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THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

AGAIN a New Year is rising on the world's horizon, with 1911 graven on its disc. 1910 lies behind us; it has sunken into the Past. Pregnant with great issues was that past year, issues that many coming years shall see worked out. The Imperial Crown of Britain passed from Edward the Peacemaker to a Son whose brief tenure of power already has revealed qualities which presage a noble and beneficent reign, and new departures which will increase the dignity and the power of the Throne. It saw Theodore Roosevelt begin a struggle which may revolutionise America, and purge her public life. For us of the Theosophical Society the promise that 1910 would see the beginning of a great growth in dignity and power has been more than fulfilled: January witnessed, at the rare conjunction of the planets noted by all astrologers, the occult 'Birth of the young Child' who in due time shall be the vehicle for the blessing of the world. Two thousand years have run their course since a similar gift was vouchsafed to the 'Sorrowful Star'. With this, it seems superfluous to speak of the growth of the Society all the world over, the unprecedented sales of literature,

the increase in the number of Lodge Halls, the rising of the Society in public esteem and official respect. In other years these things would have found due tabulation, but in this they seem insignificant.

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A notable little book appeared in the last month of the dying year, entitled *At the Feet of the Master*. It contains the teachings on the 'Qualifications for Discipleship' given by the Master K. H. to His young pupil Kṛṣhṇamurti (Alcyone), and reproduced by the latter, who wrote down, as nearly as he could remember, the very words used by the Master. The book is dedicated 'To Those who Knock,' and thousands will draw from it inspiration and renewed vigor. Very rarely do such teachings find their way into the outer world. The little volume will find its place on the bookshelf of the aspirant with the *Light on the Path* and the *Voice of the Silence*.

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Speaking of the *Light on the Path* reminds me that the recorder thereof, M. C., lost everything in the late failure of the Charing Cross Bank. If a tithe of those who owe gratitude to her for the transmission of that priceless work would show that gratitude now in a practical form, those losses would easily be made good. I am sure that any General Secretary would gladly forward any help sent from his Section, and, if M. C.'s address is not known, the General Secretary for England and Wales would serve as intermediary.

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The Order of the Golden Chain serves as an admirable training for children who are too young to enter Leagues for public work. It was founded in the nineties, and has spread all over the world. The child repeats every morning:

> I am a Link in a Golden Chain of Love that stretches round the world, and must keep my link bright and strong.

So I will try to be kind and gentle to every living thing I meet, and to protect and help all who are weaker than myself.

And I will try to think pure and beautiful thoughts, to speak pure and beautiful words, and to do pure and beautiful actions.

May every Link in the Golden Chain become bright and strong.

Such a morning promise consecrates the day, and lends charm and directness to the effort to "be good".

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The second Convention of Indian Religions will be held at Allahabād on 8th, 9th, and 10th January, 1911. Hinḍūism, Buḍḍhism, Zoroastrianism, Christianity, Islām, Sikhism, Jainism, the Āryā Samāj, Theosophy, will all be represented. Such a gathering is most useful, and serves the great cause of religious peace, and we heartily wish it success.

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I have consented, on the invitation of the Rev. R. J. Campbell, to speak at the Spring Assembly of the Liberal Christian League, to be held in Manchester in May, 1911. The subject suggested is 'The Emergence of a World-Religion,' and I doubt if it could be bettered.

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It is interesting to see how medical opinion is gradually veering round on the question of mental healing. The *Morning Post* gives an account of a conference between doctors and clergymen on the subject, and says that there is a marked change in medical feeling in this respect, and that "the position now may be described as one of open-minded enquiry". No more can reasonably be expected, and truth, to be known, only needs to be enquired into.

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A remarkable article appears in the *Madras Mail* of November 24, 1910, on "The Octaves of Nature:

Matter, Color and Sound". It is pointed out that "solid matter" no longer exists; it is made up of separate molecules, immersed in ether, and molecules are divisible into atoms, which are themselves merely vortices, "wreaths of ether in ether". Sound is vibration, and exists in seven kinds, the seven notes of the musical scale, each of which has its children in octaves: "We get no more than seven notes repeated again and again, in varying degrees of pitch." Color is vibration, and "we find again the magic seven lying within the octave of color;" the writer made experiments which enabled him to distinguish color by touch, and he found the body answer to the "magic seven," most difficulty arising over green. Matter itself is subject to the same principle, and its 'chemical elements' form a sequence; Mendeléef

> discovered that not only could the elements of matter be arranged like the scale of music, but that they also—like the tones of music—possessed octaves, and that "the gamut of matter like the gamut of sound moves in similar phalanxes and battalions; they both bow in awe to the mystic number of seven".

All the world is "a pæan of melody," and shows the triumph of the "magic of seven," and we may add, of the triumph of Kabbalists and Theosophists, so long ridiculed because their enlightened study of nature had led them to this same conclusion.

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A photograph lies before me of a wooden shanty roofed with corrugated iron, taken at far-off Lagos, on the West Coast of Africa. Over the door are painted the words: 'Theosophical Book Depôt'. Mr. J. A. Fashanu, F. T. S., is the Manager. In such dim regions is the lamp of Theosophy lighted.

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While these lines are in the press, preparations for Convention are going forward. A very large gathering is expected, and preparations are on a correspondingly large

scale. The present number of the *Theosophist* goes out in the middle of December, so the *Annual Report* will go, we hope, with the February issue.

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I am to leave Bombay on April 22, 1911, arriving in London just in time for White Lotus Day. The Scotch National Society asks for a visit in June, when it is to hold its first Annual Convention. I hope to lecture in London on the May and June Sundays, and the English Convention will be held as usual in July. The International Congress is to be held in Genoa, in September, and from Genoa I shall turn my steps homewards once more.

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Mr. Leadbeater and myself made, during August and September, a series of clairvoyant observations on the past of our earth, of the moon, and of the two preceding Chains. These will be published next year in book-form, under the title: *Man: Whence, How, and Whither?* We hope that the volume will prove useful to students, and will perhaps throw light on some of the questions arising out of the study of *The Secret Doctrine*. The record of the investigations as taken down by two volunteer scribes at the time has been read to the groups of students at Adyar and at Benares, and has aroused much interest. The published volume will consist of the re-arrangement of these notes.

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The First Part of the *Universal Text Book* is now on sale, comprising the doctrines common to all religions, with texts from the Scriptures of the World in illustration of each. A large edition is being printed, so that it can be sold at 1/- (As. 12) in wrappers, and at 1/6 (or in India Re. 1) in cloth. My hope is that it will bring in suggestions and additions, so that later editions may be an improvement on the first. With the strong

movement which is now showing itself in favor of religious education, such a book may prove useful to the various religions as a common meeting-ground.

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Our eighteenth National Society, or Section, was sanctioned on November 29th, 1910. Our Swiss brethren find it necessary to form their own organisation, instead of remaining part of France, as they were permitted by our President-Founder to do in earlier days. So we have now the T. S. in Switzerland, with territorial jurisdiction over the area covered by the Swiss Republic. May all be well with our youngest brother!

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The T. P. S., London, has issued a new edition of *Isis Unveiled*, the famous and invaluable book by which H. P. Blavatsky announced her appearance as the Messenger of the White Lodge. It is in two handsome volumes, printed on feather-weight paper, so that the large book is conveniently light for reading. The publishers have, very thoughtfully, followed the original paging, so that all references may be correct for the new edition. Instead of the printing from the old battered plates, we have printing from new type, pleasant to read. In addition to these merits, the price is reduced to £1-1-0 (India, Rs. 16), and at this it should find a very large circulation. We heartily congratulate our London house.

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The visit to Burma is finally arranged, and quite a a large party will leave Adyar for Rangoon on January 12th, 1911. The French and perhaps the Scotch General Secretaries will be with us, as well as other visiting members. We stay for three weeks, and then return to Adyar. Late in March I shall go north to Benares, and leave Benares for Europe.

THE SEAL OF THE SOCIETY

THE symbolism of the Society's Seal is not very recondite, but it carries within it some great and fundamental truths. "Old as the hills" it is in its constituents, if not in their juxtaposition.

The double Triangle which contains the Tau, or Egyptian Cross, is the symbol of the universe, the macrocosm, the manifestation of Deity in Time and Space, the One showing Himself in the Duality of Spirit and Matter; the triangles are interlaced to show the inseparable unity; they are two, to signify Spirit and Matter, Father-Mother; the upward-pointing is that of Fire, or Spirit; the downward-drooping of Water, or Matter. Each triangle, again, with its three lines and three angles, symbolises the triple nature of that which it represents. The triplicity of the fiery triangle tells of Existence, Cognition, Bliss; of Activity, Knowledge, Will; of creation, preservation, liberation. The sides are equal because "in this trinity none is afore or after other, none is greater or less than another;" because all are equally immanent in nature, equally present everywhere. The triplicity of the watery triangle signifies the three essential characteristics of matter: resistance, mobility, rhythm (or vibration). The twelve equal enclosing lines of the figure taken as a whole signify the 'twelve great Gods' of Chaldæa and of other ancient faiths, the twelve Signs of the Zodiac, the twelve months of the solar year. The subject would bear much further working out.

The Crux Ansata, or Tau, enclosed within the double triangle, is the symbol of Spirit which has descended into matter and has been crucified therein, but which has risen from death and rests triumphant on the arms

of the conquered slayer; hence it is the 'Cross of Life,' the symbol of Resurrection, and with this are touched the lips of the mummy, when the Soul returns to the body in the Egyptian imagery.

The Svāstika, or armed Cross, or fiery Cross, is the symbol of the whirling energy which creates a universe, "digging holes in space," or, less poetically and no more truly, forming the vortices which are atoms for the building of worlds.

The Serpent swallowing his own tail is the ancient symbol of Eternity, the circle without beginning or ending, within which all universes grow and decay, appear and disappear.

Such is the symbolism of the Seal of the Theosophical Society, given in brief—an ingeniously combined presentation of basic truths.

A STUDENT

The Æsir (=the Gods) meet on Ida's plain, and of the mighty earth encircler (=the Midgârd serpent) speak, and there to memory call their mighty deeds, and the Supreme God's ancient lore.

There shall again [in the new earth, after the sinking of the old] the wondrous golden tables in the grass be found, which in days of old had possessed the Ruler of the Gods, and Fölnir's race.

*** *** ***

'Twas time's first dawn,
When nought yet was,
Nor sand nor sea,
Nor cooling wave;
Earth was not there,
Nor heaven above.
Nought save a void
And yawning gulf,
But verdure none.

Völuspa (the Vala's Prophecy) *The Elder Edda*



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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

THE BROTHERHOOD OF RELIGIONS

Part III. Ethics[1]

CHAPTER I

The Object and Basis of Morality

THERE is a Science of Conduct as there is a Science of Biology, of Astronomy, of Psychology; there are Laws of Conduct, as sure and as changeless as all other laws in nature, laws which can be discovered and stated, and which form a system of co-ordinated principles of Action, leading to happiness and well-being alike for the individual and for the Race. This Science is Morality, or Ethic, Right Conduct, and it lays down the conditions of harmonious relations between individuals, groups of individuals, and their several environments small or large—families, societies, nations, humanity as a whole. Only by the knowledge and observance of these laws can men be either permanently healthy or permanently happy, can they live in peace and prosperity; where Morality is unknown or disregarded, friction inevitably arises, disharmony and pain result; for nature is a settled Order in the mental and moral worlds as much as in the physical, and only by knowledge of that Order and by obedience to it can harmony, health and happiness be secured.

Man, being divine in his nature, is Happiness in his deepest Self: "God is Bliss"[2] says the Hinḍū, and all religions echo the joyous statement: to enter into the "joy of thy Lord,"[3] is the Christian's hope. Hence, when

[1] The Board of Trustees of the Central Hinḍū College has kindly allowed me to use as freely as may be helpful the Third Part of its Text Book of Religion and Ethics.

[2] *Bṛhaḍāraṇyaka Upaniṣhaṭ*, III. ix. 24.

[3] *S. Matthew*, xxv. 21.

man puts himself into accord with the World-Order, which is divine, he brings his separated Will into harmony with the Universal Will, and pure Happiness is the direct and inevitable result. Perfect Morality would bring about perfect harmony among all living things, and therefore perfect Happiness.

The efforts of a man to bring himself into this harmony are often accompanied with pain, as the exercises which restore an injured limb to perfect working are often agonising. But the end, in both cases, is happiness. Our desires, reaching out tumultuously after objects which yield a passing pleasure, bring us into collision with the desires of others equally eager to possess, and the conflict wounds all. The reduction of these desires to obedience is often painful, but the pain is superficial and passing, while the peace which succeeds conquest is deep and enduring. In the long run right conduct means happiness and ill conduct misery. Truly did the Lord Buḍḍha declare the Law: "If a man speaks or acts with an evil thought, pain follows him, as the wheel follows the foot of the ox that draws the carriage. If a man speaks or acts with a pure thought, happiness follows him, like a shadow that never leaves him."[1]

God is Love[2] and wills the Happiness of His creatures, and that Happiness can only be permanently brought about by the harmony of their wills with His. The Science of Conduct, therefore, by establishing Righteousness brings about Happiness, and its object is to fulfil thus the Divine Will.

As the object of Morality is Universal Happiness, so is its basis that on which Happiness depends, the primary truth of Morality as of religion:

The Unity of Life

We have seen[3] that God is one, that He dwells in every man, is the inmost Self of all. In all the multipli-

[1] *Dhammapada*, i. 1, 2.
[2] *John*, iv. 16.
[3] Part I. i.

city of living beings around us there is one Life. We have seen[1] that Universal Brotherhood is the inevitable corollary of this Divine Unity; we form but one body; and as, with a physical body, no one part can be injured without the whole body suffering, so is it with the Great Being, Humanity. All selves are part of the One Self, and an injury inflicted on one injures all. Thus, if a man injures another, he injures himself, none the less surely that for the moment he may not realise it; as our knowledge grows, we realise it more and more. Realised or unrealised it is a Fact, all-important, supreme. As the health of the individual body depends on obedience to the laws of hygiene, each organ working harmoniously with the rest, so the health of Humanity, the universal body, depends on obedience to the laws of Morality, by which each organ of the great human body works in harmonious relations with the others.

The Will of God points steadfastly to the highest Good, and guides His universe towards good. To work with this Will is to be in harmony with the movement of the world-system to which we belong, and thus to go with the stream of evolution; to go against it is to struggle against an overwhelming current, which dashes us against the rocks, bruises and wounds us. To do right is to be at peace with ourselves and with God, and is therefore happiness; to do wrong is to be at war with ourselves and with God, and is therefore misery. The ill-doer is ever discontented, irritable, unsatisfied, however favorable his outer circumstances may be; the well-doer is inwardly peaceful and contented, even when outer circumstances are the most unfavorable. But to obey the law we must know it, and hence the question arises: How are we to know the Right, that we may do it? How are we to know the Wrong, that we may avoid it? Granted that the Right is to work with the divine Will, and the Wrong is to work against it, how are we to know that

[1] *Ibid.* vii.

Will? There are three principal ways in which mankind has tried to discover what is Right and what is Wrong.

The first is the way of Religion and of Science: great Sages, the Founders and Teachers of Religions, have laid down certain laws, seen by Their spiritual vision to exist in the nature of things, and these they have declared authoritatively; these, like all other laws of nature, can be verified again and again by the use of Reason, purified from selfishness and desire. Expressions of the divine Reason, they can be discovered and expressed by the human Reason, which is its image, and can ever be re-verified by experiment.

This is the method of science: observation of facts, a generalisation, or hypothesis, based on the facts, experiments to test the hypothesis, declaration of the verified hypothesis as a law of nature. These laws, thus discovered and proved, are re-iterated authoritatively by experts in the science, and must be taken as true by the students until they are capable of independently re-verifying them; meanwhile the success of experiments done under guidance by themselves partially demonstrates the truth of the laws as stated. The Science of Morality follows this method; its laws have been discovered and are authoritatively stated, but are ever capable of re-verification, and also of new applications.

These laws are found in the Scriptures of the world-faiths, and those which are basic and of universal application are found in all of them. They are mixed up with local and temporary precepts, given according to the civilisation and general condition of the people to whom they were addressed; the permanent and universal can be distinguished from the temporary and local by the fact that the first are found in all Scriptures, whereas the second are various and belong to the separate religions. The unlearned and the young must accept these laws, as they accept all other laws, on authority; the earnest and

competent student can, by the use of his own reason and by experiment, re-verify them for himself.

The second way is that of Intuition, expressing itself as Conscience; but conscience, being the moral instinct, is, like all instincts, determined by past experience and is limited thereby, and is hence of individual, not of universal, authority.

The third way is that of Utilitarianism, "the greatest good of the greatest number;" but the minority is also a part of the whole, and its interests must be guarded, for majority and minority form one Humanity.

The union of the three ways is to be found in the recognition of the basic truth, the Unity of Life: this gives to the religious way its true foundation in the purified Reason; it gives to the intuitional way the explanation of the variations of conscience, according to the stage of manifestation reached by the One Life in each; it widens the utilitarian way by showing that the ultimate good of each is identical with the ultimate good of all, and that Morality must aim at nothing less than that ultimate Universal Good. The recognition of this truth of the Unity of Life guides us in the establishment of mutually helpful relations between all superficially separated lives. Every moral precept finds its sanction in this unity, and Universal Love, which is the expression of the unity, is the root of all virtues. Only this teaching can eradicate class, racial and national hatreds, put an end to suspicion and contempt, and draw all men into one human family, in which there are elders and youngers, indeed, but no aliens.

The imperative nature of the laws of Morality needs also to be understood. A law of nature breaks that which disregards it, and ensures the success of that which works with it. Every man brings with him into the world a 'character,' the sum of his mental and moral qualities, and he can work on this to the greatest advantage if he

understands what he should aim at, and the means whereby that aim may be realised. Character is the most potent factor in human life; on it depend inner happiness and outer success. A man of brilliant intellect and bad character may for a while carry all before him, but his fellows soon distrust him, and discredit saps his success. In every walk of life, the man of high character is sought for, and the love and trust of his fellows brighten all his days.

There are a Right and a Wrong which are of universal valency, the outcome or negation of the Love which "is the fulfilling of the Law".[1] They are summed up in the Indian verse: "Vyâsa has said but two things in the whole of the eighteen Purâṇas: Doing good to another is Right; causing injury to another is Wrong."[2] There are also relative rights and wrongs, depending on the stage of world-evolution as well as on individual stages of development and individual positions. The life of a world shows two great stages of evolution, the first half during which forms are perfected—the stage of going forth into matter—the second during which Spirit is increasingly unfolding his higher powers—the stage of return, the realisation of divinity. During the first stage, man grasps at everything he desires and develops a strong individuality by conflict; in the second he shares all he has, and yokes that individuality to service; ever-increasing separation is the key-note of the one; ever-increasing unity is the key-note of the other. Hence we need not brand as evil the rough aggression and the fierce struggles of barbarous times; they were a necessary stage of growth and were at that stage right, and in the divine plan. But now those days are over, strength has been won; the time has come when the separated selves must gradually draw together, and to co-operate with the divine Will which is working for union is the Right.

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[1] *Romans*, xiii. 10.

[2] *Sanâtana Dharma Advanced Text Book*, p. 286, (2nd ed.).

The Right which is the outcome of Love, directed by Reason, at the present stage of evolution, then, seeks an ever-increasing realisation of Unity, a drawing together of the separated selves. That which by establishing harmonious relations makes for Unity is Right; that which divides and disintegrates, which makes for separation, is Wrong.

CHAPTER II

The Relation between Morality, Emotion, Virtues and Vices

Emotion is derived from the Latin root, to move. It is the motive power in man, moving him towards and away from external objects, and is the expression of that part of the Spirit which is Will in the higher worlds, directed by Reason from within, and is Desire in the lower worlds, drawn out by objects which attract and repel by causing pleasure or pain. Under these two heads of attraction and repulsion fall all desires; we have love-desires and hate-desires, the wish to be united with or apart from the objects which come in our way. The primary desires in man are love-desires, seeking for union with the objects which maintain and carry on the body—union with food, with drink, with the opposite sex; these are the inevitable conditions of the prolongation of personal and racial existence, and become only wrong when they lead into excessive indulgence, which injures body and mind, or are gratified violently by inflicting injury on others.

The desires into which intelligence largely enters, mental gratification predominating over sense-gratification, are called emotions, and they naturally fall into the same two divisions as are found in the primaries, and we have love-emotions, tending to unite, hate-emotions, tending to divide.

Morality consists in the nurture and regulation of the love-emotions, out of which virtues are developed, and in the curbing and eradication of the hate-emotions, out of which vices grow. Desires draw human beings together into a society, but they also drive them violently apart by conflicts for the possession of the objects of desire, and no large or stable society can exist where no curb is placed on desires. Among savages, where physical desires are strong and intelligence weak, there is little stable society; persons are drawn together and driven asunder again by the violent movements of desire. The stormy gusts of desire keep the savage community in a constant state of change, unless a strong man dominates the rest, or it is ruled by men of a superior race who provide external restraints which keep desires in check.

As intelligence grows, desires are refined into emotions, and those which belong to the love-class are the constructive and binding forces in society. Thus: love between a man and a woman creates a family, and love between parents and children, brothers and sisters, holds it together. The family is a group of persons united by love, and growing out of a love-relation. Families are drawn together by friendships and love-relations between the youngers, and form a village, or community. Many communities make a province, many provinces a nation. Society grows out of, and is held together by, the love-emotions. And all emotions which are of the love-class, attracting them to each other and making them like to live in relations with each other, are constructive.

The hate-emotions work in exactly the opposite way; they break up families, communities and nations, and driving people apart and making them revolt against relations with each other, they are destructive.

In every human society, emotions of both kinds are found. If the love-emotions preponderate, the society grows and is prosperous. If the hate-emotions preponderate, the

society diminishes and gradually decays until it perishes. Hence the enormous importance of implanting and cherishing during youth all the virtues that grow out of the love-emotion, and of eradicating all the vices which grow out of the emotion of hate.

Even the emotions on the love-side may prove a source of danger, if any elements from the hate-side—monopoly, exclusiveness, covetousness, envy, jealousy—creep into them, and if they are not properly regulated and controlled. As a river, on which the fertility of a valley depends, may work havoc if it overflows its banks and rushes headlong over fields and villages, so may the river of love, the fertiliser and gladdener of human life, work destruction, if it is not regulated and kept within proper bounds. But this fact must not blind us to the truth that the love-emotions are the only forces which give birth to and maintain human society.

When human beings come together, whether in a family or in society, mutual relations arise, and these become more numerous, more complex, and more far-reaching as the society expands. Out of these mutual relations arises Duty, that which is due from each to each. Duty is that which ought to be done, an obligation arising from the relations into which a man has been born, or has voluntarily entered. A man is born into a family, a community, a nation, humanity; he is related to each of these by the mere fact of his birth, and owes to each a duty. The righteous man discharges his duties honorably, and becomes a bond holding society together; the unrighteous man meanly ignores his duties, and becomes a disintegrating force, undermining society.

When the mood of emotion which arises spontaneously out of love for an individual and expresses itself in beneficent action towards that individual, becomes a fixed habit expressing itself in beneficent action towards every person contacted, then the fixed and generalised emotional mood

is called a Virtue. A love-emotion made permanent and universal is a virtue. A father loves his son, and spontaneously does all he can for his good; when he does for any strange child what he spontaneously does for his son, he shows the virtue of Benevolence. On the opposite side, when the moods of emotion which rise out of hatred become permanent and general they are called Vices. Virtues and vices are fixed emotional states. The virtues are fixed love-emotions, regulated and controlled by enlightened intelligence seeing the Unity; the vices are fixed hate-emotions, strengthened and intensified by the unenlightened intelligence, seeing the separateness.

Because love is the expression of the One Self, the Eternal, the Real—"God is Love"—and virtues spring from this one Reality, they have been called "forms of Truth".[1] Truth is basic, and every virtue, springing from the Reality, must have truth as a constituent part. Hatred, which ignores the Unity and springs from the illusory sense of separateness, is fundamentally unreal, untrue. Virtues are forms of the True; vices are forms of the False; virtues are permanent, vices are passing; for Truth endureth for ever, while Falsehood vanishes away.

CHAPTER III

Classification of Virtues and Vices

We have already the broad division of Virtues and Vices, springing from the Emotion of Love and the Emotion of Hate, the constructive and destructive elements in nature and in man. The subdivisions of these in relation to others are conveniently suggested by the phrase about the world which is filled with a man's "elders, equals, and youngers".[2] The duties we owe to our superiors, our equals, and our inferiors give us a natural division of

[1] *Mahābhāraṭa*, Shānṭi Parva, clxii. 9.
[2] *Bālabhāraṭa*, Uḍyoga Parva, ii. 17.

Virtues and Vices, and all sub-classes grow out of these. Out of the emotion of love to our superiors grow all the virtues that are of the nature of REVERENCE. Those which grow out of the emotion of love to our equals are of the nature of AFFECTION. Those which grow out of the emotion of love to our inferiors are of the nature of BENEVOLENCE.

Similarly with the vices that grow out of the emotion of hate; these show themselves to our superiors in forms of FEAR, to our equals in forms of ANGER, to our inferiors in forms of PRIDE.

In addition to the relations a man has with his surroundings, we must consider what a man should be in himself, apart from his surroundings, as an individual with certain qualities; these form the settled character of the man, and this general character will express itself in specialised virtues when it comes into contact with superiors, equals, and inferiors. This character should be the general expression of the love-emotion, controlled by the purified reason, and this character every man and woman, every boy and girl, must build up, if duty is to be righteously discharged, and life is to be made a blessing, not a curse, both to themselves and others.

'SELF-REGARDING' VIRTUES

In a very real sense no Virtue is wholly 'self-regarding,' for no man can live wholly isolated from his fellows. But, conventionally, the virtues which concern the individual himself primarily, and only secondarily society, are classed under this head.

Among these, first and foremost comes TRUTH, the foundation of all virtues, Truth in thought, in word, and in act. Well may all join in the sublime invocation:

> O True of promise, True of purpose, triply True, the Fount of Truth, and dwelling in the True, the Truth of Truth, the Eye of Right and Truth, Spirit of Truth, refuge we seek in Thee.[1]

[1] *Viṣhṇu-Bhāgavaṭa Purāṇa*, x. ii. 26.

"Thy law is the Truth,"[1] sings the Psalmist. "By mercy and truth iniquity is purged,"[2] declares the wise King. "They who know Truth in truth, and untruth in untruth, arrive at Truth, and follow true desires,"[3] says the Buḍḍha. "Lie not one to another,"[4] urges the Apostle. "No man is true," says the Prophet, "in the truest sense of the word, but he who is true in word, in deed, and in thought."[5] "Truth is the eternal Brahman. . . Everything rests on Truth."[6]

Where Truth permeates the character it shows itself in all the relations of life as truthfulness, uprightness, honesty, integrity, righteousness, justice, impartiality, giving rise to trust, confidence, and mutual respect, and building a stable society.

"It must never be forgotten that no character can be virtuous which has not Truth for its basis, and that no character can be base when Truth is preserved unsullied. It is the root of all true manliness, the glory of the hero, the crown of the virtuous, the preserver of the family, the protection of the State. Falsehood undermines alike the home and the nation, poisons the springs of virtue, degrades and pollutes the character. The liar is always weak and always despicable; scorn and contempt follow him. For the building up of character, truth is the sure foundation."[7]

The next great virtue of the individual character is SELF-CONTROL, which leads to the nice balance, equilibrium and dignity which mark the well-evolved man. Self-Control implies the recognition by the man that he is the Spirit, not the body, and that he rules the matter which he has appropriated for his own purposes. "Action is born of mind, speech and body,"[8] and each

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[1] *Psalms*, cxix. 142.
[2] *Proverbs*, xvi. 6.
[3] *Ḍhammapaḍa*, i. 12.
[4] *Colossians*, iii. 9.
[5] *The Sayings of Muhammad*, 27, p. 6.
[6] *Mahābhāraṭa*, Shānṭi Parva, clxii. 5.
[7] *Sanāṭana Ḍharma Advanced Text Book*, pp. 302, 303.
[8] *Manusmṛṭi*, xii. 3.

of these must be brought under control, and their energies held in due submission, in order to ensure Right Activity. Control of the mind can be gained only by meditation, by persevering effort, by cultivating the habit of attention, by concentrating the thought on the task of the moment in daily life. It is at once the most difficult and the most necessary of achievements, and nothing in the character is securely and permanently established so long as the mind is not under steady control. Control of speech—speech which is truthful, courteous, gentle, suitable, unwounding, pleasant, useful, necessary—will follow fairly easily on control of mind; useless, aimless chattering, so common in modern society, is an abuse of speech; it scatters the mental energies, weakens the intellectual fibres, and slips readily into gossip, ungenerous criticism and slander. Control of the body includes control of the senses and of all the organs; it implies attention to the laws of health and of cleanliness—to keep in the best possible health is a duty to society as well as to ourselves; it demands the fitting of diet to the needs of the body and its work, the avoidance of excess of every kind—in food, drink, sex-relations, sleep, work, exercise; it requires courtesy and good manners, manners which are nicely fitted to the varied occasions of life. The self-restraint and urbanity of good breeding is a valuable social asset, and it forms part of the control of the body.

CHEERFULNESS and CONTENT are of great importance, alike as being the condition of happiness for the individual, and as shedding happiness on all who surround him. Content implies belief in the Good Law, in the justice and love of God; it diminishes inevitable suffering, and deprives misfortune of its sting. Truly says the wise King of Israel: "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine,"[1] and: "A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance; but by sorrow of the heart the spirit is broken."[2] Even under

[1] *Proverbs*, xvii. 22.
[2] *Ibid.* xv. 13.

favorable circumstances, the discontented is unhappy, while even in the midst of trials the contented is bright and peaceful. Who does not know the difference felt on the entry of a person who is like a ray of sunshine, and of one who is "a wet blanket"? Unselfishness makes cheerfulness while selfishness breeds gloom. "Let one who desires happiness be controlled, and take refuge in perfect content; content is verily the root of happiness, the opposite the root of sorrow."[1]

HARMLESSNESS is the characteristic of the man who is growing towards perfection, the man who is "the friend of every creature". This has ever been the mark of the greatest Teachers of mankind; "Holy, harmless, undefiled," is the description of the Christ given in the *Epistle to the Hebrews*;[2] "Having compassion on creatures," is said of the Buḍḍha;[3] "Harmlessness is the highest duty" declared Bhīṣhma.[4] Such harmless Beings, the embodiments of love, carry a benediction in their very presence; hurting none, injuring none, protecting all, they go to the PEACE.

ANNIE BESANT

The race of mankind would perish, did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head, till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death-damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid, have a right to ask it from their fellow-mortals; no one who holds the power of granting, can refuse it without guilt.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

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[1] *Manusmṛṭi*, iv. 12.
[2] *Loc-cit.* vii. 26.
[3] *Ḍhammilkasuṭṭa*, 3.
[4] *Mahābhāraṭa*, Anushāsana Parva, cxiv.

MAGIC IN OLD ATLANTIS

A youth is lying half asleep, half awake, on a grassy blank sloping down to a rippling brooklet. His face is perplexed, even anxious, the reflex of his troubled mind. He is the son of a wealthy and powerful family, belonging to the priesthood, the "Priesthood of the Mid-night Sun," bowed to the service of the Gods of the Nether World, whom the priests sought in the gloom of night, in dark earth-caverns opening into passages that led down, down, into unknown depths.

At this time, the great civilised nations of Atlantis had drawn into two opposed camps: the one, looking to the ancient City of the Golden Gate as their sacred metropolis, maintained the traditional worship of their race, the worship of the Sun—the Sun in the beauty of his rising, clad in the bright colors of the dawning, encircled with the radiant youths and maidens of his court; the Sun in the zenith of his glory, the blazing strength of his mid-heaven, scattering abroad his brilliant rays of life and heat; the Sun in the splendid couch of his setting, touching into rarest softest hues the clouds he left as promise of his return. The people worshipped him with choral dances, with incense and with flowers, with joyous songs, and with offerings of gold and gems, with laughter and with minstrelsy, with joyous games and sports. Over these children of the Blazing Sun the White Emperor bore rule, and his race had for long millennia held unchallenged sway. But gradually the outlying kingdoms, ruled by his lieutenants, had become independent, and they were beginning to join together into a Federation, rallying round a man who had appeared among them, a remarkable but sinister figure.

This man, Oduarpa by name, ambitious and crafty by nature, had realised that, in order to give stability to the Federation and to make head against the White Emperor, it was necessary to call to his aid the resources of the darker magic, to make compact with the denizens of the Nether World, and to establish a worship which would attract the people by its sensuous pleasures, and by the weird unholy powers it placed within the reach of its adepts. He had himself, by such compact, extended his life over an abnormal period, and had rendered himself impervious to spear or sword-thrust by materialising a metallic coating over his body, which turned weapons aside as would a shirt of mail. He aimed at supreme power, and was in a fair way to reach it, and he dreamed of himself as sitting crowned in the palace of the City of the Golden Gate.

The father of our youth was among the most intimate of his friends, and privy to his most secret designs, and both hoped that the lad would devote himself to the forwarding of their ambitions. But the youth had dreams and hopes of his own, nourished silently within his own heart; he had seen in the visions of the night the stately figure of a captain of the White Emperor, had gazed into his deep compelling eyes, had heard, as from afar, his words: "Mazpa, thou art mine, of my people, and surely thou shalt come to me, and know thyself as mine. Pledge not thyself to mine enemies, thou who art mine." And he had vowed himself his subject as vassal to his lord.

Of this was Mazpa thinking, as he lay musing by the stream. For another influence was playing upon him, and his blood ran hotly in his veins. Ill-pleased at this indifference to their worship—nay, at his shrinking from it, even in its outward rites of animal sacrifice and poured-out oblations of strong drink—his father and Oduarpa had conceived the plan of drawing him into the secret mysteries by the allurements of a maiden, dark and beauteous as the midnight sky star-studded, who loved him

deeply, but had so far failed to win his young heart with her charms. Between her dusky brilliant eyes and his half-fascinated gaze would float the splendid face of his vision, and he would hear again the thrilling whisper: "Thou art mine."

At length, however, she had so far won him—persuaded to the task by her mother, a veritable witch-hag, who had told her that thus alone might she gain his love—as to obtain from him a promise that he would accompany her to the underground caves in which the magical rites were performed, which drew the denizens of the Nether World from their retreats, and gained from them the forbidden knowledge which changed the human into the animal form, thus giving opportunity for free play to the passions of the brute hidden in man, passions of lust and slaughter. Cyndaka had played upon his heart with skill taught by her own passion, and had fanned his indifference into fire, not enduring, indeed, but warm while it lasted. And to-day the passion was hot upon him, and the power of her allurements swayed him. For she had just left him, after coaxing him to promise to meet her after sunset near the caverns where the mysteries were performed, and he was struggling between his longing to follow her, and his repulsion from the guessed-at scenes in which he would be expected to take part. The sun sank below the horizon and the sky darkened while still Mazpa lay musing; with a shudder he started to his feet, but now his mind was made up, and he turned his steps towards the *rendezvous*.

To his surprise a considerable company was gathered at the spot; his father was there with his priestly friends, and Cyndaka with a crescent moon on her head, the sign of the bride, and a band of maidens round her, all clad in gauzy star-spangled raiment through which the brown lithe limbs gleamed duskily; a band of youths of his own age, among whom he recognised his nearest friends, were also waiting, with spotted skins of animals for raiment,

and light cymbals which they clashed as they danced round him like fauns.

"Hail, Mazpa!" they cried, "favorite of the dark Sun, child of the Night! See where thy Moon and her Stars await thee. But first thou must win her from us, her defenders."

Suddenly she was whirled away in the midst of the dancers and vanished in the darkness of the cavern yawning wide in front, and Mazpa was seized, stripped of his garments, a skin like that of the rest thrown over him, and intoxicated, maddened, he fled in her pursuit, amid laughter and cheers: "Hey! young hunter, be swift, lest the hounds pull down thy deer!"

After a few minutes Mazpa, with the shouting crowd at his heels, had raced through the outer caverns, and had reached a vast hall, blazing with crimson light. In the midst rose a huge canopy, red in color and studded with great carbuncles, that tossed back the light like splashes of fiery blood; beneath the canopy a copper throne, inlaid with gold, and before it a yawning gulf, out of which flashed tongues of flame, lurid and roaring. Heavy clouds of strange incense filled the air, intoxicating, maddening.

The rush swept him onwards, and he was caught up into a wild tumultuous whirl of dancers, who shouted, yelled, sprang into the air in wild bounds, circling round the canopied throne, and crying: "Oduarpa! Oduarpa! Come, we are craving for thee!"

A low roll of thunder crept muttering round the cavern, growing louder and louder, and ending in a tremendous clap just over head; the flames leapt up, and amid them rose the mighty form of Oduarpa, steel-grey in his magic sheathing, stern, majestic, with his face grave, even sad as that of a fallen Archangel, but strong with unbending pride and iron resolution. He took his seat on the throne, where he sat throughout all that followed silent

and sombre, taking no part in the riot; he waved his hand, and the mad orgy recommenced, the wildest dancers bathing in the flames which lapped over the edges of the gulf, and tossed themselves into the air. Mazpa had caught sight of Cyndaka in the midst of the youths and the girls, and he raced, mad with excitement, in her direction; she eluded him, her escort baffled him, he touched her only to see her whirled out of his reach. At last, panting, wild, he made a desperate rush, and the escort fled with screams of laughter, each youth with a girl, and he leapt on Cyndaka and clasped her in his arms.

Wilder and wilder grew the revel; slaves bearing huge pitchers of strong drink appeared, accompanied by others with goblets. Madness of drink was added to madness of motion, and the lurid lights sank low into twilight of redness.

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But see! out of the passage whence emerged Oduarpa, comes a wild procession; hairy bipeds, long-armed and claw-footed, with animals' heads, and manes streaming over shoulders, horrent, appalling, non-human yet horribly human. They hold in their clawlike hands phials and boxes, and as they mingle with the wildest dancers they give these to the revellers most mad with drink and lust. These smear over their limbs the ointment in the boxes, drink the contents of the phials, and lo! they drop senseless, huddled on the ground, but from each huddled heap there springs an animal form, snarling, ravening, and vanishes from the cavern into the darkness of the outside night.

The bright Gods help the wayfarers who meet these bedevilled astral materialisations, fierce and conscienceless as animals, cruel and crafty as men! But the bright Gods are sleeping, and only the hosts of the Midnight Sun, ghosts, goblins, and all evil things

are abroad. The creatures return, their jaws dripping with blood, their hides draggled with filth, ere morning dawns, and crouching on the huddled forms on the floor of the cavern sink into them and disappear.

Such orgies as these were held from time to time, Oduarpa using them to increase his hold upon the people, and he established similar rites at many places, making himself the central figure in all, becoming a veritable object of worship, and gradually welding the people together in allegiance to himself, until he became the acknowledged Emperor. His relations with the inhabitants of the Nether World—called in latter days the "Kingdom of Pan"—gave him much additional power, and he had trusted lieutenants, bound to him by their common knowledge of, and participation in, the ghastly abominations of that realm —ever prompt to carry out his commands.

He finally succeeded in assembling a very large army and began his march against the White Emperor, directing his course towards the City of the Golden Gate. He hoped to overawe and conquer, not only by fair assault of arms, but by the terror that would be spread by his hellish allies, and the ghastly transformations of the black wizards into animal forms. He himself had a body-guard of magic animals round him, powerful desire-forms materialised into physical bodies, who guarded him and devoured any who approached him with hostile intent. When a battle was raging, and the issue doubtful, Oduarpa would suddenly loose against his foes his horde of demoniacal allies, who would rush into the fray, tearing with teeth and claws, and spread panic among the startled hosts. When his enemies broke into flight, he would send these swift demons in pursuit, and the troops of wizards would likewise take animal forms, gorging themselves on the bodies of the slain.

Thus he fought his way onwards, till he came near the City of the Golden Gate, where the last army of the

White Emperor lay embattled. Mazpa had fought as a soldier in the army, partly under a spell, and yet awake enough to be sick at heart at his surroundings, and Cyndaka with other ladies had accompanied the camp. The day of the decisive battle dawned; the imperial army was led by the White Emperor himself, and the right wing of the army was under the command of his most trusted captain, Yoapa. During the preceding night, Mazpa had been visited once more by his early vision, and had heard the well-loved voice: "Mazpa, thou art fighting against thy true lord, and to-morrow wilt thou meet me, face to face. Break thou thy rebel sword and yield thee to me; thou shalt die by my side, and it shall be well."

And so indeed it happed. For in the fierce shock of battle, as the imperial troops were giving way, the Emperor slain, Mazpa saw, struggling gallantly against overwhelming odds, the face of his vision, the captain Yoapa. With a cry he sprang forward, breaking his sword in two, and catching up a spear, he threw himself at Yoapa's back, fiercely thrusting through a soldier who struck at Yoapa from behind. At that moment Oduarpa charged up, mad with fury, and struck Yoapa down, and with a cry that rang across the field, he summoned Cyndaka, by swift spell changing her into a fierce animal, which rushed with bared fangs at Mazpa, fainting from loss of blood. But in the very act, the love which had been her life cried out from Cyndaka's soul, and wrought her rescue! for its strong flow changed into loving woman the form of ravening hate, and with a dying kiss on Mazpa's dying face she breathed away her life.

And that night, while yet the human animals roamed over the battle-field, devouring and snarling, Oduarpa, enthroned on a pile of corpses, was crowned Emperor of the City of the Golden Gate.

ANNIE BESANT

SAVED BY A GHOST

CHAPTER I

Explanatory

I, Victor King-Norman, am an old man now, and the events of my boyhood, of which I am about to write, lie half-a-century behind me. But even now it is painful to recall them, and I should not have disinterred them from the grave of time and renewed their vivid sensations, but for a request from a Theosophical leader whose wish is law to me. In obedience to that command I tell my tale, suppressing only the true names of some of the actors in the drama.

My father, Norman King-Norman, had been a man of considerable reputation in London in his youth, in the days of King William IV of somewhat inglorious memory. After he married my mother he disappeared altogether from the London firmament of which he had been a luminary, and lived all the year round at Norman Hall, his ancestral home in the north country.

When railways began to be heard of, he was keenly interested in them, foresaw a magnificent future for them, and invested much of his fortune in them. When I was thirteen years of age he had become the leading director of a certain railway then in course of construction in South America, and in connexion with it he found it necessary to visit that continent—a much more serious voyage in those days of paddle-wheel steamers than it is now.

He took with him his family, consisting of my mother, myself, and my younger brother Gerald—a child of about

seven years. We took a house at the seaport town which was the terminus of the railway, and resided there during the greater part of our stay in the country ; but my father's business frequently took him into the interior, to the unfinished part of the line. I believe that the contractors found themselves unable for some reason to carry on the work, and that consequently my father, on behalf of the Company, practically took the completion of the line out of their hands ; at any rate, whether I am correct as to the business details or not, I know that after the first few months his absences from the town were frequent and prolonged. On several of these expeditions I was, to my great delight, permitted to accompany him ; and once, on the memorable occasion whose history I am about to relate, my little brother Gerald was also allowed to join the party. The mother's anxious eye had detected—or she fancied so—some slight sign of diminished strength in the little boy ; and it was thought that the entire change of life involved in a few days camping-out "up country" would be beneficial to him.

Before I can make my story intelligible to those who have not lived in South America, it will be necessary for me briefly to explain the social condition of that marvellous continent. There are—or were at the time of which I speak—four principal races among the inhabitants of that part of the country in which lies the scene of my tale. First came the descendants of the Spanish and Portuguese conquerors—a haughty, indolent race ; a race courtly and hospitable, by no means without its good qualities, but yet one whose strongest characteristic was an immeasurable contempt (or the affectation of it) for all other races whatsoever.

Next came the Red Indians—the earlier lords of the soil ; of these many tribes had adopted a kind of squalid semi-civilisation, but many others were still savages untamed and untamable—men who regarded work of any kind as the deepest degradation—who hated the white

man with a traditional, unrelenting hatred, and (strange though it may seem) more than reciprocated the boundless contempt of the blue-blooded hidalgo of Spain. It will no doubt be incomprehensible to many of us that a half-naked savage can entertain any other feeling than envy for our superior civilisation, however much he may dislike us ; but I can only say that the quite genuine and unaffected feeling of the Red Indian towards the white man is pure and unmitigated contempt. It is not flattering to our self-love, but it is absolutely true for all that ; and an uncomfortable suspicion *will* sometimes creep in that there are aspects of the case in which his feeling is—well, not so very unreasonable.

Third came the Negro race—no inconsiderable portion of the population, and chiefly in a state of slavery, though the Government was doing all in its power to remove that curse from its territories ; and last and worst came what were called the half-breeds or half-castes—a mixed race which seemed, as mixed races sometimes do, to combine all the worst qualities of both its parent stocks. Indian, Spaniard, and Negro alike despised them ; and they in turn regarded all alike with a virulent hatred. So strong were these feelings that, when it came to enlistment in the army, the other races absolutely declined to serve in the same regiment with the half-castes, and these people therefore had to be drafted into regiments by themselves, so that there existed in the army regiments of both types, and their feelings towards each other were decidedly unfriendly.

At the time when my story begins these feelings of scarcely-veiled hostility had at last broken out into actual warfare. I forget what was made the excuse for the outbreak ; some orders which were given to the half-caste regiments offended their dignity in some way, and there was an open mutiny. Four of these regiments marched off under the leadership of a man named Martinez, an officer, not without a certain amount of ability, but bearing an atrociously bad reputation. He was popularly

credited with having broken over and over again every commandment in the decalogue; but whether all this was true or fabulous, it was at least certain that he was a man of vicious temper and abominable cruelty. Nevertheless he was said to be a good though unscrupulous leader, and there was a certain dash about him which made men of his own race follow him.

The affair ought to have been nothing but a petty mutiny quickly suppressed, and indeed that was what the Government wished us to believe with regard to it. The Government of any South American State is usually in a rather precarious condition, and most of its subjects are generally ready on very slight provocation to make an attempt to overturn it; so the disaffection spread and became quite a rebellion. In the part of the country where we were, little was known of the movements of the insurgents; and, as I have said, it was the policy of the Government to minimise the whole affair and assure us that it was quite unimportant. Later, when everything was over, it transpired that Martinez had concocted a plot of considerable ingenuity, and had contrived by all kinds of specious promises to induce several of the savage Indian tribes to join him. The two parties to this precious conspiracy were each playing false with the other; the idea of the half-breeds was to utilise the Indians to help them to massacre the whites, and then to turn upon their partners and murder them in turn, and thus consolidate their power. The idea of the Red Indians on the other hand was that they could utilise the mutinous regiments to help them to drive the white men into the sea, after which it would be quite easy to massacre the half-breeds, and so regain the country for themselves.

