

essay on *Parabrahm* and the biographical notice of our late brother Louis Dramard are concluded; translations of the President-Founder's address at the last Convention and of part of Dr. Carl du Prel's *Scientific View of the Life after Death* are given; and there is also an interesting account of the case of a Mr. Hendrickson, who, although quite blind from the age of six months, has developed such perfect clairvoyance that he not only suffers no inconvenience from the deprivation of the most important of the senses, but is absolutely considerably better off than those who can see in the ordinary way.

THE BUDDHIST RAY for July opens with an article *Swedenborg on Pre-Existence*, in which it is shown that the Swedish seer taught the doctrine of reincarnation, and also that his definition of the seven principles in man (taught to him by the ADEPTS of Central Asia) agrees precisely with that of Mr. Sinnett in *Esoteric Buddhism*. An extract from the *Tevija Sutta* is published under the title of *Blind Guides*; a further instalment (principally consisting of a long quotation from *Isis Unveiled*) of Philangi Dasa's *Swedenborg in the Lamastery* follows, and the respective results of Buddhism and Christianity are compared in an incisive article called *Dry Facts*, to which we invite the attention of the missionary societies and their supporters. We recommend this little paper to the special notice of Theosophists who wish to help in a very good work which is being done under great difficulties.

L'AURORE. In the numbers for July and August we find a second article by Lady Caithness on *Semitic Theosophy*. This time she treats of the Mahomedan Theosophy of the Safis, and certainly puts before her readers a very interesting and instructive essay. The esoteric side of the faith of Islam is so carefully concealed and so universally overlooked that its very existence is frequently denied; but Lady Caithness conclusively shows that, however little it may show itself on the surface, however imperfectly it may be apprehended by the average Moslem devotee—the lamp of truth is there, and burns with no uncertain light. Whether the esotericism was latent in the original system of Mohammed or whether it was introduced by the conquered Persian mystics, is a point perhaps open to discussion. We were once told by a learned Mahomedan that the well-known formula of the faith *Illah Allah il Allah, e Mahomed russool Allah*, which is usually translated "There is no god but God (*i. e.*, there is but one God) and Mahomed is his Prophet" bears really the inner signification "There is nothing but God," *i. e.*, all that is, is in and of Him. Although Lady Caithness does not mention this rendering she shows that the Sufi doctrine is pantheistic, and tells us that their books abound with citations from Plato, that they look upon Pythagoras as one of their greatest saints and that, as she sums up her conclusions, "In one word, Sufism is gnosticism." She quotes Sir William Jones's opinion that the Sufi system is identical with that of the Vedantic philosophers and the lyric poets of India, and derives the word Sufi from the Greek *sophia*, wisdom. This very interesting article is to be continued in the following number; and for those of our Eastern brothers who do not read French we may mention that additional information on the subject is to be found in the Countess's English book *The Mystery of the Ages*.

As to the rest of the Magazine, *Immortal Love*, the psychological romance of the time of Christ, is still going on, and there are also papers on *The Trinity in Man*, *The Soul during Life and after Death*, *The Zoroastrian Religion*, an account of a recent ghostly experience of the celebrated Mary Anderson at Knebworth, and a translation of Mrs. E. L. Watson's speech on *Psychism and Religion at Chicago*.

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सत्यात् नास्ति परो धर्मः ।

THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH.

[Family motto of the Maharajahs of Benares.]

A CHAPTER FROM "THE SECRET DOCTRINE."

[To give the Indian readers of this magazine an idea of the contents of *The Secret Doctrine*, the following extracts are copied from advanced sheets of the first volume, kindly supplied for the purpose at our request. When the book is published—as it will be almost immediately—the members of our Society will find that Madame Blavatsky has collected for bequest to posterity an unequalled treasure of occult wisdom. When she has passed from amongst us, all the idle dreams of those who have opposed or misunderstood her will be blown away like the dust from a temple dome, and her works will remain as majestic monuments of her occult mission to our age.—Ed.]

PROEM.

Pages from a Pre-Historic Period.

AN Archaic Manuscript—a collection of palm-leaves made impermeable to water, fire, and air, by some specific unknown process—is before the writer's eye. On the first page is an immaculate white disc within a dull black ground. On the following page the same disc, but with a central point. The first the student knows to represent Kosmos in Eternity, before the re-awakening of still slumbering Energy—the emanation of the Word in later systems. The point in the hitherto immaculate Disc, Space and Eternity in Pralaya, denotes the dawn of differentiation. It is the Point in the Mundane Egg (see Part II., "The Mundane Egg"), the germ within the latter which will become the Universe, the ALL, the boundless, periodical Kosmos—this germ being latent and active periodically and by turns. The one circle is divine Unity, from which all proceeds, whither all returns. Its circumference—a forcibly limited symbol, in view of the limitation of the human mind—indicates the abstract, ever incognisable PRESENCE, and its plane, the Universal Soul, although the two are one. Only the face of the disc being white and the ground all around black, shows clearly that its plane is the only knowledge, dim and hazy

though it still is, that is attainable by man. It is on this plane that the Manvantaric manifestations begin; for it is in this soul that slumbers, during the Pralaya, the Divine Thought,¹ wherein lies concealed the plan of every future Cosmogony and Theogony.

It is the ONE LIFE, eternal, invisible, yet omnipresent—without beginning or end, yet periodical in its regular manifestations, between which periods reigns the dark mystery of non-Being; unconscious, yet absolute Consciousness; unrealisable, yet the one self-existing reality; truly, “a chaos to the sense, a Kosmos to the reason.” Its one absolute attribute, which is ITSELF, eternal, ceaseless Motion, is called in esoteric parlance the “Great Breath,”² which is the perpetual motion of the universe, in the sense of limitless, ever-present SPACE. That which is motionless cannot be Divine. But then there is nothing in fact and reality absolutely motionless within the universal soul.....

The first illustration being a plain disc \bigcirc , the second one in the Archaic symbol shows \odot , a disc with a point in it—the first differentiation in the periodical manifestations of the ever-eternal nature, sexless and infinite “Aditi in THAT” (Rig Veda), the point in the disc, or potential Space within abstract Space. In its third stage the point is transformed into a diameter, thus \ominus . It now symbolises a divine immaculate Mother-Nature within the all-embracing absolute Infinitude. When the diameter line is crossed by a vertical one \oplus , it becomes the mundane cross. Humanity has reached its third root-race; it is the sign for the origin of human life to begin. When the circumference disappears and leaves only the + it is a sign that the fall of man into matter is accomplished, and the fourth race begins. The Cross within a circle symbolises pure Pantheism; when the circle was left un-inscribed, it became phallic. It had the same and yet other meanings as a TAU inscribed within a circle $\opl�$ or as a “Thor’s hammer,” the Jaina cross, so-called, or simply the Svastika within a circle $\opl�$.

By the third symbol—the circle divided into two by the horizontal line of the diameter—the first manifestation of creative (still passive,

1. It is hardly necessary to remind the reader once more that the term “Divine Thought,” like that of “Universal Mind,” must not be regarded as even vaguely shadowing forth an intellectual process akin to that exhibited by man. The “Unconscious,” according to Von Hartmann, arrived at the vast creative (or rather evolutionary) plan, “by a clairvoyant wisdom superior to all consciousness,” which in the Vedantic language would mean absolute Wisdom. Only those who realise how far Intuition soars above the tardy processes of ratiocinative thought can form the faintest conception of that absolute Wisdom which transcends the ideas of Time and Space. Mind, as we know it, is resolvable into states of consciousness, of varying duration, intensity, complexity, etc.,—all, in the ultimate, resting on sensation, which is again Maya. Sensation, again, necessarily postulates limitation. The personal God of orthodox Theism perceives, thinks, and is affected by emotion; he repents and feels “fierce anger.” But the notion of such mental states clearly involves the unthinkable postulate of the externality of the exciting stimuli, to say nothing of the impossibility of ascribing changelessness to a Being whose emotious fluctuate with events in the worlds he presides over. The conceptions of a Personal God as changeless and infinite are thus unpsychological and, what is worse, unphilosophical.

2. Plato proves himself an Initiate when saying in Cratylus that $\theta\epsilon\delta\varsigma$ is derived from the verb $\theta\acute{\epsilon}\lambda\omega$ “to move,” “to run,” as the first astronomers who observed the motions of the heavenly bodies called the planets $\theta\acute{\epsilon}\omicron\iota$ the gods. (See Book II, “Symbolism of the Cross and Circle”) Later, the word produced another term, $\alpha\lambda\eta\theta\epsilon\iota\alpha$ —“the breath of God.”

because feminine) Nature, was meant. The first shadowy perception of man connected with procreation is feminine, because man knows his mother more than his father. Hence female deities were more sacred than the male. Nature is therefore feminine, and, to a degree, objective and tangible, and the spirit Principle which fructifies it is concealed. By adding to the circle with the horizontal line in it a perpendicular line, the tau was formed— τ —the oldest form of the letter. It was the glyph of the third root-race to the day of its symbolical Fall—*i. e.*, when the separation of sexes by natural evolution took place—when the figure became \bigcirc , the circle, or sexless life modified or separated—a double glyph or symbol. With the races of our Fifth Race it became in symbology the sacr’, and in Hebrew n’ cabvah, of the first-formed races¹; then it changed into the Egyptian ☩ (emblem of life), and still later into the sign of Venus, ♀ . Then comes the Svastika (Thor’s hammer, or the “Hermetic Cross” now), entirely separated from its Circle, thus becoming purely phallic. The esoteric symbol of Kali Yuga is the five-pointed star reversed, thus ✧ —the sign of human sorcery, with its two points (horns) turned heavenward, a position every Occultist will recognise as one of the “left-hand,” and used in ceremonial magic.¹

It is hoped that during the perusal of this work the erroneous ideas of the public in general with regard to Pantheism will be modified. It is wrong and unjust to regard the Buddhists and Adwaites Occultists as atheists. If not all of them philosophers, they are, at any rate, all logicians, their objections and arguments being based on strict reasoning. Indeed, if the Parabrahmam of the Hindus may be taken as a representative of the hidden and nameless deities of other nations, this absolute Principle will be found to be the prototype from which all the others were copied. Parabrahm is not “God,” because It is not a God. “It is that which is supreme and not supreme (paravara),” explains Mandukya Upanishad (2.28) It is “Supreme” as CAUSE, not supreme as effect. Parabrahm is simply, as a “Secondless Reality,” the all inclusive Kosmos—or rather the infinite Cosmic Space—in the highest spiritual sense, of course. Brahma (neuter) being the unchanging, pure, free, undecaying supreme Root, “the ONE true Existence, Paramarthika,” and the absolute Chit and Chaitanya (intelligence, consciousness) cannot be a cogniser, “for THAT can have no subject of cognition.” Can the flame be called the essence of Fire? This Essence is “the LIFE and LIGHT of the Universe; the visible fire and flame are destruction, death, and evil.” “Fire and Flame destroy the body of an Arhat; their essence makes him immortal.” (*Bodhi-mar, Book II.*) “The knowledge of the absolute Spirit, like the effulgence of the sun, or like heat in fire, is naught else than the absolute Essence itself,” says Sankaracharya. IT—is “the Spirit of the Fire,” not fire itself; therefore, “the attributes of the latter, heat or flame, are not the attributes of the Spirit, but of that of which that Spirit is

1. See that suggestive work, “The Source of Measures,” where the author explains the real meaning of the word “sacr,” from which “sacred,” “sacrament,” etc., are derived, which have now become synonyms of “holiness,” though purely phallic!

the unconscious cause." Is not the above sentence the true key-note of later Rosicrucian philosophy? Parabrahm is, in short, the collective aggregate of Kosmos in its infinity and eternity, the "THAT" and "THIS" to which distributive aggregates cannot be applied. "In the beginning THIS was the Self, one only" (*Aitareya Upanishad*); the great Sankaracharya explains that "THIS" referred to the Universe (*Jagat*); the sense of the words, "In the beginning," meaning before the reproduction of the phenomenal Universe.

Therefore, when the Pantheists echo the Upanishads, which state, as in the Secret Doctrine, that "this" cannot create, they do not deny a Creator, or rather a *collective aggregate* of creators, but only refuse, very logically, to attribute "creation" and especially formation, something finite, to an Infinite Principle. With them, Parabrahmam is a passive because an Absolute Cause, the unconditioned *Mukta*. It is only limited omniscience and omnipotence that are refused to the latter, because these are still attributes (as reflected in man's perceptions); and because Parabrahm, being the "Supreme ALL," the ever invisible spirit and Soul of Nature, changeless and eternal, can have no attributes; absoluteness very naturally precluding any idea of the finite or conditioned from being connected with it. And if the Vedantin postulates attributes as belonging simply to its emanation, calling it "Iswara plus Maya" and "Avidya" (Agnosticism and Nescience rather than ignorance), it is difficult to find any Atheism in this conception. Since there can be neither two INFINITES nor two ABSOLUTES in a Universe supposed to be boundless, this Self-Existence can hardly be conceived of as creating personally. In the sense and perceptions of finite "Beings," THAT is Non-"being," in the sense that it is the one BE-NESS; for, in this ALL lies concealed its coeternal and coeval emanation or inherent radiation, which, upon becoming periodically Brahmâ (the male-female Potency) becomes or expands itself into the manifested Universe. Narayana moving on the (abstract) waters of Space, is transformed into the Waters of concrete substance moved by him, who now becomes the manifested WORD or Logos.....

The Occult Catechism asks these questions and has these answers: "What is it that ever is?"—"Space, the eternal Anupadaka."¹ "What is it that ever was?"—"The Germ in the Root." "What is it that is ever coming and going?"—"The Great Breath." "Then there are three Eternals?"—"No, the three are one. That which ever is is one, that which ever was is one, that which is ever being and becoming is also one: and this is Space."

"Explain, oh Lanoo (disciple)."—"The One is an unbroken Circle with no circumference, for it is nowhere and everywhere; the One is the boundless plane of the Circle, manifesting a diameter only during the manvantaric periods; the One is the indivisible point found nowhere, perceived everywhere during those periods; it is the Vertical and the Horizontal, the Father and the Mother, the summit and base of the Father, the two extremities of the Mother, reaching in reality nowhere, for the One is the Ring as also the

1. Meaning "parentless"—see farther on.

rings that are within that Ring. Light in darkness and darkness in Light: the 'Breath which is eternal.' It proceeds from without inwardly, when it is everywhere, and from within outwardly, when it is nowhere—(i. e., maya,¹ one of the centres²). It expands and contracts (exhalation and inhalation). When it expands the mother diffuses and scatters; when it contracts, the mother draws back and ingathers. This produces the periods of Evolution and Dissolution, Manvantara and Pralaya. The Germ is invisible and fiery; the Root (the plane of the circle) is cool; but during Evolution and Manvantara her garment is cold and radiant. Hot Breath is the Father, who devours the progeny of the many-faced Element (heterogeneous), and leaves the single-faced ones (homogeneous). Cool Breath is the Mother, who conceives, forms, brings forth, and receives them back into her bosom, to re-form them at the Dawn (of the Day of Brahmâ, or Manvantara)

Before the reader proceeds to the consideration of the Stanzas from the Book of Dzyan which form the basis of the present work, it is absolutely necessary that he should be made acquainted with the few fundamental conceptions which underlie and pervade the entire system of thought to which his attention is invited. These basic ideas are few in number, and on their clear apprehension depends the understanding of all that follows; therefore no apology is required for asking the reader to make himself familiar with them first, before entering on the perusal of the work itself.

The Secret Doctrine establishes three fundamental propositions:—

(a) An Omnipresent, Eternal, Boundless, and Immutable PRINCIPLE on which all speculation is impossible, since it transcends the power of human conception, and could only be dwarfed by any human expression or similitude. It is beyond the range and reach of thought—in the words of Mandukya, "unthinkable and unspeakable.".....

The following summary will afford a clearer idea to the reader.

(1) The ABSOLUTE: the *Parabrahm* of the Vedantins or the one reality, SAT, which is, as Hegel says, both Absolute Being and Non-Being.

(2) The first manifestation, the impersonal, and, in philosophy, *unmanifested* Logos, the precursor of the "manifested." This is the "First Cause," the "Unconscious" of European Pantheists.

1. Esoteric philosophy, regarding as Maya (or the illusion of ignorance) every finite thing, must necessarily view in the same light every intra-Cosmic planet and body, as being something organised, hence finite. The expression, therefore, "it proceeds from without inwardly, etc." refers in the first portion of the sentence to the dawn of the Mahamanvantaric period, or the great re-evolution after one of the complete periodical dissolutions of every compound form in Nature (from planet to molecule) into its ultimate essence or element; and in its second portion, to the partial or local manvantara, which may be a solar or even a planetary one.

2. By "centre," a centre of energy or a Cosmic focus is meant: when the so called "Creation," or formation of a planet, is accomplished by that force which is designated by the Occultists LIFE and by Science energy,—then the process takes place from within outwardly, every atom being said to contain in itself creative energy of the divine breath. Hence, whereas after an absolute pralaya, or when the pre-existing material consists but of ONE Element, and BREATH "is everywhere," the latter acts from without inwardly: after a minor pralaya, everything having remained *in statu quo*—in a refrigerated state, so to say, like the moon—at the first flutter of manvantara the planet or planets begin their resurrection to life from within outwardly.

(3.) Spirit-matter, LIFE: the "Spirit of the Universe," the Purusha and Prakriti, or the *second* LOGOS.

(4.) Cosmic Ideation, MAHAT or Intelligence, the Universal World-Soul: the Cosmic Noumenon of matter, the basis of the intelligent operations in and of Nature, also called MAHA-BUDDHI.

The ONE REALITY: its *dual* aspects in the conditioned Universe.

(b.) The Eternity of the Universe *in toto* as a boundless plane, periodically "the playground of numberless Universes incessantly manifesting and disappearing," called "the manifesting stars," and the "sparks of Eternity." "The Eternity of the Pilgrim" is like a wink of the Eye of Self-Existence" (Book of Dzyan). "The appearance and disappearance of worlds is like a regular tidal ebb of flux and reflux," (See Part II, "Days and Nights of Brahmâ.").....

(c.) The fundamental identity of all Souls with the Universal Over-Soul, the latter being itself an aspect of the Unknown Root; and the obligatory pilgrimage for every Soul—a spark of the former—through the Cycle of Incarnation (or "Necessity") in accordance with cyclic and Karmic law, during the whole term. In other words, no purely spiritual Buddhi (divine Soul) can have an independent (conscious) existence before the spark which issued from the pure Essence of the Universal Sixth principle,—or the OVER-SOUL,—has (a) passed through every elemental form of the phenomenal world of that Manvantara, and (b) acquired individuality, first by natural impulse, and then by self-induced and self-devised efforts (checked by its Karma), thus ascending through all the degrees of intelligence, from the lowest to the highest Manas, from mineral and plant up to the holiest archangel (Dhyani-Buddha). 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. This is why the Hindus say that the Universe is Brahma and Brahmâ, for Brahma is in every atom of the universe, the six principles in Nature being all the outcome—the variously differentiated aspects—of the SEVENTH and ONE, the only reality in the Universe whether Cosmical or micro-cosmical; and also why the permutations (psychic, spiritual and physical), on the plane of manifestation and form, of the sixth (Brahmâ the vehicle of Brahma) are viewed by metaphysical antiphrasis as illusive and Mayavic. For although the root of every atom individually and of every form collectively, is that seventh principle or the one Reality, still, in its manifested phenomenal and temporary appearance, it is no better than an evanescent illusion of our senses. (See, for clearer definition, Addendum, "Gods, Monads and Atoms.")

Such are the basic conceptions on which the Secret Doctrine rests. It would not be in place here to enter upon any defence or proof

1. "Pilgrim" is the appellation given to our *Monad* (the two in one) during its cycle of incarnations. It is the only immortal and eternal principle in us, being an indivisible part of the integral whole—the Universal Spirit, from which it emanates, and into which it is absorbed at the end of the cycle. When it is said to emanate from the one spirit, an awkward and incorrect expression has to be used, for lack of appropriate words in English. The Vedantins call it Sutrâtma (Thread-Soul), but their explanation, too, differs somewhat from that of the occultists: to explain which difference, however, is left to the Vedantins themselves.

of their inherent reasonableness; nor can I pause to show how they are, in fact, contained—though too often under a misleading guise—in every system of thought or philosophy worthy of the name.

