house next door, in which he would like to live. The motive of 8 will then be obvious. The young lady, it seems, is not one whose heart can be taken by storm, and therefore a transition number between 9 and 7 is indispensable. But what of 1? Well, this "is accounted for on the ground that the man in question wished to be number one in his own home that he had created in his fancy." This illustration is quoted by Dr. Lay from Kaplan's "Grundzüge der Psychoanalyse," but it is quoted as a scientific fact, without a smile. The psychology of the unconscious has a way of repeatedly suggesting the question, Who are the unconscious?

A WARNING.

I sat in Mitchell Kennerley's office in New York (says Mr. Reedy in the *St. Louis Mirror*) and read in the daily papers the news of the death of Francis Ledwidge, the dulcet Irish poet of royal Meath, and the noble and tender tribute paid him by Lord Dunsany, the Irish genius who alone challenges the supremacy of Synge in Celtic literature. This was on an early day in August. Ledwidge was killed at the front, somewhere in France, on July 31st. Reaching the *Mirror* office I found the London papers, among them the *Saturday Review* of July 7th, and there I came upon the following:

A HAUNTED HOUSE.

B.E.F., 20 June, 1917.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SATURDAY REVIEW—
Sir: A few weeks ago we were resting in a little village which had the reputation of a haunted house. I made several attempts to extract from the owner a little information concerning his ghostly tenant, but each time he was visibly pained and warned me severely against impetuous (?) steps. I was determined to see it through, however, by sleeping in the place for a night. I had some difficulty in forcing an entry, but eventually succeeded in getting through a window as the village clock told eleven hours p. m. I lit my pipe, spread my ground sheet on the clay floor, and nestled down in my great-coat. I was tired and must have fallen asleep almost immediately. On a sudden I was awakened by a noise like a rushing of wings or falling water, and a voice which I had heard before, once in London and once in Manchester, a familiar voice, distinctly called my name. Then silence fell for a few minutes, only to be broken by a similar noise and, this time, footsteps, such as are heard where men are surprised. Although I am not a brave man, I can not admit to having any tremors beyond that of intense excitement at so wonderful a thing as the supernatural; and then I have my own private way of explaining a voice which is as dear from the soul as from the body I loved.

Yours truly,

FRANCIS LEDWIDGE.

For those who are curious in the matter of psychic phenomena, this evidence of a "warning" will be of powerful value.

We sleep, but the loom of life never stops, and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up tomorrow.—*Beecher*.

The gods themselves can not annihilate the action which is done.—*Pindar*.

It is not wine that makes the drunkard, but vice.

SPIRITUALISM.

Although the increase in insanity expected in Great Britain as one consequence of the war has not made itself apparent (says *Current Opinion*), there has been a revival of "spiritualism" on a scale deplored by some noted alienists. Multitudes of women addict themselves to the practice of communicating with dear ones who have passed on through the portal of death in action. How best to deal with this manifestation is a problem which, in its comments, the London *Lancet* admits to be difficult of solution. A certain type of mind, it says, is prone to seek consolation for its bereavement in spiritualistic seances. Hence a warning on the subject by Dr. George M. Robertson, the student of mental maladies, is endorsed by the great organ of medical opinion, which agrees that those unversed in normal and particularly in morbid psychology are not qualified observers or guides of the bereaved and least of all are those wishing for and unconsciously expecting certain manifestations from friends they have lost reliable observers of ghost action. Accordingly, Dr. Robertson regards the publication of "Raymond" at this time as a thing to be deplored, as the scientist whose named is attached to it is distinguished and his influence has accentuated a craze that was tremendous enough before:

Amateur and biased inquirers into the subject are, as a rule, quite unaware that if they would meet those who are hearing messages from spirits every hour of the day, who are seeing forms, angelic and human, surrounding them that are invisible to ordinary persons, and who are receiving other manifestations of an equally "occult" nature, they only require to go to a mental hospital to find them. It is true that the modern physician, by a long study of these phenomena, has come to regard them as symptoms of disease, and has renounced the doctrine of possession by spirits, though it had the double merit of simplicity and of antiquity to support it. If honest mediums do exist who hear inaudible messages, or feel communications without words, or see forms invisible to others, the mental physician accustomed to symptoms is inclined to regard their "gifts" as being, if not morbid, at least closely related to the morbid, with no element of anything "occult" about them.

No argument will convince the out-and-out believer that this or that manifestation alleged to have occurred in his presence or through his own medium-

ship is merely the outcome of expectation or false deduction. Upon that point the eminent English thought reader, Professor Stuart Cumberland, speaks positively. To the believer in spirit phenomena the difference between facts and deduction from facts does not exist. As he has convinced himself of the genuineness of the manifestations which he alleges have been personally vouchsafed him, he declines to see trickery in other directions and resents as an attack upon his own faith the unmasking of other people's trickery. Professor Cumberland commenced his investigations into the facts of ghost manifestation years ago. The University of Oxford invited him to give one of his first expositions in the hall of Christ Church, after which he went to the western hemisphere and thereafter to the East, hoping for some genuine instance of occult manifestation. In all that time Professor Cumberland declares he has never yet in any land or with any medium or adept discovered any alleged occult manifestation that was not explicable upon a perfectly natural basis and which in the majority of instances could not be humanly duplicated under precisely similar conditions. He writes in the London *Mail*:

Today, with its heavy death toll and fateful uncertainty so closely affecting every section of the community, is indeed the moment for the practitioners on the shady side of spiritualism. There is a natural desire among the bereaved, or those in doubt as to the actual facts surrounding the "missing," to seek for news and guidance unobtainable through the ordinary channels. These credulous folk are told that this or that medium is a real wonder who has given such and such persons the most astounding revelations. So what has been vouchsafed others can quite as well be revealed to them. Hence the run upon the plausible "crooks," who so readily trade upon their credulity.

The foolish, credulous dupes never for a moment consider the utter congruousness of the association of their beloved dead or missing with these professional "spookists." It never enters their heads that if the spirit of any one dear to them could return at all it would be to them direct that his return would be manifested, and that to have to go to some strange "crook" and part with money for the privilege of being put in touch with the spirit is the height of absurdity. They are told that they themselves are not *mediumistic* and that it is only through the truly *mediumistic* are such communications possible.

Besides it is the fashion or "the thing" to go to these mediums.

(A comment upon this article will be found in the editorial column.)

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, writing in the current issue of the *Metropolitan*, explains and defends his present favorable attitude toward psychic phenomena. The Theosophist will probably disagree with much that the author says, but at least there are some passages, such as the following, that he will read with sympathy:

At this stage came two new factors. The first was that I joined and closely followed the work of the Psychical Society. The other, the publication of that great root-book, "Human Personality," in which Myers summed up the subject and systematized a new science. (One fact emerged from his researches and was recognized by every mind open to evidence. It was the certainty of telepathy, or the action of mind upon mind at a distance, which henceforth was generally accepted. I also could not help accepting it, and I confirmed it by some personal experiments. But here was a breach in my wall, for if my spirit here can influence my brother in China, then spirit has certain properties which are distinct from physical matter as we understand it. And if it can operate so far from the body, may it not also operate when the body has ceased to be? Once grant telepathy, and one has made a step which leads more than half way to the recognition of survival. No mere analogy of wireless telegraphy will help where, as is often recorded, the figure of the distant communicator as well as his message is impressed upon the recipient.

Thus it took me many years to get as far as telepathy. Many more had passed before I could feel that I was sure about survival and communication. I could have reached conviction much earlier had I used the recognized methods. An astronomer who discards a telescope may expect to be handicapped. I pushed caution to an excess. Since then, however, I have had personal experiences which I will not enter into at present which leave no doubt in my mind. It is treacherous and difficult ground, where fraud lurks and self-deception is possible and falsehood from the other side is not unknown. There are setbacks and disappointments for every investigator. But if one picks one's path one can win through and reach the reward beyond—a reward which includes great spiritual peace, an absence of fear in death, and an abiding consolation in the death of those whom we love. It is, I repeat, this religious teaching which is the great gift which has been granted in our time. So long as a man can refer to his witnesses and their testimony, I can see no reason why he may not adopt it and enjoy it without such first-hand experience as may take a lifetime to acquire. There is no necessity for every man to blaze his own trail. All other religious systems have come from the East. Here at last is one from the West, not supplanting but clarifying and strengthening the others. It is the very special glory of England that she has done far more than any other country to rescue this system from being a mere play-

ing with *Poltergeists*, and to dignify it into a scientific philosophy. Myers, Gurney, Hodgson, Crookes, Wallace, Stead—and, I may add, Oliver Lodge—are names which will be forever associated with it. The last inspiration took three centuries for its acceptance. Where will this one be three centuries from now?

 THE SOUL.

One thinks the Soul is *air*; another *fire*;
Another *blood*, diffused about the heart;

Another saith the elements conspire,
And to her essence each doth give a part.

Musicians think our Souls are *harmonies*;

Physicians hold that they *complexions* be;

Epicures make them swarms of *atomies*
Which do by chance into our bodies flee.

Some think one general Soul fills every brain,

As the bright sun sheds light in every star;

And others think the name of Soul is vain.

And that we only well-mixed bodies are.

—Sir John Davies.

 A LITTLE VISION.

I stood where my old and wise friend had been, and as I listened in the silence the strong deep tones of a great organ swept through the air. On the wings of sound came a noble being, youth and man in all the ages. He was clad in robes of white and in his hand bore high a golden wand, from the tip of which blazed forth a silver star. "Look at the light, look not at anything else," he said. Then the organ tones changed to the furious hissing of a storm, and black clouds rolling up obliterated everything except the pure white star which blazed high over all. "Look at the light; fear not," came his voice. "Nothing can hurt it, for it is not of earth." The storm swept all away, then rushed off to the distance, and the beautiful, wise, strong, and ancient being vanished also. Yet far off the faint but dominating sound of a great diapason could be heard. It was the singing of the faithful choristers of the Lodge, those who know not fear and have left sorrow behind.—*Amaran in the Path*, November, 1894.

TRANSITION.

Awake, my soul!

Thou shalt not creep and crawl—

An earth-bound creature, pitiful and small.

Whose weak ambition knows no higher goal!

O wistful soul,

When morning sings,

Forgetful of the night,

Bathe all thy restless being in the light;

Till 'neath the mesh that close about thee clings

Thou feel thy wings!

Then find life's door,—

Trusting the instinct true

That points to Heaven and the aerial blue,

A winged thing impelled forevermore
To soar and soar!

—*Florence Earle Coates.*

A REINCARNATION.

(By E. T. H.)

It has been stated in one of the numerous text-books on Theosophy that the average period of rest between any two incarnations is about 1500 years. Later explanations, however, have made it clear that this figure is a rough average at best, and takes into account the entire human family. Among students of Theosophy it is widely believed that a much shorter stay in Devachan, or the rest-world, is experienced. Some believe, for instance, that they took part in the theosophical movement in the eighteenth century, and it is stated that H. P. Blavatsky confirmed this impression in several instances. It has furthermore been said that "immediate rebirth is for those who are always working with their hearts on Master's work." But this immediate reincarnation (without any Devachanic interlude) is rare. It is reserved for those who have achieved considerable success in what may be called "the Master's work." Few can stand the terrific strain of such long-continued effort, which must be effort of a high order, impersonal, and made without "attachment to results." Otherwise Devachan could not be escaped and the usual period would have to be passed through in which the soul assimilates the experi-

ences of the preceding life and makes real to itself the ideals, dreams, hopes, and aspirations of its last incarnation. So it has been said that only those who are knowingly or unknowingly the accepted pupils of some Master can continue without break their work in this world. A Master's help is needed to enable them to overcome the great attraction felt for Devachanic peace and deep forgetfulness of sorrow. Such help is also needed to infuse new strength into the tired soul, so that it may once more return with might to its next allotted task.

This return may be brought about in the ordinary way, by means of a new body born and developed like any other, though more quickly trained to obey the directions of its inmate than is generally the case. Or it may be brought about abnormally. A body may be obtained whose former occupant has renounced it.

Is not the Theosophical Society an entity? Is it not a soul, using an instrument on this plane as the soul of man uses a physical body? That is certainly the case. It must follow that the real T. S.—the soul—grows in the same way that everything else in nature grows: by means of reincarnation. H. P. Blavatsky had much to say as to the previous incarnations of the Theosophical Society; as to the various forms it had assumed and occupied in the past. She spoke of the movement having commenced—of the reincarnation having taken place—in the last quarter of each century, pointing to the work of St. Germain and Cagliostro in the eighteenth century as corresponding to her own work, which really began in 1875 with the founding of the Theosophical Society in New York. She further stated that in spite of the efforts made in France and elsewhere by these adepts and messengers of the Lodge, they had been overpowered by circumstances, so that the movement then was in some sense a failure. It had been impossible to "keep the link unbroken." The movement had died, had withdrawn to the rest-world of Devachan, leaving nothing but a few physical remains in the shape of Masonic bodies that in no way represented the soul. So in 1875 she had to commence the work anew, with no body of workers, no organization, ready to sup-

port her. She had to hew her way into the world of matter. Pointing to the opposition and needless difficulties then met with, she urged upon all Theosophists the vital importance of carrying this movement into the next century, so that when another messenger came from the great Lodge he might find a weapon ready to hand and might meet with ardent coöperation instead of active opposition or the deadly antagonism of indifference.

But consider what has been said in regard to immediate reincarnation. It should be clear that the "failure" last century lay in the fact that no continuous thread was carried over till 1875. *There was a Devachanic interlude.* Such a Devachanic interlude was to be fought against at all costs in this present epoch. Can we yet speak as to the result of this fight? We can. There has been no break, no Devachan, for *the real Theosophical Society has reincarnated already.*

"Look for the real beneath the unreal; look for the substance behind the shadow; and in the midst of confusion look for the silent centre where the Lodge is ever at work." Under the shelter of all the noise and uproar of recent months, an immediate rebirth took place, and at the last Conventions in Boston and London the real Theosophical Society left its shell behind and passed into a new and more perfect body. H. P. Blavatsky's life-work was crowned with final triumph. The connection between the past and the future was made and sustained; the thread was carried over, and the efforts of centuries culminated in an outburst of rejoicing only partially understood at the time, but natural in view of the knowledge all must have had within them that this was the greatest victory gained by the movement for more than a thousand years. Let us continue to rejoice, but now in and through the work; for only in that work can we show our gratitude to the leaders who accomplished so much with so little, or help to consolidate and vitalize the Theosophical Society as a fitting instrument for that messenger promised alike by cyclic law and by Masters.—*Reprinted from the Path, December, 1895.*

Everything is a series and in a series.
—*Swedenborg.*

COMMON SENSE.

In the *Path* for February, 1896, Mr. Judge gave some advice that does not grow stale on the conduct of theosophical meetings. He said: "At the present time one of the most urgent needs is for a simplification of theosophical teachings. Theosophy is simple enough; it is the fault of its exponents if it is made complicated, abstruse, or vague. Yet inquiring people are always complaining that it is too difficult a subject for them, and that their education has not been deep enough to enable them to understand it. This is greatly the fault of the members who have put it in such a manner that the people sadly turn away. At public meetings or when trying to interest an inquirer it is absolutely useless to use Sanskrit, Greek, or other foreign words. Nine times out of ten the habit of doing so is due to laziness or conceit. Sometimes it is due to having merely learned certain terms without knowing and assimilating the ideas underneath. The ideas of Theosophy should be mastered, and once that is done it will be easy to express those in the simplest possible terms. And discussions about the Absolute, the Hierarchies, and so forth are worse than useless. Such ideas as Karma, Reincarnation, the Perfectibility of Man, the Dual Nature, are the subjects to put forward. These can be expounded—if you have grasped the ideas and made them part of your thought—from a thousand different points of view. At all meetings the strongest effort should be made to simplify by using the words of our own language in expressing that which we believe."

These appearances indicate the fact that the universe is represented in every one of its particles. Everything in nature contains all the powers of nature.—*Emerson.*

Let us build altars to the Blessed Unity which holds nature and souls in perfect solution, and compels every atom to serve an universal end.—*Emerson.*

Sow kindly deeds and thou shalt reap their fruition. Inaction in a deed of mercy becomes an action in a deadly sin.
—*Voice of the Silence.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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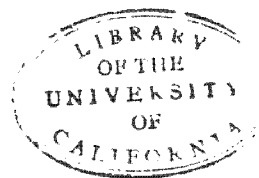
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SOME NEW BOOKS.

A glance at the list of new books about to be issued by the Macmillan Company—and of course there are many other important publishers—shows the extent to which mystic and occult thought is winning its way to popularity. Publishers do not print books unless they are fairly sure of an audience, and perhaps there is no better guide to the tendencies of thought than these literary lists that make their periodical appearance.

The first on the Macmillan list is "Brahmadarsanam or Intuition of the Absolute," by Sri Ananda Acharya, described as an introduction to the study of Hindu philosophy and intended to present in simple language to the average reader Hindu ways of looking at the eternal verities of life. Secondly we have a volume entitled "Concerning Immortality," by A. Clutton Brock, B. H. Streeter, Dr. J. Hatfield, E. W. Emmett, and E. W. Barnes. We may note with interest that this book contains chapters on "Reincarnation and Karma as Taught by Modern Theosophists," "Communication with the Dead," and "Can Mind Survive the Destruction of the Brain?" The viewpoint is probably adverse, since the book is edited by Canon Streeter, but discussion is more important than agreement.

Another volume that promises well is "Studies in Japanese Buddhism," by A. K. Reischauer. The work seems to be

historical in nature, but with a survey of modern conditions. Still another volume that should have value is "Problems of the Self," by John Laird, M. A.

That such books as these appear in one publishing list of a single season is a matter for congratulation. It shows conclusively the advance of modern thought and the extent to which new ideas are permeating the mind of the day.

TWO BOOKS.

There is a certain significance in the fact that a newspaper of such eminent decorum as the *New York Nation* should publish a serious review of two books purporting to have been written on the ouija board. A reproduction of this review will be found in another column and the reader will note a tone of sympathy and respect very different from the contemptuous attitude of twenty years ago.

It need hardly be said that the reviewer is not quite satisfied with the spiritist theory of their production and he indicates its weak points with precision and insight. He does not believe, for example, that Mark Twain is busy writing novels upon some other plane and spelling them out on a ouij board. Neither do we believe it. Such a theory would give a new terror to death. It would be somewhat worse than the conventional heaven of our orthodox days with its harps and crowns of gold. That

the novel is suggestive of Mark Twain is no evidence at all. Indeed we can conceive of no satisfying proof of such authorship. It is contradicted alike by the probabilities and by sentiment.

None the less we are entitled to an explanation of both of these books, and it is a matter for congratulation that the reviewer has not attempted to supply one that would necessarily be futile in the absence of specialized study. But the Theosophist is not likely to be perplexed by phenomena such as these. Their nature is sufficiently disclosed by the acumen of the reviewer, who indicates just those characteristics that he has learned to associate with the astral records, that find their expression through the human medium.

The widespread materialism of today is responsible for much discontent. Materialism that is interested only in eating, drinking, and striving to be merry does not make either for health or for happiness. It is too ephemeral. The senses fail to react to the old stimulation, and the body wears out. The whole material fabric of the world is in a state of constant flux. The mind that is engrossed in materialism has nothing permanent to grasp and hold. As this slowly dawns on the consciousness, a restless unhappiness settles on the passing life. The need of the day is faith in something more enduring. The so-called ages of faith, however, have passed, and, in so far as they were likewise ages of ignorance and superstition, we may not unduly grieve. Yet a strong and simple belief is a help both to health and happiness and hence should be cultivated. It is a strange fact that while materialism is growing stronger with a large portion of society as a social force, with the thinking classes it is losing ground as an interpretation of life. Despite a powerful drift toward this materialism, there is a strong counter-current among some of the finest minds of the day toward spiritual concerns.—*Dr. Henry Dwight Chapin.*

What is now called the Christian religion already existed amongst the ancients and was not lacking at the very beginnings of the human race.—*Augustine.*

SONGS OUT OF SORROW.

I.

SPIRIT'S HOUSE.

From naked stones of agony
I will build a house for me;
As a mason all alone
I will raise it, stone by stone,
And every stone where I have bled
Will show a sign of dusky red.
I have not gone the way in vain,
For I have good of all my pain;
My spirit's quiet house will be
Built of naked stones I trod
On roads where I lost sight of God.

II.

LESSONS.

Unless I learn to ask no help
From any other soul but mine,
To seek no strength in waving reeds
Nor shade beneath a straggling pine;
Unless I learn to look at Grief
Unshrinking from her tear-blind eyes,
And take from Pleasure fearlessly
Whatever gifts will make me wise—
Unless I learn these things on earth
Why was I ever given birth?
—*Sara Teasdale.*

ELEMENTALS.

I have heard some members talking about attracting elementals, and of this or that place being full of elementals. Not seeing these beings myself, and not knowing much about it, I would like to know if the phrases used are correct.

It is quite probable that these persons never saw an elemental, and know still less, perhaps, than yourself of the subject and of the laws that may govern such entities. So do not be abashed by their assumption of knowledge. It is incorrect to talk of one place being more full of elementals than another place. We might as well say there is more of space in one spot of space than another. Elementals are everywhere, just as animalculæ fill the air; they obey the laws peculiar to themselves, and move in the currents of ether. If now and then they make themselves manifest, it does not hence follow that an additional number have been attracted to the spot, but only that conditions have altered so as to cause some disturbance.—*W. Q. Judge in the Path, February, 1896.*

TRENCH SUPERSTITIONS.

It is told in the chronicles of "The White Company" how the veteran English archer, Samkin Aylward, was discovered by his comrades one foggy morning sharpening his sword and preparing his arrows and armor for battle. He had dreamed of a red cow, he announced.

"You may laugh," said he, "but I only know that on the night before Crecy, before Poitiers, and before the great sea-battle at Winchester I dreamed of a red cow. Tonight the dream came to me again, and I am putting a very keen edge on my sword."

Soldiers do not seem to have changed in the last five hundred years, for Tommy Atkins and his brother the poilu have warnings and superstitions fully as strange as Samkin's. Some of these superstitions are the little beliefs of peace given a new force by constant peril, such as the notion common to the soldier and the American drummer that it is unlucky to light three cigars with one match; other presentiments appear to have grown up since the war began. In a recent issue of the *Literary Digest* two poems were published dealing with the most dramatic of these—the Comrade in White, who appears after every severe battle to succor the wounded. Dozens have seen him, and would not take it kindly if you suggest they thought they saw him. They are sure of it. The idea of the "call"—the warning of impending death—is firmly believed along the outskirts of No Man's Land.

"I could give you the names of half a dozen men of my own company who have had the call," said Daniel W. King, the young Harvard man, who was transferred from the Foreign Legion to a line regiment just in time to go through the entire battle of Verdun. "I have never known it to fail. It always means death."

Two men were quartered in an old stable in shell-range of the front. As they went to their quarters one of them asked the other to select another place in which to sleep that night. It was bitterly cold and the stable had been riddled by previous fire and the army blanket under such conditions seems as light

as it seems heavy when its owner is on a route-march.

"Why not roll up together?" said the other man. "That way we can both keep warm."

"No," said the first man. "I shall be killed tonight."

The man who had received the warning went into the upper part of the stable, the other pointing out in utter unbelief of the validity of a call that the lower part was the warmer, and that if his friend were killed it would make no difference whether his death chamber were warm or cold. A shell came through the roof at midnight. It was a "dud"—which is to say that it did not explode. The man who had been warned was killed by it. If it had exploded the other would probably have been killed likewise. As it was he was not harmed.

A few weeks ago the chief of an aeroplane section at the front felt a premonition of death. He was known to all the army for his utterly reckless daring. He liked to boast of the number of men who had been killed out of his section. He was always the first to get away on a bombing expedition and the last to return. He had received at least one decoration—accompanied by a reprimand—for flying over the German lines in order to bring down a Fokker.

"I have written my letters," he said to his lieutenant. "When you hear of my death send them on."

The lieutenant laughed at him. That sector of the line was quiet, he pointed out. No German machine had been in the air for days. He might have been justified in his premonition, the lieutenant said, on any day of three months past. But now he was in not so much danger as he might be in Paris from the taxicabs. That day a general visited the headquarters and the chief went up in a new machine to demonstrate it. Something broke when he was three thousand feet high and the machine fell sidewise like a stone.

It is possible, say the soldiers, to keep bad fortune from following an omen by the use of the proper talisman. The rabbit's foot is unknown, but it is said that a gold coin has much the same effect—why, no one seems to know.

NATURE.

Nature requires of us unswerving trust;
 'Gainst her relentless laws we strive in
 vain:

As well oppose the brooklet to the
 main,

Or to the leveling hurricane the dust.

Striving against the inevitable must,

Brings on disease and its exponent
 pain;

Reflected in our race our sins remain,
 For she is unforgiving as she's just.

The unconscious plant may thus a lesson
 give:

It buds, and flowers and fruits, be-
 queaths its seed

As Nature dictates, clothing earth
 with beauty:

If consciously we thus as perfect live,

Making obedience our highest duty,

We here, hereafter, shall be blest in-
 deed.

—Charles Tomlinson.

THE MOON AND PLANT-GROWTH

The old idea that the moon has some sort of influence on plant-growth still persists in some quarters, especially among farmers. Some farmers, we are told by the *Rural New Yorker* (New York), refuse to plant crops or to kill hogs unless the moon is in some particular position, and there is frequent argument about the matter among them. The influence of the moon on the growth of crops, or on other agricultural operations, has always been denied by scientific men. The following brief statement by C. F. Marvin, chief of the United States Weather Bureau, printed in the paper named above, shows what they think of the matter: "It is the general belief of scientists that the moon has no appreciable influence on temperature, rainfall, or any other weather element, or on plant-growth.

"Plant-growth depends upon temperature, light, humidity, and plant-food (both in the soil and in the air), and its availability. Obviously the moon neither mellows the ground nor fertilizes it, neither does it alter the composition of the atmosphere; hence it affects neither the mechanical condition of the soil, nor the kind or quantity of available plant-food.

"If the moon has any influence on plant-growth, it would seem that it must

exert this influence through its light. Experiment, however, shows that when a plant is so shadowed that it gets only one one-hundredth of normal daylight, it grows but little better than it does in absolute darkness. Full daylight is about 600,000 times brighter than full moonlight; hence one one-hundredth of daylight, already too feeble to stimulate appreciably plant-activity, is still 6000 times brighter than full moonlight. The conclusion is that, even in respect to light stimulus, the moon's influence on plant-growth is wholly negligible."

(Behold and admire the "scientific" argument. Weak sunlight has no effect upon plant life. Therefore moonlight has no effect upon it.)

It is said that human nature is something small and limited, and that God is infinite, and it is asked how the finite can embrace the infinite. But who dares to say that the infinity of the Godhood is limited by the boundary of the flesh, as though by a vessel? For not even during our lifetime is the spiritual nature confined within the boundaries of the flesh. The mass of the body, it is true, is limited by neighboring parts, but the soul reaches out freely into the whole of creation by the movements of thought.

—Gregory of Nyssa.

That intelligent beings may exist around and amongst us, unperceived during our whole lives, and yet capable under certain conditions of making their presence known by acting on matter, will be inconceivable to some and will be doubted by many others, but we venture to say that no man acquainted with the latest discoveries and the highest speculations of modern science, will deny its possibility.—*Alfred Russel Wallace*.

The facts examined have convinced me that memory and affection are not limited to that association with matter by which alone they can manifest themselves here and now, and that personality persists beyond bodily death.—*Sir Oliver Lodge*.

My friend, the golden age hath passed away,

Only the good have power to bring it back.

—*Cicero*.

FREEDOM OF THE MIND.

High walls and huge the *body* may confine,

And iron gates obstruct the prisoner's gaze,

And massive bolts may baffle his design.

And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways;

Yet scorns th' immortal *mind* this case control!

No chains can bind it, and no cell enclose;

Swifter than light, it flies from pole to pole,

And, in a flash, from earth to heaven it goes!

It leaps from mount to mount—from vale to vale

It wanders, plucking honeyed fruits and flowers;

It visits home, to hear the fireside tale, Or in sweet converse pass the joyous hours;

'Tis up before the sun, roaming afar.

And, in its watches, wearies every star!—*William Lloyd Garrison.*

WAR AND THE CHURCH.

The Rev. Elmer T. Clark, writing in the New York *Tribune*, discusses the effect of war upon the churches. Speaking of the religious population, he says:

"In the first place it has made thousands of them more devout than they have ever been before. They have literally been driven deeper into their faith by the stern facts which came upon them. Suffering of the most intense character, the loss of all they had deemed dear in life, and an anxious uncertainty concerning the outcome of it all—these things have made them take recourse to the only comfort and hope which they have ever known, their religion. And so all over Europe one will find these people to whom religion means more and gives more at this time than ever before. And we may be quite sure that if there were no other phase of the situation this would soon issue in a tremendous awakening.

"Unfortunately, or in the long run it may prove to be fortunately, an entirely opposite effect is seen in the lives of other religious people. To them the war has brought nothing but confusion.

"First there came the question, asked

so frequently and so seriously at the beginning of the war: Has Christianity broken down and proved a failure? The rationalistic press took up this question and endeavored in all possible ways to answer it in an affirmative. The religious press tried just as hard to answer it negatively, but the religious literature which circulated among the rank and file of the people based its logic upon ancient formulas and resorted to a proof-text quoting method that could not be satisfactory.

"Of course the world would not give up its religion, nor would it readily believe that Christianity must be charged with failure and discarded because one of its ideals had not been reached; nevertheless the controversy was responsible for a confusion in the minds of some people.

"Coupled with this there arose a confusion in connection with the question, What about prayer? People never prayed so much as they did at the beginning of hostilities. Yet what did their prayers avail? The war went right on, and men were killed just the same. And there was no distinction. The son of the man who prayed for the boy's safety night and day was killed just as quickly as the son of the man who recognized no God to whom one might pray. The prayers were not answered in the least. What, then, was the good of prayer, and where was God? Perhaps there is no God, after all.

"This doubt and uncertainty affected many people, from the clergyman to the Tommy who used as an example Bill, 'who prayed like 'ell and got 'is bloomin' 'ead blowed off.'

"These people had been taught an antiquated doctrine of prayer—that prayer means asking God for favors and 'things,' and that it has an objective effect by securing a special providence for the elect who resort to it or have it resorted to for them. For the right-minded man who resorted to prayer as communion with the Infinite and for the purpose of securing its subjective benefit of comfort, hope, and strength, there was no confusion, but this lofty doctrine had not been taught to the masses."

Nothing in the world is lost, nothing falls into the void; everything has its place and purpose.—*Sohar.*

FROM THE OUIJA BOARD.

JAP HERRON: A NOVEL WRITTEN FROM THE OUIJA BOARD. With an Introduction: The Coming of Jap Herron. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

THE SORRY TALE: A STORY OF THE TIME OF CHRIST. By Patience Worth. Communicated through Mrs. John H. Curran. Edited by Casper S. Yost. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

After spelling out a vast deal of nonsense, the ouija board appears at last to have deviated into sense. At least it is no longer restricted to mere babbling and incoherence. The narratives before us have been intelligently conceived and intelligibly worked out by some one, whether in or out of the flesh, and can not be dismissed as mere objects of momentary curiosity. As for "Jap Herron's" being in some measure the work of a disembodied Mark Twain, that is an hypothesis which in this day of acceptance calls for no violent disbelief. But one thing is clear: if the personality of Mark Twain is behind this story, it is a personality either enfeebled by its separation from the body or frustrated by difficulties of transmission. "Sounds like Mark, eh?" chuckles the planchette when its servitors are almost disabled by laughter over some of its humors. A good deal of the detail does "sound like Mark"—as an echo sounds like a voice. The "lay-out" of the tale is natural enough, too, its setting in a little Missouri town, with the village printing office as its closer scene. But that is all. It is a tale of voluptuous domestic sentiment and pathos, with morbid emphasis (strange as coming from a freed spirit!) upon the pathos of death—"sob-stuff," as the planchette confesses at a moment when its "office force" find themselves dissolved in tears beside Flossy's coffin. Both the author and his assistants appear to mistake the quality of the product as a whole. "Dear ladies," is one of the first directions, "when I say d-a-m-n, please don't write d-a-r-n. Don't try to smooth it out. This is not a smooth story." The ladies were amused at the notion of their blue-penciling Mark, but evidently feel that they have assisted at the birth of something pretty bold and masculine. "The story," they confess, not without pride, "bristles with profanity and is roughly picturesque in its diction." "Mark" feels this, too. "I was afraid of femininity," he says, dur-

ing the final revision, in commending his helpers for their fidelity. "Women have their ideas, but this is not a woman's story." Yet that, in its main substance, is precisely what it is—a woman's story of a notably "slushy" type. Its roughness, its Twainish flavor, are external and occasional. Its people are unreal: when they do not remember to talk like Mark Twain they talk like a best-seller: "Bill before you go any farther with this adventure—misadventure—I want you to kneel with me before Flossy's picture and ask for her approval and her blessing." Fancy one of Mark Twain's boys talking like that!

Such as it is, the story does hang together and complete itself—a sufficiently remarkable feat, no doubt, if we credit "Mark's" complaints of the continual attempts to interfere and steal away his opportunity by other eager author-dwellers in "the undiscovered country." Alas, does the writing madness find no surcease beyond the grave, and is there no professional magnanimity even among spooks?

With the ghostly personality which we may as well identify with the name of "Patience Worth," the whole situation is different. It is not the personality of any author remembered in the flesh. Its work is extraordinarily consistent in substance (not in form), as well as extraordinarily varied and copious. In its sparsely educated young woman of St. Louis, with her good nature and her ouija board, it seems to have found a medium as free as possible from obstacle or friction. No other psychic personality appears to get in its way. It now works, whenever its instrument is available, without hesitation or revision, and produces an increasing proportion of prose and verse which has real beauty or force. Mr. Casper S. Yost, who has constituted himself a sort of official sponsor and interpreter of the Patience Worth material, as Mrs. Curran has made herself its vehicle, is, quite naturally, a not altogether trustworthy critic. His zeal has led to the discovery of virtues in the strange lingo, or lingoes, in which much of this material is cast, that are invisible to other eyes. Why should a seventeenth-century Englishwoman, addressing herself to current humanity, choose to express herself in a hodge-podge of modernisms and ar-

chaisms derived from half a dozen centuries, a tongue such as never was on land or sea, now wilfully grammarless, now, to all appearances, helplessly illiterate? Why should a spirit bent upon self-expression treat the act of composition half the time as a game, an opening for cleverness, for quibbling with phrases, for mere smartness and gallery play? It has, of course, the awful modern example of Mr. Arnold Bennett—and literally twenty-four hours a day to dispose of.

In "The Sorry Tale" the most irritating of these mannerisms are subdued if not conquered; one feels that there has been a serious effort to conquer them. The style may be described as biblical with a strange accent. There are the usual over-employment, with its clumsy and harsh effect, of the possessive form: "Hassan would follow with the road's men and know their tongue's packs"; the usual grammatical lapses; the habitual confusion of the endings "-est" and "-eth," and of the forms "lay," laid," and "lain"; the usual employment of adjective for noun and noun for verb and participle for adjective, with a fondness for strange forms like "golded" and "blooded." There are occasional modernisms, also, as when Jesus "brings his scourge down upon the backs" of the money-changers. But, when one has mastered the accent, it becomes, in the main, a style of dignity and force, rising often to a noble simplicity in narrative, or to a striking vividness in description: "It was night within Jerusalem, and the street's ways shewed white and rimmed of deep dark. But few men walked the ways, and their shadows followed, stealthed. And dogs bayed and the hours sounded out cock's crowing. And there sounded the kicking of the asses within their shelter places, and the shaking of their ears. And the temple place sounded the whirring of the doves that nested there, as they sought the depths. And afar sounded the piping of some shepherd who loned." Where, we ask, did this mysterious story-teller become familiar with the scent and sound and color and innumerable properties of Oriental market-places and wildernesses, of Roman palaces and halls of justice? Mr. Yost's answer to the question is apparently that Patience Worth, the seventeenth-century Englishwoman, must have

been a reincarnation of the Greek dancing girl Theia, who is the hapless heroine of the tale. Taken as a whole, the story is well conceived, but ill proportioned. The intricate weaving of motives, the teeming background of minor figures, the inordinate bulk of the dialogue (which takes up, one may guess, 500 of its 640 pages), hinder the conduct of an action in itself sufficiently straightforward and dramatic. It is based upon a striking conception. Theia, the favorite dancing girl of the Roman court, is given by the Emperor Augustus to Tiberius. She is abandoned in the desert, to be thereafter the symbol of the wrong that is Rome. At the time of Christ's birth the son of Tiberius is borne by her in a leper's hut near Bethlehem. She calls him Hate, and dedicates him to vengeance against the world that is ruled by Rome. He grows up in the hills, a figure contrasting with and at times opposing that of the youthful Jesus. In the end he is to die by the Christ's side upon the cross—the son of regal Rome and the son of God, spirit of hate and spirit of love, slain together for the sins of the world. The action springs in part from the Emperor Tiberius' fear of his rumored offspring and his half-dread that the Jesus Christus vaguely hailed as "King of the Jews" may be he. This action is thoroughly built up from the foundation; and of the hundreds of persons involved in it scores stand out in clear outline if not full characterization. The crucifixion scene (a chapter of five thousand words "written," we are told, in a single evening) is of appalling vividness—debased or enforced by its pitiless detail, according as one finds therein the false realism or the true. Certainly this book deserved to be weighed not merely as a "psychic phenomenon," but as a piece of creative fiction.—*The Nation*.

O Muse, sing to me of the man full of resource, who wandered very much after he had destroyed the sacred city of Troy, and saw the cities of many men, and learned their manners. Many griefs also in his mind did he suffer on the sea, although seeking to preserve his own soul, and the return of his companions. —*Odyssey*.

The soul of all improvement is the improvement of the soul.—*Bushnell*.

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SPOOKS AND THEIR BOOKS.

(From the St. Louis Mirror.)

Dr. James H. Hyslop is the head of the American Society for Psychical Research, if not the whole works. He knows more about high-class spookery than anybody. His investigations of communications between the living and the dead have extended over nearly thirty years. To this country he is what F. W. H. Myers was and Sir Oliver Lodge is to England in the matter of psychological analysis of spirit-communication. He believes the dead can and do come back to us and can give reasons for the faith that is in him. It was natural that when I met him we should talk about our St. Louis literary spooks. Somehow he has his wires crossed as to Patience Worth. He doesn't dispute her literary gift, but he says that she hasn't located herself terrestrially. We don't know when or where she lived. Now it's different with the spirit of Mark Twain, who is said to have sent the novel, "Jap Herron," over the ouija board to Mesdames Lola V. Hays and Emily Grant Hutchings. I said that the novel contained in itself no inherent evidence of its Twainian origin, and Dr. Hyslop agreed with me. "But," he said, "Mrs. Hutchings and Mrs. Hays have visited me here and submitted to all tests, through a psychic having no knowledge of them or of their 'control,' and I have obtained indisputable evidence of the

fact that 'Jap Herron' is the work of the discarnate spirit of Samuel L. Clemens." Dr. Hyslop explained that he got at this by questions and a sort of system of cross-references too elaborate to be set forth here. The verdict of the doctor will be final with all spiritualists. From what he said generally, I gather that dealing with spirits has to be indulged in cautiously. They are not always to be trusted. They will tell fibs. They will claim to be the spirits of quite other people than they are. Sometimes they will get merged with other spirits and be unable to disentangle themselves. He spoke of folks wandering around "over there" and not knowing they are dead. I wonder if they are people who wandered around here not knowing they were alive. Dr. Hyslop told me of a medium who was materializing spirits for a seance and was caught in her own bodily self masquerading as a materialized spirit. "Now you would say that was conscious fraud," he remarked, "but it isn't. The medium in her trance actually thought that she was the materialization and when she was seized by the investigators she underwent a shock such as comes to a somnambulist when awakened from the sleep-walking condition. Spirits often deceive themselves and of course they deceive their mediums." To Dr. Hyslop our St. Louis school of spook literature is uninteresting if it is only literature. He doesn't care for that. He wants to get at the identity of the per-

sonality who communicates. No matter what fine writing is obtained from Patience Worth, he wants to know when and where Patience lived and died, and he wants to follow her up on the other side through his psychics as William J. Burns' men would look up the record of some one badly "wanted." Curiously, the day after I met Dr. Hyslop I met Laurens Maynard, just back from St. Louis, and he had had a remarkable sitting with Mesdames Hay and Hutchings in which there was spelled out on the ouija board the query, "Who asked for Bates?" Maynard had a friend named Bates who died. Neither Mrs. Hays nor Mrs. Hutchings had ever heard of him. Maynard says the ouija board conversation convinced him that Bates was talking though he could not vouch for Mark Twain, never having known the latter intimately in the flesh. Maynard is a well-known publisher's agent. He tells me that the sales of books by and about spooks are mounting steadily all over the country. "Here's a new one," said he, taking a volume from under his arm, "Letters from Helen and Harry," written down by Mary Blount White (Kennerly, New York). These are remarkable specimens of automatic writing. The letters began in 1892. They were from her dead sister, Helen, to Mary Blount. After more than twenty years of silence came the letters from Harry, a brother of her mother, "who had met Helen and explained to her that she had died and was not having a bad dream as she had supposed." It is amusing to find *Harry* writing from spiritland about "what gets my goat" and about "stunts," etc. For such as are interested in problems of incarnation the book contains much meat. It is true to form of all this other-side writing in that it is pantheistic in its philosophy. Even more interesting, though, is the comment upon the war from beyond the grave. Germany gets none the best of it. There are delicious human touches in the letters. I can't say that they impress me with their otherwhereness." I don't get that from any such manifestations save those that come from within my personal experience, and I suspect that the attribute comes from my relation to the phenomena and is

not inherent in the stuff itself. When I was quite a small boy there was a book around the house from which I supped full of wonders. It was "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World," by Robert Dale Owen. None of these new necromancers can beat the stories in that book. The new "stuff" is geared to a later time. . . . As I write I learn from one who has seen Dr. Hyslop's report of his experiments with Mrs. Hay and Mrs. Hutchings. It seems that Patience Worth has been talking with them as well as with Mrs. John H. Curran. Dr. Hyslop takes a couple of side-swipes at the Patience Worth works, speaks of "subliminal or even conscious deception," and says that "deception of the public will make more money than the truth." Taken in conjunction with the good words for "Jap Herron," these remarks indicate that there is already a battle on between the two schools of spooks. But if "Jap Herron" has the *Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research* on his side, the wraith that visits the Currans has her own organ, *Patience Worth's Magazine*. The spook-book boom will probably not be hurt by the dispute that has begun as to the orthodoxy of the rival schools.

VIVISECTION.

It was our poor relation whom we chose.
For his convenient helplessness, to
bear

Our pain and sickness: for he could
not dare

Resist, nor form a method to oppose.

Confidingly he took the poisoned meat.

The planted ulcer in his body bore:

Obligingly he sickened more and more.
Still thinking man his friend.

When the drum beat
For the world war, science, well trained
to kill,

Practiced in treachery and vicarious
pain,

Her poisoned gases hurried to distill,
Ambushed her submarines, and turned
again

Some stealthier manner to conceive or
borrow

For doubling death and multiplying sor-
row.

—Sarah N. Cleghorn.

GIORDANO BRUNO.

We have waited long for a life of Giordano Bruno, but we are amply rewarded by a fine volume that comes from the pen of William Boultong and that has just been published by E. P. Dutton & Co. The book should be read in its entirety, but a few extracts will serve to show its exceptional value from the mystical point of view.

Bruno, we are told, was largely indebted to Cusanus for his philosophy:

The universe is the unfolding of what, in Deity, is unity; just as a line is the unfolding of a point. If we reflect, we shall find that to a true maximum nothing can be added; from a true minimum nothing can be taken away; man can perceive therefore that, in Ultimate Reality, maximum and minimum coincide. The universe is boundless in space and time, and the centre of the universe is precisely where the observer stands in it, a doctrine to which Bruno was much indebted. Nature is animate and articulated; everything being a more or less imperfect mirror of the universe in its own place, and preserving itself in relation to and community with other things. In conscious experience there is indivisible continuity; but in things there is an indivisible minimum. All these views of Cusanus reappear in Bruno, often enlarged and enriched. Cusanus' teaching that reason unfolds itself in numbers strengthened Bruno's Pythagorean tendency. The German saw that the universe can, at least in part, be explained scientifically by the application of mathematics to the results of observation; and Bruno is his eager pupil. It was probably the study of Cusanus which set him on the track of the infinity of the universe of innumerable worlds and of the interpenetration of everything in the whole.

Union with the divine was the keynote of Bruno's philosophy, and he never departs from it:

The human soul is to the human body as is a pilot to the ship: it is in it, but not of it, and, being associated with body, the soul perceives truth confusedly and as in flux. But the Idea draws us on; and, in itself, it is not abstract, but concrete and articulated. Our ideas, we must remember, are as an admixture of light and shadow and not that absolute truth which they can never reach; but none the less the mind can rise above the thing of sense, perceiving unity in plurality. Mystic union with the Divinity was experienced by Plotinus and others. From the acceptance of this mystical experience thus avowed in his early work, Bruno never departed. But in his later works, wherein he produces far less Neo-Platonism and becomes vastly more original, he proclaims that by the exercise of reason also we can attain comprehensive contact with the Absolute. Who is at once the source and object of our search.

Bruno, we are told, was at one with the less cautious of our psychic research-

ers, but he had a profound philosophy to sustain his conjectures:

He makes an advance on the Neo-Platonist sin declaring intellect to be always with us, whether we are aware of the fact or not; there is an evolution from sense upwards, more complex and more perfect as it ascends. One Principle alone unfolds itself in all its manifestations, whether these be high or low; for Essence, Power, Activity, Actuality, and Possibility are all one in the last resort, as Parmenides saw. The guides of the Intellect are Love, the producer of all things; Art, which is highest when nearest Nature (for in Nature the Soul of the World operates); Mathematics and True Magic, which reveals the inner nature of things. Form and Matter do not exhaust themselves in any particular thing; they are endless *continua*.

Here and there acute observations are to be found; such as that Alchemists will never arrive at the secret of the Philosopher's Stone, but will make many valuable discoveries in their attempt, and that Logic is a sharp spur, but emotion is its driving force. And he expresses his abhorrence of the enthronement of suffering by religion. He is at one with the less cautious of the Psychical Researchers of our own time; he accepts the levitation of St. Thomas Aquinas, second sight, the migration of the soul, and trances, wherein a wise "control" unites with the spirit of the psychic; while he scoffs at vulgar pretenders to magic arts.

Bruno was a firm believer in reincarnation and tried to conform it with Catholicism:

Seven years later, when asked about Transmigration, he told his judges: "I have held and hold souls to be immortal and that they are *substantiæ subsistentiæ*, that is intellectual souls." He uses a scholastic term which means any special sort of existence taken on by substance. But the statement is vague; he had not said whether he understood substance in its earlier or in its later meaning; the phrase might cover the immortality of one single substance which is found differentiated, or it might be taken as an acceptance of the immortality of individual souls. He goes on: "Speaking as a Catholic, they do not pass from body to body, but go to Paradise, Purgatory, or Hell. But I have reasoned deeply, and, speaking as a philosopher, since the soul is not found without body and yet is not body, it may be in one body or in another, and pass from body to body. This, if it be not true, seems at least likely, according to the opinion of Pythagoras." The answer is a riddle, which may be unraveled in more than one way. Here, in the "Expulsion," he suggests that "If not to be believed, it is gravely to be pondered" whether a vile life "be not disposed of by fatal justice, interwoven in a prison-house suited to its failure or crime, with organs and instruments suitable for such a workman or craftsman." And again: "Let us supplicate the Divinity to bestow happy geniuses upon us in our transfusion, passage or metempsychosis; since, however inexorable he be, we must attend him with wishes, to be either preserved

in our present state or to enter into a better, or a like, or one but a little worse . . . he that is favored by the Gods must obtain this by means of good wishes and good actions."