It never occurred to us that any danger from the insurgents could menace our little expedition into the interior. Whatever fighting there was, was going on some hundreds of miles to the south, and the whole of our part of the country was perfectly free from it. But

nevertheless we were destined to see much more of the struggle than we wanted, as my story will presently show.

The railway line ran through great tracts of primeval forest; and a South American forest is like no other in the world. Trees two hundred feet high and wide-spreading in proportion, literally one mass of blazing color; domes of blue or scarlet or orange, and great creepers, thick as a man's leg, hanging from tree to tree, extending often for hundreds of feet, and covered with flowers even more splendid than those of the trees themselves. It was a favorite game with the children to choose each one of these giant creepers, and try in spite of its entanglements to trace it out to its end—the boy who had chosen the longest creeper being of course the winner. It was a veritable fairyland, unequalled in its marvellous beauty, but much too thickly inhabited for human comfort.

Precisely because men are so few, the non-human inhabitants flourish to a degree unknown elsewhere, and a large proportion of them are dangerous to man. Splendid creatures, many of them, but distinctly uncomfortable neighbors. The jaguar, more beautiful and kingly-looking even than the royal tiger of India, but equally dangerous; the boa-constrictor, the largest snake in the world, often thirty feet long and as thick as a man's thigh; the alligator, deadly as the shark of the ocean, swarming in every river and pool; all these and many other creatures make the conditions of human life somewhat arduous in those marvellous South American forests.

Full of birds, too, are they, alive with colors equalling those of the flowers; parrots of all kinds; huge screaming macaws, painted crudely and gorgeously in scarlet and blue and yellow; tiny humming-birds, no larger than the humble-bee, but glowing with ruby and emerald like actual living jewels; hundreds of varieties all resplendent in hue, but songless, except for the deep ringing bell-like note of the *campanero*; all kinds of strange-looking creatures, wondrous in color but always with something bizarre

about them, something unlike what is seen in any other land.

But it is the insect world above all others which forces itself upon the attention of a visitor, and usually unpleasantly. The tarantula and the scorpion are its aristocracy—not properly insects at all; huge ants, in countless millions, which start out upon mysterious migrations and turn aside for nothing; chigoes, uncomfortable little creatures which get under one's toe-nails and lay tiny little bags full of eggs, which have to be cut out by the servants each evening before one goes to bed. Assuredly the insect world is ever with us, and we usually wish that it was not.

Nevertheless, there was little of danger about our invasion of these primeval forests, for we were undertaking it under unusually favorable conditions. The small army of laborers who were working at the end of the line gave us the advantage of company. None of the larger wild beasts would come into the neighborhood of so great a crowd of men, and we learnt by dire experience how to deal with the smaller beasts. Along with us as a kind of valet and general guardian came our faithful negro servant Tito. He had been presented to us as a slave, but we had freed him, and consequently he was overflowing with gratitude.

The railway was a mere trench cut through the forest, almost in a straight line, for at this stage no intermediate station had as yet been erected, and though it passed in the neighborhood of several villages none of them were actually in sight from it, so there was nothing to prevent a clear run. I remember on one occasion, a few weeks before that of which I am writing, I had myself a very exciting experience on that same line. One day, when we were away at the end of the line just seventy-five miles from the terminus, news reached us through the arrival of a brother of one of the laborers

that very serious defalcations had taken place in the office at the terminus, and that the defaulting cashier was departing with his plunder by a certain steamer bound for Europe, which was due to start on that very day. The news arrived just an hour before the time for the sailing of the mail-steamer, and my father was in despair as to what to do. There were no telegraphs in those days, and a runner would take thirty hours to cover the distance, even going along the newly-made railway line.

We had an engine with us, but it was what is called a contractor's engine, not built for any high speeds; and even so, its regular driver was down that day with fever, and the young lad who was in charge of it, though he managed well enough to pull a few trucks up and down, was quite incapable of trying a record run with it. My father did not know how to manage the locomotive, and besides, it would have been a very serious matter for him to leave just then; but fortunately I, with a boy's fancy for machinery, had learnt to understand the engine pretty well, and had driven it many times, though only for short distances.

I at once offered to try to make the run in time to stop the steamer, and somehow felt certain that I could do it, although my father thought it quite impossible. Moments were flying, however, and there was little time to discuss the matter, so he consented to my making the attempt, though he thought it foredoomed to failure. The engine had steam up, and a few moments sufficed to load it with coal, and make sure that its tanks were full; and then off I started, with the boy who had previously driven the engine as a fireman. The run was a most exciting one; I pushed that engine to its utmost speed, and it was fortunate for me that on the whole the line was fairly straight, for I was in no mood to slacken much for curves. Suffice it to say that I did the distance in the time, though I arrived with the plates of the engine red-hot.

As soon as we reached the terminus, I jumped off and rushed up to the signal-tower on the hill, the official in charge of which was well known to me; and thankful I was to see the mail-steamer still lying in the bay, though she was even already getting up her anchors. Under my instructions, my friend the official at once ran up a signal imperatively calling upon the steamer to wait. Meantime I ran down the hill to the port authorities, and very soon a boat with quite an imposing array of police and other officials was being rowed out rapidly towards the steamer. These port officials knew my father well as the consignee of large cargoes of rails and other materials, and so when once I reached the place my task was an easy one. Even the captain of the steamer knew me, and when he understood the gravity of the emergency he forgave me for delaying him. The defaulting cashier was at once arrested in spite of his excited protests, and haled ashore to prison, all the money being duly recovered. I believe I considerably damaged that engine by reckless overdriving; but the amount at stake was large enough to condone that trifling irregularity.

It was my father's custom to have a small wooden cabin built for him out at the end of the line, and live in it for a few days until the line had been constructed to a point which he found inconveniently far from it. Then he would have another similar cabin erected a little further along. Wood was so abundant that it was not worth while to carry the logs from one such halting place to another, even though it was only a few miles further on. There were generally plenty of logs lying on the ground, so some trees could be quickly chopped down and a new cabin put up at the cost of very little labor. The usual plan was to choose logs perhaps a foot in diameter and split them in half longitudinally, and in this way a rough hut was made quite strong enough to keep out any wild beasts known

in that country, though there were of course many cracks between the logs, through which came plenty of light and air. Generally such a cabin was made without a window, but with a rough door—a door which had no hinges, but was kept in its place during the night by a heavy wooden bar which prevented it from falling inwards. In the daytime the door was laid aside and the empty place served as a window. My father had a rough table for his office work, and we sat about on stumps or lay on the floor, as fancy dictated.

CHAPTER II

Attacked by the Indians

On the day on which my story begins, this hut happened to be erected at one end of a sort of glade or open place in the forest. Behind and on each side of the hut, the forest was not more than twenty yards away, but in front of its door the glade sloped gently down to the banks of a little stream perhaps a hundred and fifty yards away. Away beyond that stream, but concealed from view from the hut by great clumps of trees and a rise in the ground, was the (end for the time being) of the railway, where a crowd of men were busily working. The men usually took a short siesta in the middle of the day, according to the custom of the country, and we sometimes tried to do so too; but, not being used to it, I at least could never get to sleep. This siesta was still in progress, though if I recollect rightly, it was about the time of its conclusion. My father sat writing at his table; I lay on the floor reading a story, and little Gerald was playing some childish game away in a corner. The servant Tito was away about some of his work; at any rate he was not in the cabin or visible from it.

Suddenly the quiet of tropical noon was broken by a volley of rifle-shots—a most astounding phenomenon, for so far as we knew there was not a rifle except our own within fifty miles at least. We

sprang to our feet, and my father went to the door and looked out down the glade. As I have said, the spot where the men were working was not actually visible from our door; so, as there was nothing unusual to be seen, my father took his rifle from the corner where it leaned, and started to see what was the matter. I snatched up my rifle also—for I also had one; in that wild country even little Gerald never went out without his tiny revolver struck in his belt, and I habitually carried a brace of Colts, and took a rifle with me whenever I went out for a walk. And these precautions were by no means unnecessary, for, to say nothing of human inhabitants, dangerous wild animals came down quite close to the houses even on the outskirts of the town. Why, one morning I saw—but that is another story, as Rudyard Kipling so often says.

We were hardly outside the door when one of our laborers appeared from behind the clump of trees near the stream, running wildly. When he saw us he uttered a shout, but we could not understand what he said, and before he had time to speak again another rifle-shot rang out, and he threw up his arms and fell dead. Immediately there burst into view at the bottom of the glade a great crowd of painted savages, who waved their weapons and emitted blood-curdling yells. Several shots were fired at us, but fortunately we were untouched, and we at once retired into the hut and put the door into its place, slipping in the heavy bar behind it. Then quite calmly my father remarked to me, as I stood there with my rifle still in my hand:

"You take the crack to the left of the door, and I will take this on the right. Rifles first; then pistols. We must kill as many as we can before they can reach the hut. Steady, now; we cannot afford to miss."

We had not then the quick-firing guns of the present day; but still ten of those Red Indians fell before they had come more than half-way up the rise. Some word of command was

shouted, and in an instant they dashed into cover at each side of the glade, and for the moment disappeared from our sight. Still watching through the crack, my father said:

"This gives us a moment's respite. Load again; have everything ready, and all your ammunition where you can reach it in a moment. They will be on us again directly."

"But, father," said I, "who are they, and what is it all about, and why do they come here attacking us in this mad way? We have done them no harm."

"I don't know, my boy," he said; "and, as far as I can see, it does not seem very likely that we ever shall know, because whatever they want, and however they come here, we cannot hope to hold this place against a crowd like that; and all that we can do is to sell our lives as dearly as possible. We are a hundred miles from the nearest help, and long before it can get here they will have disposed of us. I should not care for that, but that we have little Gerald with us. Why in the world did I bring him just this time and no other? and then *this* must happen!"

"What do you suppose has become of the men—the laborers?" said I.

"They must have been all killed," replied my father, "in that volley that we heard. That is clear, because if any were left they would certainly have run in this direction, to try to take refuge with us."

"But I do not see why they should kill them, or why they come after us," I objected.

"No," said my father, "I do not understand it either; but at least this is certain, that they are in their war-paint, and that always means they have started out with the intention to kill, and that they will fight to the death. No one can tell the reasons on which these barbarians act."

At this moment we were interrupted by another loud yell, and the whole band of savages, who had come closer to us under cover of the forest, rushed out upon us simultaneously from both sides. Man after man fell, but they dashed up to the hut bravely enough, and threw themselves against the door. Fortunately the bar held, and, as they soon saw that they could do nothing to us, and were absolutely exposed to our fire, with another great shout they dashed back again into shelter.

So far we had escaped unhurt, while quite a number of corpses lay round the hut, for even little Gerald had taken his part bravely, and had shot at least two of the savages, besides wounding another. On my side one fierce-looking fellow had thrust the muzzle of his rifle through one of the cracks. I leaped to one side, seized it just as he discharged it, and fired my revolver over it straight into the face of its owner, who fell back with a groan, leaving the rifle projecting through the crack.

His shot filled the hut with smoke, but otherwise did us no harm. When they had fled into the woods I wanted to unbolt the door in order to take in that rifle, but my father would not allow it, saying that the Indians were certainly watching us from the woods, and that it would be an unnecessary exposure. Also he pointed out that the rifle would be of no use to us, even after we got it, as we were already armed and our ammunition would not fit it. It was a queer old muzzle-loader, fired with a percussion cap, and would certainly, as my father said, have been of no use to us; yet I relinquished that trophy with great reluctance, even though I knew quite well that the probabilities were that we should never live to exhibit it to anybody. So we pushed the rifle out, and let it fall among the bodies outside.

We had repulsed the attack, certainly, and so far we were unhurt, while the enemy had suffered considerable loss. We had gained but a barren victory, however,

and we were under no illusions as to the gravity of our situation. We had with us a fair supply of ammunition, and, entrenched as we were, behind—not boards, but—heavy logs which were bullet-proof, we might possibly hold our own against another such attack or even several such, though a chance bullet might at any moment find its way through a crack and lay one of us low. But we had no food whatever (save, I think, half a box of biscuits); and, worse still, we had only a half-emptied bottle of water. Our meals were under ordinary circumstances cooked for us by the missing Tito, but his primitive culinary arrangements were usually made out in the open or under a tree, and such stores of food as we had with us were kept with other stores down in the sheds near the railway line, so that if the savages chose simply to sit down and besiege us, there could be only one end to the affair.

Our conversation, as may be imagined, was not very hopeful. One thing alone seemed to occupy my father's mind—regret that he had brought my younger brother into this terrible position, and sorrow for the shock that the little boy's inevitable death must produce upon his loving mother. We speculated ceaselessly as to why these Indians were attacking us, and (more practically) as to what they were likely to do next, though the answers to these questions could hardly have been of any great importance to us. Whatever were their reasons, that they were going to kill us seemed certain. There appeared to be not the slightest loop-hole of escape, and absolutely the only thing that we could do on our side was to make the inevitable result as difficult for them as possible, and to exact from them as heavy a price for their victory as lay in our power.

Now ensued a long period of waiting, which was far more trying to our nerves (to mine at least) than the exciting time of the attack. All was silent in the forest around us, but unfortunately we knew well that

that silence did not indicate that the Indians had abandoned us. After a long time, indeed, we heard a sound of chopping, and marvelled much what our enemies might be doing. Presently we discovered the meaning of the sound, for quite suddenly—in a flash, as it were—the silence changed into a pandemonium of sound, the savages rushing yelling upon the hut once more, madly and uselessly discharging their rifles at it as they ran forward. As before, we fired as rapidly as we could, and had already accounted for several of the attacking party, when my father shouted across to me:

"Here, this way. Aim only at those men with the log."

Then I saw that six or eight of the Indians were carrying between them a huge log, which they evidently intended to use as a battering-ram to break in our door, which no doubt with so great a weight they could easily have done. But, though they had only some twenty yards to bring the thing, it did not reach us; my father's quick grasp of their intention foiled their plan for this time, at any rate, for we concentrated the fire of our revolvers upon those who were bearing the tree-trunk, and when they had gone half the distance already half of them were down, and the remainder found the weight too great for them. Others sprang forward bravely to take their places, but they were too late to catch the falling log, and when once it lay on the ground it was death for any man to approach it. Once more our assailants broke and fled in confusion. Once more we were left to exult over a temporary victory, and quite a pile of bodies lay upon and around their battering-ram.

This time, however, we had had the narrowest of escapes, for while my father and I were concentrating our attention upon those who surrounded the battering-ram, another plumed warrior had crept to the back of the hut, thrust the muzzle of his gun through a crack, and fired it at us from behind. He missed us, though

but by a hair's breadth, and we found the bullet afterwards, embedded in one of the logs by the door. Our little Gerald had seen him and fired at him; indeed it is probable that it was his shrill shout of warning which deflected the Indian's aim. Gerald reported that he had not killed the man, but only wounded him, for though he staggered back and seemed badly hurt, he was yet able to crawl off into the forest. Our foes had lost heavily in their three attempts to capture us, but we knew that that would make them all the more determined that we should on no account escape.

Now there began for us a period of the most trying suspense. Hour after hour passed by, and nothing whatever occurred. We could not hope that they had given up their prey; we knew well enough that their chiefs had been dismayed by the slaughter of their men, and that they had decided to wait until darkness gave them a better opportunity. For myself, I know that I wished that they would attack us again, that they would continue attacking us, for anything seemed to me to be better than that dreadful waiting for certain death. Of course we speculated as to where poor Tito was, and how they had killed him; as to how the attack upon the workmen had been arranged; and what had happened to the foreman, a big powerful Scotchman, who must surely have been taken unawares, or he would have contrived to give a good account of almost any number of the savages. We thought of the mother at home and wondered whether any news of our fate would ever reach her, considering that there seemed to be no one left to tell the tale.

We were, I believe, what would be called religious people, yet I do not recollect that at this crisis of our fate we talked much about religious subjects. Once only, so far as I remember, did my father refer to such matters.

"Well, boys," he said, "you are young to have to die like this, before you have seen anything of life, and

I am sorry that I brought you with me. But it is no use being sorry; and who could have foreseen this? But remember we are in God's hands, and nothing can happen to us without His knowledge; and whatever is His will for us, somehow or other that is the best for us, and if we die bravely, as Englishmen should, you may be sure that somehow we are serving Him in doing it, and when we meet Him hereafter it will matter very little when or how we died, will it?"

And I think that, young as we were, we were inspired by his example, and we were chiefly comforted by the thought that at least we were dying together.

Time wore on, and at last the quick darkness of the tropics fell upon us. I think the strain of waiting had told upon us all. I know that I had several times caught myself nodding, and I think that little Gerald was, for a time at least, sound asleep; but my father never relaxed his watch for a moment. When the darkness had fallen, and the sounds of the tropical night were all around us, he gave us a few words of kindly encouragement, and for the first time made a suggestion which seemed to be inspired by the faintest gleam of hope.

"Boys," he said, "I do not know what they are doing, but if they do not show themselves soon I shall open the door as silently as possible, and we will try to slip off among the trees."

"But," I objected, "surely, father, they will be watching us on all sides."

"Yes," said my father, "most likely they are, but at least there is just a chance that we might get through. At the worst, if we fail, they can only kill us, and that is certainly what will happen to us if we stay here."

When he said this I was all on fire to try the experiment at once; but then came to me the awful thought that perhaps we might not all escape, but that one of us might be killed; and suppose that one should

be my father, what then should Gerald and I do? Or suppose it should be little Gerald, what use would my life be to me? I said nothing of these thoughts, but my enthusiasm for the plan was damped.

However, our ferocious enemies gave us no opportunity of putting it into execution. Suddenly out of the darkness came something like a stream of fire, and then in rapid succession another and another, and it seemed as though they fell upon the roof of our hut. For a moment we could not imagine what they were, but very soon the ingenuity of the savages dawned upon us. Though the walls of our hut were made of heavy half-logs deeply set in the ground, it was thatched only with palm-leaves. Our enemies had observed that vulnerable point, and were shooting on to the roof flaming arrows wrapped round with cotton steeped in oil. In a few moments our roof was in a blaze, the hut was filled with blinding smoke, and the flaming fragments were falling all about us. We had to spring upon these fragments and stamp them out, or we should have been roasted to death; and while we were thus fighting for our lives with the flames, the Indians ran to where their battering-ram had fallen, picked it up and charged with it. With a tremendous crash the door and its bar broke from their supports, and in a moment we were surrounded by our foes. We could hardly see through the smoke, but already most of the burning thatch had fallen, and the onrush of the savages trampled out the flames.

"Back to back," my father shouted, and in a moment somehow he and I and little Gerald were together in the centre of the hut, in the midst of an evil-smelling mass of red men, who seemed to be charging upon us simultaneously from all sides. Even then our pistols rang out, and I know that one or two at least went down upon my side; but I received a heavy blow upon the head from behind, and then I knew no more for a while of what was happening.

After a time (how long a time I have no means of knowing) I came to myself again; but, as it seems to me in trying to remember it, only very slowly and confusedly. At first I was conscious of a vague sense of pain, of a curious persistent jolting and a strong desire that the jolting would stop, and let me be at peace. It continued, however, and the sense of discomfort increased, and presently I became dimly conscious that I was moving in some way, or rather being carried in some peculiarly awkward and uncomfortable fashion. I think I had no memory for quite a long time of the fight or the Indians, or indeed of anything; and I may have remained in this condition of semi-stupor for a long period. It seemed like interminable ages to me, yet of course it may really have been but a few minutes (I have no means of knowing); but as my senses gradually re-asserted themselves, I felt that at intervals I was being roughly pushed and scratched and struck by something from above, while I was confined in some uncomfortable way from beneath.

I am trying to describe the sensations of my recovery as well as I can, and yet I cannot really express them, for it was all indescribably vague and cloudy, and I seemed quite incapable of assigning causes to these sensations, or of understanding what was happening to me. But somehow by degrees it dawned upon me that I was upon the back of a horse or a mule, that the horrible jolting was caused by his stumbling over what seemed to be very uneven ground, and that the blows and scratches came to me from the low hanging branches of the trees under which we were passing. I think it was when I had got about as far as this, that my consciousness seemed to return to me with a kind of jerk, to wake up again within me suddenly, and I realised that I was bound upon the back of this animal, that he was one of a large number of similar creatures, some of which were loaded with what seemed to be bales of goods, while others were ridden by the Indians. I saw

also that many Indians were all about us on foot. And then with a shock, memory fully returned to me, and I realised that I must have been stunned by a blow in the burning hut, and that instead of killing me on the spot these Indians were carrying me off as a prisoner.

We were pushing through the forest at a good speed, and there under the trees the darkness was impenetrable. But almost as soon as my senses had fully returned to me we came out into a sort of clearing, where I could dimly see the mob of mounted and running savages which surrounded me. My first thought was, "Is my father also a prisoner?" And I raised a shout of "Father!" At least I tried to make it a shout, though I dare say in reality it was but a feeble cry. A moment of terrible suspense, and then a great wave of thankfulness came over me as I heard his cheery voice exclaim in reply from somewhere amidst the dusky mass in front of me:

"Ha, my boy, you are alive then!" he cried; "are you much hurt?"

"No, I think not," I called in reply, "but my head feels queer. But are you hurt?"

I had only just time to hear "No" in reply, when an Indian thrust his face into mine and savagely told me to be silent, and at the same time I saw some sort of struggle taking place in front, which suggested that they were closing round my father and trying to keep him quiet also. The man who had checked me had spoken in a kind of bastard Spanish—half Spanish, half Portuguese, but spoken with a curious thick guttural accent that made it well-nigh incomprehensible; but when the ruffians round me spoke to one another, which was very rarely, they did so in some language of their own of which I knew nothing. I could chatter well enough with the negroes in the curious *lingua franca* which they speak, and I tried in that to ask the Indians around me where they were taking us, and where my little brother

was; but they either did not or would not understand me. At any rate they made no reply further than roughly to repeat the command to be silent when I tried to shout to my father once more. For some time after this I was in anxiety concerning the fate of little Gerald, but at last as we were crossing an open space I had the great joy of seeing him alive and apparently unhurt. A man who seemed of some consequence among the Indians was holding him in front of him as he rode, seated on the neck of his horse. I called to him at once to ask if he was hurt, and he called back:

"No, not much," and, I think, asked after me. But the man who was holding him shook him roughly and ordered him to be quiet. Now that my mind was relieved as to the fate of my father and brother, I had leisure to consider my own condition, and it certainly did not improve on consideration. I found that I had been stripped absolutely naked, that my wrists were fastened together tightly behind me, and that my ankles were secured by a rope or thong which passed under the body of my steed.

In front of me was some sort of pack or roll of blankets, and to this also I was bound, apparently by the rope which tied it on to the horse. In my insensible condition I suppose I must have lain on this roll, tied to it as though I had myself been simply another package; and even now that I had come to myself I was unable to sit up and ride properly, or to extend a hand to save myself from striking against the lower branches of the trees under which we passed. Altogether my position was a vilely uncomfortable one, and when I add to that the fact that my head ached abominably from the blow which had stunned me, it will readily be understood that I was not in especially good spirits.

As far as I was able to think connectedly, I believe that I spent most of my time in wondering about the situation in which we found ourselves. Who could these Indians be, and what could be their object in attacking

us so savagely as they had done, and yet after all in taking us prisoners instead of killing us off-hand? I knew well enough, from plenty of stories that I had heard, that it was not their custom to take prisoners; and though while there is life there is hope, and it was at least an unexpected boon that our lives had been spared so far, I must admit that the more I reflected upon our probable future the less I liked the prospect.

It seems incredible, in such a hideously uncomfortable position, but I believe that I must actually have slept, or at least dozed; for I remember nothing of the dawning, yet it was full daylight when my steed stopped with a jerk, which woke me to the consciousness that we were out of that interminable forest at last. To my intense surprise I saw before me, not the wigwams of the Indians, but what appeared to be the tents of an army; and with that sight there came upon me a sudden gleam of hope, which oddly enough turned me absolutely sick. If here were military tents, surely here also must be civilised men, and since these Indians, instead of killing us, had brought us to this place, was there not possibly some hope of escape after all? What it all meant I had no more idea than I had had before, but at least this was something quite different from the gruesome end to our ride which my fears had been prompting me to expect when I fell asleep.

CHAPTER III

At the Camp of Martinez

The Indians now began to unload the horses and to turn them out to graze, and among others they untied the rope that bound me to the bundle in front of me, and also that which fastened my ankles underneath the body of the horse. They did not, however, untie the cord which bound my wrists, and they simply dropped me on the ground among the other bales, and paid but little further attention to me. Perhaps it was just as well, for I hardly think that I could have stood upon my feet,

and I was well content to sit upon the ground for a while and try to steady my swimming head and stretch my cramped muscles.

My father and Gerald had also been dismounted with a similar lack of ceremony, but a man stood on each side of my father as he sat on the ground, and though no actual endeavor to bind us was made beyond the fastening of the wrists, it was quite evident that we were carefully guarded, and that the Indians had no intention of neglecting us, or giving us any opportunity of slipping away from them.

Still, they did not prevent my father from walking over to where I lay and sitting down on the ground beside me, though his guards followed him closely. My father spoke authoritatively to such as appeared to be the chief men among the Indians, demanding in his best Spanish (which I must admit was barely intelligible) what they meant by seizing us in this way, by stripping us of our clothes, and generally treating us thus disgracefully. The Indians, however, took no notice—possibly because they really did not understand; though they must have known in a general way what he was saying, for presently they threw over us a couple of dirty *ponchos*. Now in that part of the world the *poncho* of an Indian was nothing but a blanket with a hole in the middle, through which the proud possessor put his head; so regarded as garments these things were distinctly inadequate, but at least they were enormously better than nothing, though we made many grimaces at their filthiness. My father proclaimed his intention of going to the nearest of the tents, and trying to open up communication with some civilised being; but this the Indians would not permit, and they were evidently prepared to use force if necessary to detain us where we were. So we soon agreed that it was better for us to remain quiet and let circumstances develop themselves, since it seemed reasonably evident that the Indians did not mean to kill

us or further to ill-treat us, and it was also clear that the camp was not yet awakened, for no one was moving about but a few sentinels.

The nearest tent to us was a large one, which was set quite apart from the others, higher up than they, and close to the edge of the forest. I remember it occurred to me that the scene in front of us had a certain resemblance to the little glade in which our hut had been erected, except that it was on a much larger scale. The forest lay behind us, and the larger tent which I have described stood with its back to it, something in the same way as our cabin had done. Down before it stretched a wide plain covered with the tents of the soldiers, and far away at the bottom I could see the gleaming waters of a stream. It was not difficult to infer that this must be the tent of the general, or whatever the officer in charge of this body of troops was called, for a special sentinel marched up and down a short beat in front of it.

In a few minutes appeared a tall Indian with a magnificent plume of feathers, whom I at once recognised as having been among those who attacked us the night before. Indeed, as he came nearer, and I could look at him more closely, I realised that I had seen him once before that also, though as he had then been dressed merely in the ordinary Indian fashion, I did not know him again at first in his war-paint and feathers. He had been pointed out to me in the streets of the town as a man of great power but exceedingly bad reputation, one who claimed the position of chief over all the Indians in that part of the country. He called himself by the name Antinahuel, which means, I am told, "the tiger of the sun," and he claimed descent from the ancient Incas of Peru. My information had been to the effect that there was in reality no foundation whatever for this claim, and that it was not recognised by the Peruvian Indians. Indeed, when in Peru I had myself seen the man who was accepted as the legitimate descendant, and while I have

no means of deciding between the rival claimants, I may at least say that that man looked gentle, dignified and kingly, while this man had a face which, though powerful, was full of revolting cruelty.

I was by no means reassured by my recognition of Antinahuel, for if half that I had heard of him was true, I could only wonder that after having fallen into his hands we were still alive. Still, we *were* alive, and the tents were evidence that we had some one else to deal with besides this relentless savage, so we waited with what patience we could. From the frequent glances directed by our guards and the others at the large tent, it seemed probable that we were waiting for someone to come out; perhaps for the general of this force to awaken. Presently, by degrees, the camp arose from its slumbers, and we saw frowsy-looking soldiers coming out of the various tents and talking together. We noticed at once that there was an absence of the discipline which one would naturally have expected—that the men were not all roused at once by a *reveillé*, but that they just seemed to wake as they chose. None of them, however, took any notice of us, or came up the hill to inspect us, from which we argued that they must be thoroughly accustomed to seeing the Indians in their war-paint —a sight which ordinarily would have instantly roused half-caste or Spanish natives into the wildest excitement.

Presently we could make out that some men dressed as officers were amongst the others, and a semblance of order began to show itself, some men trooping off down to the river with buckets. After a time, one who seemed to be a sort of leader among the Indians went down into the camp, and we saw him in conversation with one of the higher officers. After some few minutes' talk, they walked up the hill together and approached what we supposed to be the general's tent. Exchanging some pass-word with the sentry, who saluted him, the officer raised the flap of the tent and passed inside.

After an interval he came out again, accompanied by a choleric-looking little man who had evidently just been roused from sleep, and looked as though he resented it. He was dressed in a colonel's uniform, which, however, he wore in a slip-shod slovenly way. As he came out he was buckling his sword around his waist. As soon as he appeared, Antinahuel, who had, I suppose, been somewhere in the background all the time, came forward and exchanged with him a dignified salute.

We saw them speaking together, and it was evident from their glances in our direction that they were speaking of us. A crowd of soldiers was by this time gathering in that part of the camp nearest to us, apparently having realised that something unusual was going forward, but none of them ventured to approach very near to the tent, or to the group who were talking in front of it. The officer who had come up from the camp with the Indian turned towards them and shouted an order, and immediately four of his men came running up to him, received a few words of instruction, and then came quickly over to us, and motioned to us to rise and come with them. They did not touch us roughly in any way, but two of them ranged themselves one on each side of my father, another took charge of me and the fourth of little Gerald, and thus they marched us up before the little man, who was evidently the commander of this curiously undisciplined force.

We were certainly not very dignified in appearance; apart from our filthy *ponchos* we were absolutely naked, and not even decently clean; for the branches of the trees which had scratched and struck us as we rode hurriedly through them had covered us with smears and scratches, so that we presented a most disreputable appearance. Nevertheless, as soon as we were brought up before the commander, my father at once poured out upon him a most indignant complaint as to the way in which we had been treated, accused the Indians of the

slaughter of his workmen, and threatened the dire vengeance of the British Government on the heads of all concerned. His Spanish, as I have said, was distinctly faulty, and the effect of his outburst was much marred by the fact that at points where he became utterly explosive he generally had to turn to me for a word; for the fact was that, from running about perpetually among the negro and Indian servants, I knew more of the *patois* of the country than he did. The little commander heard his tirade to the end, and then began to speak in reply with, I must admit, a praiseworthy courtesy. He began by expressing his deep regret at the 'accident' that had happened to us, assuring us that it was all a mistake.

"A mistake!" roared my father; "then it is a mistake for which somebody will have to pay heavily. Perhaps you do not realise that a number of men have been killed, seventy, eighty, a hundred men!"

The little commander shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands, and assured us that no one could regret more than he the impetuosity of his Indian friends, but that in war these little mistakes would occasionally occur, and after all it was done, and it could not be undone.

My father was becoming more and more indignant, but he saw that this was not the time to discuss the question of eventual compensation or retribution, so he demanded that we should be instantly set free, and that our clothes should be returned to us, asserting that he was a British subject and did not propose to be treated in this way.

The little colonel, with a patience really wonderful for him, considering what kind of man he was, replied that all this should be done, but that there was a little ceremony—a mere nothing—which it was necessary that we should go through first. He said that he had often heard of the English, and heard wonderful stories of their prodigious valor, and that while he regretted deeply,

most deeply, that his Indian allies should have made the stupid error of mistaking us for Spaniards, and so putting us to all this deplorable inconvenience, yet on the other hand it was surely his good fortune which had brought us to him, in order that we might assist him in carrying out his plans.

He then gravely proceeded to offer to my father the command of one of the four regiments which he said he had with him, on consideration that we threw in our lot with him and took the oath of allegiance to him. He explained to us that he was General Martinez, and that the intolerable tyranny with which he and his race had been treated by the Spaniards had induced them to rise and throw off their yoke; that when this was done he himself intended to be the President or Dictator of the military republic which he should form, but he assured my father that in return for the help which he would now give him he should receive a high post in this State of the future.

The cool assurance of all this amused us even under those circumstances, but it also aggravated my father still further, and he contrived to make the gist of his answer exceedingly clear, in spite of his broken Spanish. He declared that he, as a foreigner, had nothing whatever to do with the local disturbances of the country, and that he absolutely declined to take part in them either on one side or the other; nor would he under any circumstances take the oath of allegiance to one who was an insurgent against the lawfully established Government of his country.

It appeared to me that the little commander was getting decidedly annoyed, and his hand began to trifle ominously with his sword-hilt; but still he kept his temper wonderfully, and explained to my father that he had absolutely no choice in the matter. He was grieved to insist, he said, but the fact was that he had stolen a march upon his enemies, that he had shaken off their pursuit

and had contrived, quite unknown to them, to move his regiments far to the north of where they were supposed to be, and that he intended to strike an unexpected blow at the town which was the terminus of our railway, descending upon it from the interior on the side where there were no fortifications, and taking its authorities entirely unawares. Now, through a concatenation of circumstances which no one could deplore more than he did, we had learned the secret of this plan of his, which must be known to no living person; and therefore (once more he shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands) desolated though he was at the apparent interference with our liberty, he was absolutely compelled to put us instantly to death if we would not throw in our lot with him.

Still my father indignantly refused, asserting over and over again that as an Englishman he declined to take part in such affairs. The little commander's patience was rapidly giving out, and at last he spoke quite sharply and definitely:

"I can waste no more time, sir. You must choose at once; either you will swear fealty to me, according to our usual form, or you will die within the hour."

And he turned to his officer and ordered him to bring from his tent what was necessary for the taking of the oath. Two soldiers immediately brought out thence a little table, a large book, an inkstand and a pen, and at the same time the officer brought a large carved wooden crucifix—evidently stolen from some church—and threw it down on the ground in front of us.

In order to explain the presence of this last article I must mention one of the peculiarities of this formidable little man. Whatever he may have thought it wise to admit to his men, he knew perfectly well that the undertaking of driving the white people into the sea would be no light one, and that he could hope to achieve it only by retaining the most enthusiastic devotion of every one of the

limited number of his followers. Furthermore he knew these followers well; he knew that they were steeped in superstition to the very marrow of their bones; and he knew well also the tremendous hold that the priests of the Catholic Church had in that semi-civilised country over the members of their flocks. Perhaps the form of Christianity which was at that time prevalent in South America was the most degraded to be seen anywhere on earth; but that in no way interfered with the fact that the priests in reality ruled the country, and that in one way or another what they wanted was always done. He also knew well enough that the influence of the Church was hostile to him, not so much because he was a notorious evil-liver, as because the priests were very well satisfied with things as they were, and did not desire any interference with a Government which was thoroughly under their thumb.

In order to defeat this ecclesiastical influence he had hit upon a device which, though it had no other merits, might at least be described as bold and ingenious; with quaint blasphemy he had aped the celebrated declaration of King Nebuchadnezzar, and had made every one of his followers take a solemn oath that until the war was over and the country in their hands they would speak to no priest, would enter no place of worship, and would offer no petition to God or man, except to himself. Each man had to swear this in front of Martinez himself, and in token of his temporary renunciation of his ancestral faith each was made to set his foot upon the crucifix. Every member of his motley crowd had gone through this ceremony, and now Martinez demanded that we should go through it also.

I need hardly say that we had not the remotest intention of doing anything of the kind. We were members of the Church of England, and not of that of Rome; but nevertheless my mother was a devoted follower of Dr. Pusey, with whom she was intimately acquainted, and I myself

habitually wore a tiny ebony and silver crucifix around my neck underneath my clothes—the only thing, by the way, which the Red Indians had left me, because, I suppose, they recognised it as a magical symbol of the Christians, and may perhaps have feared its power. You may imagine therefore with what horror we regarded this impious suggestion of the general's; though I think there is no doubt that, even if there had been no crucifix in the case, we should equally have refused to be thus coerced into attaching ourselves to a cause with which we had no sympathy.

Martinez paid no attention to my father's indignant though ungrammatical protests, but curtly ordered him to put his foot upon the crucifix and to take the prescribed oath. I clearly remember the thought passing through my mind: "What in the world will my father do now?" for I never even dreamt of the possibility of his complying with so atrocious a demand. For what he did do I was as utterly unprepared as anybody present. Remember that during all this conversation they had never loosed the cords which bound our wrists; so you may imagine the wild astonishment with which I saw my father, having taken a step forward as if to put his foot upon the crucifix, suddenly disengage his hands as if by magic, strike the little commander a tremendous blow in the face which promptly knocked him flat on his back, and then jump over his prostrate body and disappear into the forest close behind him!

The whole thing was so sudden, so startling, so comical that, in spite of the still formidable circumstances, I burst into a peal of laughter, which was echoed by little Gerald. All was confusion for a few moments. The officers rushed to pick up their half-stunned commander, and fetched a camp-stool for him to sit upon. The men in the camp behind shouted with surprise and, though I am not actually sure of it, I have a strong suspicion that my laugh was echoed by some of them also. In the few

moments while Martinez was recovering, no one seemed to know exactly what to do. Possibly the second in command was not on the spot, but at any rate nothing was done, and I suppose that it may have been five minutes before the commander, after much drinking of water and much gasping and swearing under his breath, was once more in a condition to speak.

When he found utterance his language was not parliamentary. He was purple and choking with rage. He dragged himself to his feet, though at first he could stand only by leaning with his hand upon the table. He drew his sword; he flourished it, and the looks which he cast upon his officers were so savage that it really seemed as though he was going to use it.

"Where is that scoundrel?" he shouted.

The officers looked at one another with stupefaction, for up to that moment I verily believe that no one had thought of pursuing the fugitive. Martinez became madder than ever.

"What!" he roared, "you have let him escape! imbeciles! incapables! pursue him at once—at once, I tell you! My honor has been insulted, and I will have his blood."

Hurriedly some arrangements were made for the pursuit, and one or two companies of soldiers were hastily marshalled and sent off to beat the forest. As soon as they had departed Martinez turned his rage upon me. He seemed to be almost foaming at the mouth, and looked as though he was possessed by a devil, and he hissed his words between his teeth as though he were on the point of literal physical explosion.

"Son of a scoundrel!" he said, "within an hour you shall see your villain father hanged on that tree!"

"You will have to catch him first," I interrupted, with a laugh—which was not politic, I admit. But I was so glad to see my father escape that I did not think of

that then, nor of the fact that, if *he* had escaped, *I* certainly had not.

"You impudent young dog!" he spluttered. (I really cannot translate the exact phrase which he used, but it was worse than that.) "You at least shall swear allegiance, and you had better do it at once, or I will have you flayed alive."

I am afraid I laughed again, which was rude of me, but he really did look so utterly ridiculous in his impotent rage, and with a great lump already rising between his eyes, where my father had struck him.

"I shall do no such thing," I said; "and if you dare to touch me, my father will repay you for it when he comes back."

He half raised his sword, and for a moment it looked very much as though my career would be cut short then and there. But somehow he controlled himself, and an evil glint came into his one available eye (the other was fast closing under the influence of the blow). He turned and called Antinahuel.

"Perhaps," he said, "your men can manage to make this young coxcomb change his mind. Don't you think so?"

A slight disdainful smile passed over Antinahuel's face.

"Perhaps they may," and he signed to some of his men, who came up and began to drag me away. Martinez said no further words to him, but turned upon my little brother Gerald.

"You, at least, you little spawn of the devil, put your foot on that cross and repeat after me the words which I shall say to you."

"Don't you do it, Gerald," I shouted back to him, as I was being dragged off; "remember S. Agnes!"

For not long before we had left home, our mother had told us the legend of S. Agnes, a Roman maiden of

thirteen, who, it was alleged, had died for the sake of her faith sooner than perform some act of sacrifice which was against her conscience. Or perhaps she refused to be betrothed to what she called a heathen—I am not quite sure after all these years. But I know that the story had recently been told to us, and that we had both greatly admired the little girl's heroism.

I wrenched myself free sufficiently to look back and see what the little boy did. He looked up quite bravely into the furious face of Martinez, and said in his clear childish treble:

"I will not do it. You are a very wicked man."

What followed next I do not like to tell, even though I really believe now in my inmost heart that it was the act of a madman. Martinez whirled his sword above his head and cut the child down as he stood looking up in his face. When he saw the little body lying before him I think even he was ashamed, for he threw down his sword and turned away, muttering something about not having meant to do it. Even his officers, a set of hardened ruffians, showed some disgust on their faces, and all drew back as Martinez walked hurriedly into his tent.

What this meant to me, who loved that little brother more than my own life, I can hardly tell you. What I did I cannot justify; I can only tell you that I also was half-mad with grief and rage. But then and there I, a captive in the hands of ruthless savages, and little likely, so far as could be seen, to live to see to-morrow's sun, registered with all the force of burning hate a solemn vow that I would never turn aside from the pursuit until I had slain Martinez in revenge for the death of my brother. I was wrong, of course, but I was only a young boy, and the provocation was terrible.

Meantime I soon had my own affairs to think of. The Indians dragged me away to the borders of the forest, and after a little searching they found what they

wanted—two young and flexible trees growing only a few yards apart. Four or five threw themselves upon each tree, and by their united weight and strength bent down the tops until they came almost together, and then they proceeded to tie me between these two tops, the right arm and leg to one, the left arm and leg to the other; and as soon as that was done to their satisfaction the men let go the trees, which instantly sprang back as far as they could and left me hanging between them. A diabolically ingenious woodsman's substitute for the mediæval rack of the Inquisition.

To be left hanging in such a position for hours under such a nerve-rending strain is an experience which I would rather not try to describe; nor need I tell in detail how they stood jeering underneath as I hung in mid-air as though on an invisible S. Andrew's cross. Nor how they pelted my aching body with fragments of broken bottles, or struck at me from beneath with long *lianas*, torn from the neighboring trees. I will not harrow your feelings with a description of the unnameable tortures which they inflicted upon me all through that weary day. But this at least I can say, that however horrible were the sufferings all through the day, only the one overpowering feeling burned ever stronger and stronger within my heart and mind—black, bitter hatred of Martinez, and the resolve to be revenged upon him for my brother's death. So entirely was I wrapped up in this that I believe for the most part I gave no answer to their repeated enquiries whether I would not now take the required oath. But I know that sometimes I replied by calling down curses upon their heads and threatening that dire vengeance should overtake them. It is best to draw a veil over this. Let me say only that their ingenuity was diabolical and their resources seemed endless.

I suppose that they got tired of me at last, as I showed no signs of yielding to them, and they felt that they must do something to bring matters to a crisis. So they hung

me from the branch of a tree by a rope passed under my shoulders, and then proceeded to light a fire beneath my feet, which were soon most horribly burnt. But at the same time the hot air and the smoke half-suffocated me, and evidently I must have fainted. I suppose this frightened them, for their orders were not to kill me; and so for that night they desisted from their cruel work. But of all this I know nothing.

CHAPTER IV

The Flight

I regained consciousness only slowly and confusedly, coming back into a strange and terrible sense of all-pervading pain, which seemed to fill the whole world. Gradually this world of acute anguish contracted and became more definite, until at last I realised myself as a small boy still alive upon the physical plane and in a condition of horrible suffering. I found myself bound to a tree, just at the borders of the forest, not far from the tent of Martinez—bound by a rope which passed round me and the tree many times, and so formed a support without which I must of course have fallen, as the soles of my feet were so shockingly burnt that it would have been quite impossible for me to stand upon them for a moment. It was night, and the camp lay quiet before me, except for the sentinels who walked steadily up and down on their beats. Two of these were not far from me, one passing up and down in front of the commander's tent, and the other taking a much longer beat along a certain section just outside of the nearest row of tents. No one seemed to be specially guarding me; indeed it was quite unnecessary, as I was not only securely tied, but I could not have moved a yard even if I had been free.

As may easily be imagined, my thoughts were of the saddest. My brother had been murdered before my eyes; my father was a fugitive in a trackless forest, which

I knew to be full of wild beasts, and was furthermore being pursued relentlessly by men who knew no mercy. I had nothing to expect but certain death—probably of the most appallingly painful kind. So perhaps I need not be ashamed to acknowledge that for a time I felt absolutely despairing, and only wished that death might come even now to release me from further suffering. The conditions were so bad in every way that it seemed to me that they could not be worse, and I actually even prayed for death, saying that I could bear no more.

But just at this moment of utter weakness and despondency, I saw something which for the moment actually made me forget even that excruciating pain; for there, just in front of me, stood my brother Gerald, whom I had seen only a few hours before cut down by the sword of Martinez! Indeed, the mark of that cruel blow still lay across his head—a great ghastly wound cleaving the skull asunder. And yet somehow even that did not look terrible at all, for the expression of the face was so sweet that it quite overpowered the impression given by the wound. He stood before me exactly as in life, the flickering light of distant camp-fires fully upon him, and yet his form seemed also to be surrounded by a faint light of its own.

But the wonderful thing was the expression of the face. It was the same child-face I knew so well, changed in no particular, and yet showing so much more than it had ever shown before. That he himself was happy—radiantly happy, and utterly at peace—no one could have doubted for a moment; and yet the eyes were filled with pity (but pity obviously for me only, and not at all for himself) and with the desire to encourage and strengthen me. I tried to speak, but could not; nor did he on his side say a word; but he took a step forward, his face broke out into a radiant smile of love, and he laid his hand caressingly upon my breast. And then, in a moment,

he was gone, just before the sentinel, who had reached the end of his beat, turned his face in our direction once more.

I find it difficult to describe the effect which this beautiful little apparition had upon me. All my manifold pains were still as insistent as ever—my whole body was still nothing but one mass of agony; and yet my mental attitude had in that moment become just the reverse of what it had been before. Remember that I knew nothing then of the astral plane, nothing of the possibilities of life after death; so to me this was a special portent from heaven, a special sign from God Himself, who had permitted my brother's spirit to return from the unseen world in order to cheer and comfort me in my trouble.

Inevitably then followed the certainty that, however hopeless the prospect might appear, somehow or other all would be well. Either, impossible as it appeared, I should somehow escape and recover, or else, if I was to die, I knew that I should die soon and painlessly, and be with my brother once more. Since outward circumstances were entirely unchanged, it is perhaps hard to comprehend that my despondency had vanished as though it had never been, and that I was now in a condition of eager expectancy—expectancy that something would happen, either death or some kind of liberation. What form this latter would take I could not imagine, and I remember reviewing the situation without being able to find a single reasonable suggestion.