Once that the reader has gained a clear comprehension of them and realised the light which they throw on every problem of life, they will need no further justification in his eyes, because their truth will be to him as evident as the sun in heaven. I pass on, therefore, to the subject matter of the Stanzas as given in this volume, adding a skeleton outline of them, in the hope of thereby rendering the task of the student more easy, by placing before him in a few words the general conception therein explained.

The First Stanza gives the history of cosmic evolution, as traced in the Stanzas—is, so to say, the abstract algebraical formula of that Evolution. Hence the student must not expect to find there an account of all the stages and transformations which intervene between the first beginnings of "Universal" evolution and our present state. To give such an account would be as impossible as it would be incomprehensible to men who cannot even grasp the nature of the plane of existence next to that to which, for the moment, their consciousness is limited.

The Stanzas, therefore, give an abstract formula which can be applied, *mutatis mutandis*, to all evolution: to that of our tiny earth, to that of the chain of planets of which that earth forms one, to the solar Universe to which that chain belongs, and so on, in an ascending scale, till the mind reels and is exhausted in the effort.

The seven Stanzas given in this volume represent the seven terms of this abstract formula. They refer to and describe the seven great stages of the evolutionary process, which are spoken of in the Purânas as the "Seven Creations," and in the Bible as the "Days" of Creation.

The First Stanza describes the state of the ONE ALL during Pralaya, before the first flutter of re-awakening manifestation.

A moment's thought shows that such a state can only be symbolised; to describe it is impossible. Nor can it be symbolised except in negatives; for, since it is the state of Absoluteness *per se*, it can possess none of those specific attributes which serve us to describe objects in positive terms. Hence that state can only be suggested by the negatives of all those most abstract attributes which men feel rather than conceive, as the remotest limits attainable by their power of conception.

The stage described in the second Stanza is, to a western mind, so nearly identical with that mentioned in the first Stanza, that to express the idea of its difference would require a treatise in itself. Hence it must be left to the intuition and the higher faculties of the reader to grasp, as far as he can, the meaning of the allegorical phrases used. Indeed it must be remembered that all these Stanzas appeal to the inner faculties rather than to the ordinary comprehension of the physical brain.

The Third Stanza describes the re-awakening of the Universe to life after Pralaya. It depicts the emergence of the "Monads" from their state of absorption within the ONE; the earliest and highest stage in the formation of "Worlds," the term Monad being

one which may apply equally to the vastest Solar System or the tiniest atom.

The Fourth Stanza shows the differentiation of the "Germ" of the Universe into the septenary hierarchy of conscious Divine Powers, who are the active manifestations of the One Supreme Energy. They are the framers, shapers, and ultimately the creators of all the manifested Universe, in the only sense in which the name "Creator" is intelligible; they inform and guide it; they are the intelligent Beings who adjust and control evolution, embodying in themselves those manifestations of the ONE LAW which we know as "The Laws of Nature." Generically they are known as the Dhyan Chohans, though each of the various groups has its own designation in the Secret Doctrine. This stage of evolution is spoken of in Hindu mythology as the "Creation" of the Gods.

In the Fifth Stanza the process of world-formation is described: first diffused Cosmic Matter, then the fiery "whirlwind," the first stage in the formation of a nebula. That nebula condenses, and after passing through various transformations forms a Solar Universe, a planetary chain, or a single planet, as the case may be.

The subsequent stages in the formation of a "World" are indicated in the sixth Stanza, which brings the evolution of such a world down to its fourth great period, corresponding to the period in which we are now living.

The seventh Stanza continues the history, tracing the descent of life down to the appearance of Man; and thus closes the first Book of the Secret Doctrine.

The development of "Man" from his first appearance on this earth in this Round to the state in which we now find him will form the subject of Book II.

COSMIC EVOLUTION.

In seven Stanzas translated from the Book of Dzryan.

STANZA I.

1. *The Eternal Parent wrapped in her ever invisible robes had slumbered once again for seven eternities.*
2. *Time was not, for it lay asleep in the infinite bosom of duration.*
3. *Universal mind was not, for there were no Ah-hi to contain it.*
4. *The seven ways to bliss were not. The great causes of misery were not, for there was no one to produce and get ensnared by them.*
5. *Darkness alone filled the boundless all, for father, mother and son were once more one, and the son had not awakened yet for the new wheel, and his pilgrimage thereon.*
6. *The seven sublime lords and the seven truths had ceased to be, and the Universe, the son of Necessity, was immersed in Paranishpanna, to be outbreathed by that which is and yet is not. Naught was.*

7. *The causes of existence had been done away with; the visible that was, and the invisible that is, rested in eternal non-being—the one being.*

8. *Alone the one form of existence stretched boundless, infinite, causeless, in dreamless sleep; and life pulsed unconsciously in universal space, throughout that all-presence which is sensed by the opened eye of the Dangma.*

9. *But where was the Dangma when the Alaya of the universe was in Paramartha and the great wheel was Anupadaka?*

STANZA II.

1. *Where were the builders, the luminous sons of Manvantaric dawn? In the unknown darkness in their Ah-hi Paranishpanna. The producers of form from no-form—the root of the world—the Devamatri and Svābhāvat, rested in the bliss of non-being.*

2. *Where was silence? Where the ears to sense it? No, there was neither silence nor sound; naught save ceaseless eternal breath, which knows itself not.*

3. *The hour had not yet struck; the ray had not yet flashed into the Germ; the Matripadma had not yet swollen.*

4. *Her heart had not yet opened for the one ray to enter, thence to fall, as three into four, into the lap of Maya.*

5. *The seven sons were not yet born from the web of light. Darkness alone was father-mother, Svābhāvat; and Svābhāvat was in darkness.*

6. *These two are the Germ, and the Germ is one. The Universe was still concealed in the Divine thought and the Divine bosom....*

STANZA III.

1. *The last vibration of the seventh eternity thrills through infinitude. The mother swells, expanding from within without, like the bud of the lotus.*

2. *The vibration sweeps along, touching with its swift wing the whole universe and the germ that dwelleth in darkness: the darkness that breathes over the slumbering waters of life.*

3. *Darkness radiates light, and light drops one solitary ray into the mother-deep. The ray shoots through the virgin egg; the ray causes the eternal egg to thrill, and drop the non-eternal germ, which condenses into the world-egg.*

4. *Then the three fall into the four. The radiant essence becomes seven inside, seven outside. The luminous egg, which in itself is three, curdles and spreads in milk-white curds throughout the depths of mother, the root that grows in the depths of the ocean of life.*

5. *The root remains, the light remains, the curds remain, and still Ocahoo is one.*

6. *The root of life was in every drop of the ocean of immortality, and the ocean was radiant light, which was fire, and heat, and motion. Darkness vanished and was no more; it disappeared in its own essence, the body of fire and water, or father and mother.*

7. *Behold, oh Ianoos! The radiant child of the two, the unparalleled refulgent glory: Bright Space, Son of Dark Space, which emerges from the depths of the great dark waters. It is*

Oeahoo the younger, the * * * He shines forth as the son; he is the blazing Divine Dragon of Wisdom; the One is Four, and Four takes to itself Three, and the Union produces the Sapta, in whom are the seven which become the Tridasa (or the hosts and the multitudes). Behold him lifting the veil and unfurling it from east to west. He shuts out the above, and leaves the below to be seen as the great illusion. He marks the places for the shining ones, and turns the upper into a shoreless sea of fire, and the one manifested into the great waters.

8. Where was the germ and where was now darkness? Where is the spirit of the flame that burns in thy lamp, oh Lanoo? The germ is that, and that is light, the white brilliant son of the dark hidden father.

9. Light is cold flame, and flame is fire, and fire produces heat, which yields water: the water of life in the great mother.

10. Father-Mother spin a web whose upper end is fastened to spirit—the light of the one darkness—and the lower one to its shadowy end, matter; and this web is the universe spun out of the two substances made in one, which is Svābhāvat.

11. It expands when the breath of fire is upon it; it contracts when the breath of the mother touches it. Then the sons dissociate and scatter, to return into their mother's bosom at the end of the great day, and re-become one with her; when it is cooling it becomes radiant, and the sons expand and contract through their own selves and hearts; they embrace infinitude.

12. Then Svābhāvat sends Fohat to harden the atoms. Each is a part of the web. Reflecting the "Self-Existent Lord" like a mirror, each becomes in turn a world.

STANZA IV.

1. Listen, ye sons of the Earth, to your instructors—the Sons of the Fire. Learn, there is neither first nor last, for all is one: number issued from no number.

2. Learn what we who descend from the Primordial Seven, we who are born from the Primordial Flame, have learnt from our fathers....

3. From the effulgency of light—the ray of the ever-darkness—sprung in space the re-awakened energies; the one from the egg, the six, and the five. Then the three, the one, the four, the one, the five—the twice seven the sum total. And these are the essences, the flames, the elements, the builders, the numbers, the arupa, the rupa, and the force of Divine Man—the sum total. And from the Divine Man emanated the forms, the sparks, the sacred animals, and the messengers of the sacred fathers within the holy four.

4. This was the army of the voice—the divine mother of the seven. The sparks of the seven are subject to, and the servants of, the first, the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth, the sixth, and the seventh of the seven. These "sparks" are called spheres, triangles, cubes, lines, and modellers; for thus stands the Eternal Nidana—the Oeahoo, which is:

5. "Darkness" the boundless, or the no-number, Adi-Nidana Svābhāvat:—

- I. The Adi-Sanat, the number, for he is one.
- II. The voice of the Lord Svābhāvat, the numbers, for he is one and nine.
- III. The "formless square."

And these three enclosed within the O are the sacred four; and the ten are the arupa universe. Then come the "sons," the seven fighters, the one, the eighth left out, and his breath which is the light-maker.

6. Then the second seven, who are the Lipika, produced by the three. The rejected son is one. The "Son-suns" are countless.

STANZA V.

1. The Primordial Seven, the First Seven Breaths of the Dragon of Wisdom, produce in their turn from their Holy Circumgyrating Breaths the Fiery Whirlwind.

2. They make of him the messenger of their will. The Dzyu becomes Fohat, the swift son of the Divine sons whose sons are the Lipika, runs circular errands. Fohat is the steed and the thought is the rider. He passes like lightning through the fiery clouds; takes three, and five, and seven strides through the seven regions above, and the seven below. He lifts his voice, and calls the innumerable sparks, and joins them.

3. He is their guiding spirit and leader. When he commences work, he separates the sparks of the Lower Kingdom that float and thrill with joy in their radiant dwellings, and forms there-with the germs of wheels. He places them in the six directions of space, and one in the middle—the central wheel.

4. Fohat traces spiral lines to write the sixth to the seventh—the crown; an army of the Sons of Light stands at each angle, and the Lipika in the middle wheel. They say: This is good, the first Divine world is ready, the first is now the second. Then the "Divine Arupa" reflects itself in Chhaya Loka, the first garment of the Anupadaka.

5. Fohat takes five strides and builds a winged wheel at each corner of the square, for the four holy ones and their armies.

6. The Lipika circumscribe the triangle, the first one, the cube, the second one, and the pentacle within the egg. It is the ring called "Pass Not" for those who descend and ascend. Also for those who during the Kalpa are progressing towards the great day "Be with us." Thus were formed the Rupa and the Arupa: from one light seven lights; from each of the seven, seven times seven lights. The wheels watch the ring....

STANZA VI.

1. By the power of the Mother of Mercy and Knowledge—Kwan Yin—the "triple" of Kwan-shai-Yin, residing in Kwan-yin-Tien, Fohat, the Breath of their Progeny, the Son of the Sons, having called forth from the lower abyss the illusive form of Sien-Tchang and the Seven Elements¹:

1. Verse 1 of Stanza VI. is of a far later date than the other Stanzas, though still very ancient. The old text of this verse, having names entirely unknown to the Orientalists, would give no clue to the student.

2. *The Swift and Radiant One produces the Seven Laya Centres, against which none will prevail to the great day "Be-with-Us," and seats the Universe on these Eternal Foundations surrounding Tsien-Tchan with the Elementary Germs.*

3. *Of the seven—first one manifested, six concealed; two manifested, five concealed; three manifested, four concealed; four produced, three hidden; four and one tsan revealed, two and one half concealed; six to be manifested, one laid aside. Lastly, seven small wheels revolving; one giving birth to the other.*

4. *He builds them in the likeness of older wheels, placing them on the Imperishable Centres.*

How does Fohat build them? He collects the fiery dust. He makes balls of fire, runs through them and round them, infusing life thereinto, then sets them into motion; some one way, some the other way. They are cold, he makes them hot. They are dry, he makes them moist. They shine, he fans and cools them. Thus acts Fohat from one twilight to the other, during Seven Eternities.

5. *At the fourth, the sons are told to create their images. One third refuses—two obey.*

The cause is pronounced; they will be born on the fourth, suffer and cause suffering; this is the first war.

6. *The older wheels rotated downwards and upwards. . . . The mother's spawn filled the whole. There were battles fought between the Creators and the Destroyers, and battles fought for space; the seed appearing and re-appearing continuously.*

7. *Make thy calculations, Lanoo, if thou wouldst learn the correct age of thy small wheel. Its fourth spoke is our mother. Reach the fourth "fruit" of the fourth path of knowledge that leads to Nirvana, and thou shalt comprehend, for thou shalt see...*

STANZA VII.

1. *Behold the beginning of sentient formless life.*

First the Divine, the one from the Mother-Spirit; then the Spiritual; the three from the one, the four from the one, and the five from which the three, the five, and the seven. These are the three-fold, the four-fold downward; the "mind-born" sons of the first Lord; the shining seven.

It is they who are thou, I, he, oh Lanoo. They, who watch over thee and thy mother earth.

2. *The one ray multiplies the smaller rays. Life precedes form, and life survives the last atom of form. Through the countless rays proceeds the life-ray, the one, like a thread through many jewels.*

3. *When the one becomes two, the threefold appears, and the three are one; and it is our thread, oh Lanoo, the heart of the man-plant called Saptasarma.*

4. *It is the root that never dies; the three-tongued flame of the four wicks. The wicks are the sparks, that draw from the three-tongued flame shot out by the seven—their flame—the beams and sparks of one moon reflected in the running waves of all the rivers of earth.*

5. *The spark hangs from the flame by the finest thread of Fohat. It journeys through the Seven Worlds of Maya. It stops in the first, and is a metal and a stone; it passes into the second and behold—a plant; the plant whirls through seven changes and becomes a sacred animal. From the combined attributes of these Manu the thinker is formed. Who forms him? the seven lives, and the one life. Who completes him? The five-fold Lha. And who perfects the last body? Fish, sin, and soma.....*

6. *From the first-born the thread between the Silent Watcher and his Shadow becomes more strong and radiant with every change. The morning sun-light has changed into noon-day glory.....*

7. *This is thy present wheel, said the Flame to the Spark. Thou art myself, my image, and my shadow. I have clothed myself in thee, and thou art my Vahan to the day, "Be with us," when thou shalt re-become myself and others, thyself and me. Then the builders, having donned their first clothing, descend on radiant earth and reign over men—who are themselves.*

Thus ends this portion of the archaic narrative, dark, confused, almost incomprehensible. An attempt will now be made to throw light into this darkness, to make sense out of this apparent NON-SENSE.

COMMENTARY ON STANZA I.

1. *"The Eternal Parent (Space), wrapped in her ever invisible robes, had slumbered once again for seven eternities (a)."*

The "Parent Space" is the eternal, ever present cause of all—the incomprehensible DEITY, whose "invisible robes" are the mystic root of all matter, and of the Universe. Space is the *one eternal thing* that we can most easily imagine, immovable in its abstraction and uninfluenced by either the presence or absence in it of an objective Universe. It is without dimension in every sense, and self-existent. Spirit is the first differentiation from THAT, the causeless cause of both Spirit and Matter. It is, as taught in the esoteric catechism, neither limitless void, nor conditioned fulness, but both. It was and ever will be.

Thus, the "Robes" stand for the noumenon of undifferentiated Cosmic Matter. It is not matter as we know it, but the spiritual essence of matter, and is co-eternal and even one with Space in its abstract sense. Root-nature is also the source of the subtle invisible properties in visible matter. It is the Soul, so to say, of the ONE infinite Spirit. The Hindus call it Mulaprakriti, and say that it is the primordial substance, which is the basis of the Upadhi or vehicle of every phenomenon, whether physical, mental or psychic. It is the source from which Akasa radiates.

(a) By the Seven "Eternities," æons or periods are meant. The word "Eternity," as understood in Christian theology, has no meaning to the Asiatic ear, except in its application to the ONE existence; nor is the term sempiternity, the eternal only in futu-

rity, anything better than a misnomer.¹ Such words do not and cannot exist in philosophical metaphysics, and were unknown till the advent of ecclesiastical Christianity. The Seven Eternities meant are the seven periods, or a period answering in its duration to the seven periods, of a Manvantara, and extending throughout a Maha-Kalpa or the "Great Age"—100 years of Brahmâ—making a total of 311,040,000,000,000 of years; each year of Brahmâ being composed of 360 "days," and of the same number of "nights" of Brahmâ (reckoning by the Chandrayana or lunar year); and a "Day of Brahmâ" consisting of 4,320,000,000 of mortal years. These "Eternities" belong to the most secret calculations, in which, in order to arrive at the true total, every figure must be 7² (7 to the power of *x*)—*x* varying according to the nature of the cycle in the subjective or real world; and every figure or number relating to, or representing all the different cycles from the greatest to the smallest—in the objective or unreal world—must necessarily be multiples of seven. The key to this cannot be given, for herein lies the mystery of esoteric calculations, and for the purpose of ordinary calculation it has no sense. "The number seven," says the Kabala, "is the great number of the Divine Mysteries;" number ten is that of all human knowledge (Pythagorean decade); 1,000 is the number ten to the third power, and therefore the number 7,000 is also symbolical. In the Secret Doctrine the figure and number 4 are the male symbol only on the highest plane of abstraction; on the plane of matter the 3 is the masculine and the 4 the female: the upright and the horizontal in the fourth stage of symbolism, when the symbols became the glyphs of the generative powers on the physical plane.....

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

As the bee—injuring not the flower, its colour or scent—flies away, taking the nectar; so let the wise man dwell upon the earth.

Like a beautiful flower, full of colour, but without scent, the fine words of him who does not act accordingly are fruitless.

One may conquer a thousand thousand men in battle, but he who conquers himself alone is the greatest victor.

Never in this world does hatred cease by hatred; hatred ceases only by love; this is always its nature.—*Dhammapada*.

Not by birth does one become low caste, not by birth does one become a Brahman; by his actions alone a man becomes low caste; by his actions alone a man becomes a Brahman.—*Vasala Sutta*.

1. It is stated in Book II., ch. viii., of Vishnu Purâna: "By immortality is meant existence to the end of the Kalpa;" and Wilson, the translator, remarks in a foot-note: "This, according to the Vedas, is all that is to be understood of the immortality (or eternity) of the gods; they perish at the end of universal dissolution (or Pralaya)." And Esoteric philosophy says: they "perish" not, but are *re-absorbed*.

A BUDDHIST PRINCE'S VIEW OF THE UNIVERSE
AND THE NATURE OF MAN.¹

BROTHERS, allow me to converse with you about my own conviction relating to the Universe and the Nature of Man, or rather about what I understand from the truths taught by our beloved, merciful and omniscient LORD BUDDHA, to whom we all owe our morality in our present lives and our destiny in future.

The LORD taught us that all things, both known and unknown, are without exception subject to the law of impermanency or changeableness; and that man's cause of re-birth is no other than his own ignorance of nature, together with his good or evil actions in life, which will make him reap sweet or sour fruit in his future existence. What the LORD has taught us is that which will remain permanent and everlasting—Akasa and NIRVANA.

The former means the Universe, which I understand to comprise all matter, force, and space; and if this idea be correct, of course all the heavenly bodies are also included in this term. This Akasa (or Universe) although it is self-existing, absolute, infinite, universal, and perfect, without beginning and without end, is yet subject to the immutable law of changes. According to my own opinion, I think that all the heavenly bodies are but the inhabitants of infinite space; just in the same manner as we ourselves are the inhabitants of this earth—the difference, I suppose, being only in the scale of construction and perfection both physically and psychically. If this belief be reasonable, I then infer that the heavenly bodies are born in something the same manner as ourselves: that is, by virtue of existing species. The factor of this virtue is, I understand, the force or attraction inherent in the molecules of matter, either dormant or active; because we all know that we move, work, and do all actions by the forces which are inherent in our bodies, and not by the mere lifeless matter which constitutes our physical systems.