He refers to reincarnation in his *Cabala Del Cavallo Pegasco*, and in a quite definite way:

There are three short dialogues. In the first Saulino reappears and holds lively talk with Sebasto and Coribante, a pedant. In the second dialogue, which is in three parts, a fresh interlocutor is introduced, one Onorio, who like the heroes of Lucian and Apuleius, has been an ass and endured much throughout many transformations. Once he was in the service of a gardener and was wont to be loaded with vegetables for Thebes' market; he dragged charcoal after this; then he became a steed of the Pegasus type and served the gods in that happy region where is the fountain which gushed forth when the hoof of the steed struck earth and which Apollo consecrated to the Muses. In the course of his metempsychoses he has occupied the body of Aristotle himself! It is splendid fooling; and all that may impede the progress of human knowledge is treated with withering scorn. The third dialogue has only a few lines. A messenger from Sebasto informs Saulino that his master's wife is dead; he must act as her executor, and, therefore, further discussion is to be postponed; moreover, Coribante has the gout and Onorio has gone away to take the waters.

Bruno recurs again and again to Pythagoreanism.

"SEB. Do you hold that the soul of man is substantially the same as that of beasts and that the only difference is one of form? ONOR. That of man is the same in its specific and generic essence with that of flies, oysters, plants, and everything which lives, or has a soul: it is not matter, which it possesses in a more or less lively way—there is a thorough permeation of spirit in itself. Now, the aforesaid Spirit, by fate or providence, order or chance, unites itself to this or that kind of body, and, by reason of difference in structure or of members, reaches different grades and perfections of faculty and act. Hence, that spirit or soul, which was in the spider, and possessed its industry, claws and members of a certain number, mass, and shape, united with human seed, acquires another intelligence, instruments, postures, and deeds." Just before, Onorio has declared that, from experience and memory, he knows the doctrine of Pythagoras and the Druids as to metempsychosis to be most assuredly true.

The soul, he says, is constantly homeless for reunion with its source, and this is the explanation of ecstasy:

There are two kinds of ecstasy which may be reached by the divinely transported: there is the abstraction of passive mystics, who, usually, are ignorant folk, "into whom the divine sense enters as it were into an empty room"; and there are those who are filled with intellectual ardor, which spurs them to constructive activity, "so that, by rational process, the spirit becomes godlike in contact with its divine object." "The first

kind possess more dignity, power, and efficacy in themselves; the second kind are worthier, more powerful and efficacious and are divine. The first are worthy as is the ass who bears the sacraments; the second are as a sacred thing." The experience of the mystic has empirical value, but philosophy deals with the rational.

Bruno insists always on the independence of the soul, which is conjoined with the body for temporary purposes:

Soul and Body are conjoined; but they are not therefore indissolubly requisite to one another, as is a citharist to his cither. Soul is of a nature distinct from matter; but both are immortal substances. Even stones and the most imperfect things participate in intellect. As to the problem of personality, some people think that particular things are manifestations of the Soul of the World; others, that the Soul of the World is divided into parts: "truly, it remains in doubt, but I incline to the first opinion." A little farther on, he says that multiplication falls on the side of brute matter, but the soul remains one. Still farther on, we read that the individual is as a spark of the Universal Spirit, from which he issues and to which he returns. But while God, as absolute, works in and through us, He does not impart Himself to us in His most innermost nature.

As has been said, the book should be read in its entirety as a worthy record of a most distinguished mystic and martyr.

The beautiful lady interviewed a fortune-teller on the usual subjects. "Lady," said the clairvoyant, "you will visit foreign lands and the courts of the kings and queens. You will conquer all rivals and marry the man of your choice. He will be tall and dark and aristocratic-looking." "And young?" interrupted the lady. "Yes, and very rich." The beautiful lady grasped the fortune-teller's hands and pressed them hard. "Thank you," she said. "Now tell me one thing more. How shall I get rid of my present husband?"

This thinking of one's self as this, that, or the other is the chief factor in the production of every kind of psychic or even physical phenomena.—H. P. Blavatsky.

It is true most of the men of learning in Europe have given up all accounts or apparitions as "old wives' fables. I am sorry for it.—John Wesley.

Esoteric Philosophy admits neither good nor evil *per se*, as existing independently in Nature.—H. P. Blavatsky.

CRUSTS AND CRUMBS.

(By Albert Ernest Stafford.)

I was talking recently on St. Paul and Spiritualism and I dwelt more on the subjective and vital side of the question than on the objective and phenomenal. I did not even mention the case of "a certain damsel having a spirit of Python" (which the translators of A. V. render "Spirit of divination") which Paul cast out, with the result of finding himself in prison (Acts xvi.); nor the seven exorcists, sons of Sceva, who undertook to cast out spirits in the name of Jesus, and were unsuccessful (Acts xix.); nor indeed anything but Paul's own statements of his spiritual philosophy which was of the positive right-hand path of white magic. Jesus set the key of all such teaching by the well of Samaria when He said, "God is spirit," not "a spirit"; "God is spirit and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." This is also the keynote of all Paul's teaching, and it is probable that the churches would have been more successful had they remembered that "flesh and blood can not inherit the kingdom of heaven, neither can that which is corruptible inherit incorruption." Churches that teach that flesh and blood do inherit incorruption and must do so have strayed rather far from both Jesus and Paul. In the great funeral chapter Paul emphasizes the point (verse 50). "Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood can not inherit the Kingdom of God," but most of the churches are busy teaching a directly opposite doctrine. The preachers, most of them, tell us "Flesh and blood will inherit the kingdom of heaven, and must," for the whole "orthodox" faith is built on this un-Pauline assertion. On this point practically the whole of Christendom takes issue with Paul, and the defection in the church may be said to turn on the correct interpretation of the word *anastasis*. Those who understand by it a resurrection of the corruption and mortality of the grave may make their peace with St. Paul as they may. They who understand it to mean the metamorphosis of the psychic body into the spiritual body have a grasp of Paul's teaching, which is denied to the church in general.

There is a psychic body and there is a spiritual body, is St. Paul's assertion, and

the translations of the authorized version substitute the word "natural" for the word "psychic," with dire results. There is another body also, symbolized by the "fiery chariot" of Elijah, about which little is said in the New Testament. It is too holy and sacred a subject for profane discussion, and when the church denies the psychic body which is specially mentioned, and explains that the "natural" body is the flesh and blood body, although St. Paul takes pains to say it is not, there is nothing to be expected of a definite character from such blind leaders of the blind. The psychic body, says St. Paul, is the seed sown in the body of flesh and blood. It is sown in corruption, in mortality, in weakness; it is raised in power, immortal, incorruptible. Thus the riddle of the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians is clear enough when properly understood, but we have only made skeptics and materialists by the false doctrine of the "resurrection" so-called. The great mass of Spiritualists have reconciled their experience and teaching of Paul as they understood it, when they have not troubled about the matter at all, by explaining the "resurrection" to be the return of the so-called dead in the guise of materialized forms in the seance room and through mediums. The fact is, however, that these appearances and manifestations are still those of the "psychic" body and not of the "spiritual" body at all. As the distinction between these has not been taught generally, they can not be blamed altogether for the mistake, but the experiences of the more advanced or "developed" Spiritualists will be found not to belong to the realm of the psychic world alone, but to have touched and even penetrated the spiritual poetic world. The four worlds for which our four bodies or vehicles correspond have been symbolized from time immemorial by earth, water, air (or spirit) and fire, hence the three "baptisms" of water, of blood and of fire. The alchemists represented these three by salt, sulphur, and mercury. Jesus has allusions to salt, and fire and divine fire are mentioned, being the fire and brimstone of the translation.

There is a unity throughout nature which is based primarily on number. As Plato said, "God geometrizes." These four elements have their place in the

great septenary scale and each of them have their septenary subdivisions, which are resubdivided in seven-fold aspects, just as sound and color are. The seven spirits that stand before God, the seven archangels, heads of the spiritual hierarchies are regents of these septenary classifications, which are not arbitrary, but as natural as the seven colors of the rainbow or the seven notes of the scale, or for those who understood it, the seven days of the week. In our universe only the lower four of the great seven are manifest and these are the four worlds typified in alchemy by carbon, nitrogen, oxygen, and hydrogen. Even Mahomet recognized these and his four archangels—Michael, Gabriel, Azrael, and Israfil—correspond with the Christian four. The seven sacred planets represent the same idea. "There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars: for one star differeth from another star in glory." Paul was certainly not speaking astronomically in this passage. He had in mind the whole mystery of the world and the overworlds. In these worlds there is the same struggle between positive and negative, between ascending and descending forces which we are accustomed to here. In Ephesians vi., 10-12, Paul tells us that "our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against the principalities (archas), the powers (exousias), against the world-rulers (kosmo-kratoras) of the darkness of this age (æon), against the spiritual (hosts) of wickedness in the heavenly places (epouraniois.)" For a clearer statement of these things one must go to the Upanishads and other Indian scriptures with which Paul was evidently familiar, as his three years in Arabia might well make him.

There is an impression widely spread among a certain class of thinkers that outside this earth there is nothing but heaven, a state or condition of rest and peace and tranquillity. We ought to know that while the universe is in manifestation there must be strain and struggle. Our limited ideas must not be allowed to interfere with our observation of what is going on about us. We can not note the extraordinary turbulence and activity associated with sun-spot phenomena, and their effects upon the earth without realizing that all life is a

series of adjustments, a seeking for poise, which can not be found until all individual wills are merged in the one Will. Paul's ideas of the spiritual world and of spiritual beings are strictly in harmony with what we observe, and the more we learn of the subjective worlds, the worlds that are over-worlds to this material earth, the more inclined we shall be to accept Paul's statements. "Then shall be revealed the lawless one—whose coming is according to the working of Satan with all power and signs and lying wonders, and with all deceit of unrighteousness" (II Thessalonians ii., 8). There are such lawless ones in every era, representing the destructive, negative, and selfish powers, and it is not to be wondered at if the German leader has been regarded as such a one, "with all deceit of unrighteousness." In the first epistle to Timothy (iv., 1, 2) Paul returns to this idea. "The Spirit saith expressly that in later times some shall fall away from: (or depart from) the faith (understanding, intuition) giving heed to deceiving spirits and teachings of demons in the hypocrisy of speakers of lies, cauterized (or seared) in their own consciences, forbidding to marry, to abstain from foods, which God created for thankful acceptance for the understanding ones and those who know the truth." Paul was very strong for the perfect law of liberty for those who had understanding and enlightenment.

Paul's demand for freedom for all is based on his own experience. "Neither did I receive it from man, nor was I taught it, but it came to me through revelation. . . . I conferred not with flesh and blood" (Galatians i., 11-12). It is well to compare Acts ix., 3-9, and xxii., 6-11, and note how the two accounts contradict each other. In one the bystanders hear a voice, but behold no man; in the other they behold a light, but hear not the voice. Theologians say such things are trivial, but such evidence would not pass the Society of Psychic Research. The fact is that some may have been clairvoyant only and others clairaudient only, but the net result is to drive the student back to his own experience and away from the authority which the priests and sacerdotalists generally seek to establish. There can be only one authority, the light within.

"Let no man defraud you of your prize," says Paul (Colossians ii., 18), "doing His will in lowliness of mind and worship of the angels, intruding into things which he has not seen, vainly puffed up by the mind of the flesh (the brain consciousness), and not holding fast the Head, from whom all the body, being supplied by the joints and hands and knit together, increases with the increase of God." This whole chapter is a warning against depending on outer authorities, or on any one save the Christ, the Master, who as the Bhagavad Gita has it, "is seated in the heart of every creature."—*Toronto Sunday World*.

THE UNSEEN.

There is certainly a world beyond our normal consciousness from which neither space nor time divides us, but only the barrier of our sense perceptions. This barrier constitutes what has been well termed the "threshold of sensibility" and limits the area of our consciousness. In the progress of evolution from lower to higher forms of life this threshold has been successively shifted, with a corresponding exaltation of consciousness. The organism of an oyster, for instance, constitutes a threshold which shuts it out from the greater part of our sensible world; in like manner the physical organism of man forms a threshold which separates him from the larger and transcendental world of which he forms a part. But this threshold is not immovable. Occasionally, in rapture, in dream, in hypnotic trance, it is shifted, and the human spirit temporarily moves in "worlds not realized" by sense. In the clairvoyance of deep hypnotic sleep, and in somnambulism, the threshold is still further shifted and a higher intelligence emerges, with a clearness and power proportional to the more complete cessation of the functions and consciousness of our ordinary waking life. This intelligence has powers and perceptions wider and deeper than those of the normal waking consciousness. Accordingly, since the exercise of these faculties in our daily life is apparently hindered by our bodily organism, we may infer that when we are freed from this "muddy vesture of decay" and the soul enters on its larger life these faculties will no longer be trammelled as they are now.

As, one by one, the avenues of sense close forever, the threshold of sensibility is not suddenly removed; and so, as our loved ones pass from us, it is probable that in most cases the "dawn behind all dawns" creeps gently upward, slowly awakening them to the wider and profounder consciousness that, for good or ill, awaits us all.—*Sir William F. Barrett in "On the Threshold of the Unseen."* Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE ESTRAY.

I have seen many things;
My soul is an old soul now;
My soul is tired.

Rulers of Life and Death,
I have lived many lives;
I should be fast asleep
Where my old gods dream white
With the souls I knew.

Rulers of Life and Death,
What did my tired soul do,
Back in those friended times
When I was with my own,
That it must come again
Here where no friend-soul is?

For I have had dreams;
Hushing, remembering. . . .
Faces I knew,
That left me, wakened.

Rulers of Life and Death,
I have atoned for all,
All the forgotten sins,
All of that long-dead wrong,
Here in the loneliness,
In the stranger-ways. . . .

Rulers of Life and Death,
Let me go sleep!
—*Margaret Widdemer.*

The fruit of wisdom is declared to be freedom from anxiety at the sight of trouble. How can a man of right discrimination do afterwards the blame-worthy acts done when deluded?—*Sankaracharya.*

Creation or Origin, in the Christian sense of the term, is absolutely unthinkable.—*H. P. Blavatsky.*

In the one supreme reality how can there be any indication of difference?—*Sankaracharya.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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THE SMALL THINGS.

The great theosophical truths may be learned from the study of visible facts and events even more readily than from the printed page. The student who would truly know the law needs no access to libraries, since these at the best can do no more than direct his vision. They will never give him the kind of mind that classifies and interprets. This he must gain for himself. Plotinus asks somewhere: "Where does the light come from that shines on things?" And he replies: "From the soul of the sufferer, of the enjoyer." The soul gazes upon its own states and knows them not for what they are. So once more we are brought face to face with the "self-induced and self-devised efforts" that are the beginnings of wisdom.

When we have once gained from our philosophy the power to think, and to question, and to try, we shall find in the daily newspaper all the material that we need for our research. For the newspaper is the record of effects, since events are no more than a concretion of precedent thought. Whatever evils exist in our midst were born first in human minds. The world as we see it is but the materialization of consciousness, and even in its smallest detail it is eloquent of the eternal forces that brought it to pass. The daisy has a pink tip to its petals, not so much from the action of wind and weather, of soil and type, as

because titanic powers strove together in the dawn of time. Nothing is too small to declare the state of consciousness that underlies it. To know why the planets revolve in order around the sun, to know the meaning of force and of motion, is to understand God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, to understand life and death and resurrection. And he whose mind can rise to the height of the "That Thou Art" of the old Aryan philosophers sees all things within himself and understands them because they are himself.

EVIL DOGMAS.

The reviewers of some religious newspapers, and notably of the *Hibbert Journal*, are much incensed against Professor Bury, the author of "A History of Freedom of Thought," which has lately appeared in the Home University Library. Mr. Bury says, "We must remember that, according to the humane doctrine of the Christians, pagan, that is, merely human virtues, were vices, and infants who died unbaptized passed the rest of time creeping on the floor of hell." To this the reviewer of the *Hibbert Journal* replies that "Christians as a body have never condemned unbaptized infants to hell." Some few Christians may have done so, but it has never been done by Christians collectively.

Now if orthodox theology wishes to repudiate this teaching it is at liberty to do so. But to deny its existence

is simply to be untruthful. It is only a few years ago that it was officially expunged from the Westminster Confession and then only by a portion of the Presbyterian body and against the protests of the remainder, who still adhere to it. It is distinctly to be inferred from the Book of Common Prayer. It is still an integral part of orthodoxy wherever orthodoxy is to be found. It is true enough that the teaching is not openly preached, but this is due to cowardice, and not to penitence. The conscience of the world will not tolerate the horror and so it has been shuffled out of sight. Moreover, to refrain from teaching a dogma and to renounce the dogma are two very different things. We may reasonably believe that a good many Christians would be brought to the idea of reincarnation if they had the courage boldly to face the question of the disposition of those who die in infancy, and by boldly facing the question we do not mean ascertaining the opinions of a clergyman.

Another statement that excites the resentment of the reviewer of the *Hibbert Journal* is Mr. Bury's further remark that "it would be difficult to say how much harm has been done, in corrupting the morals of men, by the precepts and examples of inhumanity, violence, and bigotry which the reverent reader of the Old Testament, implicitly believing in its inspiration, is bound to approve." It would be hard to find anything more patently and obviously true, in spite of the reviewer's denial. The religious wars of the world have been invariably defended in their worst atrocities by the citation of Old Testament incidents.

Who then invested you with the mission to announce to the people that there is no God—what advantage find you in persuading man that nothing but blind force presides over his destinies, and strikes haphazard both crime and virtue?—*Robespierre*.

Not from birth does one become a slave; not from birth does one become a saint; but by conduct alone.—*Buddha*.

Our acts our angels are, or good or ill
Our fatal shadows that walk with us still.
—*Beaumont and Fletcher*.

CRUSTS AND CRUMBS.

(By Albert Ernest Stafford.)

There are still hosts of people who do not believe in evil as a definite force in the universe, and who therefore have no clear conception of good forces opposing the evil. Owing to ignorance, or shall we say the forgetfulness of knowledge, which previously existed and is still accessible, distinctions between good and evil forces have come to be regarded by many people as superstitions, with the result that they act on whim or impulse sometimes for good, but just as willingly for evil if they do not perceive the end aimed at. The churches have contributed very much to the general ignorance by their absurd personifications of these forces, and perhaps most of all by the caricature conception of a personal devil with horns, hoof and tail, and all the accompanying ideas of the fires of Tophet, everlasting torture, and other mediæval beliefs. Until we get away from these unreal and distorted views and become familiar with the facts once more it will be impossible to restore the lost harmony of a condition which depends upon the recognition of equilibrating factors. Good and evil, to my mind, are as definitely in the universe as positive and negative currents are present in electricity. The clash of these forces is to be recognized in all kinds of phenomena, cosmic, planetary, racial, social, and in human temperament. The man who is not aware of two forces within himself, like Paul, has thought little, or experienced little, or striven little. The warfare is continual. Frequently it rises to such gigantic proportions as we have it in the present world war, where the distinction between the two forces at work is most marked. The efforts of some thinkers to convince themselves that all is good, so as to justify their own abstention from the struggle, I can only regard as the result of ignorance.

Had the whole nation had plain and simple teaching on the question of good and evil, right and wrong, we should have had no difficulty over political questions, or national questions, or war questions, or social questions, or labor questions, or any other class of questions. It is strange how few, comparatively, have any simple standard by which they can determine right and wrong, good and

evil. Even the simplest test requires some training and development for its application. It is the test of selfishness. What is selfish is evil, however we may excuse it, or try to palliate it. Before this test the nations stand or fall. To the extent they fight for themselves only—and it matters not which side they are on—to that extent they are on the side of evil. If there had been purer and more wholly unselfish motives on the part of the Entente Allies, or had there been absolute evil only in the design of the Central Powers the struggle might not have been so prolonged. No thoughtful person, however, can have any doubt whatever as to which side is mainly right and which is mainly wrong. Those who know that the Entente Alliance is mainly right, but on account of some specks on the record, some spots on the sun, stand aside and lend their influence thereby to the side mainly evil, are incurring an evil karma, a tendency of character, an inclination towards wrong, and a blurring of the moral faculties which it may take many incarnations to correct. Such blindness leads eventually to just such positions as the German philosophers have assumed in relation to the war. The German position is a logical outcome of the early evolutionary and thoroughly materialistic doctrine of the survival of the fittest. This was distinctly repudiated by Professor Huxley, who insisted that the real law was the survival of the best. . . .

There is no room in the Prussian view of things for moral forces or difference made by the motive behind an action. The mere outward physical result is all that is considered in the material philosophy. It was to correct this error that the effort was made by the Sages of the East to revive in humanity a consciousness of the higher powers latent in man, and of the separate existence of the thinking man as an entity apart from the human-animal form in which he dwells. The German philosophy tacitly or expressly repudiates this view, and surrenders itself to the blind forces of nature with what outcome fate may destine. The free will of man and therefore human liberty is thereby repudiated. The higher human virtues are nothing accounted of. The individual man is no more than the beast. Truth and false-

hood are alike only means to an end, and not of intrinsic merit or the reverse in themselves. A Mahatma, known as Master K. H., in a letter published by Mr. A. P. Sinnott in his book, "The Occult World," indicated forty years ago the principle involved. I will quote a paragraph which goes to the root of the matter. "We see a vast difference between the two qualities of two equal amounts of energy expended by two men, of whom one, let us suppose, is on his way to his daily quiet work, and another on his way to denounce a fellow-creature at the police station, while the men of science see none; and we—not they—see a specific difference between the energy in the motion of the wind and that of a revolving wheel. And why? Because every thought of man upon being evolved passes into the inner world and becomes an active entity by associating itself, coalescing, we might term it, with an elemental—that is to say—with one of the semi-intelligent forces of the lower kingdoms. It survives as an active intelligence—a creature of the mind's begetting—for a longer or shorter period proportionate with the original intensity of the cerebral action which generated it. Thus, a good thought is perpetuated as an active, beneficent power, an evil one as a maleficent demon. And so man is continually peopling his current in space with a world of his own, crowded with the offsprings of his fancies, desires, impulses, and passions: a current which reacts upon any sensitive or nervous organization which comes in contact with it, in proportion to its dynamic intensity." —*Toronto Sunday World*.

There is, therefore, a certain ecstatic or transporting power which, if at any time it shall be excited or stirred up by an ardent desire and most strong imagination, is able to conduct the spirit of the more outward, even to some absent and far distant object.—*Von Helmont*.

The doctrine of metempsychosis may almost claim to be a natural or innate belief in the human mind, if we may judge from its wide diffusion among the nations of the earth and its prevalence throughout the historical ages.—*Professor Francis Bowen*. Digitized by Google

SCRIABIN.

The untimely death of the Russian musical composer, Scriabin, gives certain additional interest to the account of his significant but unfinished labors that comes to us from the pen of Dr. A. Eaglefield Hull. We are told that at the time of Scriabin's death he was experimenting with the unification of the various arts of sound, light, and bodily movement; and, "as if all this were not enough, wove a system of Theosophy into the art of his latest period":

Since the religious enfranchisement in Russia many new cults have arisen there. Amongst these, Theosophy has been much favored amongst the *intelligentsia*, especially in Moscow and Charkoff. People seem to be experiencing a desire for a greater spirituality than is afforded by the older forms. Scriabin's music appears to have joined issue with Theosophy as a convenient peg to hang his music on.

In Scriabin's Fourth Sonata he tries to express the striving upward toward the Ideal Creative Power:

By this means Scriabin depicts here a number of soul-states in evolution, undergoing, almost from bar to bar, various prismatic spiritual experiences which spring from the one generic idea. Of course, as Eugen Gunst remarks, any attempt to render a definite programme in words or even to class Scriabin as a composer of "programme music," on the lines of Berlioz and others, would be completely foreign to Scriabin's steadfast view of the mission of music. Doubtless all great music is the expression of the feelings rather than of actual events. Henceforth Scriabin has striven in his works to render them more spiritual; but any further attempt to label themes or describe these works in more definite terms of Theosophy must be discouraged. Scriabin was content to leave them as music *per se*, and his revelation to Gunst with regard to this Sonata, which stands, as it were, at the parting of the ways, may be thankfully accepted as a signpost merely to show the direction he is going to take in future. It is interesting to observe here that one of our leading English composers, Cyril Scott, admits that Theosophy has helped him very much in his musical composing.

In no other composer, says the author, is the steady onward progression in his art more remarkable. For him the evolutionary process is perfectly clear:

The first two Symphonies belong to his early but yet mature period. The Third marks the Transition stage into the theosophic region. It expresses the liberation of the spirit from temporal fetters, the self-affirmation of personality. The Fourth expresses the composer's ecstasy of untrammelled action, his joy in Creative Activity, and the Fifth (*Prometheus*) the real Life of the Spirit in its ceaseless rising efforts towards the fuller

light of knowledge. In the latter Scriabin uses a new medium more suited to his purpose. His "mystic chord" introduces into music a new system of harmony constructed on intervals of the Fourth.

The author admits that he is very much at sea as to Scriabin's connection with Theosophy:

And this is where I am very much at sea. I am not a Theosophist, and can not "function on the astral plane," as they put it. Scriabin would hardly expect one to judge of Theosophy by his music. Still less is one able to estimate his music in terms of Theosophy. I am keenly sympathetic and appreciative of Scriabin's outlook in life and art. I can at any rate judge of the effect of Scriabin's music on myself, and Scriabin certainly wrote his music for the general public, and not for the Theosophists in particular.

I can well imagine that when Scriabin joined the Theosophists he would eagerly welcome a system of Philosophy which fitted in so well with what musicians are ever trying to express more clearly. For no philosophy has systematized the scale of the emotions—that region so vaguely treated by Spencer and all the others—so well as have the Theosophists. Nor does any other system approach so closely to the regions of that "sixth sub-conscious sense"—indefinable though undeniable—upon which music operates chiefly. Theosophists occasionally seem to give too much play to the life of the senses; but one can see at once why a musician could welcome such a philosophy, for it appears to explain much which he is trying to understand.

Scriabin claims that his theosophy grew out of his music. I think he was mistaken here. I can readily imagine that many things in Theosophy stimulated his musical imagination in many new and more forceful ways. During the last forty years theosophic circles, small but select, have sprung up in most of the large cities in Europe. Important groups were formed in London, Berlin, Brussels, Paris, and many other places. But particularly in Russia has the new cult taken root amongst what are known as the "intelligentsia."

Dr. Hull is to be congratulated on his abstention from any attempt to summarize the theosophical philosophy. He is content to point out a few of its essentials so far as they seem to have a bearing upon the music of Scriabin:

Theosophy is defined as the science of religions; it embraces all, but this embrace has apparently failed on account of its very hugeness, and the philosophy which should cover all has frequently become a special cult of its own.

East and West, despite Kipling, do decidedly seem to meet in this new cult; and the commingling of two great racial forces is well illustrated in Theosophy, which as a cult resolves itself into a curious blend of Christianity and Pantheism. The Christian believes in a God Immanent and Transcendent—God in us, around us, and above us. The Buddhist believes in a God Immanent but not

Transcendent—in everything but not outside of everything—and looks forward to a time when his existence will be merged finally in Nirvana.

Dr. Hull does not think that music is likely to gain from an alliance with color. It is more likely that both will lose. But then we are still awaiting some one competent to effect the alliance. Scriabin did no more than make an initial attempt.

SCRIABIN. By A. Eaglefield Hull, Mus. Doc. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25.

NOTES ON THE BHAGAVAD-GITA

We assume, quite justifiably, I think, that the *Bhagavad-Gita* sets forth Aryan philosophy. The Aryan is white and noble in contradistinction to the black and ignoble. This book, then, if Aryan, must give us a noble system of philosophy and ethics, useful not only for speculative minds, but also in daily life. Whoever was the author, he, or they, compressed into a short conversation—that is, short for Indians—the essence of religion and philosophy.

The singular manner in which this conversation or lecturing or teaching came about should be first noted. It is after the very beginning of a battle, for the arrows had already begun to fly from side to side. A rain of arrows would first be thrown in before the hand-to-hand encounter began. Arjuna and Krishna are in Arjuna's great chariot. And there, between the two armies, Arjuna asks for advice and receives it through eighteen chapters. All of this has significance.

Arjuna is man or the soul struggling to the light, and while Krishna was one of the Avatars or manifestations of God among men, he is also the Higher Self. Arjuna as man in this world of sense and matter is of necessity either always in a battle or about to begin one, and is also ever in need of advice. This he can get only in a valuable way from his Higher Self. So the singular manner of placing the conversation where it is, and of beginning it as it begins, is the only way it ought to be done.

Arjuna is the man in the life his Karma has produced, and he must fight out the battle he himself invited. Arjuna's object was to regain a kingdom, and so each one of us may know that our fight

is for a kingdom gainable only by individual effort and not by any one's favor.

From the remarks by Arjuna to Krishna we can perceive that the kingdom he—like ourselves—wishes to regain is the one he had in some former age upon this planet or upon some far more ancient one. He has too much insight, too much evident soul-power and wisdom to be an Ego who only for the first, or second, or third time had visited this earth. We likewise are not new. We have been here so many times that we ought to be beginning to learn. And we have not only been here, but beyond doubt those of us who are inwardly and outwardly engaged in the Theosophical movement for the good of others, have been in a similar movement before this life.

This being so, and there being yet many more lives to come, what is the reason we should in any way be downcast? The first chapter of the Book is really not only the survey of the armies, but also the despondency of the principal person—Arjuna. He grows downcast after looking over all the regiments and seeing that he had, on both sides, friends, teachers, relatives, as well as enemies. He falters because want of knowledge prevents him from seeing that the conflict and many apparent deaths are inevitable. And Krishna then proceeds to give him the true philosophy of man and the universe so that he can either fight or refrain from fighting, whichever he sees at any time the best.

Krishna leads him gradually. He plays upon his pride by telling him that if he backs out all men will say he is the most ignoble of all cowards; then he plays upon his Hindu religious teaching, telling him that a warrior must obey the rules of his caste, and fight. He does not plunge at once into high metaphysical speculation or show him occult wonders. And herein it seems to me is a good lesson for all working Theosophists. Too many of us when trying to spread forth the theosophical teaching drag the poor Arjuna's we have caught right into obscure realms where Theosophists themselves know nothing at all but terminology. Krishna's wise, practical, and simple method should be followed, and much better results will be obtained. Our object is to spread theosophical philosophy as widely and quickly as pos-

sible. This can not be done if we indulge in words and phrases far removed from daily life. What good does it do to talk about the Absolute, Parabrahm, and Alaya, and to say *manas* when we mean mind, and *kama* when desire and passion are the English equivalents? It only puzzles the new enquirer, who feels that he has to learn a new language before he will be able to do anything with Theosophy. It is a good deal easier to show that the new terms can be learned afterwards.

The first chapter having introduced the practical question of life, the second is equally practical, for it directs attention at the outset to the larger and eternal life of which each incarnation is a day or a moment. For Krishna says:

"I myself never was not, nor thou, nor all the princes of the earth; nor shall we ever hereafter cease to be. As the Lord of this mortal frame experienceth therein infancy, youth, and old age, so in future incarnations will it meet the same. One who is confirmed in this belief is not disturbed by anything that may come to pass."

Thus, continued *practical* existence as opposed to continued theoretical and so-called heavenly existence, and as opposed to materialistic annihilation is declared at once. This is true immortality. The Christian Bible has no word in the original, teaching immortality such as this; and the preaching of the priests does not lean to an unselfish view of continued existence. And it is very certain that if one is fully confirmed in the knowledge of eternal life through reincarnation he is quite unlikely to be disturbed by things that disturb other people. So at the very outset the teachings of Krishna open up a tremendous vista of life, and confer a calmness most necessary for us in the fight.

The generality of men have many and widely branching objects for mental devotion. It is a devotion to sense, or to self, or to wrong belief or to improper practice. But the follower of the *Bhagavad-Gita* gradually comes to see that the true devotion is that which has but one object through all changes of scene, of thought, or of companionship. That object is the Self which is all in all. The Self, as object, is immovable, whereas the objects taken up by the unwise are movable and transitory.

Equal mindedness and skill in the right performance of duty are the true rules—this is yoga. This right performance of duty means the mental state, for the mere performance of an act has no moral quality in it, since even a machine may be made to perform acts usually done by men. The moral quality resides in the person inside and in his presence or absence. If a human body, asleep or devoid of a soul, raised its hand and took the life of another, that would not be a crime. And oppositely the performance of a good act is no virtue unless the person within is in the right attitude of mind. Many an apparently good act is done from selfish, hypocritical, crafty, or other wrong motives. These are only outwardly good. So we must attain to a proper state of mind, or mental devotion, in order to know how to skillfully perform our actions without doing so for the sake of the result; doing them because they ought to be done, because they are our duties.

Krishna warns Arjuna also against inactivity from a false view of the philosophy. This warning necessary then is so still. On hearing this teaching for the first time many say that it teaches inaction, sitting still, silence. And in India great numbers taking that view, retired from life and its duties, going into the caves and jungles away from men. Krishna says:

"Firmly persisting in yoga perform thy duty."

To endeavor to follow these rules empirically, without understanding the philosophy and without making the fundamental doctrines a part of one's self, will lead to nothing but disgust and failure. Hence the philosophy must be understood. It is the philosophy of Oneness or Unity. The Supreme Self is one and includes all apparent others. We delude ourselves with the idea that we are separate. We must admit that we and every other person are the Self. From this we will begin to see that we may cease to be the actor, although outwardly doing every act that is right. We can cease to be the actor when we know we can withdraw ourselves from the act. Attachment to the act arises from a self-interest in the result that is to follow. It is possible for us to do these things without that self-interest, and if we are trying to follow the rule of doing our

actions because they ought to be done we will at last do only that which is right to be done.

A great deal of the unhappiness of life comes from having a number of interests in results which do not come out as expected. We find people pretending to believe in Providence and to rely on the Almighty, but who are continually laying down plans for those powers to follow. They are not followed, and as the poor mortal fixed his mind and heart on the result, unhappiness follows.

But there is a greater unhappiness and misery caused by acting, as is the usual way, for the sake of results. It is this that the great humdrum mass of men and women are whirled around the wheel of rebirth for ages, always suffering, because they do not know what is happening to them, and only by an accident altering the poor character of births incessantly repeated.

The mind is the actor, the person who is attached. When it is deluded it is not able to throw off the subtle chains that bind it to reincarnation. Having spent an incarnation in looking after results it is full of earthly impressions, and has made the outer skandhas very powerful. So when its stay in Devachan is at its end the old images, impressions, and the powerful skandhas drag it back to another life. At the time of bodily death the mind is temporarily almost altered into the image of the dominant thought of life, and so is beside itself or insane by comparison with the sage and with what ought to be its proper state. Being so it is impossible for it either to prevent rebirth or to select and take up an incarnation with a definite end and work in the world in view.

The bearing of the teaching upon ethics is in my opinion very important. It gives a vital system as opposed to a mechanical one. We are to do our duty with the thought that we are acting for and as the Supreme Being, because that Being acts only by and through the creatures. If this be our real rule it would in time be impossible for us to do wrong, for constantly thinking thus we grow careful as to what acts we commit and are always clearing up our view of duty as we proceed.

On the other hand a mechanical code of ethics leads to error. It is convenient

because any fixed code is more convenient to follow than the application of broad principles in brotherly spirit. Mechanical codes are conventional and for that reason they lead to hypocrisy. They have led people to mistake etiquette for morality. They cause the follower of them to unrighteously judge his neighbor who does not come up to his conventional code which is part of his ethics. It was a mechanical system of ethics that permitted and encouraged the Inquisition, and similar ethics in our later days permit men professing the highest altruism to persecute their brothers in the same way in intention. If the law and liberty of the times were not opposed they would slay and torture, too.

But I have only time to touch lightly upon some of the many valuable points found in the first two chapters. If but those two chapters were preserved and the others lost, we would still have enough.

The remaining chapters deal with universal cosmical truths as well as with philosophy and ethics. They all enforce the great doctrine of unity or non-separateness. In going over them we find such references as require us to know and to believe in the Wisdom-Religion. The rise and destruction of races is given, the obscurities and darkness between evolutionary periods, the universal great destructions and the minor ones are there. Through all these the Self sits calmly looking on as the spectator, the witness, the receptacle.

Where Arjuna the Archer is, he who was taught by Krishna, with him is glory, honor, fortune, and success. He who knows Arjuna knows himself.—*William Breton in the Path, September, 1895.*

Spiritual Mind, the upper portion or aspect of the impersonal Manas (Mind) takes no cognizance of the senses in physical man.—*H. P. Blavatsky.*

It would be curious if we should find science and philosophy taking up again the old theory of metempsychosis.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

It is a mathematical fact that the casting of this pebble from my hand alters the centre of gravity of the universe.—*Carlyle.*

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THE WAY OF THE CHILDISH.

The following extracts are from a little volume entitled "The Way of the Childish," by Shri Advaitacharya, just published by E. P. Dutton & Co. (50 cents net). The preface has the following to say with regard to their source: "The methods by which some of the Sages of India instruct their disciples are varied according to their temperament and evolutionary stage of the disciples themselves. The great Teachers known as "Masters" in the Theosophical literature instruct their pupils (with a few rare exceptions) from another plane; but there are others who instruct them by word of mouth. "The Way of the Childish" is the fruit of the writer's discipleship with a Teacher of the latter class, and is transcribed *in part* for the benefit of the Western world; the entire teaching not being of a nature that can advisably be presented to the public at large. The reasons for this are not far to seek, for on the one hand, a considerable knowledge of Oriental philosophy and metaphysics were necessary to a right comprehension, and on the other, certain physical and mental exercises were given, which may be suited to one individual, but quite unsuited to another. "The Way of the Childish," as it stands, however, is perfectly comprehensible to everybody; of whatever country, line of thought, religious (or even irreligious) persuasion he may be: indeed the reader

will often be struck by the knowledge of the West and its customs which the Sage shows. This, it may be remarked, is partly owing to the unbounded tolerance which all true Indian Teachers manifest, and also to the fact that for many years the Sage lived in the Western world, and his teaching was delivered to a Western pupil."

But how, it may be asked, can we satisfy ourselves as to the source of such "teachings"? By no way that is known to the writer. Nor would it be desirable. If these precepts, or any other, seem to be good, they should be accepted. If otherwise they should be rejected:

He who strives to injure another injures himself, for the *desire* to injure is a pain in the mind of him who desires to do the injury. [This phrase has been modified for those unversed in Oriental philosophy—the original ran thus: He who strives to injure another injures himself twofold, for the desire to injure is a pain in the mind of him who desires to do the injury, and the law of Karma can never be thwarted: Karma being the law of cause and effect in its relation to actions. The Bible has it, "as a man sows, so shall he reap."]

To love one other is less childish than to love one's self, and to love a hundred others is to step on the path towards Wisdom, but to love everybody is the acme of Wisdom and the essence of

Bliss. [This has a twofold meaning, *i. e.*, that he who could love everybody would realize the SELF, which is SAT-CHIT-ANANDA (Absolute Existence-Knowledge-Bliss).]

Many are those who scoff at the withered arm of the Yogi and the self-inflicted torture of the ancient Saint, but with the same voice say: "Behold, Lent is here, let me deny myself this or that." And yet, O scoffers! the age will come when the wise ones will smile also at you.

Truly may it be said: to deny the body that which still the mind desires is not real renunciation, but merely illusion: for verily renunciation is alone complete when there is no *sense* of renunciation.

He who, absorbed in the happiness and interests of others, thinks least of his own character, benefits his character the most: not he who practices useless self-denial.

Great is the superstition that what the *majority* does is right, nearer to the truth were it to say, what the *majority* does is wrong, for only the *few* it is who *think*, and verily ignorance multiplied can not become knowledge. The thought of Galileo was right when the thoughts of the whole world were wrong; the thought of Columbus was right, when the thoughts of the whole world were wrong—then why this adulation for the majority, when even a simpleton can learn it is false?

All true love is at first sight, for it is based upon recollection. [This seems rather strange to Western minds, but in Sanskrit, love and recollection are the same word; taking into account the doctrine of reincarnation, which means, to love at first sight is to recollect the "love" of one's former life. The Sage, however, I think, overlooks the fact that the Westerners are less psychic than the Hindus, and therefore not so likely to "recollect" at once.]

There is one point which might still be dealt with before concluding, and that is, the method of getting rid of childishness. This has been partly explained in the footnote to "Relative Happiness and Unconditional Happiness," but it were

well to add something for the benefit of those who wish to direct the practice to other things than the acquirement of felicity. The *modus operandi* is simply to concentrate one's mind on the thing one desires to *become*, as already explained in the footnote referred to; and yet, although the way is simple in itself, to possess the necessary patience and will-power to continue long enough, this is not quite so simple, and the first step must often be to acquire that patience.

The idea of childishness, however, is here a great help, as the correct diagnosis of a disease is half-way towards the cure. Now, although the word *childishness* carries no intolerance with it, yet the child who has got a little beyond childhood does not care to be called, or to be thought, a child. It is the same with adult human beings—let one but diagnose their so-called evil propensities as childishness, and in most cases they will not care to cling to those propensities any longer, for the illusion respecting them has vanished. As a man walking in the dark sees before him a piece of rope, and thinks to himself, "Here is something useful, I will keep this rope," and so goes to pick it up, but discovers it to be a serpent, then not only does he seek to avoid it with all haste, as a poisonous and horrible thing, but at the same time the illusion of the rope vanishes forever.

We can imagine the existence of immaterial beings in this world without the fear of being refuted; though at the same time without being able to demonstrate their existence by reason. Such spiritual beings would exist in space, and the latter, notwithstanding, would remain penetrable for physical beings, because their presence would imply an acting power in space, but not a filling of it, not a resistance causing solidity.—Kant.

The delusion of death shall pass;
The delusion of mounded earth, the apparent withdrawal;
Ye shall shed your bodies and upward flutter to freedom.

—Stephen Phillips.

Why fear death? Death is the most beautiful adventure in life.—Charles Frohman.

PLEASURE AND PAIN.

(Helen Stone Tuzo in the Word.)

No one would quarrel with the title of this paper if it read a "Cure for Pain" alone. The world today is seeking such cures with unprecedented avidity—the undeveloped for themselves, some a little further along for those they know and love, a few of the most advanced for humanity at large. There has never been recorded an era in which there has been so widespread a revolt from pain or from physical and material deprivation as the present. Of all the advertisements with which our periodicals and our surroundings teem, none reap such immediate and rich returns as those of the patent medicines. The Christian Science church, whose great promise is the release from irksome physical conditions, grows by leaps and bounds, and so-called New Thought, whose attitude is "why do without what you want?" is not far behind. Public sympathy is almost hysterically ready to pour itself out upon cases of human suffering—especially by wholesale—and even upon the sufferings of animals, to a degree or rather an extent hitherto unknown. And this is well. Pain, the evidence of mal-adjustment or the result of deliberate or unintentional infringement of life's laws, ought to be minimized as far as possible at present and prevented as far as possible in the future. But here a curious obliquity of vision appears—the strange delusion that pain is to be cured by pleasure.

Perhaps it would be well to stop a moment and define our terms. Pain and pleasure are both sensations—and sensations only—resulting from impacts upon the organs of sense (sight, hearing, taste, smell, and touch) or from stimulation of their emotional counterparts, and always expressed to ourselves in terms of physical experience. For instance, we speak of hot or burning rage, bitter disappointment, rank injustice, tender affection. Long lists of pains and pleasures might be compiled, but none could be described save by means of adjectives taken from our five physical senses.

It is a curious fact that for our human organism there is no pleasure that can be intensified beyond a certain point without being transformed into pain, or even into the agent of our destruction.

Thus heat, agreeable and necessary to a certain extent, very soon becomes too great for comfort and at length reduces our frames to a mere handful of ashes; so the gentle warmth of affection, once it has passed its allotted bounds, becomes the fiery destructive passion whose very name means suffering. It were tedious to multiply instances, or to labor the point that pleasure, the complement but not the antithesis of pain, can never suffice for its cure.

That is the great weakness of our attitude today; having come to the determination that we will eliminate pain, we rush frantically after its companion, pleasure, turning blindly in a vicious circle. We are like children who break the thermometer and try to catch the quicksilver which divides itself into smaller and smaller balls until its bright elusiveness is all scattered, and the empty instrument lies useless in our hands. We really ask for a substitute for pain, not for a cure; and we imagine that pleasure will be a satisfying substitute. We are greedy for pleasure; and pain is our portion. Shall we therefore despise pleasure and ignore pain, especially the pleasure and pain of others? That is the way of fanaticism, and that also pushes pleasure and pain into a prominence which causes them to appear distorted and unnatural. It is only when we treat them as ends in themselves, as objects to be striven for or destroyed, that we need a cure for pleasure and pain. For consider: how do they come about, what do they mean?

Pleasure in its legitimate sphere is the indication of our being in right relation to our surroundings, just as pain shows that there is friction. They are respectively the froth and the dregs of the cup of life, without the wine itself they are nothing.

What we truly want is life—life more abundant and of a better quality for ourselves and for others. And this we can only have by loosening our grasp. If we hug our joys and brood over our sorrows, the time will come when they will have withered away and we are left constricted and deformed, empty-handed and empty-hearted; but by sharing our joys with all who can partake, by transmitting our sorrows into sympathy, we attain into the stature of the real humanity.

If we would find a cure for, and who would not desire the privilege of such a service, let us show them how to look away from the results to the causes, let us point out that the great thing to be striven for is harmony, within and without. We must adjust ourselves inwardly to that Life of the universe of which our true selves are a manifestation and expression; we must receive freely, not to clutch and to hoard, but gladly to give again. To see clearly, to think sincerely, to discriminate between the ephemeral and the enduring, to serve joyously and instinctively, this is our noble and happy task. Its completion lies afar off; let us rejoice that it is so, that ours is no easy, petty accomplishment to be learned in a few cheap lessons, but a glorious enterprise that will occupy us with increasing absorption for eternities to come. But long before it is finished, nay, comparatively soon after we have entered upon the path, our eyes will be opened to see the true value, the veritable treasure of the spirit; and we shall no more sell our birthright for a mess of red pottage. Because we shall have allied ourselves with the Higher Mind and found at last the cure for pleasure and pain.

After the dissolution of the body, a man's spirit appears in the spiritual world in the human form altogether as in the natural world. . . . When a man enters on the life after death he sees as before; and when he is touched he feels as before. He also longs, thinks, reflects, loves, and wills as before.—*Swedenborg.*

We see but the half of our deeds
Seeking them wholly in the outer life,
And heedless of the encircling spirit-
world
Which, though unseen, is felt, and sows
in us
All germs of pure and worldwise pur-
poses. —*Lowell.*

There are more guests at table than the
hosts
Invited; the illuminated hall
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive
ghosts,
As silent as the pictures on the wall.