If I remember rightly, I think I had decided that if there was to be some kind of intervention, the most likely form for it to take was that in some unexpected way the Government might have received warning of the forced marches which Martinez supposed to be unknown to them, and that they on their part might have sent a force to intercept and surround him. I knew that that was practically impossible, yet every other supposition seemed even more impossible still, unless I was to expect some sort

of direct angelic intervention, and I knew that such things were rare in these latter days. But that something would happen either to kill me or to release me I felt quite assured. And when the something *did* happen, although it came in a way which had never for a moment occurred to me, it was only for the moment that I was startled.

I felt the touch of a hand, evidently extended from behind the tree, and immediately afterwards I was conscious that the rope which bound me with such painful tightness to the tree was relaxing. I remember it flashed through my mind that my unknown friend behind the tree was probably not aware that I was unable to stand, and should certainly fall as soon as that rope was removed, and that thus his amiable intentions would be frustrated, and the sentry's attention attracted. But that was evidently foreseen. My deliverer waited until the nearest sentry's back was turned, and then, as the rope slackened, an arm came round, caught me and drew me quickly and silently behind the tree. I had just time to recognise in the faint flash of the distant firelight that my rescuers were my father and the negro servant Tito, when the latter picked me up in his arms, and we executed a hurried and silent retreat into the forest.

When we had penetrated perhaps two hundred yards Tito laid me down, pulled out his huge clasp-knife and quickly cut the cords which still bound my wrists; but even when my arms were free I was unable to use them, because they had been so cramped and strained by the many hours of confinement. We exchanged a few hurried words, my father commiserating me for my sufferings, and I interrupting to ask whether he knew of Gerald's fate, and in the same breath assuring him that I had seen him since his death. My father seemed hardly to understand; I think that he supposed me to be delirious—as indeed I well might have been, considering all that I had been through; at any rate he said that

he knew of Gerald's death, and that we must not stop to talk now, but must make every effort to get as far away from the camp as possible before my escape should be discovered. I was a helpless burden upon them, as I could not walk a step, and even the motion of being carried, gently and carefully as Tito did it, cost me harrowing pain.

In the dense forest the darkness was intense, and it was necessary that we should move as silently as possible, and with the utmost circumspection; so our advance was naturally of the slowest. Every moment we expected that an alarm would be given, and that we should hear the commencement of a pursuit. But I hoped that the sentry might not notice my absence, because the tree to which I had been bound was at some distance from him, just within the shade at the edge of the wood, and the camp-fires, which a hour or two earlier had lit up that place, were now dying down. Time went on and nothing happened, and we made such progress as we could, but even at the best it was painfully slow. I knew nothing of the direction in which we were going, for the only thing of which we thought was to put as great a distance as possible between ourselves and that camp. Soon we found that the ground was rising—in places rather steeply.

All too soon for us the dawn came, and the earth leaped from dark night into broad day-light with the suddenness peculiar to the tropics. At the first light Tito laid me gently down, and asked my father to sit with me while he looked round for some place of concealment, as it was clear that we were still far too near the camp to avoid discovery unless we contrived to hide ourselves. Also it seems that I was rapidly sinking into a stupor of exhaustion, and Tito, who knew something about medicine as practised among the negroes, thought it would be dangerous for me to push on further. After some search he found a place that would suit us admirably, and

came back to carry me to it. It was a huge tree of unknown age, the heart of which had gradually rotted away, so that there was quite a chamber inside it, carpeted deeply by a soft powdering of decayed wood—a kind of natural sawdust. To all appearance the tree was as perfect and as sound as those around it, and the only way to enter this sylvan chamber was by climbing up the tree to a height of some fifteen feet, and then lowering oneself through a hole, whence perhaps a branch had fallen a century ago. The problem was how to get me into this retreat; but it was a case of necessity, and at last the thing was accomplished.

My father slipped off the *poncho* which had been given to him the day before. I was laid on that, and the corners were tied together so as to make a kind of cradle. Through that Tito slipped the rope which had bound me to the tree, which he had had the forethought to bring with him, rightly thinking that in our desperate condition almost anything might come in useful. Then he climbed the tree to a certain height, my father throwing up the end of the rope to him, and slowly and with great care he raised me from the ground and got me wedged between the trunk of the tree and a huge liana. Then he descended and helped my father to mount, and left him to hold on precariously to the liana and to support me, while he himself climbed a little higher, obtained a foothold close to the hole, and then by means of the rope drew me up and rested me beside him. Then he dropped lightly down upon the dust, which made that inside floor much higher than the level of the ground outside. My father then climbed up the few remaining feet, and carefully lowered me down into the arms of Tito. Soon they had me laid upon the floor, and it seemed almost comfortable to be able thus to rest in a recumbent position after so many hours of misery.

I hoped to sleep, but fever had seized upon me, and I believe that most of that day I was barely

conscious, and at times even delirious. I knew nothing of what was going forward, but my father told me afterwards that, almost as soon as we were established, they heard a great noise from the direction of the camp, and an amount of shouting which evidently betokened great excitement. The faithful Tito climbed to the top of our tree and found that, because of the rising ground, he was able to see most of the camp. He reported much hurry and tumult, and presently declared that large bodies of soldiers were being sent into the forest in several different directions, evidently to search for us.

You see, our recapture was of enormous importance to the plans of Martinez. He had succeeded in altogether eluding the Government forces which had been sent out in pursuit of him. By several days of almost incredible forced marching he had contrived to lead his men into a position from which they could easily attack a town of great importance. His manœuvre was entirely unexpected by the Government army, whom he had deluded into the idea that he had moved in the opposite direction; indeed, they were occupied in hunting down the small band which he had sent down there in order to mislead them—they supposing that that was his entire army. He had halted his men at the spot where we had made his acquaintance, to give them a couple of days' rest after the forced marching before they swept down upon the town, and in that wild district it was reasonably certain that he could not have been seen or his presence reported.

But if I and my father, or even one of us alone, could escape, could by some incredible means make his way to the nearest house or village, and thence send the alarm down to the seaport city, all Martinez's advantage would be lost; and since he had risked everything on this one bold move we may say that his cause would be lost too, and his life unquestionably forfeited. Therefore it was of capital importance for him to get hold of us at all costs, and so, instead of allowing his men to rest as he had intended them to do, he sent them out to

range the forest in search of us. He knew well that we could not have gone far, for he knew that I at least was sorely wounded, and that my father had no weapon; nor can it have seemed conceivable to him that we could escape for a single day the myriad dangers that surrounded us on every side in that forest. He did not know that we had the invaluable assistance of Tito, who knew all about these things, and was perfectly capable of protecting himself in the forest, and of wringing subsistence out of it.

They told me that groups of soldiers again and again came past the very tree in which we were hiding. They even overheard scraps of their conversation, and Tito, who knew their language perfectly, reported that they spoke much of witchcraft and of a supernatural deliverance. It was evident from what they said that the superstitions of Martinez also had been aroused, and that he was in a condition of panic fear. He thought (it seems one of his officers had told him so) that in killing Gerald he had brought ill-luck upon himself; he was unable to understand, as indeed were all of them, how my father could suddenly have got free when he was obviously securely bound, and he thought of my disappearance, when I was practically at the point of death, as another instance of supernatural interference. I remember that my father said that at one time some soldiers had thrown themselves down to rest quite close to the tree. Tito listened eagerly to their conversation, anxious to pick up any information that might be of use to us; and my father was oppressed with the fear that I might reveal our hiding-place by giving vent to low delirious mutterings. Fortunately this did not happen, and in the course of the afternoon I fell into a deep refreshing sleep, from which they wakened me only when darkness had fallen, and it was time to set out once more.

Meantime Tito had risked his life by climbing out of our refuge more than once to fetch some water for me,

and some leaves of a plant which he knew, which he chewed into a paste and laid upon my burnt feet and some of the worst of my wounds. I do not know what this remedy was, but its effect was magical in the relief of pain, for when I was awakened in the evening, though still weak and in great suffering, I was distinctly much better than in the morning, and all trace of fever had for the time left me. The soldiers had retired to their camp just before night-fall, but we had little doubt from what had been overheard that the search would be renewed the next day. I felt great regret at leaving my soft couch, and in truth somewhat doubted the wisdom of moving on at all, since we had discovered so excellent a shelter; but both Tito and my father felt that they would know no ease until they were much further away from the camp.

They got me out of our refuge much in the same way as they had before got me in, and we set off up the hill. The whole general trend of the ground seemed to be upward, and several times during the night we came to little open places from which we were able to see the camp-fires of our enemies far below us. As we rose higher the trees grew somewhat less thickly, and our progress was on the whole rather more rapid—less slow would be a better way to put it. Once again dawn came, and Tito searched for a hiding-place, but this time no convenient hollow tree was to be found. We were in a region of magnificent monarchs of the forest, mostly with wide spaces between them, but so huge were they that though their trunks might be a hundred feet or even two hundred feet apart, their branches often intermingled high above our heads. These giants would have been quite unclimbable, except for the fact that in nearly every case huge lianas, with trunks as large as many a tree in these cold northern climes, wreathed round their splendid trunks and usually afforded a comparatively easy way of ascent for an active person.

While Tito was ranging about in search of a hiding-place it occurred to him to climb one of these great trees in order to see what our enemies were doing. Without much trouble he found a place from which the camp was still clearly visible, though very minute now in the far distance, and he saw the same hurry and preparation and sending out of troops as before; but though he saw nothing new, he presently heard something which sent him down the tree at his best speed, and he came rushing to us with a face of that curious livid grey which is the nearest that a negro can come to turning white with fear.

"Dogs, master!" he said, "they are setting the slave-dogs on us. Listen!"

When we listened attentively, sure enough we heard far off the sonorous bay of a blood-hound. We knew that these great dogs were kept by certain slave-owners in the interior to track down run-away negroes; but how Martinez could have got hold of one we could not imagine. I can only suppose that among his men there must have been one who knew of the existence of such creatures on some inland plantation, that he must have mentioned the matter to his officer, and that when Martinez heard of it he must at once have sent off some men to borrow these dogs, even though to do so would put the great secret of his presence there into the hands of some at least of the people of that plantation. Indeed I fear much, knowing something of his character, that he may have adopted terribly efficacious means to ensure the silence of every human being upon that plantation; perhaps there may have been a wholesale massacre.

At any rate there were the dogs, and there could be little doubt of their ability to track us, both to our hiding-place of the day before and to the place where we now were, and our chance of escaping them seemed remarkably small. I had often heard stories of the untamable ferocity of these creatures, and of their resolution in following up a trail to the last. We sought no more for a

place of concealment, but hurried hopelessly on, tending ever upwards towards the summit of the mountains. But we knew well that the progress of our pursuers would be very much faster than our own, and that nothing could save us from being overtaken.

Tito had a theory, founded upon some negro superstition, that the smell of blood would destroy the keenness of scent of the hounds, so he drew out his big knife and made with it a slight cut in his arm, sprinkling the blood which flowed plentifully around the spot where we were then standing. He seemed to have some confidence in this method, although he admitted that with some dogs it had been known to fail; so it seemed rather a slender reed to support the edifice of our hopes. We were at this time on the edge of a sort of ridge, and in front of us the ground dipped again, and made a kind of ravine, along the bottom of which flowed a shallow stream. On the other side of the stream the ground rose again, and the hillside stretched on before us. Looking at this stream a flash of inspiration came to me, as my father held me in his arms.

"Father," I said excitedly, "don't you remember the history of Scotland? Don't you remember how Robert Bruce was once pursued by blood-hounds, and how he escaped from them by walking in the water, so that he left no trail?"

A light of hope appeared in my father's eye.

"Why, yes," he said, "I have heard that story, long ago when I was at school. At least we can try it."

Rapidly he explained the method to Tito, who at first seemed hardly to comprehend, but as the idea penetrated he said:

"That is true. Of course scent will not lie in the water. But then we cannot lie in the river, and when we get out again the dogs will smell us."

"No, Tito," said I, "walk along the river until you find a big branch hanging over it, and then pull yourself out by the branch without touching the ground."

"That is it," said my father; "let us try it. It may succeed, and anyhow there is nothing else to do."

I think Tito was doubtful about it, for he had a well-founded terror of those awful dogs; but we hurried down into the ravine, into the shallow stream, and then began to wade steadily up it. They had to walk some distance (I cannot say we, for I was being carried all the time, and was acutely sensible how much I added to the dangers of the party) before we could find in the right position a branch which Tito thought possible. But even then, he took us on past two or three which might have suited us, because they belonged to giant trees which stood all alone, and he wished to have a line of retreat open to him.

Meantime the baying of the dogs sounded alarmingly near; but at last we came to a branch which satisfied Tito's fastidiousness, because it belonged to a tree whose branches interlocked with others, so that it might be possible for us to make our way (as the monkeys do) along what may be called the upper storey of the forest. The branch was thick and strong, but just beyond reach by jumping, and here arose a difficulty. The streamlet was but knee-deep, and it was easy enough for us to wade in it, but if my father should lay me down upon the bank a clue would be given to those remorseless brutes who were following us so closely. They did not want to lay me down in the water—as they might easily have done, for I could have sat with my head above its surface—because the paste of leaves which Tito had made was still covering my wounded feet, and he declared that inflammation might set in if it were removed; so my poor father had to stand holding my heavy weight in his arms while Tito climbed cautiously up him and stood upon his shoulders. Then, with a very little jump he

was able to grasp the branch and to pull himself up upon it. Then, unwinding the rope (which he had carried round his waist) he soon had me up beside him and carried me a little way to where a fork gave a place in which he could safely leave me, while he went back and pulled up my father by means of the same rope.

We found ourselves upon a branch as large as the trunk of many a tree, so that they were able to walk along it quite easily towards the giant trunk, supporting themselves by the many branchlets which sprang from it and by the twisted lianas which were hanging all around us. They were soon at the trunk and, crawling round it, made their way along a branch at the opposite side. Then, stepping off from that to an equally huge branch of another tree, which interpenetrated this one, they were able to follow that up to its trunk and to pass from that tree into a third, so that we were now at a considerable distance from the stream, and high up the hill.

Climbing a little further up this third tree, Tito discovered a place where two branches, leaving the trunk side by side, provided a comfortable platform on which there was plenty of room for us all; on which also I could be laid out—not quite so softly, perhaps, as in the tree-trunk of the previous day, but still with some degree of comfort. We got ourselves settled there only just in time. We were high enough up the tree to enable us to see over the ridge, and soon a party of soldiers came into sight, with two blood-hounds in front, each held in a leash, and eagerly straining forward. They came up to the spot where poor Tito had so unnecessarily shed his blood, but it had no appreciable effect in checking them. They smelt about for a moment, and uttered savage bays, I suppose at the smell of the blood. But they resumed the trail immediately, and followed it over the edge of the ridge and down to the water. There they stopped, but the soldiers waded in and encouraged them to cross. When they reached the other side, however, they halted and appeared to be at a loss. The soldiers said :

"They have turned up or down."

The company immediately divided, each party taking a dog with them, one going up the river and the other down. Those who turned upwards presently came to the tree by which we had pulled ourselves out of the water, but the dog gave no sign, and the soldiers passed on. After a time they came back again on the other side of the stream, it apparently having occurred to them that we might not have crossed it after all. Then, on returning on the trail, they began to shout to the others, who had gone downwards, and then sent a man running after them, and soon we saw that party also returning on the other side of the water. Then a consultation was held, and it was evident that they did not know what to do next.

Presently the officer in charge gave an order, and the men dispersed—evidently to search the neighborhood; but it seemed to me that they went off very slowly and unwillingly. Some of them passed close underneath our tree, and once more we heard them talking about witchcraft, and declaring that it was useless to search for us, as the devil had evidently carried us off because we were heretics—which struck me as rather amusing on the part of men who had, at least for the time, openly renounced the Christian religion themselves, and practically bound themselves to worship only that fiend Martinez. They spoke also of the anger of Martinez, and his wild assevera-

tions that at all costs we must be recaptured; they suggested that he was mad with terror, and indeed I think he may have been.

It seemed impossible that the idea that we must be hiding in a tree should not occur to them; yet apparently it did not. I believe that, if they had had the sense to bring some of the Indians with them, our little ruse would have been penetrated; but fortunately for us there was a good deal of jealousy and ill-feeling between these

allies, and so Martinez had evidently determined to do the work with his own men. All day the soldiers patrolled up and down at intervals, evidently driven by their officer to keep moving, yet fully convinced that their task was a hopeless one, and continuing to pursue it half-heartedly only for the sake of being able to say that they had done something. At different times we caught scraps of conversation, but always to much the same effect—dread of the anger of Martinez, speculation as to what he would do, and suggestions and stories of the supernatural.

The day wore slowly on, and this time Tito dared not leave our post even for a moment, for the slightest motion of the leaves might possibly attract attention, with so many searchers wandering about eager to gain the reward which (we heard them say) Martinez had promised to anyone who should find us. The day before he had brought in a bunch or two of wild fruit, but to-day we could get nothing whatever, and both he and my father were suffering much from the pangs of hunger, for it was now nearly three days since they had had anything worth speaking of to eat. I myself was probably better without food for awhile in my condition of weakness, though now that I was somewhat better from the fever I had begun to feel some hunger. I suffered more from lack of water, for the fever returned slightly during the day; but there was nothing for it but to be still and take care not to show ourselves.

When the sun was nearing the horizon, the officer gathered his party together and they departed down the hill, taking their dogs with them; but we could clearly detect the reluctance which they felt to go back and face the anger of Martinez with the report of failure. Fearing the possibility of some trick, we watched them well on their way before we ventured to leave our hiding-place, and then Tito hurried down to reconnoitre, and search for some food before darkness actually fell.

He was fortunately successful in finding some guavas and wild bananas, and a little later some bread-fruit, and presently he dug up for us some kind of tubers which had a faintly sweet flavor.

I could take but little of these, but my father and Tito made a meal which, though hardly satisfactory, was at least a great improvement on the scanty fare of the previous day.

I was lowered carefully out of the tree, and we resumed our flight. When morning came again, we were on the shoulder of the mountain, and Tito once more climbed the highest tree in sight, in hope of gaining some information with regard to the movements of the soldiers. He was unable to see the camp, but after listening with the utmost care he came down convinced that we were not immediately menaced in any way—certainly not by the dogs, whose cries would have been audible for a long distance in the calm morning air. Under these circumstances Tito advised continuing our flight for some time by day, and this was accordingly done. They pushed on, still beneath the shade of the trees, but now in a downward direction, until about eleven o'clock, when they decided to make a halt at the side of a tiny stream of water. My father and I lay down to sleep while Tito watched. As he saw nothing whatever that seemed in the least suspicious, he lay down to sleep in his turn, when my father woke an hour later.

At this time Tito ventured gently to wash off his paste of leaves and examine my wounds, because he was now able to get some more leaves of the same kind, with which he replaced his previous dressing. He reported that they were all doing well—that is to say, as well as could be expected—even the feet; though I overheard him, when he thought he was out of ear-shot of me, expressing his doubts to my father as to whether I should ever really be able to walk again. On this day also

for the first time we were able to talk in comfort, and I had the opportunity of hearing my father's story.

The explanation of the apparent miracle of his escape was in reality exceedingly simple. It appears that the Indians had made the mistake of tying his hands with a green raw-hide rope, and during the long night ride through the forest he had set himself by steady pressure gradually to stretch this as much as he could, until finally he could slip his hand through it. He was wise enough, however, not to let our Indian captors see this, and by straining slightly against it he easily contrived to give the notion that he was still tightly bound. But he was all the time awaiting his opportunity, and when he saw the arrangement of Martinez's tent, and that the forest was so close behind it, it occurred to him that here was an opportunity of escape of which a bold man who moved with lightning rapidity might easily take advantage. He realised that he was for the moment abandoning his sons, and so he did not take the step until it was quite evident that Martinez could not be moved from his position. He said that he scarcely expected to be allowed even so much as a minute before the pursuit commenced, and that he regarded the whole affair as the most desperate of chances; but still there seemed to be literally nothing else to be done, and, as this was the only way, he took it.

As I have said, the whole thing was so unexpected, and the consequent confusion so great, that he really got five minutes' start, and made good use of it. He knew that he could not hope by mere running to tire out men who had horses at their disposal, so from the first as he ran he sought for a place to hide in. The pursuit had often come quite close to him, and he had been on the brink of discovery half-a-dozen times; somehow he just contrived to dodge his pursuers, and after a time the idea of tree-climbing was suggested to him by the fact that the various monkeys whom he startled as he moved from place to place invariably took at once to the trees,

and as invariably vanished utterly from sight, even when he was only a few yards from them.

"If they can do this," he thought, "surely a man can do it also."

So before the searching soldiers came back again, he had already found himself a nest in one of the larger trees. When the soldiers had passed for the second time, and he thought he was safe for the moment, he was much alarmed to see a negro moving stealthily through the forest, evidently searching for something—for *him*, he greatly feared. Indeed, this proved to be the case, for this was the faithful Tito, who had been aware of the attack upon the cabin, but had been cut off from return to it by the cordon of besieging Indians. He had lurked in the neighborhood in the hope of being able to render some assistance to his master, had seen the capture and had run through the whole night on the track of the party. He had concealed himself in the edge of the forest, had witnessed his master's escape and Gerald's death, and had also seen something of what had happened to me. He was afraid to rejoin his master while the soldiers were still in the woods, as they had established a sort of central meeting-point, at which their various parties reported progress, quite close to the tree which he had selected for his hiding-place. As soon as the soldiers had finally withdrawn he descended, and began to quarter that part of the forest in search of his master, and though he did not actually find him, he came in sight of him, and as soon as my father was assured of his identity he called to him. Their joy at meeting was tempered by the dreadful news as to Gerald which Tito had to convey. Then they consulted as to what could be done, and decided that, heart-rending as it was, they could do nothing whatever during the daytime, but if I survived until the evening they cherished some hope of being able during the night to effect a rescue—as in fact they did.

Of course I told my story of the apparition of my brother, and Tito, I am sure, fully believed it, for he said :

"Master Gerald sure was an angel when he was on earth, and sure he is an angel now; and the good God sends His angels to help those who are suffering."

My father was not so certain; all that he would permit himself was:

"Well, my boy, I do not know what to say; they do say that God sometimes allows the dead to return for His own good purposes, and of course there is the story of Samuel and the witch of Endor; and we hear too that some of the Saints have shown themselves. Anyhow, whether Gerald himself was there or not, we are surely right in saying that it was God who sent the vision to comfort you, for it came just at the right time, and it gave you the courage to endure until we came to rescue you."

I need not tell in detail the further story of our flight. From that time on we travelled by day and rested by night, my father and Tito each watching in turn. We gradually worked our way down the other side of our mountain and round its base, advancing then with the greatest circumspection, lest we should fall foul of Martinez and his army; but fortunately we saw nothing of them, and we contrived each day to get something in the way of food, though it was only fruit and roots. My great sorrow was that I must all the time be such a burden upon the others, because I was quite incapable of walking even a step, and this made our progress so slow. It may be that the frugal diet and the life in the open air was in reality the best thing for the cure of my wounds. Tito did well enough, but my father, who had had a touch of consumption in England, suffered from the changes in temperature and the lack of the clothing to which he was accustomed; for he had nothing but the dirty old *poncho* which had been given to him—now

no longer dirty, for Tito had washed it thoroughly in a mountain stream. Tito was little better off, for he had only the shirt and light cotton trousers which he was wearing at the time of the attack; and I was distinctly worse off, for I had absolutely nothing at all!

I think it was on the eleventh day that, from some rising ground, we at last caught sight of the roof of a house. Promptly we made our way in that direction, and then my father and I hid ourselves, while Tito went ahead to reconnoitre. He found the place to be a *hacienda* or country-house, and as soon as he came into the presence of the owner and told his story to him, the good gentleman immediately manifested the greatest concern, and came hurrying out with Tito to see what could be done for us.

From that moment our troubles were over. Our worthy friend and his most kindly wife treated us with the utmost hospitality. The good lady was full of pity for my condition, though I was now far on the road to recovery, and insisted on my going to bed and having my feet dressed and bandaged in somewhat less primitive fashion. Loud were their denunciations of the inhumanity of Martinez, when my story came to be told in detail. Our host, who, like so many others of the *haciendados*, lived an entirely secluded life on his own estates through the greater part of each year, had known nothing whatever of the presence of Martinez in his neighborhood. Once in two months or so he usually sent his servant, or more usually a party of two or three servants, down to the seaport town, to bring his letters if there were any, and to purchase such stores as he could not provide on his own estate.

We had no idea as to what might have been happening during the days of our flight, and we rather feared that Martinez might have succeeded in taking the city unawares, so our host called together his servants and told them the news which we had brought, and

asked for volunteers to go down to the coast and discover the condition of affairs. Several of his men immediately offered themselves for the service, and out of these he chose two young fellows, explaining that he did not wish to send more because it was impossible to say that the *hacienda* itself might not be attacked during their absence, and he desired to keep as large a garrison as he could. These two young men were then sent off upon their journey, with many charges to exercise the utmost vigilance, and even when they reached the town on no account to ride straight into it as was usual, lest they should find it in the occupation of the insurgents.

Our host told us that, if no accident happened to them, they might well be back in a week, and that the only thing we could do was to spend the intervening time with him; though he hoped indeed that, if the news which came to us was good, we would consent to honor his poor roof by a much longer stay. We thanked him heartily for his hospitable intent, but told him that as soon as possible we must get back to my mother, so that she might know that at least she was not deprived of both her sons and her husband. My father, indeed, had confided a letter for her to the care of the two messengers, telling her in outline what had happened, and that we two were now safe, and in the best of hands. Our host also had entrusted to them a letter to a friend of his who was a high official in the town, telling him of the presence of Martinez and warning him to see at once to the defence of the town, if it were not already too late.

During that pleasant week we to a great extent recovered ourselves. The cough which had been troubling my father grew better, though indeed he never was quite free from it, and he finally died of consumption in England a few years later. I always felt that but for the villainous Martinez, and the exposure which he had forced upon us by his proceedings, my father might have survived for

many years more. For myself, I seemed for the time to have lost my boyhood. I was unable to move about, but after all I did not want to do so, and I seemed to desire only to rest. Much of the time I spent in bed, though for some part of each day they always carried me down into the great sitting-room, where I was generally laid upon a sort of settee, or sometimes they carried me out into the garden and put me in a long wicker-work chair under the trees.

I did not know whether to be glad or sorry when at last the messengers came back, bringing the reassuring news that the city knew nothing whatever of Martinez and of his movements. Our host's official friend had sent him a party of twenty soldiers to garrison the *hacienda* if it should be attacked, and meantime thanked him heartily for his warning, and stated that the city had been hastily put in a thorough state of defence, and that scouts had been sent into the interior to try to discover Martinez and his little army.

Our host and hostess pressed us urgently to stay with them until the attack was over and Martinez was defeated, for they felt quite sure that this would be the outcome of the struggle. My father felt, however, that it was his duty to be by his wife's side, and so, with many heartfelt thanks, he declined this kindly offer. Our friend had a palanquin constructed for me, and offered to send back with us to the coast the same two young men who had already once made the journey. Then he pressed us also to take with us half the band of soldiers as an escort. My father would by no means consent to this, as he felt that while we were still uncertain as to the position of Martinez the *hacienda* might be attacked, and every man would be necessary for its defence; but he gladly accepted the offer of the two young servants to carry the litter, promising them a large reward when he should safely reach the coast.

Our host insisted about the soldiers, and eventually we had to compromise by allowing three of them to accompany us, and indeed they proved themselves both merry companions and very useful fellows, constantly relieving the servants in the carrying of the litter when they were tired, and so enabling us to make fairly constant progress instead of having to rest at least half of the time, as would otherwise have been the case. One of them, who was a clever man with his hands, contrived a scheme by means of which the litter could be slung between two horses, so that when we came to a long stretch of level ground we could make much easier and more rapid progress. In this way we journeyed along, meeting with no special adventures, and we finally reached our home on the sixth day from that on which we left the *hacienda*.

The mother met us, mourning deeply indeed for her lost son, yet devoutly thankful after such wild experiences to welcome her surviving son and her husband—safe at any rate, if not exactly sound. It was six weeks from the night of our escape from Martinez before I was able to set my feet to the ground, and even then for a long time I had to walk warily and but little at a time.

Exactly what had happened to Martinez and his plans we never clearly understood. My mother always believed that, because of the wicked murder of my brother, some sort of divine curse had fallen upon him, so that he was no longer capable of decisive action. My father was more disposed to think that our escape had disheartened him, because he supposed that we should certainly be able to convey to the coast town the warning of his presence, and so defeat his plan. Much later, vague rumors were afloat of disaffection among his followers, of rebellions against his cruelty, and of a general opinion among his men that his dash and good fortune had left him. However all this may be, the fact remains that that attack upon the seaport town was never delivered, and that Martinez instead

disappeared into the interior with his followers, and that no authentic news was received of him for nearly three months.

Then came the tidings that he had attacked a small town away in the interior, and had occupied and fortified it, having killed all such of its inhabitants as refused to swear allegiance to him. As soon as this story was confirmed, all was activity in military circles. Such regiments as were available were got together and put on a war footing, and the Council of the town issued a call for volunteers, since the number of soldiers was but few, and they were very anxious that there should be not the slightest doubt as to the assembling of a sufficient force definitely to crush Martinez.

My father, though fretting much at the delay with regard to his railway, had made no attempt to engage any body of workmen, saying that he would be no party to the risking of any men's lives away there in the jungle, until both Martinez and his Indian allies were finally disposed of in some way. As soon as he heard of the formation of the volunteer bands my father promptly offered himself, though much against the wish of my mother. His services were at once accepted, and he was given command of a company in the regiment that was formed—principally, I think, because he was an Englishman, and because of the terrible story of the death of his son. This position he very willingly accepted, for the volunteers were chiefly gentlemen, some of whom he had known before. I, too, though hardly thoroughly cured yet, was very eager indeed to offer my services, and though my mother would not allow me to enroll myself as a soldier, she could not refuse me permission to ride along with my father.

With a final chapter to tell you what came of all this, and what happened to us on that expedition into the interior, I shall be able to bring my story to a close.

CHAPTER V

The Revenge

Through all that had happened I had never for a moment lost sight of my purpose—of my firm resolve to kill Martinez in revenge for the death of my brother. I had said no word of this either to my father or my mother; I kept it as a kind of pervertedly sacred thing in the recesses of my own mind. I wondered how it would be possible for me to do it, and when a way would open before me; but that some way would open, and that I should do it, I never had the slightest doubt, and when I heard of the formation of that volunteer corps I felt at once that here was my method, and that Providence was pointing out my path. Therefore it was that I immediately resolved to join it, and my mother's refusal to allow me to enroll myself did not trouble me in the least. I fell in with her wishes, of course; but I knew with a deadly certainty that it would nevertheless somehow be managed that I should accompany the column. And when, on starting out, my mother embraced me and adjured me to be careful to avoid all danger, I said to her, with a calm certainty which must have impressed her:

"Mother, you need not fear. I shall come back to you quite safe."

I think I must have believed myself to be an instrument of divine vengeance; I moved through all those stirring scenes like a person in a dream, just as I had endured all through the ten days' march when I was being carried alternately by my father and by Tito, feeling little, caring for nothing, enduring all things, because I was all the time waiting for my day to come, waiting for the moment when my vengeance should leap into active life. A curious state of mind, I know—a very unhealthy state; I am not defending myself; I am merely trying to describe as faithfully as I can exactly what I felt.

In just the same state of mind I rode day after day on my pony, by my father's side, as the troops made their way through the forests in search of the insurgents. The details of those days of marching made no impression upon me; my mental vision was occupied only with one figure, that of Martinez, and I regarded him with a steady, ever-burning, never-changing hate. Yet it was not so much even hatred as a calm certainty of doom—the knowledge that I should fulfil my destiny, and that that destiny was to slay this monster.

At last came the day when our guides told us that we were drawing near to the town which Martinez had occupied—that we might hope to come in sight of it by evening. Martinez, however, was ready for us. He had even come out to meet us, and arranged for us an ambush into which we promptly fell. For he had concealed his force in the forest upon our line of route, and they suddenly opened a tremendous fire upon us precisely when we least expected it.

Those Spanish-American troops are never very steady under fire, at the best of times; still less so when that fire comes as a terrifying surprise; and the front of our column wavered and crumpled up under it. Then was shown the advantage of a volunteer troop, whose members, as I have said, were mostly gentlemen by birth. Hearing the firing, and seeing the wavering of the men in front, my father shouted a command to his company, and in a moment we were moving steadily and swiftly forward, the rest of the volunteer regiment following hard on our heels. Instead of dashing into the little glade where the front ranks of our men were being shot down, or whence they were flying in disorder, we promptly scattered out on both sides and rushed through the forest itself upon the hidden soldiers of Martinez, who, thus taken in flank, had to turn and defend themselves.

This charge of the volunteers rallied the regulars, and in a few moments they also were joining in the fray.

But that was no organised battle, and rarely had we any opportunity of falling into serried ranks at all. It resolved itself into a series of hand-to-hand combats, fought out among the trees. Friend and foe were so inextricably mingled that it was not always easy to distinguish them, for though the volunteers looked trim enough, many of the Government soldiers were scarcely smarter in appearance than the ragged and ill-appointed free-lances of Martinez.

The rebels fought bravely, for they knew that they were fighting for their lives, as well as for all the fantastic rewards which Martinez had promised them. How far they really believed his stories of the fabulous wealth and power which awaited them, it is difficult to say; it may be that they fully accepted them, for most of them were ignorant enough to believe anything; but at any rate they knew very well that after their capture of the town and the murders that they had committed, no mercy would be shown to any of them who might fall into the hands of the Government. The Government General had hoped to have considerable superiority in numbers. Counting the Indians as well as the mutinous regiments, it is by no means certain that he had any superiority at all, but it was difficult to form any estimate in a fight that took place in so irregular a manner and amidst such unusual surroundings.

There were several open glades in the forest, and twice in the course of that amorphous struggle I took part in a charge, which in each case cleared the glade of the rebels. It is a very curious experience for one who is not used to warfare—to find oneself one of a body of men animated by a single thought, to look at all the faces round one and watch them set in grim determination, forgetting all else but the stern resolve to hurtle down upon the enemy, to trample them under-foot or to drive them away—and to wonder, half-startled, whether one's own face looks like that. Then comes the sharp command, the wild ordered rush onwards, and then the

rattle of rifles or the clash of steel, the leaping over dead bodies, foe and friend alike, not even noticing which they are, full only of the one idea, to press on, press on. And then the glade is won, and we halt and look back for a moment to see heaps of dead, to see the green grass all trampled and red with blood; and yet there is no time for horror, no time for anything but still that one idea; where are they whom we must conquer?—let us press on, press on.

At least it was so with me. For the earlier part of that fight I kept by my father's side. Quite early my pony was shot and fell under me, but I sprang clear and seized the bridle of a riderless horse as he came past, sprang upon his back (he was far too tall for me) and turned him again into the fray. But in doing this I lost my father for a moment, and could not at once get back to his side. So I ranged through the battle, looking everywhere for the man whom I knew I should find. I took my share in the fighting, I suppose; I know that wherever I saw a rebel or an Indian I fired at him, and I think that few of my bullets missed their mark.

But presently my big horse fell, as the pony had done (I think he had been wounded when I first mounted him); and this time I was thrown to the earth with a jar, and it took me a few moments to recover my senses. The rifle which I had carried was injured in the fall; some part of its mechanism was bent, so that when I tried to fire it I could not. I cast it aside, and seized in its stead the nearest weapon that offered, a long naked sword which was lying on the ground in front of me—dropped, I suppose, by some officer as he fell dead, or perhaps was merely wounded and had crawled aside. I did not stop to think of that; I seized this great sword (far too heavy in reality for me to wield) and started off again on foot, still seeking for what I still knew I should find.

By this time the result of the battle was a foregone conclusion. Everywhere the Government troops were steadily driving back the insurgents, and many of the latter were already in flight. It was said afterwards, and I fully believe it, that this success was due to a great extent to the fiery valor of my father. The Colonel in command of the volunteer corps fell, badly wounded, early in the fight, and my father instantly took command and carried the regiment to victory. There were others in it of the same nominal rank as he, yet no one for a moment questioned his assumption of the lead. They think highly over there of the bravery and fighting qualities of the English, and so I suppose it seemed natural to them to follow an Englishman. At any rate they did so, and, civilian though my father was, without any experience in military matters, he led them with dauntless courage, and he led them to victory. If he lacked, as he must have done, knowledge of tactics, that lack mattered comparatively little in this strange hand-to-hand fight in the forest. What told there was personal courage and dash, and of those he had plenty.

I was still far from strong, and I had been racing about for some hours through the battle—and a battle is probably one of the most fatiguing things in the world; yet I had no thought of being tired, no time to feel tired—for no feeling, no thought could be allowed to distract me for an instant from the certainty that God would give my vengeance into my hand. Long I looked for Martinez everywhere, and but for that inner conviction I must have been disappointed. But I knew so surely that I should find him, and that all this vague fighting was a mere preliminary, that I never hesitated for a moment, never doubted for a moment; and at last I saw him.

He stood under a great tree with his back to it, and two of the Government soldiers were attacking him, and for the moment that little group seemed to be apart from

all the rest. Perhaps it was only in my mind that they were apart, for I saw that one figure only; and yet I think it is true that there were only the dead for some yards around. The two soldiers were assailing him boldly, and he was defending himself with his sword—the same sword, I thought, with the hatred surging up within me, the same sword that had slain my brother. But he had been famed in earlier days as the best swordsman in the army—some said the best swordsman in South America; and, even while I looked, one of the attacking soldiers went down before him, and then quickly the other, and he stood alone with the light of battle in his eye.

And then—he saw me, as I was springing towards him. His face changed and there came over it a look of diabolical hatred, and yet at the same time, I am sure, a look of fear.

"What," he shouted, "are you here? You have brought all this ill-luck upon me; you and your cursed father and brother!"

"Yes," replied I, "I am here; and I shall kill you."

I sprang straight at him; I might have shot him from a distance, but I meant to kill him with the sword, as he had killed Gerald. I had seen the fear in his eyes—I am sure of that; but now he turned upon me with a laugh of scorn, seeing that I was armed only with a clumsy old sword, and knowing himself a master of his weapon. In a moment we were fencing; I had learnt some fencing at school, yet I doubt whether that was of use to me at this critical moment. I fought by instinct and not by knowledge; yet I must have fought better than I knew, for even as our swords clashed together again and again I saw a change in his eye; I saw the look of triumphant malice fade away and the haunting fear show itself again, I suppose because in some strange

unexpected way he could not strike me down at once, because he found me more nearly a match for him than he could possibly have expected.

I think he was scarcely taller than I—I have said that he was a short man; but his reach was longer, and his familiarity with the weapon incomparably greater. My will was indomitable as ever, but my arm was rapidly tiring, and it was only by the most tremendous exertion that I could move that unwieldy sword quickly enough to guard against his lightning-like blows and thrusts. I knew that slowly and surely he was beating down my guard, and that, if he once did that, my fate was sealed. At last, after a shower of mighty blows, came a lightning-like thrust at my heart. I parried, but my failing arm was some infinitesimal fraction of a second later than it should have been. I struck the blade down, but not quite far enough. It was turned from the heart at which it was aimed, but it ran into the fleshy part of my thigh. Springing back after the thrust, as a fencer does, Martinez caught his foot in a root of the tree and went over backwards, his sword falling from his hand. In a moment I leaped upon him, put my foot upon his breast and the point of my sword at his throat. He cried out for mercy.

"Mercy!" I said, jerkily perhaps, for I was panting from the terrible exertion of the fight; "what mercy did you show to my brother?"

And I pressed the point of the sword upon his throat.

Yet again he shrieked for mercy. Somehow in some previous part of the struggle the breast of my shirt had been torn open, and the little silver and ebony crucifix which my mother had fastened round my neck was hanging outwards as I stooped over him.

"Mercy!" he said, "for the sake of the Christ whose image you wear!"

A half laugh came from me to hear this renegade, who had tried to make me trample on the crucifix, now begging for his life in the name of that same Christ whose image he had profaned. But not for that would I be turned aside.

I had recovered my breath by now, and I drew back my arm to make the final thrust, when suddenly that arm was stayed. Once more beside me stood my brother, looking up earnestly into my face, and holding back with his little hand the arm that would have avenged him. This time at least it was no hallucination, for Martinez saw it too. I saw the awful look of terror in his eyes; I saw the sweat of fear break out upon his face as he groaned in horror. But I looked into the eyes of the dead. My brother's hand was on my arm, and he was looking up gravely, earnestly, pleadingly, into my face. I could not kill his murderer now. As I threw down my sword and drew back with a strange emptiness in my heart, the most lovely and loving smile broke out over my brother's face, and then once more he was gone. As I turned away from the prostrate Martinez, he drew a knife out of the leg of his long leather boot, and stabbed at me even as I was retiring. I sprang aside instinctively, and before he could rise to his feet a little knot of the Government soldiers came racing up and sprang upon him, wrested his knife from him and made him their prisoner.

Still with that strange empty feeling I turned on my heel, and was about to go I know not where, when I caught sight of the forbidding face of Antinahuel, taking aim at me with a rifle over the top of a bush. My movement was more instinctive than reasoned; with the quickness of long practice I drew out the revolver from my belt, and two reports sounded together. I felt a numbing blow in my right arm, and the pistol fell from it, to the ground; but before I myself sank down beside it I had time to note the horrible blue hole in Antinahuel's

forehead—blue for a moment, before the blood gushed out of it as he fell backwards. I myself fell also, for the blood was pouring from the wound in my thigh, in addition to the shock caused by the rifle bullet; and so for a time all knowledge of mundane affairs passed from me.

When I came to myself again it was dark night, and I lay for a time watching the stars, still hardly conscious, hardly able to think of my present situation and caring nothing for the future, conscious chiefly of one thing—an awful thirst, produced no doubt by the great drain of blood from the body. I had suffered much at many periods of my story, as you know by this time; yet I think that nothing that I suffered was ever so terrible as that thirst while I lay helpless under the stars. The night seemed to be years in length; sometimes I seemed to be unconscious for a few moments, and then I woke with the conviction that I must have slept through a day, and that another night had come upon me, and yet when I looked at the stars I saw that they had scarcely moved.

I lost all count of time, but somewhere amid what seemed the centuries I realised uncertainly that some lanterns were approaching, and presently with a start of joy I heard my father's voice, and saw his face bending over me. I cried to him for water, and in a moment he held a flask to my lips, and then I think I must have swooned again for pure joy that that thirst was allayed. Quickly now my wounds were bandaged and I was carried gently away from the field.

And here to all intents and purposes my story ends. Of what avail to tell of my slow nursing back to health and strength, of the thanks given both to my father and to me by the Government of the country, and the decorations it bestowed upon us for the victory which, it said in its politeness, was so largely due to our bravery?

What need I say of that day a month later, when I stood silently watching, amidst a mob howling out execrations, while Martinez was shot in the great square of the capital? The hatred had gone—gone utterly out of my life, wiped out of it by the touch of the dead. No, not of the dead, but of the living, for I had looked into my brother's eyes, and I knew that he lived and loved me still. And so I was content, though then I knew nothing of the beautiful fate which would bring my brother back to life fifteen years later in a country far away, which would bring him in that new body into my life again, which would enable us both to recognise one another, and to realise that death can never part those souls that truly love.

C. W. LEADBEATER

The poles are scarcely farther apart than the views of western Spiritualists and Asiatics with respect to communion with the dead. The former encourage it, often try to develop mediumship in themselves or their family members, to enjoy it, support many journals and publish many books to tell about and discuss their phenomena, and cite the latter as proofs of the scientific basis of the doctrine of a future life. Asiatics, on the contrary, discourage these necromantic dabblings as soul-debaucheries, and affirm that they work incalculable evil both upon the dead and the living; obstructing the normal evolution of man's spirit and delaying the acquirement of *Jñanam*, the highest knowledge. In Europe and America one often meets around the sèance-table the noblest, purest, most learned, as well as their opposites; in the East, the mediums and sorcerers are patronised only by Pariahs and other degraded castes, as a general rule. At the West, in these latter days, families usually feel glad rather than sorry if a medium is discovered in their household, whereas in India it is thought a disgrace, a calamity, something to deplore and to abate as soon as possible.

H. S. OLCOTT—*Old Diary Leaves*

A MYSTERIOUS MANUSCRIPT

The Manuscripts in the Adyar Library

THE collection of Manuscripts in the Adyar Library is really unique in its Samskṛṭ department. It contains already over twelve thousand works—of which several indeed are duplicates of the same treatise, but of which, on the other hand, a considerable number are unique, not known to exist in any other library, and, lastly, of which a great number (if not unique) are of great rarity. Besides these Samskṛṭ Manuscripts there are also several others, the presence of which in our collections is perhaps less known to the public. We have, for instance, a magnificent copy of the Pāli Ṭripiṭaka and a small number of other Pāli works, and further some Telugu, Tamil, Chinese, Javanese and Tibetan Manuscripts. Besides these, again, we possess a considerable number of Japanese and Chinese prints (mostly Buḍḍhistic) both in xylography and typography, amongst which are the Tokio edition of the Chinese Ṭripiṭaka, and also, the late King of Siam's printed edition of the Pāli Ṭripiṭaka in Siamese characters.

Our library being a young one with very limited financial means at its disposal, some of the works in languages other than Samskṛṭ have not yet been adequately determined and catalogued, though it may be added that at least the Chinese Ṭripiṭaka has now been duly arranged by Mr. Spurgeon Medhurst and ourselves, and that we have also determined the character of the few bundles of Tibetan Manuscripts in our possession. The latter contain nothing of a startling nature. There is, we may say of course, a copy of the *Vajracchedika* or *Rdo-rje-gchod-pa*; then there are some minor treatises relating to

Padmasambhava and similar matters, important neither in contents nor extent, nor in perfection of the writer's art. We may perhaps add that we ourselves possess a small collection of Tibetan blockprints, comprising some 2,700 leaves, and containing amongst other matter an *Aṣṭasahasrikā Prajñāpāramitā*, two different editions of *Milaraspa* (each containing the two works), and two different *Padma Thangyigs* (both differing from the texts made known by Grünwedel and Schlagintweit).