This important idea being understood, I will go on further to suppose that if this solar system of ours, which includes the sun, the moon, and the planets, were to be destroyed, or die out by efflux of time, the matter which constitutes their bodies would naturally decay and be turned into elements, while their forces become dormant; just as is the case with ourselves—our bodies when we die will be turned into the elements out of which we are made. When such an event occurs, according to my own conviction, all the other systems of heavenly bodies existing in space will naturally, by virtue of their affinities to this system, form out of the molecules of matter and dormant forces a new system to supply the vacancy. And this process, of course, is performed entirely by mutual attractions or forces.

Now we come to the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and to these again I suppose that the same law applies—that, by virtue of the

1. We print this article as received, without comment, in the hope that some of those Buddhists (and no doubt they are many) who will not altogether agree with this presentation of their doctrine will accept His Royal Highness's invitation, and come forward to criticize his belief, so that the points of difference may be fully and exhaustively discussed.

living species, new beings are made up by the attractions of their affinities from the remains of those which have died long before. Thus from heavenly bodies down to animals and vegetables, the same principle of reproduction is going on round and round without end. When one has lived long enough and died or changed away the substance of its body, by virtue of the forces or attractions of the rest, the dead one or the changed matter and dormant force is brought to life again; and so on the existence is kept up by mutual dependence. But in considering such a process of reproduction or of attraction, we must not forget that in the course of time the forms and properties of all bodies, both heavenly and earthly, are undergoing a series of unknowable changes. Now I will pass from materialism into the abstract, and in doing so, I must summarize what I have before mentioned; when I say there are forces or attractions inherent in all matter or molecules of matter either dormant or active, I also say that we move, work, and do all our actions by the forces that are inherent in our bodies, and not by the mere lifeless matter which constitutes our physical bodies. By this conviction we can, therefore, plainly see that the important factors in all bodies are only their forces or attractions, while physical matter is but of secondary importance.

Let me now proceed further to a more complex and critical part of nature than that regarding which we have spoken—that is to say, the soul of man and his succession of re-births. The soul is conceived by many people as an immortal entity in man, which governs his body in life; but how at his death it leaves him either to be re-born or to live with an imaginary god, is beyond my comprehension. What I call a soul is nothing but the active force or attraction in man which, when he dies, must die with him.

Reader, because of my thinking thus, I hope you will not take me for an unbeliever in the verified laws of re-birth and of Karma, but hear me patiently, and you will see that I am a true Buddhist. I believe that our souls in this life are but the results of attractions or volitions created through ignorance of nature by dead men at the time they were dying, and not the souls of the dead that are within our bodies. In short, I believe that we are but the images or representatives of their good or evil characters during life, taken by a process of natural photography. If this belief can be granted as being reasonable, I infer further that the power of volition or attraction in man is as inconceivably great as that in nature itself, that is to say, man has power to exercise mentally, more or less, his attraction over the forces of beings; that he can form out of such forces any imaginary picture of his thoughts, or put them in motion in somewhat the same manner as he does physical objects. But so long as he lives, the pictures of his thought, or the forces that he has put into motion, will be imperfect, so that they cannot take a re-birth.

This is owing to the exercise of volition not being exhaustive, or to his neutralizing it by turning his attention to other matters. The process, however, takes place very decidedly and effectually at the time he is dying, no matter whether he is sensible or not—his mere habits being quite sufficient for the work. In proof of this

fact the modern science of mesmerism stands as witness. Although I am not personally acquainted with this science, yet I sincerely believe that it is an undoubted fact. Now, taking for granted that my conviction is correct, I may explain further how a dying man takes his re-birth. I believe that in the case of an ordinary man, *i. e.*, a man who is full of passions and inclinations—it may be for this earthly life, to continue his existence, or it may be to cease for ever from existence—in short, who has all kinds of yearning desires which assert his psychical force or volition at the time he is dying, this is what happens: these desires form an exact picture of his thought in the molecules of dormant forces of long-dead beings that may be present in the air, and the once-dead spirit, thus coming into motion again, is taken up in obedience to the law of force by a living person who possesses a similar disposition to the dying man himself.

To speak briefly, I believe that the dying man asserts his volition or transmits the picture of his good or bad character to the spirit or dormant force of long-dead beings, and when the latter becomes thus charged with motion, it is taken up by the attraction of a living person. As a comparison for illustration, when an artist paints his own likeness, the materials which he uses for colours are not made from material parts of his body, but from ordinary materials outside; so the process of re-birth is effected by a dying man through the assertion of his thinking habits, from the elements outside; just as the action of the phonograph is effected by the motions of the voice. The process of re-birth, however, takes place at death only, because then the exertion of physical thought, being exhaustive, is quite fixed for ever, and the connecting links of active attraction cease to generate from the body—just as, if the earth's attraction ceased, its attending satellite the moon must inevitably be displaced from its course.

Thus goes on the great wheel of Sansara without beginning and without end, until one becomes wise and has acquired in his habits the non-inclination to put in motion, or to assert his psychical image on, the elements or dormant spirits of long-dead beings; then he is completely free from that whirling wheel of nature, and attains the blessed state of NIRVANA, the only everlasting abode of happiness in subjective existence. This explanation will be found to agree with the teachings of our enlightened LORD BUDDHA, particularly in his denial of the existence of a soul such as is generally believed to exist. And from this belief we are able to infer that there is no such soul in man as will leave him when he dies, either for the purpose of taking a re-birth, or to live with God; or as can move of its own accord, or under any influence of the laws of nature. For if there is actually a soul like this, there can never exist NIRVANA. As I have already mentioned, our LORD has taught us that the only things that can exist for ever are the Akasa and NIRVANA. And this Akasa, according to what I understand, must include all matter, force and space. Now if there exists an objective NIRVANA, it must also be included in the Akasa, because the latter is including even space, and if there is NIRVANA just as there is Akasa, the former must

naturally be either matter or space, otherwise a moving soul cannot live in it. Now, you will see that there can be no such NIRVANA in which a soul can live to enjoy an everlasting happiness, because if there be such, it must be within the Akasa, and the soul in it therefore, according to the law of changes or Karma, must inevitably take a re-birth again. The true subjective NIRVANA is just the reverse of the objective Akasa, as heaven or hell is the reverse of our objective earth. It is true that to go to heaven or hell it requires a supposed soul or a psychical image to impress on the dormant spirits, in order that it may be taken up by the attraction of a deva or a hellish being according to circumstances; but then heaven or hell is included in the Akasa, because the earth itself is but a speck of the Universe, and consequently the beings in it are still subject to natural changes: while in the case of NIRVANA there needs no supposed soul, or any picture of thought whatever, as NIRVANA itself is but nothingness, therefore it requires a free, pure, innocent soul of nothingness to live in it. If any one should ask, "If NIRVANA is nothingness, what good is there in craving for it?" I must then ask the inquirer whether he really enjoys constant changes, or whether he likes the sorrows and sufferings attending life both physically and mentally.

This is a sufficient answer as to why wise men wish for the attainment of NIRVANA.

Just a few words more about the non-existence of a soul which survives death. Suppose any one holds that there is such soul in man, I must then ask him courteously whether he knows, or can guess, out of what such a soul is evolved. The answer may probably be that it is made from matter, or force, or space, or a combination of all these, or one or two of these without the other; or perhaps that God made it out of Nothing. Now the reader will see that this answer means that in course of time a day will come when all the souls which are made out of the substances enumerated will all enter NIRVANA, or else ascend to heaven somewhere outside the Universe, and no more beings will exist; nay, even all the heavenly bodies, or space itself, will exist no more, because then all matter or force, and even space which forms the Universe, are all used up. What will then be the aspect of the empty Universe? This is the reason why I am unable to believe that an immortal soul exists.

I must now go back to the beings which we call inanimates, which includes all the heavenly bodies and the whole of nature with the exception of animals. These again are, according to the law of force, subject to a nearly similar process of re-birth. The only difference is that which arises from the fact that the animate and the inanimate differ in their construction and mode of existence. To explain the process I must repeat again something of what I have said with regard to man; that the dying body asserts powerfully though ignorantly its inclinations or its attractive forces as its habit may dictate when in health, so that if in the case of a heavenly body the nebulous matter or the elements of long-dead heavenly bodies become charged with action, by the aid of attractions from all other heavenly bodies these gradually assume the form and property of the dying body, as in the case of

re-birth with man. Thus goes on the process of Akasa whirling its great wheel round and round with myriads of imaginable and unimaginable changes.

All I have said will, I hope, be found in harmony with the teachings of our enlightened LORD, as well as with the belief in spiritualism, mesmerism, and all other natural powers by which phenomena are produced by man. And you will see at a glance that there cannot exist a personal or intelligent God who is supposed to be the Guardian of the Universe, for the system of all natures I have enumerated is so perfectly complete in itself that by virtue of the mutual dependence of matter, force, and space, the system is able to keep up its self-existence for ever, without requiring any beginning from God at all. Brothers, we also see that all things which form the Universe, from the heavenly bodies down to ourselves, are nothing different in nature, and what we glorify as a reality of happiness or what we hate as an actual sorrow in life, is in truth no other than nothingness. The worlds, stars, vegetables, animals, and all things which we take to be different, are nothing but the results of changing operations of matter, force, and space, which form the Universe.

Brothers, we now plainly see that nothing material or immaterial, either in our bodies or our minds, can be a soul that will survive death; our true souls and selves that will take re-birth are simply the good or bad actions done in life. So then, Brothers, while we are as yet but in the threshold of NIRVANA, let us strive to cultivate a universal love, which will undoubtedly tend to good actions, the only tools with which we can paint our perfect likenesses at death.

In conclusion, I may mention that my conjecture is in perfect harmony with the principles of nature.

1. That all natures exist in pairs, or opposites.
2. That all natures act and exist only by mutual dependence.
3. That no nature can ever produce something out of nothing.
4. That all natures act on objects in succession.
5. That all natures seek to unite with their affinities.

All these rules apply to physiology as well as psychology.

Now, Brothers, for want of time I must close my article here, and if you take pleasure in my conjectures or the truths that I make out, I shall be very pleased to converse with you further in another article on subjects relating to the law of Karma, heaven, hell, the causes of fate and chance, and other matters of interest.

I do not intend to mislead any one by my article, but I ask you to consider it only as the statement of my own convictions in relation to the teachings of our Blessed LORD. If you will be good enough to criticize my belief I shall be exceedingly obliged.

I avail myself of the opportunity of wishing you all, Brothers, a long life, happiness and prosperity.

CHANDRDHAT CHUDHATHAR,

Prince of Siam.

THE PHANTOM VIRGIN.

LUIGI sat in his studio buried in thought. It was a barely furnished attic, where the scorching sun was excluded by dark blinds drawn close across the little window that overlooked the glittering spires and roofs of imperial Rome. Beside him stood his easel, and upon it a frame for canvas. Several tacks studded its edges, as if some discarded picture had been torn off, leaving a few rags and nails to tell the tale.

On the walls were hung various pictures, all painted by Luigi himself. There was a head of Christ, beautiful and godlike in its proportions; there was also "The Angel of Death," a flower-wreathed figure of a beautiful woman clad in white, having in her hand a sickle. Surely this youth was an artist possessing merits far above the ordinary. Every picture denoted genius; near by the sad, tear-stained face of the penitent Judas looked down in abject woe and despair upon him, and beside it, in striking contrast, the inspired head of St. John. But yet, amid all these triumphs of art, Luigi sat with one hand resting on a ricketty old table and the other nervously pulling at the torn shreds of a canvas.

His face was young and beautiful. A richly tinted Italian complexion, lit by a pair of large, soft, luminous eyes, which one moment flashed pain, and the next seemed to swim with tears. A quantity of dark curly hair shaded a noble brow, and a clear cut profile stood out to all its advantage against a piece of old crimson drapery which hung on the wall.

But just now his firm, steady mouth seemed to twitch with pain as, holding the canvas aloft, he cried in bitter tones: "Thou wilt not come back. Alas! alas! six times have I tried and six times failed. I will try no more. I have lived on bread and water during a whole month for thee, and is it thus I am rewarded? I will tear thee to atoms and, if it must be, die of starvation and misery!"

He held the canvas higher, under the despairing face of Judas Iscariot; it was evidently a figure of the Virgin, unfinished, but still very remarkable. A simple blue and white drapery fell like a light cloud on her small and rounded form; the head was surrounded by a halo of golden-brown hair, lit by a star shining above on the deep, rich background. The face was singularly beautiful and inspired even in its unfinished state. But in anger and despair Luigi cried out:

"You mock me, picture of mine! Have I not prayed for you and fasted, and wept, until I feel as though I were going out of my mind? And yet, you are a fine conception. . . . Ah! if prayer and love would only avail! But," he added, his brow darkening "nothing avails, and your end has come."

Laying the picture upon the old table he took out a sharp knife and, pressing its point in the top of the canvas, he deliberately cut it down to the bottom, right through the star and the beautiful face, then across and then down again until it lay in a heap before him, cut into twenty pieces. Then he stood and contemplated it while the tears rolled down his cheeks.

A light tap at the door roused him. He said mechanically "Come in!" but did not so much as raise his head.

It was an old man who entered, a monk clad in a long, loose brown robe which swept the uncarpeted floor of the attic. His calm, benign face contrasted strongly with the excited features of the artist. Advancing slowly towards the young man, he looked with him at the destroyed picture.

"Oh, Luigi, my son!" he exclaimed.

"Thou, good father!" cried the youth; "yes, there is my work; it is finished!"

The old man sighed, and sadly shook his head. "What burst of wrath is this, my son?" he enquired. "Thy picture I dreamt would make thee as great as thou art good; and is it true thou hast finished it? Luigi, art thou mad?"

The youth had a bitter smile.

"And if I am, is it not the reward of genius? Why am I born thus? Better be as the common herd who have no high aims, no aspiring desires."

The monk placed his withered hand on the young head.

"God's greatest gift is genius," he said. "He sends it clothed in the garb of poverty; despise it not, my son. The old monk has prophesied for thee that thy work shall be rewarded; why hast thou madly destroyed it, and cut those ugly rents across the Holy Virgin's face?"

Luigi impetuously gathered up the fragments of the picture, and faced the monk.

"Why have I destroyed it? Because it angered me; it mocked me! Did I not tell thee that I saw the face in a dream? A sublime, glorious, madonna-like face, with her hands clasping the virgin lilies, and the face beaming with love, intelligence, and the perfection of beauty; and can I be content with that earthly, fleshy, solid-looking creature yonder I have just cut up? No, six times have I tried and I will try no more."

"But it was more beautiful than thou thinkest. It was to have been exhibited in a month's time; and I felt sure that sorrow and poverty would flee before thy genius for ever. Try again, Luigi. If not, the face of "The Angel of Death" would do; it would, indeed."

Luigi gazed at the picture alluded to with utmost scorn.

"That, for the Virgin! Never!" he answered. "I will never paint the Holy Virgin until the subject of my dream comes again before me in all its unearthly radiance, and it is useless to try to persuade me, good father."

"Luigi," said the old man tenderly, "I have been as a father to thee and watched over thy boyhood and youth unto this day. I see thou wilt never be happy until thy wish is accomplished. Therefore, for my sake as well as thine, try but the seventh time; the number is a perfect and a holy one, and angels may help thee. Take rest now; go to sleep. But first, however, get a new canvas ready; I will go to pray for thy success—for thee."

Luigi was touched. He grasped the old long hand and murmured: "Farewell!"

The monk slowly left the attic and descended the old wooden stairs, leaving Luigi, his head buried in his hands, lost in sorrow and thought.

* * * * *

Night had spread her mantle of darkness across the Italian sky, and the fairy-like stars gemmed the heavens above, for the moon had not yet risen. Rome glittered with a thousand lights from various windows. A carriage drew up at the Hotel d'Angleterre, and two people alighted, one a tall middle-aged man, the other his daughter. He escorted her to her room and bade her good night within her door, while the maid removed her many wraps.

"You have enjoyed yourself then, my dear? But I am afraid you are over-tired."

"No," she answered wearily. "But parties are always tedious, and I feel strange to-night, as if I am going somewhere. I feel drawn and impelled to a something—I know not what. I suppose," she added more gaily, "it all comes of having a father an occultist, who experiments with his daughter in thought-reading and everything else uncanny. Good-night, father."

"Good-night, my loveliest!"

He bent to kiss her ere he closed the door, and left her. The maid continued to remove her young mistress's ornaments, and let down the abundant masses of golden-brown hair which shaded the most beautiful face that could haunt a poet's dream.

She was arrayed in cream-coloured lace, and wore gold ornaments; but the maid rapidly divested her of these, and, after offering her some light refreshment, left her to repose. She did not go to bed at once, however, but put out the lights and sat for some time by the open window.

Florence Burleigh was the only daughter of Dr. Burleigh, a clever and celebrated master of science, who, during the past few years, had entered with his daughter into great theosophical and metaphysical research. By her education Florence was separated from intercourse with other girls of her own age, whose gay and thoughtless lives little harmonized with her eager and intelligent mind. She was usually happy and contented, but to-night a strange melancholy had seized her; she felt lonely, tired and miserable; an indescribable yearning towards a something, she knew not what, pervaded her, and involuntarily she turned to the star-gemmed sky for sympathy; but somehow it failed so signally to-night to comfort her, and brought so many tears to her eyes, that she drew her blind and got into bed. But no sleep visited her, and when she went down to her father in the morning, languid-eyed and weary, he urged her to lie down again, and she mechanically obeyed.

She had not lain long, however, before she was aware of a rigid, stiff feeling pervading her whole system. She tried to move her hand, and could not; every muscle seemed paralysed; her eyes were open, but she could not close them; every object in the room stood out as clearly as usual, and she could hear the rumbling of the wheels and the cries in the streets below as they floated in at the open window; yet nothing disturbed her; she

lay wide awake, but in such a delicious, tranquil state that, after trying vainly once or twice to rouse herself by endeavouring to move her hand or foot, she gave herself up to her fate, whatever it might be. Gradually a thin mist seemed drawn before her eyes; this was succeeded by a nervous shiver which ran through her, and very gently, as the mist thickened so that she could not see anything, she seemed rocked to and fro, like a vessel on the waves, and then was borne rapidly she knew not where. She thought that she must be dying, but it was so very beautiful, being borne aloft by these unseen hands, that she did not mind even if this were death. Suddenly the delightful swaying motion ceased, and her feet seemed to touch something; the mist also gradually faded, and she was able to look about her.

She stood in a long, low attic-room, on a bare floor. There was nothing in the place but three old chairs, a sort of couch, and a ricketty table, except two easels and the paintings which decked the rude walls.

Florence scanned these rapidly, and then concentrated her gaze upon the figure who sat near the table with bent head; it was Luigi. His canvas was newly prepared, and, before recommencing, he sat with bowed head in deep thought; all his passion and all his tears had fled, his face, calm and beautiful in the subdued morning light, revealed a spirit undaunted and ready for some gigantic task.

"Come," he murmured softly. "O, my lost dream, come back! By all the unselfish love an artist bears thee, come! By all his prayers and many struggles, I beseech thee, come! It is the last trial, and I will evoke no more. . . . Behold, I am ready, O, Holy Virgin, to receive the inspiration and paint thee. In the name of the God of love and of genius, come!"

Florence suddenly felt why she had been brought to the artist's humble home. Some unseen power had borne her there, in answer to the artist's prayer. Propelled by that same influence she softly glided towards the artist and laid a light hand upon his shoulder without uttering a sound, for her lips refused to open. He turned quickly round, started back, and fell on his knees, vainly trying to kiss her garment, which dissolved like mist under his hand. In silence she pointed to the canvas, and Luigi seized his palette and brush. He dared not utter a word; he felt almost afraid to breathe, for fear the beautiful vision should melt away.

High up in the old attic all was still; Florence stood against the opposite wall as in a dream. How calm and happy she felt in his presence! She could have stood there for ever gazing on that inspired handsome face and into the depths of those luminous dark eyes, and watching her own features as they gradually appeared upon the canvas under the brush moving feverishly in the hand of the artist. Was it possible she could be the original of that face, so unearthly in its gorgeous beauty? Was it possible that her own eyes beamed with that ineffable love that she now saw shining in the eyes of that Virgin on the canvas?

The hot sun sank lower and lower down as Luigi paused with reverential gratitude to contemplate the effect of his work. When he looked once more at the radiance-haloed head of the model—a

radiance that dazzled him—it was fading. The figure did not pass through the window or the door, but seemed as he gazed on it gradually to pale, to fade out, until it vanished into nothing. At the moment the door opened to let in the old monk. He arrived just in time to catch Luigi's body as it was falling backwards in a dead faint. The strain on his nervous system had been too much.