THE OLD SOUL.

Pure and bewildered spirit, what do you
here today?

Yours was a simpler country, a time
more far away.

Where the old gods were shattered there
you upraised your Lord

Stark on His cross a buckler betwixt red
sword and sword,

Where your strong abbeys towered and
your wide harvests smiled

You kept the ward for Heaven, an out-
post in the wild:

On those long-perished uplands your
sandaled footsteps trod,

You knew of seed and harvest, of fire
and sword and God:

You have known prayer and battle,
bondage and sovereignties,

But not this life's impassioned and sad
complexities.

Though where your meadows rippled and
swung their heavy grain

The wisted paven roadways a thousand
years have lain,

Yet here, where no god conquers, where
no firm footsteps stand,

Your eyes seek that lost Saviour and that
old Fatherland.

Where the old saints stand singing, there
does your soul belong,

In Christ's fair jeweled Heaven of ec-
stasy and song,

Or slaying with great laughter down the
red endless morn

In the old wild Valhalla of your strong
gods forsworn;

But you stand here, a stranger, 'mid
souls you can not know.

Meshed in their thoughts, and 'wildered
with many paths to go. . . .

What net of sense ensnared you from
your hard purity

And set you lost and seeking down this
sad century?

Surely for that dim sinning this exile
must atone!

Rise, white and wandered spirit! Re-
turn unto thine own!

—*Margaret Widdemer.*

CRUSTS AND CRUMBS.

(By Albert Ernest Stafford.)

An article on Karma has been sent me by a friend, copied in *World Wide* of August 11th from the *Challenge*, London, England. It is written by Mrs. Sinclair Stevenson, M. A., Sc. D., who has been, I take it, a missionary of some kind in India, and, from her contact with a few of the 300,000,000 of that land, who has formed her opinions of the whole of it, with its eight great languages, its innumerable dialects, its many forms of religion, and its differing races. She has the preconception also that Karma is only taught in India, not being aware, as so few Christians are, that it is the basic doctrine of Christianity, and is recognized as *krima* or judgment in the New Testament. Mrs. Stevenson begins with a little gentle deprecatory patronage of the people who have not been to India to study Karma on the spot. I find that the study of Karma on the spot in Toronto is sufficiently illuminating, and I must confess that if I found it to be necessary to go to India or anywhere else to study Karma or other phase of religious teaching I would regard the teaching as inadequate. St. Paul's doctrine of Karma is, as he puts it, "I carry the law of death in my own body." Mrs. Stevenson, however, regards it as something artificial, probably invented by a heathen philosopher. She does not know her own Bible and those of other religions well enough to appreciate the fact that it is a universal doctrine, found in one form or another in all religions. She makes this concession, however, that "the doctrine is a magnificent attempt to vindicate the righteousness and the justice of the law by which every human being (as all literature shows) instinctively feels the world is governed. It is a splendid example, too, of that spurning of materialism, that determination to stake everything on the unseen, that has been at once the glory and the weakness of India throughout history. But however good the motives may have been that led to the adoption of the theory, its working must be judged, not in its Westernized, but in its Eastern form."

This, I presume, would dismiss the definitions of Karma given by Jesus Christ and St. Paul. "Judge not that ye be not judged, for whatsoever measure

ye mete it shall be measured to you again"; and "Be not deceived; God is not mocked. For whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." This is the doctrine of Karma as enunciated and reiterated over and over in every religion that has an ethical application. There are dozens of statements of the law in the Bible and but for the failure of the church to recognize that the law is not something outside ourselves, but present and active in the very nature of our being, Mrs. Stevenson would not have fallen into the errors about it which she has. One of these errors is due to the failure to distinguish between a doctrine and the misapplication of the doctrine by those who profess it, on account of their own human frailty and proneness to shift responsibility to others, a tendency which is quite as active in Christianity as in Hinduism, Islamism, or Buddhism. Mrs. Stevenson instances the degenerate imputation in India of evil deeds to people in a past life who suffer calamity in the present. If the boy husband of a girl wife in India should die, Mrs. Stevenson says that the child is at once charged with having been an adulteress in his past life, thus to have been visited in this; and she is so treated all through her life. In Christian circles it is merely sufficient to whisper such an accusation against a woman, and no further evidence, either of the death of her husband or anything else in this life or another is needed to ostracize her forever. Mrs. Stevenson describes the treatment of the Indian child-widow as maddening, but is it any worse than the general Christian belief that those who die unsaved will be burned in hell forever and ever? Of course Mrs. Stevenson will say that all Christians do not believe this. But neither do all Hindus accept the views she records as general. She remarks on the difference between "a conscious reaping in this life of what one has wittingly sown, and a theory of retribution in another life for unknown, unremembered acts." This is the problem of the man born blind. "Whether did this man sin or his parents, that he was born blind?" I once wrote a Crusts

and Crumbs article on this problem, as Helen Keller might view it, and I won't repeat the argument here. Jesus did not deny reincarnation, and He spoke the parable of the talents to confirm and illustrate the law of Karma.

Mrs. Stevenson declares that caste is the great barrier to advance in India, and she blames Karma for this, which is a feminine way, so called, of using logic. The misapplication of the idea of Karma by certain Hindus no more discredits the doctrine than the foolish or illegitimate application of Christian teaching discredits the law. "One of the chief reasons," says Mrs. Stevenson, "for Indian unrest is that under British rule, Brahmin ascendancy is threatened by the opportunity given to other castes to rise." She might have added that Brahmin reluctance to having the esoteric teachings of their religion made public is the cause of the opposition of orthodox Brahmins to all efforts toward such dissemination, and also to the perpetuation of the erroneous views of Karma and other doctrines which Hindus suffer under in India. Mrs. Stevenson says that those who are bereaved are consoled by the statement, "You are only reaping the reward for what you did in a previous birth." She does not see that this may be strictly true, and yet that there should be other consolations and other methods of dealing with the fact. She also states that this view destroys all kindness of heart, "and that is why it was left to the followers of Christ to start hospitals and orphanages." There is nothing in the New Testament about hospitals or orphanages. Christians learned to build these institutions from the Mahometans. Christianity itself suffered from "the spurning of materialism, that determination to stake everything on the unseen," in its early days, for which Mrs. Stevenson condemns India, and which is undoubted Christian teaching. "The things that are seen are temporal; the things that are unseen are eternal," is St. Paul's expression of the doctrine, and Jesus condemned the solicitude of some people for "the things that perish." It is not the religion that makes the difference, for the religious teachings are identical, but the nature and character of the two different races. Under the law of Karma, she says, there is no room

for heroic self-sacrifice, no room for innocent suffering. She forgets the enunciation of the doctrine of Karma by Jesus in the presence of his judge: "Thou couldst have no power over me except it had been given unto you." Karma is the law of cause and effect, depending first on the operation of the free will of every individual, and essentially on the innate operation of the law. No outside power imposes Karma upon us. We are our own prosecutors, witnesses, judges, and executioners. With Paul, we carry the law of death in our own bodies. If we will we may change it to a law of life. "Whatsoever" is the word. We sow as we will, and we reap as we sow. Mrs. Stevenson thinks it unfair that we should be rewarded for acts which we have forgotten all about. She should read the parable of the last judgment again (Matthew xxv., 31-46).

"Action of every kind is understood to breed Karma," quite correctly explains Mrs. Stevenson. "Bad action breeds bad Karma and good action breeds good Karma; but even good Karma binds the doer to the wheel of life and forces him to be born again and again, till its accumulated energy be dissipated." Then she swerves from the true teaching which is thoroughly Christian, as one may read in James iii, 12 (revised version, margin), and declares. "So, though it is good to do good, it is better to do nothing; and this combined with the rank individualism it breeds is what makes a believer in Karma so lacking in public spirit, as loth to do anything for the common weal, from mending a hole in the road, to enlisting; contemplation and conversation seem to him the better way." If nothing of this sort was ever seen in the Christian West, even in Toronto, Mrs. Stevenson's indictment might have some weight, but she is evidently unfamiliar with either Karma or Christianity. Did she ever hear Paul's declaration about all one's righteousness being filthy rags? That is misinterpreted by Christians in exactly the same way that the Karmic doctrine of action binding us to the wheel of birth is interpreted by ignorant people in the East. The Gita, which is a much older scripture than the Bible, states that he who knows action in inaction and inaction in action knows the way of union

with God. The Christian form of teaching is that all our acts, good and bad, must be laid on Christ (ignorant Christians say on Jesus). If we do everything "in His name" He assumes the burden and we are freed from the Karma or reaction. In other words we cease to act from desire, which St. James tells us, binds us to the wheel of birth, and we act from love or devotion with no thought of self. Mrs. Stevenson remarks also, "As for God, Karma simply leaves no room for Him." She can not see the forest for trees. God is Karma. We speak colloquially of Providence doing this that or the other thing. Providence is Karma in a very true and real sense. It will be seen how easy it is for the ignorant man to misapply or misunderstand the Christian teaching, as well as the eastern teaching of Karma. The Christian weakling is just as apt to place his sins on Jesus and think he is thereby absolved from the result of his acts, as the Brahmin is likely to think that he is compelled by his Karma to do wicked actions. Christianity teaches forgiveness and remission of sins but nowhere is there a hint of the wiping out of the consequences of sin. "Thou shalt in no wise come out until thou hast paid the uttermost farthing." That is the law of Karma as the New Testament voices it. Mrs. Stevenson says Karma (which means action, character) "at the best compels a man to continual dull middle age, an endless winter season." This is merely rhetorical twaddle. If a man is the result of his own actions, the tendency to action created by all previous action will move him ever more and more to higher and finer activity. Karma is thus the well of water within us springing ever more and more to eternal life. Mrs. Stevenson's misreading of the doctrine has blinded her own eyes and may blind others. She ought to read Mr. Charles Johnston's translation of the Bhagavad Gita.—*Toronto Sunday World*.

In reality Matter is not independent of, or existent outside, our perceptions.
—H. P. Blavatsky.

Beware when the great God lets loose a new thinker on this planet.—*Emerson*.

Everything is a series and in a series.
—*Swedeborg*.

THE MYSTIC.

Backward gazing, often I discern

The medley of occasions which, combined,

Make up the space called life. . . .

The years that burn

And flame with gold and purple, . . .
and were blind.

In yonder urn lie heaped their ashes;
aye,

For all their ghostly glowings, feathered ash;

And though the rains may soak them
day by day,

And the sun warm them, and the lightning flash

To wake some sleeping spark, yet never-more

Can they arise, except they live in me;
And well doth my soul know how the chained door

Of that weird chamber needs nor bolt
nor key . . .

It being scorched along with those old
years . . .

No more for me the perfumed rose at dawn,

The glamored mem'ry crystallized in
tears;

No more for me the heart in willing pawn,

The brush of human fingers, and the dream

Of their enthralling touch; no more
for me

The pulsing passion of a lover's theme,
The worship of love's words on bended knee.

I have exchanged an urn of worthless ash

For the white light that winds the Bridegroom round

From Head to Foot; ah, what to me the crash

And discord of an earthly love, dust-crowned?

The winds may toss my ashes—what care I?

There is within me That which fire
nor flame

Nor acid touch can hurt; nor can It die;
Nor can I wish my tongue give It a name!

—*Lilla B. N. Weston, in the Living Church*.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. II. No. 41.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, October 13, 1917.

Price Five Cents

**Oh, if only the Regents were
hanged in Bulgaria, and Germany
checkmated, I should die in peace.**
—H. P. Blavatsky.

THE UNSEEN HOST.

The story of superhuman appearances on the battlefields of Europe is an old one, and one that most people will receive or reject, not on evidence, but on predilection.

Mr. Percival Wilde uses the idea effectively in his little volume of plays, "The Unseen Host and Other War Plays," just published by Little, Brown & Co. (\$1.25). There is a conversation between the surgeon of a field hospital and a visitor in which there is a reference to the "miracles." The visitor is skeptical, and the surgeon says, "You believe that a miracle happened in Palestine. You deny that another might happen in Flanders." Then the surgeon reads to him the statement of a dying boy:

I saw them. I know I saw them. Whether they were angels, whether they were devils, whether they were living or dead, I do not know. But they were shining shapes, and nothing could withstand them. We were pressed—hard pressed. Another ten minutes, and it would have been all over with us. We would have been crushed by the advancing hordes, trodden under into the mire. And then I heard a tramping, a tramping gradually growing louder, a tramping first challenging the roar of battle, and then overwhelming it, drowning it, so that all sound had become one huge rhythmic tramp, tramp,

tramp! I thought my eardrums would burst. And then I looked up, and beheld the light reflected on their armor, and the sky filled with a huge glitter, and the rays of the sun shining through showers of arrows. And the enemy melted away before us; melted by the hundreds; by the thousands; by the tens of thousands; and those celestial hosts tramped upward, tramped up by that invisible pathway into the heavens, tramped out of sight!

A door opens mysteriously and the doctor closes it. The boy is still alive, but feverishly anxious to go back and join his regiment, and the doctor says that if he were a poet he would say that the soul of the dying soldier had come through the door to rejoin its regiment. They listen, and gradually there commences a curious, hollow, rhythmic tramp. Very subdued at first, it increases slowly in volume, without in the least accelerating its precise, martial rhythm. It grows louder, and louder, and louder; and nearer. The building seems to vibrate with the rhythmically recurrent footfall. The visitor rushes to the windows. He peers out. There is nothing there but fog. An orderly enters:

The Orderly—The boy—the boy who saw the angels—where is he?

The Surgeon—In there.

The Orderly—You are sure?

(The men look at each other silently.)

The Surgeon—Why do you ask?

The Orderly—I saw him!

The Visitor—What?

The Orderly—In the front ranks! With my own eyes! I saw him!

(The surgeon hurries out of the room.)

The Visitor (after a tense pause)—He was dying. Did you know that?

The Orderly (gravely)—I knew.

(The surgeon reënters.)

The Visitor—Well?

The Surgeon (nodding quietly)—Dead.

The Orderly—I saw him! With my own eyes I saw him!

The Surgeon—Dead not five minutes.

The Visitor (staggered)—But—but such things don't happen! There were thousands of boys like him!

The Surgeon (slowly)—Yes.

The Visitor (turning fiercely on the orderly)—You must have been mistaken!

The Orderly (changing the word pointedly)—I might have been mistaken.

The Surgeon—Then, again, you might not have been.

(The orderly nods quietly, understandingly. The visitor gasps.)

The theme is effectively used. So far as the incident is concerned we may regard it, if we wish, as a fairy story. But then what is a fairy story?

It is interesting to note that these battlefield visions are mentioned by Dr. Dorothy Scarborough in her "The Supernatural in Modern English Fiction," just published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Arthur Machen, she says, has just published a collection of stories of war apparitions that are interesting psychical specimens, called *The Bowmen*. One tale is a story of the supernatural intervention of St. George and his army to drive back the Germans and save the hour for the Allies, while another describes the vision of a soldier wounded in battle defending his comrades, who sees the long-dead heroes of England file past him to praise him for his valor. The minister gives him wine to drink and

His voice was hushed. For as he looked at the minister the fashion of his vesture was changed. He was all in armor, in armor made of starlight, of the rose of dawn, and of sunset fires; and he lifted up a great sword of flame

"Full in the midst, his Cross of Red
Triumphant Michael brandished
And trampled the Apostate's pride."

Another case, says the author, of collective apparitions is the experience of a soldier, wounded in battle, who tells of strange fighters who have come in to aid the English. He thinks they are some of the tribesmen that Britain employs, but from his descriptions the minister knows that they are the long-dead Greeks who have arisen to take part in the struggle

which their modern descendants are reluctant to share.

Unless we are mistaken there are similar stories of war apparitions from the French soldiers, some of them of an even more startling nature.

A PROPHECY BY WHITMAN.

(From the New York Nation.)

TO THE EDITOR—*Sir*: The following lines from Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" seems to me interestingly prophetic—that is, as prophetic as much else of similar sort now being set to various types, with the added advantage of being as surely genuine as some of the other material is not. I believe the "Leaves" was first published in 1855, though I am not well enough conversant with Mr. Whitman's frequent changes in his verse to dare say that this extract is properly to be credited to that year:

Years of the Modern! years of the unper-
form'd!

Your horizon arises, I see it parting away for
more august dramas,

I see not America only, not only Liberty's
nation, but other nations preparing.

I see tremendous entrances and exits, new
combinations, the solidarity of nations.

I see that force advancing with irresistible
power on the world's stage,

(Have the old forces, the old war, played
their parts? are the acts suitable to them
closed?)

I see Freedom, completely arm'd and victori-
ous and very haughty, with Law on one
side, Peace on the other,

A stupendous trio all issuing forth against
the idea of caste;

What historic dénouements are those we so
rapidly approach?

I see men marching and countermarching by
swift millions,

I see the frontiers and boundaries of the old
autocracies broken,

I see the landmarks of European kings re-
moved,

I see this day the People beginning their
landmarks (all others give way):

Never were such sharp questions ask'd as this
day,

Never was average man, his soul, more ener-
getic, more like a God.

What whispers are these, O lands, running
ahead of you, passing under the seas!

Are all nations communing? is there going
to be but one heart to the globe?

Is humanity forming *en masse*? for lo, ty-
rants tremble, crowns grow dim,

The earth, restive, confronts a new era. . . .

WARWICK JAMES PRICE.

CRUSTS AND CRUMBS.

(By Albert Ernest Stafford.)

In "Julius LeVallon" Algernon Blackwood has written his cleverest novel. It is probable that many readers will prefer to go back to his stories of child life like "Jimbo," "The Education of Uncle Paul," or "The Extra Day," but of the highly organized stories on occult subjects "Julius LeVallon" is the masterpiece. Mr. Blackwood's method involves the most extraordinary elaboration of detail in the creation of atmosphere and the rendering of verisimilitude, and there is a risk of tediousness in this for many readers. In "The Human Chord," and more especially in "The Centaurs," this careful elaboration becomes almost too obvious, so that one begins to have the feeling of being managed. When the reader begins to be conscious of the author's desire to "put it over" his interest is bound to flag. It may be said at once that improbability of plot marks the degree of elaboration necessary in the narration of the tale, and it has always been one of Mr. Blackwood's triumphs that, with such improbable plots as in the two books mentioned he was able to hold and impress the reader. In "Julius LeVallon" he has a story to tell which is based on very simple facts of occult law, and which conveys its own appeal and its own assurance, so that the application of his usual methods of elaboration take more natural directions, with the result that the story, secure its own interest, moves in a background and amid surroundings developed with Mr. Blackwood's most artistic and picturesque faculty, supplying a setting which carries the last touch of conviction. It is only in conveying the skepticism of John Mason, who writes the story, that the touch of insistent over-elaboration appears, but even this comes naturally in the delineation of a skeptical character, for the one thing the natural skeptic can never forget is his skepticism. The chronicles of psychic research sufficiently testify to this, and fully justify John Mason's perennial doubt. Solovioff's absurd recantation of his faith in Mme. Blavatsky would justify Chapter xxv.

There is more real occultism in this book ("Julius LeVallon": An episode.

Cassell & Co., Ltd., Toronto) than in any work of fiction I know outside Mr. Sinnett's "Karma" and Mr. Brodie Innes' fine novels. The story is of an occult crime committed in past ages, not even on this earth, but in an earlier planet, by two persons, on a third. According to the universal law those who err must correct the results of their error, and the reader's problem is to accept the crime and the necessity for the three persons involved coming together once more to restore the broken harmony caused by the violated law. It may be questioned whether such a crime, the result of which is so unduly to delay the progress of the victim, could escape rectification for such a vast period of time as the author postulates. It is a problem in black, or at least in gray magic, for no white magician would ever attempt to use the body of another without his consent, and only then under certain conditions. Questions may be raised also in this connection as to the possibility of LeVallon, with such a past, rising to the nobility and wisdom he is described as possessing. Those who follow the left-hand path go downwards, and it seems unjust that the perpetrator of the crime should have made such apparent progress, while the victim, after all these ages, remains an ordinary person. The fact is, however, that Mason's character is a more solid and unselfish one than that of the transcendently wise and experienced LeVallon. He is still selfish, though from the most exalted levels; he is still more concerned about his own emancipation, coupled, it is true, with that of Ziaz, than of the welfare and security of his companions. And, in the results he fails, as selfishness, however transcendent, must always fail.

A basis for the occult facts of the story may be found in Section vii of "The Key to Theosophy," where the fate of black magicians and abandoned criminals is discussed. "It is only in the case of black magicians or of criminals beyond redemption—criminals who have been such during a long series of lives—that the shining thread, which links the spirit to the personal soul from the moment of the birth of the child, is violently snapped, and the disembodied entity becomes divorced from the personal soul, the latter being annihilated without leav-

ing the smallest impression of itself on the former. If this union between the lower or personal *Manas* and the individual reincarnating Ego has not been effected during life, then the former is left to share the fate of the lower animals—gradually to dissolve into ether and have its personality annihilated. But even then the spiritual Ego remains a distinct being. It only loses—after that special, and in that case, indeed, useless life—one devachanic state (the heaven internal between incarnations), which it would otherwise have enjoyed as that idealized personality, and is reincarnated almost immediately, after enjoying for a short time its freedom as a planetary spirit.” It is explained also that such planetary spirits as the gods of the ancients and the archangels of the Christians will never be men on our planet “because they are liberated spirits from a previous, earlier world, and as such they can not rebecome men on this earth,” although some classes of higher planetary spirits may. “Yet all these will live again the next and far higher mahamanvantara, after this ‘Great Age’ and its Brahmic pralaya (a little period of sixteen figures or so) are over. For you must have heard, of course, that eastern philosophy teaches us that mankind consists of such ‘spirits’ imprisoned in human bodies. The difference between animals and men is this: the former are ensouled by the ‘principles’ potentially, the latter actually.” Compare Roman viii, 18-25.

A feature of the book is the quotations set at the head of most of the chapters. Professor McTaggart, E. D. Fawcett, Mrs. Besant, G. R. S. Mear, A. E., and others are laid under contribution for illuminating statements. The text is full of clear and comprehensive exposition of the facts of reincarnation, and even the casual reader can not fail to imbibe a working knowledge of this most important fact of our immortality from a perusal of both. “During the whole two years of our schooldays at the Close, I never heard him use such phrases as ‘former life’ or ‘reincarnation,’” John Mason writes. “Life, for him, was eternal simply, and at Motfield he was in eternal life, just as he always had been, and always would be. Only he never said this: He was a boy and talked like

a boy. He just lived it. Death to him was an insignificant detail. His whole mind ran to the idea that life was continuous, each section casting aside the worn-out instrument which had been exactly suited to the experience its wearer needed for its development at that time and under those conditions. And, certainly, he never understood that astounding tenet of most religions, that life can be ‘eternal’ by prolonging itself endlessly in the future, without having equally extended endlessly also in the past.” It should not require much discrimination on the part of the reader who reflects on the material provided to see that the life of LeVallon is not a normal or natural one, nor the sort of life that is to be expected from a logical and rational practice of the principles involved in the recognition of “eternal life.” He is a type of the ascetic, a ceremonial magician, who by what St. Paul calls “Will Worship,” compels Nature to respond to his demands. The true law is submission to Nature, whereby she is conquered. The whole book will constitute an excellent exercise in intuition for the reader who has not yet fully distinguished between the fleeting and the permanent.

One thing that must impress the readers is the exquisite literary quality of the book. The style, though ornate, is easy, and there is a singular charm and living beauty in the descriptions of natural phenomena and scenery. The account of the little sheltered valley among the Jura mountains is unforgettable, and the varying conditions of weather and season are detailed by one who has watched like a man of science and loved like a poet. The book is full of incident and carries one along with unflagging interest. Even the gruesome experiment in the dissection hall of Edinburgh University is written with due regard for ordinary susceptibilities. The incident, however, indicates the morbid tendency towards the left-hand path which affects LeVallon, and it is clear enough from the story that a healthy philosophy based on the same facts of life or eternity would have no morbid reactions towards the corruption of the flesh. One wonders what Mr. Blackwood would make of it if he put St. Paul, or Simon Magus or Apollonius of Tyana in a book, or all of

them in one character, for that matter. . . . That more of us do not remember is accounted for in a lucid passage at page 135. "Only what has touched the soul is recoverable—the great joys, great sorrows, great adventures that have reached it. You feel them. The rest are but fugitive pictures of scenery that accompanied the spiritual disturbances. Each body you occupy has a different brain that stores its own particular series. But true memory is in, and of, the Soul. Few have any true soul-life at all; few, therefore, have anything to remember." Of the many charming women that Mr. Blackwood has drawn, Mrs. LeVallon will impress the reader most by the innate grace and beauty of character which is portrayed. It is accurately in accord with the law that this queenly Soul should incarnate among the lowly ones of earth, a farmer's girl, a parlor maid in a London suburb. "The humble are the great ones," is the introduction to a passage of remarkable interest on page 201. The delicacy of the author in dealing with the triple relation of the principal characters, two of them united in spirit, but divorced in flesh, lifts the work to a high level of artistry. It should interest Toronto readers to know that Mr. Blackwood is a charter member of the Toronto Theosophical Society. He has gathered in this volume much of the eternal wisdom that belonged to the "ages before the wisdom of Buddha or the love of Christ had stolen on the world."—*Toronto Sunday World*.

PROPHETIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK HERALD: Recently I happened to run across a poem by the fifth-century Welsh poet, Taliesin. I quote one of the verses:

A serpent which coils,
And with fury boils,
From Germany coming with arm'd wings
spread,
Shall subdue and enthrall
The broad Britain all,
From the Lochlin ocean to Severn's bed.

Is not this weirdly prophetic? Does not "with arm'd wings spread" suggest, yes, more, specify airships?

M. A. O. K.

THE UNSEEN.

(The New York Times prints the following review of "On the Threshold of the Unseen," an examination of the phenomena of spiritualism and of the evidence for survival after death, by Sir William F. Barrett.)

So much is man concerned in his present life, so much absorbed by the things around him, that only the impact of a very great emotion is able to turn his thoughts, in important measure, away from the life which he knows to the life after death, concerning which he has always speculated and in which he has believed, doubted, or denied, according to his temperament. In Europe, where death is every day snuffing out so many lives and sorrow dwells constantly in almost every household, universal bereavement has turned the minds of huge numbers of people to thinking of the hereafter as they have never thought of it before. The advance wave of this freshened interest in the things of the Beyond has already been felt on this side of the Atlantic, and it is likely to be felt with increasing force when, presently, we shall begin to share in the loss, the grief, and the need of consolation which for nearly three years have been overwhelming the people of Europe. These books, all of British authorship, dealing with the question of the continuity of life after death, bear witness to the power of the guns along the battle front to rouse interest in the question of eternal life as well as to cause immediate death.

The many renowned British scientists who have proclaimed their belief in spiritistic or occult phenomena form a notable group, including men of such authority and fame as Alfred Wallace, Sir William Crookes, Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Barrett, and others. Among them all none stands higher in scientific achievements, in personality, in reputation for trained skill and judicial temper in investigation and for the open, impartial, truth-seeking mind of the true scientist than does Sir William F. Barrett, whose book "On the Threshold of the Unseen" E. P. Dutton & Co. will publish in this country next week. It has already been issued in England, where it has aroused great interest among thinking people. The book is a recasting, revision, and enlargement of a smaller work which he published ten

years ago and which then created much discussion. He was one of the founders thirty-five years ago of the Psychical Research Society and has ever since taken the deepest interest in its investigations. The volume on "Psychical Research" in the Home University Library is from his pen. But all this interest in the unseen world and attempt to push aside its curtain, which have claimed not a little of his thought and energy for forty years, have been carried on side by side with investigations and achievements in physical science which have won him much honor. For thirty-seven years, until he retired seven years ago, he was professor of physics in the Royal College of Dublin, while his original investigations included such highly specialized and divergent subjects as entoptic vision and the electric and magnetic properties of the alloys of iron. He has passed the psalmist's warning milestone of threescore and ten, but his handling of evidential matter and his discussions in this volume show that his mind is still keen and fresh and has lost none of its habitual scientific method and temper. When such a man speaks on a subject of such universal interest there are few who will not at least listen with respect.

A strong note throughout the book is Sir William's conviction of a changing temper during recent years toward the spiritual world on the part of both the people in general and the ranks of science. But he notes that "official science still stands aloof," doubtless, he thinks, because of the "essential difference between physical and psychical phenomena." Physical science measures and forecasts and eliminates free will from its phenomena, while psychical science must deal with states which can be neither measured nor forecast and in which "the disturbing influence of life and will" is an essential factor. Accordingly, minds working along the former line of thought and by its methods find the other unacceptable. Nevertheless, the author feels sure that the culminating weight of evidence tending to prove the existence of a world of spirit within and around the material world will before long win the approval of "official science."

Nearly the whole of the volume is de-

voted to the recounting and examination of evidence afforded by the physical phenomena of spiritualism, psychical research, automatic writing, the ouija board, clairvoyance, and other forms of supernormal power. But there are also many chapters of discussion of the question in general and of its separate phases, of the application of common sense, scientific methods, and rules of evidence to the phenomena adduced in proof of survival after death, while the last chapters deal with the philosophical side of the subject. In the section on psychical research he examines one after another of the theories by which its phenomena have been explained, finding something of interest in each one. It is, he says in this connection, "in harmony with all we know to entertain a belief in an unseen world, in which myriads of living creatures exist, some with faculties like our own, and others with faculties beneath or transcending our own; and it is possible that the evolutionary development of such a world has run on parallel lines to our own. This idea, it is apparent, is closely akin to that of a finite, evolving God which has been developed by philosophical writers from Kant down to William James and has just had forceful presentation by H. G. Wells. But Sir William nowhere intimates perception of the kinship of the two ideas. He discusses most interestingly his idea of an unseen world evolving in harmony with our own, the two perhaps influencing each other unknown to themselves, and asks if therein may not perhaps be found the solution of some of the unsolved problems of the doctrine of evolution. And again he inquires into the possibility of the influence upon animals and even insects of this surrounding unseen world and of their knowledge of its nearness.

On the subject of mediums and mediumship the author brings forward the results of many investigations and observations, his own and others, and the conclusions, some of them somewhat tentative, to which they have brought him. He does not seem to put much faith in professional paid mediums, although unwilling to discredit all the phenomena they produce. He examines quite closely, both in the body of the book and in a long appendix, the claims of Eusapia Pal-

ladino, concluding that while much that she did was tainted with fraud some of her results could not be explained except on the hypothesis of unseen intelligences working through her. The greater part of the book deals with spiritualistic phenomena, which Sir William thinks do not prove, however true they may be, "the necessary and inherent immortality of the soul."

A VEDIC HYMN.

In the beginning there was neither the Unreal nor the Real.

Were there these spheres of light? Or the heavens beyond?

What? and by what enveloped? Where? and for whose enjoyment?

Was there the primal Ether, the source and end of all that is—deep, infinite, immeasurable?

There was neither death nor aught deathless, nor darkness separate from light.

That One alone, unbreathing, lived; with It the shadowy veil subsisted (not Being or non-Being); other than It there nothing was.

Before the birth of all things this world lay sleeping in the womb of the Prime Cause, like gloom in darkness hidden,

Each in the other merged, inseparate as sea from sea;

When by the potent majesty of Thought, pulsing with creative purpose,

This single, self-poised Whole from out its shroud of nothingness broke forth.

Ere yet all This arose, together with the One was Love;

And there lay floating an inchoate mass—the seed of life and matter—

Remnant of bygone creations, of hopes deferred and ends unrealized.

(In the light of their wisdom, musing in their hearts, thus have the poets seen—loosing the Real from its bond, the Unreal.)

Out from them all shot scintillating lines of rays, all-spreading, swift, like cloud-born fiery flashes;

Whither flamed they forth? Athwart, above, below?

Some were enjoyers, seed-showerers and reapers of the harvest;

Some, of vast power and magnitude, fields of enjoyment;

While some again the substance were of sustenance, nourishing the fathers and the gods.

In order first evolved, and higher,—*those*—these later formed and lower.

Who then knows in truth? Who here may utter it?

Whence streams This forth? This manifold of life and mind, of what composed? and whither moving?

The Devas, by the Word made manifest, *after* this Bursting-forth shone into being;

Who then shall know whence This arose? Where had creation birth? Whether or no upheld?

If He uphold it not—what mortal or immortal can?

He who is its highest Seer, in the supreme space beyond as in the inmost heart of all,

—Self-luminous, its perfect Life and Joy and Essence—

He surely knows the whence and whither of it all;

If He know not—what mortal or immortal knows?

—*Translated by Sri Ananda Acharya in "Brahmadarsanam." Published by the Macmillan Company.*

It is fit that we who endeavor to rise to an elevation so sublime should study first to leave behind carnal affections, the frailty of the senses, the passions that belong to matter; secondly, to learn by what means we may ascend to the climax of pure intellect, united with the powers above, without which we can never gain the lore of secret things, nor the magic that effects true wonders.—*Tritemius.*

The soul, from the fact of its being of the same essence as all creation, possesses a marvelous power. One who possesses the secret is enabled to rise in science, and all knowledge as high as his imagination will carry him; but he does that only on the condition of becoming closely united with this universal force.—*Cicero.*

And our visions, the visions of poets, the most solid announcements of any.—*Walt Whitman.*

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Price Five Cents

THE OCCULT IN FICTION.

The supernatural is an ever-present force in literature, says Dr. Dorothy Scarborough, Ph. D., of Columbia University, in her preface to "The Supernatural in Modern English Fiction," just published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. It colors our poetry, shapes our epics and dramas, and fashions our prose till we are so wonted to it that we lose sense of its wonder and magic.

The work is a remarkable one both for its scope and its sympathy. There seem to be no omissions, and it is with a sense almost of surprise that we realize to what an extent the novelist has called upon the occult and the extent to which it has received the approbation of readers. But it in the preface that Dr. Scarborough reveals her own commendable standpoint. There is a demand, she says, for the occult in literature, and it must have some basis in human psychosis:

The night side of the soul attracts us all. The spirit feeds on mystery. It lives, not by fact alone, but by the unknowable, and there is no highest mystery without the supernatural. Man loves the frozen touch of fear, and realizes pure terror only when touched by the immortal. The hint of spectral sounds or presences quickens the imagination as no other suggestion can do, and no human shapes of fear can awe the soul as those from beyond the grave. Man's varying moods create heaven, hell, and faery wonder lands for him, and people them with strange beings.

Man loves the supernatural because it

dignifies him, because it raises him beyond the limitations of his personal self. By it the universe becomes his companion and its unseen denizens his servants:

Literature, always a little ahead of life, has formed our beliefs for us, made us free with spirits, and given us entrance to immortal countries. The sense of the unearthly is ever with us, even in the most commonplace situations--and there is nothing so natural to us as the supernatural. Our imagination, colored by our reading, reveals and transforms the world we live in. We are aware of unbodied emotions about us, of discarnate moods that mock or invite us. We go a-ghosting now in public places, and a spectre may glide up to give us an *apologia pro sua vita* any day in Grand Central, or on Main Street of Our Town. . . . We may pass at will the guardian of the narrow gate and traverse the regions of the underworld. True, the materialist may argue that the actual is more marvelous than the imagined, that the aeroplane is more a thing of wonder than was the hippogriff, that the ferry is really the enchanted boat, after all, and that Dante could write a new *Inferno* if he could see the subway at the rush hour, but that is another issue.

We might have more psychical experiences than we do, says the author, if we would only keep our eyes open, but most of us do have more than we admit to our neighbors. We have an early-Victorian reticence concerning ghostly things as if it were scandalous to be associated with them.

Contrary to usual assurances that the mists of "superstition" have been cleared away by the sun of science, the

author tells us that she has devoted more space to the supernatural in the last thirty years or so, because there has been much more of it in that time than before:

There is now more interest in the occult, more literature produced dealing with psychal powers than ever before in our history. It is apparent in poetry, in the drama, the novel, and the short story. . . . Much of our material of the weird has been rationalized, yet without losing its effect of wonder for us in fact or in fiction. If now we study a science where once men believed blindly in a Black Art, is the result really less mysterious?

It will be interesting in a subsequent issue to glance rapidly through the author's well-filled pages in order to see to what extent the more essential ideas of Theosophy have been expressed in modern fiction.

CRUSTS AND CRUMBS.

(By Albert Ernest Stafford.)

No problem causes more worry and anxiety in our domestic and social life than the incompatibility of children and parents, of brothers and sisters, and of relatives in general. In the language of modern occultism, it is the problem of family karma. Why does the black sheep get into the white flock? Why does the one on whom most love and tenderness has been lavished turn out to be the heartbreak of his people? Why does the girl who has been slaved for and ministered to, for whom every one has sacrificed, who is beloved and endeared, yet in spite of all turn out to be a wretched disappointment, heartless, selfish, false? Why does the devout and pious father, rigidly observant of all religious ordinances, have a family none of whom wishes to follow in the parental footsteps, and who are broader in their views and freer in their habits than their less carefully trained neighbors? Why will a large family, each of whom is amiable enough with outsiders and great favorites even in their own circles, find it impossible to get along together, and separate to the ends of the earth when possible as if, apparently, to avoid each other? Why, in a perfectly harmonious family will there be one brother or sister who grates on the feelings and jars the nerves of every other member by his or her very presence, his most innocent remark or most trivial action setting all the rest in an ill, or

at least uncomfortable humor? Why will an aunt or an uncle sometimes be preferred before either parent? Why do the relatives acquired by marriage so frequently supply much dearer friends than blood relatives? And why, also, do Montague-Capulet unions so often occur in which all the relatives on either side are in open hostility while the happy couple are left to occupy a No-Man's Land? Here at least is a field where the general panacea of heredity offers no remedy or explanation.

All my life I have been forced to consider these problems, owing possibly to the meeting of very widely diversified strains in my own family connections, representing a thorough mixing of the castes, and such a shaking up of hereditary strains as might well represent the utmost efforts of the "melting pot." Very few of my relatives could bear to live with each other. The farther apart they were separated the better they got on. The postoffice enables such brethren to dwell together in unity—at opposite ends of the earth. Kipling looks forward to a time when "each in his separate star" shall do his work to his own satisfaction. Probably Mr. Kipling has good reason for supposing that the artistic temperament could not be reconciled to any nearer encroachments than the abysses of stellar space. Family relationships display a similar reluctance to share anything less than the chasms of space with their "dearly beloved." How they ever expect to get along together in heaven surpasses my comprehension, but they probably conceive of the New Jerusalem as a city of magnificent distances, although the records seem to indicate a kind of transcendent apartment house, in which, as I believe the Rev. Moses Baxter once calculated, everybody that ever lived could be provided with a cubicle, or more properly a pigeon-hole, whence he could fly back and forth, perhaps, as he pleased. "The length and breadth and the height thereof are equal," twelve thousand furlongs, or fifteen hundred miles every way, wide, deep, and high. The Greek stadion, translated furlong, was 202.18 yards long, while our furlong is 220 yards, so that Mr. Baxter's allowances were on the liberal side. It will no doubt be objected that this is a digression, but

many readers will have no idea how interested many people are in the size of heaven, and the distance it will be possible to keep away from persons who will be there according to the rules, but whom they do not wish to meet. The occultists have another view entirely, and declare that heaven is not a place, but a state of mind, and that one can not meet any but those with whom one is in sympathy. If this be the case it is obvious that heaven is a different place entirely from our present condition, where we certainly meet with people with whom we are not at all in sympathy, and for whom we are expected, according to the rules, to make all sorts of sacrifices, even as St. Paul says, to suffering fools gladly.

Envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness seem to attend the relationships of many families. Feuds of the most venomous description unite relatives who detest each other for years. They never can cease thinking of those they dislike. Their time is fully occupied with speculations concerning their supposed or actual doings, with hearing or circulating gossip and slander concerning them, or with plotting, intriguing, or promoting more or less petty revenges and offences against the objects of their antipathy. It is probably news to large numbers of people that such conditions exist. Not only do they exist generally, but more particularly in family circles, as well as in other groups where people are thrown intimately in contact. For example, church choirs are notorious for their cliques and squabbles, and nearly all societies display more or less of the disposition of malevolence. Why should God create and send people into one family together, as orthodox people profess to believe, who are utterly incompatible and make life a misery for each other? It is quite comprehensible that in societies or other voluntary groups there may come together people whose natures clash. But why should these enmities come into the tender relationships of the family circle? Often in an otherwise perfectly harmonious family there will be one whose existence is a cause of irritation to all the rest. The movements, the chance remarks, the views, the dress, the habits, all the characteristics of such a one, create a condition of seething re-

volt. I have known cases when the cause of such trouble was as good and worthy as any other in the family, but the incompatibility remained. There is no cure, if toleration be found to be impossible, but separation. When we recognize the fact of preëxistence and that we have lived together in other lives in which unrequited wrongs, unpaid debts, unforgiven injuries, unquenched hatreds, are the seeds carried over into the new incarnation, to spring into the weeds of strife and dissension with their poison of hate and dislike, most of these problems will be readily solved. The occultist knows when he meets an old enemy. The inner repulsion, the bristling suspicion, the intuitive distrust, are the warnings of the soul. But the spirit rises above these, and the occult law supervenes. "I say unto you, Love your enemies, pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you, and accuse you falsely." The occultist knows that "hatred is never overcome by hatred—hatred is only overcome by love." His rule is one of forgiveness, and he knows that it is easier to forgive when he is not aware of the cause of the enmity.

Forgetfulness of the events of our past lives is thus an immense advantage. The present hate is bad enough without the knowledge of the details of the actions which originated it in the past, to stimulate it. The draught of Lethe does not declare a truce, but it heals the old wounds. It is wiser to forgive and not to reopen them. The parent who knows the facts and the law, and who realizes that his children are by no means new creations, but are taking up the thread of physical life where they left it off in an earlier birth, understands that they bring their own character over from the trials, the successes and failures of past existences; that they have a wide circle of friends belonging to those old experiences, and perhaps as many enemies; that these enmities and amities must be adjusted and regulated as far as possible, but not ignored; that new friends and enemies will constantly be discovered as time passes; and that each child has his or her own independent life and character to work out and develop as an extension of his previous growth in former incarnations. It is clear that hard and fast rules are utterly

inapplicable to such various natures. The meat of one would be the poison of another. A wise father will be the last to insist upon his way as the only way. He must know that each child is a separate problem, and that his character is a growth and development out of the past. As well try to get apples off an oak, or change a chestnut into a peach, as to dragoon the nature of a child in an attempt to compel it to do what its whole nature revolts against. Such a child may not belong in the family at all, except for the advantages the family offers for advancement or education; which the child has earned for itself by meritorious effort in the stewardships of the past. The family may owe it a debt, and the parents as trustees for the family should see that they discharge their trust faithfully. Parents too often think of the duties children owe to them, and too seldom of the duties they owe to their children.

Another error that arises in many orthodox families through ignorance of the fact of reincarnation is the effort of parents to keep their children hedged in from the rest of the world and ignorant of its temptations and dangers. These children have all probably passed through many lives in the past; they have been men and women over and over again; they have grown old in experience and died to live again; they have brought over, as the result of it all, the characters they have built up. They have been through sin and sorrow beyond the capacity of their present brain-imagination, and by "the washing of reincarnation," to use St. Paul's phrase, they have come once more with a clean conscience to strive for their ideals. When parents do not understand this, and try to force the climbing plants to crawl on the ground, or the creepers to grow as standards, or to turn the herbs into shrubs, or insist that the sun-seeking tulips and poppies shall shelter like violets and lilies of the valley in darkness and obscure corners, there is inevitable trouble. The Self in every child knows what it needs, and it is the duty of the parent to help the Self to get its wishes and purpose made clear in the child's heart, above the temporary desires and confusions of the lower emotional or passionial nature. There is an enduring purpose behind the character of

every one of us, and if children were helped to understand this at as early an age as possible; their aspirations considered, their talent or genius assisted, their way opened to them, it would often be of great service to them for their future. The enduring purpose of the Self is always noble, but it is obscured, distorted, sometimes quenched for a whole incarnation by the conditions into which its former foolish deeds have brought it. The necessity for cooperation between the Self and the mind, the brain, the heart, the emotions, and lower nature generally is one which parents must consider if they are to give their children the best possible opportunities for the great things of life. For that Self is the Self of all—"the Lord, seated in the heart of every creature."—*Toronto Sunday World*.

DERVISH FERISHTAH'S LESSON.

Dervish Ferishtah walked the woods one eve.

And noted on a bough a raven's nest
Whereof each youngling gaped with cal-
low beak

Widened by want; for why? Beneath
the tree

Dead lay the mother-bird. "A piteous
chance!

How shall they scape destruction?"
sighed the sage

—Or sage about to be, though simple
still.

Responsive to which doubt, sudden there
swooped

An eagle downward, and behold, he
bore

(Great-hearted) in his talons flesh,
wherewith

He stayed their craving, then resought
the sky.

"Ah foolish faithless me!" the observer
smiled.

"Who toil and wail to eke out life, when
lo!

Providence cares for every hungry
mouth!"

To profit by which lesson home went
he,

And certain days sat musing—neither
meat

Nor drink would purchase by his handi-
work.

Then—for his head swam, and his limbs
grew faint—

Sleep overtook the unwise one, whom in dream

God thus admonished: "Hast thou marked my deed?

Which part assigned by providence dost judge

Was meant for man's example? Should he play

The helpless weakling, or the helpful strength

That captures prey, and saves the perishing?

Sluggard, arise! work, eat, then feed who lack."

Waking, "I have arisen, work I will, Eat and so following. Which lack food the more,

Body or soul in me? I starve in soul: So may mankind, and since men congregate

In towns, not woods—to Ispahan forthwith!"

—*From "Ferishtah's Fancies," by Robert Browning.*

PHANTOM ARMIES SEEN IN FRANCE.

A letter lies before me now in which is related an incident so strange as to excite attention and demand sympathy, although it may be beyond our understanding. It occurred "during the retreat of the 80,000 on that most awful day of that awful time"—I quote from the graphic description in this letter—"when ruin and disaster came so near that their shadow fell over London far away, and without any certain news, the hearts of men failed them and grew faint, as if the agony of their brothers on the battlefield had entered into their souls. Three hundred thousand Germans in arms with all their artillery swelled like a flood against the little English army, and not only was it a time of danger, not merely of defeat, but of utter annihilation." The courage of our gallant men did not fail when "the German guns thundered and shrieked against that little force of 1000 or so" who held the crucial position.

"The men joked at the shells and found funny names for them, and had bets about them, and greeted them with music-hall songs," as they screamed in this terrific cannonade, laying low the flower of the British army. The climax seemed to

have been reached, but "a seven-times heated hell" of the enemy's onslaught fell upon them, rending brother from brother. "At that very moment," continues the writer, "they saw from their trenches a tremendous host moving against these lines. Five hundred of the thousand remained, and as far as they could see the German infantry was pressing on against them, column by column, a gray world of men, 10,000 of them, as it appeared afterwards. There was no hope at all. Some of them shook hands. One man improvised a new version of the battle song 'Tipperary,' ending 'and we shan't get there!' And they all went on firing steadily. The officers pointed out that such an opportunity for fancy shooting might never occur again; the Germans dropped line after line, while the few machine guns did their best. Every one knew it was of no use. The dead gray bodies lay in companies and battalions, but others came on and on, swarming and advancing from beyond and beyond.