A Solitary Leaf of a Tibetan Manuscript

Besides the Manuscripts mentioned above there is one other Tibetan production in our collection, a solitary leaf of what is evidently a big book. It is a splendid specimen of Tibetan caligraphy, though the leaf itself has not come to us in an altogether undamaged condition. On both outer ends it shows clear traces of being singed or burned, and on the right hand side perhaps an inch has broken off, the material having become brittle when undergoing its fire-ordeal. The text is only slightly interfered with, at most the width of one or two letters having been lost in this way; and these lost letters, owing to the nature of the text written on the leaf, can be easily restored, as this text consists chiefly of a series of formulæ which occur over and over again with only a slight verbal change in a single expression or group of expressions. The material of the leaf is some tough and leathery paper, colored dark blue and polished on that part of it on which the text has been written. The letters, beautifully and clearly executed, about a quarter of an inch high (*pa*, *ba* and the like), do not show any difference from the modern form[1] and are written or painted in the well-known shiny, yellowish-golden color which lends such beauty to Tibetan writings of that class. The leaf contains eight lines on each side; it measures

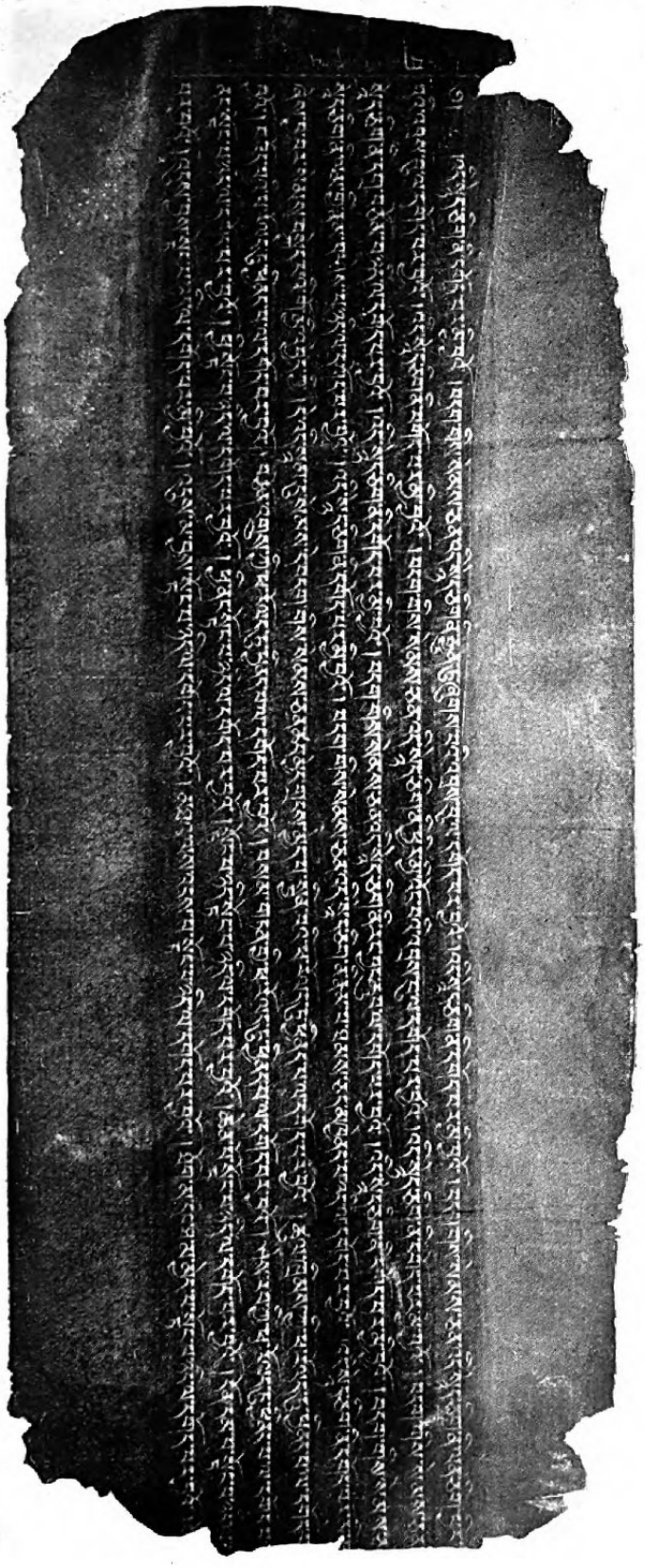
[1] The initial letter *a* does not occur on the leaf, so we cannot compare its form with the variety designated by L. D. Barnett in the *J. R. A. S.*, 1903, p. 111, as characteristic of Tibetan palæography.

exactly ten inches high and in its present condition nearly 24½ inches long, but its length may have originally been 1 to 1½ inch more. Our reproduction on a scale of a little under one-third gives a clear idea of the state and appearance of the leaf on its recto side.

How the Manuscript came to Us

The history of the arrival of the Manuscript in the Adyar Library is already romantic in itself. Dr. Schrāder, the Director, had, soon after his first arrival in India, taken care of a young Brāhmaṇa orphan to whom he intended to give a good education with a view of qualifying him for secretarial work of some kind. After having been placed in the Central Hinḍū College, the lad preferred, however, to lead the parivrājaka life, went north and was subsequently only occasionally heard of. He seems to have wandered through Nepāl amongst other places, and in November, 1908, Dr. Schrāder received the latest tidings from him. This news was contained in a letter (bearing the postmark of Askote, Almora, November 17th, 1908[1]), giving some particulars about his present condition and asking for a determination of the nature and contents of the Manuscript leaf, sent by the same mail per book-post under separate cover. He stated that a friend he had met *possessed a collection of such leaves*, of which this was one, but did not know what it was, and would be glad to be enlightened on the point. With characteristic forgetfulness he neglected to add his present address, so that no answer could be sent; and after several months Dr. Schrāder, unhappily, destroyed the letter, the precise contents of which he is now no longer able to recall. How this Manuscript came into the possession of the youthful brahmachārin's friend remains thus an unsolved problem. Let its solution be as it may; the fact remains that we are in the possession of this tantalising knowledge that somewhere up north someone

[1] Though the accompanying letter was destroyed, happily the cover in which the Manuscript was sent was kept, which enables us to fix the date given.



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possesses the remainder of this Manuscript, not knowing its unique value, which I am going to demonstrate further on, perhaps not taking due care of it, whilst we are impotent to rescue it from oblivion and possible decay or disappearance.

The Unique Character of the Manuscript

When Dr. Schrāder, on a mere chance occasion, during the autumn of 1909, submitted the Manuscript to me I at once recognised it as something special and remarkable. On first sight I found its orthography quite peculiar showing the ancient *da-drag* and the subjoined semi-vowel, *ya* between the initial *m* and the vowels *e* and *i* in full use. Most readers will exclaim: "What are these *da-drag* and subjoined *ya*?" They represent ancient forms of Tibetan orthography, which, according to modern authorities, *ceased to be employed before about the year 800 of our era.*[1] It will be seen immediately how important that single leaf at once became by this discovery. For either we have before us a modern copy artificially reproducing the obsolete orthography—and an example of such a procedure is as yet absolutely unknown—or we have a genuine old Manuscript dating from within a century or two of the introduction of writing into Tibet, which took place in about 640 A.D. It would bring us into contact with the work of the earliest translators from Saṁskṛṭ into

[1] For some literature on the subject see Jäschke 'Tibetan Grammar' (1883) § 34, and Dictionaries (1871 or 1881) *s. v. da*; Csoma de Körös 'Grammar of the Tibetan Language (1834), p. 11; Schmidt 'Grammatik der Tibetischen Sprache' (1839), p. 20, 21; Sarat Chandra Ḍās 'Tibetan-English Dictionary' (1902) *s. v. da-drag*; L. D. Barnett, *J.R.A.S.*, 1903, p. 109 and p. 821; W. W. Rockhill, *J.R.A.S.*, 1903, p. 572; L. A. Waddell, *J.R.A.S.*, 1909, p. 923 (especially p. 942) and compare also p. 69; S. W. Bushell, *J. R. A. S.*, 1880, p. 435 (especially plates after p. 534; the subjoined *ya* seems to be there, but the rubbing is very imperfect); M. A. Stein 'Preliminary Report, etc., in Chinese Turkestan' (1901) last plate and p. 57. From Laufer's 'Studien zur Sprachwissenschaft der Tibeter Zamatog' in the Sitzungsberichte der philos.-philol. u. d. hist. Classe der k. b. Ak. d. Wissensch. zu München (1898), p. 519, we must conclude, ex omisione, that the Tibetan Grammar Zamatog, written in about 1500 A.D., no longer knows the *da-drag*, whereas Thonmi-sambhota's grammar (about 625 A.D.) treats of it, according to A. H. Francke in the *J.&P.A.S.B.*, 1910., p. 410. Whilst correcting the proofs of this article the October numbers of the *J.R.A.S.*, for 1910, have come to hand, in which see L. A. Waddell, p. 1247 and especially p. 1250 and 1251. In this article the *da-drag* is proveu to have been employed as late as about 840 A.D.

Tibetan, and would in another way be of importance as indicating the survival at the present day of bulky specimens of the old writing, examples of which—in a very limited number—have until now only been found buried under the devastating but preservative sands of Turkestan.

What hopes for further discovery this possibility evokes it is needless to say. Let us mention only the importance such discoveries would have for the intricate history and genetic development of the Buḍḍhist writings. Textual criticism could not hope for a better find. Little wonder, then, that I remained perplexed as to the truth of the matter, and could not easily pass over the fact that the appearance of our leaf is fresh, that it does not clearly indicate any hoary past, and does not lend force to the theory that this leaf is more than a thousand years old. And yet the cold Tibetan climate is a good preserver, better than that of tropical India with its moisture, its heat and its devouring insects.[1]

To What Work the Leaf Belongs

In attempting to solve the above puzzle the first step to take is evidently to determine to what work this isolated leaf belongs. Unhappily there is no marginal short title on the leaf, such as is found in almost all xylographs; there is no chapter closing or beginning, no colophon or other indication which might give a clue. The only thing is to judge the contents as such. There is however one indication of a secondary nature, and that is the page number. The leaf is marked on its recto side *ga* × × *go-bshi* or in other words Vol. III, page 94. Taking the volume number as applying to a single work—seeing that this is a Manuscript, and not a printed work, in which separate treatises

[1] I will not enter here into any technical discussion about the peculiarities of the Manuscript, if any such exist. That may be referred to more learned heads. Let me however note one point, the occurrence of the curious term *rang-byang-chhub* in the series sroṭāpatti, etc., after arhat, which term Chanḍra Ḍās in his dictionary (1166 b.) gives as the equivalent of *rang-sangs-rgyas* or *pratyekabuddha*. I may also add that the use of the *da-drag* does not tally with Barnett's analysis of it in the Endere fragments, *J. R. A. S.*, 1903, pp. 110, 111.

are often included in a number of volumes, and accordingly marked with a volume number which has no reference to their individual length—the whole work must be of considerable bulk.

Now a perusal of the contents showed the enumeration of the various well-known series of the four (five) fruits or paths (sroṭāpatti, etc., including rang-byang-chhub or pratyekabuddha as the fifth), the six pāramiṭās, the eighteen shūnyaṭās, and the mention of several other series, which are, however, not singly enumerated like the former, but only mentioned collectively, as for example the four noble truths, the noble eightfold path, the four meditations, the eight escapes or emancipations, and the five powers. It is clear that the most probable hypothesis is that, with regard to length (at least three volumes) and contents, we have here to do with one of the larger Prajñāpāramitās. And if this be so, the choice must lie between the *Shaṭasahasrikā* (the 100,000 shloka Prajñāpāramitā), the *Pañchaviṁshaṭishasrikā* (in 25,000 shlokas) and the *Aṣṭāḍashasrikā* (in 18,000 shlokas). The two smaller recensions, the *Ḍashasahasrikā* (in 10,000 shlokas) and the *Aṣṭasahasrika* (in 8,000 shlokas) are scarcely probable as the original work, as both are continually printed in Tibet in a single volume, and it is not likely that our Manuscript, containing as much matter on a page as the printed editions, would expand to (at least) three volumes in writing.[1]

Going a step further, considering all elements at my disposal, I have come finally to this conclusion that the most likely hypothesis is to assign our fragment as belonging to the 25,000 shloka recension,

[1] The above according to Csoma de Körös-Leon Feer in the 'Annales du Musée Guimet,' Vol. II, p. 199. It should be remarked that whilst these authors give the 25,000 shloka recension as contained in three volumes, both the catalogue of the *R. A. S. B.* ('A nominal list of Tibetan Manuscripts and xylographs,' etc., by P. Ghosha, p. 4, 5) and of the St. Petersburg Academy (I. J. Schmidt and O. Böhtlingk 'Verzeichniss der Tibetischen Handschriften und Holzdrucke,' etc. [1846], Nos. 187-190) indicate only editions in four volumes.

called by abbreviation nyi-khri in Tibetan, and consisting in reality—as that word indicates—of perhaps roughly 20,000 shlokas. I need not detail how I have finally came to this conclusion, which, it must be remembered, is after all only a hypothesis. Suffice it to add still—that a rapid glance through this 25,000 shloka recension in the Chinese Ṭripiṭaka, one through the Samskṛṭ 8,000 shloka edition published in the *Bibliotheca Indica* by Rājendṛalāla Miṭra, one through the Tibetan 100,000 shloka edition[1] as far as published in the *Bibliotheca Indica* by Praṭāpachandra Ghosha, have only given me several dizzy headaches, but have not led me to an identification of our passage.

Clairvoyance to the Rescue

So there the matter stood, without prospect of further development, when I bethought myself that it might be interesting to attempt an appeal to the powers of trained clairvoyance for some suggestions, or perhaps a solution of the problem. So on the evening of November 17, 1909, at 9-30 P.M., after the day's work was over, I went to Mr. Leadbeater with the Manuscript, outlined the case to him, and asked him if he would be kind enough to go into the question either by sheer clairvoyance or by psychometry. It should be understood that I told him only the barest facts of the case: that here was a Manuscript which according to its orthographic peculiarities must be supposed to have been written before 800 A.D., that it was Tibetan, and that further than that there was nothing known about it, neither as to its ultimate provenance nor as to of what work it formed part. Unnecessary to add that Mr. Leadbeater knows no Tibetan or other Oriental languages; and though himself a Buḍḍhist and keenly

[1] It is curious that during all the twelve years that this publication has been in progress no one concerned has noticed that on the outer titles from beginning till end *stong phrag brgyad pa* has been printed and on the inner and chapter titles *stong phrag brgya pa*. Jäschke has a clerical error in his London (1881) dictionary and gives *stong phrag* as 'ten thousand;' his Gnadau (1871) dictionary is correct on this point.

interested in its living aspects, has made no scientific studies concerning its development, nor is specially acquainted with the literature about it by any but the more popular writers amongst the western Buḍḍhist scholars.

Readers of this Magazine are familiar with the results of clairvoyant enquiry as applied to historic researches through the series of 'Lives of Alcyone'. Those as yet unfamiliar with this subject can do no better than read Mr. Leadbeater's own little manual on *Chairvoyance*, describing the whole theory concerning the exercise of this power; and they may also advantageously compare Mr. Mead's remarks on this subject in the introduction to his work on *Did Jesus live 100 B. C.?* It is here, of course, not the place to insert a *petitio principii* concerning the reality of clairvoyance, some knowledge of which subject is taken for granted in our readers. Psychic researchers may note down the case here related as an interesting document for study, and those interested in this problem will find a good illustration of a chance example of clairvoyance, quite casually demonstrated without any previous preparation or warning. In the regular and systematic exercise of the power in lengthy series of investigations, such as those connected with *Thought-forms*, *Ancient Peru*, *Occult Chemistry*, and others, the existence of some preliminary preparation might be argued, but here we have a mere chance chip thrown off from the block, and the spontaneity of its production has a special demonstrational value.

The Date of the Leaf

Mr. Leadbeater at once, most kindly, acquiesced in my wishes. It has been my privilege—as it has been that of many others in close connexion with him—to have often witnessed such little spontaneous 'asides' to his more regular work. Those of us who have had this experience might construct an interesting evidential

chain of argument and circumstance in favor of the reality of his possession of this abnormal power in a scientific sense.

He first took the leaf in his hands, sat quietly for a few moments, half closed his eyes, and began to speak. The Manuscript was very old, he said; it had been written in Tibet, or at least somewhere amongst the mountains of the Himālayan chain, or those north of them. He could not at first say exactly where. Glancing over contemporary Europe to find some landmarks for the fixing of the date—a process said to be quite feasible—it was found that it was about the time of Pepin le Bref and Charlemagne. Some interesting details of personal description of the latter were given, some glimpses of scenes in his life were depicted, and some living touches of the life of the times were described in a most casual manner, and in the merest passing. A glance over contemporary England confirmed the approximate date gained, and whilst Mr. Leadbeater was wandering round amongst these pictures of ancient life, I looked up and verified such details as lent themselves to it from the cyclopædia. It has always struck me as an amusing fact that, whereas in olden times the wizard—at least traditionally—had his proper setting in picturesque and dramatic surroundings, he now-a-days uses a prosaic typewriter, and does not despise the use of dictionary and cyclopædia to check as far as possible his own results. In occult methods, too, civilisation brings progress!

A direct question brought the answer that, running rapidly over the history of the Manuscript in reverse order, from the present day to its genesis, our leaf proved to be the original production and not a later copy of it. At the moment no further precision of the date fixed was attempted, as this would entail considerable difficulty; for in such a matter concrete minute points of comparison are needed, fixed points as it were, and these depend largely on the actual knowledge present in the consciousness of the seer.

Within historical times, this would not be very difficult for countries whose languages the seer understands; but for nations speaking languages or using chronologies unknown to him, the process would be laborious. Some practical makeshifts are in many cases resorted to, as for instance, when in events coinciding with Roman times the contemporary name of the acting consul was looked up and then his date read up in some cyclopædia. Pre-mediæval Europe offers generally considerable difficulties. Huge periods are commonly computed from astronomical observations.

The Author of the Leaf

Having fixed his attention on the writer of the Manuscript, Mr. Leadbeater gave a description of him and ascertained some facts connected with him. His name was unluckily not determined, though somehow in a vague way the name Sambhava was mentioned in connexion with him. He was an oldish man of commanding appearance, seemingly of some Mongolian race—perhaps Tibeto-Chinese. There was an impression that he had been born somewhere on or near the Chinese frontier. He was observed writing in a sort of monastery, a great bare walled place, part of a much larger establishment. This place was, in a sort, identified in an interesting way. During the summer of 1909 Mr. Leadbeater and myself had read the proofs of Ekai Kawaguchi's work *Three Years in Tibet* which has been published by *The Theosophist* Office. Whilst clairvoyantly looking at the Tibetan writer, long since dead and gone, and at his dwelling-place, Mr. Leadbeater said that this was the same place which Kawaguchi had visited and described in his book. He stated: 'Look up Kawaguchi; you will find there the description of the same place. It is situated to the east of the river. Nyalba (or Nyalva) is the name of a village near by.' Upon being asked how he knew this, he answered that a habitual exercise of clairvoyance brings with it the automatic arising of pictures of the original when

various subjects are spoken or read of. So, in reading a book of travel, the practised clairvoyant continually sees before him the real scenes and incidents described. In this way he recognised the old monastery as that which he had seen in connexion with Kawaguchi's book. The detail is interesting. But I have not been able to identify the place from any description in the book.

The Writing of the Book

The vision showed the beautiful Manuscript and there was 'lots of it'. The Manuscript in the final state, of which our solitary leaf is a specimen, was not the immediate result of the translation. The translation itself was done from a palm-leaf Manuscript, written in some form of Samskṛṭ. The ancient translator worked at it as his great life-task, taking many years over it. His labor was a sort of secret charge. The first draft was written on some dirty-looking white-grey paper. From this the Manuscript was copied with scrupulous care and in painfully neat caligraphy on the blue paper of which we have the sample. The writing was done, it seems, with some kind of bamboo or wooden brush or pen. My notes do not record the detail, but I believe it was given at the time. The copying as well as the translation were equally sacred tasks to the Tibetan monk.

According to Csoma de Körös-Feer the Tibetan translation of the 25,000 shloka recension of the Prajñāpāramitā is unknown.

Glossolaly

Except in the *Christian Creed*, where he has given *pontou pilêtou* as the original form of the *pontiou pilatou* in the Gospels, Mr. Leadbeater has to my knowledge never yet published direct readings from ancient Manuscripts, clairaudiently obtained. The more interesting is it that on this occasion he reproduced several larger and smaller snatches of sound heard from the Tibetan writer in reading his Manuscripts. It must be borne in mind that clairvoyance does not in itself enable its possessor to read ancient

Manuscripts if he does not know their script, but the clairvoyant, or rather clairaudient can hear and reproduce the sounds uttered by the people of the time who read these writings aloud. The sounds heard seem to belong to three different categories. They are those of the Samskṛtic original, those of the Tibetan translation, and one sentence which seems Chinese.

I spell as well as I can phonetically with the ordinary continental values of the letters.

(*a*) *Chinese.*

The monk began his readings with what seemed a set formula running somewhat as follows, though the exact order of the sounds is not guaranteed.

fo do bo zo

Remarks:

This looks more Chinese than Tibetan, and may represent an invocation in the monk's mother tongue, as he was possibly a Chinaman by birth. It must also be remembered that the titles of the Chinese Pāramiṭās abound in monosyllables having an o sound. The Chinese names for the three Chinese versions of the 25,000 shloka recension are named: Fāng-kwāng-pān-jo-po-lo-mi-ching, Mohö-pān-jo-po-lo-mi-ching, and Kwāng-tsān-pān-jo-po-lo-mi-ching.[1] Pān-jo-po-lo-mi-to is the Chinese transcription for Prajñāpāramitā.

(*b*) *Tibetan.*

The following sentences and isolated works or expressions were dictated as Tibetan. They were of course pronounced through an untrained English larynx by one not conversant with Tibetan, nor, for the matter of that, with Samskṛṭ or Chinese.

1. *fo khiën*[1] *khab dzju*[2] *lobchen thupha*[3].

[1] kh=Greek chi; ië as in French bière.

[2] dzju as in English jujube.

[3] Something between thirpa (ir as in English thirst), thupha or thirpo (short o).

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[1] Bunyiu Nanjio 'Catalogue, etc., of the Chinese Buḍḍhist Ṭripiṭaka,' Oxford, 1883, col. 4.

2. *tcha khiën sangtszu lo bat*[1] *tsze gyal bor ang khor bat zug hrang*[2] *po chellung phota*[3].

[1] Bat or pat.

[2] Hrang very guttural in its initials and the a sound very short.

[3] Phota or phoda.

Remarks :

An adherent to the doctrine of sub-conscious memory will probably see in ang khor bat a reminiscence of the name of the famous ruins in Cambodia.

3. *Shrī chen.*[1]

[1] Something between chen, short chan or chin.

4. *naljor.*

5. *genpakdenchub.*

6. *norlab dipak denpo.*

Remarks :

Number one may be intended to represent a name; I have a lingering remembrance that it was given as such, but I have not recorded the fact in my notes.

Number two was a sentence from the book.

Number three and five were isolated words.

Number four was a word known to Mr. Leadbeater and recognised by him, as it is used in Theosophical literature, it is of course the Tibetan equivalent for Yoga, Yogin, Yogāchārya or Yogāchāra.

Number six may be a name again.

(*c*) *Samskṛtic* (Classical Samskṛt, Buḍḍhistic Samskṛt, Pāli ?)

Taken from the original Manuscript from which the Tibetan translation was made.

1. *Itipisso bhagavan arahan.*

Remarks :

This is evidently the well-known Pāli formula: Iti pi so bhagavā arahaṁ sammāsambuddho vijjā-caraṇa-sampanno sugato lokavidū, etc.[1] It would be strange to find

[1] " That is the Noble One, the Saintly One, the perfectly Enlightened One, filled with Wisdom and Virtue, the Welcome One, whose look penetrates the worlds," etc. See Bhikkhu Ñānatiloka 'Die Reden des Buḍḍha,' Erster Band, Einer-Buch, Leipzig, [1910 ?], p, 57. The formula does not seem to occur in the written canon of Ceylon, but to be in current use among the Buḍḍhist population.

Pāli in the original instead of some form of Samskṛṭ if our book is really one of the Prajñāpāramitās. But a similar formula was at one time known to Tibetan Buḍḍhists[1] in the form: "Itjapi so Bhagavā(n) Samjaksambuddho vidschdschatscharaṇasampanno Sugato Lokavidjānuttaro" (as transcribed by Schiefner), given as the language of Magadha.

The words were given as the beginning of a sentence.

May it be that Mr. Leadbeater heard the Pāli form in Ceylon during the course of his lengthy residence there, and clothed the nearly similar sounds in a form reminiscent of them in some sub-conscious way?

Mr. Leadbeater himself thinks this hypothesis probable. It was his opinion that in each of these cases, out of a torrent of unknown words which he heard, his mind pounced upon such as were already partly familiar to it, and even that he might easily have been deceived by apparent and superficial resemblances to words sub-consciously present in his mind.

2. *Saririr pilikulenda.*

3. *Buddha rajanān wahanseye nama swaweva.*

Remarks:

Buddharajānanwahansé is an honorific title frequently applied in Ceylon to the Buḍḍha. The words heard may only have *resembled* these.

We publish the above details in the hope that some reader or readers thoroughly conversant with spoken Tibetan and Chinese or with Buḍḍhistic Samskṛṭ may shed some light on the problems they raise. As an almost unique example of what they are in the way of recovered sounds from the past heard by clairaudience in time, they cannot fail to have also a special interest for the student of such matters.

The Pre-history of the Document

What we have written up till now has a special interest mainly for the psychic researcher, the philologist and

[1] A Schiefner 'Wassiljew's Vorrede, etc., zu Tārānātha's Geschichte des Buddhismus in Indien,' St. Petersburg, 1869, p. 29.

the student of Buḍḍhist history and literature, and generally also for the Theosophist. What now follows is of special and almost exclusive interest to the latter. For the stray scholar, who may have happened to meet and read these pages, hypothesis and description cease and romance begins. But even if he should regard what follows as a mere story, it is an interesting one which will amuse him if no more. Needless to say that we ourselves regard the following to be as much a subject for serious consideration as what has gone before, and that we consider that our own faculties and expectations are by no means the measure of the possible or the true. Besides, we are able to bring forward a few corroborative arguments with regard to some points of the story.

After having come thus far in the description of the author, his place and time and book, I asked Mr. Leadbeater to go a step further and follow up the Samskṛṭ Manuscript from which the Tibetan translation was made. By tracing it back to some other Manuscript from which, in its turn, it might prove to have been copied, and so on, we would at last come to the original author and also probably to the title of the book.

Already, when describing the Tibetan translator, he had said that the man looked somehow familiar though he did not finally identify him (not as to name, but as to ego). Also the Samskṛṭ Manuscript had a 'curious feel' about it, he said. And in acceding to my request he very soon said: "I believe that Master K. H. may have had something to do with the book." He then described how in ascending along the line of time, the Master's influence became perceptible in the Manuscript, growing stronger and stronger as he moved into the earlier past, until at last he found Master K. H. himself as its author nearly two thousand years ago. First the Manuscript took him to India. It was interesting to watch the description of how the surrounding climate was softening, and at last was transformed into one of tropical heat, and how the

country in which he was moving changed from icy Tibet to glaring India. After a few centuries he found himself transported—much to his surprise—to the identical monastery and library where Alcyone (in the thirtieth life) was abbot and librarian. In that library the Manuscript was one of the great treasures, and either that self-same Manuscript, or a copy made from it, was the Samskṛt book seen in the hands of the Tibetan translator. As this life of Alcyone will soon appear in *The Theosophist*, we need not give any particulars here, but satisfy ourselves with the statement that its time was about 650 A.D. and the place Kanyakubja.

Nāgārjuna

It is well known in Theosophical circles that it has been stated that he who is now Master K. H. was known in a former life as Pythagoras, and some centuries later in India as Nāgārjuna[1]—a great saint and scholar in the early Buḍḍhist world, renowned as a mighty sorcerer and great philosopher, a voluminous author, a Methusalah who lived for three centuries as a Buḍḍhist patriarch, the focus of countless legends, stories, traditions and even fairy-tales. To him at last the investigation leads when searching for the ultimate (or rather penultimate, as we shall see) origin of our mysterious leaf. The following are the bare facts as Mr. Leadbeater told them that evening.

We are now somewhere near the time that the Christian gospels were written, about 200 A.D., or rather a little less; between 150 and 180 A.D., would be more exact. Nāgārjuna is now an old man. He wrote the original Manuscript, but this was itself not an original production, but a translation from an Atlantean Manuscript. There is already a queer and romantic story current about it. This Manu-

[1] See about Nāgārjuna: Albert Grünwedel 'Mythologie des Buddhismus in Tibet und der Mongolei,' Leipzig, 1900, p. 29; L. A. Waddell 'The Buddhism of Tibet,' London, 1895, p. 10; W. Wassiljew 'Der Buddhismus,' St. Petersburg, 1860, p. 232, also translated into English in 'The Indian Antiquary,' Vol. IV, Bombay, 1875, p. 141. A list of literature on Nāgārjuna in Grünwedel's work, note 31, p. 203.

script was a holy relic when one of the later Atlantean migrations left Poseidonis. They took it with them to India. After a long time of peaceful dwelling in the new land, the Āryan hordes begin to invade the country from the North. The older Atlantean tribe began to be harassed and to be sorely pressed. They fought like lions but without avail. They formed the kṣhaṭṭriya or rājan caste, and were red-colored. At last they saw their doom was sealed, and they decided to bury their sacred treasure. They did, and it remained buried in a dry sandy place for thousands of years, quite undisturbed. This Atlantean Manuscript was enclosed in an air-tight case, hermetically sealed and made out of some sort of metal. Its preservation remained perfect.

Nāgārjuna got hold of information about it and located it by some magical means, after which he dug it up. The Manuscript was written in colored hieroglyphics on what seem metal plates. It was about two feet long and twelve inches broad. There were twenty-seven lines of script, written on one side of the plates only, which numbered one hundred and fifty-three. In translation the text expanded considerably. It was translated on palm-leaves about sixteen inches long and four high, on which twelve lines were written on *both* sides. About three of such palm leaves went to one metal sheet. The translation seems to consist of three parts —three bundles anyhow. The work is known as *Sambodhi*; this is the original title and Nāgārjuna is the translator. This translation is somehow dual in its nature. There seems first to be a mere translation, corresponding exactly to the original, and then secondly, under the same title, something which seems a commentary. There ought therefore to be two books or parts, with the same name but quite different contents.

After this translation was made, and the work commenced its wandering career throughout the centuries, it began to expand. This process of expansion went on and

on till the book reached Tibet. And even before it reached India from Atlantis, it had already begun increasing its initial size.

A curious phrase in or connected with the initial Manuscript: is "The great King of Glory who liveth for 124,000 years."

This then is the story of the Manuscript in so far as it related to Nāgārjuna, and so far as briefly outlined in a short and cursory investigation lasting in all scarcely more than one hour, certainly less than two hours.

Some Corroborative Observations on the previous Paragraph

The first interesting corroboration for our story is that, in effect, there exists a legend that Nāgārjuna did find a case with manuscripts from which he drew the materials for writing the Pāramiṭās, all of which tradition ascribes to him. In the popular versions this case was recovered from the nether-world or the sea, by the aid of a King of the Nāgas. It will be remembered that occult enquiry has suggested the equivalence of the name Nāga—really meaning serpent, a mystical being playing a great part in early Buḍḍhistic legend—with the name of an Atlantean tribe or race. They were so called, it is stated, because their tribal totem, borne before them in war, was a snake. Nepālese Manuscripts of the Prajñāpāramitā record[1] in their colophons that they had been drawn from the nether-world by Nāgārjuna (नागार्जुनेन पातालादुद्धृता). The Chinese biography of Nāgārjuna[2] relates the story as follows:

"Nāgarāja (King of the Dragons) took pity on him [Nāgārjuna] and took him with him to his palace at the bottom of the sea, and showed him there seven precious receptacles, containing the Vaipulya books and

[1] *J. & P. A. S. B.*, Vol. VI, 1910. p. 309 and 426.
[2] Wassiljew 'Der Buddhismus' and 'Indian Antiquary'. See note to previous paragraph. The English translation is defective.

other Sūṭras of a deep and mystical meaning; Nāgārjuna read them for ninety consecutive days, *and then returned to the earth with a case* (*Kiste*)."

Waddell[1] adds that Nāgàrjuna alleged that the Buḍḍha Himself had composed the treatise.

A second corroboration is perhaps to be found in the fact that the 25,000 shloka recension is commonly given as printed in three volumes, which fact may have something to do with the 'three original parts' described.

The third is with regard to the name Sambodhi. In the 25,000 shloka recension of the work, the fourth of its eight chapters is called Sarvakārābhisambodha or 'cognisance of all forms, whereby the Boḍhisaṭṭva acquires a right understanding of the various phases of the mind under different circumstances,' and the sixth chapter is called Ekākṣhna-visambodha, or 'knowledge of all times present, past and future'.[2]

The fourth corroboration is with regard to the statement that there were two different books, a translation and a commentary. Rājendralāla Miṭra writes in his work already quoted, p. xiv, the following:

"The second abridgment of the large work [the 100,000 shloka recension of the Prajñāpāramitā] is usually reckoned at 25,000 shlokas...but...roughly calculated it is limited to 20,045 shlokas...Though professedly a digest, the arrangement of the work is not founded on the plan of the Shaṭasahasrika, and the treatment of the subject is generally different. In fact the work is an independent one on the subject of Nihilism bearing on the attributes of Buḍḍha."

For a quite recent discovery of the existence of a separate work included in the Prajñāpāramitās see M. Haraprasāda Shāstrī in the *J. & P. A. S. B.* Vol. VI, No. 8,

[1] 'The Buddhism of Tibet,' p. 11.

[2] Rājendralāla Miṭra 'Ashṭasahasrika' (Bibliotheca Indica), Calcutta, 1888, p. xiv, xv.

August, 1910, p. 425. This short note is quite important for our present problem and was published a year after Mr. Leadbeater's researches. It also gives some clue to the process of expansion of the earlier versions, and states that the prose portions of the work alone are original, the verses are 'different works'.

All the above considerations deserve further careful study, and it is highly desirable that all those competent to shed more light on these problems should not hesitate to co-operate towards this end.

Back to Atlantis

The investigation did not altogether end with the facts ascertained concerning Nāgārjuna's part in the production of our Manuscript. A further endeavor was made to trace back the Atlantean plates to their origin. The inquiry was a quite summary one and disclosed only a few general data, but one of them was of special interest. It was found that ultimately the primary Manuscript was one which Master M., when, more than ten thousand years ago, a Ruler in Poseidonis, had had copied. Mr. Leadbeater stated: "Master M. has a hand in it also. I am not surprised. For wherever you find Master K. H. there you may be sure you will somehow meet Master M. also." It was not definitely stated at what time this took place. Anyhow the copy was, some 11,500 years ago, in the possession of a secret society then existing in the capital of Poseidonis, and having wide ramifications all through the land. It was then a period of the grossest general corruption, but at the same time this hidden league of white magicians and good, pure people was active in the very heart of the degraded civilisation.

Now in the fifteenth of the series of lives of Orion—which series will be published in course of time in the pages of *The Theosophist*—its hero lived in a female body in Poseidonis, from 9603—9564 B.C. She, together with another woman (Sirius) belonging to the same mountain tribe as herself,

was made captive in a military expedition of the Toltec army against her people, and both were carried off to the city and apportioned as slaves to a rich and highly placed official. They suffered torture and abuse to such an extent that they attempted to run away and they were ultimately successful in reaching a place of safety. Whilst hurrying through the streets of the town on their way to freedom they actually passed the house in which the meeting-place of this secret society was situated. When arriving at the point in his story, telling of the existence of this secret brotherhood, Mr. Leadbeater suddenly exclaimed in tones half of despair, half of anger: "And by Jove, they did not know, they did not know!" On being asked: "Who did not know what?" he explained the above situation, and said that if the two fugitives had only turned in there, they would have been safe and their tribulations ended. In seeing the house in which the Manuscript was guarded, and being back in the times and places of Orion's life in that period, the other pictures connected with all concerned had also been evoked, and for the first time he realised what *might* have been in that life, instead of what actually was. Certainly this was the first time that I witnessed emotions manifested because of adventures of more than ten thousand years ago.

A Tangled Skein

A tangled skein, indeed, has the strange story of our mysterious Manuscript proved itself according to its occult history obtained by clairvoyance, according to its immediate history in arriving in the Adyar Library, and according to the evidence of its special orthographic character. The intermingled threads have now been unravelled, but another tissue has at the same time been woven in connexion with it. We find two Masters, Alcyone, Sirius, Orion, more or less directly connected with it—further investigation would perhaps reveal more kārmic links. Involuntarily we therefore ask ourselves a question which seems to suggest itself: May the coming of this leaf to us carry some

purpose as yet unknown? We do not know; perhaps the future will show.

Conclusion

Before ending we must once more emphasise the fact that this little investigation was undertaken quite on the spur of the moment, without any preparation whatever. The various details outlined above were not in the least all known to myself, and even of the little of what I knew about the Prajñāpāramitās and Nāgārjuna I did not tell a word to Mr. Leadbeater in outlining the case when submitting it to him. This casual investigation, besides, was only one of many similar ones which I have seen Mr. Leadbeater undertake in a like way. Let us admit, to say the least of it, that the story, taken as a mere concoction, is a clever improvisation for one not consulting a single book at the time, and without any special knowledge of Oriental languages and the more technical literature about them. Let us admit again that the instantaneous use of the imagination in the manufacture of such a consistent story, or such use of the dramatic powers of the sub-conscious self, would be—if anyone wishes to ascribe the tale to their action—of a nature remarkable enough to merit some attention and to demand some explanation.

We hope then that the above narrative, quite apart from its interest to Theosophists, may serve a useful end in offering a remarkable 'case' for those interested in the whole problem of clairvoyance, or of the Theosophical doctrine of the ākāshic records. It is a typical little case, perhaps not rich enough in details and data to furnish sufficient materials for scientific study and analysis to reach final conclusions, yet certainly sufficient as a starting point for such study. There must be several people with the abilities and knowledge of a Flournoy or a Lutoslawski, to mention widely divergent temperaments, who, in combination with Samskṛt, Tibetan and Chinese scholars, might contribute a most instructive discussion of this report.

It seems to me that their labors would not be uselessly employed on it. There are great difficulties still to be explained, as for instance, the utterly Buḍḍhistic nature of our leaf in connexion with its alleged pre-Buḍḍhistic origin, but all the more welcome would be all additional information which would enable us to understand all this —in whatever direction that explanation might eventually prove to lie.

JOHAN VAN MANEN

THIS IS MY BABYLON

"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion."—*Psalm*, 137.

This is my Babylon,
This earth, this sea, this sky
The radiance of the setting sun,
The night wind's gentle sigh,
And when the glorious day is done
The birds' sweet revelry.

This is my Babylon!
Far from the City's Gate,
Where the pure Stream of Life doth run,
And where, in high estate,
I held sweet counsel with the Son,
On Life, and Death, and Fate.

This is my Babylon,
This bondage of the flesh,
This lust of life, these riches won,
Earth-joys, that bind afresh.
With Zion's, what comparison!
And yet—Life's glittering mesh.

This is my Babylon.
Zion! for thee I weep.
Home of my heart! That I should shun
The rock and pathway steep!
Zion beloved! For ever gone!
I visit thee in sleep.

BÆDA

IN THE OUTER COURT

IN *The Outer Court* by Annie Besant has a deep meaning for those who strive to live the spiritual life. It has a triple meaning, as have all spiritual books which contain treasures of true esotericism.

Mankind, as it progresses, works more and more consciously at the uplifting of its culture, and by the light of the broadening consciousness illuminates all the spheres of its activity. Step by step the man advances, and as he works and evolves, all his divine capacities begin to manifest. The hidden God, the reflexion of the God of the universe, manifests in His three aspects, as Will, Wisdom, and the creative Mind. This unfolding goes on in the same order as in the kosmos. First, the Holy Spirit of Activity manifests; the creative Mind manifests as the higher principle in man. Then unfolds the second aspect of the Higher Self—love, which in conjunction with knowledge becomes Wisdom, S. Sophia, Theo-Sophia, the Son of God, who offers Himself for the salvation of the world. At last the third aspect unfolds—the Will, illuminated by love and knowledge, which in atoneness with the Will of the Father, becomes wise.

The evolution of divine humanity begins with the unfolding of the second aspect of the Trinity. This unfolding may be considered as a series of psychological moments, beginning with the victory over the animal and ending with the triumph of the inner God. The ideal of the truly spiritual man conquers the animal; the ideal of the Divine raises the man above himself, creates the super-human; there, on the threshold of a higher life, the illuminated man leaves for ever the child-life, and takes his evolution consciously into his own hands. He concentrates all his forces, the

whole light of his mind, his accumulated experience, on the inner building-craft (creativeness) ; just as the gifted artist with every movement of his brush strikes a line which is necessary for the manifesting of the ideal which burns in his soul, so he who treads the Path builds step by step the qualities and virtues, out of which is gradually born a character akin to the shining ideal. According to a strictly elaborated plan, he brings into order the stormy forces of his soul, harmonises and directs them, and builds the new man, the higher biological type, the second Adam.

The man who is capable of such a creative work, advances rapidly, burning his fetters and his limitations on his way, not allowing himself any delay or stoppage. In him grows indifference towards himself, to his own wishes or feelings, and therefore an entire dispassion, which in its turn gives birth to fearlessness. Then begins the fiery work of the Spirit, which does not stop before any difficulty and fears no strain. All the wishes of the soul have burnt into the one wish to prepare oneself for a noble service, and therefore there cannot be any more "my will". Consciously and freely, with steady firmness, the man builds the new type of man, the Superman, who shall bring him to the Temple. There is nothing accidental or impulsive in his work ; everything is built according to a plan, everything has its meaning and its place, even the simplest details of his daily life, and therefore every detail must be worked out to perfection. It is, in the full sense of the world, the patient work of the gardener, who gives himself to the culture of his own garden with knowledge and an unwavering attention ; daily he waters, trims and attends to his garden, careful that not one leaf may perish from parasites, not one plant may suffer from lack of sun and water. The man who enters the Path is like this patient gardener, who does not feel annoyed or weary, for his gaze is fixed on the future and he knows the law of growth : he knows that

even the smallest blade of grass cannot grow if its root does not receive the necessary food, and if its stem does not bathe in pure air and in the sun-rays.

But to be able to recognise the whole meaning of a work according to a conscious plan, he must have attained a definite stage in evolution; he must have finished with unconscious evolution, surrendered the seeking of personal joys, even in the form of the most refined spiritual enjoyments. No arguments and persuasions can help the man to understand the occult law of ascension, as long as a part of the lower selfhood is not burnt out, and he has not humbly bent before the cross which points the way.

The work of illuminating the consciousness begins like every thing here on earth: from below upwards, not *vice versā*. First, the man recognises the necessity of physical culture, then of intellectual, and at last, far later, the necessity of spiritual culture. This is the reason why truths, which have become in the present time axioms in connexion with the lower spheres of human activity, are far from being recognised in relation to the higher spheres. We should think a craftsman a silly man, who should begin to forge iron, or to sew a garment, without any plan of work. We should think very lightly of the artist, who should begin his picture without having thought of its subject; or of the man of science who should begin to write a book, not knowing what he was about to say. But as soon as comes in the question of spiritual work, of rebuilding his inner world and consequently all his relations to the outer world, the man of to-day shows the completest anarchy of thought, the completest lack of understanding of the laws of evolution. Just as the savage lives without any culture, so he who follows the path of unconscious evolution can do without any plan of life. But as soon as the man is athirst for spiritual life, as soon as he rises a step higher and looks back on his past, he understands the

necessity of a conscious building of life; boldly he sets to work, his eyes fixed on his shining ideal. The work of purification becomes to him a categoric imperative, because it has become already the law of life of the growing builder. But for the man who yet seeks passionately personal joys, the most refined perhaps, such a work seems to be an awful tyranny over the personality, an intolerable regulation of movement, which he has been used for many ages to make impulsively, according to his wishes and moods. This is the subtle and dangerous temptation of many a passionate and gifted soul, whom pride and spiritual laziness hinder from starting the work from the beginning. The temptation comes in the thought: "This slow and tedious path is not for me; it is too simple, too elementary. Can I not rise with one stroke of the wings above all these tedious steps, with one effort of will and inspiration fly to the summits? There must be a magic method for burning instantly and completely all hindrances, and then, free from all fetters, rising directly to God." Feeling in himself great powers, the man thinks that his path is a peculiar one, not such as the path of all other men. He fancies that he knows since long ago all the laws of the higher ethics; but knowledge is not only a mere dead remembrance of what we have heard and read, which may rest for long years as useless material in a store-house; *only that can be called knowledge which has gone through the fiery experience of the soul,* has been in touch with the depths of the Spirit, has gone through the feeling and the will of the man. Only such knowledge is real living knowledge and has the right to be called so, because it *creates new life*. The knowledge which is not realised in life is dead knowledge.

Of such a kind is the knowledge of the man who reads the Sermon of the Mount, and who breaks the law of love all through his life. He thinks he knows the teaching of the Christ, when he reads only words. He has

no suspicion that he must yet *learn* to read the Gospel, that he must open the Holy Book with a pure heart, and that, outside the obvious meaning, the Gospel has yet another, a deeply esoteric meaning, which unfolds itself to the illuminated. All Holy Scriptures have several locks; through spiritual effort the seeker finds the keys to them. Theosophical books, dedicated to the inner building-craft, have also several keys: the intellectual, the soul-key, and the spiritual. The man who is not yet ready for a deep inner work, will read in such books only a series of useful suggestions for the outer regulation of life. A more thoughtful reader will be charmed by the fine poetry of the inspired artist, and he will feel their deep symbolism. The spiritually ripe man will come in touch with the fiery Spirit of the more advanced architect, who has already attained the heights, and who lovingly calls us to the true path. In this fiery contact is born a new understanding of life, and the resolution to follow the footsteps of the more advanced.

That is the reason why it is impossible to read the book called *In the Outer Court* with the physical and mental eyes only. He who is able to penetrate to its depths will find priceless indications for the upbuilding of his life and the preparation for the higher path. If the aspirant to spiritual life will follow unwearyingly those indications, and try to reach their innermost meaning, then he will find the Path, on which one gate will open after another before him, until he comes to the threshold of the Temple itself. It has been said: "When the pupil is ready, the Teacher is always ready. He cannot fail to see him, because the pupil has lighted his lamp."

ALBA

MONA-REULTA

THE extreme north-east coast of Ireland is wild and strange; signs of the giants are everywhere—from the fantastic Causeway to the deep silent pool over which still rock-shapes bend, gazing down, down, always down. What they gaze upon no mortal knows!

Vivid emerald turf crowns the perfect semi-circle of the giants' amphitheatre rising just beyond the Causeway. On the turf a youth lay stretched in the lovely summer sunshine. This weird coastland fascinated him; it hinted to him of familiar things, and drew elusive shadows from out the grey deeps of memory.