* * * * *

When Florence opened her eyes she recognised her own room, and the face of her father bending tenderly over her.

"Thank God!" he cried, when she opened her eyes and smiled; "but how you have frightened me, Florence!"

She sprang from the bed.

"Frightened you? How, father? O, was it only a dream? I'm so sorry!"

"Your dream has not hurt you, evidently," he answered. "I really thought you were dead, you were so cold and rigid; I've been exercising all my power upon you, and I believe you have me to thank for bringing you back to life."

The face of Florence grew very serious and thoughtful.

"It's all very strange, but the last thing I can remember seeing was an old monk walking in; then all grew dark, and I awoke."

She then related the strange dream which she supposed she had had. Her father listened attentively, but said nothing. Evidently he had his own opinions on the subject, but did not care to make them known to his daughter.

About a month after this occurrence Dr. Burleigh was wandering about a student's gallery of exhibits, when he was suddenly attracted by a large crowd of people eagerly surrounding a picture. Hastening to see what miracle of art it was that drew the public attention, his surprise may be easier imagined than described when he saw his own fair daughter's face spiritualized as that of a Madonna.

And now he understood it all. A mysterious affinity, some strange power, had drawn her astral form to the artist, and he had painted it. Then he eagerly sought for Luigi, and was directed to his attic, whereto he took his daughter with him. When they tapped at the door, the visitors were admitted by Luigi himself, who, upon seeing his mysterious phantom-visitor before him, fell with a cry of rapture on his knees and, kissing the edge of her skirts, poured forth his thanks and blessings upon her.

Luigi's Madonna brought him riches and fame, but it brought him something still better—the love of his beautiful model. For now his phantom "Virgin" shines upon his young life, as the star in his famous picture illumines the glorified brow of the Queen of Heaven.

HELEN FAGG.

NATURE'S FINER FORCES.

Yoga; the Soul.

WE have now described more or less perfectly two principles of the human constitution—*prana* and *manas*. The gross body was omitted as needing no special handling. The five manifestations of each of these two principles, it may be mentioned, may be either fortunate or unfortunate. Those manifestations are fortunate which are consonant with our true culture, which lead us to the highest spiritual development, the *summum bonum* of humanity. Those that keep us chained to the sphere of recurring births and deaths may be called unfortunate. On each of the two planes of life—*prana* and *manas*—there is thus a possibility of double existence. We might have, and in fact in the present conditions of the universe we have, a fortunate and an unfortunate *prana*, a happy mind and an unhappy mind. Considering these two to be four, the number of the principles of the human constitution might be raised from five to seven. The unhappy intelligences of the one plane ally themselves with the unhappy ones of the other, and the happy ones with the happy, and we have in the human constitution an arrangement of the principles something like the following.

1. The gross body (*sthula sarira*).
- { 2. The unhappy *prana*.
- { 3. The unhappy mind.
- { 4. The happy *prana*.
- { 5. The happy mind.
6. The soul (*vijnana*).
7. The spirit (*ananda*).

The *fundamentum divisionis* in the fivefold division is the *upadhi*, the particular and distinct state of matter (*prakriti*) in each case: in the sevenfold division it is the nature of karma with reference to its effect upon human evolution.

Both the sets of these powers—the blessed and the unhappy—work upon the same plane, and although the blessed manifestations tend in the long run towards the state of *moksha*, that state is not reached unless and until the higher powers—the *siddhis*—are induced in the mind by the exercise of Yoga. Yoga is a power of the soul. It is therefore necessary to say something about the soul and Yoga, before the higher powers of the mind can be intelligibly described. Yoga is the science of human culture in the highest sense of the word. Its purpose is the purification and strengthening of the mind. By its exercise the mind is filled with high aspirations, and acquires divine powers; while the unhappy tendencies die out. The second and third principle of this article are 'burnt up by the fire of divine knowledge,' and the state of what is called salvation in life is attained. By and by the fourth principle too becomes neutral, and the soul passes into a state of manwantaric *moksha*. Higher still the soul may pass, according to the strength of her exercise. When the mind too is at rest, as in sound sleep (*sushupti*) during life, the omniscience of the *Vijnana* (*Brahma*) is reached. There is a state higher still, the state of *ananda*. Such are the results of Yoga; I must now describe

the nature of the thing and the process of acquirement. So far as the nature of Yoga is concerned, I may say that mankind has reached its present state of development by the exercise of this great power. Nature herself is a great Yogini, and humanity has been and is being purified into perfection by the exercise of her sleepless will. Man need only imitate the great teacher to shorten for his individual self the road to perfection. How are we to render ourselves fit for that great imitation? What are the steps on the great ladder of perfection? These things have been discovered for us by the great sages of yore, and Patanjali's little book is only a short and suggestive transcript of so much of our past experiences and future potentialities as is recorded in the book of nature. This little book uses the word Yoga in a double signification. The first is a state of the mind otherwise called *samadhi*; the second is a set of acts and observances which induce that state in the mind. The definition given by the sage is a negative one, and is only applicable on the plane of the mind. The source of the positive power lies in the higher principle, the soul. Yoga, it is said, is the keeping in check of the (finer) manifestations of the mind.

In the very wording of the definition is involved the supposition of the existence of a power which can control and keep in check the mental manifestations. This power is otherwise familiar to us as freedom of will. Although by the manifestation of egoism (*asmuta*) on the mental plane the soul is deluded into regarding herself as a slave of the second and third principles, the fact is not such, and as soon as the cord of egoism is slackened to a certain extent, the awakening takes place. This is the first step in the initiation by nature herself of the race of man. It is a matter of necessity. The working, side by side with each other, of the second and third, and fourth and fifth principles, weakens the hold of natural mental *asmuta* upon the soul. "I am these, or of these, mental manifestations," says Egoism. Such a state of things cannot however last long. These manifestations are double in their nature; the one is just the reverse of the other. Which of them is one with the ego—the unhappy or the blessed? No sooner is this question asked than the awakening takes place. It is impossible to answer any of these questions in the affirmative, and the soul naturally ends in discovering that she is a separate thing from the mind, that though she has been the slave, she might be (what she naturally is) the Lord, of the mind. Up to this time the soul has been tossed this way or that, in obedience to the *tatwic* vibrations of the mind. Her blind sympathy with the mental manifestations gives her unison with the mind, and hence the tossing. By the waking above noticed the chord of sympathy is loosened. The stronger the nature, the greater the departure from unison. Instead of the soul being tossed by the mental vibrations, it is now time that the mind should vibrate in obedience to the vibrations of the soul. This assumption of lordship is the freedom of the will, and this obedience of the mind to the vibrations of the soul is Yoga. The manifestations evoked in the mind by the external *tatwas* must now give way to the stronger motion coming from the soul. By and by the mental colours change their

very nature, and the mind comes to coincide with the soul. In other words, the individual mental principle is neutralized, and the soul is free in her omniscience.

Let us now trace step by step up to *samadhi* the requirements of the mind.

Samadhi or the mental state induced by the practice of Yoga is of two descriptions. As long as the mind is not perfectly absorbed in the soul, the state is called *samprajnata*. It is that state in which the discovery of new truths in every department of nature follows labour. The second is the state of perfect mental absorption. It is called *asamprajnata*. In this there is no knowing, no discovering of unknown things. It is a state of intuitive omniscience. Two questions are naturally suggested at the awakening stage. "If I am these manifestations, which of them am I? I think I am none of them. What am I then? What are these?" The second question is solved in the *samprajnata samadhi*, the first in the other. Before entering further into the nature of *samadhi* a word about habituation and apathy. These two are mentioned by Patanjali as the two means of checking the mental manifestations, and it is very important to understand them thoroughly. The manifestation of apathy is the reflection in the mind of the colour of the soul, when she becomes conscious of her free nature and is disgusted consequently at the mastery of the passions. It is a necessary consequence of the awakening. Habituation is the repetition of the state so as to confirm it in the mind.

The confirmation of the mind in this state means for the time being a state of ordinary mental inactivity. By this I mean that the five ordinary manifestations are for the time being at rest. This being so, the mind is for the time left free to receive any influences. Here for the first time we see the influence of the soul in the shape of curiosity (*vitarka*). What is this? What is that? How is this? How is that? This is the form in which curiosity shows itself in the mind. Curiosity is a desire to know, and a question is an expression of such a desire. But how does man become familiar with questions? The mental shape of curiosity and question will be easily understood by paying a little attention to the remarks I have made on the genesis of desire. The process of the birth of philosophical curiosity is similar to the birth of desire. In the latter the impulse comes from the external world through *prana*, in the former directly from the soul. The place of pleasure in this is supplied by the reflection into the mind of the knowledge of the soul that self and independence are better than the non-self and the enslaving cords thereof. The strength of the philosophical curiosity depends upon the strength of this reflection, and as this reflection is rather faint in the beginning (as in the present state of the spiritual development of humanity it generally is), the hold of philosophical curiosity upon the mind bears almost no comparison in strength with the hold of desire.

Philosophical curiosity then is the first step of mental ascent towards Yoga. We place before our mind, to begin with, every possible manifestation of nature, and try to fit in every possible phase of it with every related manifestation. This is, as we shall

see hereafter, 'dharana.' It is in plain language to apply ourselves to the investigation of all the branches of natural science, one by one.

This is the natural result of curiosity. By this attempt to discover the relations, already existing or possible, essential or potential, among the phenomena of nature, another power is induced in the mind. This power Patanjali calls *vichara*, meditation. The radical idea of the word is to go among the various relations of the portions that make up the whole object of our contemplation. It is only a deeper hold on the mind of the philosophical curiosity noticed above. The third state of this samadhi is what is called *ananda*, happiness or bliss. As long as there is curiosity or meditation, the mind is only assuming the consistency of the soul. This means to say that the vibrations of the soul are as yet only making their way into the mind; they have not yet succeeded entirely. When, however, the third stage is arrived at, the mind is sufficiently polished to receive the full and clear image of the sixth coil. Of that image the mind is conscious as bliss. Every man who has devoted himself to the study of nature has been, for however short a time, in that coveted state. It is very difficult to make it intelligible by description, but I am sure that the majority of my readers are not strangers to it.

But whence does this bliss come? What is it? I have called it a reflection of the soul. But first of all what is the soul? From what I have been writing up to this time, my readers will no doubt surmise that I understand the soul to be only a picture of the gross body, the prana or the mind, so far only however as its constitution is concerned.

I have mentioned that in the macrocosm the sun is the centre, the *prana* the atmosphere of the second principle, and that the ecliptic marks the shape of the principle. I have also mentioned that the individual human principle is only a picture of this macrocosmic picture. I have mentioned again that in the macrocosm *Virat* is the centre and *manu* the atmosphere of the second principle. This atmosphere is made of the five universal tatwas, just like *prana*, the only difference being that the mental tatwas undergo a greater number of vibrations per second than the tatwas of *prana*. I have also said that the individual mind is an exact picture—the aspect of course differing with the surroundings of time, just as in the case of *prana*—of the macrocosmic mind.

Now I have to say the same with regard to the soul. In the macrocosm there is Brahmá for the centre and Vijnana for the atmosphere of this principle. As the earth moves in *prana*, as the sun breathes in *manu*, as the Manu (or *virat*) breathes in Vijnana, so the soul breathes in the highest atmosphere of *ananda*. Brahmá is the centre of spiritual life, as the sun is the centre of *prana*, and *virat* the centre of mental life. These centres are similar in luminosity to the sun, but ordinary senses cannot perceive them, because the number of tatwic vibrations per second is beyond their power.

This soul of the universe (the *vijnana maya kosha* with Brahma for its centre) is our spiritual ideal.

The tatwic wires of this sphere extend over what we call a *Brahmanda*. This they do in a way similar to the tatwic rays of *prana*, with which we are familiar through the medium of gross matter. This centre with this universe forms the self-conscious universe. In the bosom of this atmosphere exist all the lower centres.

Under the influence of gross matter the mental macrocosm registers the external pictures, that is to say it gains the power of manifesting itself in the five ways I have described in my article on mind. Under the influence of Brahma, however, the mental macrocosm (Manu) attains the higher powers under discussion. This double influence changes after a time the nature of Manu himself. The universe has as it were a new mind after every *manvantara*. This change is always for the better. The mind is ever spiritualizing. The later the Manu, the more spiritual. A time will come when the present macrocosmic mind will be entirely absorbed in the soul. The same is the case with the microcosm of man. Thus Brahma is by nature omniscient. He is conscious of a self. The types of everything that was or is, or is to be in process of time are but so many varying compositions of his tatwas. Every phase of the universe with its antecedents and consequents is in him. It is himself, his own self-consciousness. One mind is absorbed in him in the space of fourteen manvantaras. The motion of the mental tatwas is so much accelerated that they become spiritual. By the time that this takes place in the universe, the vibrations of the tatwas of Prana are being accelerated too under the influence of Manu, until the Prana itself is turned into the Manu of the next period. And again while this is being done, the gross matter is similarly developing itself into *prana*.

This is the process of involution, but for the present let us leave it here, and resume the thread of our subject.

The human soul is an exact picture of this macrocosmic principle. It is omniscient like its prototype, and has the same constitution. But the omniscience of the human soul is yet latent. The sixth principle has only developed a little. Humanity in general has only a very dim notion of infinity, of Godhead, and all such subjects. This means that the rays of the infinite at this stage of our progress are only just evoking our sixth principle into active life. When in process of time the rays of the infinite gather sufficient strength, our soul will come out in her true light. We might accelerate this process by *Vairagya* (apathy,) which as has been seen gives strength to Yoga.

The means of strengthening Yoga deserve separate consideration. Some of them help to remove those influences and forces which are antagonistic to progress; others, such as the contemplation of the divine principle, accelerate the process of the development of the human soul, and the consequent absorption of the mind in the soul. At present I have simply to discover the nature of the *blissful samadhi*, which I spoke of as being caused by the reflection of the soul in the mind.

This reflection simply means the assumption by the mind of the state of the soul. The mind passes from its own ordinary state to

the state of the higher energy of the soul. The greater number of tatwic vibrations per second make their way in the matter of a lower number of tatwic vibrations per second. This rising up of the mind, this passing out of itself, the English language recognizes by the name of elation, and this is the meaning of the word *ananda* as qualifying the third state of the *samprajnata samadhi*. Every moment of *ananda* is a step towards the absorption of the mind, and by constant scientific meditation the mind as it were changes its nature, passing for ever into a higher state of consistency. That state which in *ananda* only appeared in the moment of triumph, now becomes part and parcel of the mind. This confirmation of the higher energy is known by the name of *Asmita*, which may be translated (as it generally is) by the word egoism, but means making part and parcel of self. Here I pause for the present, but I hope to resume the subject in my next article.

RAMA PRASAD.

THE SURYA SIDDHANTA.

OF the five principal Siddhantas (Treatises on Astronomy and Celestial Mathematics) namely, the Surya Siddhanta, the Pulish Siddhanta, the Romak Siddhanta, the Bashishta Siddhanta, and the Brahma Siddhanta, mentioned by Varaha Mihira in his Brihat Samhita, only the first has been translated into English, and that by a Christian missionary, some half a century ago. As far as our knowledge goes, the others have neither been translated into English nor published in the original. The Surya Siddhanta, like all the ancient Sanskrit works, has the mathematical tables, formulæ and calculations all in verse; and some of the astronomical truths so ingeniously demonstrated are yet so briefly described that it is not to be wondered at if the missionary, unable to understand, has now and then expressed dislike at what he thinks its superstitious and inconsistent passages. A friend of mine is now translating the Surya Siddhanta into Bengali. This book, when fully annotated and explained in plain language, will, I believe, be found to contain almost all the astronomical facts and truths alleged to be recently discovered in the West. Though it will entail the labour of some years to explain all the chapters fully and give an intelligent exposition of all the facts contained therein, the time will not be lost, for it will throw a great deal of light on the hitherto hazy system of Hindu Astronomy. I propose to give the readers of *The Theosophist* a translation of some of the more important points of the book.

The Surya Siddhanta is said to have been narrated by a person created out of Surya, the Sun, and by Surya himself, to Moidanav, father-in-law of Ravana of Ceylon, who flourished in the Treta-yuga. According to this a million years have passed since the time of its first narration. The annotator, Ranganath, finished his annotation of the Surya Siddhanta in A. D. 1505, when the Emperor Jehangir was on the throne of Hindustan.

The Surya Siddhanta contains in all fourteen chapters; namely, 1. Madhyadhikar (calculations of mean places) 2. Spostadhikar

(apparent places), 3. Triprosnadhikar (direction, time and place), 4. Chandragrahanadhikar (eclipses of the moon), 5. Surya grahanadhikar (eclipses of the sun) 6. Parilekadhikar (the theory of eclipses), 7. Grahayutyadhikar (the conjunction of planets), 8. Nakshatrayutyadhikar (the conjunction of stars and planets), 9. Udayastadhikar (the rising and setting of the sun and planets), 10. Shrihgonnotyadhikar (the lunar theory), 11. Pathadhikar (the theory of nodes), 12. Bhugaladhya (the solar system), 13. Yotishoponishadadhya (astro-theology); 14. Manadhya (the philosophy of time).

The Aryan division of time, as given in the first chapter of the Surya Siddhanta, is reproduced below, with the English equivalent of each division.

ARYAN DIVISION OF TIME.

1	Truti =	$\frac{1}{33750}$	of a second.
100	Totparis	make one	Totpar = $\frac{2}{375}$ of a second.
30	Totpars	„ „	Nimesh = $\frac{4}{15}$ „ „
18	Nimeshes	„ „	Kashta = $1\frac{2}{3}$ seconds.
30	Kashtas	„ „	Kala = 48 „
30	Kalas	„ „	Ghatika or Danda = 24 minutes.
2	Ghatikas	„ „	Kshan = 48 minutes.
30	Kshans	„ „	Dibash or day.

365 dibashes, 15 dandas, 31 pals, 31.4 bipals make one Batehar or year.

4,320,000 years make one Mahayuga.

One Mahayuga is again composed of 4 Yugas, Satya, Treta, Dvapara and Kali.

$\frac{4}{10}$ of a Mahayuga or 1,728,000 years = Satyayuga.

$\frac{3}{10}$ „ „ or 1,296,000 „ = Tretayuga.

$\frac{2}{10}$ „ „ or 864,000 „ = Dvaparyuga.

$\frac{1}{10}$ „ „ or 432,000 „ = Kaliyuga.

These periods of the yugas include both the Adi and Anta Sandhya, each of which is equal to one-twelfth of the period of that yuga. For instance the Kaliyuga extends over 432,000 years, of which 36,000 years go to make the Adi Sandhya and the same number of years the Anta Sandhya.

71 Mahayugas = one Manvantara. This Manvantara has its Adi Sandhya and Anta Sandhya, each equivalent to one Satyayuga of 1,728,000 years. The latter half of the Anta Sandhya of one Manvantara is the Adi Sandhya of the next, and so on.

Each Manvantara is followed by a partial Pralaya or destruction.

14 Manvantaras, together with 15 Sandhyas (each Sandhya = one Satyayuga = 1,728,000 years) make one Kalpa.

Or $(14 \times 71 + \frac{4}{10} \times 15) = 1,000$ Mahayugas = 4,320,000,000 years = one Kalpa. After each Kalpa the creation is destroyed.

2 Kalpas = Day and night of Brahma.

360 such days and nights = one year of Brahma.

100 Brahma years is the duration of Brahma's life, which is again one Nimesh of Vishnu; (Nimesh means twinkling of the eye.)

Six Manvantaras and twenty-seven Mahayugas have elapsed since the creation of this solar system, and this is the 4990th year of Kaliyuga of the 28th Mahayuga. To say in figures, this current

year is the 1,972,948,990th of the Shveta-Baraha Kalpa. The earth has still 2,347,051,010 revolutions to make round the sun before she can take rest in the bosom of Brahma.

It is said that at the beginning of creation all the planets were arranged in a line over the meridian of Ceylon, before they were started with their respective velocities¹; they will all come back to their initial position at the end of the Kalpa. All our native almanacs are based on this assumption.

I have no doubt some of our readers will find food for reflection in the foregoing cycles when they receive *The Secret Doctrine*. *Esoteric Buddhism* takes little note of these things, but mention of these cycles will be found in *Isis Unveiled*, Vol. I, page 32.

I. C. DEV.

THE DHAMMAPALA JATAKA.