"'World without end, Amen,' said one of the British soldiers, with some irrelevance, as he took aim and fired. Then he remembered a vegetarian restaurant in London, where he had once or twice eaten queer dishes of cutlets made of lentils and nuts that pretended to be steaks. On all the plates in this restaurant a figure of St. George was printed in blue with the motto, *Adsit Anglis Sanctus Georgius*. May St. George be a present help to England! The soldier happened to know Latin and other useless things, so now, as he fired at the gray advancing mass, 300 yards away, he uttered the pious vegetarian motto. He went on firing to the end, till at last Bill on his right had to clout him cheerfully on the head to make him stop, pointing out as he did so that the king's ammunition cost money and was not lightly to be wasted in drilling funny patterns into dead Germans. For as the Latin scholar uttered his invocation he felt something between a shudder and an electric shock pass through his body. The roar of the battle died down in his ears to a gentle murmur, and instead of it, he says, he heard a great voice louder than a thunder peal, crying 'Array! Array!' His heart grew hot as a burning coal, then it grew cold as ice within him,

for it seemed to him a tumult of voices answered to this summons. He heard or seemed to hear thousands shouting:

St. George! St. George!
Ha! Messire, Ha! Sweet Saint! grant us
good deliverance!
St. George for Merrie England!
Harow! Harow! Monseigneur St. George,
succour us, Ha! St. George!
A long bow, and a strong bow, Knight of
Heaven, aid us!

"As the soldier heard these voices, he saw before him, beyond the trench, a long line of shapes with a shining about them. They were like men who drew the bow, and with another shout their cloud of arrows flew singing and whirring through the air toward the German host. The other men in the trenches were firing all the while. They had no hope, but they aimed just as if they had been shooting at Bisley.

"Suddenly one of these lifted up his voice in plain English. 'Gawd help us!' he bellowed to the man next him, 'but we're blooming marvels. Look at those gray gentlemen! Look at them! They're not going down in dozens or hundreds—in *thousands* it is! Look, look! There's a regiment gone while I'm talking to ye!'"

"'Shut it,' the other soldier bellowed, taking aim, 'What are ye talking about?' But he gulped with astonishment even while he spoke, for indeed the gray men were falling by the thousands. The English could hear the guttural scream of their revolvers as they shot, and line after line crashed to the earth. All the while the Latin-bred soldier heard the cry 'Harow! Harow! Monseigneur! Dear Saint. Quick to our aid! St. George help us!'"

"The singing arrows darkened the air, the heathen hordes melted before them. 'More machine guns!' Bill yelled to Tom. 'Don't hear them!' Tom yelled back, 'but thank God, anyway, they have got it in the neck.'

"In fact, there were ten thousand dead German soldiers left before that salient of the English army, and consequently—no Sedan. In Germany, a country ruled by scientific principles, the great General Staff decided that the contemptible English must have employed turpenite shells, as no wounds were discernible on the bodies of the dead soldiers. But the man that knew what nuts tasted like when they called themselves steak, knew also

that St. George had brought his Agincourt Bowmen to help the English."

And so ends this wonderful description.

It has been frequently remarked that though the enemy has been through the first and even the second lines of the English army, and when complete destruction appeared inevitable, owing to lack of reinforcements, something stayed these attacks. Could it have been that these great wreath of gray vapor floated to and fro, shaping themselves into mysterious phantom forms, and were visible to the advancing hosts against our soldiers? These, too, may have heard in their ears the rising wild notes of clamor, the fierce shouts of battle, now surging in wild waves of tumultuous melody, then dying away in the battlecry, "St. George! St. George! Grant us deliverance! Knight of Heaven, defend us!" Their eyes may have been unveiled to behold the dazzling light that hovered round the mystic army, and their ears rang to that wondrous call, as the Spirit World was sending forth its sons to fight for their beloved country in the cause of Truth, of Light, and of Hope. In vain did it appear for the war-lords to seek to gather their forces together to drive them through that thin khaki line; a stronger Power was opposed to them, and they were hurled back and held in check by the brightness of those Hosts of Heaven until they sank down in their thousands, as so vividly described in this letter.

It is conceivable that waves of thought are continually flowing from the great centres of the Universe, which are transferred to earth through media of intelligence, but each spirit can transfer only such portions of truth as his development has enabled him to understand, and each mortal can receive only so much knowledge as his intellectual faculties are able to assimilate and comprehend. An explanation of these matters would require a knowledge of the illimitable Universe itself as well as of the nature of that Supreme Being of whom no man can know save in so far as he can grasp the great truth that He is limitless in all senses. Thought is as eternal as life, and as fathomless. Who can say but that the spirits of those killed on the battlefields of old, as well as at the pres-

ent time, show that they still live, and still think of those they have left, still feel an interest in their struggles, and are as ready to help as when standing side by side in their physical life? It is conceivable, also, that a spirit, at the moment of dissolution, does not lose all the thoughts and desires that have been cultivated in the earthly existence. If the spirit world be created by the thoughts and actions of the soul, every act or thought would therefore form its spiritual material counterpart, and make it possible for events to reproduce themselves.

Modern science tends undoubtedly toward credence in such appearances. Some of our greatest living thinkers, Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Crookes, and others, are of the opinion that we are on the verge of vast discoveries, and that the future will reveal secrets that have as yet barely entered the mind of man. The hypothesis has been advanced that at death the fluid ether which holds the material body together, escapes into the surrounding atmosphere, and, according to the temperature, this dispersal of the essence is retarded or accelerated, thus explaining the disintegration of the body. Atoms suitable for materialization may be collected from the atmosphere as well as from the emanations proceeding from man, and shaped by spirit-will into the forms of their earthly bodies. Were the chemists of this world sufficiently advanced in knowledge, they might discover the secret of extracting and retaining this mysterious ether, which, in its tangible form, has been sought by the sages of all times and all countries. When the world has progressed far enough in its knowledge of chemistry, a greater enlightenment concerning this process may be given to man, just as the understanding of electricity and kindred sciences has been bestowed—discoveries which an earlier age would have termed miraculous, or the result of magic in its worst attributes. Electricity is known to be an active agent in the formation of the shapes of vegetable life. Is it possible that magnetic, electric currents which flow through space continually act upon cloud-masses of human atoms in the same way, and cause in them the semblance of human beings?

Impressions made upon the eye or

mind, and associations with certain events in life, recur at times through messages from an invisible world, which reach us in many ways, and it is, perhaps, through these human faculties that the finite is immersed in complete unity with the infinite.

The picture of St. George upon the plate was visualized in the mind of the soldier at a moment of dire distress when the help of a Higher Power was needed, and possibly the Vision and that great cry infused new strength, and thus brought the soul in closer contact with the eternal reality.—*Mrs. St. John Mildmay in North American Review.*

A MORMON HYMN.

The following hymn appears on the back page of a circular announcing a series of organ recitals in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, Utah. It is described as a favorite Mormon hymn composed in 1842 by Mrs. Eliza R. Snow Smith, one of the earliest Mormon converts:

O my Father, Thou that dwellest
In the high and glorious place!
When shall I regain Thy presence,
And again behold Thy face?
In Thy holy habitation,
Did my spirit once reside?
In my first primeval childhood,
Was I nurtured near Thy side?

For a wise and glorious purpose
Thou hast placed me here on earth,
And withheld the recollection
Of my former friends and birth;
Yet oft-times a secret something
Whispered, You're a stranger here;
And I felt that I had wandered
From a more exalted sphere.

I had learned to call Thee Father,
Through Thy Spirit from on high;
But, until the Key of Knowledge
Was restored, I knew not why.
In the heavens are parents single?
No; the thought makes reason stare!
Truth is reason; truth eternal
Tells me I've a mother there.

When I leave this frail existence,
When I lay this mortal by,
Father, mother, may I meet you
In your royal court on high?
Then, at length, when I've completed
All you sent me forth to do,
With your mutual approbation
Let me come and dwell with you.

Our surprise at the reference to reincarnation that appears in the second stanza may be due to our ignorance of the Mormon faith. In this case we pray for enlightenment.

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THE ADVENTURE BEAUTIFUL.

Lilian Whiting has long been known as a graceful and fluent writer, and one with no ordinary insight into the philosophical needs of the day and the demand for the application of a new and reasoned ethics to the problems of life. For a long time Miss Whiting seemed inclined to what is called the New Thought, presumably because it is neither new nor thought, but we note with interest that in her new book, "The Adventure Beautiful" (Little, Brown & Co.) she seems to ally herself with Theosophy, or at least with its main essentials. It is true that she is inclined sometimes to wander into the nonessentials and even into the superfluities, as for example when she says that Theosophy "presents a series of formulas for training, all having to do with diet, hours of sleep, exercises, and activities to bring every fibre into plastic and instantaneous response to the higher command." Theosophy does nothing of the sort. It has no formulas. It has nothing to say about diet, sleep, or exercise. There are some Theosophists who believe in such formulas, just as there are some Theosophists who believe in free silver, but their pet creeds ought not to be confused with Theosophy. But Miss Whiting makes amends:

While Theosophy lays stress upon three beliefs—universal brotherhood, reincarnation, and karma—only one of these, that of brotherhood, is binding on Theosophy as a sect, the other two being matters of individual accepta-

tion or rejection. Karma, being only the law of cause and effect, is hardly likely to encounter much denial from its self-evident nature. Reincarnation is another matter; and while a student of the spiritual life can hardly fail to recognize the probability (if not the inevitability) of a series of progressive periods with definite beginnings and terminations like birth and death, and while the theory that the spiritual man may wear out many successive physical bodies in gaining its experience on earth appeals to many minds, it need not be crystallized into a dogma. The objection sometimes made by persons only partially familiar with this hypothesis,—that reincarnation and physical communication are mutually exclusive, is really seen to be baseless after a larger acquaintance with the theory. For reincarnation postulates long periods between death and rebirth, periods of varying length, many sometimes reaching to two thousand or more years. There are many arguments in favor of this theory; it certainly offers a logical explanation of the inequalities of life and suggests possible explanations for many problems; as, for instance, sudden and strong attachments or equally sudden and strong antipathies, for neither of which the individual who feels them could give any reasonable explanation. But there is no logical proof of the truth of the theory. From its very nature, it is impossible to verify it in any way that science would accept for a moment. It is true that there are persons who believe that they remember their past incarnations; but this conviction is totally unprovable. In case a man should believe that he was the reincarnation of Socrates, or Julius Cæsar, or Charlemagne, who could decide, even the man himself, to what extent the affinity, or identity, or association that he felt with the character was not due to his reading, to unconscious assimilation, to some possible temperamental likeness, to a thousand causes beyond absolute scrutiny.

Miss Whiting's explanation of Karma

as a character builder rather than as a Nemesis is good. All experiences, she says, must eventually take their place in character, and character becomes the helmsman of life:

During the ethereal sojourns between repeated incarnations, mental experiences are transmitted into mental faculties. Thus, according to this theory, each return is with a larger content of consciousness than before. Cycles repeat themselves, until the crude spirit grows into finer manifestations; until aspiration becomes talent, and talent becomes genius. Every individual builds himself, creates his own future, holds in his own keeping his future destiny. His successive environments are not arbitrarily imposed upon him; there are no "favorites of fortune," nor the reverse; but there is perpetual cause and effect. There is absolutely nothing that any individual may not achieve in time, if he be but faithful to the highest revealed to him.

Memory of past lives is rare, says the author, although there are many who believe that they have such memories. Such experiences may be due to forgotten impressions, or to experiences during sleep:

This is not at all to deny the possibility of the reincarnation theory; in fact, there is no other constructive theory of life that is so self-evident, in many ways, as this; no other theory which so fits facts and explains groups of facts and combines them with coherency and significance. Whether the series of lives are lived on this planet, by the method of successive rebirths into this world, or whether lived elsewhere, does not materially affect the theory of repeated periods with definite beginnings and terminations. Emerson has noted that we seem to find ourselves on a stair; there are steps below; there are steps above. Whither we have come, whence we go, are questions we cannot answer. We know as little about what experiences we have already come through as we do to what experiences we are tending. Up to a certain degree of development, this planet for aught we know, may furnish as good a school for the soul as any other. And the theosophical teaching is that after achieving a certain degree of spiritual advancement, there is no more return to life on earth.

Miss Whiting quotes from Professor Knight, whose services to the cause of mysticism are not lightly to be measured:

One of the most authoritative and illuminating papers on reincarnation, presenting it as a logical hypothesis with much, if not sufficient claim to provide a rational explanation for the mysteries of being, was that written by Professor William Angus Knight, D.D., LL.D., who for forty years held the chair of philosophy and Christian ethics in the University of St. Andrews—a paper that appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* for September, 1878. In

this we find Professor Knight saying: "The ethical leverage of the doctrine of reincarnation is immense. Its motive power is great. It reveals as magnificent a background to the present life, with its contradictions and disasters, as the prospect of immortality opens up an illimitable foreground, lengthening out the horizon of hope. It binds together the past and the present and the future in one ethical series of cause and effects, the inner thread of which is both personal to the individual and impersonal, connecting him with two eternities, one behind and one before. With peculiar emphasis it proclaims the survival of moral individuality and personal identity along with the final adjustment of external conditions to the inner state of the agent." Again Professor Knight says, regarding the objection that we do not remember our past lives, that "The absence of memory of any actions done in a previous state cannot be a conclusive argument against our having lived through it." Indeed, it might be asked what portion of our present life is vividly within the recall of memory? The period of infancy is completely a blank, and the recollections of childhood are fragmentary and elusive, as are, indeed, more or less of even recent recollections, as those of last year, for instance, or of a decade in the past, or even last week.

Miss Whiting advises the student to be exempt from the tyranny of things; to regard all possessions as conveniences, as gifts with which to work, as tools, so to speak, for the time being. It is this attitude that is helpful to an increasing detachment from things, and an increasing liberation of spiritual force.

MASTERY.

"I would not have a god come in
To shield me suddenly from sin,
And set my house of life to rights;
Nor angels with bright burning wings
Ordering my earthly thoughts and things:
Rather my own frail guttering lights
Wind blown and nearly beaten out;
Rather the terror of the nights
And long, sick groping after doubt;
Rather be lost than let my soul
Slip vaguely from my own control—
Of my own spirit let me be
In sole though feeble mastery."

—Sara Teasdale.

You road I enter upon and look around.
I believe you are not all that is here: I
believe that much unseen is also here.—
Walt Whitman.

Deep in the man sits fast his fate
To mould his fortunes mean or great.
—Emerson.

CRUSTS AND CRUMBS

(By Albert Ernest Stafford)

Since Mr. L. W. Rogers gave the series of lectures a year ago which drew such crowds to hear him, he has published a volume on "Dreams and Premonitions," which I have been reading with considerable interest. The whole subject of dreams is one that has been handled in the most unsatisfactory way by our so-called men of science. The most wildly improbable theories have been evolved and accepted to account for the phenomena about which the combined testimony of the ages is agreed. In modern days the determination to interpret everything from a materialistic viewpoint and the refusal to admit the existence of any phase of consciousness as possible, apart from the physical body, has led to such gross and perverse explanations as those of the German Freud. The spell of this materialism is so far-reaching that even so spiritually-minded a writer as Dr. R. M. Bucke, the biographer of Whitman, is led in his "Cosmic Consciousness" to make statements which are not in accordance with the facts in order to support his material theory of evolution. He argues that we are evolving a new inner set of senses in the same way that our outer senses were evolved, and that as the outer senses appeared in a certain order the inner sense must evolve in the same order. Consequently, he states, no one has ever yet dreamed of seeing color or of hearing music. I have both seen color and heard music, very vivid color, indeed, and one original melody which I heard played by a magnificent band in a dream still remains distinctly in my mind. One fact is sufficient to upset a wrong theory, so I have not been able to follow the deductions of Dr. Bucke, though his assemblage of facts in "Cosmic Consciousness" is in other respects admirable. It is, however, this prepossession in favor of a materialistic evolutionary hypothesis which is responsible for the misleading sign-posts which our men of science have set up at the Gate of Dreams, a gate through which we enter upon our first experiences in uniting the consciousness of our present body and brain with the consciousness of the real and permanent world, and the memories of earlier births.

Just as a savage looks at a watch and thinks it alive, being unable to understand the motive power and the intelligence that fashioned it, so the materialistic thinker regards the body of a man. There is a slightly different point of view as regards the motive power and the method of construction, but there is a similar ignorance of ultimate causes, and the same prepossession which at first renders real knowledge impossible. As long as we confuse the shell with its owner, the machine with the machinist, we must stand outside the sphere of real knowledge and be satisfied with guesses. A theory is simply a guess, and anyone who is familiar with the literature of science and the numerous theories that have been advanced and abandoned, are aware that however conscientious and earnest the guessing has been, and no matter how brilliantly it has succeeded in some instances in hitting the mark, as a blind man firing at random might sometimes hit the target, I never can understand why one should tie oneself up to one system of guesses when another offers a greater number of successful results, and opens up a far wider range of experiment and accomplishment. Mr. Rogers does not dogmatize, and this theory of life sets one free from the shackles of preconception, prejudice and all the bigotries and superstitions that divide men. It does not exclude the material world and its phenomena, or outrage common sense by declaring that it does not exist. It accounts for it, and explains it, and it shows how evolution is only half of a larger truth.

"I am larger than I thought," says Walt Whitman, realizing his spiritual implications. Mr. Rogers presents a practical conception of this idea. "This hypothesis," he says, "is that the human being is an individualized portion of the universal mind which, in turn, is but one expression of the Supreme Being; that man is 'an image of God' in the very literal sense of having potentially within him the attributes, the power and the wisdom of the Deity to which he is thus so directly related; that his evolution is going forward in a world that has both its spiritual and physical regions; that he is essentially a soul, or centre of consciousness, functioning through a physical body which is but the temporary vehicle of the real man in the same

sense that an automobile is one's vehicle, and that this material body—which is in reality nothing but the clothing of the soul, as the glove is the clothing of the hand—is discarded at death without in any degree affecting the life and consciousness that has temporarily used it for gaining experience in the material realms. Man is, therefore, a soul possessing a material body that enables him to be conscious and active in the physical world. This hypothesis reverses the old materialistic conception completely. This is man's temporary life. He existed as an intelligence before he came down into these material regions through birth in a physical body, and when that body dies he resumes his relationship to his home plane, the spiritual world.

This gives us a definite idea of who the dreamer is, and he is vastly more, as Mr. Rogers says, than a physical body with a mysterious brain which secretes thought as the liver secretes bile, as a scientific man of the last generation declared. The dreamer, in his waking hours, "is expressing but a faint reflection of his true consciousness, which is necessarily limited by its material media. As a fragment of the universal mind he possesses within his unfettered self a wisdom wholly foreign to his physical existence." In the different states of the world beyond the material man possesses vehicles of consciousness as appropriate to those conditions as the physical body is to earth life. The physical brain has its counterpart in what has been called astral matter, the more tenuous and ethereal "stuff," as Shakespeare calls it, of which dreams are made. Mr. Rogers states the matter thus: "Ordinarily upon the reuniting of the astral and physical bodies the vibrations of the tenuous astral matter are not communicated to the matter of the physical brain and there is no memory of what has occurred during the period of slumber. Occasionally, however, there is a rare combination of physical, astral and mental conditions that makes memory possible and the recollection is called a dream. But all memories of the sleeping hours are not recollections of astral events, and it is only after some effort and experience that it becomes possible to distinguish between the memories which represent the adventures of the soul in the astral region, and the brain pictures caused by the au-

tomatic activity of the physical brain, in which external stimuli sometimes play a most dramatic part." The inadequacy of the materialistic hypothesis to account for the higher order of dreams, visions, and revelations, is evident in the face of the world-wide and world-old confirmations.

Telepathy, thought transference, and other theories are duly treated by Mr. Rogers and given their proper place, and the explanation of coincidence which has been worked to death when every other explanation fails, is shown to be unnecessary. His chapter on the varieties of dreams covers much ground in brief space, and he quotes Professor Charles Richet on one important matter. "However strange may be the phenomena of precognition, we must not let ourselves be diverted from the truth by the strangeness of appearances. A fact is a fact, even though it may upset our conception of the universe; for our conception of the universe is terribly infantile." One feature of Mr. Rogers' little book is the number of instances of actual dreams which he gives, in many instances from the experiences of celebrated public men. These are prophetic, premonitory, helpful, and indicative of the existence of agencies outside or beyond the normal waking consciousness. A concurrence of testimony throughout the ages, independent but corroborative, though coming from opposite ends of the world, and belonging to every page of history, would be accepted in other fields of researches as reliable and authentic testimony. The materialistic investigators and theorists put it all aside with the assertion that superstition, hallucination, delusion of one kind or another, are sufficient explanations for everything that physical irritations and coincidence do not account for. Dreams might not be so very important in themselves, but it will be seen that on the threshold of the dream state there is being fought as obstinate a battle as the world has seen. If that threshold can be crossed, as Mr. Rogers declares it can, then all the problems of the soul, of religion, of God, which the backers of materialism would confine to the realms of fancy, are placed on a basis of fact and experience, and must so be reconsidered by the materialistic theorists. Mr. Rogers' chapter on "How to Remember Dreams" touches on some of this new

ground, but he will deal with all these questions in his new series of lectures next week in Toronto, when his subjects are "The Invisible Side of War," "Our Life Beyond Death," "Pre-Existence and Rebirth," "The Life Sublime," "Dreams and Premonitions," and "The Science of the Soul."—*Toronto Sunday World*.

A PROPHECY.

After the ill-fated expedition to relieve Gordon, Walter Ingram brought to London the mummy of an Egyptian high priest that he had bought from an Arab near Assuan. When he unrolled the mummy he found on its chest a gold plate upon which was inscribed: "He who disturbs my rest and takes me to a distant land, shall die a violent death. His bones shall ne'er be found. They shall be scattered to the four points of the world."

Shortly afterward, according to R. Caton Woodville, who tells the story in his "Random Recollections," Ingram went to Somaliland on a big game expedition. He had a four-bore rifle, and when in the elephant region got two good tuskers. So he lent his rifle to one of his companions, who had not so heavy a weapon, to give him a better chance of bagging an elephant. He himself mounted a pony and went off with three Somalis, armed with a .450 express, which shoots bullets of only 260 grains, to bag an antelope or perhaps a panther.

As luck would have it, Ingram came upon a fine old rogue elephant with a magnificent pair of tusks. It was too great a temptation to be resisted. Galloping up to the elephant, the hunter fired both barrels at the beast's forehead from about fifteen yards. The bullets flattened upon the animal's skull and only made him very angry. Ingram galloped out of reach and reloaded, rode up and fired again, with similar result; again galloped away and reloaded, and so on, until he expended all of the cartridges.

As he was galloping away after his last shot, with the furious brute in pursuit, his pony suddenly stopped stock still, apparently for no reason whatever. The elephant thundered up, whisked the hunter out of the saddle, dashed him to the ground and trampled him to death. The tragedy occurred in the bed of a dry nullah and was witnessed by the three

Somalis, who had climbed for safety to the top of trees. They were armed only with spears, which, of course, were useless weapons against the elephant. After the brute had gone they climbed down, dug a hole with their spears, placed the body of poor Ingram in it, and returned to camp with their sad story.

Some time afterward Mrs. Ingram, the hunter's mother, sent out an expedition to find and bring back to England the remains of her son. The spot was found, but two rainy seasons had passed, and the dry nullah had become a roaring river, that had washed away the remains to the four points of the earth. Thus was the prophecy fulfilled.

We can imagine the existence of immaterial beings in this world without the fear of being refuted; though at the same time without being able to demonstrate their existence by reason. Such spiritual beings would exist in space, and the latter, notwithstanding, would remain penetrable for physical beings, because their presence would imply an acting power in space but not a filling of it, not a resistance causing solidity.—*Immanuel Kant*.

Within, beyond, the world of ether as a still profounder, still more generalized aspect of the Cosmos, must lie, I believe, the world of spiritual life. That the world of spiritual life does not depend upon the existence of the material world I hold now as proved by actual evidence. That it is in some way continuous with the world of ether I can well suppose.—*F. W. H. Meyers*.

Oriental philosophy may be right in affirming that as a man's series of lives become purer, he is able to look backward upon previous stages, and at last to view the long vista of the æons by which he has ascended to God.—*Liebnitz*.

I tell you we are fooled by the eye, the ear;
These organs muffle us from the real world
That lies about us.—*Stephen Phillips*.

Deep in the man sits fast his fate
To mould his fortunes mean or great.
—*Emerson*.

OF "METAPHYSICAL HEALING."

(By W. Q. Judge.)

The time for temporizing or for silence in respect to what are severally styled "Mind Cure," "Mental Science," "Christian Science," and the like, has now come to an end, and the moment has arrived when something definite should be said on these as well as some other subjects. The first note was sounded at the Theosophical convention for 1890, when in the message sent out by H. P. Blavatsky she wrote that some of these practices were of the nature of black magic, as explained by her in that message. She says, "In other words, whenever the healer interferes—consciously or unconsciously—with the free mental action of the person he treats, it is Black Magic." At that time many persons were hurt, some on their own account and others on account of the feeling they had that people of the class who believe in and practice these so-called sciences would thus be driven away from the Society. Several members accordingly studiously refrained from mentioning the matter, and in many quarters it fell into silence absolute.

In the first place, it can not be said that no cures have ever been accomplished by means of the practices referred to. There have been cases of cure. For, indeed, one would have to be blind to the records of the medical profession to say that the mind has no part to play in the cure of diseases. That it does have, as any physician knows, for if the patient continues to be depressed in mind there may be a failure or even a death. But this is not "mind cure" nor "mental cure." It is an assistance to the regular treatment. And as very many of the troubles of people are imaginary, sometimes in the acute form because of imagination, it does happen in those cases that a cure may be effected by the schools we are speaking of. Some nervous derangements may be thus cured. And if that is brought about by directing the mind of the patients to high thoughts, there can be no objection to it. But if the mind is filled with wrong philosophy, or if the affirmations and denials found in these "sciences" are used, or the "construction of the divine and spiritual form" be gone into, the whole thing is bad.

And here it is well to state our position about the cure of bodily ailments. It is that inasmuch as they are of and in the body, those that come from a wrong attitude of mind will disappear when we are contended and self-centered, while those that are chronic, being mechanical and physical, ought to be treated by such means, and not by an attempt to drag the spiritual and divine down to this plane of being. In none of the ancient schools was it permitted to one to use for himself, or to sell, the divine or spiritual powers. Furthermore we see that the savages are the most healthy of men. Yet they know none of these things and do not care for such ideas. Yet although the red Indian of the early days did much murder and lived not righteously, he was a fine specimen of physical health. This shows that health may be maintained by attention to the ordinary laws of nature on the material plane by attending to hygiene and exercise. Yet again, looking at the prize-fighter and the athlete, it is plain that they, by attending to the same rules, and wholly disregarding the fine theories of the mental healers, become well and strong and able to bear the greatest fatigue and hardship. It was the same in the days of the athletes of Rome and Greece.

A number of fallacies have to be noticed in these systems. Using the word "thought," they say that our diseases are the product of our thought, but they ignore the fact that young children of the tenderest age often have very violent diseases when no one will say they have had time or power to think. Babies have been found to have Bright's disease and other troubles. This is a fact that looms up before the arguments of the mental healer and that never will down.

But regarding it from the theosophical side, we know that the thoughts of the preceding life are the causes for the troubles and the joys of this, and therefore those troubles are now being exhausted here by the proper channel, the body, and are on the way *down and out*. Their exit ought not to be stopped. But by the attempt to cure in the way of the healer they are often stopped and are sent back to the place they came from, and thus once more are planted in the mind as unexpended causes sure at some

other time to come out again, whether in this or in another life. This is one of the greatest of dangers. It will in many instances lead to insanity.

The next fallacy is in the system of affirmations and denials. To assert as they do that there is no matter, that all is spirit, and that there is no evil but that all is good, and that "this my body is pure and sweet and free from trouble," is philosophically and as a mere use of English false in every respect. "Spirit" and "Matter" are terms that must exist together, and if one is given up so must the other disappear. They are the two great opposites. As the Bhagavad-Gita says, there is no spirit without also matter. They are the two eternities, the two manifestations, one at one pole and one at the other, of the absolute, which is neither matter nor spirit but wholly indescribable except as said—it is at once spirit and matter. Likewise Good and Evil are two opposites mutually existing, the one necessary in order to know the other, for if there were no evil we should not know what to call the good. One might as well say that there is no darkness but that all is light. By these foolish affirmations all relativity is abolished, and we are asked to abandon all proper use of words in order to satisfy those who wish to show that optimism in all things and at all times is the right position. The "Christian Scientist" goes further and says God is all good, the argument being in fact nothing at all but a play on the word god. But it would not work in Spanish, for there good is *bueno* and god is *dios*. This assertion calmly refuses any admission of the patent fact that if God exists he must be evil as well as good, unless we revert to the old Catholic idea that the devil is as strong as God. And even if we say that God made the devil and will one day stop him, the evil is a part of God unless in some respects he is not responsible for the world and beings. But the last affirmation, that one's body is sweet and pure and free from disease, is degrading as well as false. It may be true that bodies are illusions, but they are not the illusions of single individuals but of the great mind of the race, and therefore they are relatively real—as they are now constructed—for the minor beings who make up the race. No one has the power to escape from this great illusion of the

total mind until he has risen to an actual conscious realization of that mind in all its departments. The affirmation has its refutation in itself, for if one person can thus destroy this relativity so far as he is concerned by merely affirming against it, how is it that the illusion still remains for and has sway over the remaining millions? Still more we know that the body is a mass of things that are not good nor pure, and that in the abstract sense of these affirmations the most unnoticed physiological operations are actually disgusting.

The line of demarcation between black and white magic is very thin, but it is quite plain when one sees the art of healing by means of such high forces as are claimed by these schools practiced for purely selfish ends or for money in addition. There is danger in it, and all Theosophists ought to look well that they do not fall themselves or cause others to.

The great danger is from the disturbances that are brought about by the practice. It is a sort of yoga without any right knowledge of method; it is blind wandering among forces so subtle and so violent that they are liable to explode at any moment. By continuing in the way taught a person actually from the first arouses latent currents of the body that act and react on the astral and physical and at last bring about injury. I have in mind several cases, and some of them those of actual insanity, due wholly to these practices. Of these I will say more at another time, and may be able to present a record that will astonish those who, merely to cure some ailment that medicine is fully able to deal with, go aside instead and play with forces they have no knowledge of, and put them also into the hands of others still more ignorant, all the while deluding themselves with the idea that they are dealing with high philosophy. The philosophy has nothing to do with it except to act as a means to centre the thought so that inner currents may come into play. The same results might be brought about by any system of talk or thought, no matter how erroneous.—William Q. Judge, in *The Path for January, 1892*.

All is vague and worthless till
Arrives the wise selecting will.

—Emerson.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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A NEW DEPARTURE.

It is not wholly a matter for congratulation that so many books should now be appearing on the subject of what is called spirit communication. None the less, the fact is not a surprising one, nor one to be wholly deplored. It is a part of the reaction against materialism, and it has been fostered by the bereavements of war and the natural longings for some more real consolation than can be furnished by orthodoxy.

But there is one fact that stands out boldly in more than one of these recent works that must be classified as spiritism for lack of a better name. The supposed "communications" are insistent upon the truth of reincarnation. And here we are faced by a curious anomaly. Spiritism, until the last few years, has been active in its denial of reincarnation, not upon logical grounds nor upon an evidential basis, but because it was opposed by the controls whose teachings were accepted as definite and final. But now it would seem that the controls have changed their views, or that they have received an access of light. Reincarnation is assumed by them as a fact in nature, as something undenied and undeniable. What are we to make of it, and what do the spiritists make of it? Will they repudiate these later communications as coming from the "baser sort" of controls, or will they revise their philosophy and bring it into accord with what we may call the modernist psychism?

The latest example of this reincarnationist spiritism is to be found in a book called "Letters from Harry and Helen," written down by Mary Blount White and published by Mitchell Kennerley. The letters were received through the mechanism of the Ouija Board and later on by direct automatic writing. They fill a book of 267 pages, and while they have no marked literary value, they are none the less eminently readable and frequently inspiring. But their dominant characteristic is their advocacy of reincarnation, as will be seen from the following excerpts:

First, she has always been a woman, never a man. Sex, so far as we have been able to see, remains the same always.

Always a woman, she has evolved her independent personality through fighting her oppressors at all points. She has felt the sacredness and justice of individual liberty ever since she followed the teacher Jesus in his life. Her eyes were opened to the real meaning of his symbolic lessons. She grasped, even at that time, what he vainly tried to impress on all:—the right of each soul to itself to be and think as it seems right from the standpoint of its own conscience. She felt the inner stir of that call for justice and liberty, and for this she was martyred many times, never being conquered by a despot.

Several times a nun, she learned what a cell can teach. She also learned the value of being a complete woman. The natural heart hunger of her starved nature as a celibate had made motherhood seem intensely desirable. She has not yet been satisfied, and will mother many more before her heart is surfeited.

As a Roman matron she took a keen interest in government, and her judgment was solicited by statesmen and patriots.

As a Puritan she was full of courage and resource, and led her frailer sisters in matters of common welfare, and also of steadfast faith.

Her latest life was led in New England in the eighteenth century. It was a long one, and she passed out in 1800.

At some past, near or distant, we also were foolish and prized the shadow above the reality. It is youth, it is in the day's work, and we each must pass that way. God is just. He knows no favorites. He tolerates all, and understands where and what we are. When evil enters in is when a soul, knowing right, deliberately chooses wrong; then what follows is real punishment. For these there seems a harsh retribution, be the sinner man, or city, or country. Remember when wholesale calamity falls it never strikes the guiltless or innocent. The innocent women and children hurt in the great war were every one past sinners. God is never unjust. None escape His justice, and He has no victims, remember that. One dies, always, by his own hand. One sows in each life, and one rarely reaps until another. Often one reaps a harvest many lives before had planted. Believe one thing, Karma is as relentless as it is just. In each life look to it that your planting be of fine, clean, honorable things, so that the reaping may be sweet; not for that alone, of course, but because in this course lies the higher service. We grow accustomed to the smaller outlook and get the habit of giving that out, rather than the larger one. Both are true, but only adult souls seek service and ignore rewards.

These Songs of Germany—of hate, and swords—are the last efforts of the darker powers to keep hate alive. The people of the rank and file are getting sick of hate, and blood, and fighting; they think of what it was like when they were all friendly, and begin to see, and resent being the tools of kings and rulers. The longer they are kept at the front, the deeper will the desire for peace take root. Poor, tired boys! We see them as they fall and hear them call, "Mother, where are you? It is dark, and I am so tired, and so afraid" is what we hear again and again, till our hearts ache with the pity of it. So very many are just boys in their 'teens, and have no more hate in them than if they were ten. When these incarnate again—and they will soon—they will be born with such a passion for peace that war will be impossible. They will die for peace, but never again for war.

Harry has found a company now who claim they can show him a soul reincarnate. With this proof before us, we shall, for a time at least, stop our creative work and try to find our past lives, and by the trend of these see what we lack most, and readjust our work accordingly. We never knew until last night when you read it, that we both, with Hughey's help, might have built a protecting wall about you so those evil souls couldn't have disturbed you. Now, however, you have protected yourself, so perhaps it is just as well.

I was able, with a teacher's help, to trace

the course of my own soul backward several thousands of years; back, in fact, to that lost continent of Atlantis, where I left off, as it opened a vista too absorbing for present needs.

I saw no life in detail except those which were spent with any of you there now or those here with me now.

In company with Hughey I traced "Tee's" life path as far back as my own; also Sister's, B's, W's, Mamma's and Papa's; seeing in addition where we first lived joint lives.

What I tried to find out was the general trend of each from its first vital or moral impulse reaching toward the light, as well as what made the fundamental desires of each which carried over from life to life. These differed in most of us, yet drew us back repeatedly to similar environment.

Mamma has been with Papa over and over again, because he supplemented her nature, and gave her congenial environment for work she felt a deep desire to perform. With the intense spirit of the fanatic she has given life after life for her ideal of human liberty. Liberty of mind and soul has been her slogan for a thousand years. Always a woman, she has frequently almost unsexed herself for her dream of liberty—personal, individual liberty even more than civil liberty. Hers has been the effort to be and do whatever she felt in her inmost soul was right and just. She, along with nearly every other member of the family, has suffered martyrdom in dozens of different ways.

It's now Harry. As I said before, I spent much of my time and study on the records of our family, collective as well as individual life history. As the "Living Dead Man" explained in his letters, the past is preserved in records as indestructible as existing life itself, and one's own past is easily read if the will power is strong enough to magnify the pictures which lie, layer upon layer, on the tenuous material used to preserve them.

One may see any section of one's previous existences at will, like a sort of moving picture, plus the revival in one's heart of each emotion which accompanied the circumstance. This is an improvement on the earth's picture shows, which rarely stir my emotion beyond that of interest or amusement, and frequently not even that. Having sketched the manner of becoming conscious of one's own past, I shall now go on with the account.

I was able to follow not only my own past, but that of each member of my family as well as my wife. It was not only a most fascinating and absorbing task, but tremendously inspiring to be able to trace from primitive impulse the development of one's conscious awakening soul; to note the sort of things which let in light from time to time; to observe which experiences taught truth, and which only befuddled the mind and reason. This was worth more than anything else I can mention as a comparison.

Once it was the devotion of a dog which taught me what real love might mean: a love without hope of reward, just devotion pure and simple. Another time it was a long prison sentence which taught me what freedom—real freedom—was. That showed me that no one is a prisoner except he shut his

own heart away from love and pity and the desire to help.

Harry always insisted that reincarnation would solve many baffling problems, did we only accept that theory of life. We knew there was no injustice in the universe, hence there must be somewhere a perfectly good and just reason for your loss of sight; a moral reason. There are no physical expressions anywhere without a moral or spiritual cause. So without any prejudice we started to discover the Law. Harry found a teacher whose task is to read the records of life, past and present, and by these records he found that the individual soul lived many earth lives in order to gather its education, or evolve its God-self.

He saw away back in the experience of your soul that you had wantonly put out the eyes of a little child, then abandoned it to its fate. For this brutal and selfish act you, because of your ignorance, must learn that such an act was wrong. Being ignorant and blind of soul, it took a long, long time to teach you the real lesson of blindness. Four times you were born blind, and always you were unhappy and mourned your cruel fate. Three times then you were given partial sight. Still, through life after life, you thought only of your own privations, your own lack of opportunity to be great. Then little by little the bitterness melted out of your heart. Resentment at your condition passed into a cheerful acceptance of conditions. Only within a few years now, has light dawned in your soul.

I suppose the Creator knows his own business best, but there have been moments when I felt I could suggest improvements. For instance, had I been running affairs I should have been a little more open about this reincarnation plan of elevating the individual. Why let a soul boggle along blindly for numberless lives when just a friendly tip would have illuminated the whole situation and enabled him to plan with far less waste?

I can't for the life of me reconcile myself to the waste I see repeatedly going on all through nature, from acorns and seeds to people. Of course I'm no such fool as to imagine I could have planned things better. But being limited in vision I see apparent waste all along the line. However, that is neither here nor there, such discussion being "jolly" pure and simple. God knows; I don't. That's the whole thing in a nutshell.

Well, to continue. A man's memory of his plural past would save repetition of mistakes, as it takes numberless incidents of the same type to cut a dent deep enough to mould conduct.

For instance, if you were aware that you had been born and bred a tyrant or ruler repeatedly, you would examine carefully into the qualities likely to develop as a consequence, and watch with keenest interest the mental and moral warpings which are the logical fruit of such environment. Intolerance and self-will being the commonest traits developing under these conditions, one should in each subsequent life make an effort to cultivate such opposite tendencies as would balance the character.

RELIGION AMONG THE SOLDIERS

Dr. John Kilman, formerly pastor of one of the largest churches in Edinburgh, Scotland, has been acting as chaplain in the British army. His is an interesting experience of religion at the front. He says: "Every vestige of artificiality is stripped off from the men as they are drawn close to the tremendous relations which are the bedrock of human life. I have met many atheists back of the base, where the fellows relax and have a safe time. But it is curious how their boasted atheism recedes as you approach the firing line. These men understand that death is not a final thing, merely an incidental thing, and behind that parapet of death there lies a 'No Man's Land,' in which they will find new service. The curious thing about religion at the front is that it is mystical.

"In the tense strain on his nerves the man begins to see strange things. I have met twenty or thirty cases, such as the strange 'White Christ' that goes through the ranks. One boy told me that when he was ordered over the parapet Christ appeared to him and told him to keep smiling, and said, 'As long as you keep smiling you are safe,' and he went into three hours of bayoneting work with a smile that must have been a more terrific thing than even his bayonet. He was never touched and believes to this day that Christ kept his word. Strange things are happening continuously. Make what you will of them."

M. Maurice Barrés, the French Catholic writer, whose indirect purpose is to emphasize that "sacred union" which is supposed to bind together French soldiers whose religious and political opinions differ, asks, speaking of the young soldiers of France, "Have you noticed that they speak constantly of God—that they pray?" They confess that it is something that makes them stronger.

The experienced chaplain knows that you can't measure soldiers by the Sunday-school patterns. One chaplain, taken from a college presidency, and put down on the border, was greeted one night, after a talk with the boys, by one of them in this fashion:

"Chaplain, that was a d— good talk. Any d— fool who would not listen to that ought to be put in the guard-house!"—*Paul Moore, in Leslie's*

WITH THE DRUIDS.

(By J. N.)

They were three wayfarers, seated high on a curious rock. One of them rolled a cigarette and tapped the stone as he said:

"I wonder you fellows, who are half mystics anyway, don't try and get something out of this old cromlech."

Number One continued to puff his pipe phlegmatically, but his eyes might have been seen to wander to where Number Three lay prone upon his back on the slanting cromlech.

This youth had not spoken hitherto. He lay, as I have said, on his back, the huge cromlech for his bed, there in the high uplands of Wales. His eyes were fixed upon the misty frontlet of Snowdon, far in the distance, but whether he saw that noble outline may be doubted; his gaze seemed inverted; he looked as one who surveys the past, rather than the distance. His friends exchanged a nod, and then began again.

"Say, old chappie, can't you get something out of this cromlech? How did the people get such big boulders up here, anyhow? And how did they raise them upon the two piles of smaller stones at each side?"

The youth held up his hand for silence. Then he spoke in a somewhat rapid and dreamy tone.

"I see," said he, still gazing skyward, "an altar; it is this stone. There is a deep groove cut in it; the groove is under my back; it is to carry off blood. There is an old man, one with a fierce face and shaggy eyebrows. He holds a curved knife and other men are fetching a kid to him. He feels the knife-blade and gloats on the kid, but he is thinking of a prisoner in the cairn under this rock. It is a dark and rough man, undersized, dressed in furs, with bare head and legs. The old priest waits for the dark of the moon to sacrifice him; he wants an omen to avert misfortune. Now he kills the kid and reads the entrails; he sees barques lost at sea; he is angry, for much treasure has been lost to the priesthood of late. Some of it is buried in the right-hand corner of the cairn below. It is in the days of Druidical degeneracy; this old man is one of the last of the Druids. Fah! What a brute he is!"

"But how did they raise the cromlechs?" asked his companions.

"I go back much earlier for that. What I see is the night, moonlit and beautiful. A crowd of men are gathered about this stone. On one side is a group of priests, robed in white: they are chanting. It is a singular song, monotonous, with strongly marked cadences, under which the ether pulsates and swells like the sea in a tempest. In front of them is a grand old man. He has a girdle over his white robe, about his waist; a gleaming fillet on his white hair. On his breast is a sparkling thing—oh! I see; it is a divining crystal. He holds a rod of metal wreathed with mistletoe and seems to be marking the time for the singers. What—? By Jove! He is marking time, but it's funny, you fellows, for the singers are in a somnambule or hypnotized state; they obey his motions like a single trained instrument and then when he gives a great upward sweep with his rod the song swells out in a large diapason and at the same moment the men lift this huge stone. It comes up lightly, easily, on the wings of the sound, as it were; they guide it toward the two piles built for it: the song dies low; the stone settles in its place and the old priest breaks into an incantation of praise. These stones were lifted into place by *sound*!"

He rises eagerly on his elbow. One of his companions says: "Right you are. I shouldn't wonder. Remember Keeley's cannon-ball?"

"What did it do?"

"Rose in the air when the note of its mass was repeatedly struck."

"And remember one of Sinnett's lectures, where he says that the ancients levitated huge blocks of stone by sound."

The younger man broke in eagerly.

"What I see about the stones are atoms which are—how shall I phrase it?—they are *creaturely*. That is, they have all kinds of forms and are half conscious: some are more conscious than others. Their forms are diaphanous, gelatinous. They are like sensitized plates. On each a picture is impressed, a picture formed by every brain of every singer; it is a picture of raising the stone. And when the sound reverses the etheric action, these creatures, the lives of the ether, reverse it in themselves and the stone, and so assist the levitation. In fact, many

of these lives are a part of the aggregate of lives making up the stone."

"At what date was this?" asked one of his friends.

"Oh, in the earlier days of Druidism, when the priesthood had real power. Say about 500 B. C."

"And where did the stone—and others like it—come from?"

"They came from the mountains over yonder."

These mountains were some fifteen miles distant from the upland where the travelers then were. The ground was so bare that even the hardy Welsh sheep could scarce find sustenance from the short, woolly grass. In some of these high, bare spaces, were circles of upright stones, like short pillars, all systematically grouped, with here and there a table-like cromlech, its flat, bald top upturned, poised on two smaller stones, or a pile of them, like rude shelters, with sometimes a cairn underneath, a cairn with a fire-place and even a rude stone seat.

"Were the cromlechs brought from the mountains by the power of sound?" questioned the man with the pipe.

"Not always. Sometimes they were—a part of the way. But—it's curious now—but I seem to see that the earth has its circulation. It has currents which are its blood streams. In these, stones are carried from beneath the earth to its surface—or near it; then on and on. They travel just as drops of blood travel, down the blood stream, and are indistinguishable from the surroundings as are the drops from the stream. Why? Because they—the boulders—are of far too gross matter to be visible to the human eye. The wizards see these currents; they see the traveling stones, moving in and then on the earth, gathering other atomic lives to themselves, assuming gradually a more objective vibration; finally they become visible, near the spot of their destiny. Then the wizards increase the vibrations of the current, the elemental lives help, the stones are assisted on their way. I see and feel it all."

Abruptly he ceased. A light gathered upon his face. He was away in the thought-world, far from the paths of men. Like a victim himself, he lay upon the altar of a bygone faith, his arms outstretched in the form of a cross. An image he was of those sensitive victims

who are stretched upon the sacrificial stone of the world, bearers of the cross of opposites, feeling cross magnetisms like a whip, unable to escape, tethered to a hard, cold objectivity, yet forever facing the mystic depths of the sky.

Behind him, one of his companions silently showed to the other the pages of a small local guide-book, one which none of the party had yet read or seen. He pointed, after a moment, to a couple of lines at the foot of the page. In a description of the cairn beneath them occurred these words: "—and in its right-hand corner, at a depth of twelve feet, was found a pot of coins, rude bracelets and other treasure."

The men looked at one another.

"Come, lad," said the one, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, "we must be going."

The other laid his hand upon the lad's shoulder.

"I'm jolly well puzzled to know where you get all these things," said he.