He loved to wander over ghostly Dunluce—his imagination re-peopling it with the brave generations long since vanished. He often sat on its crumbling walls that rise perilous above sheer scarred cliffs, and fell a-dreaming till long after the last gleam had died down in the west, and he was left "by the grey sea-surge alone in the darkness". He felt very, very sorry for the unhappy giant frozen to stone in the cliffs not far away, whose grim ghastly face rises defiantly above the ruthless waves tearing at his throat.

The boy—whose name was Terence—looked down to the Causeway and tried to picture its story. Being of Irish blood—though born in far Australia—Terence thrilled to think how Finn, the Irish giant, had punished his boastful Scotch neighbor—who had sworn to "make a mouthful of him before breakfast!" Finn, with true Irish courtesy, had, all in a moment, thrown across the waters the wondrous Causeway, whereon the Scotch boaster might come, dry of foot, to fulfil his rash vow.

In the soft dreaming of the summer's day, "all drowsy and tender blue," Terence could almost see those mighty beings of old seated upon the slopes of the amphitheatre beneath him; and from the waves lapping the shore far down seemed to rise myriad forms—denizens of water, earth and air whose rhythmic dances unrolled before the rapt semi-mortal of the giant race the mysteries of Nature's guarded realms.

Terence had secured a volume of old history—of those stormy days in Ireland when the ferocious Governors of Queen Elizabeth strove to break the rule of the indomitable Irish chiefs—[what men they were! men of soaring pride and iron will]. As he read on, two words seemed to leap out of the page: "Mona-Reulta!"

"Mona-Reulta, Mona-Reulta," mused Terence.

"Bog-of-stars"—he read as translation.

Terence thought of quiet Australian pools in whose still depths the giant gums and sparkling stars were reflected faithfully; he remembered, too, some Irish bogs, but lately seen, where soft tender stars twinkled far, far down.

He turned to his book to read the words again, and slipped swiftly from dreaming present to intense and living past.

....A great dining-hall in the rough palace of 'the Raven,'—the 'bloody Raven' to his enemies. A swarthy chieftain was the Raven, valorous and strong—truly a "great-hearted slayer of men".

From the head of the long supper-table his proud dark eyes beamed kindly upon his famous warriors, seated now so peacefully around the festal board. How mighty they appeared to the little boy who sat away at the end of the table! At his end shone no golden vessels, nor candlesticks of silver or of brass. Only glaring lights stuck in jars and bottles, only wooden cups and platters, only clamorous serving-men instead of the deep-voiced mailed warriors. To the boy this robber King

and his followers were heroes, 'gods' whom he worshipped. In them he saw no flaw, no stain—only a magnificent prowess against which none might stand.

And the Raven's 'Queen'—was she not the fairest and most gracious of women? Beside her sat their only child, a fair and dainty maid, and to her Raymond, the boy, had given his heart's allegiance.

A few days previously young Raymond had been champion in the youthful games, and the 'King's' little daughter had stepped shyly down from her place beside her father to give the victor his prize. She was clad in kirtle of green and coat of cloth-of-gold, and her sunny hair flowed loose, after the fashion of long ago. She approached the blushing champion and raised soft Irish-grey eyes. A swift light flashed in their depths, and to her sweet rosy lips sprang the unbidden prophecy:

"One day thou wilt do some great deed, O Raymond Fitz Raymond, Fitz Pierce!"

Raymond's heart leapt into flame. Into the flame poured high resolves and passionate vows; he swore he would keep those words—or die!

After a time, for some unremembered reason, Raymond passed from the Raven's abode and found himself amid very different scenes.

He found himself a drummer-boy keeping time for the pipers of a small army. An army of restless, dancing 'Queen's kerne,' who went bare-headed and with bright-hued mantles floating from their lithe shoulders; of pikemen whose heads and breasts were covered, and with slender weapons aslant their shoulders; of gun-men about whose ancient pieces coiled the slow-burning tow-match. Only a few English officers, 'Queen's men' commanded this quaint mixed array; they rode slowly and were clad in mail front and rear, some gilded, some but dull iron.

Two of the officers rode near the band of pipers with whom went the drummer-boy, whose gay laugh and eager eyes inspired the pipers to quicker, wilder efforts.

"Tom, what thinkest thou?" demanded one officer—a gilded one—of the other. "Shall we snare this bloody Raven to-night?" And he who spoke was Lord Deputy of Ireland.

The drummer-boy's sticks fell clattering to the ground! He of the dull armor turned sharply upon the boy:

"Ho! what sort of a drummer-boy art thou! pick up thy drumsticks and be not so clumsy. 'Tis for the Queen's soldiers thou art drummer—not for some barbarous robber."

Then he turned to the Lord Deputy: "A thousand pardons, my Lord, but these rough manners do anger me. The Raven is thine," he went on emphatically, "of that I am sure. He little dreams of our attack, and I know that but few men are with him—"

"Art sure?" broke in the Lord Deputy. He knew how these hill chiefs could slip through one's fingers.

"The Raven is thine," repeated the officer, Captain Thomas Lee—"thine, dead or—"

Just then the fifes burst out; the drummer must drum, so he heard no more. But oh! how his heart ached.

"Traitor, traitor," he moaned to himself. "Oh, if only I had known! It seemed so good to lead to battle and brave deeds. But to lead an enemy against Clan Ranal! is this the end of all my dreams?"

A few hot tears stole down his cheeks. Then he fancied he heard a faint sweet voice: "One day thou wilt do some great deed, O Raymond, Fitz Raymond, Fitz Pierce."

"Oh, I shall, I shall," muttered the unhappy lad, "I swore I would."

Because his mind was disturbed, Raymond's hands drummed uneasily, but he was so absorbed that he did not hear the pipers' curses upon his un-rhythmic drumming,

and very soon his drum rang out clear and strong again. An idea had come to him.

"Tom, where are we?" asked the gilded Lord Deputy.

"Your Honor, we are passing a bog named Mona-Reulta. 'Tis about one-third of the distance we must go," answered the Captain.

"Bah! what barbaric names these Irish love; who can remember them! what does it mean? then may-hap I shall understand it."

"Your Honor, on clear nights the stars shine down in the bog pools, as clear and as soft as they shine in the sky. So Mona-Reulta means the 'bog-of-stars'—the starry bog."

"A strange uncouth name anyhow," ejaculated the Lord Deputy—then fell silent.

Hours passed, and the little army struggled on through the night by narrow paths up the dark wild mountains. It gained the summit at last and halted. All looked eagerly down to the valley where they knew the Raven had his 'nest'. In the dim dawn-light they could faintly see the walls and towers of the 'proud bird's' home.

Slowly, slowly, with utmost caution they crept down the mountain side. "Death to the one who makes the slightest sound"—had gone the fierce order through the ranks. Nearer and nearer they drew, silently making ready the scaling ladders for the final rush up the walls. The little city slept before them; no sound, no bark of dog, nor warning wail of cat—deep slumber held them all.

The city had two gates: the Deputy's main division had now gathered before the one in front; a smaller detachment crept breathlessly round to the other one on the far side, where a wooden bridge spanned a stream.

They were almost there, when a sudden sharp roll of a kettle-drum rang out violently! and then silence .... Then bugles calling frantically, fierce cries, commands and oaths—a wild clamor within the walls where just a moment before such deep silence had reigned. So quick were the Raven's warriors that almost at once guns blazed from the walls. The besiegers were astonished, and withdrew to consult. The leaders hurriedly made fresh plans; then they threw themselves upon the city, stormed it, entered, and found it—empty! Ere long in the freshening morning light, they could see the Raven and all his people disappearing into the mountain fastnesses. Pursuit was useless, so they took possession of the deserted 'nest'.

Noon came. The Lord Deputy and his chagrined officers held a court-martial in the big dining-hall. The drummer-boy was brought in, bound with thongs, his face pale, his head and neck red and sticky with blood. But his blue eyes shone bright and steadfast as stars. He looked round the familiar hall and noted every loved and familiar detail. But he spoke no word.

"Why didst thou do this mad thing?" spluttered the disappointed Lord Deputy. "Thou art a Queen's man and hast played the traitor. What does he say for himself?" he asked impatiently of those standing near.

"Your Honor, he says he could not help it, the deed shone like a star before him."

"Take him, and shoot him," raged the Lord Deputy. "No, no—that's too good for the scoundrel. Captain Lee, take him and drown him in that bog we passed. He can add his precious star to those already there," he finished grimly.

That evening big soldiers lifted a bound unresisting form, to the feet of which was tied a great stone, and flung it down into the still 'bog-of-stars'. A splash—broken rippling waters—then again a placid Mona-Reulta, and the evening star shining sweet and kind.

* * * * * *

"Terence, Terence, it's too late for you to be sleeping here on the turf." Terence's mother had wondered at his long absence and had come out in search of him.

Terence sat up, rubbed his eyes and looked puzzled. It was difficult to believe that he was Terence, alive and well, and not Raymond Fitz Raymond Fitz-Pierce lying silent beneath the soft bog waters with the shining stars.

"H'm, I've been dreaming, I suppose," he said, "but it felt quite real."

He rose, and walked slowly back to the hotel with his mother.

"Mother," he asked, "do you think that we have to live many times so as to carry out what we vow to do?"

"I think so, laddie," said his mother gently.

JOSEPHINE RANSOM

Be assured that you can no more drag or compress men into perfection that you can drag or compress plants.

If ever you find yourselves set in a position of authority, and are entrusted to determine modes of education, ascertain first what the people you would teach have been in the habit of doing and encourage them to do *that* better. Set no other excellence before their eyes; disturb none of their reverence for the past, do not think yourselves bound to dispel their ignorance, or to contradict their superstitions; teach them only gentleness and truth; redeem them by example from habits which you know to be unhealthy or degrading; but cherish, above all things, *local associations* and *hereditary skill.*

It is the curse of so-called civilisation to pretend to originality by the wilful invention of new methods of error, while it quenches, wherever it has power, the noble originality of nations, rising out of the purity of their race, and the love of their native land.

RUSKIN, *The Eagle's Nest*

SCENES FROM INDIAN LIFE

THERE is no city more characteristically Indian-Muhammadan than that of Hyderabad, Deccan; Delhi, the seat of the Mughal Empire, is more cosmopolitan, an Imperial rather than a State capital. The Ruler is the premier Muhammadan Chief, a man of marked ability and liberal views, though curiously averse to coming into contact with the outside world, and known through his Ministers rather than directly. He led the way in introducing religious education for all his subjects, providing for the needs of children of all the great faiths. Men walk the Hyderabad streets heavily armed, with business-like-looking knives thrust through the wide tightly bound sash, two knives to a man. The scene shown in Picture 1 may be seen any day, the gateway with towering minarets giving the last touch of beauty. Flood the picture with eastern sunshine, dress the people in brilliant many-colored garments, fill the air with the gay tinkling of bells on horse and bull and the loud cries of vendors of sweets and fans —and you will be in Hyderabad.

Picture 2 carries us to another faith, the ancient faith of Zarathushtra, preserved by some 80,000 Pārsīs, refugees from their own fatherland, in truth, but settled here so long that India has become their well-loved mother. The Priest is engaged in worship of the Sacred Fire, with all the necessary paraphernalia for the ritual, and the cloth dropped over nose and mouth prevents any chance contamination of the Fire with his breath. A great faith, though now in fragments, founded by Him who became the Buḍḍha, when, as the Supreme World-Teacher, or Boḍhisaṭṭva, He was incarnate as Zarathushtra. Turn to Picture 15, and again we see the careful preservation of

the elements from pollution; in the Tower of Silence the dead body is laid, and the vultures plunge heavily down from their watch-tower on the wall, and, rending the flesh from the bones, leave naught to soil the earth or air.

On the banks of the great Jhelum river rising in far Kashmīr, and tumbling furiously as a mountain-torrent through Himālayan gorges till it spreads out widely on the placid plains—a Hinḍū fakir, more properly yogī, sits. The hut and sandals are unusual; more often the yogī wanders barefoot and shelterless, with a single bowl and wooden crutch—a familiar figure all over India (Picture 3).

Picture 4 gives the Taboot carried in procession by the Musalmāns during the Mohurrum ceremonies, at which the cruel deaths of Hasan and Husain are yearly commemorated. Often Hinḍūs as well as Muhammadans are seen beating their breasts and joining in the wailings of the mourners, keeping alive the memory of the murdered grandsons of the Prophet.

The pathetic group of blind beggars in Picture 5 will not fail to win lavish charity; the instrument carried by the left-hand beggar is the famous tom-tom, or Indian drum, played on with the fingers, and the normal accompaniment of Indian song.

From begging to labor. Picture 6 carries us to the preparation of a field for rice; little walls of mud mark off rectangular spaces, which are flooded with water, and ploughed with a simple but effective plough drawn by buffaloes. The picture shows the 'water-buffaloes,' the most ill-tempered of the bovine tribe, with small fierce eyes from which grievance is ever lowering, and long back-curved horns the points of which protrude when the head has vanished between the legs; the one happiness of this creature is to bury himself in water, with only a nose above the surface—whence his name.

The field is flooded by means of such a well as is seen in Picture 7. A man runs along the pole to the centre, and then going backwards and forwards from that point, alternately depresses and raises the end to which the skin bucket is attached; it fills itself in the well, and, as it comes to the surface, the man holding the bamboo attachment tips it over so that it empties itself into the trough, the water rushing on through a prepared channel to the place where it is wanted.

This simplicity of machinery is characteristic of Indian industry; see the three sticks by which the heavy log is raised and which supports a cross-stick as seat for the upper sawyer in Picture 8. The Indian workman makes his own machines with sticks, aided now and then by a stray pulley, and mounts crazy structures with a confidence and ease that amaze and terrify the European beholder. None the less, the work is as well done as if he had the elaborate apparatus of the West.

Basket-making is much the same all the world over, but one wonders where the negroid Lemurians of Picture 9 picked up the pretty wistful-eyed boy of Āryan type.

Mrs. Annie Steele has made famous "The Potter's Thumb" of Picture 10, and, very deft is the hand that sets whirling the potter's disc, and, as by magic, evolves from the lump of clay the pots, saucers, tiles, that strew the ground. It is fascinating to watch the potter's work, and one realises the force of the question: "Hath not the potter power over the clay?"

Weaving, again in fashion simpler than the West would deem possible, is seen in Picture 11. Effective enough, though simple, and the cloth grows under clever hands. A Muhammadan industry this, supporting myriads of homes.

Weird indeed is the musical instrument seen in Picture 12, and weird the long lamentable notes that are produced from its interior. The lower part is a horn,

the upper a gourd, and a most astounding roar issues from it. We see it again in Picture 14, where it cheers the villagers in the evening bath which closes the day of work—father, mother and children all rejoicing in the village tank. Another part of a village is shown in Picture 13, where the camels have been brought to rest near the village temple, with the characteristic ornate Northern India spire.

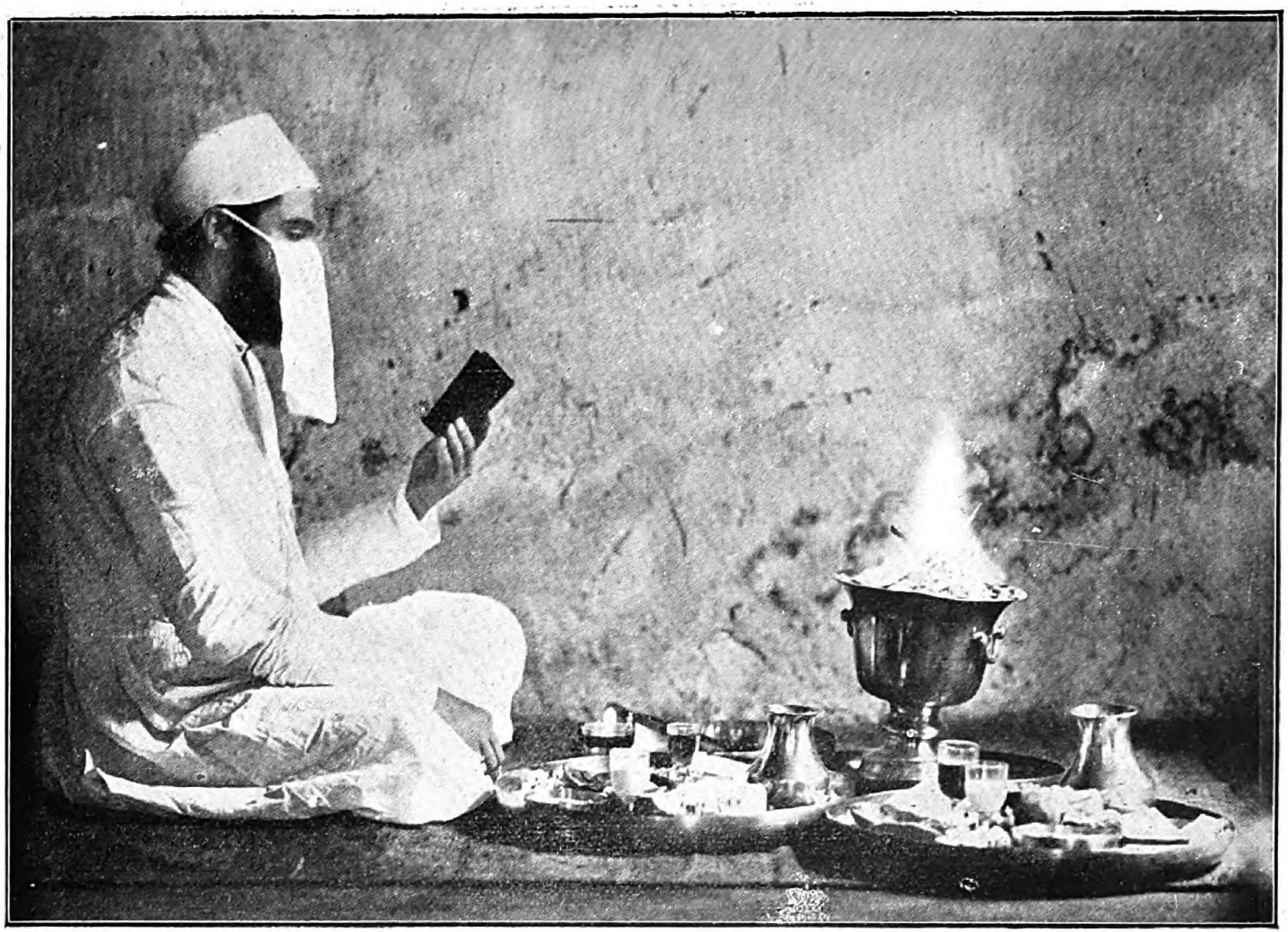
The cremation, Picture 16, is evidently of a poor man, when little wood for the last offices can be afforded by the survivors. The remaining logs will be piled above the corpse. In the cremation of the rich a large quantity of wood is used, forming a broad couch, and sandal-wood is often piled on it with fragrant gums and quantities of ghī (clarified butter). Nothing is seen save the roaring flames—a picturesque and seemly ending for the cast-off body.

Two pictures of industries—sugar-making and fishing—close our series. The sugar-cane is placed in the mill near which a man is sitting, and two bullocks, attached to the far end of the long pole which causes the grinding, walk round and round it till all the juice is squeezed out. A lucrative industry, which well repays the toilers. In the ramshackle boat figured in Picture 18, the Madras fishermen ride skilfully and boldly the long rollers that break upon their coast. Ramshackle it looks, but effective it is, and the hardy patient fishermen labor in it all day at their toilsome work, and thereby feed their wives and little ones. They deserve by their industry a better birth next time.

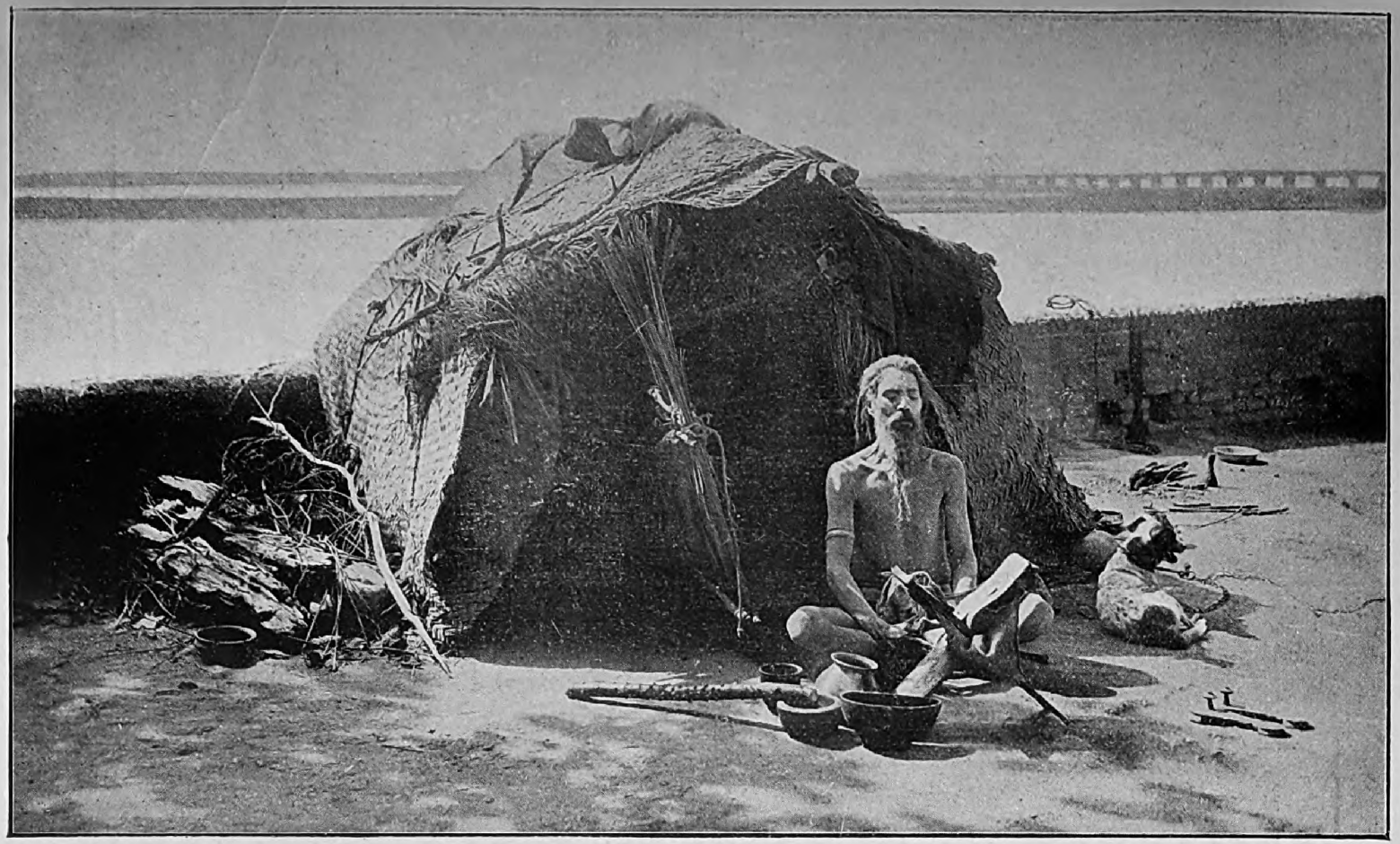
A Lover of India



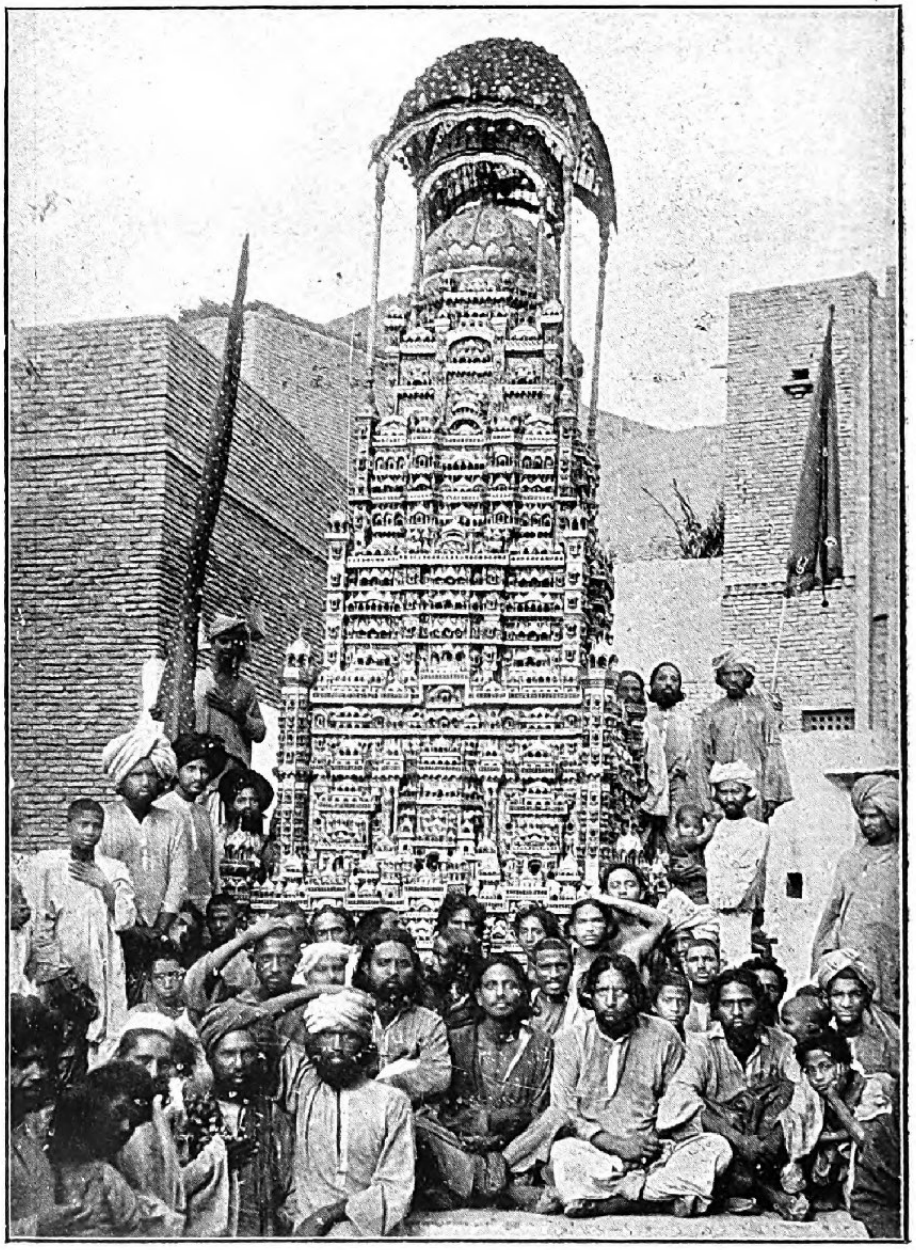
I. THE MAIN STREET, HYDERABAD, DECCAN.



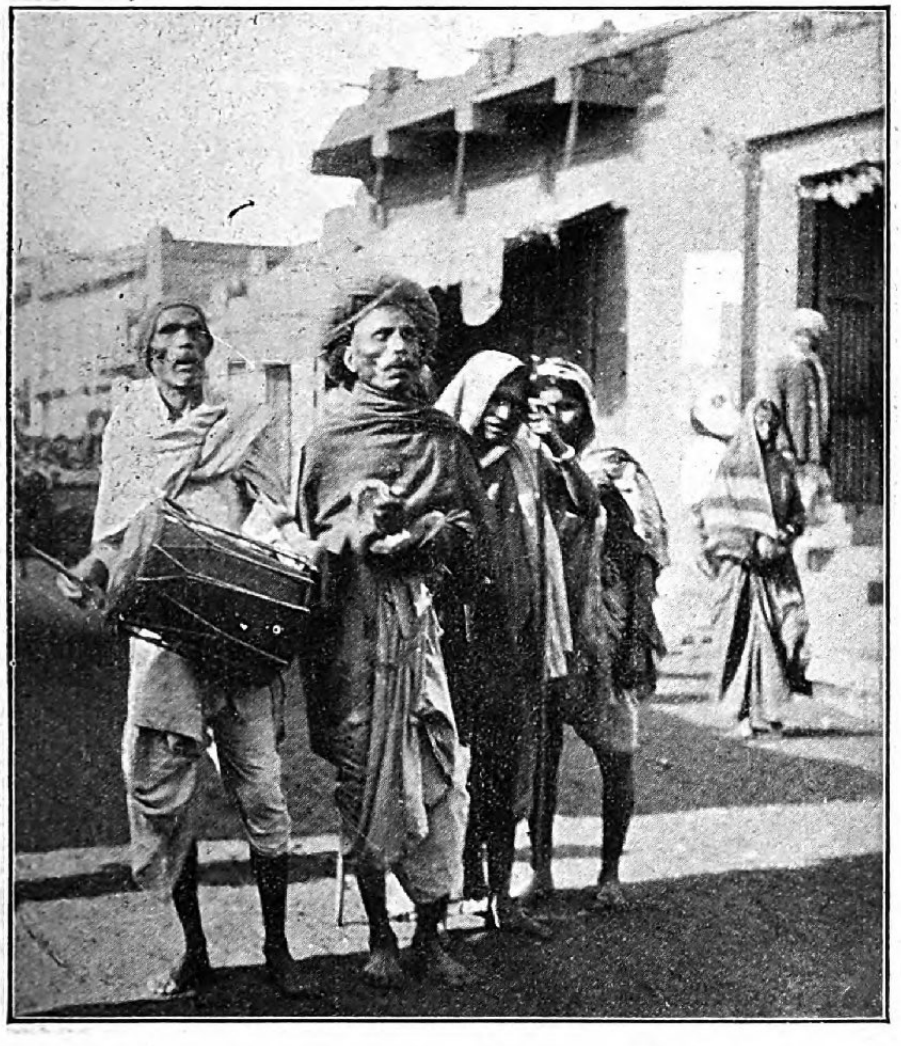
II. A PARSI PRIEST.



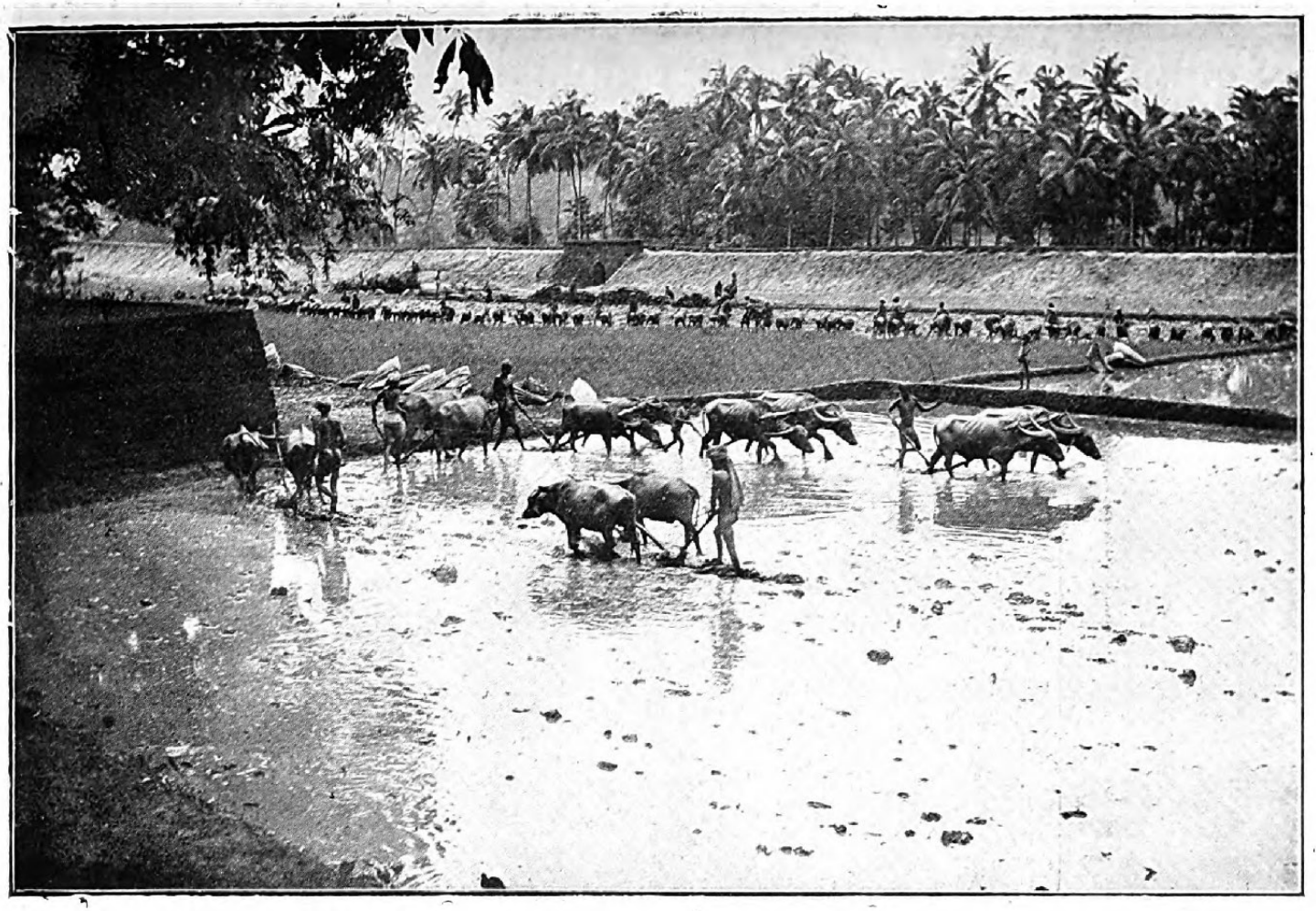
III. A HINDU FAKIR ON THE BANKS OF THE JHELUM.



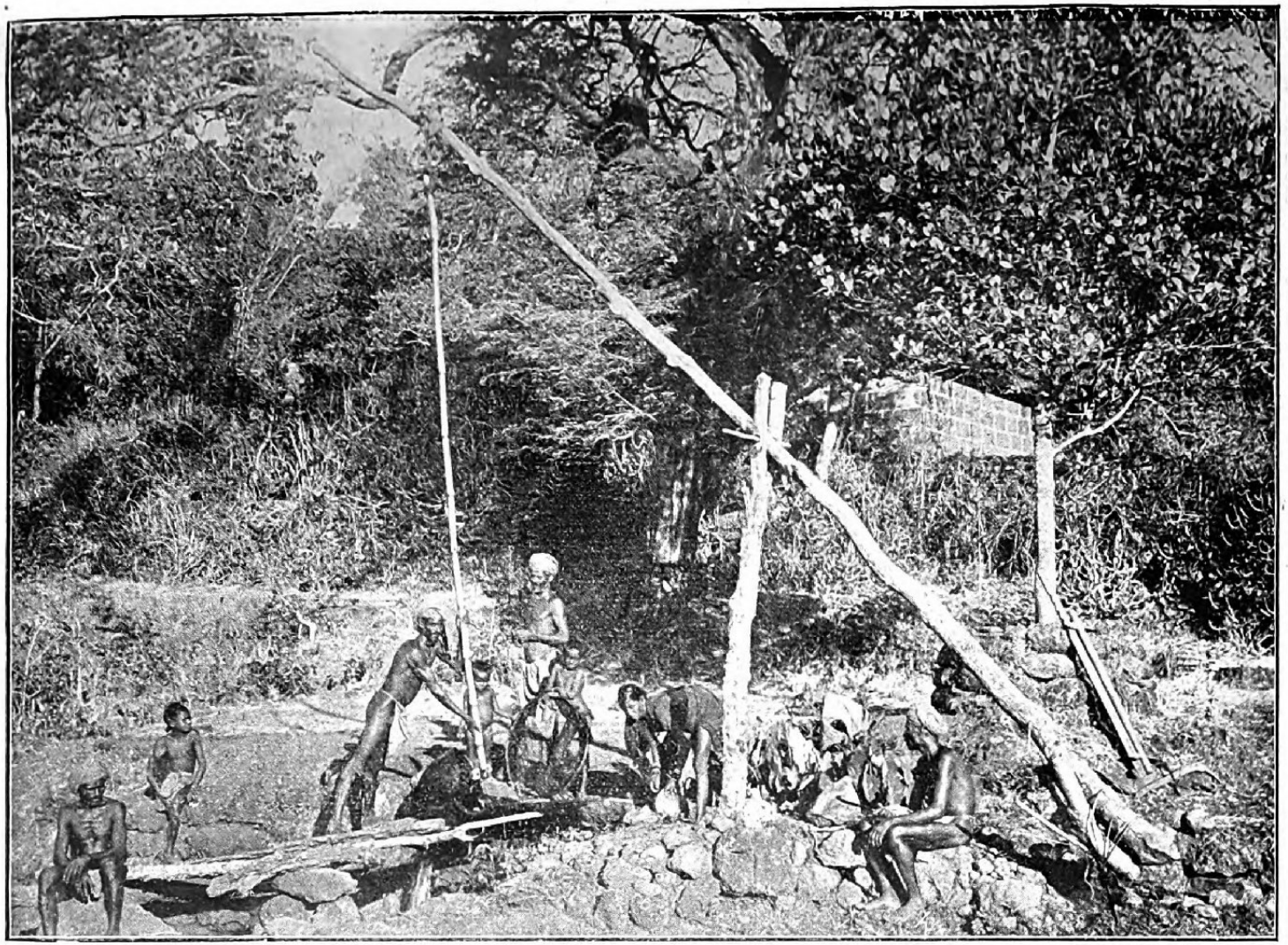
IV. A MOHURRUM TABOOT.



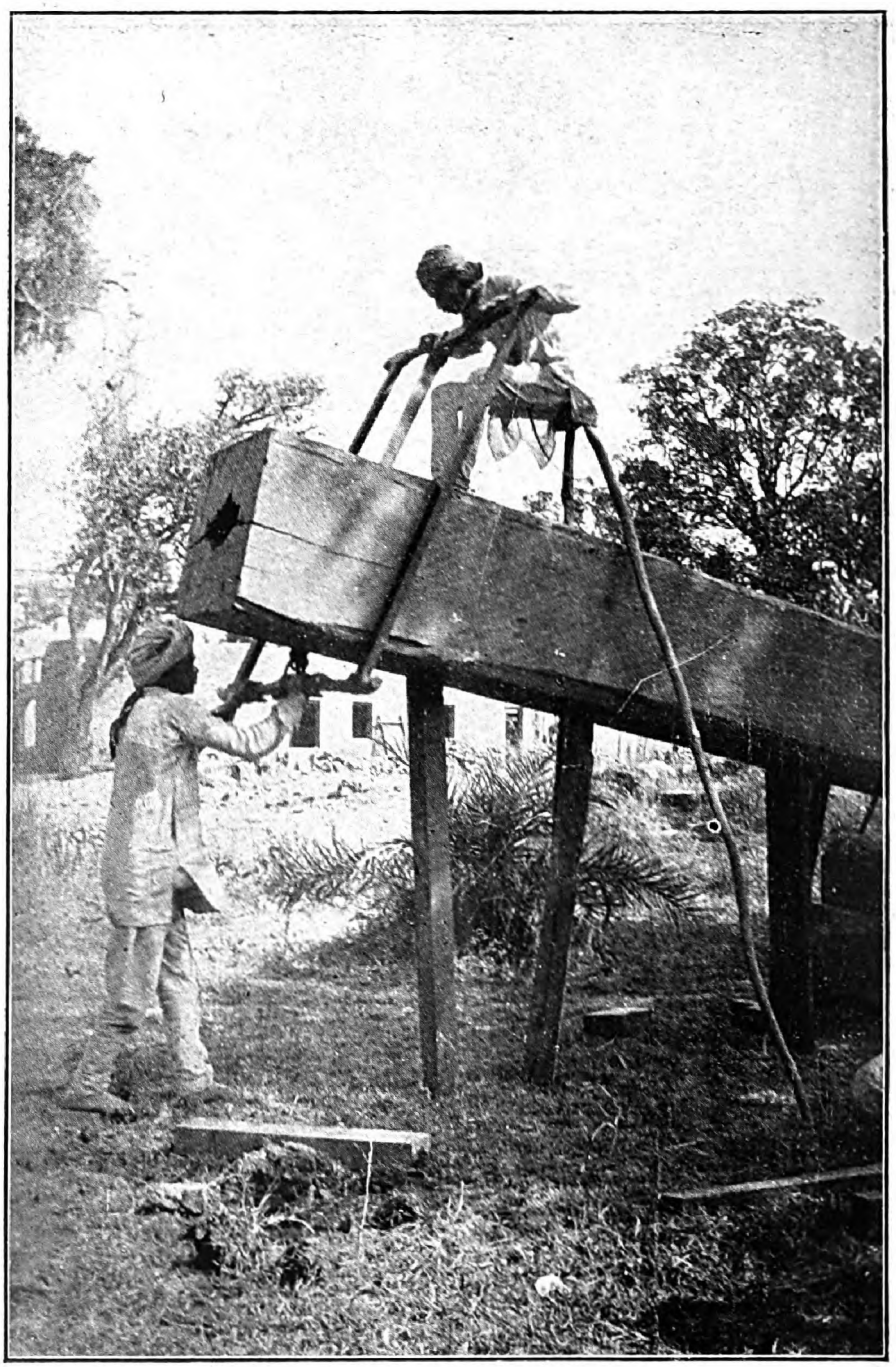
V. A GROUP OF BLIND BEGGARS.



VI. PLOUGHING THE FIELDS IN SOUTHERN INDIA.



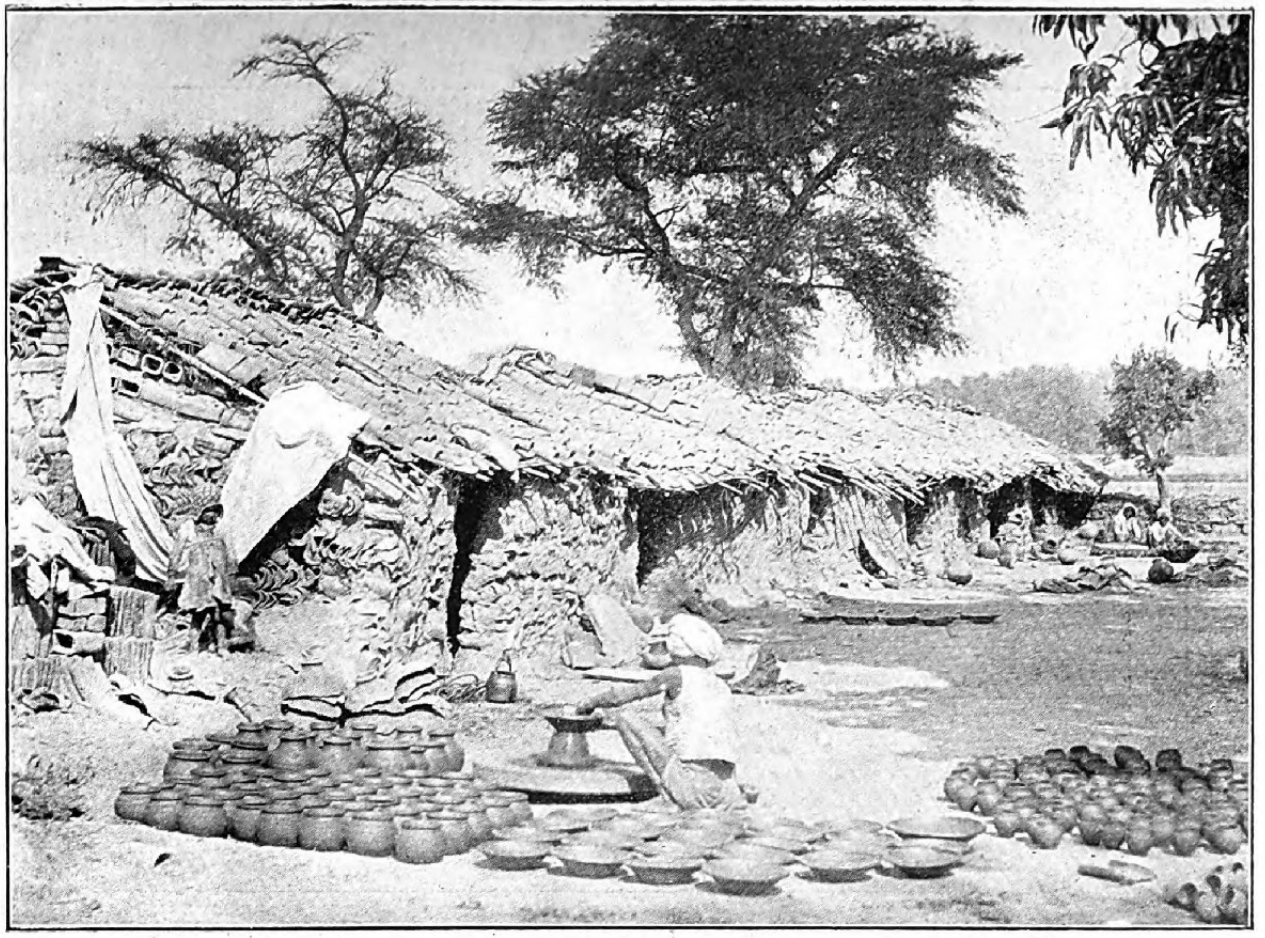
VII. RUSTIC WATER LIFT IN AN INDIAN VILLAGE.