No sorrows sink, nor griefs canker the heart
That dwells in contemplation of His Name;
Each evil of the circle of rebirth
In one of His births finds its perfect cure.

Buddhuguna Alankaraya.

NO religion in the world has ever put before its votaries a purer or more beautiful system of morality than Buddhism. And its all-wise Founder well knew how to vary the manner of His teaching, so as to adapt it to the varying capacity of those whom He addressed. For those who can follow the argument, He shows with scientific clearness that good ever leads to more good, that happiness and peace and real upward progress can be attained only by working with the Universal Law of Good—never by struggling against it; and for those whose minds are not trained either to require or to follow such a demonstration, He has laid down the short, straightforward rules of the *Pancha Sila*, so simple and yet so comprehensive. Nor does He disdain to draw upon the rich stores of Oriental metaphor, of parable or narrative, to aid in fixing firmly in the minds of His hearers the truth He wishes to bring home to them. Again and again He illustrates His teaching by recounting incidents of His own previous Births; indeed, so many and so various are these stories that, as will be seen from the stanza at the head of this paper, Buddhist writers are of opinion that in one or other of them may be found the appropriate remedy for every possible trouble or trial. It is one of these stories that we are now about to translate—one whose scene is laid in India. India! Aryavarta! The motherland of nations, of science, of civilization, the home of LORD BUDDHA, the seat of the great Buddhist empire of Dharmasoka; how suggestive must that name always be to Buddhist ears! And yet to every

1. There seems to be a slight misconception here; the theory is not that the planets were arranged in a certain order, and then set in motion—that is obviously impossible; but that this system of Yugas is astronomically calculated to commence from a certain moment of time—the moment when all the larger outer planets are in conjunction upon a given meridian—that of the ancient Lanka—which was not identical with modern Ceylon,

Buddhist mind it brings also a feeling of sorrow—sorrow that a prophet hath no honour in his own country, that in our Lord's own fatherland so few are now left to honour Him, just as in the reputed native country of the Christ the faith of Islam reigns supreme. But as Sir Edwin Arnold has well said: "Though the profession of Buddhism has for the most part passed away from the land of its birth, the mark of Gautama's sublime teaching is stamped ineffaceably upon modern Brahmanism, and the most characteristic habits and convictions of the Hindus are clearly due to the benign influence of the BUDDHA's precepts." Perhaps the day may yet come when that greatest of countries may once more bow before the lotus-feet of her greatest son; meantime indications are not wanting that His DHARMA is gaining converts in other lands. There are many in the East now whose tendency is to think only too much of all that comes from the West; for their benefit let us quote a few—a few only out of many—of the favourable opinions upon Buddhism recently expressed by learned European and American writers:—

The more I learn to know BUDDHA the more I admire Him, and the sooner all mankind shall have been acquainted with His doctrine the better it will be; for He is certainly one of the heroes of humanity.—*Professor Fausböll.*

This venerable religion has in it the eternity of a universal hope, the immortality of a boundless love, an indestructible element of faith in final good, and the proudest assertion ever made of human freedom.—*Sir Edwin Arnold.*

Many of the ideas in the Sigalovada Sutta are only suitable to a state of society which we, in this anxious time of social struggle, have for ever left behind; but we can, at least, realize how happy would have been the village or the clan on the banks of the Ganges, where the people were full of the kindly spirit of fellow-feeling, and the noble spirit of justice which breathes in these naive and simple sayings.—*T. W. Rhys Davids.*

There have been twenty-three hundred years of Buddhism, with not a drop of blood on its onward march, not a groan along its pathway. It has never deceived the people, never practised pious fraud, never discouraged literature, never appealed to prejudice, never used the sword. We (Europeans) have homes for the sick—they go one step farther, and provide hospitals for the sick and worn out animals. They plant shade-trees along the way to shelter men and animals from the scorching sun. Grazing herds and insect life represent the divine thought. All life in their eyes is sacred. We entertain travellers at hotels—if they pay their bills! You are respectfully received by the wealthy—if you bring letters of introduction! But the door of the Buddhist is ever open to the stranger, with the mat and the waiting pot of rice. The Burmese missionary Smith said he could traverse the whole kingdom without money, and during his missionary stay he saw no drunkenness, not an indecent act, not an immodest gesture.

A system of religion and philosophy or ethics or whatever you may call it that shows such results in its disciples, is entitled to the respectful consideration at least of people whose leading and burning questions are the suppression of intemperance, social vice, and juvenile depravity, and one of whose commercial marvels is the slaughter of domestic animals for food. Perhaps such a civilisation should send these poor heathen missionaries, even though our Smith might not be able to say the same things of the people that sent him!

A distillery is unknown to Buddhists, and the only saloon is a free pot of rice at the door of every house. The fact must be acknowledged that the Buddhists live nearer to the precepts of Jesus than any other people on the globe. And if this is a fact, why not accept it and try to learn its lesson? *The Buddhist Ray.*

Buddhism has already more adherents than any other system in the world; its doctrines are undoubtedly, thanks to the influence of the Founders of the Theosophical Society, spreading rapidly in the West; have we not good reason to hope that it is to be the religion of the future? Well indeed will it be for the world if it should be so; happy indeed will be the nations who attain to the high standard of morality inculcated by the story we are now about to translate.

THE DHAMMAPALA JATAKA.

In times long gone by, when the King Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, there stood in the country of Kasi a village called Dhammapala. This village was so called because it was inhabited by a clan of Brahmans of royal descent bearing that name, which signifies the preserver of the law or of virtues. And the name was well-bestowed, for this tribe was very pious and virtuous, so much so that even the meanest slave among them used to give alms, observe the precepts, and take the vows of *Ata Sila*¹ on the *Poya*² days. The leading Brahman of this tribe was also named Dhammapala, and so thoroughly did he observe the virtues and precepts of his class, that to him came this greatest of honours, that the Great Bodhisat³ was born as his son; and to this son the same name was also given.

When this Brahman prince (the Bodhisat) reached the age of discretion, his father provided him with a sum of one thousand gold pieces and sent him to the city Tacsala, which was then famous as a seat of learning; and there he studied arts and sciences under the principal professor of the place. He pursued his studies so diligently and successfully, that in a very short time he was at the head of the professor's five hundred pupils. In process of time it happened that the eldest son of the teacher died; and when the sorrowful father carried forth the body of his son for cremation, all his pupils followed him except the young Prince Dhammapala; and when the pupils on their return from the cremation seated themselves round the teacher and bewailed his loss, regretting that such a good-natured youth should be carried off from his parents by death in this untimely manner, Prince Dhammapala only said:

1. The *Ata Sila* are the eight precepts which Buddhists observe on their festivals. The ordinary five precepts, which every Buddhist is supposed to obey always, are:—1. Not to take any life. 2. Not to steal. 3. To avoid all unlawful sexual intercourse. 4. Not to speak falsehood. 5. Not to take intoxicating liquors or stupefying drugs. When the vows of *Ata Sila* are taken, the third of these precepts is strengthened by the omission of the word "unlawful," and three more are added: 6. To fast after the sun has passed the meridian. 7. Not to perfume or ornament the body in any way, and not to attend any kind of play, dancing or music. 8. Not to lie upon a high (that is, *thick* and *soft*) or broad bed. As a matter of fact, one who takes these vows spends the whole of the day in hearing sermons from the Priests, and in religious contemplation. It is the counterpart of the Western "Retreat."

2. The *Poya* days are those on which fall the four "quarters" of the moon.

3. The Buddhists use this word *Bodhisat* to express a man who will, in some future birth, become BUDDHA; it is therefore used in describing all the previous births of Gautama, and even his final birth until the time of his attainment of the Buddhahood.

"Ye weep for his early death; but man ought not to die young." Then the other scholars said to him: "Do you not know that all living beings are mortal?"

"True," answered Dhammapala. "I know that all living beings are mortal; but still men should die when old, not when young."

Whereupon the boys asked: "Do not young people die in your family?"

"No," answered Prince Dhammapala. "The members of our house die only when well stricken in years; this is hereditary among us."

The boys, naturally surprised at these words, went to their teacher and told him of this novelty. The teacher, no less surprised, immediately called Prince Dhammapala to him, and asked him, "Is this report true, that the members of your family do not die young?"

"Yes, it is true," answered he.

The astonished teacher said to himself, "This is a wonder; I shall repair to his father; if he confirms this story, I must notice what is peculiar in their manner of life, and adopt it."

So a few days afterwards the teacher left his pupils in the hands of his first scholar the Prince Dhammapala, and set out for the village of Dhammapala, attended by a servant carrying the bones of a goat in a bag. When he arrived at the house of the Brahman Dhammapala he was hospitably received by him, and supplied with water, food, and other refreshments. Immediately after he had washed off the dust of his journey and the mutual salutations had been exchanged, the teacher said to his host:

"O Brahman, I have heavy news for thee! Thy intelligent son Prince Dhammapala, who was so learned in the three Vedas, is dead; but thou knowest that all physical things are mutable and transitory, therefore be not thou a prey to unreflecting grief."

But when the Brahman Dhammapala heard what the teacher said, he only laughed and clapped his hands; and when the teacher asked him why he laughed at such sad news, he answered:

"My son is not dead; it must be some one else who has died."

But the disappointed teacher repeated, "Thine own son is dead, and these are his bones," and he showed the bag of bones.

But the confident Brahman was still firm in his opinion, and said, "These must be the bones of a goat or a dog; my son is not dead; in our family no one has died young for seven generations."

Then the obstinate teacher said to the Brahman, "Thou must be telling an untruth!"—at which all the people around laughed and seemed much amused. The baffled teacher knew not what to think, so he recited the following stanza, asking the reason why the children of the Brahman Dhammapala and his clan did not die young.

Oh, Brahman holy, tell me this, I pray thee,
What precepts keepest thou, what vows can bind thee?
What is that secret excellent, which yields such fruit—
Such merit, as to save thy children's lives?

And the Brahman Dhammapala answered his question in verses thus :

The only path of virtue pure we tread ;
No lie escapes us ; never do we sin ;
Deeds such as wisdom hates we aye eschew :
Therefore our offspring never die in youth.

We listen to the teachings of the good,
But hear not the persuasions of the bad ;
The wicked shun, but make the good our friends :
Therefore our offspring never die in youth.

In giving to the poor our souls delight ;
The prospect of such charity is sweet—
The memory of it to our hearts is bliss :
Therefore our offspring never die in youth.

We feed the holy sage, the Brahman true,
The helpless man, the way-worn traveller,
The worthy poor, the beggar in his rags :
Therefore our offspring never die in youth.

Pure chastity among us reigns supreme ;
No love but with our lovely wives is known ;
They know no lovers but their own dear lords :
Therefore our offspring never die in youth.

From these our noble dames a wise race springs,
Bright minds, with memory great for holy lore,
Learned in Vedas and in sciences :
Therefore our offspring never die in youth.

Our kith and kin, a holy life they lead :
Son, parent, brother, sister, wife and all—
Each with the other vies in virtue's race :
Therefore our offspring never die in youth.

Yea, even those who serve us follow all—
Each in his sphere—this holy course of life ;
The humble servitor—the patient slave :
Therefore our offspring never die in youth.

True virtue is a safeguard to the pure ;
No pain nor sorrow cloudeth his fair sky ;
Unruffled joy sits throned on his brow :
These are the fruits of virtue evermore.

Its holder from the rain the palm-leaf shades ;
So likewise virtue from all harm defends
Pure-hearted men ; my Dhammapala lives,
In virtue strong ; another's are these bones.

The teacher was profoundly impressed by the benevolence, justice, and truth which shone so brightly in these verses ; he wrote them down for future study, and took leave of the Brahman Dhammapala with every demonstration of respect.

The occasion on which the LORD BUDDHA related this story was this :

After the memorable night of the Great Renunciation—the departure of Prince Siddhartha to the wilderness of the Himalayas—His father, King Suddhodana, passed six long sorrowful years yearning for but one glimpse of his noble son. During this long period—a cycle it seemed to him—the sad news was once brought to him that the Prince was dead—his informants having mistaken for death a fainting fit into which the Prince had fallen from excess of fasting in those days of dire penance, when he was undergoing rigid

austerities and struggling in that way to find the means wherewith to save the world from all its woe and misery. But the confident father did not believe the report, and told his informants that his son would never die unless and until He attained to Buddhahood.

Long afterwards, when those stormy days were past and the sunshine of enlightenment had dawned upon Him, the LORD BUDDHA visited His royal father. And King Suddhodana related to Him how he had been told that the Prince was dead, and how he refused to believe it. Then our LORD gently smiled, and said :

“This is not the first time that thou hast refused to believe Me dead ; in times long past also thou hast done the same.” And then He related this story, charming the ears of His audience with the sweet melody of His voice and filling their hearts with the thoughts of joy and love, of charity and truth which His doctrines inspired. And He ended by saying: “And the characters of this story are we ourselves ; the Brahman Dhammapala is now King Suddhodana, the teacher is Sari Putra” (one of His chief disciples) “and the Prince Dhammapala is I Myself.”

At the conclusion of His preaching the King Suddhodana entered the Path of Anagami¹ and obtained its fruits ; many of the audience also entered the Noble Paths, and the rest became His disciples and followers by “taking the refuge” in LORD BUDDHA, His Law and His Church.

CHANDRA MITRA.

GLORY.

THE claimants to glory are numerous. They found their claims on deeds, thoughts and words. A savant, a scientist, a poet, a general and an orator all lay claim to glory, each pretending to possess the first right and title to it.

The philosopher supports his claim by many a fair and godly volume well worded, wherein are found innumerable receipts, each professing to cure mankind of folly, to root out the briars, thorns and weeds which serve to prevent the growth of joy, and showing how to plant, shelter, water, culture, prune and rear the tree of happiness.

The man of science claims glory for making grand discoveries. He retires into solitude and spends a life in thought and experiment, and to sound the remote cause dives and dives again deeper and deeper still.

The bard too cries that glory is his due. In the silent vigils of night, while uninspired men repose, he, with an eye gleaming with wild unearthly fire, sends forth his imagination to search the near and the remote for fiction new and thought original. And when some curious and rare idea dawns upon his mind, he hastily dips his pen, and fondly writes down what in truth seems to him to be an imperishable song.

1. The third of “The Four Paths of Holiness” ; see *The Light of Asia*, p. 229 (fifteenth edition.)

The warrior asserts his claim to glory for dipping his sword in blood and laying desolate many a village, town and city—for deeds dyed in human gore and steeped in widows' tears.

The mighty reasoner who searches deeply the origin of things, and speaks much of good and evil, of cause and effect, of mind and matter, contradicting all that goes before him, steps forward and loudly clamours that to him and him alone is glory rightly due.

But I ask to which of all these claimants is glory justly due? Not to these surely, or such as these, but rather, as our ancient scriptures tell us,

To those who pride and hate subdue—
 Who, 'mid the joys that lure the sense,
 Lead lives of holy abstinence;
 Who, when reviled, their tongues restrain,
 And, injured, injure not again;
 Who ask of none, but freely give,
 Most liberal to all that live;
 Who toil unresting through the day,
 Their parents' joy and hope and stay;
 Who welcome to their homes the guest,
 And banish envy from their breast:
 With reverent study love to pore
 On precepts of our sacred lore;
 Who look not, speak not, think not sin,
 In body pure, and pure within;
 Whom avarice can ne'er mislead
 To guilty thought or sinful deed;
 Whose hero-souls cast fear away
 When battling in a rightful fray;
 Who speak the truth with dying breath,
 Undaunted by approaching death;
 Their lives illumed with beacon light
 To guide their brothers' steps aright;
 Who loving all, to all endeared,
 Fearless of all, by none are feared;
 To whom the world with all therein,
 Dear as themselves, is more than kin;
 Who yield to others, wisely meek,
 The honours which they scorn to seek;
 Who toil that rage and hate may cease,
 And lure embittered foes to peace;
 Who serve their God, the laws obey,
 And earnest, faithful, work and pray;
 To these, the bounteous, pure, and true,
 Is highest glory justly due.

Mahabharata, (Griffith's translation).

Brothers, there are the directions; who among us will win that highest glory? Let him live not for himself, but for others; not in the present or the future, but in the eternal.

PURMESHRI DASS, F. T. S.

THE JAINA RAMAYANA.

CHAPTER III.

Of the birth of Hanumanta.

IN the city of Mahendrapura, in the outskirts of the mountain Vaitadya, there lived a king named Mahendra, with his wife Hridaya-sundari and their daughter Anjana-sundari. Numerous princes submitted to him their applications,—accompanied with their horoscopes and portraits,—for the hand of his most charming and accomplished daughter; and, after having examined them most carefully with the help of his counsellors, he selected two of the candidates as deserving of consideration, each upon certain qualifications peculiar to himself. One of them was Vidyutprabha, who was exceedingly rich and handsome and well versed in all the fine arts, but was not expected to live long, according to the interpretation of his horoscope. The other was Pavananjaya, son of Prahladaraya, king of Adityapura. He was not so well gifted by nature as the former, but the horoscope proved that he would be one of the longest-lived of mortals. It did not take long for the wise king Mahendra to arrive at a decision; his choice fell upon Pavananjaya; invitations were sent to him and to his parents, as well as to numerous royal relations and friends; and the marriage was to be celebrated on a certain auspicious day, in a city near the sacred Manasatirtha lake.

There all the parties met with great rejoicing, and the ceremonies preliminary to the wedding rite were performed on the grandest scale. In the meantime Pavananjaya, the bridegroom-elect, knowing that his success in this matrimonial suit was due to the prospect of his long life only, felt a desire to ascertain the real sentiments of the bride on the subject. So he proceeded secretly to the bride's apartments on the night before the marriage, and listened to the conversation which was being carried on between the bride Anjana-sundari and her two servant-maids.

They talked about different matters; at last, approaching the all-absorbing topic of the marriage, one of the maids said to the other: "Can you tell me why Pavananjaya was selected to be the husband of the princess, in preference to Vidyutprabha, the handsomest and wealthiest of all the princes known to us?"

The other maid replied: "It is because Pavananjaya is destined to live very long."

"What a bad choice!" rejoined the first maid. "Methinks it is better to drink ambrosia even for a day than to be drinking poison for a whole age."

The princess Anjana-sundari heard this last remark, but did not contradict it. This pained Pavananjaya exceedingly. He felt convinced that his marriage was not brought about by love, but by the mere chance of some astrological prediction; so he returned to his abode with a firm resolution that he would simply go through the ceremony of the wedding, so as to avoid disappointment to the relatives and friends assembled for the occasion, and then remain separated from his wife for ever.

On the next day the marriage rite was performed to all outward appearance, but the Prince Pavananjaya adhered to his determination. He took his wife home, and set apart rooms and servants for her use in a very becoming style, but paid no visits to her.

At this time Ravana, his troops having been defeated by Varuna, sent a message to Prahladaraya to come and take the command of his army, which he had determined to send out to retrieve his fortune and conquer Varuna at all hazards. Prahladaraya was prepared to accept this invitation; but his son Pavananjaya, who was not happy at home under the circumstances above-mentioned, and was waiting for an opportunity to go abroad, offered to respond to Ravana's call; and, despite the entreaties of his father and wife, he started off to Ceylon to join Ravana's army.

The first stoppage that Pavananjaya made on his journey was in a thicket on the bank of the lake Manasarovara. It was a sultry night, and the journey had moreover made him somewhat uncomfortable, so that he was not able to sleep; and he was tossing restlessly on his bed, when he heard the cries of a female swan, bemoaning the absence of her lord in the most plaintive voice. This led him to reflect upon various things concerning the relations between the male and the female in creation; thought led to thought; and ultimately he began seriously to consider the terms upon which he had been living with his own wife. He weighed all the circumstances calmly, and came to the conclusion that his treatment of her was unjust and cruel. He must make amends for his past remissness; and what was better than to hurry back to his capital, from which he was separated only by a single stage, and to offer an explanation to, and effect a reconciliation with his sinless wife? So without the knowledge of any in his camp he took a horse and rode quickly to his palace, and entered his wife's apartments before midnight. This was a great and very pleasant surprise to his wife Anjana-sundari. Explanations were frankly offered and cheerfully accepted; and the husband and wife enjoyed each other's company for the first time after the nominal wedding which they had gone through a few years before. Just before the dawn the husband rose to depart, making promises of speedy return, and presenting his wife with his signet-ring, to afford evidence of his presence with her on that memorable night, and to screen her from infamy in case his secret adventure should result in pregnancy; and he soon rejoined his camp, without exciting any suspicion, and proceeded on his journey as previously arranged.