The lad smiled roguishly and, lifting his voice, broke into one of the ancient songs of Wales:

I have been in many shapes
Before I attained a congenial form.
I have been a drop in the air.
I have been a shining star.
I have been a word in a book;
I have been the book originally.
I have been a light in a lantern
A year and a half. . . .
I have journeyed as an eagle.
I have been a boat on the sea.
I have been director in a battle.
I have been a sword in the hand.
I have been a shield in a fight.
I have been the string of a harp.
Enchanted for a year
In the form of water!
I have been a rod in the fire.
I have been a tree in the covert.
There is nothing in which I have not
been.

His voice ceased. He glanced around at the lowering skies, then sprang over the stone wall on his left; heedless of his following companions, knowing nothing of the stinging raindrops or the rising winds, he breasted the hills, his rapt gaze fixed, while before him, unseen by others, to him more vivid than any objective sight, more real than any admitted fact, unrolled the splendid, the endless panorama of the Screen of Time.—*Reprinted from the Path, June, 1895.*

From unreality lead me to the real;
From darkness to light; from death to immortality.—*Tagore*

THEOSOPHY AND CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

(By William Q. Judge.)

From ignorance of the truth about man's real nature and faculties and their action and condition after bodily death, a number of evils flow. The effect of such want of knowledge is much wider than the concerns of one or several persons. Government and the administration of human justice under man-made laws will improve in proportion as there exist a greater amount of information on this all-important subject. When a wide and deep knowledge and belief in respect to the occult side of nature and of man shall have become the property of the people, then may we expect a great change in the matter of capital punishment.

The killing of a human being by the authority of the state is morally wrong and also an injury to all the people; no criminal should be executed, no matter what the offense. If the administration of the law is so faulty as to permit the release of the hardened criminal before the term of his sentence has expired, that has nothing to do with the question of killing him.

Under Christianity this killing is contrary to the law supposed to have emanated from the Supreme Lawgiver. The commandment is: "Thou shalt not kill!" No exception is made for states or governments; it does not even except the animal kingdom. Under this law, therefore, it is not right to kill a dog, to say nothing of human beings. But the commandment has always been and still is ignored. The theology of man is always able to argue away any regulation whatever; and the Christian nations once rioted in executions. At one time for stealing a loaf of bread or a few nails a man might be hanged. This, however, has been so altered that death at the hands of the law is imposed for murder only—omitting some unimportant exceptions.

We can safely divide the criminals who have been or will be killed under our laws into two classes: *i. e.*, those persons who are hardened, vicious, murderous in nature, and those who are not so, but who, in a moment of passion, fear, or anger, have slain another. The last may be again divided into those who are

sorry for what they did, and those who are not. But even though those of the second class are not by intention enemies of society, as are the others, they, too, before their execution, may have their anger, resentment, desire for revenge, and other feelings besides remorse, all aroused against society which persecutes them and against those who directly take part in their trial and execution. The nature, passions, state of mind, and bitterness of the criminal have, hence, to be taken into account in considering the question. For the condition which he is in when cut off from mundane life has much to do with the whole subject.

All modes of execution are violent, whether by the knife, the sword, the bullet, by poison, rope, or electricity. And for the Theosophist the term *violent* as applied to death must mean more than it does to those who do not hold Theosophical views. For the latter, a violent death is distinguished from an easy, natural one solely by the violence used against the victim. But for us such a death is the violent separation of the man from his body, and is a serious matter, of interest to the whole state. It creates, in fact, a paradox, for such persons are not dead; they remain with us as unseen criminals, able to do harm to the living and to cause damage to the whole of society.

What happens? All the onlooker sees is that the sudden cutting off is accomplished; but what of the reality? A natural death is like the falling of a leaf near the winter time. The time is fully ripe, all the powers of the leaf having separated; those acting no longer, its stem has but a slight hold on the branch and the slightest wind takes it away. So with us; we begin to separate our different inner powers and parts one from the other because their full term has ended, and when the final tremor comes the various inner component parts of the man fall away from each other and let the soul go free. But the poor criminal has not come to the natural end of his life. His astral body is not ready to separate from his physical body, nor is the vital, nervous energy ready to leave. The entire inner man is closely knit together, and he is the reality. I have said these parts are not ready to separate—they are, in fact, not able to separate

because they are bound together by law and a force over which only great Nature has control.

When the mere physical body is so treated that a sudden, premature separation from the real man is effected, he is merely dazed for a time, after which he wakes up in the atmosphere of the earth, fully a sentient living being save for the body. He sees the people, he sees and feels again the pursuit of him by the law. His passions are alive. He has become a raging fire, a mass of hate; the victim of his fellows and of his own crime. Few of us are able, even under favorable circumstances, to admit ourselves as wholly wrong and to say that punishment inflicted on us by man is right and just, and the criminal has only hate and desire for revenge.

If now we remember that his state of mind was made worse by his trial and execution, we can see that he has become a menace to the living. Even if he be not so bad and full of revenge as said, he is himself the repository of his own deeds; he carries with him into the astral realm surrounding us the pictures of his crimes, and these are ever-living creatures, as it were. In any case, he is dangerous. Floating as he does in the very realm in which our mind and senses operate, he is forever coming in contact with the mind and senses of the living. More people than we suspect are nervous and sensitive. If these sensitives are touched by this invisible criminal, they have injected into them at once the pictures of his crime and punishment, the vibrations from his hate, malice, and revenge. Like creates like, and thus these vibrations create their like. Many a person has been impelled by some unknown force to commit crime; and that force came from such an inhabitant of our sphere.

And even with those not called "sensitive" these floating criminals have an effect, arousing evil thoughts where any basis for such exist in those individuals. We can not argue away the immense force of hate, revenge, fear, vanity, all combined. Take the case of Guiteau, who shot President Garfield. He went through many days of trial. His hate, anger, and vanity were aroused to the highest pitch every day and until the last, and he died full of curses for every one who had anything to do with his trou-

bles. Can we be so foolish as to say that all the force he thus generated was at once dissipated? Of course it was not. In time it will be transformed into other forces, but during the long time before that takes place the living Guiteau will float through our mind and senses carrying with him and dragging over us the awful pictures drawn and frightful passions engendered.

The Theosophist who believes in the multiple nature of man and in the complexity of his inner nature, and knows that that is governed by law and not by mere chance or by the fancy of those who prate of the need for protecting society when they do not know the right way to do it, relying only on the punitive and retaliatory Mosaic law—will oppose capital punishment. He sees it is unjust to the living, a danger to the state, and that it allows no chance whatever for any reformation of the criminal.—*Reprinted from the Path, June, 1895.*

We see but half the causes of our deeds,
Seeking them wholly in the other life,
And heedless of the encircling spirit-world
Which, though unseen, is felt, and sows
in us
All germs of pure and worldwide purposes.
—*Lowell.*

At some future day it will be proved that the human soul is, while on earth, in an uninterrupted communion with those living in another world; that the human soul acts upon these beings, and in return receives impressions of them.—*Kant.*

If a spiritual world exists, and if that world has at any epoch been manifest or discoverable, then it ought to be manifest or discoverable now.—*Frederick W. H. Myers.*

From joy are born all creatures; by joy they are sustained; toward joy they progress, and into joy they enter.—*Tagore.*

It was given unto me to behold a very wonderful vision, wherein I saw things that determined me.—*Dante.*

We are escorted on every hand by spiritual agents, and a beneficent purpose lies in wait for us.—*Emerson.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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CRUSTS AND CRUMBS.

(By Albert Ernest Stafford.)

Some time ago I received from the Upper Canada Tract Society, Richmond Street East, copies of "Sapper's" books, "Sergeant Michael Cassidy" and "The Lieutenant and Others." These bear the imprint of Messrs Hodder & Stoughton, and from this publishing house I have just received a copy of "No Man's Land," by the same graphic pen. . . .

What interests me above everything in "No Man's Land" is the third and fourth parts, "Seedtime" and "Harvest." In these there is brought forward a phase of war which is too utterly forgotten in the spectacular occurrences of the campaign and the great national issues that are at stake. The old saying about not being able to see the wood for trees has to be reversed in the case of war, in which for the most part no one sees the trees for forest. The individual is lost in the mass, unless he is a general or a V. C. hero. But every unmentioned private has his own individual relation to the war. He gets his own evolutionary experience of a war like this, and the sacrifices incurred might further a man's evolution in this life to an extent that three or four ordinary incarnations would not bring about. There is an occult truth in Scott's aspiration for the glorious hour of crowded life above the age without

a name. It must not be forgotten, however, that after such a rapid development as the hot-house of war might secure there would be the inevitable reactions, and unless there were exceptional qualities of will and energy in the ego the next succeeding two or three incarnations might be spent in the most peaceful and pastoral conditions. Such men are always to be found among the everlasting hills, on the cheerful uplands, on the wide meadow stretches and the breezy downs. When there is need they have the strength of ten, but they live peaceful lives after the great periods of struggle and action, assimilating what had been missed before and cultivating the inner powers and their control.

In the evolution of Reggie from the position of shopwalker in Mogg's Mammoth Emporium to the status of Lance-Corporal Simpkins, sniper and true man, "Sapper" has put on record a picture which must fairly represent hundreds of experiences—probably thousands, in the great war. These nine chapters detailing the apprenticeship of Reggie to Shorty Bill, poacher and jailbird, and all that came of it are great literature. Kipling has done nothing better in the way of a story and "Sapper" has a style of his own, not less attractive or readable than his great predecessor. "With his heart thumping within him he looked at the dreadful thing that ten minutes before had been a speaking, seeing man; and as he looked something seemed to be born

in his soul. With a sudden lightning flash of insight he saw himself in a frock coat behind the counter; then he looked at the silent object on the step, and his jaw set." This is how Reggie passed from childhood to manhood. Shorty Bill's philosophy of killing and his methods are set forth in the most illuminating way, and his remark when Reggie reported his first success as a sniper is a revelation in itself. "I've heard men talk like you, son, when they've kissed their first woman. Have you reported where that trench mortar is?" "God! Shorty, I clean forgot. I'll go and do it now," replied Reggy, his ardor somewhat damped. The point is that the war has to be impersonal. No man has a right to consider his personal exploits as his. Moral ruin lies that way. He is part of a great machine and nothing he does, however heroic, would be possible but for all the conditions which his comrades, which the army of which he is a part, have created. He learns detachment and the greatest detachment of all, the essential lesson, that he is independent of his body. "Fear not them that are able to kill the body, but fear him that is able to kill the soul." That is one of the greatest lessons of war. Reggie Simpkins learned it.

Reginald Simpkins had three lessons to learn. The first lesson was "the necessity and desire of outing the other fellow. Horrible, you say; revolting. Of course it's horrible, my good man; of course it's revolting; but what the devil do you think this war is—minding a creche for imbecile children?" Simpkins learned this lesson through a knowledge and realization of the diabolical spirit of the enemy. The man who does not learn to protect his wife and children is not worthy of having any. Our women and children have to be protected from Germany. The second lesson the lance-corporal learned was subordination of self, and it is not the least remarkable point in the book how this lesson was inculcated. More particularly in war than elsewhere is it difficult to sit and do nothing and know that such inaction is service of the finest kind. The Bhagavad Gita has this ancient lesson in the well-known passage—"He that knows action in inaction and inaction in action—is on the way to union." The third les-

son rises out of subordination of self. "For until a man can subordinate himself, he can not take on his shoulders the cares of others; he can not put those others first. And until he can put others before him, he can not be put in a position of responsibility; he is not fitted to fill it. And it is the principle of responsibility on which the British army is built up." And then "Sapper" asks a question. "What think you, my masters, is the driving force of a regiment in the field? The answer is one word—Leadership." From good leadership springs good discipline, and "discipline is merely the doctrine which teaches of the subordination of the self for the whole; it teaches the doctrine of playing the game; it teaches the all-important fact that the fear of being found out and punished should not be the chief force in a man's life, but rather that the realization of his responsibility should be the guiding factor." I know nothing that the ordinary man shuns so much as responsibility. The fear of it even affects his beliefs, or rather his lack of belief. Because he would rather accept a theory of life that relieved him of responsibility than face the facts which impose upon him a daily, an hourly, a never-ceasing appreciation of the responsibility that rests upon him: "You've got to take it" is Shorty Bill's way of preaching the gospel of responsibility—"this bally little stripe in this funny old army. Otherwise you're a quitter—see? a quitter. You'd not be pullin' your weight. Do you get me?" The chapter on the "Harvest" I would like to quote in full, but my space is done. It is a chapter that needs to be read aloud in the churches and anywhere else that men assemble together. The amazing paradox of war is the text. "To fit these civilians of Britain for all the dirty details which go to make winning or losing, to fit them for the business of killing in the most efficient manner, the tuition must include the inculcation of ideals—more, the assimilation of ideals—which are immeasurably superior to any they learned in civil life. . . . Self no longer rules; self is sunk for the good of the cause—for the good of the community." There is a noble paragraph on page 324 about the wheat of the harvest, but I will leave it for the reader himself. My thanks to "Sapper."—*Toronto Sunday World*.

A MAHATMA'S MESSAGE.

(By William Q. Judge.)

A copy of the letter hereunder printed was sent me in 1893 by the Brahman gentleman mentioned therein, whose full name is Benec Madhab Battacharya and who was at one time president of the Prayag T. S. at Allahabad. He sent it to me after the publication of my "Letter to the Brahmins" in order to try and show me that the T. S. was in fact a Buddhist propaganda. The original is in the possession of Mr. Sinnett, who informed me not long ago that he thought he had it among his papers, but had no leisure to look for it. I print it now for reasons which will appear. It reads:

"Message which Mr. Sinnett is directed by one of the Brothers, writing through Madame Blavatsky, to convey to the native members of the Prayag Branch of the Theosophical Society.

"The Brothers desire me to inform one and all of you *natives* that unless a man is prepared to become a thorough Theosophist, *i. e.*, to do what D. Mavalankar did—give up entirely his caste, his old superstitions, and show himself a true reformer (especially in the case of child marriage), he will remain simply a member of the Society, with no hope whatever of ever hearing from us. The Society, acting in this directly in accord with our orders, *forces no one to become a Theosophist of the Second Section*. It is left with himself at his choice. It is useless for a member to argue 'I am one of a pure life, I am a teetotaller and an abstainer from meat and vice, all my aspirations are for good, etc.' and he at the same time building by his acts and deeds an impassable barrier on the road between himself and us. What have we, the disciples of the Arhats of Esoteric Buddhism and of Sang-gyas, to do with the Shasters and orthodox Brahmanism? There are 100 of thousands of Fakirs, Sannyasis, or Sadhus leading the most pure lives and yet being, as they are, on the path of *error*, never having had an opportunity to meet, see, or even hear of us. Their forefathers have driven the followers of the only true philosophy upon earth away from India, and now it is not for the latter to come to them, but for them to come to us, if they want us. Which of

them is ready to become a Buddhist, a *Nastika*, as they call us? None. Those who have believed and followed us have had their reward. Mr. Sinnett and Hume are exceptions. Their beliefs are no barriers to us, for they have none. They may have bad influences around them, bad magnetic emanations, the result of drink, society, and promiscuous physical associations (resulting even from shaking hands with impure men), but all this is physical and material impediments which with a little effort we could counteract, and even clear away, without much detriment to ourselves. Not so with the magnetic and invisible results proceeding from erroneous and sincere beliefs. Faith in the gods or god and other superstition attracts millions of foreign influences, living entities and powerful Agents round them, with which we would have to use more than ordinary exercise of power to drive them away. We do not choose to do so. We do not find it either necessary or profitable to lose our time waging war on the unprogressed *planetaries* who delight in personating gods and sometimes well-known characters who have lived on earth. There are Dhyan Chohans and Chohans of darkness. Not what they term *devi's*, but imperfect intelligences who have never been born on this or any other earth or sphere no more than the Dhyan Chohans have, and who will never belong to the 'Children of the Universe,' the pure planetary intelligences who preside at every Manvantara, while the Dark Chohans preside at the Pralaya."

Now this is a genuine message from the Master, allowing, of course, for any minor errors in copying. Its philosophical and occult references are furthermore confirmed by the manuscript of part of the third volume of the *Secret Doctrine*, not yet printed. We know also that Master K. H. informed Mr. Sinnett and others that he was an *esoteric Buddhist*; H. P. B. declared herself a Buddhist; on my asking her in 1875 what could the Masters' belief be called she told me they might be designated "pre-Vedic Buddhists," but that no one would now admit there was any Buddhism before the Vedas, so I had best think of them as Esoteric Buddhists.

But I am informed that Mrs. Besant has several times privately stated that in

her opinion the letter first above printed was a "forgery or humbug" gotten up by H. P. B. I know that Mr. Chakravarti has said the same thing, because he said it to me in New York. It is for Mrs. Besant to deny the correctness of my information as to what she said: she can affirm her belief in the genuineness of the letter. If she does so, we shall all be glad to know. If she merely denies that she ever impugned it, then it will be necessary for her to say affirmatively what is her belief, for silence will be assent to its genuineness. I affirm that it is from one of the Masters, and that, if it be shown to be a fraud, then all of H. P. B.'s claims of connection with and teaching from the Master must fall to the ground. It is now time that this important point be cleared up.—*Reprinted from the Path, March, 1895.*

The real spirit which comes to itself in human consciousness is to be regarded as an impersonal pneuma—universal reason, nay, as the spirit of God Himself; and the good of man's whole development, therefore, can be no other than to substitute the universal for the individual consciousness.—*Fichte.*

Thou oughtest diligently to attend to this: that in every place, every action or outward occupation, thou be inwardly free and mighty in thyself, and all things be under thee, and thou not under them; that thou be lord and governor of thy deeds, not servant.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

To unite one's soul to the Universal Soul requires but a perfectly pure mind. Through self-contemplation, perfect chastity, and purity of body, we may approach nearer to It, and receive, in that state, true knowledge and wonderful insight.—*Porphyry.*

Spirit is common to all men; but the consciousness of it, and much more, the self-consciousness of it, is another matter. The consciousness of it makes a man super-human; and the self-consciousness of it makes a man Master.—*G. R. S. Mead.*

The soothsayer for evil never knows his own fate.

THE MYTH OF ER.

(From the Republic of Plato.)

When Er and the spirits arrived, their duty was to go at once to Lachesis; but first of all there came a prophet who arranged them in order: then he took from the knees of Lachesis lots and samples of lives, and having mounted a high pulpit, spoke as follows: "Hear the word of Lachesis, the daughter of Necessity. Mortal souls, behold a new cycle of life and mortality. Your genius will not be allotted to you, but you will choose your genius; and let him who draws the first lot have the first choice, and the life which he chooses shall be his destiny. Virtue is free, and as a man honors or dishonors her he will have more or less of her; the responsibility is with the chooser—God is justified." When the Interpreter had thus spoken he scattered lots indifferently among them all, and each of them took up the lot which fell near him, . . . and each as he took his lot perceived the number which he had obtained. Then the Interpreter placed on the ground before them the samples of lives; and there were many more lives than the souls present, and they were of all sorts. There were lives of every animal and of man in every condition. And there were tyrannies among them, some lasting out the tyrant's life, others which broke off in the middle and came to an end in poverty and exile and beggary; and there were lives of famous men . . . and some who were the reverse of famous. . . . And of women likewise; there was not, however, any definite character in them, because the soul, when choosing a new life, must of necessity become different. But there was every other quality, and they all mingled with one another, and also with elements of wealth and poverty, and disease and health; and there were mean states also. And here . . . is the supreme peril of our human state; and therefore the utmost care should be taken. Let each one of us leave every other kind of knowledge and seek and follow one thing only, if peradventure he may be able to learn and may find some one who will make him able to learn and discern between good and evil, and so to choose always and everywhere the better life as he has opportunity. . . .

And . . . this was what the prophet said at the time: "Even for the last comer, if he chooses wisely and will live diligently, there is appointed a happy and not undesirable existence. Let not him who chooses first be careless, and let not the last despair." And when he had spoken, he who had the first choice came forward and in a moment chose the greatest tyranny; his mind having been darkened by folly and sensuality, he had not thought out the whole matter before he chose, and did not at first sight perceive that he was fated, among other evils, to devour his own children. But when he had time to reflect, and saw what was in the lot, he began to beat his breast and lament over his choice, forgetting the proclamation of the prophet; for, instead of throwing the blame of his misfortune on himself, he accused chance and the gods, and everything rather than himself. Now he was one of those who came from heaven, and in a former life had dwelt in a well-ordered state, but his virtue was a matter of habit only, and he had no philosophy. And it was true of others who were similarly overtaken . . . and owing to inexperience, and also because the lot was a chance, many of the souls exchanged a good destiny for an evil, or an evil for a good. . . . Most curious, he said, was the spectacle—sad and laughable and strange; for the choice of the souls was in most cases based on their experience of a previous life. There he saw the soul which had once been Orpheus choosing the life of a swan out of enmity to the race of women, hating to be born of a woman because they had been his murderers; he beheld also the soul of Thamyras choosing the life of a nightingale. . . . The soul which obtained the twentieth lot chose the life of a lion, and this was the soul of Ajax, the son of Telamon, who would not be a man, remembering the injustice which was done him in the judgment about the arms. The next was Agamemnon, who took the life of an eagle, because, like Ajax, he hated human nature by reason of his sufferings. About the middle came the lot of Atalanta; she, seeing the great fame of an athlete, was unable to resist the temptation, and after her there followed the soul of Epeus, the son of Panopeus,

passing into the nature of a woman cunning in the arts; and far away among the last who chose, the soul of the jester Thersites was putting on the form of a monkey. There came also the soul of Odysseus having yet to make a choice, and his lot happened to be the last of them all. Now the recollection of former toils had disenchanted him of ambition, and he went about for a considerable time in search of the life of a private man who had no cares. He had some difficulty in finding this, which was lying about and had been neglected by every one else; and when he saw it he said that he would have done the same had his lot been first instead of last, and that he was delighted to have it. . . .

All the souls had now chosen their lives, and they went in the order of their choice to Lachesis, who sent with them the genius whom they had severally chosen to be the guardian of their lives and the fulfiller of the choice; this genius led the souls first to Clotho, and drew them within the revolution of the spindle impelled by her hand, thus ratifying the destiny of each; and then, when they were fastened to this, carried them to Atropos, who spun the threads and made them irreversible, whence without turning round they passed beneath the throne of Necessity; and when they had all passed, they marched on in a scorching heat to the plain of Forgetfulness, which was a barren waste destitute of trees and verdure; and then towards evening they encamped by the river of Unmindfulness, whose water no vessel can hold; of this they were all obliged to drink a certain quantity; and those who were not saved by wisdom drank more than was necessary; and each one as he drank forgot all things. Now after they had gone to rest, about the middle of the night there was a thunderstorm and earthquake, and then in an instant they were driven upwards in all manners of ways to their birth, like stars shooting. He himself was hindered from drinking the water. But in what manner or by what means he returned to the body he could not say; only in the morning, awaking suddenly, he found himself lying on the pyre.

The fields are damaged by weeds, mankind by passion. Blessed are the patient and the passionless.

CONCENTRATION.

(By M. E. Carter.)

Concentration has been defined to be "the acquirement of a disciplined ability to rivet one's attention upon a given and well-selected object." The same authority says "concentration, to be really worthful, must not only be rightful as to its object, but persistent in its method." "In concentration fix your attention upon the one thing which you select as the thing you must do"—or dwell upon;—"hold firmly to this single idea and pursue it steadily, no matter what your outer engagement may be." This is concentration, and no one who faithfully concentrates can fail in the attainment of his aim. We are constantly met by the declaration, "I can not concentrate." But a little observation will prove that as a rule every one can, and all do, concentrate more or less upon whatever may specially interest them. The Consecrated soul concentrates upon high and noble aims and aspirations; and the man whose desire is for gold concentrates his thought-energy upon its attainment, frequently employing his concentration so assiduously in the direction of wealth that he sacrifices home life, health, and his peace of mind, only to find at last, when he has accomplished the desire of his life, that the power to enjoy his wealth has gone, and he is himself the anxious possessor of millions and obliged to bend all his mental forces upon the keeping of his stocks and bonds, his houses and lands, his mortgages and manifold securities, or *insecurities*. Too early comes failing health, the usual appendix to the experience of the multimillionaire.

Take another case, the student, determined upon intellectual attainment. He, too, focalizes all his energies in one direction, concentrates day and night upon the desired object, and just in proportion to the energy and persistence of the focusing of his thought come, sooner or later, the name and the fame he seeks. Here again we see, although the aim has certainly been higher than that of the one who sought for gold, result similar to the first.

The woman who loves fashion and dress and admiration finds no difficulty in concentrating her powers and energies in the direction of her *desires*. She

sacrifices home life, the society of her children and all the real beauty of living to this one end and aim,—and in the same measure that she concentrates she accomplishes her object. In all of these cases there will of course be disappointment to meet and obstacles to overcome, but these will usually intensify the concentration and establish the will. Coming into conflict with the unalterable laws of their being or ignoring them for a time, sooner or later the law which they have attempted to break scourges them, and the penalty is paid to the uttermost, for *no law* of our being can be broken by us. Transgression breaks the transgressor, or more truly, converts him or her in time.

A pleasanter illustration of concentration on this earth plane is seen in the little child at play, when, without any effort, its whole thought is centred upon its game, while teachers and parents find a strenuous effort necessary to attract its attention. Some one has said that Concentration in one word expresses "paying attention." We pay attention to that upon which we concentrate. We pay attention to that which interests us. All these cases cited are so familiar to us that they need no reinforcement by special instances to prove them. They are before our eyes daily. We can each and all think of some special interest in our lives when concentration of thought, purpose, and action were no effort, rather a pleasure, and we have found ourselves absorbed in thought, work, or pleasure to such a degree that our friends sometimes have found fault with us, and wished that we would not concentrate so assiduously.

And yet, in the face of all these incontrovertible facts, we hear frequently the statement from many intelligent and thoughtful people, "I can not concentrate." The sentence is always unfinished and should run thus: "I can not concentrate upon the truth of my being; nor upon the life-awakening thought of my relation to my Source and what that means to me." This may be true to a certain extent, but there is not a human being who can not concentrate upon the highest thought that he or she may wish and *will* to concentrate upon, provided the will be *trained in the direction of aspiration*.

When we begin to realize the truth of

Being we shall see to it that will and desire are conjoined, and the result will be that our power of concentration will increase, since the consciousness will be aroused to seek higher realms of thought, and with the aspiration and soul hunger arising from knowledge of what *is of value* will come a vision of the true relation of things and thoughts. Then, and then only, can we say, I *will* think upon what I will to think about. And just as naturally as we take our food and sleep regularly shall we go into the supreme silence of our true spiritual being and hold ourselves there steadily and calmly, for power, for peace, for strength, for usefulness, and for all that of which we may at any time feel the need.

Some may ask, How can one concentrate upon celestial ideas when one's whole life is led among things so opposite? A story is told of an active business man who had learned to go into the silence for power and guidance, and who always, while sitting at his desk in his office, when the whirl of business went on about him throughout the day, if he felt the need of instruction or direction, then and there, without stirring from his desk, he withdrew his thought from the outer world, from his desk, his books, and all distractions, and went promptly into the silence of his inmost self. Regardless of the din of business, regardless of all not within his own divine consciousness, he sat quietly viewing the spiritual vision, listening to the voice divine, learning the way to walk surely and wisely, and to do the best in the circumstances he was to meet. Thus he sat quietly until, taught by that wonderful inner voice, he was ready to return to his business duties, reinforced and ready for wise action.

Concentration has been truly named "the key to power." Its opposite, scattered, ungoverned thinking, means weakness, failure, disintegration. Concentration, rightly directed, leads to knowledge born of the intuition thus unfolded. Knowledge and intuition developed in the silence teach us the way of salvation from all error, and the inharmony that erroneous scattered thinking brings upon the ignorant or undeveloped soul. In the silence of concentration we become *one* with the great universal Intel-

ligence, knowledge, truth, existence, and bliss: In the silence the vision clears and spiritual things are spiritually discerned. The perplexities of the workaday world disappear, and the wisest and best thing to do in any given instance comes to us; anxieties flee away; the soul, realizing its divine self, serenely watches for its own heavenly vision which is ever waiting for recognition, and is only hidden by the clouds of earth-born thinking.

This silence has been called going up into the mountain. In all the Scriptures the revelations which have been given to prophets and seers have been received by them on mountain tops or in still places. One great prophet of old, when he went to the mountain to listen, heard no Divine Voice in the whirlwind nor in the storm, but the still small voice of inspiration came after the noises were all passed. When the child of God listens attentively for the inner voice, then comes the peace which passes all understanding.

One who has often been quoted has said: "We must go not only up the mount, climb, so to speak, but we must go *into* it, away from sights and sounds terrestrial, if we would be shown the pattern of heavenly living and thinking, which may only be seen up above and in the mountain-top of our loftiest consciousness, where all things are transfigured because the effulgence of the Divine is there flowing forth unobstructed and making all things radiant."

Concentration, rightly directed by the will, trained to aspiration, will invariably lead to those high peaks of vision where all thought is clarified and we see greater and grander visions beckoning to us to ascend higher and still higher. Only in the silence and on that mountain can this transfiguration be experienced, and the way to this unspeakable knowledge, existence, and bliss is through concentration. The mountain heights and the stillness are within the soul-consciousness of each and every child of God. Seek and ye *shall* find your own divine self ever on the heights, ever beckoning you to loftier visions.—*Journal of Practical Metaphysics, October, 1897.*

The virtuous man who is happy in this life is sure to be still happier in the next.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

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THE BILLY SUNDAY CAMPAIGN.

The first test of the real results of the three-month revival campaign conducted in New York City by the Rev. William A. ("Billy") Sunday has lately been completed. According to that test, the campaign was not the success that it appeared to be. The evangelist spoke to great crowds in his tabernacle day after day. The free-will offering, which he turned over to philanthropic and religious purposes, was imposing. The number of his "trail-hitters" was legion. But systematic inquiries among the "trail-hitters," reported by George McAdam in the *New York Times Magazine*, indicate that the campaign did not accomplish what its backers at first claimed for it.

Sunday's campaign was organized and maintained for the purpose of bringing about a religious awakening. The magnitude of this awakening can only be gauged by the number and quality of those who made public confession of their faith. Sunday himself accepted this as the test. The invitation to "hit the trail" was the spiritual climax of every service. Certain men were appointed to keep tally of those who accepted the invitation. Every person who "hit the trail" was asked to put on a card, under the inscription, "I now accept Jesus Christ as my personal Savior," his name and address, also the church and minister preferred, if any. After the

campaign was over and Sunday had departed, these cards were sorted and distributed in packets to the ministers named, or, if no minister was named, then to the minister whose church was most convenient to the given address. This was for "follow-up" work and for the purpose of giving permanence to the campaign.

The first church in New York to complete this "follow-up" work was the one nearest the Sunday tabernacle—the Fort Washington Presbyterian Church, of which the Rev. Dr. Daniel Hoffman Martin is minister. Dr. Martin has made an effort to see, or have seen, all card-signers in his district. He has had the assistance of Dr. John S. Allen, formerly of the Marble Collegiate Church in New York. Dr. Allen is recognized as an expert in church work, and he undertook to systematize the results of "follow-up" work in connection with 273 cases. He claims that the district he covered is "thoroughly typical" of New York as a whole, and he is quoted in the *Times* as saying:

Of the 273 cards that I investigated, 20 signers were out, though in each instance I called two or three times, or they had moved away and left no address. As we do not know what their attitude is, this 20 should be eliminated from our calculations, reducing our basic figure to 253.

Of this 253 I found that 174, or more than 68 per cent., were church members, regularly attending religious service. Many of these people said that they had enjoyed the Tabernacle services, but of course they could not

be considered as "results" of the Sunday campaign.

The next largest numerical division of the card signers I investigated is represented by those who were not known at the address given, or who had obviously given a fictitious address. There were 19 "not known" (though I made earnest effort in each instance, inquiring of superintendent, janitor, and tenants), and 12 who unquestionably gave fictitious addresses. One of these addresses, for instance, was a storehouse, another was a Catholic church, others were vacant lots, or street and avenue numbers that do not exist. This class of card signer, therefore, represents over 12 per cent. of the total.

I found eight who were connected with Sunday-schools and attending regularly.

I have now accounted for more than 84 per cent. of the card signers that I "followed up," and it is not until now that I come to the actual results of the Sunday campaign.

There were eleven who were church members, but who, because they had moved away from their home town or for some other reason, had fallen off in church attendance. All of these promised to send for their letters and to become active church members in the fall. These eleven can not be considered as "converts," but it was the Sunday campaign that gave us their names and that enabled us to bring them back into the church.

There was twelve who were non-church members, but who had attended church services more or less frequently. Three of these gave definite promises to join the church. The remaining nine shaded in their attitude from the woman who said, "I believe every one should have a church connection—I'll talk to my husband about it," to the woman who said, "I never signed a card at the Billy Sunday meetings. I must have been impersonated."

But of people who had never been to church, who had never felt any religious influence, there were just seventeen, or not quite 7 per cent. of the total. Of these, four promised to join the church, six promised to come to "some service," four were non-committal, and of the three remaining, one said, "I signed the card simply as a courtesy to Billy Sunday"; another, "I didn't know the object of signing the card," and the last, "I am not a church member and have no wish to become one."

In my entire work I did not come across a single case of a person leading, or who had been leading a vicious life. No woman told me of a husband or son who was leading such a life. If Billy Sunday succeeded in reaching and awakening to a "new life" any of the "booze fighters," gamblers, and other bad characters that he so often exhorted, they signed no card that passed through my hands.

If you are depressed, the Master can not use you to send his life through you to the helping of the brethren. Depression is like a dam built across the stream, preventing the waters from right flowing.
—Annie Besant.

DISCOURSES OF A SCIENTIST.

(By Edgar Lucien Larkin, Director
Lowe Observatory.)

Since the lifting up of the spear of Abaddon on Apollyon in Europe on July 28, 1914, when the Austrians declared war on Serbia, the idea of life of the mind after death of the body has been on the increase. Startling things have occurred over the war-torn regions. To strive to account for them I have ransacked the literature of this fascinating, absorbing, and, to me, highly important, subject, ancient and modern. And I have applied the new discoveries in physical science, endeavoring to explain.

Every trace of suggestion of explanation I ever heard of or read in the vast literature of the subject, or can possibly think myself, so far, is totally inadequate to explain.

I have only one explanation left after a strenuous line of research and exploration, and this is that an individual functioning in the human brain as mind still lives after the brain dies. I do not know how to manage the problem of my anxiously inquiring letters. I am urged to write a book giving rigid facts, now proved beyond any doubt to those who have made the proof, whatever others may say. This book problem is also serious; the book could not be sold in quantities sufficient to pay the cost.

One of the most astonishing facts now being studied by able mentalists is this: Why do not more seem to care about the future state? Since the war began I have received perhaps 1800 letters about the survival of the individual. Many have urged me to give the facts so far known to the world's ablest researchers in book form. Even in the roar of war and rapid death, not enough people are serious about this matter to risk publication of a book.

The work of assembling into book form accounts from the rapid flood of literature since the war began of apparitions of the dying on distant battlefields, at home; of their forms being seen at home, of voices calling names, of doorbells ringing, of telephones sounding, the moving of objects at home when the soldier dies; these and a hundred more events have filled the pages of literature devoted to the subject.

Not since automatic writing appeared

on the walls of the palace in Babylon on that fatal night has anything similar occurred in such volume or quantity, here, in Europe, India, and Australia, as now.

Automatic paintings, drawings, symbols, inscriptions, music, speeches, sermons; these and more, it seems to me, would attract the attention of Christendom were it not for war news. What I had in mind years ago, and also now as I write, in saying Christendom would some day be rocked, was, and is, scientific proof—that is, proof beyond ANY doubt—that the human mind still thinks after the brain dies.

Proof may finally come beyond any doubt in the simply astonishing realm of photographs of forms of humans assembled by mind dense enough to either emit or reflect light intense enough to impress photographic plates, and these in eight cameras centered upon them from as many different angles in the presence of trained detectives.

From four to fifteen human figures on one plate, thus photographed, are now common. And these of children and aged people. Faces appearing are often of types and races not now living. Greek, Sanskrit, Hebrew, and other languages have been heard spoken at once by as many persons in the same room.

I have often asked myself why more are not filled with solicitude regarding what may occur to them if they still live on after dissolution of the material form.

And I asked one of the greatest psychologists living his opinion. He said all persons living in the nations of Europe, Australia, and the two Americas are in some torpor, or rather in the obscuration of mind, due to some passing transition state; that soon people will converse on the subject of the destiny of the soul in households, at meals, at rest, in recreation, here, there, and everywhere, as commonly as did the ancient Egyptians during so many centuries.

I occasionally see a sentence here and there, in reserved and cautious language, as if the writers were afraid to release all the truths in their possession. But how can these startling things be suppressed, say, five years longer?

"World not ready for facts of survival," is an expression I do not fail to

put in each lecture in Science Chambers.
—*San Francisco Examiner.*

CRUSTS AND CRUMBS.

(By Albert Ernest Stafford.)

Editor Crusts and Crumbs: Some time ago I clipped from the *Evening Telegram* a seductive article which I quite recently noticed reproduced in that publication, and now present herewith as it appeared in the *Sunday World*, September 23, 1917: "An Italian physician contends that love causes an intoxication of the nerve centres, developing into a disease which, if not cured, leads to neurasthenia and even insanity." Is it asking you to pursue too sordid a line of thought, to suggest an article in *Crusts and Crumbs* repudiating this present-day misapplication of the word love? Surely, the intensity of longing and other emotions and demeanor of those afflicted with the degree of passion alluded to therein should be brought into contrast with I. Cor. xiii. 4. 7. In so far as these emotions are the basis of marriage and home life, are marriage and home life, degraded, these, based on bestiality, naturally breed bestiality, and who knows to what extent this error is responsible for the present-day depraved condition of humanity and the existing dissension. I can not perceive any footing for those factions known as non-conformists or dissenters, who, while denying any virtue in holy water, or the laying on of hands, would fain to hold as sacred a union based on amateness and supposedly sanctified by ritual, nor do I believe power is vested in any organization so to do. I presume we accord in the view, that, not according to our knowledge of recorded theology, but, according to our attitude toward, and our movements at the instance of, our emotions and passions, do we develop or degenerate spiritually, and that, not, in the form of misleading mortals, but in the form of misleading spirits, as in this matter will be fulfilled such prophecy as: Many shall come in My name, saying, I am the Christ (Spirit of Love) and shall deceive many. Hoping in the near future to see your views in this regard, I remain,

Yours very truly,
GEO. H. JACKSON.

When the question of love is raised we are plunged at once into a chaos of misunderstanding and downright ignorance. It is not too much to say that nine-tenths of what is called sin is the result of ignorance, want of knowledge, wrong or careless training, negligence of parents and elders to instruct. Nothing illustrates this fact better than the utter ignorance in which most young people are brought up regarding the relations between the sexes, and all that is comprised in love and passion. It is a concrete testimony to our ignorance that we use the same word love to indicate the highest and noblest spiritual de-

votion, and the lust which dominates some men until their wives loathe them. What love really means is fully indicated in the use of the word to indicate the most exalted sentiments of sacrifice and devotion towards another, whether that other be a Supreme Being or a human being. The love of parent for child, of pupil for teacher, of friend for friend, of brothers, sisters, relatives, is all of this self-sacrificing order. It is not looking for repayment of favors extended, nor expecting any benefit as a result of loving kindness. It is its own reward. The sentiment or emotion or whatever the attachment may be that masquerades as love, and has not service as its first impulse, is not of the nature of love. The old Sanscrit word for the highest love is yoga or union. Love that is not union has nothing in common with the divine love which is sacrifice and nothing else. It will be remembered that in the New Testament a distinction is made between brotherly love and love. The latter word is agape, and is practically the same conception as yoga. As we have no proper psychology in the West these distinctions are unintelligible except as mere words. The ideas behind the words have been forgotten by our university men, and when they are reminded of them they are usually inclined to pooh-pooh. When Europe woke up to the "new learning" 300 years ago it was merely a return to Greek philosophy. We need another return, this time to a still older school of learning, the Egyptian or Aryan. The Greeks had it also, but we had too much materialism in the last three centuries to permit us to assimilate it.

It ought to be clear enough that no force or emotion or impulse is possible without a vehicle. We talk of forces acting without a vehicle, but we should remember that in the realm of the intangible we are not in a position to deny the existence of anything that our reason, working on our general experience, affirms must be present. We are compelled to rely upon circumstantial evidence for our knowledge or our belief about many things. The existence of the ether is universally accepted by scientific men. Yet the ether is intangible. No man has ever seen, smelt, tasted, heard, or felt the ether. It is one of the intangibles. We only know that it

exists from our reason. It must exist, because we note its effects. Now the various aspects of passion and desire as distinguished from love lead reasonable people to accept the statements of wise men regarding the vehicles in which these emotions are manifested. It must be clear to every one who knows anything about children that their love is an entirely different thing from sex love. A little girl of seven or eight is capable of the most disinterested affection for her parents. Ten years later she may be engrossed in a passion entirely different in character, which leads her to forget her parents and every one else except the one beloved, and her selfish absorption in him may become a nuisance to her family. Why the change? She may marry him and ten years later she may be found with several children, a disillusioned person, her husband a very commonplace individual, and her life interest transferred from him to her children. See her twenty or thirty years later and you find another person altogether. The silly girl has disappeared: so has the young mother; so have other phases of personality; at fifty-seven she may be found to have developed an entirely new set of interests, no longer narrowed to the little home circle, her mind has widened out to embrace the problems of other homes; she faces the larger questions of life; she loves humanity now, and is willing to sacrifice for it as she sacrificed for her family and her husband. These are all different emotions, different forces, by which she was impelled as a child, as a young woman, as a mother, as a philanthropist. Differing forces require different machinery for their manifestation. Currents of different strength require wire of different thickness to carry them.

Evidently the child has a different vehicle for its consciousness from the woman. Only careful study and observation will enable one to understand the change that occurs as the mental body interfuses itself with the physical vehicle and enables brain-work to be done under the direction of the ego. Later the desire body is also interfused with the physical; desire awakens and the sex life begins. There are three bodies then in use by the ego, the physical, the soma sarkos of St. Paul; the desire body, the soma psuchikos of St.

Paul; and the mental body, the noetic body of Plato, the soma pneumatikon of St. Paul. The consciousness may range from one to another of these at will, but in the great mass of people it uses the vehicle in harmony with its companions. The man or woman who uses his mental body while those around him are using their psychic bodies, is generally regarded as a spoil-sport, a death's head at the feast, and he may not be popular. If he wishes to benefit those with whom he mixes he must come to their level, and endeavor to lead them. It may be observed how unpopular an intellectual girl, that is, one who is using her mind body, is in a party where the desire body is the favorite vehicle. Kama, or desire, only vibrates in harmony with its own kind of forces. Mental vibrations jar upon it, and cause discomfort. Of course the mental body suffers equally from the jarring vibrations of the psychic vehicle. The physical body may be trained to accommodate itself, within certain limitations, to both. Its own functions it carries on quite independently whether the consciousness of the ego be present in the waking state, or absent, in sleep. The independence of the ego of the physical body must be understood. It uses whichever vehicle it chooses, until the death of the physical vehicle closes that means of activity. If it require further experience, as most of us do, it must reincarnate in a new body. It will be plain, then, that if the ego is not developed enough to use vehicles higher than the physical or the desire bodies, it would find no pleasure in the society of those who use vehicles of a higher order. From ignorance of these facts comes most of our trouble in the sex relation.

Love, in the ordinary sex sense, is the result of a pouring forth of the energy of the desire body. It creates a glamour in the brain consciousness so that the object of the affections is never seen as others, unaffected, see him or her. When love of this kind is reciprocated it is the result of the harmonious vibration, or the synthetic harmony of the desire bodies, attuned, perhaps to kindred pursuits, and very possibly dominated by earlier ties from past incarnations. These "violent delights have violent ends," as the Friar remarks. Gradually

the desire impulse wears away. If the community of interest belonged only to the desire body, and there be no similar community of interest in the mental body or spiritually the temporary union ceases, or if continued artificially it becomes a torture. If, however, two people are married and discover this incompatibility, but regard marriage as an initiation and a means for perfecting the lower nature, bringing it into subjection and discipline, they may learn to control the desire body by the mental body and gradually establish a harmony of purpose on the higher level. Love is the result of such harmony on whatever plane it is attained. If the Italian physician was aware of the existence of the desire body he would soon learn the cause of the intoxication of the nerve centres of which he speaks. As it is, he merely juggles with words and declares that love causes an intoxication of the nerve centres which causes love. This is an old trick of the modern psychologists, calling the same thing by different names, and explaining one word by another, which is just as much in need of explanation. Love and the intoxication and the disease which may lead to insanity are in the Italian doctor's case all one and the same thing, and they do not explain each other. It is not our "movements at the instance of our emotions and passions," but our control of these which enables us to develop spiritually. We must come under the dominion of the Christ consciousness, the Light of the Kingdom which is within us, if we are to develop the spiritual body and subdue the "kingdoms of this world." It is very beautifully put in the Bhagavad Gita (Chapter xiv.), where the Master says: "He who serves Me with faithful love, he, passing beyond the Three Powers, builds for oneness with the Eternal. For I am the resting-place of the Eternal, of unfading immortality, of immemorial law and perfect joy."—*Toronto Sunday World*.

The human is essentially the humane. All intellectual processes that overlook or ignore simple kindness or compassion are inhuman, to say the least, and can alone never determine the higher evolution of man.—*J. D. Buck, M. D.*

THE KEYNOTE.

(By A. F. H.)

It is always the keynote of everything that we want to seek or strike. The keynote of Christianity seems to be the personal or personality, the keynote of Theosophy, individuality; therefore in the evolution of the race they work beautifully together, Christianity preceding the wider Theosophy, which, again, leads into the Universal, there becoming the Wisdom Religion and the "Heir of All the Ages."

We should be grateful to Christianity. As represented by Jesus, it was Theosophy. But at that time the World lived in the personal, and so translated His teachings into its own language, as is the custom of humanity, from childhood on, with everything it accepts—and it must do so to accept it.

The child begins with the personal; it naturally grasps for itself. "Self-preservation is the law of life" has always been said in the Western world, and Christianity has provided for the carrying out of this law. It has a personal God, personal salvation, a personal heaven with a personal harp, classifications of persons there, and personal bodies (which they regard as themselves) here, in this world, even suggesting that these will be resurrected into the other world. Then, only, will they be surely saved, for until then heaven is an uncertain state where they are represented by a filmy something which they call their soul, but to which they hardly venture to give their undivided attention or to consider as necessary, until after death. Meanwhile, their bodies and the relations of this life are more interesting and all absorbing.

This is the Froebel method. It is the method of all intelligent education and evolution. "First that which is natural, and then that which is spiritual." But here must come in another stage of development. The continuity of this life is questioned. Death steps in to take our loved ones, and thus our hearts are touched to long for a continuance of these ties, or the rush of civilization causes changes in outside ways. The lesser is sunk in the greater; small business enterprises cease to succeed, everything must change and be on a larger scale, houses must be torn down, palaces

must be built, trusts must be formed, people must live in hotels or apartments if they have not purses to conduct life in a large way. The interests of man cease to be centred in himself, he is part of a whole; like a child when he begins to go to school, he is an individual in a community.