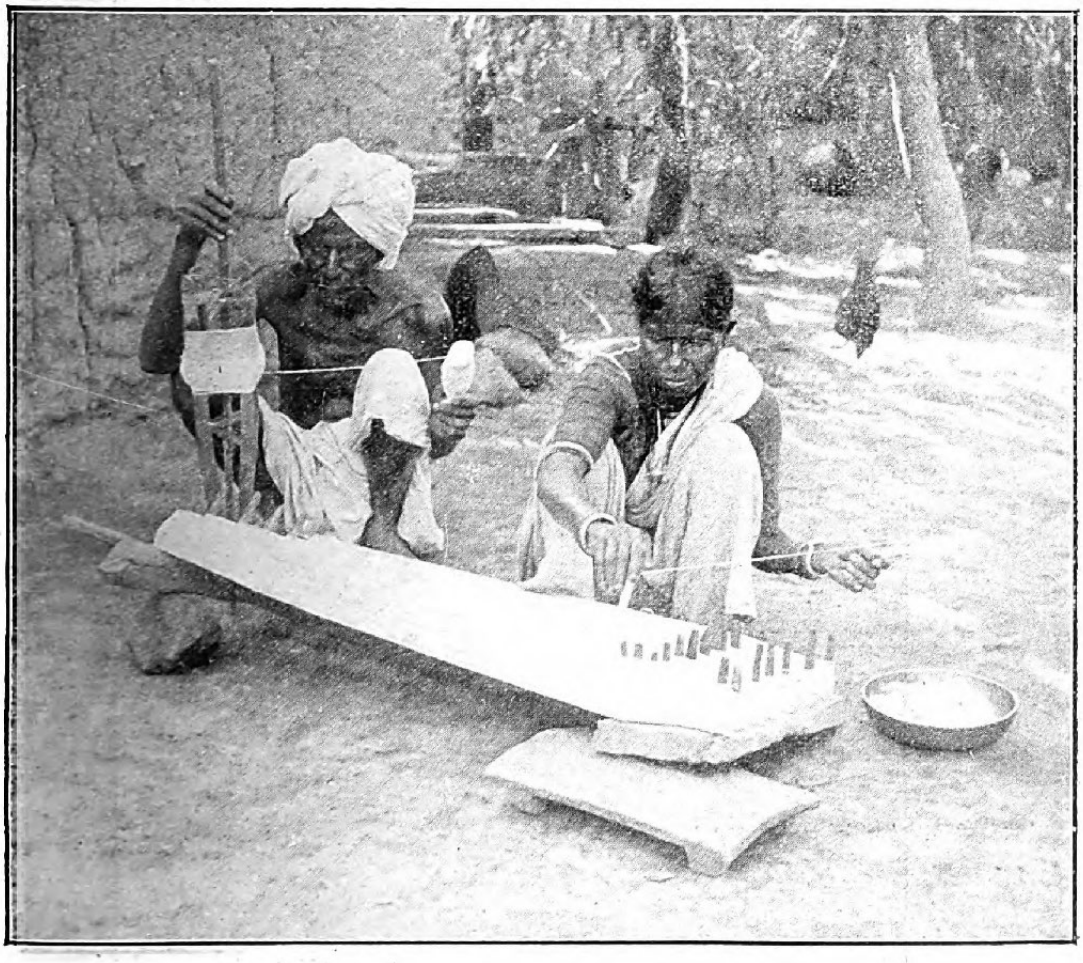
VIII. SAWING.



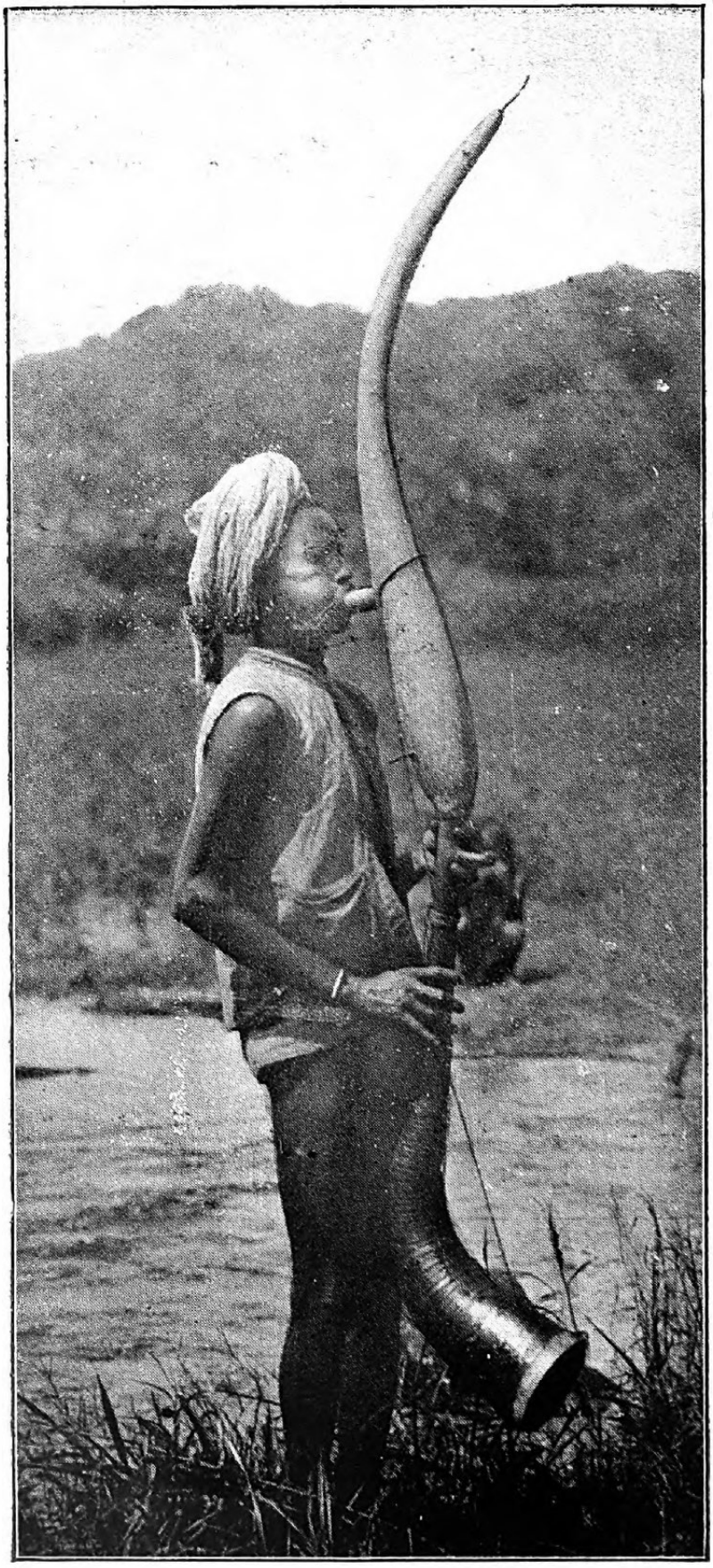
IX. INDIAN BASKET-MAKERS.



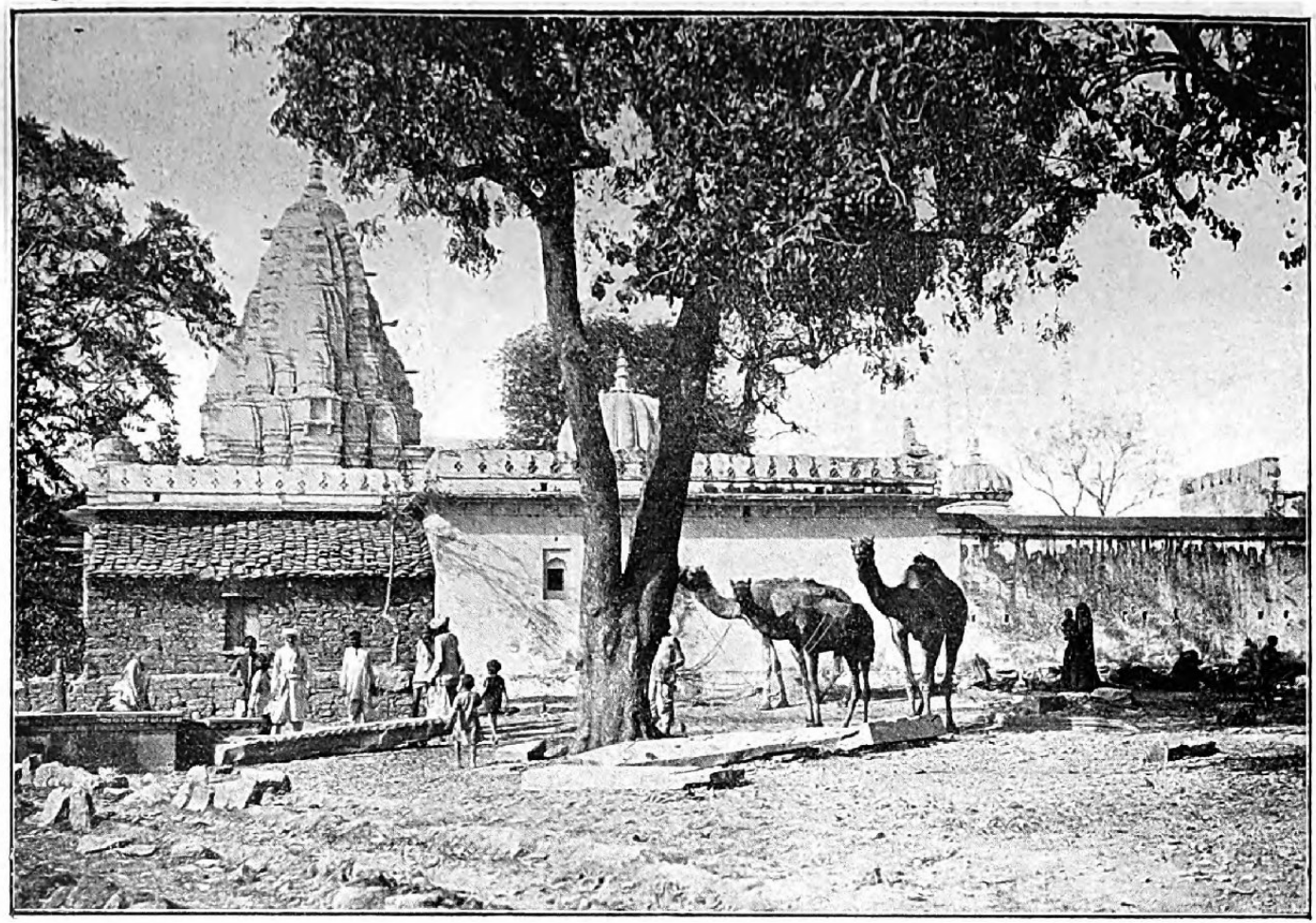
X. "THE POTTER'S THUMB."



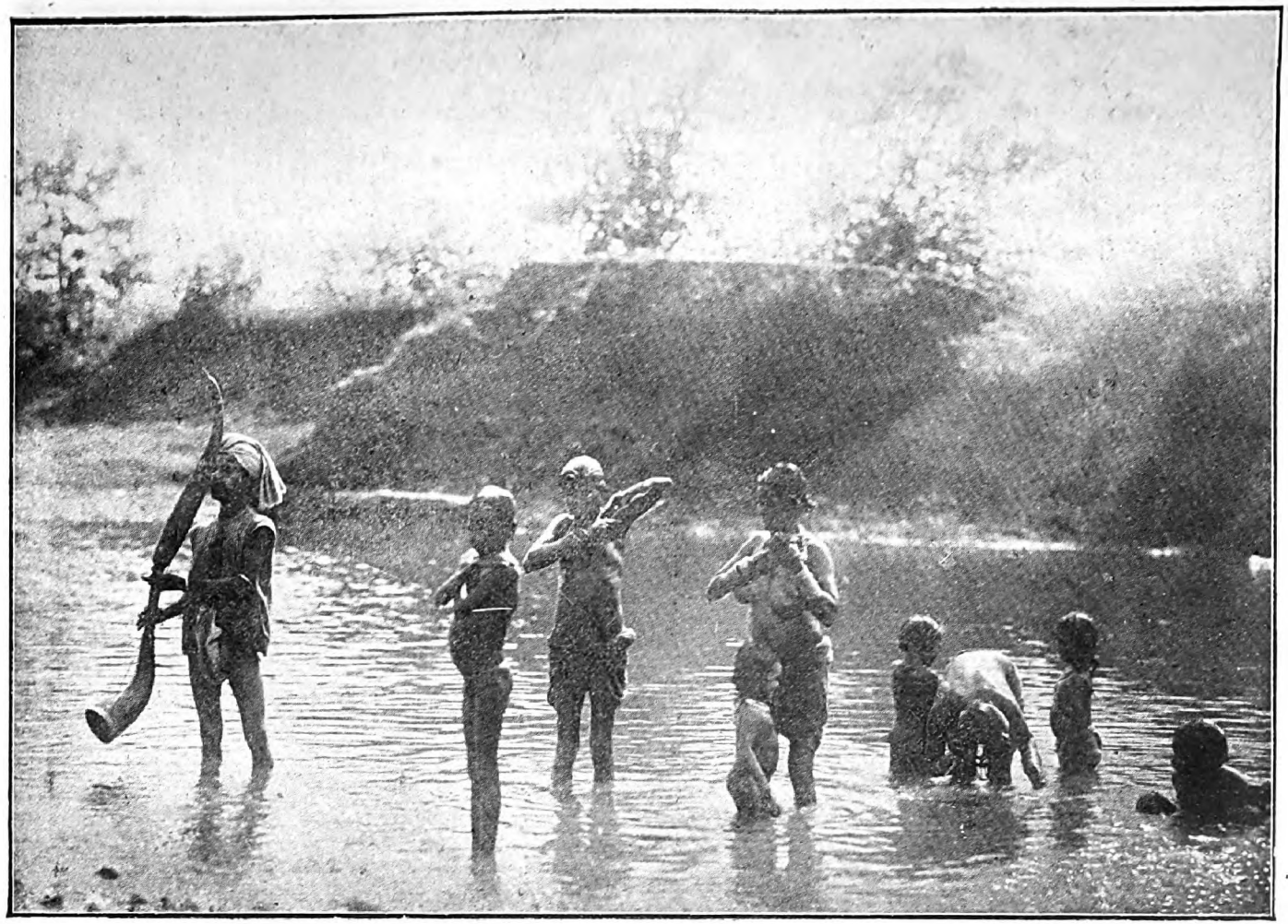
XI. VILLAGE WEAVERS.



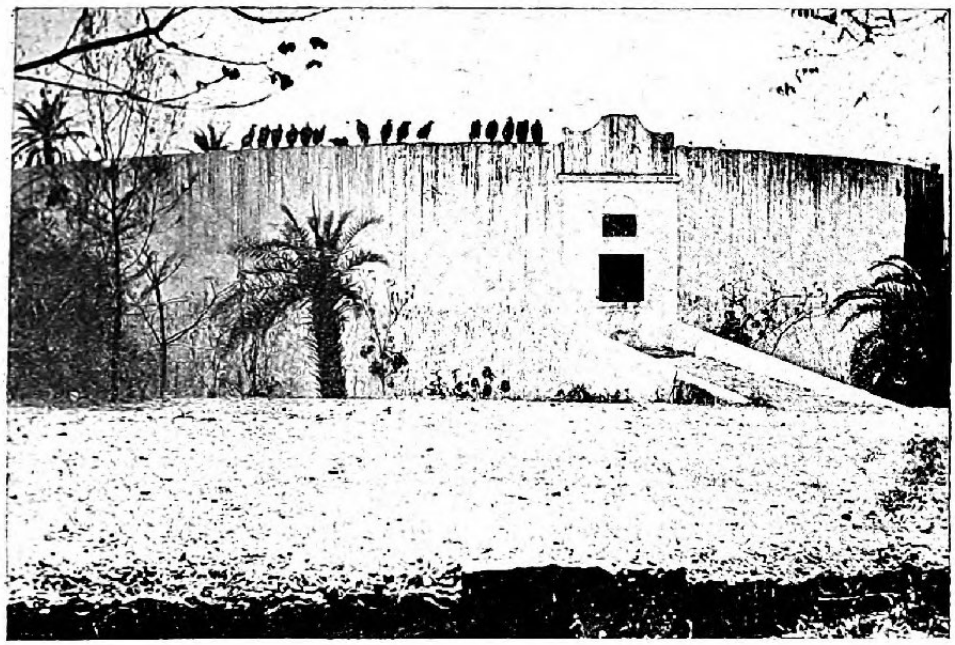
XII. A WEIRD MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.



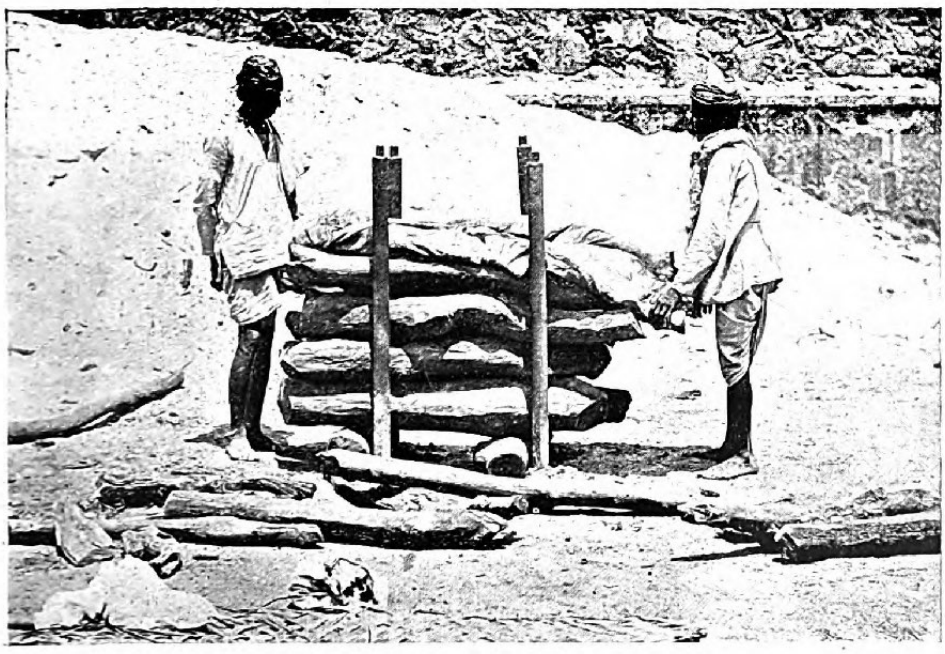
XIII. A COMMON VILLAGE SCENE IN CENTRAL INDIA.



XIV. AFTER THE DAY'S WORK IS OVER.



XV. ONE OF THE PARSI TOWERS OF SILENCE.



XVI. A HINDU CREMATION.



XVII. SUGAR IN PROCESS OF MANUFACTURE FROM THE SUGAR-CANE.



XVIII. A MADRAS SURF BOAT.

THE CROSS OF CALVARY

WE all know that modern biblical criticism has proved that beyond the Gospels there is no historical evidence of the events therein recorded. And as science accepts nothing but that which can be proved in the ordinary plain historical way, the Gospel accounts have for many persons lost their authority.

Some of the scientific investigators assert that the events represented in the Gospels have not taken place at all, that the scene on Calvary is a legend, although there may be few who deny the historical personality of Jesus.[1] This tremendous, unique, wonderful drama, represented in the Gospels, to which men have clung with all the hope of their life, has been made doubtful by investigation.

But can it be doubtful, unreal, that for which thousands of human beings, through all time, have died and lived? can it be merely a legend?

Let us assume that biblical criticism is right, and that no such event has taken place on Calvary. The question then is whether, when science and critical investigation take from us the Calvary event as history, they also take from us the truth of a world's Savior, of a divine victim, of Christ in the flesh, and His great redeeming love.

It is this question that I shall answer, endeavoring to separate the truth from the form, the life whereby we may live from the physical event.

Let us begin by endeavoring to find out the reason why science, while itself attaining to greater truth, supplants religion, and seems to deprive the Church, which

[1] See German biblical investigation in general, and in particular Pastor Dietrikson's article in the *Morgenblad* for the 10th April, on "New and Old Beliefs".

is the original interpreter of truth, of one dogma after another.

Must it not be a sign that Christianity is not true, when the Church wavers and gives way before the light of truth which science little by little is enabled to throw upon it?

Let us find the answer by a circuitous way.

When science, with its newly-discovered knowledge of nature, would have robbed the Church of the story of the creation, it brought about a reform in theological teaching, but dealt no death-blow to theology or the Church; for instead of that which science pulled down, it built up something new. On this point it appeared that the very knowledge that science had acquired and which it directed, as convicting criticism, against the Bible account, fitted in exactly as the substance or essential side of the Bible legend. The great geological periods, the central force working and producing through the natural forces of time, fitted in exactly as the real meaning of the days of the creation and the personal God.

In other words, science gave back to the Church a knowledge that the latter had formerly possessed, and for which the story of the creation had originally been a popular and external form. Similarly with several other similes in the Old Testament, understood literally until our own day.

Now criticism is aimed at the New Testament, the Gospel story of Christ's passion and crucifixion. This too, say some, is a legend. But whereas, in the case of the story of the creation and the Old Testament, something was put in the place of what had been pulled down, the same criticism possesses nothing on this point to give instead; for while science has discovered the knowledge that gives the key to the Old Testament, it is still groping for that which will open the New. In other words, it has made its way far into the domain of natural

science, but still stands with its hand on the latch of the door leading to psychology; and it is psychology that alone can reveal the hidden meaning of the New Testament, just as it was the knowledge of natural science that revealed that of the Old Testament.

The relation of natural science and psychology to one another is exactly the same as that of the Old to the New Testament. The New Testament has its confirmation in the Old, just as psychology has its confirmation in natural science. There is thus an exact logical connexion in the fact that just these two branches of science that are inwardly connected with one another respectively reveal the two similarly connected Testaments.

Psychology and its laws follow that which nature, the great cosmic and universal world of matter, is—psychology being a part of natural science—and this is the mutual relationship of the Old to the New Testament, for the New Testament is a continuation of the Old, *a consequence of the confirmation.* Because God breathed His Spirit into man, as related in the story of the creation, because man ate of the tree of knowledge, that is to say, gained much experience in the world of matter, because he once more left the flesh-pots of Egypt, that is to say, returned from the sensuous world to the spiritual way—because all this happened as told in the New Testament, so that which takes place in the New may take place as told in the story of Calvary.

Now it so happens that the West possesses no psychology; both empirical and speculative psychology are still at an initial stage. And we venture to say that it is this circumstance which is the reason of the wavering attitude of the Church; not that it champions a lie, but that it lacks, as much as its critics, that psychological knowledge which only can give the key to the abstract truth, when criticism divests it of its symbolic form.

But religious truths can no more perish than can the human soul itself. If therefore their natural defender, the Church, lacks the ability to give them life, help must come from without. In the first instance it came, as we heard, through biblical research, through criticism itself, through natural science; in the second case it comes from modern Theosophy.

Modern Theosophy is nothing but a certain group of psychological truths, which in the present day make their way into the western world from the great common reservoir of truth in the East. And this group consists of the very truths that the Church has forgotten, and for which science is still seeking—the knowledge of the developmental possibilities of the life of the soul, of the hidden forces, of the Spirit in man as a divine seed, which through long development attains the mastery over the physical and material life of the body. We shall therefore be compelled to turn to modern Theosophy, if we wish to find the key to the Gospel story.

Some Theosophists also say that the Bible account is legendary; but while science, on the basis of its newly-acquired knowledge of nature can only to some extent penetrate to the substance of the legendary form, Theosophy, as the inheritor of the ancient eastern philosophy, as possessor of both natural science and psychology, does so throughout.

When science utters the word 'legend,' or 'myth,' it believes that in so doing it has dealt the death-blow to every story of which it has not, through its own knowledge, the key; for it means by the word 'myth,' either stories which relate cosmic facts in personified form, *e.g.*, the ecliptic, etc., or stories that are simply and solely fiction, without corresponding reality.

Some Theosophists also, as we have said, teach that the story of Calvary is a 'myth'; but they give another meaning to the word 'myth'. Mrs. Annie Besant, the greatest living authority on Theosophy, says in her inspired book *Esoteric Christianity*:

A 'myth' is, by no means, what most people imagine it to be—a mere fanciful story erected on a basis of fact or even altogether apart from fact. A 'myth' is far truer than a history, for a history only gives a story of the shadows, whereas a 'myth' gives a story of the substances that cast the shadows (p. 152).

The shadows are the physical events, and that which casts them, the reality, the body, is the spiritual events on the inner or higher planes. The use therefore of the mythical form is no guarantee that no corresponding physical event has taken place. On the contrary, a corresponding physical event is always hidden behind the 'myth'. Behind the parable of the Exodus of the Israelites from Egypt is the historical Exodus, but only told in order to give expression to the truth regarding the transition from a spiritual stage of development in the history of the people, the transition from the stern discipline of action to the higher stages. The 'myth' does not confine itself to relating the historical event as it presented itself to physical observation upon the physical plane, but tells in its own language of the spiritual realities, the truths and events, which, in the spiritual world, occasion the shadow in the physical.

Those, therefore, who seek in historical chronology for the event in the form in which it is given in the 'myth' will always be disappointed, will find nothing; and, as they have no comprehension of the real nature of the 'myth,' they will say that the whole thing is a made-up story.

But is a historic drama any less true because the author has concerned himself principally with the psychological side of the events?

Just as an author produces nothing of value, nothing that has a living value for others, unless, in what he has written, he has caught and represented the essence, the spirit, that which lies behind the phenomena, and only employs the external form, the physical event, for the purpose of imparting a higher, hidden, general

truth, so is it with the Bible 'myth' and with the story of Calvary.

It is no chronology that gives data and the shell of the events, but it expresses the great common spiritual events in the life of the soul. Like good writing, it tells infinitely more than the external, physical occurrence.

While the poet relates intuitively, but with unconscious inspiration—a condition of which we have striking examples in our own great writers, Wergeland and Ibsen, who both gave far more in some of their works than they themselves, with their waking consciousness, so to speak, were masters of—the authors of the 'myths' relate, in full consciousness, from their own knowledge and observation, for they are always initiated, that is to say, their consciousness is open and perceptive also on the inner planes lying behind the world of sense.

In the story of Calvary, which is a 'myth' in this sense, we thus find both history and something more than history; but on account of this interweaving of the spiritual with the sober history, those who take it all for history, and try to find the historical Jesus in the same form, and in connexion with events as they are related in the Gospels, find no basis for their research.

In accordance with this explanation then, the Bible 'myth' is both historical facts and—let us call it—elevated psychology.

It states, on the one hand, great spiritual truths, which concern the spiritual development of the human life on the whole; it tells of the human disciple's last stage of consecration and union with the Christ principle, God, and his ultimate victory over matter.

On the other hand, these general truths are associated with the life of a historical person, with Jesus, surnamed Christ, because in his life He gave these truths embodiment, and thereby became the typical ideal for the race and

culture which arose just then, and whose task it is again to give them life, which He, Christ, came to initiate.

Every 'myth' differs from other forms of story in being written in a peculiar language, and this language is the language of symbols.

Just as we in the external world use words to indicate things, so on the higher planes symbols are used to indicate them. The symbols form a picture-alphabet that is employed by all myth-writers; and each picture has its known meaning. When the idea of sacrifice is to be expressed, it is represented by the aid of the cross; if the idea of space is to be expressed, a circle is employed; the idea of the divine manifestation is expressed by means of a point, and so on. A knowledge of the symbols is therefore necessary in order to read a 'myth'.

In order, therefore, to be able to read the Calvary-myth aright, we must be able to interpret the symbols in which it is expressed.

The principal symbol used here is the cross. And the cross is an ancient figure that is found in all religions, long before Christianity.

In the ancient religion of Egypt, the cross is of the tau-form, in the Greek the equal-armed, sometimes changed to the svāstika, and in the Roman the form we have adopted: and in all forms the fundamental meaning is the spiritual sacrifice, the Spirit's connexion with and descent into matter. By the vertical line, the Spirit, the light, descends into the world of matter, intersecting the horizontal line, which represents matter. The vertical and the horizontal lines represent respectively mind and matter; and these two lines, joined together in a cross, indicate their mutual relation to one another, the connexion of mind with matter, its descent and life-giving power in matter, its sacrifice in order to raise matter.

When the mind has descended into matter, it must once more work its way up out of it, free itself. This it does

by developing and transforming its body, matter, into an obedient instrument, in other words spiritualising it. The divine light, or Spirit, after permeating matter, takes it up with it into the spiritual world, *i.e.*, recreates it. We, therefore, see in the Egyptian cross the line of matter, the horizontal line, resting upon the vertical, which is the Spirit line. This form of cross is the symbol of triumph, the ultimate victory of the mind.

Finally, when the line of matter, the horizontal line, in the Greek cross, is not raised more than halfway up the vertical, and is there given arms; this is an indication of the method of development, life and death, the two changing conditions of existence, the turning of the wheel of life, the manner in which the properties of matter or the body, are transformed from material to spiritual. Through many lives and many deaths, man is transformed from the material, the child of nature, into the spiritual, the superior being, by a refining or spiritualising of the properties. The svāstika is the symbol of the many earthly lives, of reincarnation, nature's method of development, of the manner in which the mind frees itself.

The svāstika is therefore called the world's master-builder—God's hammer, the hammer that brings sparks out of the stone; and the sparks become worlds. We have the same symbol in Thor's hammer, the enchanted weapon that, according to mythology, the dwarfs forged against the giants, or the titanic pre-cosmic forces of nature.

Thus the three forms of cross indicate the descent of the mind, the Roman; the victory or triumph of the mind, the Egyptian; and the mind's method of development in order to attain to victory, the Greek. In the Christian history of the cross, in the story of Calvary, we shall find all these three stages of the cross represented.

The life, or mind, that descends, that is 'crucified,' is one and the same everywhere and in all forms. We see the same life in the stone as in the plant, in the animal

as in all the various human stages; and in all these stages, in all these forms, the life is fettered by matter, it is not free, and does not know itself or its own powers. And in order to make the unity in life's path to the cross intelligible, a human form was fastened to the cross, to show that even in the human form, the highest embodiment of physical life, the life is not free.

The human form, too, is only a form, that is an intermediate stage, a stage that must be overcome.

The human form on the cross is a symbol, which was first adopted in Christendom in the seventh century. This is a sufficient proof that the crucifixion, as represented in the story of Calvary, is not meant to be a photographic reproduction of the physical manner of Jesus' death, but a symbol for one of the ordinary spiritual truths known to the Christians.

The human form on the cross is man's soul fettered by matter; but it is also the symbol of its salvation, its triumph, when it leaves matter and soars into the spiritual world; through the numerous lives in the world of matter, it must die to matter, this continued constant dying, which culminates in the complete laying down of the flesh, in the death on the cross, is its triumph over matter. The fact that this last idea has also been the opinion of the first Christians, and that they have wished to represent their Savior as triumphant, and not as suffering, finds support in old, pre-Christian pictures of the cross, where one sometimes sees, not a bleeding, suffering, woeful figure, but a radiant, triumphant form, from whose outstretched hands blessing flows like a river of light.

Probability favors the belief that it is this same symbol that the Christians have annexed and employed in connexion with the Savior. And it is this thought that the author of the Gospel has evidently wished to express, when, in the drama of Calvary, he raises *three*

crosses, and not only the Savior's. We have the cross of Jesus, but we also have the crosses of the two thieves. The thieves were nailed to a cross on the earth, and Christ allowed Himself to be nailed to a cross on the earth; but there is a difference in degree between their crucifixion and His, between their life and His, between their death and His death, His as Savior, theirs as thieves.

In order to illustrate my thought here, I will refer to Vigeland's picture in the chancel of the Vaalerengen[1] church. By the aid of other symbols, which he has grouped round the central symbol, the cross, the artist has more or less consciously, with happy intuition, expressed this difference between the cross of Christ and those of the thieves, and also between the two thieves' crosses, so that the three crosses indicate the three great universal stages of development in man's spiritual life, applicable to all ages and all places, the descent of life, or the Spirit, the development of life, and the triumph of life. Properly speaking, the artist should have employed the various external forms of cross—the tau-form for Christ's cross, the Roman and Greek crosses for the two thieves. This he has not done, but, as we shall see, he has brought out the difference in another way.

The evangelist emphasises the difference by the words he assigns respectively to the thieves and to Christ.

The whole of the long series of earthly lives that the human soul passes through during its stay upon this planet falls naturally into three parts or stages—one stage when the soul, life by life, binds itself more firmly to the external world, the development of the appetitive nature, when its life consists of eating and drinking, of hearing and seeing and feeling, *i.e.*, the descent of the life; a second stage, when the soul once again detaches itself, that is to say reduces the needs of the body to

[1] Vaalerengen is one of the suburbs of Kristiania.

the most necessary, and transforms its coarser, natural out-going desires into a refined inward emotional nature, *i.e.*, the turning back of the life, or the development of the heart; and finally, a third stage when it is quite free and triumphant, that is to say, it has reached its stage of consciousness, is become itself, knows itself as a soul with divine spiritual powers, as one who dwells in the abode of Truth, *i.e.*, the triumph of life, when the goal of the ordinary external earthly life is reached. In the external world, these three stages coincide with what is called natural man, civilised man, and lastly supernatural man.

In the secret doctrines of religions, there are said to be two ways for the soul, the out-going and the returning, which it must tread in order to attain Initiation, or become a crowned Spirit. These two ways, which coincide with the first two of the previously-mentioned stages, are what, according to this representation, the author of the Calvary drama has represented symbolically in the two thieves' crosses; but Christ's cross, which coincides with the third stage, that of supernatural man, indicates the goal, the ultimate consecration or crowning.

The first thief's cross is, then, the gospel's symbolical or metaphorical form of expression for the out-going path, when the soul is at a mental stage in which it is still blind and ignorant, in which its only law and guide is its sensuous desires. It takes and takes, without a thought of giving back. It is ignorant of spiritual values and divine justice; and this the evangelist indicates by representing the first thief as the scoffer. As S. Luke has it: "One of the malefactors which were hanged railed on him, saying: 'If thou be Christ, save thyself and us'."

Contempt, derision, and denial are characteristics only of the very young, still ignorant soul, the soul that does not yet see the threads upon the back of the fabric of life, or the spiritual life within the bodily life.

In the Vaalerengen church, the painter has emphasised this same thought by placing the cross of the first thief under the tree of the knowledge of good and evil—an inspired idea, as the tree of knowledge is just the symbol of the stage of life in which development takes place through blind, uncritical experience, when the soul throws itself headlong into the external life, in order to become acquainted with the material world into which it has descended, and grows by the fruits of those experiences which it works out between the earthly lives, in Hades.

I say in Hades, for at this early stage of development there is no abode in heaven. As long as one lives only upon the experiences that the sensuous life gives, one does not create any conditions for being able to reach heaven in the time of rest between the earthly lives. Heaven, the spiritual condition of bliss, presupposes the presence of a spiritual body; and this finer spiritual body (causal body, as it is called in Theosophy, because it bears within it the seed of the following life), this finer body is built up only by cherishing and tending here on earth, spiritual thoughts and spiritual feelings, forms of mind to which the natural man has not yet awakened,[1] though the lower heavens are reached in the mental body.

The second cross is also characterised as a thief's cross, but there is a difference; for at this stage, notwithstanding that the soul still takes, and may thus still justly be called thief, as it draws in its impressions through the external material world, and has need for and absorbs foreign impressions, a transformation, as we heard, has begun. The raising of matter has begun; coarse desires are transformed into cultivated feelings, and thereby the development of the heavenly body has

[1] Any one desiring to make a closer study of man's constitution and development should read the little book, *Man's Seven Principles*, one of the Theosophical text-books.

commenced—the heart-development—the condition for conscious life also upon the higher planes. The soul then aspires to the ideal conditions. It is conscious of the law, God's hidden, secret law of development, the law of cause and effect, the divine justice; and it begins to make a choice in its actions, and to choose the good. It willingly submits, without kicking against the pricks, to the pain of paying back its debt from the out-going road, and renounces enjoyment. It is, in other words, at the conversion stage, on the road to conversion, as it submits with patience to its fate. This higher mental stage of the human soul is symbolised in the Gospel in the other thief, by the words which he addresses to the first, as he says: "Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this man hath done nothing amiss." These words express a confession of sin and the will to bear the consequences of former actions and do right in the future—all marks of a soul on the road to conversion, of the awakening higher mental life.

The difference is also clearly emphasised by Christ's words, when He says to the second thief: "Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise."

These words could not have been addressed to the other thief. They cannot, as we have already heard, be said to persons in the first stage of development, since, as we also heard, man in the first stage of development, symbolised by the stage of the first thief, does not in himself possess conditions for reaching heaven, as his constitution has not yet developed the corresponding body.

If heaven were a voluntary gift, Christ, in His divine mercy, would have addressed these words to both malefactors. But we are told distinctly here as in many other places, that the consciousness of heaven is a stage of development, something attending the development, a result of the vibrations that our own ideal striving and

desires set up in the spiritual matter, just as the conscious physical life on the physical plane is a result of the vibrations that desires and endeavor have started in physical matter.

The artist has rightly emphasised the difference between the first and the second thief's cross by planting the second cross under the tree of life, as the first stands under that of knowledge.

The tree of life is the symbol of the human soul at the stage when the mind—in the conditions we call life and death—oscillates between heaven and earth, in other words, when it dwells alternately in heaven and earth.

The soul itself is the eternal tree of life. At an earlier stage the soul itself is also the tree of knowledge. It grows up from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil into the tree of life.

The tree of knowledge indicates the stage of development that is described in the Old Testament, in the old covenant, when the Savior had not yet appeared, because man at that stage had no need of a Savior yet, as, according to his constitution, he was not yet sufficiently developed to be able to know or see Him, not possessing the spiritual eye, nor could he learn of Him the way to heaven, nor follow Him.

This stage on the road to knowledge, when one only seeks experience, and grows through good and evil actions, but is unreceptive of all spiritual learning, has been, as a whole, passed—as far as our race is concerned.

We have entered upon the new covenant. We have the conditions for being able to develop the spiritual consciousness. We have become the Tree of Life, with its top flowering in heaven. We can see and know the Master, Christ, notwithstanding His crucifixion in the flesh; and the conditions are ours for being able to learn of Him spiritual knowledge. Our soul thirsts for the living water, and we stretch out our hands and pray that He

will teach us the way that He Himself has gone. And therefore we have need of a Savior, for though the longing for life has been born in our hearts, though we can see Him, yet we do not of ourselves know how to tread the Path. Every disciple has need of a Teacher and Master, of the Savior, as teacher and guide on the Path; and it is as a symbol of the disciple's ability to see the Savior, and his own need of the Savior, that the second thief cries: "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom."

Midway between the two thieves' crosses, which symbolise respectively the natural man, the wholly ignorant soul, and the civilised man with possibility and condition for the disciple stage, stands the Savior's cross, the cross of consecration, the cross of freedom, the symbol of the race's ideal for the future, its ultimate victory over the material world—the Savior's cross, when the great illusion of matter is overcome once for all, when the eyes are opened, and see the matter in all the three worlds as unreal, as dead, as the skull at the foot of the cross.

Behind this cross there is no tree—the tree, the fixed, immovable life, cannot be a symbol of freedom—but above the cross floats the crown of everlasting life, and at its foot lies the skull, as a symbol of the words: "It is finished!"—the life of the body has been overcome.

All the words that Christ utters upon the cross express, like these, superhuman power and triumph, exultation over His victory.

So also the words He addressed to the thief: "Today shalt thou be with me in paradise." Who can give so costly and wonderful a gift, but He who Himself is free, who has trodden the Path, who is Himself a Savior? Only He who has Himself overcome the three worlds, who stands higher than they, can lead others into them. These words therefore stamp the crucified Christ as the

Teacher, the Savior, as He who stands infinitely far above the two thieves, his fellow-sufferers in the flesh.

And He cries: "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?" which has been interpreted: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" The occult scientists, however, agree that this interpretation is erroneous. If the words had been, as in the twenty-second Psalm: "Eli, Eli, lama azabothani," the translation would have been correct; but they are not 'azabotha-ni' but 'sabachthani'. This gives a different meaning, for "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani" is the disciple's mystery-cry of exultation at the Master's Initiation: "My God, my God, how Thou hast glorified me," and not the cry of despair: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

These then are the three great stages of life that the evangelist represents—the natural man, the disciple-stage, and the Master.

And just as the two thieves' crosses were past and present, so the Savior's cross represents the future, that to which we aspire. Jesus did not give Himself up to death in the sense that He was a substitute, so that what He did, we need not do. Many before Christ had gone through the same Initiation; we shall all pass through it later on, all become Saviors, pass from the civilised stage to the supernatural, from the disciple's stage to that of the Master. But in earlier ages the act had generally taken place within temple-walls, in the Mysteries shut up in the temples.

Jesus revealed the Mystery-secret. He let the crucifixion, or death-act, be accomplished in his flesh and blood, so that it should be known to all people, while in the Mysteries it took place as an act of experience in the finer bodies only, as a subjective experience on the inner plane.[1]

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[1] See Dr. Steiner's *Das Christentum als Mystische Thatsache*. We must remember, however, also that Jesus' Initiation was accomplished in a unique manner in our own cultural epoch; it is not unique in the history of the world, for Orpheus, the Greek-Keltic civiliser and Savior, suffered a sacrificatory death. See Henrik Lund's *Religionen Religionerne*.

Men—we—have passed from the first stage of ignorance, from the first thief's cross, to the now conquered consciousness of heaven, the second thief's cross, through the blind experiences in the natural man's stage.

We pass from the consciousness of heaven to the Savior-stage, the third Calvary-cross, through conscious spiritual experiences, called yoga, or disciple-training. In this training certain phases of consciousness, or small stages of initiation are gone through, which, in the Gospel, are symbolised in the seven separate acts in the story of the Cross—the washing of feet, or the initiation into humility, the scourging, or the initiation (into) fortitude, and the crown of thorns. According to the old Christian interpretation, Christ's crucifixion is the fourth degree of consecration; it is the opening of consciousness on the plane of thought, the complete victory over the three worlds, the physical, the astral, and the mental—in other words, complete freedom from what we call the 'wheel of life,' the three phases of existence in our development. After the crucifixion there are Initiations that belong to the supernatural development on a higher plane—the mystical burial, the descent into Hades and ascent into heaven, all symbolical indications of degrees in the development of the mental life up to the final consciousness of God, the consciousness of the Buḍḍha.

Modern Theosophy invites us to this training, having in its midst initiated persons, teachers, who have themselves gone through the first degrees of Initiation which lead up to the Savior's cross, and who can therefore lead others in the way they themselves have walked, on to the Master.

If we first accept the doctrine of development, and look back along the road we have traversed from the natural man up to the civilised man, it does not seem surprising that we shall also go on farther, that we also shall reach the supernatural stage, marked and pointed out to us by Christ.

It is these great general truths in psychology that the evangelist has described in the drama of Calvary.

An initiated Christian, the Abbot Mattæus, who lived in an Egyptian desert monastery, is said by the great Theosophical initiated teacher, Mr. Leadbeater, to be the author of the Gospels. He wrote the original story, the original Gospel, in Hebrew.

It was Mattæus' idea, says Mr. Leadbeater, to give the history of all the Initiated a common, allegorical popular form; and he joined this history to that of Jesus Christ, and also mixed up with it fragments of his eastern learning from Indian and Persian sources. He sent what he wrote to the chief abbot in Alexandria, who set his monks to translate it into Greek, each one doing it according to his ability, in proportion to his own degree of initiation. In this way many variations and interpretations arose, and of these, four have come down to us.

Do we lose anything by the knowledge that the manner of Jesus' death, his physical death, was not exactly as related in the Gospel, and therefore cannot be traced in history?

The story of Christ's sufferings was acted upon the physical plane in much smaller dimensions than are described in the Gospel. If we had been present when Jehoshua the agitator, the rioter, the heretic teacher, was stoned and mocked and hissed by the populace, we should certainly not have recognised in Him the radiant, triumphant Christ of the Gospel; we might, on the contrary, have been among those who threw the stones.

And yet He was the Christ; yet this painful, dark event in the history of the Jews was the shadow of the great Calvary drama, which was acted in all its power on the inner plane for the salvation of man.

Only the Initiated, who saw with the spiritual eye, saw and comprehended; and they related the real nature and substance of the event, so that we also should comprehend and see. They related it in their own form, that

of the 'myth,' and in their own language, symbols, in order that the secret and divine should be revealed and yet hidden.

Do we lose anything by this form of narration? No! For only through this form of narration has that which would otherwise have been hidden been revealed to us who are still on the way. Only through it has God in the flesh become visible to those who were otherwise blind, to those who had not developed the spiritual eye.

EVA BLYTT

IN THE SHADOW

In the day Be-with-us
Shall we look back, from diamond depths of calm
Upon the bitterness of Now-a-days?

Being so sure, so still,
That we can touch the memories of earth
And smile at loneliness in Now-a-days?

Shall we be so at-one,
So knit each heart to heart, so lost in love;
That Be-with-us will *cancel* Now-a-days?

FELIX INFELIX

INDIAN TEMPLES

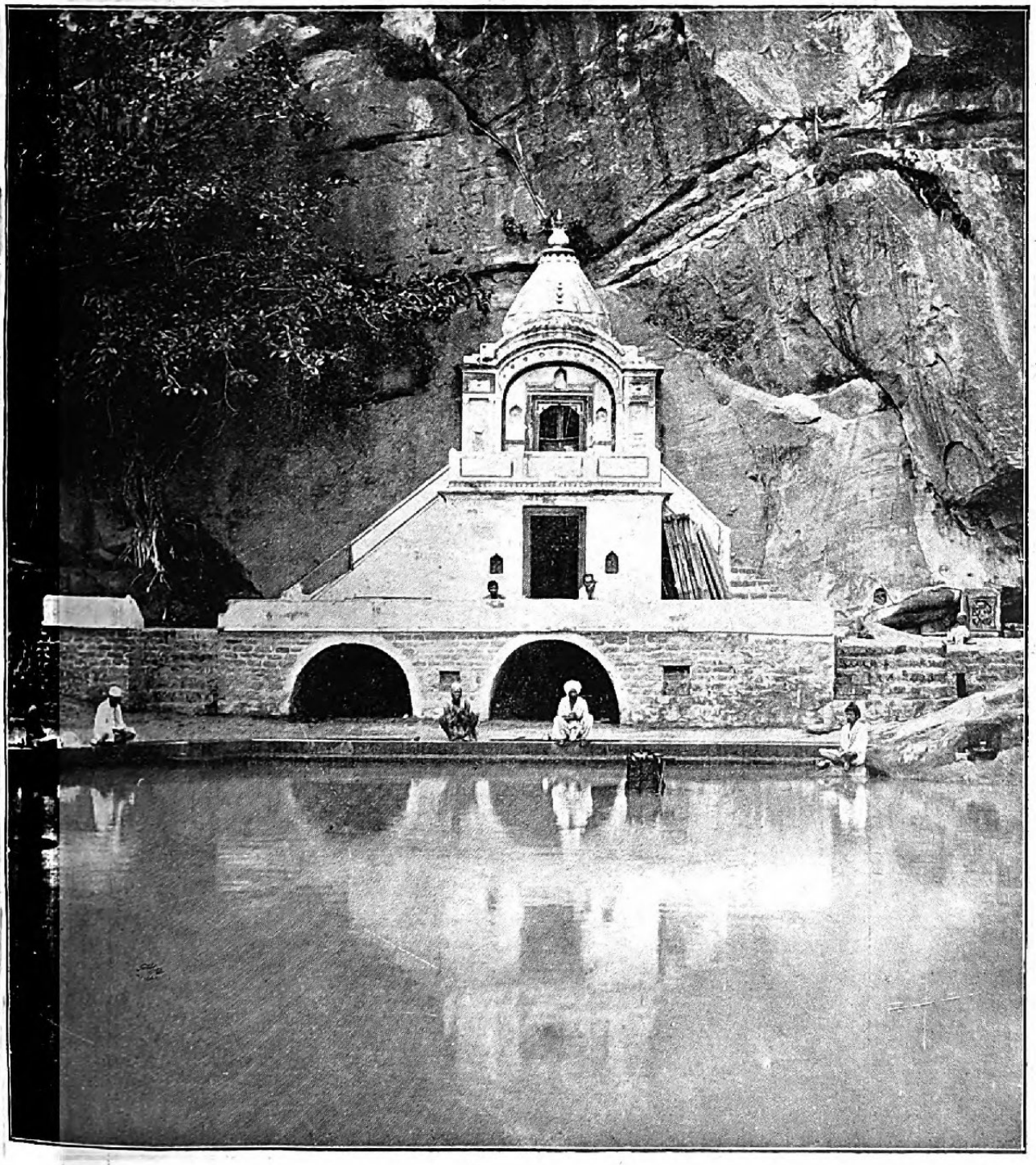
VERY varied are the temples that stud the hills and plains of India; from the railway carriages one sees the hill-tops crowned with little temples; every village clusters round a temple, and often has small shrines upon the outskirts; the line of shops in the streets of towns is broken by a temple archway; everywhere, whether in bustling crowd or silent solitude, the temple consecrates the Indian life.