It then happened as was expected. Anjana-sundari had in fact conceived, and symptoms of pregnancy soon became apparent. Her mother-in-law was the first to notice them; and she reported the scandal, as she called it, to her husband. They would not believe the young lady's story, and would not even look at the signet-ring—much less listen to the advice of the minister to postpone their decision until the arrival of her absent lord. So, within twenty-four hours after the discovery, the unfortunate princess was mercilessly banished from the country. She went to her father's city, and sought protection in her parents' house; but all in vain. They were more cruel to her than her husband's parents; they felt

sure, they said, that she would not have been turned out of her husband's house unless she was really guilty; so they refused to receive her into their house even for a day.

Abandoned thus cruelly by her husband's parents as well as her own, to whom else could poor Anjana-sundari look for her protection than a friend? Who but friends will overlook all our faults if we have any, and stretch out a helping hand to us when all others shun us? So this unfortunate princess sought an interview with her old lady friend Vasantatilaka; and she, having listened to the touching narrative of her friend, readily offered to accompany her during her exile, and to remain with her in some secluded place until the birth of her child, after which event, she said, she would make some other arrangements. So the two friends proceeded by easy stages to a village called Hanupura, which is situated in a thick and unfrequented jungle; and there they lived in a cottage built of rough wood and leaves, not far from the hermitage of a sage named Amitagati.

One morning, when this hermit was seated in his *asrama*, Vasantatilaka appeared before him, and, making a low obeisance, desired him to foretell what would be the future of her friend and the child then in her womb. The sage acceded to her request, and said,—“This your friend Anjana-sundari was in her former birth one of the two wives of a king named Kanakaratha; and her name was Lakshmi-vati. She bore such great hatred towards the other wife of her husband that she stole from her the sacred image of Jina-swami, and threw it on a dung-hill; but she soon repented of her wicked act, reproduced the discarded image, and prayed for pardon, upon the advice of her friend Jayasri. In consequence of this vicious act of hers she has now been turned out by all her relatives, in the same way as she threw down the sacred image in a filthy place; but as she expressed her repentance soon after the event, she will soon give birth to a boy, who will be a great Mahatma; and after that she will be able to rejoin her husband, when her innocence will be proclaimed, and she will be received with open arms by their parents and all the relatives.”

Vasantatilaka repeated this sacred prediction of the hermit to Anjana-sundari; and both lived in a state of perfect contentment, awaiting the birth of the glorious child. The child was born accordingly at an auspicious hour on Sunday, the eighth Chitra-bahula, when the moon was in the constellation of Sravana, and was named Hanumanta, after the name of the village Hanupura in which he was born. The boy prospered well under the care bestowed upon him by his mother and her friend, and performed, quite unintentionally, many great acts, which all ordinary people considered to be so many miracles. One of those acts was that on one bright morning he looked at the rising sun, and sprang up into the high heavens to catch hold of it as if it were a toy for him to play with; and then, finding that it was not what he had supposed it to be, jumped down upon the mountain called Srisaila, and shattered it to pieces.

During this time, Pavananjaya marched a large army against Varuna, vanquished him completely, released from confinement

the two brothers of Ravana named Khara and Dushana, and, having received the laurels of success at the hands of Ravana, returned to his house, looking anxiously forward to the meeting with his wife; but he was destined to disappointment. He heard all that had taken place, proclaimed the innocence of his consort, condemned the hasty and harsh conduct of his parents, and went in search of his wife. With some difficulty he found her and her son in Hanupura, under the kind care of Vasantatilaka; he rewarded the latter in the most liberal manner for her benevolent conduct, and brought home his wife and his son Hanumanta.

In course of time Hanumanta did good service to Ravana, who thereupon married him to his daughter Satyavati; and Ravana's sister Surpanakha likewise gave him her daughter Anantakusuma; and the two weddings were celebrated with much *eclat*.

And when Hanumanta returned from the island of the Rakshasas with his two wives, the king Sugriva of the Vanara country and his friend Nala showed their gratitude to Hanumanta for the great service he had rendered to their friend Ravana, by giving him (Hanumanta) their respective daughters, who were named Padmaraga and Harimalini.

This is the history of the birth and marriage of Hanumanta.

CHAPTER IV.

Of the birth and marriage of Rama.

In the city of Ayodhya (Oudh) there lived a king named Vijaya with his wife Himachuda and his two sons Vajrabahu and Purandara. The elder son married Manorama, but both the husband and wife became ascetics, and the younger son ascended the throne on the death of his father. He was succeeded by his son Kairtidhara, and the latter again by his son Kosala.

Kosala's son was Hiranyagarbha; and after him reigned his descendants in the following order:—Naghusa, Saudana, Sinhara-tha, Brahmaratha, Chaturmukha, Hemaratha, Sataratha, Vadaya-pritha, Varidhara, Indudhara, Adityaratha, Maudhata, Virasena, Pratimauya, Pratibandhu, Ravimanyu, Vasantaletaka, Kuberadatta, Kunghu, Sarabha, Dwirada, Simhadasava, Hiranyakasipu, Punjasthala, Kakustha, Raghuraya, Anaranya. Each of these princes succeeded to the throne of Ayodhya in due order after the death of their respective fathers.

The son of Anaranya was Dasaratha, the famous king of Ayodhya. His contemporary was Janaka, who was equally famed as the king of Methela; and these two kings, Dasaratha and Janaka, were great friends, and ruled their respective countries to the entire satisfaction of their subjects.

At this time Ravana, the king of Lanka (Ceylon), having one day met Rishi Narada, put him a common-place question; "Will you tell me, Narada, when and how I shall meet with my death?" But he was surprised when Narada considered the question seriously, and delivered the following prophecy:—

"A son will be born to Dasaratha, king of Ayodhya, and a daughter to Janaka, king of Methela; and they will be the cause of your death."

This prophecy alarmed Ravana, but his brother Vibhishana reassured him by declaring that he would at once kill Dasaratha and Janaka, and thus prevent the birth of a son to the former and a daughter to the latter, and remove this alleged cause of his death.

Narada heard of Vibhishana's resolution, and gave a friendly warning to Dasaratha and Janaka. They placed life-like images in their places on their respective thrones, and undertook a journey to some distant country. Soon afterwards, Vibhishana attacked Ayodhya and Methela, and having cut down the images of the kings, believed that he had actually killed the kings themselves, and reported the matter to Ravana with much self-satisfaction.

In the meantime Dasaratha travelled to various places, and eventually settled himself in the city of Magadha—he and his four wives, Aparjit, Sumitra, Kaikeyi, and Subrabha. Even during his exile Dasaratha had to repel the gratuitous attack of a certain army, and his wife Kaikeyi assisted him most courageously at this critical time. He was mightily pleased with her brave and loyal conduct, and promised to grant her any two boons which she might choose to ask. She received the honour very modestly, and reserved the boons for another opportunity.

Soon after, Dasaratha was blessed with four sons. His first wife Aparajit saw a lion, an elephant, the sun, and the moon, in her dream one night, and the experts interpreted the dream to mean the approaching birth of a glorious son. She soon conceived, and gave birth to a son, who was an incarnation of a Devata, (a minor deity), and whose form was like the Kamala (Lotus) where Goddess Lakshmi is generally said to reside in the Brahmaloaka. The son was therefore named Padma (another name of lotus) or Rama.

Dasaratha's second wife Sumitra dreamt of a lion, an elephant, the sun and the moon, and also of Agni (the fire-god), Samudra (the sea-god), and of the Goddess Lakshmi; and she gave birth to a son of sky-blue complexion, who was an incarnation of the God Vishnu. He was therefore named Narayana, or Lakshmana.

Dasaratha's third wife bore a son named Bharata; and his fourth wife Suprabha bore Satrugna.

At this time Dasaratha's friend Janaka, the king of Methela, married Vaideha, and they had a daughter named Sita.

A king of the Mlencha race named Atarangama of the city of Mayuramala in the Barbhara country, north of Kailasa, attacked Janaka; and the latter applied to Dasaratha for help. Dasaratha's son Rama responded to the call in the room of his father, and routed the Mlencha king and his army. Janaka was pleased with Rama's brave conduct, and promised to give his daughter Sita to him in marriage. In the meantime Narada, having heard of the extraordinary beauty of Sita, went to see her; but she became afraid when she saw the awful form of Narada, and ran into her apartments. Narada was enraged at this and instigated prince Bhamandala to get possession of Sita by force. But the prince's father

Chandragati adopted conciliatory measures. He simply desired Janaka to marry Sita to his son, and when he was told that she had been already promised to Rama, he ridiculed the idea of the glorious Sita being given away to such an inferior prince as Rama, and added,—“I shall send you a great bow entitled the Varjavarta; ask Rama to apply proper strings to it and to use it. If he does this, let him have Sita, and not otherwise.” Janaka acceded to this arrangement; the bow was received and placed before Rama, who did with the utmost ease all that was necessary and more, to the great astonishment of all who witnessed the feat.

Rama was accordingly married to Sita. Lakshmana married eighteen wives of the Vidyadhara race; and Bharata married a daughter of Janaka's brother.

After these happy events, Dasaratha returned to his capital Ayodhya, with all his wives, sons, and daughters-in-law, under the auspices of Jina-swami; but being too old to resume the government of his country, he resolved upon placing his eldest son Rama on the throne.

At this time Dasaratha's wife Kaikeyi reminded him of his promise to confer two boons upon her, and desired that this might be done at once; and when she was requested to state what she wished, she said emphatically.—“Let Rama be sent to the forest, and let my son Bharata be placed on the throne.”

However cruel and unjust Kaikeyi was in thus taking advantage of the old king's promise of two boons, he granted her request, for he attached great importance to the duty of keeping his word. Rama saw that his father had no alternative in the matter, and despite the entreaties of Bharata himself, proceeded to the forest, accompanied by his wife Sita and his brother Lakshmana.

They travelled far and wide; and at last, penetrating the great forest called Pariyatra-atavi, they arrived at a place called Chitracuta.

P. S.

(To be continued.)

THE EXPERIENCES OF A STUDENT OF OCCULTISM.

(Continued.)

TO accept Karma and reincarnation was to his philosophic mind not so great a wrench, but elementals—that was something so contradictory to the theory of the “blessed souls of the departed” that had appeared at séances, that Julian for some time hesitated, and found the matter very hard to understand; and it was not until he had been assured again and again by his friend the Theosophist that elementals were a fact, and had found the assertion corroborated, not only by articles in *The Theosophist* but by numerous other publications which he consulted, that he gave in his adhesion and admitted that the facts adduced were too much for him. The articles in the spiritualistic Journal *Light* represent very fairly the attitude taken up by Julian at this time. It is curious to observe the tentative manner in which the doctrines of Karma and reincarnation are approached by men of this school; the writers seem to be afraid of alarming the spiritualists, who will not

willingly resign their hopes of passing to the “summer-land” on quitting this earth. But one thing is certain—that until they accept these doctrines there is little chance of their advancement on the Path. Julian assured me that he had found immense difficulty in getting spiritualists to understand the law of these doctrines; they thought it a more nauseous draught to swallow than even the theory of elementals, for at one fell swoop was not their short cut to paradise for ever obliterated? They might be induced to accept elementals, for in séances they had found that at times there was a power that they did not understand, and could not explain. When his eyes were once opened, Julian was astonished to discover from the spiritualistic organs how very little progress was being made in the Eastern philosophy—that in fact all the strong points of it were seriously ignored, and that what to him appeared very plain and easy of understanding, was as Hebrew to the Western mind. If the spiritualistic organs chanced to light on a truth, it was at once claimed by them as something original, or if it had already been promulgated in India, then they turned round and declared that it had been stolen from them. The amount of blindness displayed by them was to him astounding; it seemed as though anything that clashed with their preconceived ideas was not to be admitted for a moment; either it was denounced as false or it was treated with contemptuous silence.

“And these are the men,” pondered Julian, “who profess to be anxious for advancement; and yet they despise the experience of the hoary past, and hug themselves with the belief that they alone have discovered the secret of gaining immortality and freedom from earthly chains. To ignore the priceless teachings of the ancient sages, and yet to accept the guidance of an authority which emanates from a very doubtful source—whose origin in fact they know not—this is the *cul de sac* in which they have landed themselves.”

The only parallel to be found for it is in Mr. Subba Row's lecture on the Bhagavad Gita (*Theosophist*, Vol. IX, p. 634) where the Sankhyas are landed in *avyaktam*—indeed the case of the latter is perhaps less hopeless than that of the former, for the Sankhyas can at least retrace their steps—whereas the spiritualists are as the blind leading the blind.

With such philosophical reflections as these Julian proceeded with his Theosophical studies; having learnt where the spiritualists were right and where they were wrong, he used his knowledge to direct him on the path, thus avoiding the many pitfalls which engulf the unwary.

He found the study to embrace vast probabilities, and he was particularly drawn to the occult side, not so much that he cared for phenomena or wished to attain the knowledge of a wonder-worker—these were minor matters which might or might not come in due course, he was content to wait. Theosophy, he learnt, satisfied many conditions of existence on this plane; it invariably inculcated love of mankind as opposed to love of self, or even love of an individual; it taught that the selfish exercise of an individual love bound the soul in chains—that if love was selfish, so

was sorrow—that in fact mankind as a rule grieved far less for the dear departed than for themselves; that fear, passion and selfishness were the stumbling blocks which prevented man's advancement, and that to free himself from these, the exercise of will-power was imperative. It was no light task that Julian had set himself; in the first place it was necessary to give up all worldly pursuits, in order that he might be free to pursue the particular study he had marked out for himself. Not that he neglected any duties that devolved upon him owing to his previous career: indeed he held it cowardly in a man basely to desert those who had a right to look to him for protection; no man, he said, could hope to avoid the consequences entailed upon him by the Karma he had created, and it was idle for a man even to wish to escape them. No doubt weak ones, hoping to better their spiritual position, had sought to evade their responsibilities, but the result must always have been calamitous to them; and, so far from progressing, they must have retrograded. Such being his ideas, he sought by the performance of duty to obtain wisdom, and in the words of *Light on the Path*, he found as he advanced that "the power which the disciple shall covet is that which shall make him appear as nothing in the eyes of men." He not only experienced this, but also found that, as the MASTER has laid down, "worldly wisdom does not save, but destroys." Surveying the souls around him, he learnt to discriminate the various passions that agitated them; he ascertained that most were bent on acquiring worldly possessions, and this led him to despise all acquisitions but spiritual ones. He was very strict in his diet, water being his drink and farinaceous food his only support. By the exercise of will-power he was able in time to subdue the passions that formerly had possessed him, the simple diet aiding him in this also. He was not much troubled by fear, but selfishness he found more difficult to subdue; yet he tells me he modestly hopes that he has made some progress in this direction also. Does not the MASTER say "To be Lord of self is to be selfless—a condition of perfect tranquillity," and to arrive at this stage requires a hard struggle and a continuous exercise of will-power. Day by day as his studies progressed he saw reason to believe that occultism was the only true solution of the problem of life, and that man is here for the purpose of strengthening those points where he is spiritually weak. It struck him that the inexperienced soul was sent forth into this planet to undergo trials and temptations in order that, tried in the fire of suffering, it might have an opportunity of triumphing over all the obstacles to its higher spiritual development, and thus fit itself for its final emancipation. He found it difficult to make inquirers understand this point. They would persistently ask "Why am I here?" and his answer was invariably the same; "To strengthen the weak places of the spiritual man." Many professed not to understand this view of the subject; to them he would reply: "The existence of soul is not susceptible of proof on any but its own plane." To those devoid of intuition this answer was equally a riddle; indeed he found it useless to talk to materialistic persons, for they were utterly incapable of

understanding the capabilities of the soul of man, and to argue with them was simply a waste of time. Indeed, he who has advanced somewhat on the occult path is on such a different plane of thought from the man who knows nothing, that it is almost impossible for the one mind to explain matters to the other—unless the latter is gifted with some degree of intuition. It is not mere metaphysical discussions that are meant—for a man may soar into the region of metaphysics and yet know nothing of occultism, nor indeed of what he is talking about; and such persons are an enigma not only to themselves but to others. Julian, with every desire to impart some of the knowledge he had acquired to others, felt himself much hampered by the difficulty of explaining Theosophical tenets from the occult standpoint, and yet without alluding to forces and occult terms occasionally he was unable to do the subject justice. To speak over the heads of people, as it were, is not a satisfactory way of imparting a truth, and yet to lower his mind to the level of his hearer was to deprive the subject-matter of half its force. Very frequently when, stating the point as clearly and simply as possible, he found he was but half understood, he took refuge in recommending his hearer to study the rudiments of the subject by himself, and, when he had somewhat mastered a portion, to come to him for an explanation of such parts as were unintelligible.

He ever bore in mind the MASTER's words "By the performance of duty, wisdom is acquired"; he never sought to evade his duties, however unpleasant they might be. By cultivating his will-power, he strengthened it, and was thus enabled to meet adverse fortune with an equal mind. And no doubt he who enters on the path of occultism is beset by many a snare; the most unlikely things happen, against which no ordinary provision can avail, and his sole duty is to preserve his equilibrium, and defy the machinations of his hidden enemies—for such exist, and a hint of them is given in Bulwer Lytton's *Zanoni*, where it is shown that certain elementals are inimical to mankind, and more especially to those who are on the occult path; nay, there are even beings in the flesh—the followers of the left-hand path, the practisers of black magic,—who make it their business to vex and terrify the devoted pupil of white magic. In a certain city in India there is said to be a school devoted to black magic where the pupils number over three hundred, and there is also the sect of the Dugpas (red caps) who are notorious for their practice of black magic. These are real facts, not the imaginings of a disordered brain; and these men are the sworn enemies of him who treads the occult path, and should he perchance weakly yield to their machinations, he would have to retrace his steps, and again climb up the hill of aspiration. But the man who calls his will-power to his aid need not fear them—he pursues the even tenor of his way, strict in the path of Duty. The book on *Magic, White and Black*, very clearly points out the potentiality of the will, and Paracelsus has many an allusion to it; at page 130 he writes, "He who is strong in his faith and full of confidence that the divine power in man can protect him against all evil influences, whether they

come from an incarnated or a disincarnated entity, cannot be harmed by either. But if a weak person is obsessed by such an evil influence, and is unable to drive it out, then it is necessary that some other person who possesses that spiritual power should drive it out."

Hence it follows that he who enters the path of occultism must cultivate his will-power to the utmost, unless he would become the prey of black magicians and evil elementals. Unless he have some confidence in his will-power it were better for him to avoid occultism.

It would be impossible here to enumerate all the experiences that Julian underwent in his studies of the occult—how at one time he proceeded fairly well and fancied he was making progress, only to be brought up suddenly by what appeared to be an impassable wall. After much reflection and inward cogitation, his intuition would surmount the obstacle, only to find presently still another wall. Edwin Arnold has finely sung:—

Veil after veil will lift, but there must be
Veil upon veil behind.

The Light of Asia expresses in a terse and yet beautiful manner the path that must be trodden by him who would daringly scale the mountain heights, to obtain salvation. Can anything be finer or more expressive than these lines?

Who standeth at the Second Stage, made free
From doubts, delusions, and the inward strife,
Lord of all lusts, quite of the priests and books,
Shall live but one more life.

Surely here is the whole secret in a nutshell. Men often ask now what they shall do to inherit the Kingdom of Heaven, just as they asked Jesus some two thousand years ago; here they have an answer. "He that hath ears to hear let him hear." He who is capable of receiving it will receive it. There is no hard and fast line laid down;

Manifold tracks lead to yon sister peaks
Around whose snows the gilded clouds are curled;
By steep or gentle slopes the climber comes
Where breaks that other world.