Then must begin consideration for others; his own interests can not exclusively usurp his attention; others have rights; only by conceding these can he hold his place. Here comes in the germ of "Brotherly love," and the consciousness of Karma, or the law of action and reaction, cause, and effect. Then, if some loved one is taken away, the feeling comes that there must be something beyond the body, there must be a continuity of life—and here we find the essence of the individual, the soul. Bodies lose their preëminence in our thoughts, we realize that our true life is on other and invisible planes. As we can not see and hear our departed loved ones, we learn to meet them in the Over-Soul, the Universal, and thus again sink our separate-ness—this time of the Soul—in the grand whole, or Spirit. Then man really lives, and begins to realize, to know, what he may be, and that, being Spirit, he can dominate and not be subject to matter, which is but the manifestation of Spirit. This larger life of Spirit with its limitless possibilities is the teaching of Theosophy, which is the continuation of Christianity, and the spirit, but not the letter, of Christ's teachings. We have lived in the letter, the body; now we live in the Spirit. We may live that Spirit in the Churches or out of the Churches. But we are told in the Bible that it is difficult for new wine to be held in old bottles. Form is not lasting, and forms confine. The old meaning clings to them and the Spirit is hampered. When a man wishes to change his life, to live on a higher plane, we tell him he can do it more easily and rapidly by going to a new place, by changing his associations. It needs a man of marked conviction and firm will to renew himself amid old surroundings. And thus in the life of the Soul the beginner can work better and more rapidly among those who believe we *are* the Soul and the body is but raiment. The literature, the associations, the daily lives of his companions help

him. For this reason only would we leave the Churches and join the Theosophical Society, for this and to help on the work of the Society which has helped us. But if we are strong enough to be carried by the Spirit, to live in our souls and aid those still in the bondage of the flesh, amid the old surroundings, we may do a great work in the Churches. That is a question each must judge for himself. In Theosophy one has a larger and more unquestioned freedom to do, to be, and to grow.—*Reprinted from the Path, December, 1893.*

AN ANCIENT TELEPHONE.

(By William Q. Judge.)

It has been the custom of many people to belittle the ancients by assuming that they knew but little of mechanics, certainly not so much as we do. The builders of the pyramids have been described by modern guessers as making their calculations and carrying on the most wonderful engineering operations with the aid of pools of water for obtaining levels and star angles: they could not, it was assumed, have instruments except the most crude. So also the old Chinese were mere rude workmen, although it is well known that they discovered the precession of the equinoxes over 2000 years ago. Of late, evidence has been slowly coming out that tends to show the ancients as perhaps having as much, if not more, than we have. So the following from the *New York Evening Sun*, an influential daily paper, will be of interest. It says, on May 31, 1894: "An English officer by the name of Harrington has discovered in India a working telephone between two native temples which stand over a mile apart. The testimony of the Hindus, which, it is said, is backed up by documentary proof, shows that the system has been in operation for over 2000 years. Scientists engaged in excavating the ruins of ancient Egyptian temples have repeatedly found unmistakable evidence of wire communication between some of the temples of the earlier Egyptian dynasties."

It will probably be found, in the course of time, that the oft-repeated statements of H. P. Blavatsky that the ancient had all of our arts and mechanical devices were true. She asserted that they had flying machines. In Buddhist

books is a story of Buddha which refers to a flying machine or mechanical bird used in a former life of the Lord, and Indian tradition speaks also of air walking machines. Reading this item in the newspaper reminds me, too, of a conversation I had with H. P. Blavatsky in New York before the phonograph came out, in which she said that some Indian friends of hers had a machine by which they spoke with each other over distances of miles with great ease. Perhaps when the great West is convinced that the old Aryans had mechanical contrivances equaling our own, it will be ready to lend a readier ear than now to the philosophies the East has so long held in keeping.—*Reprinted from the Path, July, 1894.*

THE DIVINE ALCHEMY.

This is the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead; that is, the transfiguration of the body.

For the body, which is matter, is but the manifestation of spirit; and the Word of God shall transmute it into its inner being.

The Will of God is the alchemic crucible; and the dross that is cast therein is Matter.

And the dross shall become pure gold, seven times refined; even perfect spirit.

It shall leave behind it nothing; but shall be transformed into the Divine image.

For it is not a new substance; but its alchemic polarity is changed, and it is converted.

But except it were gold in its true nature it could not be resumed in the aspect of gold.

And except matter were Spirit, it could not revert to Spirit.

To make gold the alchemist must have gold.

But he knows that to be gold which others take to be dross.

Cast thyself into the will of God, and thou shalt become as God.

For thou art God, if thy will be the Divine Will.

This is the great secret; it is the mystery of redemption.—*From Clothed with the Sun.*

What I call God.

And fools call Nature.

—*Browning.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. II. No. 47. SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, November 24, 1917. Price Five Cents

A BOOK BY MAETERLINCK.

Mr. Maeterlinck delighted us when he said in "The Blue Bird" that "there are no dead," but our interest was lessened when he subsequently explained that the dead live only in the memory of those who survive. We felt that we had been cheated, and we felt also that the bereaved who were offered such a consolation as this would be insulted. From this latest volume of essays we are glad to see that Mr. Maeterlinck has now moved somewhat forward from a position to which he had evidently been assigned by his recent tendencies toward materialism.

We are beginning, says Mr. Maeterlinck, to get a new view of death. Looking for it now with awakened eyes we fail to find it. What we have thought to be death was not death, but actually more abundant life. Our idea of death has been "too puerile to contain the least truth":

We give the name of death to anything that has a life a little different from ours. Even so do we act towards a world that appears to us motionless and frozen, the moon, for instance, because we are persuaded that any form of existence, animal or vegetable, is extinguished upon it forever. But it is now some years since we learned that the most inert matter, to outward seeming, is animated by movements so powerful and furious that all animal or vegetable life is no more than sleep and immobility by the side of the swirling eddies and immeasurable energy locked up in a wayside stone.

But how do the dead survive, if in-

deed they survive at all? What manner of consciousness is theirs? Is it like the incarnated consciousness? Does it know itself, and its own identity? Or is it a merging into some cosmic consciousness, a blending of the drop with the ocean from which it came?

Mr. Maeterlinck is not persuaded by the "communications" of the psychic researcher. They do not impress him. The post-mortem utterances of Frederic Myers, for example, seem to him to be trivial. In fact they are mere "chatter," and this in spite of ingenious explanations of the usual kind. If Myers can say anything at all, why can he not say something worth while instead of these maunderings? And so with all of these messages from the dead:

Why do they come back with empty hands and empty words? Is that what one finds when one is steeped in infinity? Beyond our last hour is it all bare and shapeless and dim? If it be so, let them tell us; and the evidence of the darkness will at least possess a grandeur that is all too absent from these cross-examining methods. Of what use is it to die, if all life's trivialities continue? Is it really worth while to have passed through the terrifying gorges which open on the eternal fields, in order to remember that we had a great-uncle called Peter, and that our cousin Paul was afflicted with varicose veins and a gastric complaint? At that rate, I should choose for those whom I love the august and frozen solitudes of the everlasting nothing. Though it be difficult for them, as they complain, to make themselves understood through a strange and sleepbound organism, they tell us enough categorical details about the past to show that they could disclose similar details, if not about the future, which

they perhaps do not yet know, at least about the lesser mysteries which surround us on every side and which our body alone prevents us from approaching. There are a thousand things, large or small, alike unknown to us, which we must perceive when feeble eyes no longer arrest our vision. It is in those regions from which a shadow separates us and not in foolish tittle-tattle of the past that they would at last find the clear and genuine proof which they seem to seek with such enthusiasm. Without demanding a great miracle one would nevertheless think that we had the right to expect from a mind which nothing now enthralls some other discourse than that which it avoided when it was still subject to matter.

Mr. Maeterlinck is not quite sure whence these messages come. Possibly from the subconsciousness of the sitters, whatever that may be—he does not tell us—possibly from some other source. He has an open mind.

Mr. Maeterlinck's essay on the "Knowledge of the Future" is perhaps the most significant of all. Does the future preëxist, he asks himself, and he is compelled to answer his own question in the affirmative. For there are those who have foreseen and who have most accurately described scenes and events that have not yet transpired. He gives us many examples, some of them of a most startling nature. If the future does not already exist, how then can it be read, he asks, and that it has been read and can be read he has no doubts whatever:

It is not difficult for us to conceive that one can thus go back and see again the astral negative of an event that is no more; and retrospective clairvoyance appears to us a wonderful but not an impossible thing. It astonishes, but does not stagger our reason. But, when it becomes a question of discovering the same picture in the future, the hold-est imagination flounders at the first step. How are we to admit that there exists somewhere a representation or reproduction of that which has not yet existed? Nevertheless some of the incidents which we have just been considering seem to prove in an almost conclusive manner not only that such representations are possible, but that we may arrive at them more frequently, not to say more conveniently, than at those of the past. Now, once this representation preëxists, as we are obliged to admit in the case of a certain number of premonitions, the riddle remains the same whether the preëxistence be one of a few hours, a few years, or several centuries. It is therefore possible—for, in these matters, we must go straight to extremes or else leave them alone—it is therefore possible that a seer mightier than any of today, some god, demigod, or demon, some unknown, universal, or vagrant intelligence, saw that procession a million years ago, at a time when

nothing existed of that which composes and surrounds it and when the very earth on which it moves had not yet risen from the ocean depths. And other seers, as mighty as the first, who from age to age contemplated the same spot and the same moment, would always have perceived through the vicissitudes and upheavals of seas, shores, and forests, the same procession going round the same little church that still lay slumbering in the oceanic ooze and made up of the same persons sprung from a race that was perhaps not yet represented on the earth.

Here, at least, Mr. Maeterlinck has the true conception. May it not be that to a more universal intelligence everything is but an eternal present in which all events are upon one plane? The future is not that which does not yet exist, but that which we can not yet see.

A consideration of the future leads the author to a consideration of some war predictions. For some unstated reason he rejects those with which the world is most familiar, but he has some of his own, and of unquestionable authenticity. Here is one of them:

Father Jean-Baptiste Vianney, rector of Ars, was, as everybody knows, a very saintly priest, who appears to have been endowed with extraordinary mediumistic faculties. The prophecy in question was made public in 1862, three years after the miracle-worker's death, and was confirmed by a letter which Mgr. Perrier addressed to the Very Rev. Dom Grea on 24th of February, 1908. Moreover, it was printed, as far back as 1872, in a collection entitled, *Voix prophétiques, ou signes, apparitions et prédictions modernes*. It therefore has an incontestable date. I pass over the part relating to the war of 1870, which does not offer the same safeguards: but I give that which concerns the present war, quoting from the 1872 text:

"The enemies will not go together; they will return again and destroy everything upon their passage; we shall not resist them, but will allow them to advance; and, after that, we shall cut off their provisions and make them suffer great losses. They will retreat towards their country; we shall follow them and there will be hardly any who return home. Then we shall take back all that they took from us and much more."

As for the date of the event, it is stated definitely and rather strikingly in these words: "They will want to canonize me, but there will not be time." Now the preliminaries to the canonization of the Rector of Ars were begun in July, 1914, but were abandoned because of the war.

We find one dubious reference to re-incarnation. Mr. Maeterlinck says:

But, to return more directly to what we were saying, was it not observed that, after the great battles of the Napoleonic era, the birth-rate increased in an extraordinary manner, as though the lives suddenly cut short

in their prime were not really dead and were eager to be back again in our midst and complete their career? If we could follow with our eyes all that is happening in the spiritual world that rises above us on every side, we should no doubt see that it is the same with the moral force that seems to be lost on the field of slaughter. It knows where to go, it knows its goal, it does not hesitate.

Mr. Maeterlinck's more recent writings leave much to be desired. They have not the vision of his earlier essays. But they can never be insignificant.

THE LIGHT BEYOND. By Maurice Maeterlinck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$2.

MASTERY.

I would not have a god come in
To shield me suddenly from sin,
And set my house of life to rights;
Nor angels with bright burning wings
Ordering my earthly thoughts and things;
Rather my own frail guttering lights
Wind blown and nearly beaten out;
Rather the terror of the nights
And long, sick groping after doubt;
Rather be lost than let my soul
Slip vaguely from my own control—
Of my own spirit let me be
In sole though feeble mastery.

—*Sara Teasdale.*

Eager ye cling to shadows, dote on
dreams;
A false self in the midst ye plant, and
make
A world around which seems
Blind to the height beyond, deaf to the
sound
Of sweet airs breathed from far past
Indra's sky;
Dumb to the summons of the true life
kept
For him who puts the false life by.
So grow the strifes and lusts which make
earth's war,
So grieve poor cheated hearts and flow
salt tears;
So wax the passions, envies, angers,
hates;
So years chase blood-stained years
With wild red feet.—*Light of Asia.*

CRUSTS AND CRUMBS.

(By Albert Ernest Stafford.)

Aries, or the Ram, is the sign of the Zodiac, entrance into which marks the vernal equinox on March 21st. In former times the year began on this date, and it is not so long since the British government dated the beginning of its year from this point. It was in 1750 that the beginning of the legal year was changed from the 25th of March to the 1st of January. Scotland had made the change in 1600. The changes in the calendar that have been made are not altogether arbitrary, but are designed to bring the calculation of our days and seasons into harmony with the relative positions of the earth and sun through long periods. The Mahometans, who follow a lunar calendar, have their months wandering through the year during a period of between thirty-two and thirty-three years. If we followed a similar system December would sometimes be in June and sometimes in March or October. That is to say, the revolution of the earth round the sun does not take place in an exact 365 days, but 5 hours, 48 minutes, and 56 seconds longer, and these odd fractions have to be provided for if we are always to have roses in June and snow at Christmas. A good deal of wonder exists in some minds why so much pains have been taken to get the calendar exactly right and in harmony with the movements of the heavenly bodies. Investigation makes it clear that it was not merely business convenience, nor even the necessities of the nautical almanac or whatever was the substitute for that indispensable volume in early times which led to the organization of the calendar. Through the church, which appears to be more concerned about the correct time on which Easter falls than anything else, the Gregorian calendar was adopted. Before this the Julian calendar ruled. Prior to this there was a good deal of confusion, but the ancient temples maintained the twelve-fold division of the year in relation to the Zodiac, and the month was, next to the day and the week, the mostly firmly established of time divisions. The reason of this, it is alleged, is that there are actual, or natural divisions of time, which are marked by real changes in the character

Combining the testimony of all these facts, we are bound to admit that there prevails in organic nature a law of septiform periodicity, a law of completion in weeks.—*Grattan Guinness.*

or quality and constitution of things, and that unless the outer indications of the heavenly bodies be accurately known these changes could not be taken advantage of or guarded against.

Doctors are now agreed that there is nothing unhealthy about night air, but it is an ancient tradition that the contrary is the fact. Our open windows at night testify to our new views. What basis was there then to the ancient prejudice? Modern occultists have much to say against the evil influences of the night hours. The Greeks divided the time between sunset and sunrise into twelve equal parts, and the time between sunrise and sunset also into twelve. Thus, the hours were of different lengths, those of the day lengthening as those of the night grew shorter and vice versa. These hours, it is still held by the occultist, are the true hours, as they indicate the aspects of the prevailing zodiacal forces. Those who have developed or are possessed of the supersight which comes from the sensitiveness or activity of the third eye, the conarium or pineal gland, say that the hours and even the days and months have each their special color or shade, and that these colors correspond with sounds, and these again with powers and influences, all of which are the real basis of the art of the astrologer, modern astrology being merely an artificial attempt to keep track of the seasons by outside indication, as a prisoner in an underground dungeon might try to describe the seasons outside by calculations he made on the walls of his cell. To all of these changes and variations the Zodiac is the master key. All the religions of the world derive their symbolism more or less from its splendid and profound divisions and signs. Ever since in the remotest antiquity the movements of the earth were marked by the elliptic cuts at an angle, the precession of the equinoxes, as it is called, have been marked by a recession in their movements as marked by the ecliptic of 50.3 seconds annually, which causes the sun to gain twenty minutes a year. As a result the sun moves round the whole twelve signs of the Zodiac in 25,960 years, making the great solar or sidereal years, into the third month of which we have just entered. This movement could be understood, perhaps, if a clock were imagined to have instead of hands a glass

face revolving in front, with the hours marked the same as the real face. As the glass face revolved the hours would gradually circle over the positions of the real hours. In the Zodiac the glass face would have to be revolved backwards to illustrate the movement of the signs over the constellations. The constellations represent the real face of the clock. The sign Aries is the twelve o'clock of the cosmic clock. About four or five thousand years ago it coincided with the Aries division of the ecliptic. Two thousand odd years ago it had changed so as to enter the sign Pisces, the fish, and now it has changed again to the sign Aquarius, the water-carrier, the "man bearing a pitcher of water" of the New Testament.

Aries is the same as Ares and Mars of the Romans; and Agni of the Hindus. and Agni is related again to the Agnus of the Greeks. It is the sign of the supreme ruler of the universe, the "King of Kings, and Lord of Lords." While Aries in astrology is spoken of as The Ram, Aries is in fact "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world," the "Lamb slain from the foundation of the earth." There is evidence in the Zodiac of Denderah, one of the most remarkable of Egyptian remains, that three sidereal years at least had passed since it had been calculated, but orthodox and conventional authorities are timid about such matters. One of them, for example, in order to get rid of an inconvenient fact, suggests that the Arcadian astronomers meant the winter solstice when they said the spring. This is one of the weaknesses of "orthodoxy," the willingness to dodge any fact rather than give up a preconception or a prejudice. In Egypt the sign Aries was honored in association with the God above all gods, Amen, whose name is still invoked in all Christian prayers. The temple of Amen Ra at Aboo Simbel was so constructed that the ray of the rising sun passing through both halls falls upon the inner shrine in the Holy of Holies. This happened on February 26 as recorded by Captain Johnston in 1892. The temple was built by Rameses II, and the sun's rays would have penetrated the shrine at that time in conjunction with the first stars of the constellation Aries. The Hindus and the Chaldeans equally honored the sign. Moses is represented with ram's horns by Michael Angelo, and he was

the lawgiver of the sign, while the story of the overthrow of the golden calf clearly points to the displacement of the sign Taurus, the Bull.

From Persia we get the Book of Enoch and the Mysteries of Mithra which almost supplant Christianity in the Roman Empire. The birthday of Mithras was at the winter solstice—Christmas—but the great mysteries were of course identical in nature and intent with those of Easter. The whole cult or religion of Mithra is related to the sun and its phases, but not in the idolatrous, material way in which modern Christians sometimes misjudge the ancients. "The Sun of righteousness" of the prophet is the same Sun of other religions. The Hindu Gayatri or sacred verse has been translated: "Unveil, O Thou who givest sustenance to the Universe, from whom all things proceed, to whom all must return, that face of the true Sun, now hidden in a vase of golden light, that we may see the truth, and do our whole duty on our journey to Thy sacred seat." Mithra was represented as slaying The Bull, and this was undoubtedly Taurus, the bull of the Zodiac. Moses and Mithra were therefore either identical, or represented the same idea. Mithras or Mithra is admitted to be one with the Vedic Mitra and the Maitreya of the Buddhists. In a peculiarly, wrong-headed fashion some writers insist that all these consecrated ideals are false and evil substitutes for the true, instead of perceiving that every nation and race has erected its own conception and understanding of the true God into the highest and holiest of its aspirations, giving it the most sacred name in its language. What language shall be spoken ten thousand years hence, and what then shall be the Name above every name? It is the actual and real that we seek and not our conception of it. If we did not die and come back to earth again we should still be worshipping Mithra, or Ares or Isis instead of Christ or St. Michael or Mary Virgin, and still older than these are Krishna and Karttikeya and Maya with the same attributes and relations as adapted to the understanding of 5000 years ago.

There is the same confusion of the real and the unreal in dealing with the Zodiac and its signs and constellations. The ancients no more worshipped the

Zodiac than we do an alarm clock. But they did pay attention to the divine realities of which the Zodiac served to remind them. As one after another of the aspects and phases of the divine life unfolded themselves in the great round of the sidereal year they endeavored, or at least those who understood endeavored, to live so as to develop within themselves the corresponding virtues and spiritual powers which the celestial signs betokened. So also was it in the year itself, and the summer and winter solstices, the spring and autumn equinoxes were seasons dedicated to the changing manifestations of the One Life of the Universe. So we have sacred days at the vernal equinox and the sacred Easter season, commemorating the renewed life of the earth, the return of the soul in new births, the resurrection of the psychic man from his prison of flesh as a spiritual man, and all the other mysteries of religion that have been handed down from the ancient and now submerged Continent of Atlantis, through Mexico, Yucatan, and Peru, through Egypt and Persia, through India and China, in that unbroken tradition which only the stupidity or obstinacy of humanity fails to identify in the abundant evidence of the ages.—*Toronto Sunday World*.

SPIRIT'S HOUSE.

From naked stones of agony
I will build a house for me;
As a mason all alone
I will raise it, stone by stone,
And every stone where I have bled
Will show a sign of dusky red.
I have not gone the way in vain,
For I have good of all my pain;
My spirit's quiet house will be
Built of naked stones I trod
On roads where I lost sight of God.
—*Sara Teasdale*.

When the spiritual state is arrived at. I and mine, which belong to the finite mind, cease, and the soul, living in the *universum* and participating in infinity with God, manifests its infinite state.—*Pearcy Chand Mittra*.

With pure thoughts and fullness of love, I will do towards others what I do for myself.—*Buddha*.

ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES IN LIFE.

(By W. Q. Judge.)

That view of one's Karma which leads to a bemoaning of the unkind fate which has kept advantages in life away from us is a mistake estimate of what is good and what is not good for the soul. It is quite true that we may often find persons surrounded with great advantages but who make no corresponding use of them or pay but little regard to them. But this very fact in itself goes to show that the so-called advantageous position in life is really not good nor fortunate in the true and inner meaning of those words. The fortunate one has money and teachers, ability, and means to travel and fill the surroundings with works of art, with music and with ease. But these are like the tropical airs that enervate the body; these enervate the character instead of building it up. They do not in themselves tend to the acquirement of any virtue whatever, but rather to the opposite by reason of the constant steeping of the senses in the subtle essences of the sensuous world. They are like sweet things which, being swallowed in quantities, turn to acids in the inside of the body. Thus they can be seen to be the opposite of good Karma.

What then is good Karma and what bad? The all-embracing and sufficient answer is this:

Good Karma is that kind which the Ego desires and requires; bad, that which the Ego neither desires nor requires.

And in this the Ego, being guided and controlled by law, by justice, by the necessities of upward evolution, and not by fancy or selfishness or revenge or ambition, is sure to choose the earthly habitation that is most likely, out of all possible of selection, to give a Karma for the real advantage in the end. In this light, then, even the lazy, indifferent life of one born rich as well as that of one born low and wicked is right.

When we, from this plane, inquire into the matter, we see that the "advantages" which one would seek were he looking for the strengthening of character, the unloosing of soul force and energy, would be called by the selfish and personal word "disadvantages." Struggle is needed for the gaining of strength;

buffeting adverse eras is for the gaining of depth; meagre opportunities may be used for acquiring fortitude; poverty should breed generosity.

The middle ground in all this, and not the extreme, is what we speak of. To be born with the disadvantage of drunken, diseased parents, in the criminal portion of the community, is a punishment which constitutes a wait on the road of evolution. It is a necessity generally because the Ego has drawn about itself in a former life some tendencies which can not be eliminated in any other way. But we should not forget that sometimes, often in the grand total, a pure, powerful Ego incarnates in just such awful surroundings, remaining good and pure all the time, and staying there for the purpose of uplifting and helping others.

But to be born in extreme poverty is not a disadvantage. Jesus said well when, repeating what many a sage had said before, he described the difficulty experienced by the rich man in entering heaven. If we look at life from the narrow point of view of those who say there is but one earth and after it either eternal heaven or hell, then poverty will be regarded as a great disadvantage and something to be avoided. But seeing that we have many lives to live, and that they will give us all needed opportunity for building up character, we must admit that poverty is not, in itself, necessarily bad Karma. Poverty has no natural tendency to engender selfishness, but wealth requires it.

A sojourn for every one in a body born to all the pains, deprivations, and miseries of modern poverty is good and just. Inasmuch as the present state of civilization with all its horrors of poverty, of crime, of disease, of wrong relations almost everywhere, has grown out of the past, in which we were workers, it is just that we should experience it all at some point in our career. If some person who now pays no heed to the misery of men and women should next life be plunged into one of the slums of our cities for rebirth, it would imprint on the soul the misery of such a situation. This would lead later on to compassion and care for others. For, unless we experience the effects of a state of life we can not understand or appreciate it from a mere descrip-

tion. The personal part involved in this may not like it as a future prospect, but if the Ego decides that the next personality shall be there then all will be an advantage and not a disadvantage.

If we look at the field of operation in us of the so-called advantages of opportunity, money, travel, and teachers we see at once that it all has to do with the brain and nothing else. Languages, archæology, music, satiating sight with beauty, eating the finest food, wearing the best clothes, traveling to many places and thus infinitely varying impressions on ear and eye; all these begin and end in the brain and not in the soul or character. As the brain is a portion of the unstable, fleeting body, the whole phantasmagoria disappears from view and use when the note of death sends its awful vibration through the physical form and drives out the inhabitant. The wonderful central master-ganglion disintegrates, and nothing at all is left but some faint aromas here and there depending on the actual love within for any one pursuit or image or sensation. Nothing left of it all but a few tendencies—*skandhas*, not of the very best. The advantages then turn out in the end to be disadvantages altogether. But imagine the same brain and body not in places of ease, struggling for a good part of life, doing their duty and not in a position to please the senses: this experience will burn in, stamp upon, carve into the character, more energy, more power, and more fortitude. It is thus through the ages that great characters are made. The other mode is the mode of the humdrum average which is nothing after all, as yet, but an animal.—*Reprinted from the Path, July, 1895.*

Gradually we may hope to attain some understanding of the nature of a larger, perhaps ethereal existence, and of the conditions regulating intercourse across the chasm. A body of responsible investigators has even now landed on the treacherous but promising shores of a new continent.—*Sir Oliver Lodge.*

If the wise man of the world who carefully picks holes in the character of others would but expend the same skill on himself, what could prevent him from breaking through the bonds of ignorance?—*Upanishads.*

LESSONS.

Unless I learn to ask no help

From any other soul but mine,

To seek no strength in waving reeds

Nor shade beneath a straggling pine.

Unless I learn to look at Grief

Unshrinking from her tear-blind eyes,

And take from Pleasure fearlessly

Whatever gifts may make me wise—

Unless I learn these things on earth,

Why was I ever given birth?

—*Sara Teasdale.*

You can not have people of cultivation, of pure character, sensible enough in common things, large-hearted women, grave judges, shrewd business men, men of science, professing to be in communication with the spiritual world, and keeping up constant intercourse with it, without its gradually reacting on the whole conception of that other life. . . . The nemesis of the pulpit comes in a shape it little thought of, beginning with the snap of a toe-joint, and ending with such a crack of old beliefs that the roar of it is heard in all the ministers' studies of Christendom.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

In justice to myself and my co-workers, I must risk annoying my present hearers, not only by leaving on record our conviction that occurrences now regarded as occult can be examined and reduced to order by the methods of science carefully and persistently applied, but by going further and saying, with the utmost brevity, that already the facts so examined have convinced me that memory and affection are not limited to that association with matter by which alone they can manifest themselves here and now, and that personality persists beyond bodily death.—*Sir Oliver Lodge.*

There is no such thing as forgetting possible to the mind. A thousand accidents may and will interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscription on the mind; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains forever.—*De Quincey.*

The true tragedy is a conflict of right with right, not of right with wrong.—*Hegel.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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WAR.

The Theosophist who asks another to define for him his proper attitude toward war ought first to define his own attitude toward Theosophy. Evidently it is an attitude that sadly needs revision. For Theosophy has no Ten Commandments. It does not classify human deeds into right and wrong. It is not a penal system, and it has no criminal code. It is content to indicate the spiritual nature of man and to recommend an observance of conscience, which is the voice of that spiritual nature. Now conscience speaks to all men in different ways, in ways appropriate to their growth and circumstance. It may be conscience that impels the savage to the worship of his fetish, that sends one man to the church and another to the theatre. Conscience always reveals the next step. It has no interest in ideals that are momentarily impracticable. It is concerned with motives rather than with the way in which those motives are expressed. The man who thinks it wrong to go to the theatre ought not to go. But the wrongfulness is not in the act, but in the violation of conscience.

But intelligence must be used to liberate the conscience from prejudice and preconception. Conscience operates through the intelligence, and the medium must be clear and transparent. Now it may be true that all wars are wrong, but we have no right to say that such a conviction is a dictate of conscience until

we have tested it by intelligence, reason, logic, and an examination of facts.

Once more, it may be true that all war is wrong, and you may believe it to be so. But why is it wrong? May it not be that some wars are wrong and that others are right? Have we fallen into the error of confusing emotion and conviction? If war as a whole can be impeached successfully it must be on the ground that all use of force is illegitimate. Once more, this may be a valid impeachment, but it must be applied logically and impartially. It must be directed against the policeman as well as against the soldier. If we may use a policeman to arrest a burglar, and to use whatever force may be necessary to that end, we may similarly use the soldier in opposition to the criminal nation. If we may use force against the individual lunatic we may also use force against the collective lunatic. It makes no difference whether we dress the instrument of that force as a policeman, an asylum attendant, or a soldier. Now it may be wrong to use force at all, whether against criminals, or lunatics, or even wild beasts. That is not the question. But let us avoid the absurdity of condemning force in large or unusual dimensions, and tolerating it, sustaining it, and even appealing to it, when its dimensions are small or commonplace. The conscience that forces us into folly is not conscience at all. Let us condemn unjust wars, just as we condemn

the unjust policeman. But it is the injustice that we condemn, not the armies nor the police force.

It would, of course, be a beautiful thing if nations, like individuals, would go to law to settle their differences. But even this does not imply the abolition of force. Quite the contrary. The verdict of judge and jury would have no validity if the policeman, the sheriff, and the soldier were not in the background. And they are constantly invoked to sustain the verdict of judge and jury.

We may as well clear the mists from our eyes and recognize that so long as some men and some nations act like wild beasts they must be handled like wild beasts. It is merely futile to denounce the remedy while tolerating the disease. Of what value to recommend arbitration to a cage of monkeys, or disarmament to a den of tigers, or the virtues of sober discussion to a lunatic asylum? Monkeys, and tigers, and lunatics must be handled in appropriate ways. They must be restrained by force, and relentlessly, but without anger, hate, or revenge.

Theosophy has therefore no duty to recommend with regard to war except the duty of observing conscience, after conscience has been liberated from prejudice, superstition, and fear

PSYCHISM.

Books upon every variety of psychism are appearing day by day. A few of them are good, but the majority of them are bad—credulous and dogmatic to an almost unbelievable extent. Evidently a season of phenomenism is ahead of us.

There are various ways in which it may be met. The easiest way is to wrap ourselves in the robe of an unctuous omniscience and to "point to the teachings." This way is usually followed by those who are ignorant of the teachings, or who have applied to them interpretations that they will not bear. It is alike a concession to our mental indolence as well as to our spiritual pride.

The real student is recommended to make himself acquainted with the facts, with all the facts that he can ascertain. Theosophy has been given to him as a weapon and not as a disguise, as something to be used and not "pointed to."

Psychic phenomena are not to be explained by a magazine article nor by airy references to elementaries, and unless Theosophy has something definite and something practical to say the judgment of the world will go by default. In any case it would be well to make sure what the "teachings" really are, and this, it may be observed, has seldom been done by those who talk most about them.

THE MIASMA OF DEMOCRACY.

(From Christian Science Monitor, November 15.)

A certain Roman Catholic organ, published in east Switzerland, has made itself responsible for the phrase "the miasma of democracy." The argument by which it is sought to make this good is a curiously composed diatribe, based on the postulate that the theory that government rests on the shoulders of the people is heresy. Because, the writer argues, man is not endowed with authority over man, the election of governments by the people is null and void. Authority can rest only with God, and therefore can not rest in the people. Consequently, the theory that democracy governs is atheistic, is, in short, "the work of Satan." Now, there is just one fact which emerges from such reasoning, and that fact is the demand for a theocracy supported by the secular arm. In plain English, the world is asked to travel back to the days when the Pope was endowed with temporal power, and attempted to impose his spiritual fiat on humanity by means of the strong arm of a secular lieutenant known as the emperor. . . .

Now the Vatican, whatever any one may think or whatever any one may say to the contrary, has never for one moment renounced its claim to temporal power. No man knew this better than Mr. Gladstone, himself the very incarnation of Anglicanism in England. Mr. Gladstone knew personally, as well as politically, what Cardinal Manning stood for, and on more than one occasion he referred publicly to that famous statement of Cardinal Manning's on the subject of the temporal power of the Papacy, made in the year 1874, to the effect that, "there is only one solution of the difficulty, and that is the terrible scourge of a continental war, a war which will exceed the horrors of any

war of the First Empire. And it is my firm conviction that, in spite of all the obstacles, the Vicar of Christ will be put again into his own rightful place. But that day will not be until his adversaries will have crushed each other with mutual destruction." That the present war was intended for the destruction of the great Rationalist and Protestant powers, France and Great Britain, respectively, and that the instrument chosen was to be the greatest of Roman Catholic powers, the Austrian Empire, supported by the mad ambition of the rulers of modern Germany for a place in the sun, is becoming more and more manifest every day.

That was the policy of the Vatican, which in developing it was bound to leave out of sight the feelings of the Roman Catholics in England or of the Roman Catholics in France. These incidents were regrettable, but they could not be allowed to stand between the Vatican and the realization of its dream of world power. If the Roman Catholics of England and the Roman Catholics in France could not maintain their countries in the Roman Catholic orbit, then, however reluctantly, the Vatican was impelled to rely upon a Twentieth Century representative of the "Scourge of God" in the person of the Kaiser.

Unfortunately for the Vatican, the best-laid schemes of mice and men, as a certain proverb says, have a way of going wrong. It was the Roman Catholics of Belgium who caused the modern Attila to lose the all-important momentum of his first assault, and the Scourge fell, and that without a doubt, on their unfortunate little country. It was recalcitrant France and Protestant England who interposed the next obstacle; indeed, it was their opposition which reduced the Scourge to its wildest brandishing, and brought defeat within full view of Mons Vaticanus. Then it was that heretical Italy joined in the battle, and to whom the next punishment consequently became due, for the Serb, the Roumanian, and the Pole were mere insignificant though necessary pawns in the game.

Now, anybody who has watched the playing of the game must have noticed that it is always played in two parts. The armies of the Central Powers move, but they move always in the rear of a

torrent of political gas in the shape of propaganda and suggestion. The power of Germany to devastate England from her Zeppelins or to starve England through her submarines was never attempted until a terrific campaign of suggestion had first swept through the press of the entire world. The attempt to create a mutiny in the French army, and to entrap France into a separate peace was never embarked upon until "the Ally," in the shape of Russia, had been pounded into quiescence through the propaganda of the Deutschtum and the mesmerism of the monk Rasputin. And so, when the efforts of the Pope's chamberlain had been checkmated in their attempt on the Italian navy, the propaganda was transferred to the army, and at the critical moment the Neapolitan troops left their places in the line, before the German assault, shouting, "Long live peace! Long live the Pope."

Now, it may be possible to account for certain incidents of a similar nature being coincidences, but it is very difficult to account for all incidents of the same nature being coincidences. As Mr. Lincoln once admirably said, "You may fool some of the people all of the time, and all the people some of the time, but you can not fool all the people all the time." The attempt has been made to account for the opposition of the Roman Catholics of Ireland to the conscription bill, welcomed by the Protestants of the North of Ireland as well as by England, Scotland, and Wales, on the ground that they are deprived of Home Rule. Now supposing this to be a genuine explanation, what is to be said of the opposition of the Roman Catholic population of Canada, in general, and of Quebec in particular, to the conscription act introduced by Sir Robert Borden, when they are in the enjoyment of the fullest volume of Home Rule possible, and how does it happen that the attempt to introduce the conscription bill into Australia by Mr. Hughes was successfully opposed by the Labor Party, after the Labor Party, on the showing of the leaders of the Roman Catholic Church themselves, had been first captured by the Roman Catholic Federation of Labor? Again, something very similar occurred in New Zealand where a certain section of the Radical Party objected to conscription because of the grounds of the

very claim made by the Roman Catholic Church in Canada, that its lay brothers should not be subject to conscription. There is no escape from the conclusions forced upon any open-minded person by these facts. To adapt Mr. Lincoln's words, you can not explain away all the facts all the time.

This, it is to be suspected, is the secret of "the miasma of democracy."

CRUSTS AND CRUMBS.

(By Albert Ernest Stafford.)

Students of the "Secret Doctrine" have always been aware of the important part that Russia is to play in the future of the world. I have dealt with the matter on other occasions, but it comes up again with special interest just now. The septenary classification of humanity into Rounds, Races, sub-races, family races, and "little tribes, shoots and off-shoots of the last-named, are countless and depend on karmic action." In A. P. Sinnett's "Esoteric Buddhism" (and Mr. Sinnett, by the way, has an article in the February *Nineteenth Century and After*), as well as in the "Secret Doctrine," these seven-fold divisions are clearly and concisely stated. There are seven rounds in every Manvantara (a period of 306,720,000 years, of which there are fourteen, with 25,920,000 years between each of them) and we are in the Fourth Round, and the Fifth Root Race, and the fifth sub-race of that, and it is for students to identify the family races to which the nations belong. Much information on this head has been collected from the "Secret Doctrine" by Mrs. Besant in her "Pedigree of Man." All these races and sub-races, etc., to a certain extent, overlap each other, and in the smaller divisions are, in a large measure, contemporary. The almost infinite variety of the human races is intelligible enough when the system is understood. Our Fifth Root Race ("generally, though hardly correctly called the Aryan") has already been in existence for 1,000,000 years. Each of the four preceding sub-races have lived, it is to be inferred, approximately 210,000 years, and thus each family race would have an average existence of 30,000 years. So "the European family race has still a good many thousand years to run, although the nations . . . vary with each

succeeding 'season' of three or four thousands years." The family race is supposed to approximate to the duration of the sidereal year of 25,960 (25,868) years.

The Zodiac, of which I spoke last week, is the great cosmic clock, marking the advent and exit of the races of man. There are two ancient Egyptian Zodiacs which indicate some of the changes of the past. Herodotus was told by the Egyptian priests that at one time the terrestrial pole and the pole of the Ecliptic had coincided, and Mackey of Norwich corroborated this. "Capricorn," he says in "The Mythological Astronomy of the Ancients Demonstrated" (quoted in S. D.), "is represented at the North Pole, and Cancer is divided near its middle at the South Pole, which is a confirmation that originally they had their winter when the Sun was in Cancer; but the chief characteristics of its being a monument commemorating the first time that the Pole had been in that position, are the Lion and the Virgin." The Egyptian people, the Schesoo-Hor, or "Servants of Horus," had come from an earlier continent, and settled in Egypt, and to this prehistoric race "belongs the honor," M. G. Maspero affirms, "of having founded the principal cities of Egypt, and established the most important sanctuaries." This, H. P. B. adds, was before the Great Pyramid epoch, and when Egypt had hardly risen from the waters. Yet "they possessed the hieroglyphic form of writing special to the Egyptians, and must have been already considerably advanced in civilization." It is calculated from the Pyramid, "assuming that the long narrow downward passage was directed towards the pole-star of the pyramid builders, "that Alpha Draconis, then pole-star, was in the required position about 3350 B. C., as well as in 2170 B. C. (R. A. Proctor). But "this relative position of Alpha Draconis and Alcyone being an extraordinary one." Staniland Wake contends, "it could not occur again for a whole sidereal year" (25,868 years). As the Denderah Zodiac shows the passage of three sidereal years, this takes us back 78,000 years. In the Denderah Zodiac "the Lion stands upon the Hydra and his tail is almost straight, pointing downwards, at an angle of 40 or 50 degrees, this position agreeing with the original confor-

mation of these constellations." In the circular Zodiac, shown by Denon, "the Lion is standing on the Serpent, his tail forming a curve downward, from which it is found that though six or seven hundred thousand years must have passed between the two positions, yet they had made but little difference between in the constellations of Leo and the Hydra. In the circular Zodiac, the Virgin is nursing her child; but it seems they had not the idea when the pole was first within the plane of the Ecliptic; for in this Zodiac, as given by Denon, we see three Virgins between the Lion and the Scales, the last of which holds in her hand an ear of wheat."

These two Denderah Zodiacs, and another Indian one referred to, belong to three different epochs, it is stated, namely, to the last three family races of the fourth sub-race of the Fifth Root race, each of which must have lived approximately from 25,000 to 30,000 years. The first of these (the "Aryan-Asiatics") witnessed the doom of the last of the populations of the "giant Atlanteans," who were of as many nations as the Asiatics or Europeans, and who perished some 850,000 years ago, when the island continents of Ruta and Daitya were submerged towards the close of the Miocene age. The fourth sub-race witnessed the destruction of the last remnant of the Atlanteans—the Aryo-Atlanteans, in the last island of the Atlantis (Plato's Poseidon) some 11,000 years ago. It is through such cataclysms, and through wars and disasters of one kind and another, that humanity achieves its unfoldment, and gradually conquers the baser elements of the lower nature with which its Godlike consciousness is associated.

The third race was the bright shadow, at first, of the gods, whom tradition exiles on Earth after the allegorical war in Heaven, which becomes still more allegorical on Earth, for it was the war between spirit and matter. "This war will last till the inner and divine man adjusts his outer and terrestrial self to his own spiritual nature. Till then the dark and fierce passions of the former will be at eternal feud with his master, the Divine Man. But the animal will be tamed one day, because its nature will be changed, and harmony will reign once more between the two as before the 'Fall,' when even mortal man was cre-

ated by the Elements and was not born." We have long passed that condition of the Third Root race here spoken of, and are now in the Fifth Root race, and the fifth sub-race as a general period. The Secret Doctrine claims that every Root-race, with its sub-races and innumerable family divisions and their tribes, is entirely distinct from its preceding and succeeding race. Science has been unable to accept this view, and of course will not recognize the Sixth and Seventh races until they appear. But these entirely new races, arising from the mixed races of the present and later days, will duly appear. It is in America, it is said, the transformation leading to the new Sixth Race will take place. "They are, in short, the germs of the sixth sub-race, and in some few hundred years more will become most decidedly the pioneers of that race which must succeed to the present European or fifth sub-race in all its new characteristics. After this in about 25,000 years, they will launch into preparations for the seventh sub-race; until, in consequence of cataclysms—the first series of those which must one day destroy Europe, and still later the whole Aryan race (and thus affect both Americas), as also most of the lands directly connected with the confines of our continent and isles—the Sixth Root Race will have appeared on the stage of our Round. When shall this be? Who knows save the great Masters of Wisdom, perchance, and they are as silent upon the subject as the snow-capped peaks that tower above them."

Out of each sub-race is developed the corresponding root-race, so that in the seventh sub-race of this race we may discover some of the attributes of the great Seventh Race in ages to be. If the Russian nation be accepted as the seed of the seventh sub-race we may note the same melting-pot conditions in the Muscovite Empire throughout Europe and Asia as are met with at present in America. We may hail the recent overthrow of the autocracy and the establishment of democratic government as a great progressive step towards the spiritual unity of the human race in the future. If the war had accomplished nothing more than the freeing of Russia it would have justified its stupendous outlay of treasure and sacrifice of life.

But many other things are being accomplished in this settling of the accounts of the nations. The little nations, without exception, must be freed and allowed to develop their own individuality, independent of the dominating influences of greater neighbors, and they must learn also to dwell in peace and amity. Great social revolutions must come like female suffrage and the prohibition of the soul-destroying liquor traffic, under which England still courts defeat; the abolition of religious bigotry and intolerance; the humanizing of labor conditions, and the return in far greater measure to rural and open-air life; the abatement of commercial competition and of the morally ruinous selfish code of the average corporation; the substitution of principles of equity for mere legal precedents and technicality, and in general the awakening in the mind and heart of each individual citizen of the sense of his obligation and responsibility to all the rest, independently of family or sectarian, or political distinctions. Russia is an earnest, in some sense, of the things that may come to pass. Germany also must pass under the rod. We are all concerned in these things, for the man who fails in his duty now, the slacker, the fearful, the unbelievers, will, according to their acts and deed, be born in future lives in such races and nations as their acts have helped to create and in accordance with the conditions with which their characters are in harmony. We are all, each of us, just where we need to be, as the result of our past actions. What we do now, or fail to do, will just as surely settle our places when we return to earth after our heaven-rest; or will give us the freedom in which we may choose our own place and duty in life. While we are under the law we must obey. When we know the truth and are free, we obey none the less, but we can direct our own service. That is one reason for working with the Masters for the Great Emancipation.—*Toronto Sunday World*.

Life is as dear to all beings as it is to one's self; feel compassion for every being, taking thy own self as the measure.—*Upanishads*.

The soul was not born; it does not die; it was not produced from any one; nor was any produced from it.—*Emerson*.

A DISCOURSE OF BUDDHA.

Shadows are good when the high sun
is flaming,
From whereso'er they fall;
Some take their rest beneath the holy
temple,
Some by the prison wall.

The King's gilt palace roof shuts out
the sunshine,
So doth the dyer's shed!
Which is the chiefest shade of all these
shadows?

They are alike! one said.

So it is, quoth he, with all shows of
living;
As shadows fall, they fall!
Rest under, if ye must, but question not
Which is the best of all.

Therefore, though all be false, seek, if
ye must,
Right shelter from life's heat.
Lo! those do well who toil for wife and
child,
Threading the burning street!

Good is it helping kindred! Good to
dwell
Blameless and just to all!
Good to give alms, with good-will in the
heart,
Albeit the store be small!

Good to speak sweet and gentle words,
to be
Merciful, patient, mild;
To hear the Law, and keep it, leading
days
Innocent, undefiled.

These be chief goods—for evil by its like
Ends not, nor hate by hate;
By love hate ceaseth; by well-doing ill;
By knowledge life's sad state.

But see where soars an eagle! Mark
those wings!
Which cleave the cool, blue skies!
What shadow needeth yon proud Lord
of Air
To shield his fearless eyes?

Rise from this life: lift upon pinions
bold
Hearts free and great as his;
The eagle seeks no shadow, nor the wise
Greater or less bliss!

—*Edwin Arnold*.

MASTER'S HELP.

The theory is widely known among the members of the Society that at the close of each century a spiritual movement is made in the world by the Mahatmas, which begins with the last twenty-five years of the century and does not in that form begin again after the close of twenty-five years until the last quarter of the following period. But this has been exaggerated and much misunderstood. Some, indeed many, go so far as to conclude that then in the course of the next few years the Mahatmas will entirely recede from all work in the world and leave us all to our fate. One person went so far as to argue that it meant the coming of the sixth race in '98, and hence asked how it could be, or what matter it would be, as the sixth race would have sufficient knowledge of itself. But the major part seem to think that no help will be given after that time. I think this is incorrect, and will try to explain it as it was explained to me by the promulgator of the theory, H. P. B.

The Masters are governed by the law of action and reaction, and are wise enough always not to do that which might result in undoing all their prior work. The law of reaction applies as much to the mind of man as to physical things and forces. By going too far at any one time with the throwing-out of great force in the mental plane, the consequence would be that a reaction of superstition and evil of all sort would undo everything. Superstition rules yet in the world, and the world is not confined for the Masters to the Western peoples. In the West, following the historical cycles, a great and definite effort is made among the people—for instance, as the Theosophical Society—so as to aid the psychical and spiritual development of man. Among other reasons for not keeping up the display of much force is that if it went too far many unprepared persons whose moral senses are not rightly governed would take up with all our theories and follow them out along the lines of pure selfishness for business and other purposes.