In the far North, where the Himālayan mountains meet the plains and Gaṅgā issues through the 'gate of Hara' to wend on her long pilgrimage, we see a little temple (Picture 1) nestled on the hill-side, and mirrored in the calm surface of its tank. Such temples may be seen dotted over the mountain-sides, silent reminders of the Eternal in the midst of time.

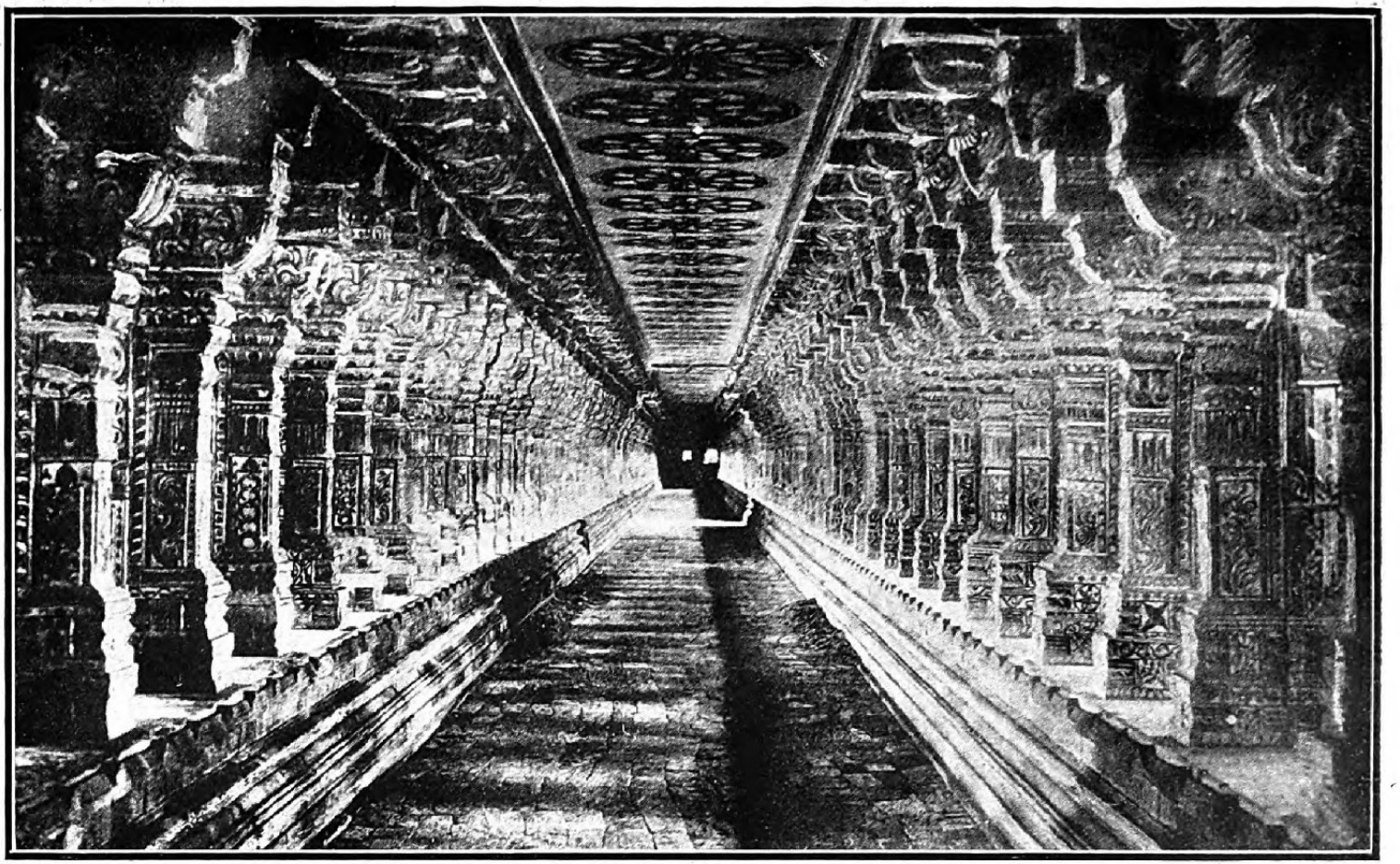
In the far South, where Shrī Rāmachandra is said to have crossed to Laṅka—now Ceylon—to rescue his stolen wife, has been raised the mighty temple figured in Picture 2, a characteristic South Indian structure, for in the South the temples are huge, with vast carven pillars, long corridors, immense courts and halls. Remnants they are of a race of giant-builders, at which the puny men of to-day look with wonder and awe.

See this huge temple of Chidambaram (Picture 3), with its pillared terraces and its great central erection, or 'gopuram,' again a structure rarely, if ever, seen in Northern India, where the temples, as a rule, are small, as may be seen in Pictures 8 and 9. Pilgrims flock yearly to Chidambaram, perhaps the most sacred of Southern Indian shrines.

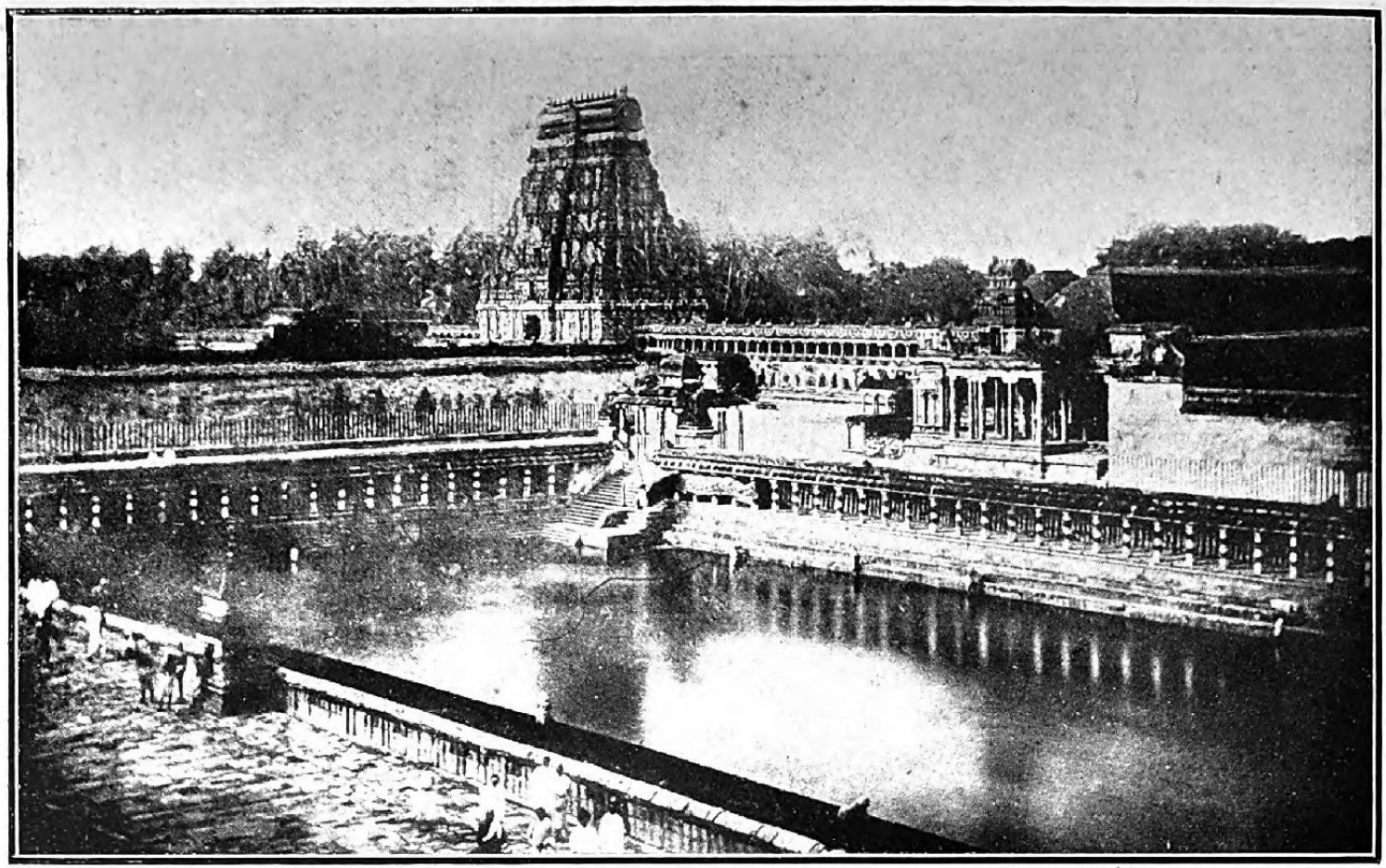
Tanjore has another of the famous Southern temples, where a huge ornate gopuram lifts its massive bulk



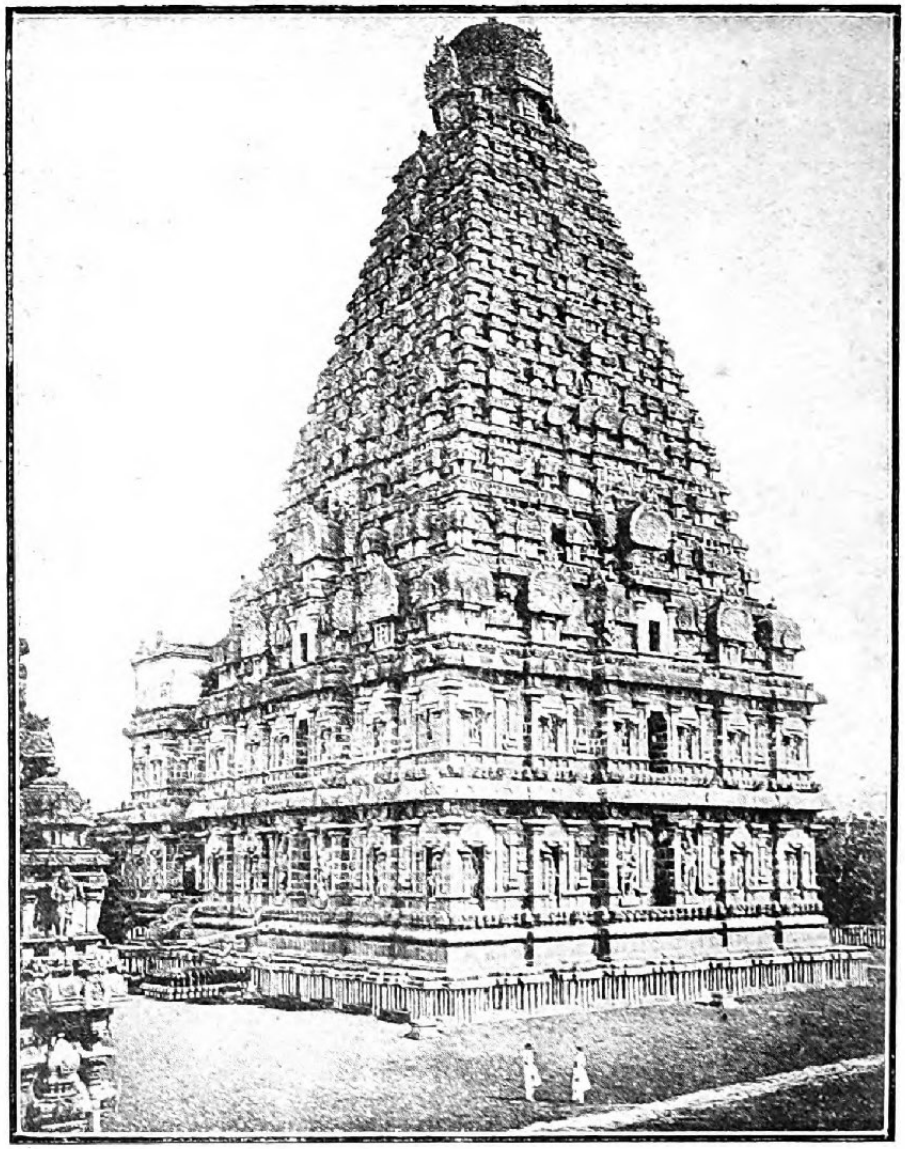
I. HILL TEMPLE IN THE HIMALAYAS, NEAR HARDWAR.



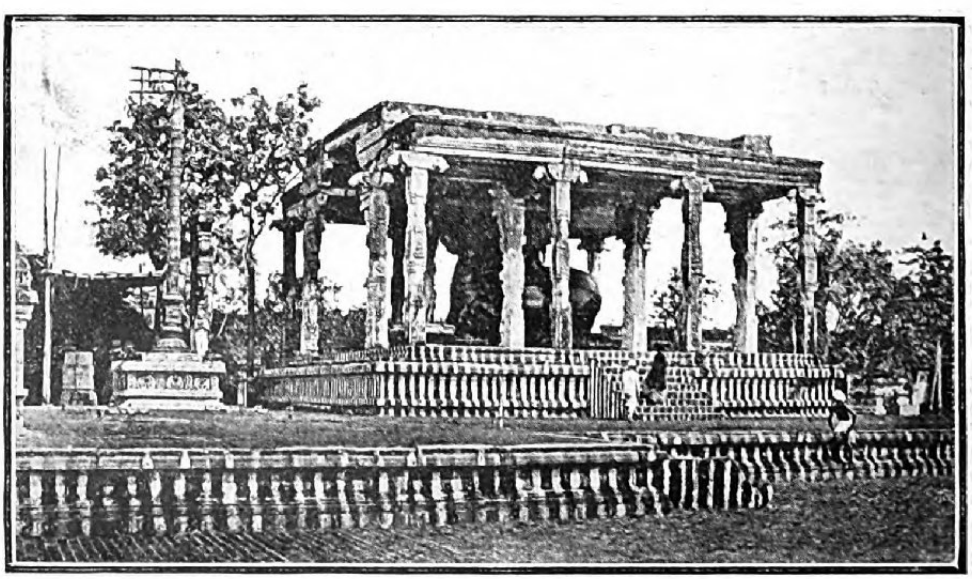
II. RAMESHVARAM.



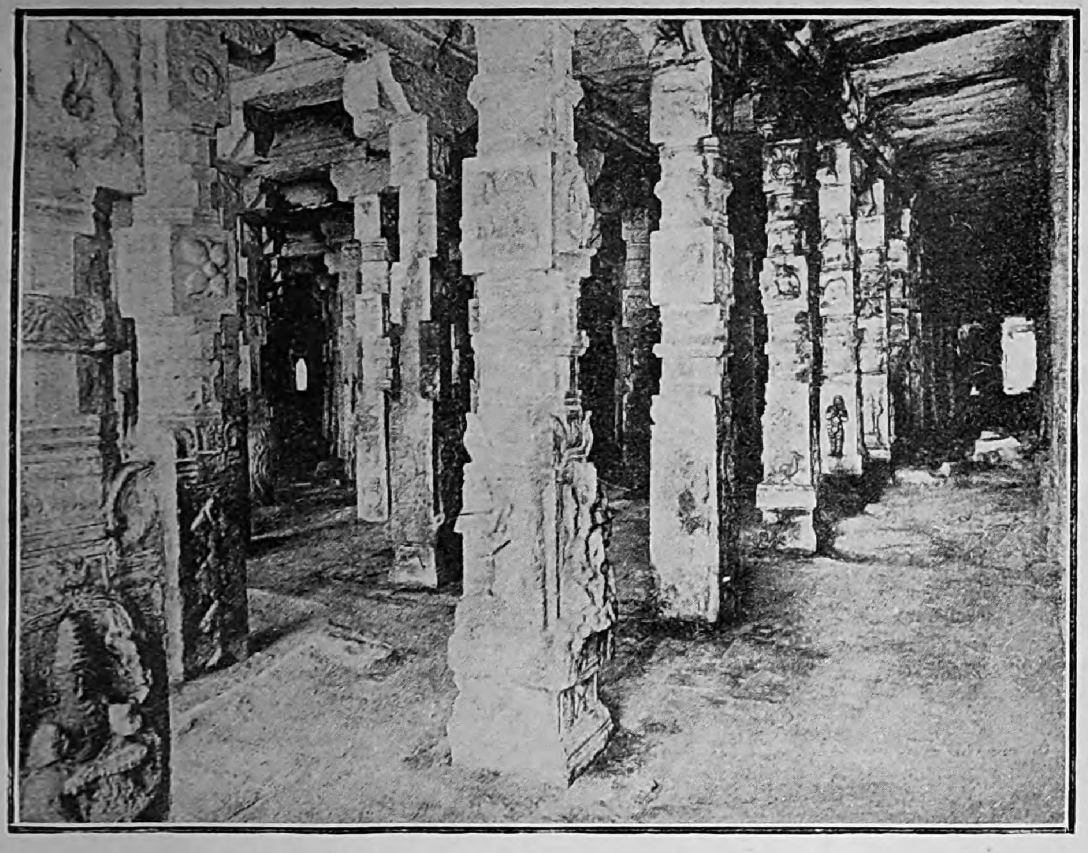
III. CHIDAMBARAM.



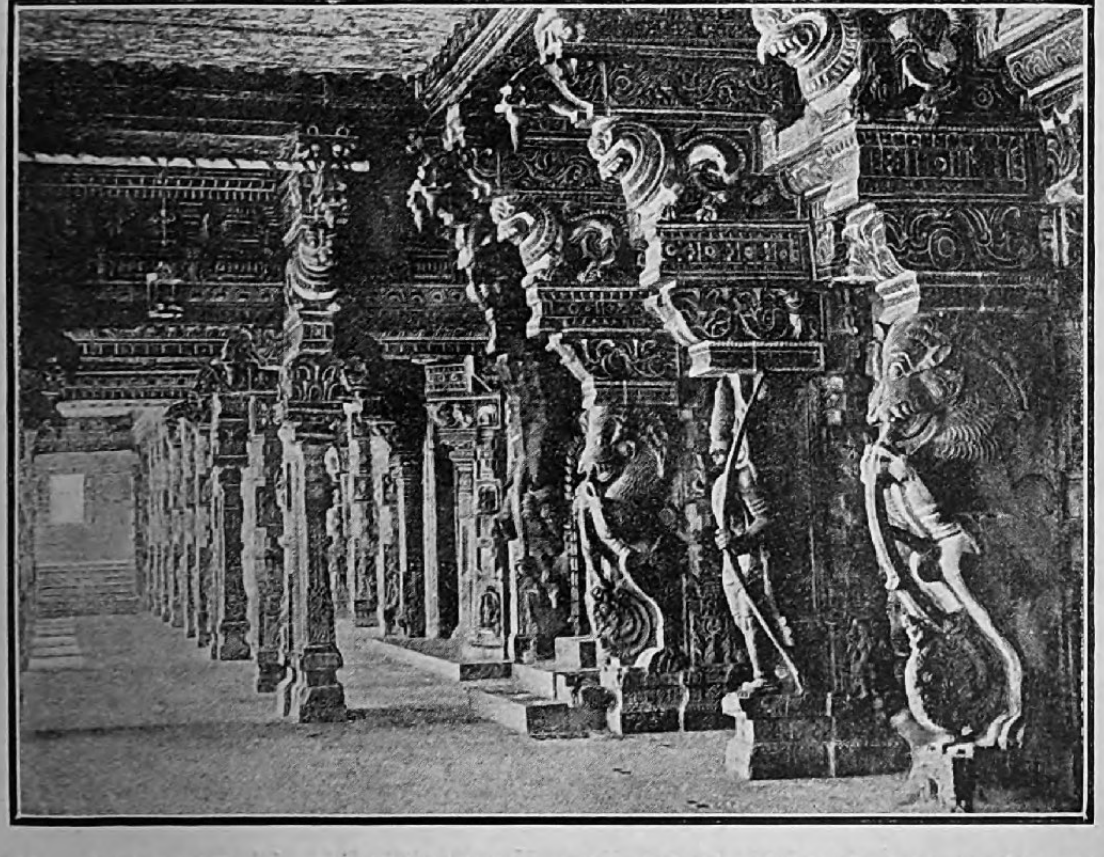
IV. TANJORE : THE GREAT GOPURAM.



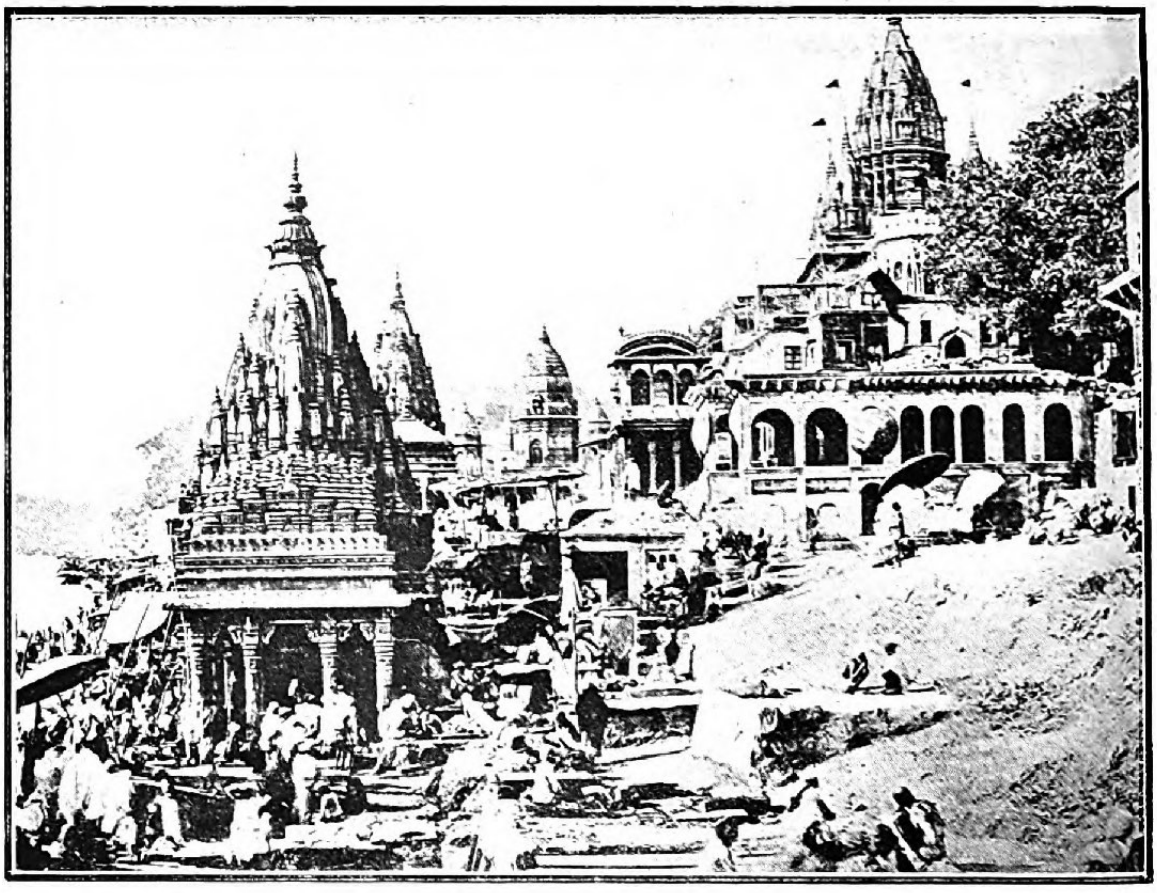
V. TANJORE : THE GREAT STONE BULL.



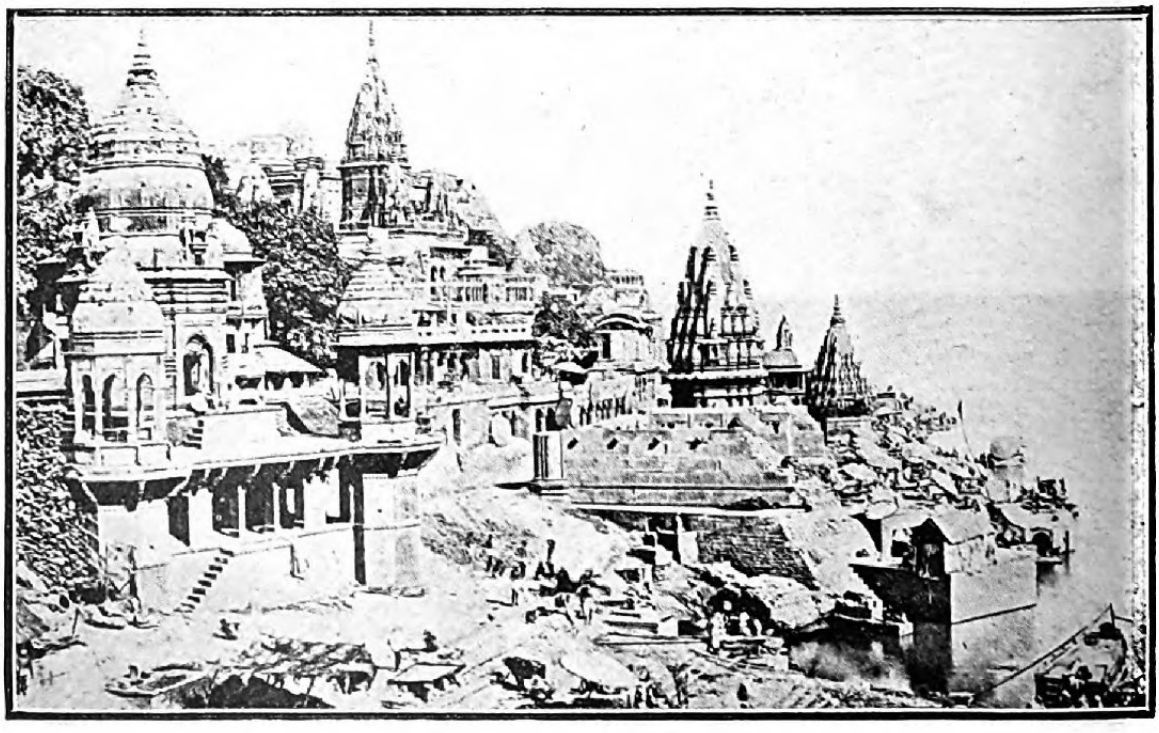
VI. MADURA : INTERIOR OF THE HALL OF THOUSAND PILLARS.



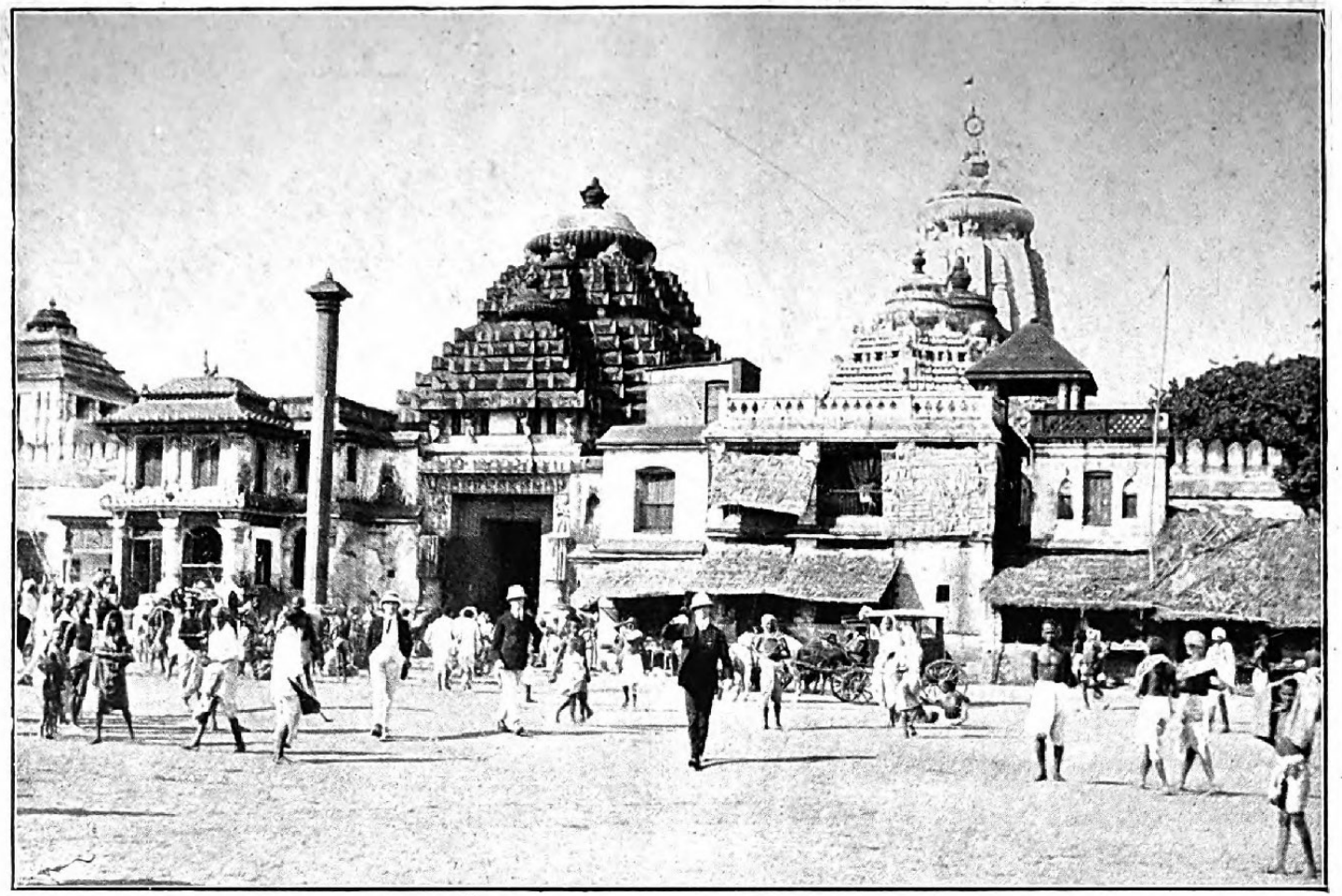
VII. MADURA : ENTRANCE TO THE HOLY OF HOLIES.



VIII. BENARES : VISHNU PUD AND OTHER TEMPLES.



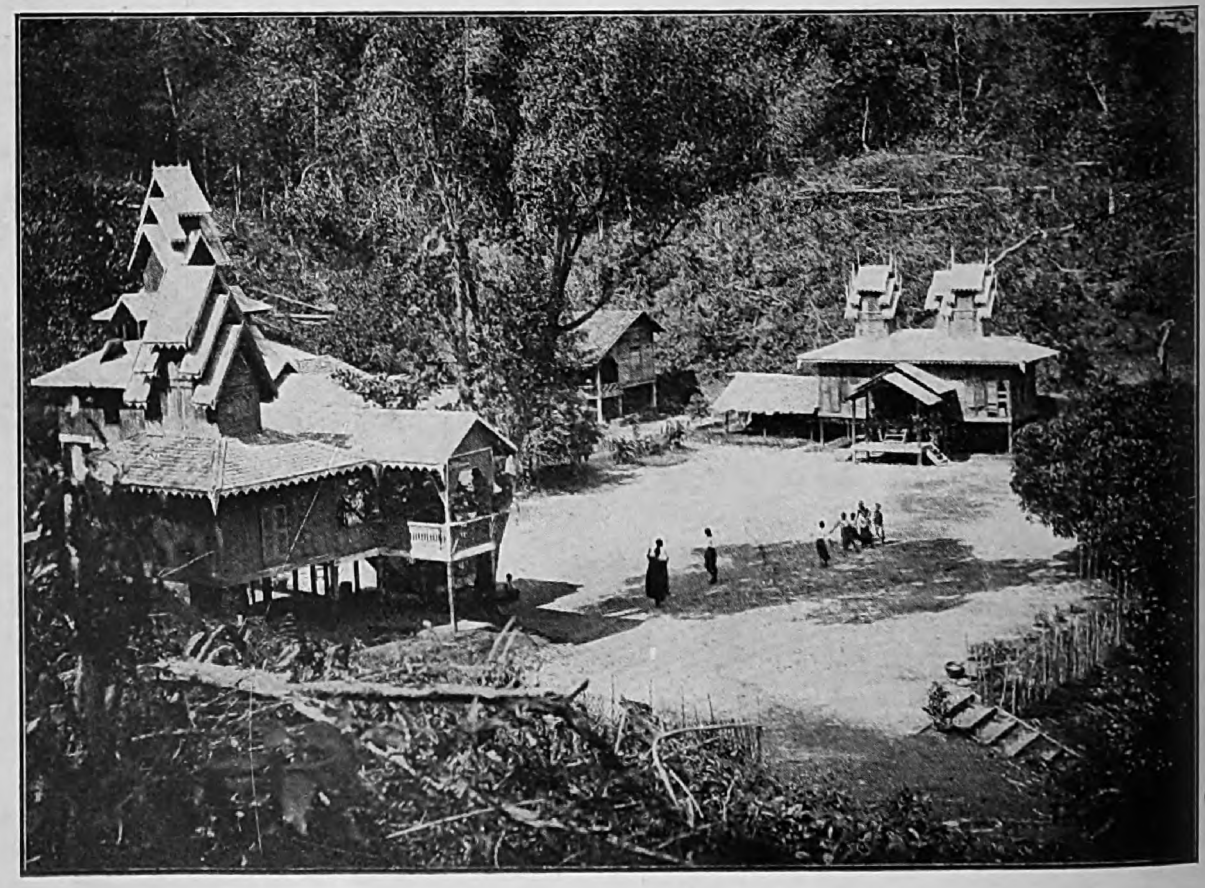
IX. BENARES : BURNING GHAT.



X. THE TEMPLE OF JAGGANNATH, PURI.



XI. BUDDHAGAYA.



XII. A PICTURESQUE BUDDHIST MONASTERY.

(Picture 4); the great stone Bull figured in the next picture is the Sacred Bull of Mahāḍeva, and in smaller proportions may be seen facing the shrine in every temple dedicated to Him.

Madura rivals Tanjore with its equally famous temple, in the huge bulk of which even 'the hall of a thousand pillars' seems but small. In another part of it, splendidly carved pillars form a long arcade leading up to the holiest place, and it is said that the innermost shrine is an empty cell, for viewless as air is the Supreme Deity —"not in the sight resides His form," He who is the Formless One.

Benares, Kāshī, the Sacred City of Hinḍūism, is truly a city of temples. The long curve of the city, like a crescent moon, is studded with temples, rising one above another on the shelving banks. The graceful dainty spires shown in Pictures 8 and 9 are as characteristic of Northern India as are the huge gopurams of Southern. Worship in India is individual, not congregational as in the West; the worshipper bathes, sits on the river-bank, praying or meditating, and then, buying a few flowers, goes to the temple and offers them, often passing from one to another, leaving at each his loving offering. The social side of worship is seen in gatherings to hear the reading of the Scriptures, the preaching of a svāmi, the chanting of sacred stories, and the singing of hymns, or, at festivals, the marching in procession. There is nothing like the 'common prayer' of Christendom.

Picture 9 shows the favorite burning-ghāt, or cremation ground, of Benares; the steps shelve down to the river—a 'ghāt' is a long broad flight of steps, ending in the river—and the corpse is carried down these, swathed in winding sheets and bound on a bier, and is generally placed with its feet in the water, the water being also poured over it; it is then laid on the pyre and covered over with wood, and much ghī is poured over it, so that the wood at once, on the application of a lighted torch,

bursts into flames. On any evening such pyres may be seen on the burning-ghāt, reminders of the inevitable ending of the body, while the surrounding temples tell of the eternity of the Spirit.

The temple of Jagannāṭh—the Lord of the World—is held most sacred; even a purse or belt of leather may not be carried into it, and at its threshold all distinctions of rank and caste fall away, and the Brāhmaṇa may take food from the hand of the Shūḍra. Race distinctions, however, survive, and the Lord of the World is really only the Lord of Hinḍūs. The temple is on the site of a very ancient one—perhaps of more than one—and in one of its predecessors occurred the tragic death-scene of Alcyone and Herakles, related in our columns last year.[1]

Picture 11 shows us that holiest of spots where the first of our present humanity, to reach Buḍḍhahood, accomplished His stupendous task. Within this is a gigantic image of the Lord Gauṭama, seated in calm and peaceful meditation, the Conqueror who had entered Nirvāṇa and showed the way to men. By the temple is the 'Bo-tree,' grown from a slip of the tree beneath which He sat and reached Enlightenment nearly twenty-five centuries ago, and still His Peace broods over the scene of His triumph, and bathes in its ineffable sweetness the hearts that love and adore. "Peace to all Beings" gains a new force and beauty when uttered where the Lord of Peace first blessed the world after He had attained.

In the last picture is figured a quiet scene, where some of His followers are seeking to enter on the Noble Eightfold Way, to learn the secrets of sorrow, the cause of sorrow, and eke its ending. May this great Son of India bless His motherland, and make her the Messenger of blessing to the world.

A Brother

[1] See *Theosophist* for July 1910.

RENTS IN THE VEIL OF TIME

The Lives of Alcyone

XXIV

WE come now to a set of four lives, three of which were spent in India, which seem to have been devoted almost entirely to the working out of past karma. The Great Ones, though usually in the neighborhood, seem to have taken a less prominent part in these than in the earlier lives. In a general way, I think we may regard these four principally as a preparation for the four which followed them.

Alcyone was born this time in the year 4970, as the daughter of an old and noble house, in a small kingdom called Ṭiragaṅga, which was under the suzerainty or protection of the Mahārājā of a much larger district called Sravasthī. Alcyone's name was Maṇīḍevī. Her horoscope foretold that she would suffer much, and also said that she would be the mother of a King. As a child, she was boyish and impulsive. Her education seems to have been limited in scope, and included little but reading and writing and the recitation of innumerable texts; though she also learnt weaving and cooking and housewifely duties of various sorts, as well as the science of herbs and of compounding unguents and salves for wounds, and indeed medicines generally.

She did not at all wish to be married, but her desires were little consulted; when opportunity offered to give her to Uranus, the nephew of the Rājā, her father and mother saw in this at least a possible step in the direction of the fulfilment of the prophecy of the horoscope.

She had, of course, heard of this prophecy, and when a fine son (Helios) was born to her she naturally had her hopes, though it did not seem likely that he could come into the line of inheritance.

After some years a daughter, Rigel, was born, and then a second son, Hector; and soon after that her husband died, and her hopes therefore much diminished. From the outer-world point of view this practically made the fulfilment of the forecast impossible, but she still cherished in her heart the feeling that somehow the Gods would carry out their decree, and so she tried to train her handsome elder son in riding and swordsmanship, and everything that would make him a striking and suitable figure in the popular eye.

Presently the old Rājā, Cetus, who had seemed likely to live on indefinitely, died very suddenly, and the son, Cancer, who succeeded him proved to be a weak and inefficient ruler. His wife, Alastor, the new Queen, was a scheming and ambitious person, and having no son herself, she looked with an evil eye on Alcyone's handsome boy as a possible claimant in the future. Alcyone had to keep very quiet, for Alastor was suspicious and unscrupulous, and only sought for some pretext to harm her. Her hopes, however, had again risen; for although at any time the present Rājā, who was still a young man, might have a son, he seemed no stronger in health than he was in will, and neither he nor the Queen was popular; so she thought that, in some turn of the strange kaleidoscope of an Indian court, some opening for her own boy might presently appear.

When her son was eighteen, however, all these hopes were dashed to the ground in an entirely unexpected manner. She was a religious woman, and when Herakles, a holy man of great reputation in the country, was passing through the town, she eagerly offered herself for the privilege of entertaining him. He stayed with her

for some weeks, and she felt deep affection and reverence for him; and the nobility of his life and the beauty of his teaching appealed so strongly to her son that he begged the holy man to accept him as a pupil, and his mother to allow him to go.

A very great struggle took place within her; for this would mean the entire sacrifice of the one great dream of her life. And yet, on the other hand, she knew well that this was a high honor, for the holy man was willing to accept her son, saying that the boy would do well and would go far, and that he had links with him from a previous life. The sacrifice of all her affectionate ambitions was a very great strain, but after many days at last she agreed; and Helios went with the holy man on his journey towards the hills. But having parted with him she shut herself up to mourn, and would not be comforted.

After some days of this, the younger brother, Hector, at last resolved to break in upon her solitude, telling her that though his brother was gone it was to a higher and grander life, and that he himself was still left and would endeavor to take his place. She had never thought of him in that way, though always kind and loving towards him; she had been so entirely engrossed in the elder brother and the prophecy, that she had thought of Hector only as a little boy.

Alastor maliciously rejoiced when she heard that the handsome son had adopted the ascetic life. About this period she determined that it was quite imperative that she should have a son, so she contrived a plot by which she presented Scorpio, the illegitimate son of Hesperia, one of the servants, as her own, bribing the real mother to silence. This required an elaborate and complicated plot, and although it was undeservedly successful, she was never free thereafter from devouring anxiety and suspicion. Now that she had thus provided a pretended heir

for herself, she seemed more than ever desirous to remove by any means all possible rivals. Still uneasy about Alcyone, she made various plots against her, and especially made an effort to murder her second son, Hector, by night by her own hand, but through a mistake she stabbed the daughter Rigel instead, and escaped without being recognised, though Alcyone suspected her.

This attempt having failed, Alastor brought an accusation of plotting against Alcyone, and contrived to manufacture sufficient evidence to get her driven away from the city with her son. Alcyone knew that not only her present misfortunes, but also the death of her daughter, were directly attributable to Alastor, and therefore felt great resentment against her, and vowed in a moment of anger to be revenged upon her some day. Being exiled in this way she lived in great poverty in a neighboring State, earning a living for herself and her son by making and selling sweet-meats.

Some years passed in this way, Alcyone all the while harboring bitter feelings against Alastor. Cancer presently died, and his wife succeeded in getting her pretended son crowned, but he proved dissolute and unmanageable. Among other evil deeds he outraged a girl, Thetis, who was his own sister, though he did not know it. His real mother, Hesperia, in anger betrayed his origin. The Queen-dowager, of course, denied it, and had Hesperia poisoned, but the rumor had spread and found general acceptance.

There was much murmuring and rebellion among the people, and the story eventually reached the ears of the Suzerain at Sravasthī (Mars), who came down in person to investigate the case and found ample proof of the charge, whereupon he deposed the servant's son Scorpio, and caused enquiry to be made for Alcyone. After some trouble she was found, and her son Hector placed upon the throne. It became her duty to look after and advise

him, and she rose nobly to the emergency, making determined efforts to check the impulsiveness of her former life, and to be always patient and gentle with him. For some time she practically governed the little State wisely and well, and by admirable prudence and restraint she made it happy and flourishing.

There was, however, a strong party of the supporters of the previous corrupt court who, having been dispossessed, were inwardly disloyal to the new régime, and opposed her efforts to do justice whenever they dared. Presently the young King married Regulus, but his wife did not turn out wholly satisfactory. She had much personal ambition, and was jealous of the influence of his mother over him, so that she worked against Alcyone, and tried to undermine her power and to inveigle the young King into taking action which his mother disapproved. For some years this unsatisfactory condition of affairs went on, the new Queen trying to make a party of her own.

Eventually she had a long and very serious illness, following upon the birth of one of her children. Alcyone nursed her through this, and took such unremitting care of her little children that Regulus began to see her true character, and came to love her. After her recovery, therefore, she entirely withdrew her old opposition, and everything worked much more smoothly. The Queen-dowager, Alastor, the supposed mother of the deposed King, who had been sent away into exile, returned secretly and stirred up a plot to restore that unworthy pretended son. She was however detected, taken prisoner and brought before the Rājā, who then sent for his mother, and said:

"Here is your ancient enemy, against whom you vowed vengeance for the death of my sister. Now I give her to you. What will you do with her?"

But the defeated plotter looked so abject that Alcyone could not retain her anger against her, so she said:

"Her misery and failure are punishment enough. I forgive her. Let her go."

But the woman came immediately afterwards and asked to see her, and threw herself at her feet, and wept over all the evil that she had done, saying:

"Now I die, for when I heard that I was to be delivered into your hands I at once took poison, feeling that you could not forgive me, but would torture me for all that I had made you suffer."

"No," said Alcyone; "since you have thus repented you shall not die," and she sent for her own court physician and asked what antidote there was for this poison. They administered it, and though Alastor was already deeply under the influence of the drug which she had taken, by long and careful nursing they succeeded in saving her life. She afterwards devoted herself to an ascetic existence of meditation and works of charity, to atone for her previous evil deeds.

Herakles, now grown rather old and feeble, arrived one day at Ṭiragaṅga, and brought terrible news to Alcyone, the news of the death of her eldest son—the son whom, in her heart, she had always loved the best. Herakles told her, with unaffected sorrow, how he had loved the young man, of the swift progress the latter had made along the line of inner development, and how at last he had died heroically, defending his master from the attack of a party of robbers. Even though Alcyone had long ago made up her mind to give up her son, the news of his death was a great shock to her, and caused her deep grief, but Herakles comforted her by reciting again and again the praises of his nobility of life, his courage and his devotion, and explained the good karma that such a life and such a death could not but make for his own future advancement.