So that there are many ways to reach the summit; the daring may succeed in carrying the heights by storm, the cautious or timid ones may proceed more slowly, content to wait. The occultist seeks the more stormy path; his motto is "To know, to dare and to be silent". This is his creed, and by following it he advances on the path, nor must he ever slacken his efforts; and here comes in the crucial test of the aspirant to occultism. To blow hot at one time and cold at another—to relax in his endeavours to attain to knowledge, and then suddenly to become energetic—is simply a waste of force; such action may be compared to a road which in its false gradients sometimes goes down hill, when its object is to ascend and gain the mountain-top—every step downwards has to be painfully regained; it is like the ascent on a slippery path—two steps forward and one backward. The effort to recover lost ground is a superfluous labour, which would never have been neces-

sary had the student proceeded regularly in his studies, and not by fits and starts. The journey may be made slowly or quickly, but it must be made with regularity; each day should show a slight advance: to stand still is surely to retrograde. As fact is piled upon fact, experience on experience, the student finds that he is progressing; and even if he may occasionally be brought to a standstill, it is but for a time; his will-power being brought to bear on the difficulty, the very effort to solve it is an exercise beneficial for the mind. The true student is daunted by no difficulty; failure is a word unknown to him; no dangers will appall him—his cry is ever onward. He goes about his work unflinchingly, since he cannot know the hour or the day when the moment may arrive which shall free him; and he recollects the remark in *Light on the Path* that "sometimes great ones fall back, even from the threshold, unable to sustain the weight of their responsibility—unable to pass on". Nerved by his will-power he ever strives to fit himself for the supreme moment of trial; the way may be long, but he is upheld by the consciousness of the performance of duty, and daily he makes note of the progress he has made.

Julian proceeded on the lines sketched out above; as a student of occultism he occasionally made mistakes, and then he had painfully to rectify them; his progress was not perhaps as marked as his ambition desired, but nevertheless it was to a certain extent satisfactory, and he knew full well from having gauged his own individuality that to achieve heaven with a bound was a spiritual impossibility; could he stand in the presence of the MASTERS? He knew that, owing to his imperfections, it was not possible at the stage he had reached; could he meet and vanquish the "dweller on the threshold?" To this question addressed to his soul, he found no answer—indeed it could not well be answered until the hour of trial came; and so it must be with every student, who until he is tried in the fire of adversity is unable to gauge the full extent of the progress he has made or the reverse. But when that hour comes, fortunate will it be for him if the result of his arduous self-denial and unremitting exertions be to confer upon his soul peace, instead of vain regrets and unavailing desire. Again the MASTER says: "The ocean of matter, which includes the soul, feels these waves of trouble, and thus is the soul bewildered, ignorantly imagining that the spirit is affected. Learn to know the distinction and to realise that the spirit is eternally unaffected." If the student of occultism has arrived at this stage, then he has indeed made progress; and Julian had gauged his soul so far, that he had learnt to receive the lessons of adversity with a certain degree of equanimity. So far he had progressed, but as Walpole the politician said "every man has his price," so it might be said of the student of occultism, that every student has a chink in his armour; and though one kind of adversity might not pierce that chink in the soul, another kind might, and then his vaunted equanimity would disappear. No student is safe until he has passed through the trials of initiation; but it is well for him from time to time to note the progress he has made in order that he may assure himself that he is advancing on the

path, and not wasting his time. He must test himself in a thousand ways; only thus will he discover the weak points of the spiritual man. *Light on the Path* clearly points out that there are many roads, but none alone can take the disciple more than one step onwards; all steps are necessary to make up the ladder. This Julian has ever kept in mind, and steadfastly pursued his upward way, determined to be daunted by no difficulties, though fully aware of the task he has set himself. I, Josephus, who have written down all that he has confided to me, am sure that he has chosen wisely. Whether he will succeed or not in his difficult task, time alone will show. As the MASTER writes: "The first step in occultism brings the student to the tree of knowledge. He must pluck and eat; he must choose; no longer is he capable of the indecision of ignorance. He goes on either on the good or the evil path. And to step definitely and knowingly but one step on either path produces great Karmic results."

JOSEPHUS, F. T. S.

EVENING HYMN TO THE SUN.

(Said to be of extreme antiquity.)

1.

O Son-of-the-King, thou now hidest behind the Western purple hills thy face, whence cometh the strength of man.

2.

O Son-of-the-King, whose golden hair traileth through the sky, even unto the zenith, the clouds gather to kiss thy flying feet, and are changed into opalescent glory by thy backward glance.

3.

O Son-of-the-King, who wrapped my soul in thy luminous mantle through death's long night, shall I fear the darkness of earth who have known the brightness of death?

4.

O Son-of-the-King, who maketh my days and nights, when my heart shall consciously beat with thy heart-beats, I shall lift the veil of thy shining courts.

5.

O Son-of-the-King, when my heart shall have encompassed the mystery of thy splendour and power therein—then shall I be thy bride; and in that moment behold with thee one ray of the ineffable glory of thy Father the King, who maketh the days and the nights of Brahm!

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MARY FRANCES WIGHT, F. T. S.

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PRANAVA.

Pranava.	Four States of Brahma.	Avastha.	Vak.	Mantra.	Body.	Tatwa.	Time.	State of Development.
A	Vaisvānara or Virāḍ [the spirit of the waking soul].	Jāgrath [waking].	Vaikari.	1	Sthūla [the gross body].	Prathivi [earth].	Present.	Bud.
U	Tajasa or Hiranyagarbha [the spirit of the dreaming soul].	Swapna [dreaming].	Madyanā.	2	Sūkshma [the astral body].	Apas [water].	Past.	Flower.
M	Prājna-Iswara [the spirit of the soul in dreamless sleep].	Sushupti [dreamless sleep].	Paśyanti.	3	Karana [the body of desire and the mind].	Agni [fire].	Future.	Unripe fruit.
AUM	Parātmā or Para Brahma [the Unknowable].	Turya [state of pure consciousness].	Parā.	3½	Mahākāraṇa [the spiritual body].	Vāyu [air].	Eternal.	Perfect fruit.

THIS sacred word is referred to in the Kata, the Svetasvatara, the Maitri, the Prasna and the Māndukya Upanishads. See pages 74—81 in *A Guide to Theosophy*, by Brother Tukaram Tatya of Bombay.

The Vāyu Purana has one chapter on this; in the Pādma Purāna there is a passage on it; and in the Manusmṛiti also there is a mention of this mysterious name of Brahma. As regards classification, the Māndukya Upanishad has four divisions. The Jains divide this Pranava into five letters, अ - अ - आ - उ - म, which are together called Pancha Paramēshṭi. These five divisions are, to some extent, upheld by the great Sage Kapila. In the Rāma Tāpaniya Upanishad we find a division into seven: 1. Akārā, 2. Ukārā, 3. Makārā, 4. Bindu, 5. Nāda, 6. The Sakti, and 7. Sānta, or the ensuing silence after the word is uttered. I cannot comprehend beyond the four divisions, as there will be an unconscious, or properly speaking an inexpressible, state of Ananda. Hence dividing into four seems more reasonable. Though some may argue on five and seven divisions, it is of no use arguing about a thing which surpasses our mind and feeling.

The Māndukya Upanishad, short as it is, forms the quintessence of the Vedas. The fourfold classification which was so ably explained by a recent lecturer on the Bhagavad-Gita is here upheld, though the sevenfold classification is also contained in this Upanishad, but not so as to be understood by untrained minds. The Avastha known as *Turiya tita* being inexpressible and beyond the comprehension of the mind, is taken along with *Turiya*, the fourth state. The Pranava Mantra is noted in the following passages in the Bhagavad-Gita:—viii. 13, ix. 17, x. 25, and xvii. 23.

Patanjali also mentions it in his Yoga Sutra (I. 27.). Rāmā Tarka, Hamsa, Ajapa, Ashtā-kshara and other mantras are mere repetitions of this mystic word in a modified or protracted form. Kapila in his Gita, when he treats of Rāma Tāraka, deals with this mystic word, and in the Gnana Vasishta also an explanation is given of it. Hence it appears that the Pranava was considered a superior mantra at many different periods. The Vedās claim superiority as helping us to comprehend the Brahma, which lies beyond sight and inference, and when we say that this sacred word is

the quintessence of the Vedâs, it is safe to conclude that the prana-va mantra is a means whereby we can know God, it being the cause and the effect of this universe.

Before proceeding, in however superficial a manner, to explain Prânâyâmâ, I think it may be useful to give some hints bearing upon it. There are four kinds of yôga:—Mantra-yôga, Laya-yôga, Hata-yôga, and Gnana or Râja-yôga. The Mantra-yôga is of three kinds, by Japa, by Kriya and by Smarana. There are several hundred methods of Laya-yôga, and it is on this that I wish to throw some light. Hata-yôga is very difficult and dangerous, and should never be followed in the absence of a wise Guru or without the necessary conveniences. Râja-yôga is allowed by all to be superior to the other three, but it is realized only by a very few. It is now-a-days often spoken of at great length, and many claim a degree of wisdom under this head. Some may perhaps deceive themselves, and I think they would do better to go into the line of Laya-yôga first and complete the four courses of Yama, Niyama, Asana and Prânâyâmâ, which are indispensably necessary in all the four main lines of yôga system. Those who have developed the mind so far that it has become like a blank sheet of paper may become followers of Guâna or Râja-yôga, while others whose minds require a series of purifications have to follow Mantra yôga or Laya-yôga first. Mantra-yôga is a tedious system, occupying much time; so I will more particularly touch upon Laya-yôga. The wisdom that leads to Nirvâna or Môksha has been explained by the sage of southern India, Tiruvalluvar, in his excellent book *The Divine Kural* in four chapters (34—37), which deal with the instability of worldly things, renunciation, the perception of the true (Tatwa-gnâna) and the extirpation of desire. It is there laid down that after acquiring Tatwa-gnâna a student of occultism will be able to distinguish between Vipareeta-gnâna (crooked knowledge) and Samsaya-gnâna (doubtful knowledge), and that then he will be better able to extirpate all sorts of desires. After the first four angas of yôga have been understood and strictly followed, the latter four may also be acquired. Under the head of Yama the practice of what are called the five acts of restraint is included. These are Ahimsa (avoidance of violence or cruelty), Astêya (avoidance of theft), Satya (truth), Brahmacharya (chastity), and Aparigraha (disinterestedness). After practising Yama, a yôgi practises Niyama, which comprehends Saucha (purity and cleanliness), Santôsha (contentment and patience), Tapasya (devotion and self-denial), Swâdhyaya (knowledge of nature and of the soul), and Iswara Pranidhana (adoration of the Supreme, the Creator, Preserver, and Destroyer). Asana means posture during the practice of Yôga. Prânâyâmâ is also explained in Swarôdaya and other similar works on the secret doctrine. The following is a short and superficial hint on the same.

Prânâyâmâ.

1. Pûraka (this gives strength).
2. Kumbhaka (this increases life).
3. Rêchaka (this purifies the mind).

Taking in the breath through the left nostril is Pûraka, keeping in the breath is Kumbhaka, and breathing slowly out through the right nostril is Rêchaka. Conversely by taking in through the right nostril and breathing out through the left in the above order is formed the latter half of Prânâyâmâ; Âsana (posture) being *Padma*, the time being 1+2—1 respectively, and the Mudra being Kêchhari or Shanmukhi. For further explanation on Mudra see Sitâ Râma Anyanêya.

T. VENKATARAMA IYENGAR,

Pandit.

THE GYPSIES.

THE problem of the gypsies—that singular wandering people—their peculiar customs, changeless as the laws of the Medes and Persians; their entire isolation from the rest of mankind as very Ishmaelites—their hand against every man, and every man's hand against them; the problem I say, as to who they are or whence they came is no nearer its solution now than it ever was.

Wanderers upon the face of the earth, and therefore considered as vagabonds, the gypsies have been in all ages marked down as lawful prey, and if caught, handed over to justice. Hundreds and hundreds were burnt alive, drowned, and otherwise done to death during the insensate brutal trials for witchcraft in the Middle Ages. For that matter a witch was condemned to the stake only in the last century—in 1749, but this was a nun, Maria Renata. She was beheaded first, thanks to the clemency of some one in power (see Ennemoser's History of Magic, Vol II., p. 183). If a gypsy were caught straggling in the haunts of godly men and women, such an one was, if possible, forthwith carried off as a triumph of God over the devil. Some few who had the power saved themselves in ways peculiar to themselves, even from the very bonds of their tormentors; but this in itself doomed all that could be caught—and kept—as veritable imps of darkness. Needless to say that most of those so captured and tortured to death were as innocent of witchcraft as a babe unborn.

Gypsies are to be found all over Europe, which is supposed to be their natural habitat, for though apparently closely-allied tribes exist in other parts of the world greatly resembling them in many points, yet they differ in as many more. Among these tribes I feel certain that, if any one examined into the matter, the nomadic herdsmen of the Mysore plateau, called *Brinjâries* or *Lumbadies*, would be found to have a very close affinity with the western gypsies. Familiar as they are with Kanarese and Tamil, the languages of the Mysore and other districts over which they ceaselessly wander, amongst themselves they speak the purest Bengali. Very much addicted to thieving as a fact, and to the Black Art by reputation, they are given a wide berth by all. They can be heard approaching from a great distance in the clear air

of those echoless plains, with their jingling bells and rings, loaded as they are, women and herds, with metal of most kinds and in all shapes.

Efforts have been made to identify the gypsies with the Ten Lost Tribes of Israel by various learned divines and others, who have been much exercised as to the unknown fate of that back-sliding people—by some considered, nevertheless, to be uninteresting myths. But the gypsy cast of face is not Jewish, though it certainly is strangely Oriental in spite of their generally-admitted Caucasian origin; neither are any traces to be found amongst them of that trading, bargaining instinct which is as characteristic of the Israelite to-day as of Jacob of old. The type is unvaryingly eastern—the swarthy skin and raven black hair; the taste for gauds and gems, and bedizenments of all kinds, brilliant tints, and turban-like head gear.

Very many *pseudo*-gypsies there are—flocks of people going about in caravans with pig-faced women and spotted calves on show; but these are easily to be distinguished by any one who has studied the true gypsy under his own tents. They are also called Bohemians—a name which has become a synonym for any lawless unsettled kind of people; though there never were, nor are, any more gypsies to be found in Bohemia than elsewhere—for those who know where to look.

Away in the sun-lit valleys of the Pyrenees, or amid Russian snows—in the pine-forest of Norway, or on the homely English moorland—the gypsy language is one. Not that every gypsy can understand every other gypsy, but amongst each horde or clan their original speech—the Romance-tongue—is spoken and understood by some, if not by all; and there are many words in use amongst these western people which would be “open sesames” with some of the wild tribes wandering over the plains of India.

In fortune-telling and power of divination the gypsy's skill is undenied, and it is often done by the most simple of methods without any preparatory ceremonial—those that I have been allowed to see. Then and there, as it were, will you be told what you want to learn about—if *they so choose*—for they are strangely capricious, or apparently so to the careless or ignorant on-looker; nor in any way can they be prevailed upon against their will—certainly not by money bribes. Neither mystic caves nor poisonous gases are essential to the weird utterances of some of these, as true Pythonesses as was she of Delphic fame. A piece of fern plucked by yourself will serve—in their hands. What they can do now—though not for every one—they have done from time immemorial; neither more or less. The secret powers their forefathers wrested from Nature have come down to them from the ages. And in this they differ widely from the holy men of the East, whose occult powers are no inheritance from their ancestors; but who have each and all had to climb the heights of Olympus for themselves, and in the abnegation of all that life holds dear in a physical earthly sense. No clue of Ariadne's is theirs, to be followed up contentedly and easily. *That is not given*—it is found by patient heroic renunciation,

by unravelling the tangle of human life in this birth and in each succeeding one; for the clue *is* there for those who search for it.

As different as the way in which the knowledge in the secret arts is attained among the gypsies—so is the sum of it, and so also the uses to which it is put. Certain it is that they do possess powers for evil as well as for good (indeed these latter are more negative than anything else), but whether they are much used amongst themselves in the former devilish service, cannot be ascertained; and as to the rest of mankind in general, unless interfered with they seem in no way inclined to cross their paths, or concern themselves about them in any way—for good or evil. Underlying the mummery and ceremonial practised among the secret arts of other wild people, a substratum of religion or religious aspiration can be traced, but with the gypsies it is not so, or at least it is not to be discovered by ordinary searching. They are more heathen than the heathen themselves. Believing themselves to be the descendants of kings, they seem to have no wider ambition, no deeper hope, than to revert once more to their kingly state, and to reign in the earth; an aim to which all their prophecies and legends concerning themselves relate. In all their arts there is absolutely not a germ of thought extending back into the mists of the past further than their own firmly-believed-in regal descent; nor towards the future, which may take care of itself for them.

How grandly is the opposite true among Eastern occultists, whose yearnings and aspirations and selfless lives all press on to the unfolding of man's final destiny; as the Christian Bible says, “to be one with the Father.”

And yet granting all this, the gypsies are a noble race, of whom it may be said, more truly than of most, that “the men are all brave and the women all chaste.” Among English gypsies such surnames as Lisle, Carew, Stanley, Lovel, Lee, and many another of genuine Saxon ring are common. Not rare either is Howard, that name which *par excellence*, according to Tennyson, carries with it a patent of nobility.

“Not all the blood of all the Howards.”

My own intimacy, as I may call it, with the gypsies was all in England, and I have had many a talk over their camp-fires and swinging kettles; but this privilege was due altogether to a certain combination of lines which they found, and were very quick to note, on my left hand, and subsequently on my left *foot* especially; to them infallible signs of mystic, though it may be latent, qualities in the possessor; nothing else could have so won me their favor.

Some years ago I met, in a book by Karl Hetzel, published in 1849 at Leipzig, with a strange gypsy story, and made a translation of it from the German. The book was not mine, nor have I since come across it, and I now forget the title, but some one in reading this may recognize it. It dealt mostly with queer old folk-lore concerning Elves, Nixes, Pignies of the Mines, Little Green Men and Women, Kobolds, and all the various sprites of stream and woodland; with their fantastic pranks and spiteful mischief too, and

many a so-called legend which would be looked upon by most people as a fairy-tale at best. Changeling children, fired home-steads, and a hundred other fiendish tricks; such are thought simply too foolish for any person's serious consideration. The author says that the prophetesses of Northern Germany were called *Alrunes*, and were to the people as were the Sybils to the Romans. *Alraun* means an invoked spirit. In German, to speak secretly is *raunen*; and the same thing in gypsy language is *raunee*. The *Runic Rhymes* of Scandinavia are all of mystic meaning. *Rānee* is *queen* in gypsy language as it is in Hindustani; and among the gypsies their kings and queens especially have the highest occult powers.

Among other interesting matter in this book is the account given by the author of his own birth or origin, of which his existence and appearance are the living proofs. It is as follows, taken up from where he speaks of a walking tour through Northern Germany upon which he had set out as a lad of twenty-two.

"I was idling along the banks of a stream one evening, when I overtook a small child, limping as if in pain; its little body, as I could see, was shaking with the vehemence of its sobs. If a hundred children were in grief, I must needs run after them all! So I was quite pleased to find some human interest in my walk, and called after the little one. Though it must have heard my footsteps approaching amongst the dry leaves, so taken up was it with its own troubles that it never turned its head. But at last it looked round; a little brown beauty of a child, three or four years old—her head one mass of black curls. A brilliant little figure it was too, with a scarlet frock on, and plenty of beads round its fat neck. The chubby cheeks were grimy with tears, as is their nature among such beings when overtaken by sorrow while playing in the mud.

I enquired the cause of so much grief, and for all answer the little red petticoat was pulled up and a small round knee displayed; a poor little bleeding knee it was, cut and bruised from a tumble by the way. I had nothing to coax her with, and besides am always shy of children and their great pure eyes, looking as if they had just come straight from the stars. However she seemed to know that I wanted to carry her, and came to my arm, sitting there sobbing convulsively still, but as if she felt better yet could not help it. She babbled to me in a language of which I could make nothing, or only a little here and there, but I guessed she was a little gypsy. There were a good many of them encamped about here; or rather there was one large encampment. Neither did I know the way home for her, but she did, and kept me right. It was now eight or nine o'clock, and still light, but before we struck the camp my burden was fast asleep. Nothing to be learnt there! But I had nothing better to do than wander about that lovely summer night; and the gypsies could not be far off, or the child would not be here.

After a bit I came upon the encampment, feeling rather doubtful as to my reception. Gypsies are very exclusive, and they resent a strange visitor. However I was armed with the baby, so I braved them. Some were lying about round the smouldering

embers after the evening meal had been discussed, and on my approach a few rose to their feet, allowing me to take the initiative. I bent down to the firelight that my errand might explain itself, and then they came forward fast enough. In a very few minutes the whole place was alive; messengers were sent off in all directions to find the distracted father and mother, with others who also had been for hours on the search. In the meantime I was a welcome guest, and the baby was carried off by some of the women. Its parents came flying back at the good news: the mother went to see for herself; the father came to me, thanking me for bringing his little daughter back, though I could not more than half understand his words. Then back came the mother, and fell at my feet, kissing them, dusty-booted feet as they were—a kind of thing I knew not in the least how to receive. She was laughing and crying all in a breath in her ecstasies of gratitude, while I tried to make them understand that finding this babe-in-the-wood and carrying her home—first sobbing and hurt, and then dead-asleep, had been a real delight to me. Well, such was my introduction among these people, and now to tell you my story, of which this is only the preface—by way of shewing to you upon what slight hinges our lives often turn; my choosing that especial district of country to be walking through; being that special evening by that river-side; that baby's losing itself there, and my finding it.