For that reason, among others, H. P. B. began to slacken her phenomena some time before her departure, although to my own certain knowledge she was able to do them to the last, and did do many

of them, and some of the most wonderful sort, up to the last. But publicly it was not so. Some have taken on themselves to say that the reason for this alteration was because she came to the conclusion it was a mistake to do them, but I do not believe this at all. It was a part of a well-understood campaign and order.

At the end of the twenty-five years the Masters will not send out in such a wide and sweeping volume the force they send during the twenty-five years. But that does not mean they will withdraw. They will leave the ideas to germinate in the minds of the people at large, but never will they take away from those who deserve it the help that is due and given to all. However, many will have gone on further by that time than others, and to those who have thus gone on from altruism and unselfish devotion to the good of the race continual help and guiding will be given. Many, however, in and out of the T. S. will continue so selfish and personal that they will have to content themselves with what they will get from others and from the general development. H. P. B. was quite definite on this. It agrees with history. During all the centuries there have been many persons who have had direct and valuable help from Masters, and to suppose that at the end of our first twenty-five years all of that will be finished is an absurdity in itself.—*Reprinted from the Path, November, 1894.*

PARACELSUS.

Perchance
I perished in an arrogant self-reliance
An age ago; and in that act, a prayer
For one more chance went up so earnest,
so
Instinct with better light let in by Death,
That life was blotted out—not so completely
But scattered wrecks enough of it remain,
Dim memories; as now, when seems
once more
The goal in sight again.—*Browning.*

Water may be endlessly muddy, but when the mud is gone the water is clear. As it shines so shines the Self also, when faults are gone away, it shines forth clear.—*The Crest Jewel of Wisdom.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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REINCARNATION.

We wish that some intelligent spiritist would explain a marked divergence of opinion on the subject of reincarnation that has long been prevalent among adherents of the cult. Spiritists derive their beliefs and philosophy from the revelations of their "guides" and "controls," although why a disembodied soul should know more than an embodied one it is hard to say. But at least we should expect some unanimity of teaching, some general agreement as to the post-mortem states and the destiny of the individual. This is just what we do not get. Most of the "controls" now in evidence have heard nothing of reincarnation and deny its truth. But others teach it as an axiom. Why this disagreement? A few years ago there were no spiritists—except the followers of Kardec—and no "controls" who would tolerate the idea. Now there are many. Why? If the "controls" and "guides" are not usually informed on this matter their value as teachers would seem to be somewhat discounted. The same may be said of their failure to agree, since some repudiate the idea with scorn and others regard it as axiomatic. We ask to know.

Take, for example, the little book called "The Living Dead," by E. Katharine Bates (E. P. Dutton & Co.). It is undiluted spiritism, even crude spiritism.

But it contains a chapter on "Reincarnation" in which the author says:

I prefer this word to reincarnation, because it does not take so much for granted. It seems to me very possible that we may have lived before on our present planet, and extremely probable that we have lived other lives on other planets. In the latter case, however, we can not possibly dogmatize about the exact type of body which may have clothed our spirit. Allowing that the presence of identical elements has been discovered in other planets of our system, we must also allow for the chemical fact that a different blend of these elements or the identical elements in *differing proportions*, would represent a different substance from that which we know here as *flesh*, so that reëmbodiment seems a safer and more accurate term.

If we *have* lived other lives on this special earth, it has never appeared to me more illogical or impossible than that a boy should be sent back to the same school after each holiday time. This is more usual than to change from Rugby to Harrow, or from Harrow to Eton in rotation, for the whole length of his school days. The considerable advance between school and university would be denoted by the Harrovian or Etonian becoming a "University man." To carry out the simile, *this* would correspond with our next educational experience, taking place on a more advanced planet, with increased powers and opportunities, and therefore increased responsibilities, as happens when the school-boy blossoms out into the Oxford or Cambridge man. The fact of not remembering our last life is really not important one way or the other. If we *did* remember a past life, in any sort of detail, we should certainly be more apt to avoid mistakes as a matter of *expediency* rather than of duty. We should remember that a certain course of action brought disagreeable consequences last time, and might be trusted to do the same this time: but we can return with the *sum* and

result of a previous existence, even if we can not recall whether that life was lived in England, or Italy, or France. To deny this would be to affirm that when a man suffers from shell-shock or any other brain trouble that draws a clean sponge over his previous life, that is a proof that he has never lived it—*quod est absurdum*.

I hold no brief for reëmbodiment nor against it, although everything in Nature, so far as we have gone, seems to indicate continual progress from lower to higher forms of life, but looking on the reckless and apparently useless (certainly often unnecessary) sacrifice of human life, a thought comes to me that may have some grain of truth in it. We speak of our dear soldiers and sailors having made the *supreme sacrifice* in offering up their lives for their country, and to preserve their women and the old and helpless from a terrible fate at the hands of a brutal enemy, and there is a general suggestion that by doing so, they have saved their own souls, although, naturally, this was not their object or their noble instinct. I think this suggestion is a true one, but possibly in a slightly different way from the one indicated. When the offered sacrifice *has been accepted*, may it not mean that those special souls, young in years but old in spirit, may have reached a point in their evolution where this ultimate physical sacrifice alone was necessary, as a testing time, before such spirits could gain access to the next step in their evolution? If so, they came here, for the short earth-life, simply to gain that experience, to pass that special and supreme test, and they have done so nobly.

In this war, as in others, the old saying that "every bullet has its billet" has been proved up to the hilt again and again. I met a colonel in the "Northampton's" last summer who had at that time an official War Office Berth as Inspector of Troops. We were traveling together in the north of England, where he was to spend ten strenuous days in different centres, and he told me that he had gone out with the first hundred thousand and had been at the front from August, 1914, to March, 1915. I gathered that his health had broken down under the long strain, hence the need for temporary change of work. During those months he had twice seen his regiment literally "cut to pieces," and more than once had the terrible experience of losing a comrade on each side of him, yet had never been wounded himself. There are hundreds of such cases, which fully explain the "superstitious" idea that some men have *charmed lives*—so they have—"Man is immortal till his work is done," but not a day longer. Surely this makes it all the more probable that my suggestion may hold some truth, and a very consoling truth? It is so terribly hard to think of these dear boys as cut off in such an unnatural way, in the very flower of their youth, but if we can realize that they were passing their Finals, with the highest honors and, having gained their splendid degrees, need no longer drag a lengthening chain in this sad planet, well, I think that changes the point of view very considerably. For those dear lads would not have been always young. A few years more, and the inevitable dis-

cipline of life must have begun: they would have sinned and sorrowed like other men, and have known perhaps remorse, and even misery, in spite of the love lavished upon them by devoted wives and parents.

They may have had their discipline and passed their matriculation long years ago, and only returned to earth-life (school-life) for one short term, with a definite purpose. If you say: "But how could this happen to so many thousands?" I can only reply that *I don't know*; but how can we demonstrate or limit the purposes of the Omniscient?

We know that this terrible war has been planned and prepared for by our enemy for forty years past, at least. We know that the Kaiser has secretly carried on the preparations with treacherous delight for twenty-five years, whilst holding out to us the right hand of friendliness and affection. Every one seems to have been aware of this except our own sleepy ministers. It has been indeed a case of "None so blind as those who *won't see*," so there would have been ample time to send into the world the waiting thousands who had passed their examination schools, with the exception of the final supreme test, which practically "places them" for an indefinite period of further progress: as a Senior Wrangler's career is influenced for his whole earth-life by the distinction that he has gained.

This may sound rather a hard-and-fast materialistic way of putting the case, allowing nothing for spiritual emotions and the most blessed spiritual experiences, but these are all included in my suggestion. I have merely indicated a bare outline from the first and simplest analogy I could find, for what may be the fulfillment, during these two years past, of a grand spiritual law of spiritual evolution. No analogy can stand meticulous criticism. Any one can point out its weak points, and show where the picture is "out of drawing," etc.—I can easily show this myself, for that matter, yet, I think, on the whole, it is a fair outline of the suggestion? And as regards the suggestion itself, I can only say: "In these bewildering, heart-breaking, and yet miraculous days, how can we—poor blind puppies at best—dogmatize as to the counsels and the purposes of the Almighty?"

The unknown correspondent, to whom I have referred earlier in this chapter, kindly allows me to quote from his letter the following interesting suggestions:

"I am strongly inclined to believe in a form of reincarnation resulting from evolution. We know that man has evolved, mentally and spiritually, during past ages, and that he continues to evolve, after leaving the earth, until he is fit for intense happiness (the beatific vision). It seems highly improbable that this mental and moral evolution began with man. Geology proves that the earth was, for ages, a furiously boiling mass of matter, until its surface was sufficiently hard and cool for *bodily* life to be able to exist upon it. It is scarcely conceivable that the *will* and *intelligence*, with which all bodily life is endowed, came from the mass of burnt elements composing the earth.

"It seems to me that the universe is suffused with incorporeal life, which seizes every

opportunity of forming a body for doing a certain work that increases its knowledge. The simplest form of bodily life is the amœba, a speck of jelly without a bodily organ, but capable of forming a temporary stomach when food is near, or a foot when it wants to move. This power must be due to *will and intelligence*—the special attributes of spirit.

"Then come the cellular forms, capable of multiplying themselves and building up bodies of higher and higher organization. Is it not almost certain that the spirit of the amœba is the most undeveloped form of spirit, and that, as it increases in intelligence, it is reincarnated in higher and higher bodily forms until it reaches man? This theory, if true, would account for the gradual improvement in the forms of life, as revealed by geology.

"Man's spirit has now evolved to such a degree that it has learnt how to measure the signs, distances, and motions of heavenly bodies millions of miles away, and to find out the elements of which they are composed. These elements being identical with those of our earth, it is fair to infer that the heavenly bodies are made for the same purpose as our own, viz., to furnish the means of development and evolution for spirit beings constantly progressing, like ourselves, to stages of unimaginable happiness.

"The situation of the universe and position of the heavenly bodies prove that the Creator has infinite knowledge and powers. The perpetual evolution doubtless going on in millions of worlds besides this, of spirits progressing to states of unimaginable bliss—as we are—clearly prove that God is a Being of infinite love; and we may be sure that all which seems so dreadful now must be right, although we may not perhaps acquire sufficient knowledge to see why, until long after we leave the earth.

"Perhaps a high degree of happiness is not to be obtained without going through strife and sorrow, so that each individual may work out his or her salvation."

This quotation appealed to me as embodying in very simple words some undeniable truths.

The fundamental weakness of men who oppose Psychical Research from the religious and poetical standpoint is that they "preempt" the kind of future world in which they will believe. They want something like a Platonic symposium for their happiness, or they pretend to, though their real enjoyments are a cock-tail and a cigar.—*Hyslop*.

To the mentally lazy or obtuse, Theosophy must remain a riddle: for in the world mental as in the world spiritual each man must progress by his own efforts. The writer can not do the reader's thinking for him, nor would the latter be any the better off if such vicarious thought were possible.—*H. P. Blavatsky*.

VISIONS.

(By W. Q. Judge.)

The other evening, after a day of great activity, and being very tired, not thinking of my friend X, but rather of the passing business I had been in, I had a vision suddenly of X, with whom I seemed to have a long conversation of benefit to both. Now how was this when I had not been thinking of him at all?

In the first place experience shows, and those who know the laws of such matters say, that the fact of not having thought of a person is not a cause for preventing one from seeing the person in dream or vision. It makes no difference if you haven't thought of the person for twenty years.

Secondly, being wearied and much occupied during the day with absorbing business, is in general likely to furnish just the condition in you for a vision or dream of a person or a place you have not thought of for a long time. But extreme and absolute fatigue, going to the extreme, is likely to plunge one into such a deep sleep as to prevent any such experience.

In consequence of bodily and brain fatigue those organs are temporarily paralyzed, sometimes, just enough to allow some of the astral senses to work. We then have a vision or dream of place or person, all depending upon the extent to which the inner astral person is able to impress the material brain cells. Sometimes it is forgotten save as the mere trace of something that took place but can not be identified. When we are awake and active the brain has such a hold on the astral body that the latter (very fortunately) can work only with the brain and as that organ dictates. And when we fall naturally, unfatigued, into the state when it might be supposed we would have a vision, it does not come. But the pictures and recollections of the day pass before us because the brain is not tired enough to give up its hold on the astral body. Fatigue, however, stills the imperative brain and it releases its hold.—*Reprinted from the Path, December, 1895.*

When all the desires that are hid in the heart are let go, the mortal becomes immortal, and reaches the Eternal.—*Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad.*

CRUSTS AND CRUMBS.

(By Albert Ernest Stafford.)

In those analyses of the states of consciousness which are supplied by the "Secret Doctrine" one soon learns that what we regard as very high manifestations of human mentality are actually but of a rudimentary character, and the wisest of men here is, as Jesus suggested, less than the least in the Kingdom of Heaven. Kosmic Consciousness was explained by Mme. Blavatsky as being developed on seven planes, the highest of which are practically inconceivable to us. Our terrestrial (or prakritic) consciousness is four or five planes below that of the great ones of the spiritual world, and each of these have seven sub-planes, an experience on the lower sub-planes being frequently mistaken by the novice for a revelation of transcendent glory. The true terrestrial planes have seven subdivisions, which may be suggested as sensuous, instinctual, physiological-emotional, passional, mental, spiritual, and the seventh, which is synthetic, approaching the next main plane. Most people are in this stage of the development of consciousness, a purely material one. All their thinking, their tastes, their religion even, is on this material basis. The next great plane of consciousness is the astral, and it is in this state of consciousness that most thinking men exist. They are independent of physical sensation, absent-minded, as it is phrased, and they often have experiences which lead those whose consciousness is purely terrestrial to think that they are crazy. In fact a great deal of lunacy is the result of premature or ignorant functioning on this plane, which is just as real to those conscious of it as the terrestrial is to those who are confined to the lower level. The astral has its seven divisions corresponding with the seven divisions of the terrestrial and they are bad or good, according to the character of those who enter them. In delirium of fever or other disease ordinary people reach the second division of the astral. Extreme delirium carries one to the next or third stage. In delirium tremens the patient may be on this or the fourth sub-plane of the astral, and lunatics are often conscious on the third and see terrible visions. The fourth is the worst of all these subplanes, and abounds in temptations

and incitements to evil and vice of every description. Beyond this is the substate from which comes premonitions in dreams, and other glimpses of the past and future. It is a mental and not spiritual state. Beyond this is the sixth sub-astral plane, "from which come all beautiful inspirations of art, poetry, and music; high types of dreams, flashes of genius. Here we have glimpses of past incarnations, without being able to locate or analyze them."

Beyond these planes stretch the infinite—the practically infinite—potentialities of thirty-six other sub-planes. It is only on the twenty-ninth sub-plane, the beginning of the fifth great sphere of consciousness, that of the Manas-Ego, that we enter the really spiritual realms. When this is understood there is less tendency to self-conceit or self-righteousness or vainglory of any description, and we will be more willing to acknowledge St. Paul's justification in declaring that "all our righteousness is filthy rags." If we had only seventy years in which to attain perfection, to conquer all the difficulties that lie before us, the task would be hopeless, but hundreds of incarnations, of lives in new and better bodies, suitable to our aspirations and our strivings, lie before us. In the seventh sub-plane of the astral plane we realize all that we need to know at the moment of death, and some have exceptional visions on this plane. The drowning man is in this state when he remembers his past record. The memory of this plane is centred in the heart, the "seat of Buddha," "the throne of Christ." Just approaching this level, then, is the consciousness of the poet, in touch with the world around us, and yet touched with some gleams as Wordsworth has it, of "the light that never was on sea or land." This is the exact truth, for "impressions from this plane are not made upon the physical brain." Or, as it is said elsewhere, "the Self of Spirit and the Self of Matter never meet."

I have been favored with several volumes of poetry lately, and I have been trying to relate them to the new conditions of things which the war has created. I find the "Secret Doctrine" gives the only satisfactory clue. There has been unquestionably an intensifying of the consciousness of the race. The natu-

ral inclination to project one's thought or mentality into the unseen and unknown has been stimulated and strengthened. The result may be spiritual, or it may not. Many of the poets of the battlefield do not probably reach as high even as that sixth astral sub-plane, but their thinking is quickened into rhythmic expression by the harmonious and symmetrical form tendencies of the astral-manas condition. What goes no higher than this is not poetry in the great sense, but may be pleasant and even inspiring verse. There are even many writers who fear to give expression to the high intuitions, the "beautiful inspirations," and "flashes of genius" already mentioned. It is not difficult to detect the effort to conform to conventional or orthodox lines of thought, traditional philosophy, and all the limiting influences that have grown up and hedge about the free soul. "The form, the form alone is eloquent!" in such cases; the life has gone out of it. This is what lies behind Walt Whitman's effort to liberate himself from the trammels of form, to gain freedom to express the things and thoughts he saw and knew; and, after him, in the whole brood of those who write *vers libre*, because they can do nothing but imitate what has already been done in the recognized forms. True poetry is evidently not confined to form. The parallel or repetitive method of expression of Hebrew poetry as in the Psalms is nothing more than a form of *vers libre*, but I think it has been shown that there is a rhythmic basis to the expression also. Many of our great prose writers adopt a rhythmic measure in the cadences of their noblest passages. Carlyle and Dickens are well-known examples. It is the thought and not the form that makes poetry. But this does not mean that form is to be neglected.

Most verse falls short of being poetry by lack of distinction of style. If one is asked to define distinction the difficulty is simply that of taste, which is another word for culture. Yet mere culture does not and can not lend distinction to the ignoble thoughts of a second or third-rate mind. The difficulty, perhaps, is to say these things without wounding or discouraging the young singers who are tempted to think that a fatal facility for rhyming constitutes the poet. I think accent and metre are of more importance

than rhyme, and beauty of language with all that it involves is more than either. Nothing but familiarity with the best literature and an addiction to the dictionary, which is too often wanting, will enable the young poet to rise to the level of distinction. One sees constantly evidences of the failure to understand the language used which utterly destroys the claims of the writer. To take an example from local prose. Two or three newspapers in Toronto constantly employ the word "verbiage" as though it meant language, phrasing, diction, or expression. If the writers would turn up the dictionary they would learn their error. Young poets should never be without a dictionary, but neither should they forget that words are only the garments in which thoughts are clothed. No thought, no poetry; no vision, no verse. There occasionally arises spontaneously in the cultivated mind, as the result of deep feeling, the natural expression in perfect or almost perfect form, of universal sentiments, emotions, or aspirations, and the ordinary man can come no nearer to a conception of inspiration than when such utterances spring into complete being, not requiring the change of a word or syllable. Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" is a well-known example, and Wordsworth's "Lucy," and Landor's "Rose Aylmer" belong to this class. One sees occasionally in newspapers or magazines short poems which bear the unquestionable hall mark. Kipling's "Recessional" is another example of this kind, but there are many instances where one exquisite lyric constituted the whole attainment of the poet in this incarnation. "Other heights in other lives, God willing," as Browning assures us. The leap from such poetic impulse to such an achievement as the Koran of Mahomet, written in the most perfect Arabian verse, and given, as the Prophet said, complete and perfect in each chapter, can only be understood by the expansion of consciousness on higher planes, beyond anything belonging to our ordinary experience. And what can be said of the transcendent consciousness which could prepare a book like the New Testament, the words and letters of which in Greek are said to be marshaled in such strict arithmetrical form that their numbers are all multiples of seven, all the important words are used as many times as would be a mul-

tuple of seven, Moses, for instance, occurring seventy times. Moreover, the vowels and the consonants occur in septenary groups. It is a tremendous task to verify this. I was satisfied with the passage containing the Lord's Prayer, Matthew vi., 9-13, which I found to contain 63 words, or 9 times 7, and 315 letters, or 45 times 7. If any one thinks this is easy let him compose a piece of English prose containing 63 words and 315 letters. When the elevation of thought of the New Testament is considered, and the magnitude of the task of conveying it so that it should fall into such definite, orderly, literally regulated composition so that every word and letter is numbered and forms part of an arithmetical plan, it must be felt that the ranges of consciousness beyond the perception of the ordinary man require the experience of the poetic faculty to render them intelligible or conceivable. Poetry is, indeed, a divine gift to be accepted, to be cherished, for which to be grateful. The poet sees what other men only dream.—*Toronto Sunday World*.

THE TONGUES OF MEN AND OF ANGELS.

(By Helen Stone Tuzo.)

A very popular quotation of the kind that glaringly shows forth a half-truth is the hackneyed "What's in a name?" and I confess that I never hear it without feeling a little irritated. Names, and words in general, are such wonderful and powerful things that it is distressing to hear them spoken of slightly. What, then, are words, and how should we treat them? They are neither more nor less than the bodies of thoughts and ideas, the projection of the spirit on the physical plane.

They must be clear; that is, their outlines must be distinct, so that it will at least be evident what they do not mean. They must be legitimate, for unlawfully brought forth words inherit always some of the perversity of their parents, and, while they may show a certain gipsy vividness, surely will lack the enduring strength that comes from conscious compliance with the laws of life. Yet they must be products of creative evolution and not mere mechanical complexes, however elegant or exquisite, or they will be like that statue of which Brown-

ing says, "There's his Venus, whence we turn. To yonder girl that fords the burn"—they will have no compelling power whatever.

The Mohammedans believe that every picture will exact a bit of his soul from the artist who gave it form, and there is an analogy there with words—only these do not wait for a future day of judgment but carry with them as they are uttered some of the vitality of their progenitors. It takes a great mind to force the words it employs to carry just the intended meaning; no more, no less, as Humpty Dumpty says in the immortal "Alice," "It's a question of who's to be master." Words are frightfully prone to take the bit between their teeth and, like the steeds of Phaeton, to dash their would-be driver to untold destruction. The reason of this is that we do not control our thoughts; how, then, can we control and direct our words? What most of us call thoughts are confused surges of real or imagined sensations and desires, formless agitations of the emotions, or petty calculations for our material advantage. In order to utter clear, accurate, and forcible words, we must marshal and co-ordinate our thoughts, and in order to do that we must make them clear to ourselves. "I know it, but I can't say it," is a confession of misty feebleness where we ought to have a clean grasp and a discriminating apprehension. But how can we think save in words? In no other way as yet; but let us see to it that they are the right words.

No casual, haphazard, ready-made clothing will bring out what beauty may lie hidden in our adolescent thoughts; the awkward age must be clad most carefully if we would not embarrass and clog the development of grace and power. Round shoulders and bowlegs are too often the result of the self-conscious shrinkings and crouchings of the inappropriately dressed young person, and thoughts can never reach a gracious, symmetrical maturity if their growth is constricted by an insufficient or hampered by a too voluminous garment.

Fortunately, there is just one word for one thought, and we can, by exercising a rigorous censorship, compel the thought to express itself in that way and in no other. Of course, it is troublesome, but the result amply justifies the effort.

There are few pleasures comparable to that of adjusting the form exquisitely to the spirit, and then, besides, we are much more efficient when we do so. To vary the metaphor, accurate aim is as essential to successful gunnery as a powerful explosive or a suitable projectile.

When we say there is just one word for one thought, we are trenching upon difficult things. It is equivalent to saying that there is no spirit without matter and vice versa. The duality of manifested life is exemplified in the spoken word, since that which is without form can hardly escape being void as well, until we reach the unmanifested or absolute. And words need more than the speaker; the hearer must be there also to give them their full value, their reason for being. The active and the passive verb (or word) are necessities of language; so also are the subject and the object.

Not only words, but language itself is a symbol of creation. In speaking we project our thought in time and space, and the form it takes evokes the very same thought in another mind and completes the cycle of evolution and involution. We may even conceive the "rounds" of a manvantara as separate vibrations which, recurring at regular intervals and being of similar dimensions and quality, may be recognized as sound by a being suitably organized to respond to their repeated impacts and to co-ordinate them in thought. Or we can imagine them as emitted, sound-fashion, by a manifesting intelligence, which thus "speaks the word of creation."

The sense of sound is the ability to translate symbols into reality or to reverse the process. To speak in the physical world is to give forth modulated, standardized sounds in order to convey ideas, just as to hear is to distill from such sounds the meaning of that which caused them to be emitted.

The Hebrew Scriptures teem with instances of this conception of creative words, or words as the response of created things. "The morning stars sang together." Of the powers of nature it is said, "Their sound is gone out into all the earth, and their words to the end of the world." The Logos, or Word, is a manifesting entity, especially along the lines of love and salvation. And yet words, with all their power and beauty,

are but finite after all. Eternal light is an intelligible phrase, even though we can not really comprehend the idea; but eternal sound is a contradiction in terms. But since they are finite, we may perfect them. In the palace built by the genius of the lamp for Aladdin there were a hundred windows, ninety-nine of which were set in richly jeweled casements, but one was left plain. When the emperor came to see the wonderful structure, he commented upon this, and Aladdin said that he had left the window thus on purpose that the emperor might have the pleasure of completing the palace. The whole contents of the imperial jewel chest were then brought forth, but were inadequate both in quantity and value to make the hundredth window equal to the others, so that Aladdin called the genius and had him complete the task.

In the rich and beautiful language which is the gift of life to us there are many jewels which may be added from our individual treasure chests. Let us try to speak and to hear only such words as shall create true, ennobling ideas, and so leave our palace nearer to completion for our having lived in it.—*Reprinted from the Word, June, 1917.*

Love is not altogether a Delirium, yet it has many points in common therewith. I call it rather a discerning of the Infinite in the Finite, the Idea made real: which discerning again may be either true or false, either seraphic or demoniac, Inspiration or Insanity.—*Carlyle.*

My calamity is my Providence. In appearance it is Fire and Vengeance; in reality it is Light and Mercy. Therefore approach it, that thou mayest become an Eternal light, and an Immortal Spirit.—*Bahai.*

Not through riches, not through the begetting of children, not through works, but through renunciation alone is that immortality to be attained.—*Upanishads.*

All the means in this life, ye Monks, to acquire religious merit, have not the value of a sixteenth part of Love, the liberator of the mind.—*Buddha.*

The gods themselves can not annihilate the action which is done.—*Pindar.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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HINDU PHILOSOPHY.

Nothing is so gratifying as to observe the increase in the number of books on occult philosophy. It is true that a number of these works are of a trivial nature, and perhaps some of them are even mischievous. None the less they prove in their aggregate the presence of a real renaissance of interest in speculative and comparative religion.

Among the most worthy publications of the day is "Brahmadarsanam," by Sri Ananda Acharya. It is described as an introduction to the study of Hindu philosophy, and it would be hard to say too much in commendation of its scholarly tone or of its intellectual competence. It consists of lectures delivered in Christiana in the spring of 1915 and with the object of presenting Hindu ways of looking at the eternal verities of life. Certainly nothing could be better attuned to the popular mind or more persuasive in its presentation. Particularly admirable is the author's treatment of Dualism and the teachings of Kapila:

Kapila teaches that although our terrestrial life appears to be full of sorrow, yet it is not our true destiny to suffer. We are, in essence, eternally free, eternally wise, eternally living, and eternally holy. All this suffering, this sickness, old age and death have come upon us as the result of our Aviveka, or unwisdom, our Avairagya or habitual attachment to sensual pleasures. We are the unwilling slaves of our phantom selves—the self of ignorance and the self of passion—those selves which are associated with a wrong notion of personality. Are we not quite contented with

our silly opinions, silly comforts, silly conduct, and silly mode of life? Be wise and learn to entertain true opinions, to enjoy true comforts, and to lead a noble life. That which you call yourself is a ghost; your true self is far more beautiful, far more Divine. Realize your power and holiness, your inborn grandeur and your perfect wisdom. Your body should be your slave, not you the slave of your body; your mind is an instrument of the soul, let it not get the better of the soul.

Science, says the author, is one-sided. It concerns itself with the relations of phenomena, not upon the value of that upon which the relations rest. But perception and mathematical reasoning are not enough:

Here we see the limitation of scientific reasoning, which consists in giving preference to a part over the whole of human experience; why one part of experience should be favored at the cost of all others is never explained. The scientist only believes in perception; his belief in inference is only very partial. He has supreme faith in facts which can be demonstrated on the lecture table, but he never waxes enthusiastic over subjects which are inferred. A strict scientist does not really believe in ether, in atoms, or mind, or life; and why? Because he is not able to produce them by artificial means in his laboratory, and so he dismisses the ether with the remark that it is a suitable idea to work with! What is most annoying is that the scientist denotes as "real" the contents of perception, and as "imaginary" the contents of other parts of experience. Viewed in this light, not only the fundamental conception of science itself, but also the root idea of religion and philosophy must be labeled as "imaginary." For according to this method of reasoning, not only are our conceptions of God and the immortality of the soul imaginary, but also time,

space, causality, as well as matter, force, and the ether.

It is clearly evident that no sane person will go so far as to deny everything that is not supported by the testimony of the senses; for sensations can not be explained unless we assume the existence of time, space, and causality, neither can these be explained unless we assume a conscious soul; after which the assumption of the relation of soul to an eternal duration and an eternal ground becomes a logical necessity.

Patanjali may be said to have supplemented the teachings of Kapila. Patanjali taught that the inward-turned mind can find the Teacher and that all poets and philosophers can testify to this:

Patanjali's argument for the existence of God is not inferential, but introspective. It is based upon the fact of our inner development in the knowledge of the Divine. The Over-soul speaks to the soul, and those who seek for truth find the answer in their hearts. There is also another and more objective ground upon which this argument rests: Whence do the prophets and sages derive their knowledge, and where do they go after passing away from this life? We must assume that after learning all that could be learnt on this earth, these great souls are still progressing in virtue and wisdom in a higher sphere of existence. They are there, sitting at the feet of masters who are greater than they, imbibing knowledge, the nature of which we are not able to conceive. Finally, the most chosen spirits, the super-archangels, those Kumaras, mind-born offspring of the Highest, are enjoying the glory of direct communion with God. Thus, according to Patanjali, God is the *ne plus ultra*, the highest height of perfection, the most glorious light of wisdom.

One-sidedness is not peculiar to science. We find it everywhere. We must look for the harmony rather than for the separate notes of which it is composed:

One-sidedness is the bane of some minds, and also of some periods of history. As you can not suppress the functioning of the bodily organs without making yourself ill, so it is impossible to suppress one part of consciousness without bringing disaster upon your soul. Our age is vitiated by an unbelief which is the plague of the soul; this unbelief in the Invisible is counterbalanced by a belief in the powers of matter, and there are quite a large number of men and women to be found in every country who are more ready to believe in the reality of a pin than in the reality of God or of their own souls. This kind of materialism has recently assumed another form. I refer to Spiritism. The object of Spiritists is to make sure of survival after bodily death. There can not be any question of survival, because the soul is everlasting; it is mere begging the question. I exist at this moment, and this proves that I did exist a minute ago. The fact of my existence now paves the way to understanding that I am going to exist in the minute to

come. This minute flows into the next minute as it arose out of the last. Time is a flux of three moments—past, present, and future. The expression "present moment" has no sense unless it is linked up with a "past moment" and a "future moment." The soul which is aware of the flux of time at once co-exists with, and transcends time. It co-exists with time just as my finger co-exists with the pen which it holds; and it transcends time, just as my finger can exist without the pen which it holds. The soul watches the flow of time so long as she is in the state of a wanderer (Samsara), but when she ceases to watch the flow of time she exists within the circle of her own eternity.

Sankara, says the author, exposed the fallacies alike of Kapila and of Buddha. He is abstruse and profound, but none the less the study of his system should be attempted:

Let us examine some of the salient features of the Advaita philosophy of Sankara. The promise of Advaita-knowledge lies embedded in our nightly experience of deep sleep (Susupti), and its fulfillment in the experience of unconditioned ecstasy (Samadhi). It would be impossible to understand the Advaita philosophy unless we were able to discover its psychological foundation in the depths of our own nature. Consider the changes that take place within the mind every twenty-four hours: in the daytime we are awake and active; at night we go to sleep. Sometimes we dream, at other times we enjoy a dreamless sleep; thus it happens that every day we pass through the three states of waking, dreaming, and dreamlessness, yet we hardly stop to think over these three states of our own bodies and minds, although the entire range of existence and experience lies confined within the limits of the two parallel states of waking and sleeping. What is life but waking? What is death but sleep? Yet we feel that our real existence is beyond wakefulness and sleep, beyond life and death. Why is this? In waking we are conscious of the ego and of the world; the ego remains unchanged while the world changes. By the term "world" I mean the sensations that come to the mind through the senses, the eyes, ears, nose, taste, and touch. These sensations are continually changing: first we see light, then perhaps we hear sound, after that we experience smell, etc. It is the ego which perceives these changes; the ego is also acting. When we desire to talk or walk, it is the ego which puts forth activity and thereby moves the organs and limbs—hands, feet, tongue, etc.

The sleep states must be studied, says the author, if we would comprehend the nature of consciousness. We know something of dreams, but what do we know of dreamlessness?

Advancing from the magic house of dream to the field of dreamlessness, we find a complete change of scene. Dreamlessness is a unique experience; it is a state of intense

passivity, peace, and silence. We can not say that the ego did not exist in the dreamless state, for on waking it recollects that it slept soundly and peacefully; neither can it be said that the ego was unconscious at that moment, because the memory was actively recording the absence of any phenomenal experience, and that is why the dreamer says on waking, "I did not dream." Dreamlessness is therefore the consciousness of negation, but it can not be said that the entire field of consciousness was empty of all content, because there was, at the moment, a consciousness of rest, quiet, and delight. It is an experience in which the function of the ego changes. It no longer feels the pressure from the world of other egos or from the world of sights and sounds. It fails to objectify itself, and thus forgets its relation to the world and society; it is no longer a subject, because the dreamless ego is unconscious of its mental and moral attributes. During deep sleep kings no longer remember that they are kings, the sinner forgets his sin and the saint his holiness. In one way only the dreamless ego retains its subjective character, viz., it is conscious of the experience of restful joy due to the temporary cessation of all brain activity. The light of consciousness is turned back upon itself, and in its own light it sees the surrounding gloom of nothingness.

But there is a point beyond the dreamless. It is the Turiya state:

Imagine for a moment the absolute non-existence of this vast world of sight and sound. What remains after the starry universe is destroyed? A vast space. Then imagine this space to be devoid of ether and of the subtle seeds of creation. Perfect stillness reigns supreme over the ocean of universal space, beginningless and endless. What supports it? It is self-supported, self-dependent, lifeless, motionless, soundless, colorless. From this analogy you can conceive the state of the soul in Turiya. The soul in Turiya does not see, yet is not blind; does not hear, yet is not deaf; does not reason, yet is not irrational; does not exist, yet is not non-existent; it goes beyond the bounds of space, time, idea, feeling, thought, and reality. The Rishi describes it in his mystical language as "neither inwardly conscious nor outwardly conscious, neither conscious both inwardly and outwardly, nor is it massive consciousness, neither conscious nor unconscious, what none can see, nor apprehend, nor understand, without mark, unthinkable, past definition, nought but self-conscious alone that ends all evolution, peaceful, good, and non-dual. This is the Self, this must be known."

The freedom of the will gives power, not only over the mind but over the body. Kundalini, says the author, must be raised from the lower nerve centres to the higher, but only under the supervision of a Teacher:

The possibility of self-control and self-reformation lies in the fact of the freedom of the will. The cosmic will, out of which the universe has emanated, is identical with the

human will. Isvara's will moulds, shapes, and directs the matter of the universe, and so the human will can control the fancies, desires, and thoughts of the heart. Hence it follows that man is responsible for his thoughts and actions; evil thoughts and deeds are—through the unity of the human Divine will—punished by the degradation of the brain-form, while good thoughts and deeds are—through the operation of the unity of wills—rewarded by an elevation of the brain-form.

The truth of this statement is demonstrated in our everyday experience of the objectification and materialization of the will. Criminal thoughts and tendencies change the facial expression, the tone of the voice, and the rhythm of muscular movement, and they afterwards react upon the psychological faculties with the result that human affections become transformed into brutal instincts. Such persons seek out lower forms of organisms for their next incarnations. On the other hand, good thoughts and good conduct change the facial expression, the tone, looks, and manners. The power of mental habit over the body can be observed in the case of tragic or comic actors who have been a long time on the stage. The principle by which such changes are brought about has a metaphysical value.

There is also a striking explanation of Illusion, and its meaning in occult philosophy. An illusion is not something that does not exist, but something that is misinterpreted:

Hypnotists are able to cause an inflammation on any part of the skin by simply touching the spot with a finger; thus, by means of suggestion, burns and blisters can be produced. Todermal (an Indian statesman) is said to have died within a week after seeing the figure of a black devil in a dream. The celebrated rope trick, performed by Indian conjurers, is another instance of the power of suggestion. A man throws a long rope into the air, and to the eyes of the spectators the rope appears to be hanging down from the sky. Then a boy goes up it, like a sailor climbing the rigging, only the boy disappears from view, and after the lapse of a few minutes his arms, legs, trunk, etc., fall to the ground. The conjurer weeps over the fate of the poor boy, and the spectators become greatly agitated. Presently he collects the limbs one by one, and places them inside a wooden box; then he touches the box with his wand and opens it, whereupon the same boy, with all his limbs whole, comes out smiling, and the spectators heave a sigh of relief. Many other wonderful tricks are done in India, such as producing living animals and trees out of nothing.

Greater wonders than those shown by professional tricksters are demonstrated by Yogis, such as the creation of many bodies of the Yogi himself appearing simultaneously before many persons or living for months and years underground without food; or levitation, or the creation of phantom towns peopled with phantom figures. All these things are illusion, but they are *facts* of illusion. When we see them, they carry with them the conviction of reality and we can

not disbelieve them; it is only afterwards that we realize that they were illusions. It is the same with this universe with its suns and stars, its mountains and rivers, its loves and hates, its peace and its wars. They are all real as long as we are in ignorance and in the grip of Avidya, but we realize them as illusions when our souls are illuminated by knowledge. Then we no longer feel interested in the affairs of this Passing Show.

The book as a whole may be warmly recommended to the student.

BRAHMADARSANAM. By Sri Ananda Archarya. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25.

YOGA.

What I had desired came to pass. I wanted to renounce the world, and the world left me of its own accord. What a singular coincidence! I had prayed to my God, "I desire nothing but Thee," and the Lord in His mercy granted my prayer. He took away everything from me, and revealed Himself unto me. My heart's desire was fulfilled to the letter.

As in my mind there was no desire for the things of the world, so, too, no worldly goods were now mine; like unto like, both sides were balanced.

What I said was, "O Lord, I want nothing but Thee!" He has graciously accepted my prayer, and revealing Himself unto me, wrenched away everything else. Not a farthing worth of sugar have I, O Lord, on which to have a drink of water. What I prayed for was granted and realized.

I became a Sannyasi without leaving home. I took no thought of what I should eat and how I should clothe myself on the morrow. Nor did I trouble myself as to whether tomorrow I should stay in the house or have to leave it. I became totally free from all care.

O Lord in the midst of untold wealth my soul was in agony, not having found Thee—now finding Thee. I have found everything.—*Maharshi Debendranath Tagore.*

Mind is beyond the comprehension of the senses, the ego is beyond that of the mind, the understanding (Mahat) is beyond that of the ego, the substance of the Cosmos (Prakriti) is beyond that of the understanding, and the soul (Purusha) is beyond the comprehension of the substance of the Cosmos; knowing this soul, men become immortal.—*A Rishi.*

THE TIMES TO COME.

The moon that borrows now a gentle light

Once burned another sun; then from on high

The earth received a double day; the sky

Showed but faint stars, and never knew a night.

The poles, now frigid and forever white
With the deep snows that on their bosoms lie,

Were torrid as the moon that hung thereby

And mingled rays as fiercely hot as bright.

Mutations infinite! Through shifting sea

And lands huge monstrous beasts once took their range

Where now our stately world shows pleasantly!

Then be not fearful at the thought of change,

For though unknown the times that are to be,

Yet shall they prove most beautifully strange. —*Charles A. Houfe.*

SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW.

They do but grope in learning's pedant round

Who on the phantasies of sense bestow
An idol substance, bidding us bow low

Before those shades of being which are found,

Stirring or still, on man's brief trial-ground;

As if such shapes and modes, which come and go,

Had ought of Truth or Life in their poor show,

To sway or judge, and skill to sain or wound.

Son of immortal seed, high-destined man!

Know thy dread gift,—a creature, yet a cause:

Each mind is its own centre, and it draws

Home to itself, and moulds in its thought's span,

All outward things, the vassal of its will,

Aided by Heaven, by earth unthwarted still.

—*John Henry, Cardinal Newman.*

CRUSTS AND CRUMBS.

(By Albert Ernest Stafford.)

Poets of the new school will be as the poets of the old school, poets of Theosophy. They will rejoice in life as well as in the forms of life. Immortality will be to them the Divine gift, the unpurchasable inheritance, the essence of being. Homer and Vergil and Dante and Shakespeare are full of the spirit of this wonder which makes all the difference between the commonplace of prose and prosaic existence and the glory of poetry and the poetic universe. It was this consciousness of immortality, struggling against the church conventions of his time that gave Tennyson the voice of humanity in "In Memoriam," and preserves his work as long as men have to fight against Christian materialism. It is one of the startling paradoxes of our current beliefs that in the Burial Service of the Church of England the clergyman, in the words of St. Paul, gives those assembled solemn warning—"Now this I say to you, brethren, flesh and blood can not inherit the kingdom of heaven," and then proceeds, as a rule, to give an address, the sole hope of which is that flesh and blood will inherit the kingdom of heaven. If he understood the real facts of immortality, reincarnation, the anastasis or return to earth (Psalm xc., iii.), the regeneration or birth from above, an entirely different thing from physical birth and rebirth, and the development of consciousness from plane to plane, even to the third heaven, of which St. Paul speaks, all these difficulties which perplex most people all through their lives would vanish. It is to the poets chiefly that the world will owe its emancipation from the cramping materialism that confines the conception of our lives on earth to a span of seventy years of age, with a problematical future to follow, the beginning of which is disputed about, some arguing for an immediate entrance into it, and others postponing this until the allegorical Day of Judgment, which is quite as indefinite as the day of creation.

In Robert Norwood's volume, "The Piper and the Reed," there are many evidences of the poet's sense of immortality, and not a few allusions to rein-

carnation. In "A Song of the Son" there is a direct reference—

So great was our love
That, though we died,
By birth we came back
To keep tryst with each other!

In the very beautiful "Cradle Song of Life," with its exquisitely pathetic closing stanza, there is this other one—

How little they know
Who call this a grave—
'Tis but a cradle,
And death is a sleep
From which you will waken
To try it again!

In Dr. Albert Durrant Watson's new volume, "Heart of the Hills" (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Ltd., Toronto; \$1.25) there is a constant undercurrent of this thought. It is so elusive in many poems that the reader of a conventional turn of mind will not catch the new-old sense. And this is not important for the purposes of poetry, into which every man reflects the contents of his own mind. The principle of the thing is not to be evaded, however, in such poems as "The Aureole," a poem of reëmbodiment in which two souls meet successively as mother and son, as husband and wife, as father and daughter, as friends, and grow closer and more in harmony with the great life. The lyrics dividing the sections of this poem are notable, particularly "Morn hid the tranquil stars." One of these is a rondeau, a form which Dr. Watson treats very happily. There is a misprint in the first line of "The Banyan," or it also would be in perfect form, making five in the book. I think I like "My Hand in Thine" best of these. Dr. Watson has a genius for friendship so that it is not surprising to find in "The Aureole"—

Mere friends! O blind of heart!
The outflung systems of the sky,
In travail bowed,
Creation groaned for ages,
Suns emerged from chaos.
Stars were burned,
That your great soul and mine—
There are no little souls—
Should be just friends.

"To Worlds More Wide" is the outstanding poem of this volume as "The Height of Land" is in Duncan Campbell Scott's last book. This is the saving grace of Canadian poetry that it sticks close to nature and her moods and scenes. There is renewal of strength in the re-

turn to earth, and the virgin soil of Canada has its own special virtue and grace, truly a sacrament and an unction of far greater potency than any sacerdotal outpourings. This is not quite the idea in Dr. Watson's poem, "The Sacrament," but it comes out of a kindred mood:

The world was builded out of flame and storm.

The oak, blast-beaten on the hills, stands forth

Stalwart and strong. The ore is broken, crushed

And sifted in the flaming crucible;

The remnant is pure gold. Brave hearts must dare

The billowy surge beneath the stern white stars

To net the finny harvests of the sea;

No boon is won, but some new hero dies.

There is in every gift a sacrament,

And every service is a holy thing—

Not unto him whose easy pence unearned

The treasure buys, but to the one who takes

The gift with reverence from that unknown

Who went forth brave and strong, came, broken, back,

But won for us a rare and priceless pearl.

In "To Worlds More Wide," Dr. Watson gives rein to the love of nature in her wilder and more elemental moods, like other poets that live under the shadow of the Rockies and between the roar of two oceans. Evolution has supplanted for our modern writers the old wisdom of the manifesting Life. It is the natural outside view of Nature to take, and it yields new forms of expression no less devout than the old:

But Life, the elemental forms essaying.

Climbed ever, ever higher

On roads of victory, anew displaying

Some basic, fixed desire,

While each time-spirit on life's forms was laying

Its tribulum of fire.

Within each part there brooded the great Spirit

Awaiting that glad hour

When, bursting from its bonds, earth should inherit

The glorious wisdom-flower.

And Love should lift the race to Christly merit,

And pain awake to power.

They tell how Love, in mighty tribulation

Long ere our lives began,
Nailed Nature to the cross, a true oblation,

In some divine, dim plan,

And raised again, in thrilling exaltation,

This blue-arched dome for man.

Eternal Beauty will have all things under

His own majestic form;

He shapes their plastic souls to dreams of wonder

With sledges of the storm,

In fires of life, on anvils of the thunder

His Love the changeless norm.

So Life is making beautiful and tender

All spirits that aspire,

Conformed by faith and hope, however slender,

To Love's supreme desire;

He makes the children of the gleam a splendour

In His refining fire.

This fine poem is an expression of the optimism of free Christian thought and it is part of the treasure of Dr. Watson's work that it is at once free and Christian. The idea that Christian thought should run in a groove, and all other thought have the liberty of the air, the sky and the sunshine, is a mediæval one, and "To Worlds More Wide" is nobly true to the modern view:

For now the larger Christmas-dawn is nearing.

And wise men see afar

Above the low horizon-line appearing

The comrade-nations' star.

The Christ is born in larger soul-expression

And lives of vaster peace;

We find new love-lands of serene progression.

Nor shall we ever cease

From vision of new truth in sure succession

Of courage and release.

There is in all this the sense of "The Adventure," well expressed in the poem of that title, the sense

Of life far deeper and vaster in vision and being and range.

In consciousness of creation, energy, ongo and change;

and a fundamental tenet of occult philosophy is finely phrased in the closing lines of "The Banyan":

Ourselves, unrecognized in others

Become our enemies. We smite our foes,

Wounding our own hearts with words and thoughts

That cut like scimitars. Our eyes

Turn self-ward, kindly and indulgent,

Away from self, keen and suspicious.

We see life but in shreds, and grasp at these

Not knowing life is one.