German-born as I am, father and mother and all of us, I was a very strange specimen of a German student, with my hair and skin dark as any gypsy's. I have always had an insatiable curiosity too to hunt out gypsies and get to know them, and have managed to do so better than most; mine being so prying inquisitiveness, which they are quick to resent and foil, but a real love for these people—living their isolated existence in the world as they do, taking part in none of its merry-makings as in none of its business.

The next day I wandered in their direction again, feeling sure of a welcome, which I got, and a rapturous one. Standing amongst the rest, I could not but be struck by the appearance of one of the young gypsies, who did not look to me like one of them at all in herself, though as gaily appressed as the rest. She was fair-haired and blue-eyed, though mercilessly sunburnt—a pretty delicate-featured girl, without the haughty dignity or the fearless gaze of these other black-browed daughters of Ezlin.

An old woman had taken her stand in front of me and was watching me as intently as I had done the girl, muttering to herself. She rose, and coming to me took up my right hand, pointing to a small brown mole or patch in the palm of it—an unusual place for such a mark, but I have it. She then caught hold of my ear, pushed back the hair as if she knew what she was looking for, and pounced upon another mark in the hollow behind the ear—the same she said, as the one on my hand—of the existence of which I was perfectly unaware till then. With excitement flashing in her black eyes, she turned round to the fair girl I mentioned, and pulled her towards us. Snatching at her hand she shewed me a duplicate mark, a brown mole, in the palm of it; and

then, as unceremoniously as she had served me, that old woman pulled the girl's small ear round, and there was the same brown beauty-spot in the hollow, as in my own! Up to this she had talked some sort of German, but not a word could I follow now—she was pouring out a torrent of words in a frenzy of delight at her discovery, till she released us both, having had the girl by the ear, and me by the hand the whole time. Then she sat herself down—a veritable old sybil she looked—and I waited for an explanation. A strange one it was, and in a strange way it came to me.

'Young master,' she said, 'will you see what it means—have you the courage, the heart?' I was only too willing—for a recollection had come over me of what I had been told of the circumstances attending and relating to my birth, and my parents' wonderment at finding themselves the possessors of such a gypsy-looking boy as I was."

And here the author goes back in his history and tells us of those circumstances; his extraordinary complexion, pointing unmistakably to gypsy or eastern lineage, and yet his coming of true Teuton stock; that in the early days of his parents' married life, his mother had taken a great fancy to a couple of little gypsy children she had met whilst walking with her husband in the forest.

At this time great preparations were being made for the advent of the expected little one, and the young mother soon-to-be said, "I should like just such another brown baby."

"It would never seem like your own," her husband replied; and with that, after finding a way to cram this special pair of cupids with sweets, there was an end to the matter, for the gypsy encampment moved away on their endless journeyings—and meanwhile the great event had happened, and little Karl was born. But little Karl had taken his mother at her word, and was as brown as she could wish. Brown indeed! he was black—he had black eyes and tufts of black hair, and a little swarthy face of his own. His mother clasped him in an ecstasy, but his father felt he would rather have had a duplicate of the flaxen-haired wife. The wise ones among the old mothers and nurses said "it might have been expected, taking the foolish thing to see gypsies and such-like heathen!"

The baby grew apace, and all his brothers and sisters were orthodox little Germans, but their blue-eyed mother's pet was—if any—her brown Karl.

To resume the narrative in the author's own words from where we left him—talking to the old gypsy woman. "She beckoned me to follow her, and I did so, lost in thought. She led me into a tent apart from the rest, and when inside left me for a few minutes, and brought back with her a round flattish black stone, hollowed out and filled with some black liquid, or what looked black. It seemed of some weight, for she carried it in both hands, but as she held it out towards me she only allowed me to take it in one of mine, and as I did so the thought dreamily passed through my mind how I was to hold it in one hand steadily enough to see anything—for I divined that a mystery was in some way lying in that little pool of dark water. I say the thought passed through my mind, but while I was thinking it she answered my thought:

"Leave that to me, you can hold it long enough"—and my idea seemed to complete itself only *after* she had spoken. She covered the stone from my eyes with one of her skinny brown hands and said to me in a penetrating voice, "You want to know now; but when once you know, there is no *un-knowing*: decide."

A strange awe was creeping over me, but I did want to know; at least I felt that I wanted to find out if there were anything *to be* known; but I had no dawning glimpse of the mystery as yet. The one fact long known to me of myself and my dark face, though born of northern parents; and now that other fact—that fair child of gypsy blood—if indeed she really belonged to them—were to me mere freaks of Nature, to be explained on physiological grounds, but of no deeper, stranger import; at any rate, the idea of there being anything weird or occult in the matter would not have occurred to me. The old woman asked me two or three times if I had irrevocably made up my mind, and seemed to be herself more anxious for me to learn the secret of the stone or water than I was. "Yes," I said, gazing into her gleaming black eyes; as inscrutable they as the mystic pool lying in my hand, innocent looking as it was. Beyond her my eyes took in mechanically—through the open doorway, where the tent-folds were thrown aside—the distant view. I saw—without heeding, but I did see—a man with his profile lying brown against the snowy neck of a bull—one of the great draught-oxen used in that part of the country; he was holding up one sinewy leg and hammering at something on the iron-shod hoof; the light was glinting on the massive horns. I saw it all, or rather took it in, and then my eyes fell upon the stone on my hand and into the dull black water in the hollow; and there I (vaguely conscious the whole time) beheld a moving panorama of scenes—one for an instant seen—in an instant gone—and another in its place. I say an instant, knowing no other word to express my meaning. In flashes I saw them all, and yet every detail was distinct and vivid.

How I saw them I cannot tell, only *what* I saw, but I know this—that when I looked up again that man's head was still against the white bull's hide—the patient foot lying in his hand—the same foot; and the points of light were catching the brass horn-tips. The bull had not moved, nor the man, and in that instant of time I had seen what I would have given a world not to have seen—what *might* have altered my whole life.

I saw a young wedded pair walking through the dim forest aisles; they stopped to speak to some children, and I heard laughing words; then I saw that same wedded pair again; my mother's face as sweet and fair as ever I saw it in my life, bent down upon a small brown creature in her arms; my father standing by—the look of astonishment not yet faded from their faces.

Another and a different scene: a gypsy encampment, a duplicate of the one I was now in. There too I saw a man and a girl, standing a little away from the rest; round the girl's feet clustered a brood of yellow and brown ducklings. She held one up against her cheek—a downy yellow thing—and said something to the man, who laughed. An evil-faced woman near said something else

and the man did not laugh, but a gleam of rage flashed into his eyes at the woman, who turned away.

I saw a dark tent with the cold moonbeams shining in on a dead girl; the grey hues of death were creeping over her face. I watched them, and yet I saw it all—everything—in one half minute of time—as *we* reckon time. A dark stream was trickling from her lips, and where the murderous blade had struck the red blood was gushing in awful jets, flooding the ground unheeded. Across her knees lay a little waxen baby, a string of yellow beads round its tiny neck. A woman, that evil-faced woman, cowered in horror against the tent-side; and in the far distance I saw a man fleeing as for his life. I saw all that, and I was in my senses and in my right mind.

The stone fell from my hand, and I was looking at the old woman in front of me, standing there still—her eyes fixed and glassy. She fell forwards and I caught her in my arms—a dead thing she seemed—and laid her down. I did it feeling strangely drowsy; my heart seemed beating in my head; a rushing sound surged in my ears, a flash of light blinded my eyes, and then came inky darkness, and a horror seized me.

I think for that minute *I died*. Hours it must have been that I lay there, for when I went into that awful tent the sun was high in the heavens, and when I woke up, or came to life again, his beams had long set, and the twilight shadows were lengthening. That old woman was there beside me; her hand on my forehead. What did all this mean to me? *Was* I my father's and mother's son—the child of their hopes and love? or was *that man* my father, and my mother that murdered girl? Was it an awful, ghastly dream? and should I wake up to the bright careless happiness of yesterday? I got myself home somehow, passing that girl standing among the rest of them. Did she know what I did?

I went home and, man as I was, fell at my mother's feet and sobbed it all out there. And then my father came, and he heard it all too—heard what both knew well enough, though only partly; of my own odd appearance in a German cradle, which was to be the nest for many white dimpled creatures, but never another like me; heard also of the dark tragedy they had never known, nor dreamt of—that at the same moment of time, in a far distant home, another babe had seen the light, on whose tiny face its murdered mother's kiss would never fall—a little fair-haired German child born to gypsy parents.

My mother went with me the next day to the tents. She said she must see for herself the girl that was meant to have been hers. This thought had never struck me, and if it were so, then I was not my idolised mother's son! I looked up at her, and she read the agony in my eyes, for with a cry she caught me in her arms and held me tight to her in the clasp of a mother's undying love. "Yes, *you* are my boy, my own—*she* too perhaps—but *you* are my first-born!"

Whatever might be the reading of this awful thing, I knew then that though a daughter to my mother and a sister to me might have been waiting all these years, *I* was not to lose my mother, for she was mine too.

We went to the encampment, and the girl was watching for us, or for me, at any rate. She had a string of yellow beads round her throat: I looked for those.

My mother looked at nothing; she kept her hold on me, but she went up to the girl, who came towards us. The two stood gazing at each other. The girl's brows were dark in comparison with the waves of yellow hair, and her eyes were hazel, as were my father's (or *her* father's? I knew not which to say each time; the contradiction was so strange—so maddening); and the look in their brown depths went straight to the mother-heart; she opened her arms and folded them round that gypsy girl. The scalding tears ran thick and fast, but whether in joy or sorrow, or both, I know not, and indeed I saw not, for my own eyes were dim. And then there was the old woman to be seen. She came out, and without preliminary talk my mother was led, as I had been, into the tent, where we two young ones followed. You may imagine all the girl's thoughts. We sat still as the old woman told my mother of the long past that she had kept in her mind for years. Not a word had I said to her of all I had seen or been shown by her, but I believe that that old woman knew it all *at the time*. I sat listening in stupefied wonder, for she was repeating just and only what the stone, with its little pool of water, had revealed to me—I being in my senses—for *all but that moment of time perhaps?* And that is the part I shall never understand. I can understand one's faculties and one's very spirit being transported to another place and scene; I can understand, too, a dominant mind taking possession of another's, and forcing it to their own: but here I was myself the whole time, or seemed to be—here it was the old sybil who swooned away. So did I later, but that was the effect of all I had learnt and *knew* then, as no mere telling could have convinced me—or affected me.

I remember almost all she sat there saying, though sometimes I could hardly catch it. She went on: "As we journeyed along the high roads, or sometimes across the open commons, if any of the country children were about—but indeed they were hurried out of our way quick enough, though Lord knows we meant them no harm—my girl, she followed them with her eyes—little white-headed brats they were mostly; and once she turned to me—"Mother, didst never wish I had been such a pretty babe?" "No, girl," I'd say, "and when thou hast a man of thine own, wish thou that thy child may be such a one as thy father": but it was of no use—it was her way. And then sometimes we stopped for a month or more on the roads, grazing the beasts and such like, and there would be the hens and ducks pecking about. My girl, she would gather up all the little yellow bits of things; any one might have the brown ones. "Yellow or brown, what matters?" I'd say. "Yes, mother, so the yellow ones are as good as the brown!" Times and times after that, when she and *he* were man and wife—"Here I heard my mother murmur something, to which the old woman replied, "Yes, she was fond of him, and he was very good to her. One day, and I remember it like yesterday, when I had begun to dream about the baby that would be sleeping in my arms,

thought I in my wickedness, 'Aye, that will cure her of the nasty white toads!', but looking up the old woman said gravely "Pardon me, lady," for there was a shadow of a laugh dimpling round my mother's mouth as she remembered her own "white toads" at home! Well, she went on. "My girl was standing there by *him* one day. She had a brown duckling in one hand and a yellow one in the other against her face. She said something to him, and put the brown thing down by its mother-duck, but the little yellow one she kept close up to her cheek. They both laughed—he and she. There was a bad kind of woman in our tents then, who had set her mind on my girl's husband, but he hated her for her crooked ways. She came by, and she must have heard, for she said something in a light kind of way—what I don't know, but as evil as her face. He turned and looked at her, with such a look as I had never seen in his eyes before. She was afraid, or did not like it, and moved off. Well, my girl's time came;" the old woman's voice was slow and painful, and at last it stopped altogether; and she sat there, rocking herself to and fro, with her old hands clasped.

Presently she went on: "The baby was born; a little white thing, as she wanted. *They* gave it to her. I had told her many a time not to say it, not to think it—it would work her ruin, her death. She would only laugh and say, 'Mother, my wishing will do neither harm nor good!' but I knew better what *they* could do." All unheeding the question in my mother's eyes—what *they* was it she was talking about?—that old woman spoke on in her conscious power over the weird shapes that people earth and air—though in this case her powers were not equal to theirs in their mischief, aided by the mother-longings.

Changeling children are not unknown in our northern homes, nor is the notion laughed to scorn; but under one's own roof-tree the thing seems different. And if ever there were changeling children, we two were—you may think the whole of my story hangs on that *if*? The old gypsy went on: "Our tents were all quiet, and the moon was shining down. I was near by my girl. She was sleeping, but I was wakeful. In the dead of the night I heard a hissing whisper—then a heavy tread, a curse, and then—a shriek that froze my blood. Lady—that boy there knows what I saw!" and she turned round, pointing at me with the light of madness in her eyes. Yes, I knew what she had seen that night—had I not seen it too? and I knew she was not mad. "My girl stabbed, struck to her young heart—her white baby lying across her knees. There *she* sits now, and *my* girl gone."

The old woman's voice grew fainter and fainter, till there was silence in the little tent. She did not break it, nor did we. My mother was crying too, and one mother-heart going out to the other in its anguish, she took one of the poor old brown hands in hers, and I heard her breathe very softly "What was your girl's name?"

"Zingorle," answered the bereft old mother, "and it's hers too," turning herself very slightly in the direction of her grandchild, who sat, also crying, beside me.

I have not quite done yet: do you remember the yellow beads I saw round that baby's neck, and that were round the girl's too? The old woman roused herself and called the girl, who came and sank down by her side. The string of beads had attracted my mother's notice, and I saw she looked puzzled; but she said nothing, being, I think, prepared for anything now, and waiting to hear the rest, if any there were. The old woman took the necklace in her fingers, turning it round and saying as if to herself with a strange far-away sound in her voice—"No beginning and no end, no knot in that thread. She has had them round her throat always; *they* put them on, and when she was a tiny one, and her neck only *so* big, it fitted her then, and it fits her now; *they* brought the beads, and tied them on, and never a cut in the string."

All this was said so quietly, as if no thought of the passing mystery in it troubled her, while my mother's eyes were growing larger every instant in her wonder; her thoughts were busy, and for this reason: amber beads are tied round every German baby's neck, for them to cut their teeth upon, on account of the electricity in amber, which helps them. But here the point was that when I was born a little string was tied round my throat, a very little necklace,—the extra beads being kept away to be added as occasion needed. Well, the beads were tied on sure enough, my young mother thinking they looked more than usually beautiful on the little brown neck—but the next day no beads were there.

No one had taken them; why should they? But from that day to this those beads were never seen; and another thing, which always had been to us the strangest part of it, the extra beads locked away in a drawer lessened and lessened by slow degrees. They were not ordinary round amber beads, but very rare carved ones. And here they were again, after the lapse of two and twenty years, round the throat of this gypsy-girl.

Make of it what you can. Neither my mother nor the old grandmother would give up their respective children; but each strenuously laid claim to both. A natural exchange was as impracticable. I opposed that; the girl would too, if she had been asked. It ended in the old woman (she was very old, and dearly wanted me) coming to us herself—hitherto an unheard-of thing for a gypsy born and bred, and a pure-blooded one, to listen to for an instant. But she said *I* was her girl's rightful boy, and no one could contradict her in the face of my black hair and black locks, and those unerring tell-tale marks of ours—that girl and I.

My mother and she never wearied of the thing; as to my father, he was openly delighted, siding with each of them, whichever had the best of the argument for the moment."

Which do you believe, reader? For my own part, I believe them both.

Reviews.

LECTURES ON THE BHAGAVAD GITA.*

The admirable series of addresses on the study of the Bhagavad Gita delivered by Mr. T. Subba Row at the Convention of 1886, and afterwards published in this magazine, will no doubt be fresh in the memory of all our readers; and we are sure that all will welcome them in a new garb—published in book form by our ever zealous Brother Tukaram Tatyā of Bombay. No part of the Sacred Scripture of India is more beloved by her sons than the “Song Celestial”; and none who wish to study that marvellous book can afford to be without this most valuable of explanations. We would urge all our brothers not only to buy it, but to recommend it to all their friends, and so assist in promoting the intelligent appreciation, as opposed to the mere study by rote, of the beauties of our sacred literature.

THE OTHER LIFE.†

Two or three years ago a rich Spiritualist, named Henry Seybert, died at Philadelphia, leaving a considerable sum of money by will to the University, on condition that a committee of respectable and impartial scientists should be formed to investigate the mediumistic phenomena and report upon the same. The trust was accepted, the committee appointed, and their report in due time appeared. It was most unsatisfactory. Thousands of intelligent men and women could have done the work better, and done what this committee did not do,—given the facts of mediumship as they are. Of course the report exasperated the whole body of spiritualists, and drew out a host of indignant protests, some—like the pamphlet of General Lippitt, under notice—able, conclusive, and scathing. Our men of science do not seem to have learnt, even after forty years’ experience, the simple fact that falsification and dishonest suppression of evidence will not kill out spiritualism. Such biased reports as that of the Seybert Commission only stimulate the curiosity of outsiders to witness for themselves the wonderful phenomena, and the zeal of spiritualists to bring the truth before the world. Indirectly, therefore, they promote the cause of truth, and only leave the schemers to be laughed at by posterity. General Lippitt is a gentleman held in high esteem throughout America for his blameless character and excellent scholarship, as well as for his courageous support of his convictions. The present pamphlet, which embraces a series of letters to the Seybert Commission, embodying narratives of highly interesting personal tests and experiences with phenomena, is worthy of his literary reputation, and shows how different might have been the report if the members of the Commission had cared as much to get at the truth of spiritualism as to boycott it.

H. S. O.

* *Lectures on the Bhagavad Gita*, by T. Subba Row. Theosophical Publication Fund, Bombay, 1888.

† *Physical Proofs of Another Life*, by Francis J. Lippitt, Washington, D. C., 1888.

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सत्यात् नास्ति परो धर्मः ।

THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH.

[Family motto of the Maharajahs of Benares.]

DEMON EST DEUS INVERSUS.

GOD, or Devil?—one’s reason prompts one to ask, after dispassionately watching the injustice and evil that lay such heavy burdens upon mankind. Can this be ordained or permitted by a “God”—supposing that there be such a supreme Governor over us, who ordains or permits, the same thing for us who suffer? It is a terrible dilemma for the thinker, one out of which only the Buddhistic and Vedantic philosophies can help us. The dogma of Dualism in the sense of the opposition of two Principles (good and evil), and especially the Christian scheme, demands a faith as robust as blind. Without this, no reflective theist would remain so for any length of time. A “God” who permits his antagonist, the Devil (created by himself with foreknowledge of the consequences) to do as he pleases on our great ball of clay, and play ducks and drakes with the souls (supposed to be) created by Himself, is illogical and unthinkable; one of those draughts to be swallowed with the eyes shut.

The “causeless cause” can only escape classification with the Hindu deities as a cosmic differentiated entity confined to a Manvantara, and an embodiment of good and evil equally, by being regarded as a dispassionate and neutral abstraction, unconcerned with the details of the manifested universe. The key to the origin and secret of Polytheism is that the plurality of gods was a philosophical necessity, as a reverential buffer to prevent any possible collision of the lower gods with the concept of the INCONCEIVABLE, or Parabrahmam. The Gods were originally convenient masks to which formal worship might be paid for the sake of appearance; but later, coincident with the gradual religious degradation of mankind and the ignorant thirst for anthropomor-

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