Fear and unfaith divide us.

Blinding as to Love that longs to lift us all

To sun-sweep of all-oneness.

Great emblem of the cosmic powers,

Teach our blind hearts the vaster unities,

That we may gaze into that deep blue eye of love

That mortals name the sky,
And feel the heartbeat of the Universe.

I have again overstepped my space,
but these high-minded, pure-souled,
warm-hearted poems carry one on, and I
would like to quote many more. There
are some fine lines in "Sappho":

The sum of all those immortalities
That swell the great antiphonal of life

for example; the excellent sonnet on
"October," the almost perfect "Dandeli-
ons," with the memorable line, "Their
silver heads rise like a prayer," worthy
to be remembered with Tennyson's
"globe of after-arrowlets," the delight-
ful "Hermit Thrush"; the charming to-
boggan poem, "Heart of the Hills," the
splendid "Windhorses"; the very fine
words for the national anthem, "O
Canada," "Lord of the Lands"; and
lastly, but not least, the two poems on
La Salle and Alexander Hamilton, con-
tinuing the tradition of the monologues
in "Love and the Universe." Nor have
I said anything of the war poems in
Dr. Watson's book, which the reader
must study for himself. With these
three volumes one must feel that there is
a future in Canadian poetry, both for its
thought and its workmanship, while it
maintains the spirit of immortal life, and
feels "the heartbeat of the universe."—
Toronto Sunday World.

HUMANITY.

There is a soul above the soul of each.
A mightier soul, which yet to each be-
longs:

There is a sound made of all human
speech,

And numerous as the concourse of all
songs:

And in that soul lives each, in each that
soul,

Through all the ages are its lifetime
vast;

Each soul that dies, in its most sacred
whole

Receiveth life that shall forever last.
And thus for ever with a wider span

Humanity o'erarches time and death;
Man can elect the universal man,

And live in life that ends not with his
breath;

And gather glory that increases still
Till Time his glass with Death's last dust
shall fill.

—Richard Watson Gilder.

THE LOTUS LIFE.

"All things," said Shaka sage, "are
merely dream!

Like silly apes, who see within a well
The shining moon reflected for a spell,
We vainly strive to clutch the silver
beam,

Mistaking for the truth its imaged gleam,
Dupes of illusion void we fondly dwell
In folly's paradise, an empty shell,
Not knowing joy is root of rue su-
preme.

Then banish all desire and pleasures
shun,

And lift your hearts from thought of
death's dread gloom.

As sleeps the flower within its wintry
tomb,

Blooming anew with Spring's benignant
sun;

So shall ye find from sorrow sure sur-
cease,

And sleeping wake again in ceaseless
peace." —Koyoshi.

Therefore, O Ananda, be ye lamps un-
to yourselves. Be ye a refuge to your-
selves. Betake yourselves to no exter-
nal refuge. Hold fast to the truth as
your lamp. Hold fast to the truth as a
refuge. Look not for refuge in any
other except yourselves; and whoever,
Ananda, either now, or after I am gone,
shall act thus, it is they only amongst
my recluses who shall reach the very
highest height, and even they must be
willing to learn.—Buddha.

This, therefore, is the life of the Gods,
and of divine and happy men, a libera-
tion from all terrene concerns, a life un-
accompanied with human pleasures, and
a flight of the alone to the alone.—
Plotinus.

To console is not to do away with sor-
row, but to teach one how to overcome
it.—Maeterlinck.

The soul of all improvement is the im-
provement of the soul.—Bushnell.

The fearful unbelief is the unbelief in
myself.—Carlyle.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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CRUSTS AND CRUMBS.

(By Albert Ernest Stafford.)

Many requests come to me from time to time about books on psychic and occult matters, more especially, perhaps, about psychic affairs, in which people are usually more inclined to be interested than in "the things that are more excellent." When Mme. Blavatsky founded the Theosophical Society her intention and inclination was to develop an interest in spiritual things, but the drift towards spiritualism, towards phenomena, toward psychism, was so pronounced that the higher interest was swamped. When people were more attracted by the precipitation of letters than by their contents, and by phenomenal tea-cups than by the Holy Chalice, it was not surprising that the world of the psychic plane, the "Hall of Learning," as it was called, should receive more attention than the "Hall of Wisdom." We have had a large number of books on astral and psychic subjects and comparatively few on spiritual matters. Mr. Sinnet, Mr. Leadbeater, Mrs. Besant, and others less notable have written about the psychic plane until the list has outgrown the resources of the ordinary man. "The Key to Theosophy," remains the best guide to this as to other planes, but meanwhile the public reads such volumes as Elsa Barker's "Letters of a Living Dead Man," the "War Letters" by the same hand, Mr. Leadbeater's books on "The

Inner Life," on "Man: Whence, How, and Whither," Katherine Bates' excellent book on "Psychical Science and Christianity," Sir Oliver Lodge's "Raymond," Admiral Osborne Moore's "Glimpses of the Unseen World," Julia's "Letters," and all the transactions of the Society of Psychical Research, which was established in 1882, seven years after the Theosophical Society to do on the psychic plane what that society was intended to do on the spiritual. And so I have been asked to recommend a book which would enable the student to get the benefit of all these and other books, and be fairly reliable in regard to its information as well as sound in its views on occult matters generally. No book is infallible, and a book that starts, like the "Secret Doctrine," with three postulates can never be placed in such an invidious position, however authoritatively it may be regarded. I have just received a new volume which, with a few reservations, I can commend very heartily to students interested in psychic things.

"Realms of the Living Dead" is published by the Order of Christian Mystics, headed by Dr. F. Homer and Mrs. Curtis, through the Curtis Philosophic Book Co., Inc., Philadelphia, \$1.35. It is one of the most satisfactory introductions to the subject that I have read, and its particular merit lies in its collation of so much of the information supplied in earlier volumes, reducing it

to a condensed and usually reliable form. I can not agree with the statement on page 12 that "no previous attempt has been made to classify the various regions of the Astral world on any logical or scientific basis." But this is a question for students, and the general reader may welcome a volume which will save much research. There are several other points with which there will be conflict between this volume and the classics of occultism. "The Christian Mystic Philosophy" teaches, for example, "that each human being has its soul-home on the planet from whose spiritual Hierarchy it emanated." This involves the whole septenary constitution of the earth and is too long a subject to go into now, but the humanity of the earth belongs to the earth and nowhere else. Another point upon which I can not agree with these "Christian Mystics" is the teaching that the Masters or Mahatmas dwell in Astral realms. The Masters are men with bodies like ours, but more perfectly developed and controlled. As Mme. Blavatsky remarks in "The Key to Theosophy"—"If you listen to what people say you will never have a true conception of them. In the first place, they are living men, born as we are born, and doomed to die like every other mortal. . . . They are men of great learning and still greater holiness of life, whom we term Initiates. They are not ascetics in the ordinary sense, though they certainly remain apart from the turmoil and strife of your Western World." I think there is some mistake on page 22 about the statement regarding the evolution of the eye. In man the eye emerges from the centre. In the lower kingdoms the eye develops from without. Another important point which is confused is the danger to the student of the Astral Plane. The Theosophic teaching is that the student should have nothing to do with astral and psychic things until he has developed his spiritual faculties and can approach these dangers from above and superior to them. This teaching is set forth on page 31. "Those who venture into its muddy turbulent currents without an Angelic Guide—not a mere disembodied friend or astral entity, but a Master of Light—to bear them safely over, or without the spiritual growth by which they have become consciously united to the

great River of Life from their Divine Mother, are apt to be either swept away by the swirling currents or be attacked by the denizens of the Deep." Yet on page 17 we are told that "Students who persistently hold such an idea, instead of being wide awake when they reach the astral, and learning their lessons and progressing, will remain perhaps for years in a sleeping condition, dreaming about what they have conceived the Higher Realms to be." Scattered through the book are many invitations to seek the protection and guidance of the Order of Christian Mystics, who are willing to make dates on the Astral Plane for all sorts of purposes from surgical operations (page 79) to "reception committees" at funerals (page 49). These things make the judicious grieve.

It is pleasanter to turn to the really informing and instructive parts of the book, which, as suggested, is a synthesis of much that is scattered about in various publications from many sources. It has been frequently pointed out and as frequently ignored, that the statements made about after death states refer only to the next or astral plane. There are five planes beyond this, so that it is only a very small portion of the physical and astral worlds that are dealt with. When the psychic world is spoken of it is not the plane beyond the astral that is meant, but only a sub-plane of the astral. Most spiritualists are either not aware of this or ignore what has been said on the subject. Dr. Peebles, for example, whose able and interesting books are widely circulated, declines to accept the theory of reincarnation because of this inability to accept the facts of the five great planes beyond the astral. It is the sub-planes of the astral, which correspond, though of course in a very limited degree with these higher planes, that furnish the more glorious of the descriptions give by psychics. All these experiences are on what are called rupa or form planes, or sub-planes. The three arupa or formless planes are inaccessible to psychic faculties. Only higher advanced spiritual faculties are of any avail there. These distinctions are fully recognized in the volume under consideration. The seven divisions of the Astral Plane are spoken of as Realms, which are divided into orders, and these into sub-orders.

The Realms are denominated the realm of reflection, the ethereal or etheric realm, the realm of the life force or vital realm, the desire realm, the mental realm, the spiritual or inspirational realm, and the divine or ecstatic realm. A great deal of exceedingly useful advice is given to people regarding their relation to their friends who have passed over into these realms. It is particularly desirable that in these times of death and sorrow people should be familiar with the conditions of life on the other side of the veil, so that they may avoid those things and acts which may disturb the rest or the happiness of those who have passed on. For example, "Mourning clothing should not be worn, nor should constant visits be paid to the grave, for all such acts and thoughts tend to hold the departed one down to the discarded body through the law of attraction." In the chapter on "The Awakening" there is much that will be of value and interest to soldiers and their friends. On passing over some men are inclined to continue the war on the enemy. But we are told here, that they are "gradually taught that it is not their fellow-men they should attack, but the evil forces that are obsessing certain leaders of the Central Powers and trying to obsess the rank and file as well, playing upon and enlarging and driving to extreme expression every animal and brutal instinct and selfish desire which become like open doors through which such forces can manifest." There is much plain speaking about the tremendous powers of lust, cruelty, greed, tyranny and other vices which assail people like veritable demons from this plane. Mr. Leadbeater's "Invisible Helpers" appear as "Astral Helpers," and there is general agreement about their powers and functions.

On the Ethereal Realm we are told there are opportunities for the realization of their fads and dogmatic ideals for those who have "built up some Utopian ideal for the betterment of humanity, perhaps have sought to found a colony which has failed on earth. Here they do found the colony and live in it, until the defects which made it fail on earth become so apparent to the founder that he learns his lesson from them. Then the colony likewise is dissolved, all that is good being withdrawn. The

mistake lives only as a soul memory, and will be avoided in the next earth-life." This is the realm, it is said, in which all the religions and Utopian dreams attempted on earth must be experienced to the fullest degree conceived on earth, until the force which put them forth has been exhausted and it is realized that they are still imperfect." All the little sectarians and the narrow-minded of every stripe should lay this to heart. One of the most valuable passages in the book, and a really notable contribution to the subject, the best I have seen since Dr. Herbert Coryn's article in "Theosophic Siftings" many years ago, is on the treatment of drunkards and the nature of alcohol in the chapter on "The Desire Realm," pages 113-128. The *Pioneer* should reprint this and circulate it among those who need such knowledge. The sex question is well treated also and the heresy of affinities properly censured. This is an excellent chapter on "Obsessing Affinities." A commendable chapter is also given on "Independent Methods of Communion," and the avoidance of hatha yogic methods is advised. Four short prayers are appended to the volume, a morning prayer, a healing prayer, a grace before meals, and a prayer for light. I have noted over two dozen typographical errors which are the only disfigurements on an otherwise handsomely printed and attractive book.—*Toronto Sunday World*.

GUADALUPE.

No matter how you love me
You can not keep me home.
Along the airy lane of bells
Beyond the peacock dome,

I know the way to travel,
And I shall go at will—
Where the stone sails await the wind
Upon the holy hill.

The mariners who made them,
They have been long away;
But when a wind from Heaven blows,
They will come back some day;

And I shall hear them singing
And watch the stone sails fill,
Till the white city like a ship
Moves out across the hill.

—Grace Hazard Conkling.

THE MYSTERY OF, ALL TIME.

The inner light which guides men to greatness, and makes them noble, is a mystery through all time and must remain so while Time lasts for us; but there come moments, even in the midst of ordinary life, when Time has no hold upon us, and then all the circumstance of outward existence falls away, and we find ourselves face to face with the mystery beyond. In great trouble, in great joy, in keen excitement, in serious illness, these moments come. Afterwards they seem very wonderful, looking back upon them.

What is this mystery, and why is it so veiled, are the burning questions for any one who has begun to realize its existence. Trouble most often rouses men to the consciousness of it, and forces them to ask these questions when those, whom one has loved better than one's self, are taken away into the formless abyss of the unknown by death, or are changed, by the experiences of life, till they are no longer recognizable as the same: then comes the wild hunger for knowledge. Why is it so? What is it that surrounds us with a great dim cloud into which all loved things plunge in time and are lost to us, obliterated, utterly taken from us? It is this which makes life so unbearable to the emotional natures, and which develops selfishness in narrow hearts. If there is no certainty and no permanence in life, then it seems to the Egotist that there is no reasonable course but to attend to one's own affairs, and be content with the happiness of the first person singular. There are many persons sufficiently generous in temperament to wish others were happy also, and who, if they saw any way to do it, would gladly redress some of the existing ills—the misery of the poor, the social evil, the sufferings of the diseased, the sorrow of those made desolate by death—these things the sentimental philanthropist shudders to think of. He does not act because he can do so little. Shall he take one miserable child and give it comfort when millions will be enduring the same fate when that one is dead? The inexorable cruelty of life continues on its giant course, and those who are born rich and healthy live in pleasant places, afraid to think of the horrors life holds within it. Loss, de-

spair, unutterable pain, comes at last, and the one who has hitherto been fortunate is on a level with those to whom misery has been familiarized by a lifetime of experience. For trouble bites hardest when it springs on a new victim. Of course, there are profoundly selfish natures which do not suffer in this sense, which look only for personal comfort and are content with the small horizon visible to one person's sight; for these there is but little trouble in the world, there is none of the passionate pain which exists in sensitive and poetic natures. The born artist is aware of pain as soon as he is aware of pleasure; he recognizes sadness as a part of human life before it has touched on his own. He has an innate consciousness of the mystery of the ages, that thing stirring within man's soul and which enables him to outlive pain and become great, which leads him on the road to the divine life. This gives him enthusiasm, a superb heroism indifferent to calamity; if he is a poet he will write his heart out, even for a generation that has no eyes or ears for him; if he desires to help others personally he is capable of giving his very life to save one wretched child from out a million of miserable ones. For it is not his puny personal effort in the world that he considers—not his little show of labor done; what he is conscious of is the overmastering desire to work with the beneficent forces of super-nature, to become one with the divine mystery, and when he can forget time and circumstances, he is face to face with that mystery. Many have fancied they must reach it by death; but none have come back to tell us that this is so. We have no proof that man is not as blind beyond the grave as he is on this side of it. Has he entered the eternal thought? If not, the mystery is a mystery still.

To one who is entering occultism in earnest, all the trouble of the world seems suddenly apparent. There is a point of experience when father and mother, wife and child, become indistinguishable, and when they seem no more familiar or friendly than a company of strangers. The one dearest of all may be close at hand and unchanged, and yet is as far as if death had come between. Then all distinction between

pleasure and pain, love and hate, have vanished. A melancholy, keener than that felt by a man in his first experience of grief, overshadows the soul. It is the pain of the struggle to break the shell in which man has prisoned himself. Once broken then there is no more pain; all ties are severed, all personal demands are silenced forever. The man has forced himself to face the great mystery, which is now a mystery no longer, for he has become part of it. It is essentially the mystery of the ages, and these have no longer any meaning for him to whom time and space and all other limitations are but passing experiences. It has become to him a reality, profound, indeed, because it is bottomless, wide, indeed, because it is limitless. He has touched on the greatness of life, which is sublime in its impartiality and effortless generosity. He is friend and lover to all those living beings that come within his consciousness, not to the one or two chosen ones only—which is indeed only an enlarged selfishness. While a man retains his humanity, it is certain that one or two chosen ones will give him more pleasure by contact than all the rest of the beings in the universe and all the heavenly host; but he has to remember and recognize what this preference is. It is not a selfish thing which has to be crushed out, if the love is the love that gives; freedom from attachments is not a meritorious condition in itself. The freedom needed is not from those who cling to you, but from those to whom you cling. The familiar phrase of the lover, "I can not live without you," must be words which can not be uttered to the occultist. If he has but one anchor, the great tides will sweep him away into nothingness. But the natural preference which must exist in every man for a few persons is one form of the lessons of life. By contact with these other souls he has other channels by which to penetrate to the great mystery. For every soul touches it, even the darkest. Solitude is a great teacher, but society is even greater. It is so hard to find and take the highest part of those we love, that in the very difficulty of the search there is a serious education. We realize when making that effort far more clearly what it is that

creates the mystery in which we live and makes us so ignorant. It is the swaying, vibrating, never-resting desires of the animal soul in man. The life of this part of man's nature is so vigorous and strongly developed from the ages during which he has dwelt in it that it is almost impossible to still it so as to obtain contact with the noble spirit. This constant and confusing life, this ceaseless occupation with the trifles of the hour, this readiness in surface emotion, this quickness to be pleased, amused, or distressed, is what baffles our sight and dulls our inner senses. Till we can use these the mystery remains in its Sphinx-like silence.—*Lucifer*, September, 1887.

AT THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Proudly I mount the winding marble
stairs;

With head erect I march along the
halls;

I put a friendly hand against the walls;
And lo! I have forgot the day's affairs.
So here I leave my petty cares,

My paltry wisdom now unheeded falls;
For here an old, insistent sibyl calls
And in my heart an ancient spirit flares.

For I have lived before in many lands

Ere now I come upon this little day;

But all my dreams are fled, my
mem'ries gone.

Till I feel marble glow beneath my
hands—

And then my chariot rolls the Appian
Way,

Again I walk with kings in Babylon!

—*Will Lou*, in *New York Tribune*.

"Barring accidents, most people live as long as they want to; the Life Force depends upon the will even more than is now recognized. But you shall not keep the precious boon of life by fleeing all effort, caring merely to live and lying close like a hare in its form—lie you never so close the thrifty Reaper will not pass you by. Therefore, look to it—to live is to WILL and to will is TO DO."—*Michael Monohan* in "*New Adventures*." Published by the George H. Doran Company.

MESMERISM.

Last Friday (says the *London Times*) was the second anniversary of the shooting by the Germans of Nurse Edith Cavell, and the occasion was commemorated by a lecture given by M. Gaston de Leval at the Æolian Hall in aid of the funds of the Edith Cavell Homes of Rest for Nurses, an institution established in Nurse Cavell's memory to provide rest for women nurses and probationers temporarily in need of it.

M. de Leval in his lecture on "The Prussian Law in Belgium and Nurse Cavell" said that if Miss Cavell had been Chinese or even a French or a Belgian woman she would not have been shot, but the German hatred of the English was above everything, and they wanted an English victim. The defense afforded her was a mockery, because her counsel was not able to speak to his client, to advise her, or to see any papers.

Nurse Cavell was not a spy. The men and women sentenced with her were not spies. They had done nothing but help English soldiers and sometimes French and Belgian soldiers. He had heard, and he was inclined to accept the story, that most of the information which the Germans obtained about the case was obtained from one of the accused women who was in the habit of speaking in her dreams and walking in her sleep. The Germans, finding this out, mesmerized the woman and so obtained from her information they would not otherwise have possessed.

THE IMPUDENCE OF MODERN PHILOSOPHERS.

In Herbert Spencer's new book, "Justice," he defines that principle thus: "Every man is free to do that which he wills, provided he infringes not the equal freedom of any other man," and then goes on to say in his appendix that for more than thirty years he was the first to recognize this "equal freedom" as the summing up of justice in the abstract. But not till 1883 did this modern philosopher discover that Kant had made the same formula. He does not appear to know or recognize the French method of putting it in the Declaration of the Rights of Man, nor the attempt to insist upon it in the American Revolution, nor, indeed, in the thousands of declara-

tions made long before the birth of Spencer.

We have nothing to say against Mr. Spencer's motives, but a great deal against the impudence, perhaps of an unconscious kind, of the schools of modern philosophers of which he forms one. Laboriously for years they write books and construct systems of thought called new by themselves, but as old as any Egyptian pyramid. These systems and formulas they make up in the most refreshing ignorance of what the ancients said about the same things, for "surely," they seem to be saying, "what could the ancients have known of such deep matters?" The theory that no energy is lost was not for the first time known in the world when our moderns gave it out, nor is Mr. Spencer's theory of evolution, nor even his statement of it, his invention or discovery. All these were known to the Ancients. They are found in the *Bhagavad Gita* and in many another Eastern philosophical book.

If these modern philosophers confined themselves to their studies and had no influence in the world and upon the minds of young men who make the new nation, we would not have a word to say. But since they influence many minds and have enormous weight in the thinking of our day, it seems well to point out that it savors of impudence on their part to ignore the development of philosophy in the East, where nearly all the mooted philosophical questions of the day were ages ago discussed and disposed of. If Herbert Spencer could be so blind as he confesses himself to be as to suppose that he was the first to recognize the abstract formula of justice, only to discover that Kant had hit upon it before him, then of course we are justified in presuming that he is equally ignorant of what has been said and decided in the six great schools of India. If such minds as Spencer's would acquaint themselves with all human thought upon any doctrine they may be considering, then they might save valuable time and maybe avoid confusion in their own minds and the minds of the vast numbers of men who read their books.

Our position, clearly stated by H. P. B. long ago, is that the present day has no philosophy and can have none that

will not be a copy or a distortion of some truth or long-discarded notion once held by our superiors the Ancients, and that modern philosophers are only engaged in reproducing out of the astral light and out of their own past lives' recollections that which was known, published, declared, and accepted or rejected by the men of old time, some of whom are now here in the garb of philosophers turning over and over again the squirrels'-wheels they invented many lives ago. For "there is nothing new under the sun."—*William Brehon in the Path for December, 1891.*

WAR AND THE VATICAN.

How the attitude of the Vatican in avoiding the taking of a stand against Teutonic atrocities in the present war can be reconciled with requests for contributions in America for the support of the papacy is the question raised by the editorial herewith quoted.

The *Morning Post* of London, England, in an editorial on November 23d, said:

"The time has come when it is necessary that the Allies should consider with some care what is their position in relation to the Vatican. That the recent Italian reverse has been largely due to the influences of the treacherous representations disseminated among the Italian armies is known; that the Vatican was implicated in that propaganda is also known, and the result was a disaster so grave that its effects can not yet be measured. . . .

"If we are to come to the plain truth, the Vatican has leaned from the beginning to the side of Austria, in which country, out of all Europe, the Holy See retains its strongest remnant of political subservience, and late events have shown that the Vatican has gone further and has furtively, but actively, espoused the Austrian cause.

"We can not afford at this point of the war to preserve the attitude of profound innocence of foreign affairs, which is the foible of the British Foreign Office. . . . The British public, the French public, and the Italian public are under no illusions on the subject of the Vatican. Either these political intrigues and machinations are a danger to the

cause of the Allies or they are not; and if the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs assures us that there is no reason for misgiving, we regret to say that misgiving will not thereby be removed.

"The country is entitled to demand of the government what in their view is the attitude of the Vatican, and if any protest has been addressed by them to the Holy See. As the matter stands, we can not but conclude that there is in Italy a centre of disaffection in secret league with Italy's mortal enemy."

WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

"Where do you live?" says the War God grim,

"Is your life in your loving heart?
Then I can slay whom you hold most dear

And strike in your vital part."

"Where do you live?" says the War God grim,

"Is your life in your belly fat?
Then I can starve till you cry aloud
And harry you sore thereat."

"Where do you live?" says the War God grim,

"Is your life in your vaunted brain?
Then when your theories come to naught
I prove that your boast is vain."

"Where do you live?" says the War God grim,

"Is your life in your dauntless soul?
Then are my terrible weapons dulled—
I pass and must leave you whole."

—*McLanburgh Wilson.*

"How foolish, then, you will agree,
Are those who think that all must see
The world alike, or those who scorn
Another who, perchance, was born
Where—in a different dream from
theirs—

What they call sins to him are prayers!
We can not judge; we can not know;
All things mingle; all things flow;
There's only one thing constant here—
Love—that untranscended sphere:
Love, that while all ages run
Holds the wheeling worlds in one;
Love that, as your sages tell,
Soars to heaven and sinks to hell."

—*From "The Forest of Wild Thyme,"
by Alfred Noyes.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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ALL ABOUT SPOOKS.

"Do spooks wear clothes? And, if so, what kind of clothes are they and how do the spooks get them?" These are important and fascinating questions which arise naturally out of some brand new tidings from the spirit world which were vouchsafed by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the novelist, in the course of a lecture which he recently delivered before the London Spiritualistic Alliance, Limited. (Though why or how a spiritualistic alliance is "limited" is another question which it would also be enlightening to have answered.)

Until a year or two ago the renowned creator of Sherlock Holmes (ex-physician as he is) would have been about the last person on earth whom one would have expected to take stock in spooks, mediums, "materializations," and all the rest of it. But Sir Arthur, having set himself to investigate the subject, is now almost as ardent a spiritualist as Sir Oliver Lodge, and is in close touch with several communicative and entirely reliable inhabitants of the other world, one of whom has given him some remarkable details indeed regarding the life and habits of its denizens.

In his lecture Sir Arthur said that he took into account only those revelations of spirits whose detailed evidence about facts in this life had proved after investigation to be true. "Thus the veracity of a spirit named Dorothy Postlethwaite has been tested," said Sir Arthur, "and she described, at a seance I attended, the life in a sphere around the world into which she had passed after death.

"She possessed a body exactly the counterpart of her earthly body in health, but of an ethereal nature. It wore clothes. She communicated the information that in her state there was no such thing as physical pain, but there could be mental anxiety.

"These beings take nourishment," added Sir Arthur, "and have pleasures, such as music and other arts, but their life is shorter than

the earthly life, and they know that they leave one life to pass on to other spheres."

Miss Postlethwaite was in this world a Roman Catholic, and remained of the same faith in the next, but she communicated the information that there were Protestants, Mohammedans, and even atheists in her spirit sphere, and these last suffered no more than the others.

From communications which Sir Arthur said had been received during the last six months he gathered that the passing through death is almost always easy and painless, that the character of the individual is not altered by that change, so that fools and knaves exist in the spirit world as they do here.

After introduction into the new sphere, where the spirit meets those it had loved and lost, it undergoes a shorter or longer period of sleep "before entering on new duties."

"Not one of those who has passed wants to come back," said Sir Arthur, who added his belief that the evidence of the spirits proved the non-existence of hell. Some of the spirits, however, seemed to pass through a probationary period, which he described as "rather a hospital for weakly souls than a penal community."—*Hayden Church in New York Herald.*

If the foregoing owed its genesis to any one less distinguished than Sir Arthur Conan Doyle it would unobtrusively take its place among the annals of Sludge the Medium. But Sir Arthur can not be thus ignored. His influence is so wide that it can not be counteracted by silence. But we may wish that he had taken counsel with Mr. Sherlock Holmes, who might have aided him vastly in the work of identifying the spooks.

It seems that Sir Arthur's pronounce-

ment is being widely challenged in the columns of the London *Express* and elsewhere. One irreverent correspondent wants to know why the spooks wear clothes. It can not be for purposes of warmth, because we are told that spooks suffer no physical pain. But Sir Arthur is equal to the occasion. He tells us that spirits wear clothes because "modesty does not cease with this life." Why, then, does it not begin with this life? Babies are born—shocking to relate—absolutely nude and absolutely unashamed. Moreover, how about the spirits who never had any modesty even in this life? Do clothes wear out in spiritland, or are they immortal like their wearers? Do the fashions ever change? Are there tailors, seamstresses, dress-makers, modistes in the spirit land? Are there factories and mills there, sewing-machines and looms? Are there silk-worms and sheep?

What is it that overtakes such a man as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle that he thus parts company with intelligence and descends so far into credulity?

A COMET.

A spectacle in the sidereal heavens of surpassing brilliancy may be expected the coming spring if the predictions of cometary observers are verified. Not since the great comet of 1858, which aroused a vast deal of interest, has an appearance in the sky equaled what is confidently expected for 1918. The return of Halley's comet in 1910, which had anxiously been awaited, did not come up to what had been predicted and expected, and since 1882 there has not been any especially brilliant comet seen. The newcomer is described as a gigantic comet, outclassing in size and brilliancy all those seen in modern times. It will be a thing of glory in the Northwestern sky throughout the spring, probably remaining visible for three months, being at its brightest in June. It is now speeding toward the sun at an approximate rate of 1,134,246 miles a day.

As a man throweth away old garments and putteth on new, even so the dweller in the body, having quitted its old mortal frames, entereth into others which are new.—*Ghagavad-Gita*.

CRUSTS AND CRUMBS.

(By Albert Ernest Stafford.)

Kenneth Morris, who was in Dublin in 1898, and with whom I had the good fortune to become acquainted then, and whose poems at that time impressed me deeply, has since been living at Point Loma, and while he has doubtless, like others there, repudiated his old friends, they are pleased to note the efflorescence of those gifts of which he gave such promise. Mr. Morris is a Welshman and exhibits the characteristic intuition and the rare veins of precious ore associated with the Celtic development. In a series of essays on "The Three Bases of Poetry: A Study of English Verse," which it is to be hoped will be republished in volume form, he has been contributing to the *Theosophical Path* a masterly review of the whole poetic field, the three bases considered being vision, music, and style. In the December issue, with which I have just been favored, he sums up his "Conclusions" in a final essay. He recognizes a series of definite and regularly alternating cycles in the literature of England. "A day began in the twelve-seventies, lasted about a hundred and thirty years, and ended when Chaucer died in 1400. It was followed by thirteen decades of night and sterility (this does not apply to Scotland, he observes). A second day dawned when Wyatt returned from Italy in 1529 or '30, bringing with him the seeds of a new poetic inspiration; it endured again, during thirteen decades, ending with the Restoration of the Stuarts in 1660. Thence on until the coming of Wordsworth, in 1790, was night. With Wordsworth the third day dawned, and has lasted since. During the days, poets have seen Nature; during the nights they have not. Mr. Morris' analysis of these periods and their symbolic results are of the first importance for literary students of the occult. For example, speaking of "Hamlet," he says, "It is the central drama of the Human Soul; greatest of forms, greatest of symbols; has the Soul ever, in this Christian era, set forth so nobly, fully, seriously, its own history in a piece of literature? Each of the tragedies that followed it contains some titanic symbol. The repulsive 'Measure for Measure' shouts, even in its title, Karma-Nemesis to the world; 'Othello,'

'Macbeth,' 'King Lear,' 'Antony and Cleopatra,' 'Troilus and Cressida,' 'Coriolanus,' and 'Timon of Athens' all deal with the workings of that Karma in one or another of its aspects. But 'Hamlet' opens a wider door into the sacred secrets than any of them; because the Macbeths, Lears, and Othellos in life are exceptional; but every human being is, or has been, or is to be, a Hamlet. The rest are by-paths; this is on the main road of evolution. It treats of the human personality at a certain moment in its growth; an inevitable moment; that in which it first stands in the presence of its Divine Self, and is called on to become that Greater Thing. 'Light on the Path' is its best commentary. 'Hamlet' is 'Light on the Path' dramatized. To each of the other tragedies one might append one of the rules in that handbook on devotion: 'as to Macbeth, "Kill out ambition,"' and so on."

Mr. Morris writes most interestingly of the last cycle, beginning with Wordsworth. "The Theosophic cycle began in 1775; the poetic in 1790; Wordsworth took contagion of the former at the exact moment the latter was due. Hence his significance and power." He was only a poet for ten of his eighty years—"that is, a poet in the supreme sense, a wizard, an illuminator of 'the dusk within the Holy of Holies.'" In Shelley the divine fire burned again. "There was much else in him, too; much of the young fool, as we say; with his interminable brainmindizings, and his imperfect discrimination between the higher and the lower fires. Let the 'foolish that he thought and did be cremated with his bones; the soul of him stands forever symbol of the divine ichor: Poetry, the poetic or Theosophic love for and faith in man. . . . But Time then was on a cycle downward, away from soul-faith altogether: smug, comfortable materialism was looming ahead; the industrial revolution; mid-Victorianism; later Wordsworthianism; imperial wealth and appalling night." After an illuminating appreciation of Keats, he passes on. "And then, when the light was out, and the door shut, the great Victorians began to pour into the world. Tennyson, especially. Whatever final verdict criticism may pass on Tennyson, no doubt he was one of the great bards. He knew the

bard's mission; took for his own that motto of the Welsh bards which is, indeed, the motto of all true bards always: *Y Gwir yn erbyn y Byd*—'The Truth against the World.' A noble soul, richly endowed with the beauty sense; a warrior on the angelic side; there can be no doubt about this." Mr. Morris notes that Poe hailed Tennyson as the greatest of all poets, and that Walt Whitman used to speak of him with affectionate reverence as *The Boss*. "And until the end of his life he fought the good fight, suffering no falling off. But in the character of his poetry, in its informing essence, how different from Wordsworth, Keats, and Shelley! Out of light they shone into darkness, even if the darkness killed them; and the same ought to have been true of Coleridge, and even of Byron—but it was up from the darkness that Tennyson fought, and kept fighting, his way towards the light. For him, too, the world was beautiful: as beautiful as the pigments of Nature could make it; and no one knew better how Nature, so to say, lays on those pigments. But pigments it was with him, not light; a beauty of opacity:—the Chinese lantern was no longer lit. He came armed with a faith, not a revelation. 'Trailing clouds of glory,' said Wordsworth, 'we come from God'; Tennyson: 'Men may rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things.' Again, 'Strong Son of God, Immortal Love, Whom we, that have not seen Thy face, by faith, and faith alone, embrace, believing where we can not prove'—but young, untamed Shelley had but to lift his eyes by night or day and the Spirit was gazing friendlike at him out of the blue or the myriad eyes of the stars: he did not believe valiantly and by act of volition; but (when his prophetic singing-ropes were on) could imagine nothing else: he knew. And Keats—did himself come visibly trailing the clouds of glory. Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, and Byron: take the best that they gave, and all they might have been, and one gets a hint as the meaning of the Theosophical Movement; as to the loss the world suffered when it failed at the end of the eighteenth century. One might add Burns; he, too, saw the vision splendid of Man Redeemed. They reflected the hope, the potential beauty and splen-

dor; also, most of them, the failure and its causes. We look on the failure as inevitable, and laugh at the transcendent hope; but we are wrong. Man is potentially divine; and they knew better than we."

"The Victorians," Mr. Morris proceeds, "reflect for us the results of that failure: with their faith instead of vision; their courage instead of joy; their despair (sometimes heroic) instead of glowing hope. There were many great souls that came in to redeem the defeat of the Spirit: to patch up the torn robe as well as they might. . . . The light and the great hope were not for the children of the victors of Waterloo. Again, its poetry is the pulse of the age. Tennyson seized what poor tools science could give him to manufacture the not-too-inspiring semblance of a hope. Browning turned his face from the age—and perhaps, too, from beauty. Swinburne, born at the right time, might have been altogether a Shelley—perhaps a greater Shelley; in sheer disgust and defiance of smugery he ran riot at first in illicit domains. Morris, with all his wonderful color, his outward lightness and brightness, is ensouled for the most part, in his verse, with a heavy hopelessness of physicality—one might use an uglier word. Matthew Arnold, a true seer among them, sensed the inlook of the times. . . . It was a kind of Brummagem-Golden Age. Science made great strides, invention made great strides. Industrialism undermined the merriness of England, changing the face of the land. Education, and partial education, and wrong education, became universal. Carlyle rose with great weapons of the Spirit, and fought a despairing battle for the Gods; Tennyson did the like in verse, the chief among many. Never had there been such an output of literature; never such imperial pomp and prosperity. The glory of England resounded over the world; and they that had ears to hear, and to listen to the Sea of Faith, heard only 'Its long withdrawing roar, retreating to the breath of the night wind, down the vast edges drear and naked shingles of the world.' It was to such a state of things that H. P. Blavatsky came when the doors of the Spiritual opened again in 1875. And now mark: in 1871 Swinburne, whom the

inward darkness of the age had driven into Saturnalian singing, suddenly turned; sensed a dawn ahead that should make truth and beauty and goodness worth worshipping, and not merely smugly unpleasing, or fantastically useless things, and sang his 'Songs Before Sunrise.' 'A voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Soul!'—It was as if Shelley had come to life again, with a bigger, sterner, more real hope. The book is epochal; it dared proclaim the flaming glory of the Soul of Man. Something was coming greater than the liberation of Italy; read 'The Prelude,' 'The Hail Before Rome,' 'Hertha.' Out of the Eternal the great winds once more were blowing; from Italy and France—as ever—from Mazzini and Victor Hugo, he took the veins of his inspiration: but it was the Soul, the doctrine of the Soul, absolute spiritual stuff, that began to be blown in. . . . And then when H. P. Blavatsky had come to England, a great change set in. By a strange coincidence poetry took on once more something of the light, the color, and the wonder that had been unknown to it since Keats' death. 'By a strange coincidence' is, as Artemus Ward would say, 'writ sarcastic.' At least one thing may be said: the outstanding feature of the poetic revival of the last decades of the nineteenth century was the Celtic Renaissance in Ireland. The criticism of the future will know that it lit its fires directly from the teachings of the Great Theosophist. What is to come? The literary cycle ought to end in the nineteen-twenties, if we may judge the future by the past. And indeed present indications make that seem not improbable. But H. P. Blavatsky's Movement has not failed, and will not." I will add, that even if the poetic cycle ends in England it will be renewed in other lands. There are signs in Canada as well as in the other dominions and in the United States of deep draughts still remaining in "the well of English undefiled."—*Toronto Sunday World*.

I myself never was not, nor thou nor all the princes of the earth; nor shall we ever hereafter cease to be.—*Bhagavad-Gita*.

ANCIENT ASTRONOMY.

(By Samuel Stuart, President Auckland Theosophical Society.)

It is remarkable that what remains we possess of the Mexican astronomy, whilst differing in their application, are yet founded upon the very same numbers as the ancient systems of India, Egypt, and Chaldea; and yet these are not such as we have derived from the heavens, and, therefore, can not be considered as inevitable results of observation. Niebuhr remarks that the Etrurian mode of determining time was extremely accurate, and based on the same principles as the computation observed by the ancient Mexicans. "When the Spaniards first arrived in America, they found that their time, according to the Julian, was eleven days in advance of the Mexican time, and the Mexican year at that period, it is said, differed only two minutes and nine seconds from the present estimated European year. A day consisted of sixteen hours, a week of five days, a month of twenty days, a year of eighteen months, making 360 days, to which five days or a week was added to complete the year. At the end of every 52 years an intercalation of $12\frac{1}{2}$ days was made." We may here note that a day contained 86,400 seconds, and a week of their reckoning would amount to 432,000 seconds. And if we take their period of 52 years as corresponding to an hour, in 24 of these there will be 1248 years of 365 days, with a correction of 432,000 minutes to add in order to make the same number of their solar or tropical years; which according to the foregoing 52-year cycle would be of 365d. 5h. 46m. 9.23076s. each. The peculiarity of this number 432,000, and a desire to retain it in their computations, was no doubt the reason why they used a period of 52 years, which involves a correction not composed of whole days as we find it in the old world. To make the correction amount to whole days, they would have used a period of 104 years with a difference of 25 days. But let us take ten periods of 1248 years, when the correction becomes 4,320,000 minutes or 3000 days; if we then multiply all by 3, we obtain 37,440 years of 365 days each, with 1,296,000 minutes, or 9000 days, or 25 years of 360 days added. It hence appears that the 25 *days* of the Mexican

104-year cycle, when they are multiplied by the Eastern 360, become 25 *years* of the greater cycle, in which the number of minutes added are equal to the seconds in ten circles.

The extraordinary coincidence of the numbers employed by the Mexicans and by the Eastern nations can not have arisen accidentally, for in the Greek mythology there is a curious story of the year of 360 days, its division by 18, and the derivation of the odd five days, which seems very like a version of the Mexican rules. Moreover, the number 432 and cyphers is the most ancient we possess, and appears to have been known to the Eastern nations from an immemorial antiquity; it is the basis of the list of the Chaldean kings given by Berosus (third century B. C.) and of all the cycles used in India; and as we shall further see, is the most wonderful monument of ancient astronomical achievement we possess. Such strange agreements in the astronomical numbers used in the East and West, when there would appear to have been no connection between the old and new worlds prior to Columbus, is a very strong argument in favor of the theory that there was once a time when they were in communication with each other; or if not that, then the Hindus, Egyptians, and Mexicans must have had a common origin for their knowledge. And it is here that the theosophical hypothesis as to the former existence of a great continent where now rolls the Atlantic Ocean, and which joined together the peoples of the East and the West and made their knowledge have a common resemblance, will supply the link which is necessary to account for the latter.

But as we shall find, there is at least one cycle which presents so many features of accuracy as to give color to the idea expressed not only by Josephus, but by the general voice of antiquity, that the science of astronomy had originally been a revelation to mankind. However that may have been, it is evident from a study of the antique development of this science that those who observed the solar, lunar, and planetary cycles, perceiving that the mechanism of the heavens was explicable by such means, and that the development of the longer cycles

was only possible from the study of the smaller ones which were included in them (as in the case of the Neros and its 7520 lunar periods), came to the conclusion that there must be some grand cycle of the whole system, in which every periodical inequality would be included; and consequently that at the beginning and end of such a period, or Great Year of the Cosmos, there would be found a general conjunction of the sun and all the planets—that is, they would all occupy exactly the same point in the heavens, and among the stars. From what we can gather concerning the ideas held in past times, this, if not the result of definite though occult knowledge, at least appears to have been a favorite speculation among the mystical ancients; for in Scipio's Dream, as it is related by Cicero, the phantom of his illustrious grandfather is made to speak of such an entire return of all the stars and planets to some original position which they had at one time occupied, as being the complete revolution of the universal *Annus Magnus*; and the phantom adds, "but I must acquaint you that not one-twentieth part of that great year has yet been accomplished." And necessarily, seeing how diverse and numerous are the movements to be thus equated, and that it is the greatest common multiple of them all which is sought, the cycle would extend over an immense—nay, an unimaginable—extent of time; so that even its closest approximation would necessarily extend to hundreds, not to say thousands of millions of years. An evident attempt at the formation of such a cycle is the Brahmanical Kalpa; but in this time there would occur many lesser cycles arising from the multiplication and combination of the shorter periods included. And these would all of them produce general conjunctions of the sun and planets, with more or less approximation to accuracy as the periods were longer or shorter; but if we adopt the principle that the planets must all return to the same average position among the stars with a very close approach to exactness, then it appears that such a lesser multiple is the *Mahayuga* referred to in the *Surya Siddhanta*, upon which the modern version of that work is founded, and which is made up of the total reigns of the Chaldean kings as they

are given by Berosus, with three cyphers added.—*Extracted from "Some Occult Indications of Ancient Astronomy."*

SOME EXTRACTS FROM JACOB BOEHME.

When this great internal revelation takes place, the internal senses are then opened to the direct perception of spiritual truth. There will be no more necessity for drawing conclusions of any kind in regard to such unknown things, because the spirit perceives that which belongs to its sphere in the same sense as a seeing person sees external things.

The four lower principles without the eternal light are the abyss, the wrath of God, and hell. Their light is the terrible lightning flash, wherein they must awaken themselves.

The soul in the power of God penetrates through all things, and is powerful over all as God himself; for she lives in the power of his heart.

In each external thing there is hidden an eternal and imperishable something, which issues again in an ethereal form out of the degraded body of the terrestrial substance.

All the external visible world, in all its states, is a symbol or figure of the internal spiritual world. That which a thing actually is in its interior is reflected in its external character.

The inner form characterizes man, also in his face. The same may be said of animals, herbs, and trees. Each thing is marked externally with that which it is internally and essentially. For the internal being is continually laboring to manifest itself outwardly. Thus everything has its own mouth for the purpose of revealing itself, and therein is based the language of nature, by means of which each thing speaks out of its own quality, and represents that for which it may be useful and good.

If the divine principle of love were not still pervading all nature in this terrestrial world, and if we poor created

beings had not with us the warrior in the battle, we would all be sure to perish in the horror of hell.

No man can attain spiritual self-knowledge without being spiritual, because it is not intellectual man that knows the Spirit, but the Divine Spirit that attains self-knowledge in men.

He who truly prays coöperates with God internally, while externally he produces good fruit.

No one should want to know his state of holiness while he lives in this world, but he should keep on drawing the sap of Christ from his own tree, and leave it to that tree to bring forth from him whatever branch or bough it may choose.

Ultimately all things must be one and the same to man. He is to become one with fortune and misfortune, with poverty and riches, joy and sorrow, light and darkness, life and death. Man is then to himself nothing, for he is dead then relatively to all things in his will.

Lift up your mind in the spirit, and see that the whole of nature, with all the powers therein, with its depth, width, and height, heaven and earth, and all that is therein and above the heavens, is the body of God, and the powers of the stars are the arteries in the natural body of God in this world.

"Men toil," he said, "from morn till night
With bleeding hands and blinded sight
For gold, more gold! They have betrayed

The trust that in their souls were laid;
Their fairy birthright they have sold
For little disks of mortal gold;
And now they can not even see
The gold upon the greenwood tree,
The wealth of colored lights that pass
In soft gradations through the grass,
The riches of the love untold
That wakes the day from grey to gold."
—From "*The Forest of Wild Thyme*,"
by Alfred Noyes.

For the sake of the soul alone the Universe exists.—*Patanjali's Yoga Aphorisms*.

WISDOM FROM "ISIS UNVEILED."

The Astral Light . . . keeps an un-mutilated record of all that was, that is, or ever will be. The minutest acts of our lives are imprinted on it, and even our thoughts rests photographed on its eternal tablet.

Memory—the despair of the materialist, the enigma of the psychologist, the sphinx of Science—is to the student of old philosophies merely a name to express that power which man unconsciously exerts with many of the inferior animals—to look with inner sight into the Astral Light and there behold the images of past sensations and incidents.

No man, however gross and material he may be, can avoid leading a double existence; one in the visible universe, the other in the invisible.

The mind receives indelible impressions even from chance acquaintances or persons encountered but once. As a few seconds' exposure of the sensitized photograph plate is all that is requisite to preserve indefinitely the image of the sitter so is it with the mind.

Every human being is born with the rudiments of the inner sense called intuition, which may be developed into what the Scotch know as "second sight."

Healing, to deserve the name, requires either faith in the patient or robust health united with strong will in the operator. *With expectancy supplemented by faith one can cure himself of almost any morbid condition.* . . . It is a question of temperament, imagination, and self-cure.

A thorough familiarity with the occult faculties of everything existing in nature, visible as well as invisible; their mutual relations, attractions, and repulsions; the cause of these traced to the spiritual principle which pervades and animates all things; the ability to furnish the best conditions for this principle to manifest itself. In other words a profound and exhaustive knowledge of natural law—this *was* and *is* the basis of magic.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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