Herakles had half-doubted whether the sad news that he brought would not make him an unwelcome guest to Alcyone; but instead of that she was more strongly drawn to him than ever, and begged him to make his home

in Ṭiragaṅga, persuading her son the Rājā to provide for him such modest establishment as he was willing to accept—though indeed he needed little persuasion, for he himself also felt deep reverence for him. Alcyone herself visited him daily and learnt much from him, trusting much to his advice in the education of her grandchildren, to whom she principally devoted the closing years of her life. The King and Queen fully recognised how much they owed to her loving care and prudent management, so that the concluding years of her life were passed in calm happiness, and she was regarded by all with great reverence and affectionate gratitude. She finally passed away peacefully in the cold weather of the year 4901, at the age of sixty-nine.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MARS: ... *Māhārājā*.

MERCURY: ... *Wife:* Olympia. *Sons:* Herakles, Neptune, Clio.

URANUS: ... *Wife:* Alcyone. *Sons:* Helios, Hector. *Daughter:* Rigel.

ALCYONE: ... *Father:* Siwa. *Mother:* Orpheus. *Husband:* Uranus. *Sons:* Helios, Hector. *Daughter:* Rigel.

HERAKLES: ... *Holy Man.* *Wife:* Gemini. *Son:* Mizar. *Daughter:* Polaris.

CETUS: ... *Original Old Rājā.* *Son:* Cancer.

CANCER: ... *Rājā.* *Wife:* Alastor.

SCORPIO: ... *Pretender Rājā.* *Mother:* Hesperia. *Sister:* Thetis.

HECTOR: ... *Third Rājā.* *Wife:* Regulus.

XXV

We find ourselves once more in that most wonderful of the old civilisations which had its seat on the banks of the Nile. It was in the reign of the Pharaoh Unas, the last sovereign of the fifth great dynasty which ruled over the joyous sons of mighty Khem, that Alcyone was born as the daughter of Ajax and Bellatrix. Her name was Hatshepu. Her father was the next-door neighbor of a great Court official, named Markab, and Markab's eldest son was Sirius, whose name this time was Menkā. The comradeship of previous lives soon asserted itself, and Sirius and Alcyone, being playmates, became much attached to each other.

Alcyone's elder brother Uranus was very kind to them, and gave up much time to teaching them various things. Demeter, another little girl about the same age, a cousin of Alcyone, was also a great friend—a partially clairvoyant child who had wonderful visions. Sirius and Alcyone liked to listen to the descriptions of what she saw, and Alcyone was several times able to see these things too, by touching Demeter. Sirius could not do this, so the girls told him that boys were not fit for such privileges, being too coarse and masculine!

They played together amidst the lovely gardens for which Egypt was so famous—gardens which contained very cleverly arranged artificial hills, dales and lakes. There was water everywhere, surrounded often by marble or polished granite steps and pillars; there were flowers growing on every foot of grass and hanging over every wall, while the huge blossoms of the lotus covered many of the ponds. The children were as thoroughly at home in the water as on the land, and enjoyed their early life immensely under the warm Egyptian sun.

Naturally Sirius and Alcyone had long ago arranged to marry as soon as they grew up, but unfortunately an unforeseen obstacle presented itself. There was among the

chief priests of the city a man whom few liked and everybody feared—a man against whom nothing was certainly known, but a great deal was suspected. Everyone who offended him or crossed his will invariably died shortly afterwards, but the deaths could never in any way be traced to him. He was popularly credited with a merciless use of the arts of black magic, but nothing could ever be proved against him. He had a son Scorpio, who was decidedly a chip of the old block; he had all his father's unpleasant peculiarities, and was vulgar and offensive in addition.

When Alcyone was a well-grown handsome girl of about fifteen, Scorpio happened to see her; his passion was aroused by her beauty, and he made some approaches which she rejected with scorn. He drew off with some sort of muttered apology, but with an evil look. The difficulty thus placed in the way of their gratification only intensified his wicked desires, and he determined to obtain possession of her at any cost, even if he had to marry her. He very soon saw that marriage would be the only way in which he could hope to attain his wishes, and so he prepared an elaborate plot. He worked at his scheme for a long time, until it was diabolically ingenious and complete. He got hold of certain letters of her father's, and by skilful forgeries and interpolations transformed them into evidence of complicity in a plot against the Pharaoh.

Then he sought an interview with Alcyone, and explained that these documents had fallen into his hands, and that his duty and interest alike demanded that he should at once place them before the King, by which he would obtain much credit and great reward; but that because of his great love for her he was willing to take the risk of suppressing them, if she on her part, by giving herself and her wealth to him, would indemnify him for the loss of this reward and make his interests identical with those of her family. If, however,

she said a word about this to her father or anyone else, he would instantly lodge the documents in the proper quarter.

This troubled Alcyone very greatly, for her father's seals and signatures were undoubtedly genuine, and she knew that he was in the habit of expressing rather revolutionary opinions, and although she had occasionally a doubt, she feared that the letters must really be his. Also this seemed an opportunity to do something really heroic, such as she and Demeter and Sirius had often talked about—to save the family at the cost of what to her was more than life. She felt herself precluded from consulting anybody, and she saw no way to escape, so she yielded to this fellow's representations and announced to her astonished family that she intended to marry him. But she did not trust him, and so she stipulated that she must have those incriminating letters in her hands before the marriage ceremony.

The whole thing was a horrible business for her, especially when her mother questioned her as to whether she really liked this man, and she had to pretend that she did, while all the time her heart was full of loathing. Sirius also was much shocked and pained when he heard the news; he said that, though he could never love anyone but Alcyone, he was quite willing she should marry someone else if she really wished it, and if it was best for her, but that he could not believe that she could commit such an outrage on good taste as to marry that particular person. He insisted upon hearing her decision from her own lips, and even then he told her that he could not really believe it, but thought that she must be under some enchantment. He came very near guessing the truth, which terrified her greatly, and made her try the more earnestly to deceive him.

Her elder brother Uranus was away from home at this time, or it is probable that he would have solved the difficulty. As it was, she carried out her bargain and resolved to make the best of it, but her life was never

really a happy one, though so far as the physical plane was concerned she had luxuries enough. Her husband disliked Sirius and was jealous of him, so she could see but little of her old lover. In 4017 Sirius's mother died, at the birth of a little son (Vega). Not long after this Markab died also, and Sirius had the household upon his hands, and as he also succeeded to some of his father's offices he was much immersed in business affairs. He still remained faithful to the memory of Alcyone, and refused to consider the question of any other marriage, though there were many advantageous offers.

Alcyone had two children, (Taurus and Virgo), and obtained some consolation in loving them, but was always haunted by the fear that they would grow up like their father. Her life was really a long martyrdom, for she never forgot her love for Sirius, and never could learn to like her husband, though she tried to do her duty to him. When her brother Uranus returned he was amazed and indignant about her marriage; he questioned her closely, and discussed the matter with Sirius, and his suspicions came very near to the truth. His sister begged him not to press her any further, as the deed was now done and could not be undone, and they must all make the best of it.

She had other children, but they all died, and her dreary life dragged on for twenty years. Her husband's fiery passion had died away long ago, but he never ill-treated her, and she preferred his neglect to his attentions, while she had no objection to any other intrigues in which he might engage. Now that he was quite careless as to what she did and where she went, she contrived to see Sirius much more frequently.

Some change had been introduced into the life of the latter by the circumstances connected with a certain military expedition to the far south, in which a young noble named Ramasthenes (Mercury) had been taken prisoner. This young captive was entertained in turn by several of the Egyptian captains, and spent two years in the house of

Sirius. His interest in philosophy and occult problems was very marked, and as Uranus, Sirius and Alcyone all delighted in them also, there was much discussion. Now Mercury was introduced to certain high authorities of one of the chief temples by Castor, who was also an officer in the Egyptian army, and had been with Sirius at the time when Mercury was taken prisoner. The father of Castor had been one of the most munificent patrons of this temple, and had held certain important lay offices in connexion with it, to which Castor had succeeded, so that he was a person of great influence with the priests, and his recommendation carried Mercury at once into the heart of things. The latter at once became an enthusiastic student of the Mysteries, in which he immersed himself for years, though still keeping in touch with his friends.

In 3998 Alcyone was at last released from her long penance by the death of her husband, and of course Sirius immediately wanted her to marry him. She resisted on some theory that she was now unfit, being polluted by contact with her late husband, but the persistence of Sirius overcame her scruples, and she at last consented to marry him as soon as the year's interval after the death of her previous husband (which custom demanded) should have expired.

Sirius was happy in the prospect, but once more his hopes were dashed to the ground. His younger brother Vega got into serious trouble; he had formed a connexion with a woman of low type, discovered her in infidelity to him, and killed her and her paramour, and then ran away and hid himself to escape the consequences of the murder. Sirius gave up all business, and devoted himself to searching for Vega, and after the expenditure of much time and trouble he succeeded in finding him in a state of illness and destitution in a far-away city. A death sentence had been passed upon him by the Pharaoh, and it was only with great difficulty, and much distasteful reference to his own services, that Sirius was able to get

this commuted for a fine so heavy that he had to sell the ancestral home in order to pay it. He was thus reduced to comparative poverty, but he recovered Vega, who had entirely reformed, and they lived together happily enough in their obscurity.

Under these circumstances he could no longer ask Alcyone to marry him, as in order to do so she would have been legally compelled to give up the small pension which was all that her first husband had left her. She would willingly have shared poverty with Sirius, but feared to add to his burdens; and they both felt that since such unforeseen obstacles had twice arisen to prevent their union, perhaps the Gods did not wish them to marry.

Alcyone attached herself to the chief temple, and studied under Mercury, who had made wonderful progress in mystic lore, while Sirius devoted himself to the very uncongenial task of trying to make money in order to buy back his ancestral home. It took him nearly twenty years to do this, but he succeeded at last, and then once more, at the age of sixty, he discussed with Alcyone the subject of marriage. She had long been devoted to the temple services and studies, and had made great advancement in them, and in order to marry she would have had to give up the position which she had gained in the temple work, so after thinking the offer over carefully and consulting Mercury and Uranus, they both agreed, though with certain pangs of regret, that they would still continue to offer their lives separately as a sacrifice to the Gods, as they had done hitherto. Cygnus, one of the students in the temple, had long ago fallen in love with Alcyone, and had several times asked her to marry him, but without success.

Vega married an old playmate of his childhood, Ursa, the daughter of an Indian King who had been driven from his kingdom and had taken refuge on the banks of

the Nile. They lived happily and had two beautiful children, Andromeda and Draco, and Sirius and Alcyone hovered over these children as though they had been their own. Quite a class of students were by this time working under the direction of Mercury, and this was the principal interest of the latter part of Alcyone's life.

Sirius died in 3967, and Alcyone mourned deeply for him, until one day he appeared to her and told her that to mourn was unworthy of a student of the Hidden Light, and reminded her of the teaching which the Mysteries gave them as to the coming forth by day. Often as they had talked over it all, it was now for the first time that he made her fully realise of how little importance death is, and how entirely the dead and the living are one family.

This cheered her greatly, and she could often feel quite clearly his presence near her, though it was only twice that she actually saw him, once as above described, and once just before her own death, which occurred in 3960, at the age of seventy-five. He told her then that he had cast a horoscope, or somehow made a calculation, about the remote future, and had discovered that, because they both had sacrificed themselves in this life for the sake of duty, they would meet once more at the feet of Mercury after the passage of nearly six thousand years, and after that they would part no more; so she passed over quite peacefully and happily.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

I

SATURN: ... *Wife:* Venus. *Sons:* Vajra, Vulcan, Lyra. *Daughters:* Aldebaran, Beatrix, Herakles.

JUPITER: ... *Daughters:* Alcestis, Procyon.

ALBIREO: ... *Wife:* Leo. *Sons:* Achilles, Bṛhaspaṭi, Mizar. *Daughters:* Pegasus, Aletheia.

OPHIUCHUS: ... *Wife:* Phœnix. *Sons:* Cassiopeia, Ajax, Mira. *Daughter:* Argus.

CRUX: ... *Wife:* Capella. *Sons:* Ulysses, Neptune. *Daughters:* Bellatrix, Rigel, Gemini.

MARKAB: ... *Sons:* Sirius, Vega.

SPICA: ... *Indian Ascetic. Mother:* Sirona. *Wife:* Fides *(dies young)*.

II

VULCAN: ... *Father:* Saturn. *Mother:* Venus.

MERCURY: ... *Wife:* Herakles. *Sons:* Orpheus, Pindar.

BṚHASPAṬI: ... *Father:* Albireo. *Mother:* Leo.

NEPTUNE: ... *Father:* Crux. *Mother:* Capella.

ERATO: ... *Mother:* Melete. *Brother:* Ausonia. *Wife:* Concordia. *Friend:* Spica.

ALDEBARAN: ... *Husband:* Achilles. *Son:* Orion.

BEATRIX: ... *Husband:* Cassiopeia. *Sons:* Osiris, Viola, Tolosa.

ALCESTIS: ... *Husband:* Castor. *Friend:* Rhea.

MIZAR: ... *Wife:* Regulus. *Sons:* Siwa, Irene, Cygnus. *Daughters:* Minerva, Polaris.

PEGASUS: ... *Husband:* Berenice.

ALETHEIA: ... *Husband:* Ulysses. *Sons:* Phocea, Proserpina, Clio. *Daughters:* Capricorn, Dorado.

AJAX: ... *Wife:* Bellatrix. *Sons:* Uranus, Sagittarius. *Daughters:* Algol, Aquarius, Vesta, Alcyone.

MIRA: ... *Wife:* Rigel. *Sons:* Betelgueuse, Fomalhaut, Libra. *Daughters:* Leto, Lomia, Wenceslas, Demeter.

VEGA: ... *Wife:* Ursa. *Son:* Andromeda. *Daughter:* Draco.

VELLEDA: ... *Friend of Castor.*

AMALTHEA: ... *Lover:* Calypso. *Physician:* Aries.

LACHESIS: ... *Dies a young man.*

III

OSIRIS: ... *Father:* Cassiopeia. *Mother:* Beatrix.

URANUS: ... *Father:* Ajax. *Mother:* Bellatrix. *Wife:* Aurora.

ORION: ... *Wife:* Helios. *Sons:* Selene, Psyche. *Daughter:* Eros.

AQUARIUS: ... *Husband:* Auriga. *Sons:* Tiphys, Iris. *Daughters:* Altair, Pomona.

ALCYONE: ... *Husband:* Scorpio. *Son:* Taurus. *Daughter:* Virgo.

BETELGUEUSE: ... *Wife:* Arcor. *Son:* Theseus. *Daughters:* Centaurus, Cetus, Adrona.

LIBRA: ... *Wife:* Vesta. *Sons:* Proteus, Perseus. *Daughters:* Arcturus, Canopus.

DEMETER: ... *Husband:* Elsa.

EGERIA: ... *Lover of Orion.*

XXVI

This time Alcyone returned to his beloved motherland of India, and also to the male sex, having been five times feminine. The general rule as to sex was stated to be that an ego usually takes not less than three and not more than seven consecutive births in one sex before changing. During the thirty births in our list Alcyone follows this rule, but some of the characters in our story do not; for we find some who during the twenty-five thousand years which it covers have been almost always male, and others who are almost always female. Alcyone himself takes nineteen male births out of the thirty.

On this occasion he was born in a town called Narsingarh, near the Vinḍhya Hills, in the year 3059 B. C. His name was Shivāṛṣhi, and he was born into an old and noble family, though much reduced in the world—poor but proud. The great traditions handed down from father to son were the memory of its ancient greatness, and imposed the necessity of maintaining its dignity and re-establishing its position. It still retained a considerable estate, but had no money to cultivate or stock it, and also money had been borrowed on it in some way.

Alcyone's father Taurus was a good man at heart, but stern and proud; the mother Virgo was rather weak and complaining, though well-meaning. Their life was one of a certain amount of privation, because everything had

to be sacrificed to the family pride. The old profuse charities could not now be lavished, but some scanty show of them must be; appearances must somehow be kept up before the outer world, even though food ran short. They lived in a rambling old castle, only a small part of which was really habitable, most of it being desperately in need of repairs. Alcyone was the second son, the eldest being Pollux; they were remarkably alike in face, though absolutely different in disposition. As they grew up Alcyone was deeply religious, reliable and painstaking, while Pollux was careless and dissolute, and a source of much trouble to his family.

Nevertheless, it was to the eldest son that the father looked to mend the fortunes of his house, not by his own exertions, but by a fortunate chance. Pollux happened to have been born at a certain conjunction of the planets, on the name-day of the local ruler; and consequently by the advice of his astrologers that ruler had bequeathed great wealth to him, though he had seen him only as a baby, and knew little of his later life. In all ways, therefore, Alcyone had to be sacrificed to Pollux; for example, when they grew up Alcyone fell deeply in love and wished to marry, but could not do so because Pollux, being the eldest, must marry, in order to carry on the family, and a brave show must be made at his wedding, and there was not money enough for two.

So Pollux married Adrona, but did not long remain faithful to her; he got himself entangled in some disreputable transactions and finally disappeared with another woman (Melpomene). The father felt that all this bad behavior of Pollux, and also his disappearance, must at any cost be kept from the knowledge of the Rājā, lest he should withdraw his legacy; so he ordered Alcyone to personate Pollux (which he could easily do, as there was a close resemblance between them), and, though this was very distasteful to him, he had to obey.

So it was given out that it was Alcyone who had gone on a journey, and that, because of that, Pollux had to change his mode of life and stay more at home. Alcyone entirely avoided the friends and the haunts of Pollux, and in this way escaped detection. He held the position of Pollux for some years, and gradually built up for him a reputation vastly better than his own. He entirely declined however to take his brother's wife, as the father wished him to do. When Pollux returned penniless, and without the unfortunate woman, they forgave him and he resumed his place in the family—Alcyone, of course, being supposed to have returned from his journey; but Pollux did not live up to the reputation which Alcyone had made for him, and so caused much trouble.

Finally he committed a serious crime, and, for the sake of the family honor and the legacy, Alcyone sacrificed himself and took the blame of this action upon himself. The result was that he was condemned and cast into prison. The family recognised his heroism on its behalf, and did all that it could for him; but even with their best endeavors he had a miserable time, for the prison was very horrible in many ways; he had to herd indiscriminately with real criminals, and the prisoners were habitually left without proper or sufficient food. It was the custom that they should stand in turn at a grating and beg from the passers-by, and in that way they were usually able to eke out a precarious existence. His father contrived to send some little food daily to Alcyone, even though the store at home was frequently insufficient; but even this miserable dole Alcyone could not take wholly for himself, when he saw the still greater suffering of some of the weaker prisoners.

This horrible imprisonment dragged on for some time; and in the meantime Pollux pursued his evil ways and got himself into still further difficulties; at last a sympathetic younger sister (Aquarius), to whom Alcyone had been especially kind, could not bear this condition

of frightful injustice any longer, so she escaped from the house without her father's leave, went before the Rājā, and told him the whole truth. This involved a terrible exposure, and brought great public disgrace on the family; the old father committed suicide out of shame; the eldest son Pollux was banished; and the Rājā removed Alcyone from prison and appointed him to an office in his service.

The father being dead and the elder brother away, Alcyone was now the head of the family, and inherited all its traditions and obligations, and also its debts and difficulties. The salary of his office was sufficient to prevent starvation and to keep the housegoing in a modestly comfortable way, but it was not at all enough to restore the long-lost glories of the family. Alcyone therefore pondered often over the state of affairs, and wondered what he could do to carry out the life-long wish of his father, which he regarded as a sacred charge laid upon him.

After a time he decided to go and consult Neptune, the chief Brāhmaṇa of a neighboring temple, who had a great reputation for sanctity and wisdom. The Brāhmaṇa heard his tale sympathetically, and after much consideration advised him to undertake a short pilgrimage to a certain well-known shrine, and there to offer up a series of special prayers and meditations to the deity. This advice he accepted; he performed the necessary ceremonies, and prayed very earnestly to the deity to help him in this matter, not for the sake of the money, but because of his father's command.

During these days of special prayer he had to live and sleep in the temple, as near as might be to the image of the deity. On the last night of his stay he had an exceedingly vivid dream, which told him to go home to his castle, to go down into a certain unused dungeon among its foundations, and there to take up the stones of the floor and to dig to a certain depth. He returned home, but doubted whether he should pay any

attention to the dream; eventually, however, he thought that because of its peculiar vividness it might have been sent to him by the deity in answer to his prayer, and that at any rate it would cost but little trouble to make the search as suggested.

He followed carefully the instructions given to him, and discovered under the dungeon floor a magnificent treasure of golden vessels and precious stones, which had presumably been buried by some ancestor when some danger impended, as so often happened in Indian history. This splendid trover put matters right for him, for its value was more than sufficient to enable him to free his land from its encumbrances, and to sow it and stock it; indeed it left him much over, wherewith to build a temple and some rest-houses, and to organise many processions in gratitude to the deity who had sent him the dream. He married Arcturus, and had six children, Psyche, Orpheus and Fides being his sons, and Canopus, Polaris and Cygnus his daughters.

The rest of his life passed in quiet happiness; he held several offices of considerable importance in his native city, but never left it for any length of time except for certain pilgrimages which he undertook. He was always a deeply religious man, of devotional type, kind and gentle with his family and dependants, and charitable towards the poor. As soon as he was relieved by the finding of the treasure of the immediate pressure of financial worries, he turned his attention to study, and devoted to it a definite portion of time each day, and presently acquired a great reputation as a learned and holy man. When his eldest son grew up to years of discretion and had proved himself a wise and capable manager, Alcyone abdicated his position and retired to spend the remainder of his days in study, religious conversation and exercises, not in the jungle, but in a sort of small wooden house or shed in a garden upon his own estate. Here he died peacefully at an advanced age.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

NEPTUNE: ... *Brāhmaṇa.*

ULYSSES: ... *Rājā. Son:* Proteus.

ALCYONE: ... *Father:* Taurus. *Mother:* Virgo. *Brother:* Pollux. *Sister:* Aquarius. *Wife:* Arcturus. *Sons:* Psyche, Orpheus, Fides. *Daughter:* Canopus, Polaris, Cygnus.

POLLUX: ... *Wife:* Adrona. *Other woman:* Melpomene.

XXVII

Faithful once more to Hinḍūsṭān, our hero took birth in the year 2180 B. C. at a small town called Mopa, in the kingdom of Warḍha, in what is now the Nāgpur district. His name was Bhrojagohallamāṛṣhi, and his father, Albireo, was a Brāhmaṇa of the highest type—a thoroughly good man, earnest, steady, persevering and charitable. His mother, Leo, was a worthy helpmate to such a husband, so Alcyone may be considered distinctly fortunate in his parents. His education was carefully supervised, and was of a somewhat more modern type than in the earlier incarnations. Enormous numbers of verses were still learnt by heart; indeed Alcyone acquired at quite an early age the title of Ḍviveḍi, and later on that of Ṭriveḍi, for learning by heart two and three Veḍas respectively—a stupendous task. But he also learnt grammar, geography, astrology, arithmetic and medicine —the last of rather remarkable character. He was considered a most promising boy, and later in life was respected as an unusually learned man. He spoke fluently at least four languages—the older Samskṛṭ; some dialect derived from it, which was then the common language of the people; and also two others, which were probably aboriginal languages.

When he came of age he married a beautiful girl, Algol, and chose as his profession that of a school-master, in which he was very successful. He was always kind

and gentle with his boys, and was idolised by them; they would do anything for him, and take any trouble to please him, and he on his part spared no pains to make them understand whatever he taught them. He greatly enjoyed his life and work, and as his home life was also a happy one, this incarnation may be considered a very propitious one in its earlier years, although it closed with disaster and undeserved disgrace.

In 2150, when he was only thirty years of age and had still quite young children, his country was invaded by some neighboring King. Alcyone did not at all like fighting, and he regarded the whole affair as a ridiculous waste of time; nevertheless, he took his place in the ranks, and bore his part bravely in what had to be done. The Wardha army, however, was defeated, and Alcyone was compelled to take his young family and fly from his home to escape massacre. They wandered in exile for three years, sometimes suffering greatly from privations; but at the end of that time the invader was himself attacked from another direction, and a successful revolution restored the previous ruling line of Wardha, so that Alcyone was able to return to his beloved school.

The ravages of war had been followed by famine; his old pupils were all scattered, and only a moiety could be gathered together again. He had now another spell of quiet life, during which he gradually built up his school until it exceeded its former strength, and he was much delighted to find that his elder son Libra had inherited his power of teaching and his love for that profession, and so made a very able assistant.

The shadow that was to darken his life began to loom over him in 2127; his youngest daughter Mizar, whom he loved tenderly, was then fifteen, and a very undesirable suitor appeared for her hand in the person of our old histrion Scorpio—a man of more than twice her age, already noted for a life of debauchery, and

credited with the possession of a most violent and vindictive temper. The man, however, was rich, powerful, and a scion of a family which it was not well to offend; so though Alcyone was absolutely determined that he would not give his daughter to such a person, the refusal could not be made as abrupt and decided as he would have wished it to be. The undesirable suitor, however, absolutely declined to take a negative answer, and persisted in thrusting himself at all times and seasons upon the poor girl, until his persecution became a nightmare to her.

Alcyone was at last driven to tell him in no measured terms that his proposals could not under any circumstances be accepted, and indeed to forbid him to enter the house. The man was violently indignant, and swore, with much abusive language, that not only would he have the girl in spite of her father, but that his revenge upon that father for daring to insult him should be one of no ordinary character. Alcyone was much troubled about this affair, because, although he could not possibly have done otherwise, he still knew well that this man had powerful connexions if he chose to use them, and that a rich and unscrupulous man is always a dangerous enemy. However, he heard nothing more of the matter for a time, and he hoped that the undesirable suitor had had his fleeting fancy attracted towards some other object.

But one night he heard screams proceeding from his daughter's room, and, catching up a dagger and rushing in half-dressed, he found the villain, with two other men to help him, in the very act of carrying off his daughter, with evidences of peculiar outrage. Though only thus partially armed, and only one against three, he rushed at once upon the ravisher and stabbed him to the heart. The other men fled, although one of them wounded him in his flight. He could not seriously regret the act which had been forced upon him, but nevertheless he knew that to kill a member of a rich and powerful house was a dangerous

action, no matter how great the provocation may have been ; so he judged it wise to have himself carried at the earliest dawn in a litter to the court of the Rājā, so that he himself might state his case before a complaint might be filed against him.

He told the whole truth to the King, exactly as it had occurred. The Monarch had little difficulty in believing the story, for the dead man's character was well-known, and Alcyone's reputation was a good one. The Rājā expressed perfect sympathy and assured him that the law should not punish him for the deed, which he considered entirely justifiable; but at the same time he warned him that he had probably made by this action very powerful enemies, from the subtler forms of whose vengeance even he, the King, might not be able to shield him.

Meanwhile the Rājā forestalled any complaint or criticism by himself issuing a notice announcing the death of the ravisher, and the circumstances under which it had taken place, adding a free pardon to Alcyone, and an expression of his belief that no brave man could have acted otherwise than he had done. After that there was nothing more to be said, and the majority of his people heartily approved the manifesto ; the injured family thought it politic to appear to agree with the general verdict, but at the same time they gave elaborate funeral ceremonies to their kinsman, and contrived in various small ways to make it apparent that they were by no means ready to forget and forgive the stain that had fallen on their name.

From this time onwards Alcyone's life was never free from all kinds of intrigues and accusations ; and he soon began to realise that this was due not merely to the physical-plane persecution of a powerful family, but also, and very much more, to a determined attempt from the astral plane to compass his ruin. Indeed, the dead man showed himself to him many times in dreams, always

threatening him with the absolute certainty of destruction at his hands. Alcyone was a brave man, but this perpetual pressure from unexpected quarters soon began to get upon his nerves. He never knew what would happen next, but he knew quite certainly that something would happen, that it would be something unpleasant, and that it would come upon him suddenly from the quarter from which he least expected it. Mysterious losses fell upon him; pupils were withdrawn from him on the most flimsy excuses; and he began to see that shortly he would be in serious monetary difficulties.

It happened that he had a rich and childless uncle (Cancer), who had the reputation of being a miser of a most pronounced type. As Alcyone was his nearest living relation, and it had always been understood that he was to be his heir, he bethought himself of applying to this somewhat unpleasant old man for financial assistance. The old man, however, refused him with contumely, and assured him that no single coin of whatever money he possessed should ever by any chance pass into his hands. Alcyone was not unnaturally indignant at this treatment, and perhaps spoke somewhat unwisely; but he certainly cherished no resentment against the old man, and he was much horrified when, the next night, he found a strong and almost irresistible suggestion coming into his head to go and kill this somewhat unworthy relation, and relieve his most pressing necessities by the use of the miser's store.

Such a suggestion coming into his mind so strongly quite confounded him, and he could not in the least understand it, until suddenly he seemed half to see and half to sense behind it the form of the suitor whom he had been obliged to kill; and he realised that this diabolical suggestion was only another of that man's methods of trying to injure him. This once understood, the suggestion was instantly and finally repudiated, and he thought little more of it, until suddenly news arrived that his old

curmudgeon of an uncle had mysteriously disappeared—and then, a little later, that his body had been found, showing clear traces of murder.

The next news that he had after this was brought by the officers of the law, who came to arrest him for the commission of the crime. He of course protested his innocence, but they simply laughed at what he said, and told him that he could explain all that to the judge, but that they did not think that he would succeed in persuading him to believe him. He lay in prison for some time, and was then brought up for trial. The case as represented against him utterly confounded him; his own dagger had been found concealed in his uncle's room, and the wounds upon the body had obviously been made by that, or some exactly similar weapon. Two men swore to having seen him enter his uncle's house on the night in question, and his uncle's servant testified to having admitted him, and afterwards having heard the sounds of a struggle of some sort, and heavy groans proceeding from his master's room. He tried to break in, he said, but found the door closed in some way that made it impossible to open it, and when some hours afterwards he succeeded in making his way in, he found no one there, though the blood and the traces of the struggle were evident.

Other men testified to having clearly seen Alcyone carrying a huge load in a sack, which might well have been a human body, a few hours later during the same night; and he had been seen walking in the direction of the place where the body was afterwards found. The servant positively identified the body as that of his master; as it had been hidden under water, the face had been eaten away by fishes, and was not therefore actually recognisable, but there was no mistake as to the clothes and general shape and appearance of the corpse.

In the face of such circumstantial evidence the judge could scarcely hesitate; but when, even at the last moment,

thinking of the unblemished reputation of Alcyone, he delayed to pronounce his sentence, another witness appeared who, passing beneath the window of the dead man's room, had heard a furious altercation, in which he had recognised the voices of Alcyone and his uncle, the latter crying for mercy and the former angrily refusing it. The witness declared that he had waited for a time to see what would come of it, and watched until he saw Alcyone come forth bearing the sack upon his shoulders as previously described, and with an expression of great fear upon his countenance and obvious bloodstains upon his clothing. A cloak of his with blood-stains upon it was produced in court; and the judge reluctantly pronounced the death penalty, adding to it remarks of deep regret that one who had been so universally respected for many years should, in a moment of revengeful passion, have been guilty of so barbarous a deed. Alcyone of course protested his innocence all through, but as the proofs accumulated he seemed quite stunned, and at the last he could only say:

"I do not believe that my uncle is dead: but at least his disappearance will kill me."

He was sent back to prison and condemned to die at day-break the next morning. That evening in his cell he received a visit from a foreign priest who had passed through the town some two years previously, as he was making a pilgrimage to all the principal shrines of India. Alcyone had offered entertainment to this visitor on that occasion, and he had spent two or three weeks in his house. The stranger's name was Sarthon (but we know him as Mercury), and he was a priest initiated into the Egyptian Mysteries. He and Alcyone had many a time discussed religious matters and Alcyone had learnt much from him, being especially struck by the identity, according to Sarthon's explanation, of two religions which exteriorly differed as much as did the Egyptian and the Hinḍū.

On this last night of his life Sarthon, who was now passing through the town on his way back to Egypt, called upon him, and after condoling with him, gave him a peculiar message which he said was communicated to him by One who was of far greater power in the Mysteries than himself. It was to the effect that although his condemnation seemed unjust, in reality it was not so, for this death was not for the alleged murder of an old man (who indeed was still alive), but for other actions committed far back in the past; that he should make cheerfully and bravely this final payment of that ancient debt, since by it his path would be cleared of much that obstructed it, and hereafter the Path to the Hidden Light and the Hidden Work would lie clear before him; and, said Sarthon:

"I myself, to whom you have shown hospitality, shall take your hand and conduct you along it; for this work is given to me by Him whom none can disobey. Therefore have no fear, for all this is well, though it seems so ill; and those whom you love will not suffer through your death."

Saying this he left him with a gesture of farewell, and next morning at sunrise Alcyone was duly beheaded. Not three days had passed before the supposed victim of the murder was captured by some of the Rājā's officers, and brought before him. Then the whole plot was revealed; but the old uncle declared to the last that this was no act of his, that the rejected suitor had appeared before him and had actually dominated his will and forced him to hide himself, and to arrange everything so as to throw the blame of his disappearance upon his nephew.

The Rājā (Orpheus), hearing this, ordered the arrest of all the witnesses, yet did not put them to death because, though examined separately, they all without connivance agreed in the same story, every one of them bearing witness

that he had been forced into the part he took by the dead man, who was well known to them all. The Rājā, however, made special offerings to the Gods in atonement for having put an innocent man to death, and decreed a large pension to the wife of the man who had been unjustly executed, with a special grant to the daughter in connexion with whom all this difficulty had first arisen. So Mercury's prophecy came true, and as far as money went, those whom he loved did not lose by his death; but it was a terrible affliction to his sons, who held the family of the dead ravisher responsible for it, and commenced a bitter feud against them in consequence, which lasted for many generations. The other part of Mercury's prediction has also been fulfilled, for from the life which closed with this undeserved decapitation began the rapid progress along the Path of the Hidden Light and the Hidden Work which has culminated in this present life in the 'entry upon the stream,' which has made Alcyone a member of the Great White Brotherhood which exists but for the helping of the world. And Mercury leads him still, in fulfilment of that promise made thousands of years ago.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

I

BṚHASPAṬI: ... *Wife:* Herakles. *Sons:* Venus, Albireo, Uranus, Siwa. *Daughters:* Osiris, Capella, Vesta.

BERENICE: ... *Wife:* Leto. *Son:* Cancer. *Daughters:* Leo, Pegasus, Lomia.

II

MERCURY: ... *Egyptian Priest.*

URANUS: ... *Wife:* Polaris. *Sons:* Perseus, Canopus, Elsa. *Daughters:* Proserpina, Dorado, Viola, Wenceslas, Regulus.

ORPHEUS : ... *Rājā.*
ALBIREO : ... *Wife :* Leo. *Son :* Alcyone.
SIWA : ... *Wife :* Virgo. *Sons :* Ophiuchus, Tolosa. *Daughters :* Minerva, Sirona.
ANDROMEDA : ... *Wife :* Draco. *Sons :* Neptune, Cassiopeia. *Daughters :* Argus, Algol, Phœnix.
VAJRA : ... *Citizen of Memphis. Wife :* Alcestis. *Daughter :* Spica. *Slave girl :* Rhea.
ULYSSES : ... *Hyksos Chieftain.*

III

NEPTUNE : ... *Father :* Andromeda. *Mother :* Draco.

ALCYONE : ... *Wife :* Algol. *Sons :* Libra, Sagittarius. *Daughters :* Demeter, Melete, Mizar.
SCORPIO : ... *Unwelcome suitor of Mizar.*
AURIGA : ... *Wife :* Altair. *Sons :* Tiphys, Arcor. *Daughters :* Centaurus, Iris.

IV

LIBRA : ... *Daughter :* Cygnus.
TIPHYS : ... } *Pupils in Alcyone's School.*
ARCOR : ... }

XXVIII

We come now to the most momentous lives of this long series—the lives to which all the others have been leading up. Even in these we still see much of suffering—the final clearing away of such karma as remains; but the Great Ones come once more into close and constant touch with our hero—never more to part from him through all the ages that lie before us, for he who joins the Great White Brotherhood can never again be alone. In this twenty-eighth life and in the next we find him playing a humble part in the foundation of two of the great religions of the world; and so incidentally in studying his lives we obtain fascinating glimpses of some of the most important periods of human history.

The remnants of the great Persian empire, which had lasted for so many thousands of years, had been overthrown by the Mongol tribes, and the land which it had

occupied had been devastated. But another Āryan tribe—the speakers of Zend—descended from the hills of the Susamir district and occupied the wasted territories, drawing round them such refugees as had escaped the massacre which had followed the victory of those savage Tartar tribes. In this country, still in quite an unsettled condition, Alcyone was born at a place called Drepsā, in Bactria, in the year 1528 B. C. His name was Maidhyāimaōngha. (I may say that the names habitually used by this nation are the most extraordinary that I have encountered—more formidable even, I think, that those of the Atlanteans, which we had previously supposed to bear away the palm for length and unpronounceability.) He was the son of a man of high family, named Arāstī (Hector), who was the brother of Pūrūshāspā (Siwa).

His mother (Beatrix) died while he was still young, so that he was chiefly in the care of his aunt Dughdā (Vajra), who was the wife of Pūrūshāspā, and had much to do with his upbringing. His chief companion was her son Zarathushtra, who was two years older, and Alcyone admired him immensely. Both families seem to have been wealthy—that of Arāstī perhaps more so. They possessed wide lands, which were mostly devoted to agriculture. Religion was a strong factor in the lives of both families. We may say that Dughdā and Zarathushtra were the principal influences in modelling the boy's life, adding thereto their tutor Barzinkārūs (Uranus), a man of strong character and wide learning.

The local King was named Durānsarūn (Aurora), but the King of all Bactria was Lohrasp. The prime minister of the latter was a man named Jāmāspā (Castor), who with his brother Phrāshaostra (Aldebaran) exercised great influence in the country. They were intimate friends of the brothers Siwa and Hector—indeed they all belonged to the same great family or clan.

The condition of affairs in the country was rather peculiar. A large part of it seems to have been only half-settled;

there were a certain number of agriculturalists, but also large tracts were still given over to nomadic tribes. The interests of these two sections of the community were often opposed, so that as time went on they tended more and more to separate.

It seems that even their religious beliefs differed considerably. Both had developed curiously in opposite directions from a common origin. Centuries before it would seem that some of the primitive Āryans, perhaps offshoots from the original first sub-race of our fifth Root-Race, had worshipped or reverenced two classes or types of entities, which they called respectively Ḍaëvas and Asuras. The Asuras were clearly at first regarded as higher and more spiritual, and Varuṇa, who was their head, as the principal of all their deities. The tribes of the great migrations which turned eastward into India gradually changed or modified these ideas, and they began to apply the title Ḍaëva to all kinds of non-physical entities, but on the whole in a good sense, while they thought of the Asuras as turbulent and on the whole evil. They gradually allowed Varuṇa to sink into the background, and substituted Indra for him.

The tribe which, after centuries of seclusion in the Susamir valleys, descended and occupied Persia, on the contrary preserved their reverence for Varuṇa and the Asuras, and they presently began to think of the Ḍaëvas as evil spirits, or at any rate as comparatively low and material. It would seem that the lower side of the Ḍaëvas became emphasised until they were mere personifications of the powers of nature, and were worshipped with animal sacrifices.

Unquestionably in Persia, at this period with which we are now dealing, the Asura-worship had amalgamated with what remained of the teaching given by the original Zoroaster thousands of years before, and included far more spiritual conceptions than did the creed of the Ḍaëva worshippers. The latter were at this time represented in Persia

chiefly by the nomad tribes who killed and ate cattle, while the Asura worshippers were mostly settled agriculturalists, who regarded the cow as a sacred animal, and its destruction as a serious crime. They themselves seem to have offered fruit, flowers, oil or butter, and curious cakes. Here in Persia the Indra conception was distinctly the more materialistic, and the Varuna the more spiritual. The Asura worshippers said that the Daëva men were degrading the idea of deity, while the Daëva men, on their side, said that the others were refining it to a mere abstraction, and so were atheistic. Thus a bitter theological struggle was raging, to intensify the opposition created by wide divergence of interests.

Lohrasp's hold over his country does not seem to have been very definite, and Aurora was practically independent. Lohrasp's son Vishtaspa (Ulysses) was of about the same age as Alcyone, and as he often lived upon a big estate which Lohrasp had at Drepsā, he was an intimate friend of the two cousins, over whom he rather domineered. A lovely little girl, a small orphan cousin, Thraëtaina (Mizar), came to live with Alcyone, and of course all three boys at once fell in love with her. Ulysses was imperious, and thought nobody could resist him because he was the son of the Over-Lord; Zarathushtra was impulsive, eager, poetical, flaming with ardor, yet often, by re-action, in the depths of despondency; while Alcyone was shy and retiring, loving perhaps more unselfishly than either of the others, but far less able to express it. They all felt great respect and affection for their tutor, Uranus, and Alcyone idolised Zarathushtra with all the devotion which a small boy can feel for one who is a little older.

Zarathushtra was handsome, forceful, striking in every way—full of vitality, yet also a boy of trances and dreams. From earliest childhood he saw constantly in these dreams a man of commanding presence and of more than mortal power, surrounded always by glowing fire—the great

original Zoroaster, the Founder of Sun-worship, and the head of one of the great lines of human evolution. He frequently inspired and directed Zarathushtra, and on at least one occasion He so far materialised Himself that Alcyone also saw Him, and was profoundly impressed, taking Him for one of the great Star-angels about whom their religion taught them. This confirmed him more than ever in the conviction that his cousin was destined to be one of the greatest of men, and the sight gave him a burning enthusiasm for the higher work, and a living certainty of the reality of the unseen world which he never afterwards lost.

As they grew up together Alcyone's reverence and love for Zarathushtra steadily increased, and they talked for many an hour over the religious problems of the time. Zarathushtra was an enthusiastic supporter of the spiritual Asura worship as against the more materialistic followers of the Daëvas; and though Alcyone was disposed to see good on both sides, he always ended by agreeing with Zarathushtra. It is small wonder that even as a youth the latter's fiery eloquence obtained a reputation for him as a coming power among the priestly families; small wonder also that he captured the heart of the young Mizar.

Deep down Mizar really loved Alcyone best as a mere human being, but the greatness of Zarathushtra dazzled her and attracted her, even while it half-frightened her. She had had something of a preference for Ulysses, based frankly on his commanding worldly position, and something might have come of it if his father had not heard of it. As Lohrasp had other plans for his son, he at once withdrew him from this dangerous fascination, and as soon as possible married him to a princess of his own selection named Hutaosa (Bellatrix), a woman also beautiful but haughty, who was at first reserved, but evidently soon realised the many good points in her husband, and wisely overlooked his faults and became deeply devoted to him.

Thus Mizar was reduced to two suitors; she was half-sorry and half-glad, for though she had coveted the position of Queen of Bactria she had really liked Ulysses least of the three. One day Zarathushtra, in a burst of confidence, told Alcyone how deeply he loved Mizar, and to poor Alcyone this open avowal came like a sentence of death. His heart was bound up with Mizar, yet he loved and adored Zarathushtra. He contrived not to show how severely the news wounded him, and went away and fought it all out with himself. He knew deep down within himself that Zarathushtra's mind was so full of mighty ideas, that for him love and marriage were in reality secondary matters, so that he did not really love Mizar as whole-heartedly as Alcyone himself did; but after a long and bitter struggle, he resolved to do at all costs what he thought to be his duty to his friend; so he withdrew himself entirely and went away on a visit for two months, and by the time he returned, the marriage of Mizar with Zarathushtra had been arranged.

The marriage took place in the year 1510, and turned out happily enough; for Mizar was altogether dominated by the vivid personality of Zarathushtra, admired him intensely, and lived only to look after him, and make life smooth for him. Soon she had a beautiful boy (Ajax), whom she called Isatvastra, and later on three daughters in succession, the last being Pūrūchīstā (Demeter). Unfortunately, in connexion with the birth of Pūrūchīstā in 1505 she contracted an illness which proved fatal, so that the wedded life of Zarathushtra was at this time but short, and he was left with four young children upon his hands. He turned them over to the care of his mother Dughdā (Vajra), which of course brought them into the closest contact with Alcyone also, who was exceedingly fond of children, and spent a good deal of time over these, especially over the baby Pūrūchīstā.

Zarathushtra seems to have felt his wife's death somewhat acutely, but he was becoming ever more and

more engrossed in his religious ideas and theories, and was full of projects for the reform of the old Iranian religion. Feeling himself to some extent set free by his wife's death, or perhaps accepting it as a divine intimation to him, he betook himself to a hermit-life in a cave in a desert place, and set himself to think out his system in this solitude. Under these conditions he led a most marvellous life for some ten years, a life which seems to have been an almost continuous succession of wonderful visions and ecstasies.

During this period he was under the constant, the almost daily instruction of the original Zoroaster, and was guided by Him as to the truths which he was to place before the people. He still maintained quite definitely his support of the Asuras as against the Ḍaëvas; in fact, as time went on, he tended to exalt the idea of the Asuras, or Ahuras, more and more, and indeed the title which he used for the supreme deity is made from their name, with the addition of the word Mazda, which appears to signify wisdom. Thus he obtained the name Ahūra-Mazda, which may mean the Supremely-Wise Spirit, or the Spirit of Supreme Wisdom.

It does not appear that at this period he had the conception of the personification of evil called Ahriman, which now holds so prominent a place in the Zoroastrian religion. He did to some extent personify evil, or at least the idea of opposition, such as showed itself in the actions and worship of the Ḍaëvas; but to this personification he seems to have given the name Dhrūj. To some extent Dhrūj seems also to have represented matter, for it was a part of his theory that Spirit and matter as it were fight for man, and that every action of man counts on one side or the other. The contrast between his theories and those of the Ḍaëva worshippers seems not unlike that between the philosophy of Pythagoras and the popular worship of such deities as Apollo and Diana.

He recognised the existence of good spirits, whom he called Ameshāspentās, but there was some haziness about

the conception, and they appear to have been partially personifications of ethical ideals or principles. He quite understood reincarnation to be a fact, but seems not to have dwelt upon it, the practical side of his scheme being almost entirely the foundation or promotion of some sort of holy community, or agricultural state, in which thrift and settled tillage of the soil were the great social virtues.

During his ten years' sojourn in the desert Alcyone went out often to see him, and saw to it that his wants were regularly supplied. Zarathushtra was grateful for this, and on one occasion told Alcyone that he had seen him in a prophetic vision acting as his lieutenant in the preaching of his reform. Alcyone brought him frequent news of his children, and even sometimes took them to see him, but Zarathushtra was so entirely absorbed in his gorgeous series of visions that he scarcely noticed them, and they soon came to cling far more to Alcyone than to their own father.

At the end of ten years, in 1495, Zarathushtra was ordered by the Great One who appeared to him in his visions to return to the world, to take up the office of the priesthood, and to deliver to the people the truths which had been taught to him. It was prophesied to him that he should spread the faith over the whole of the mighty kingdom of Persia, but that before he began to travel abroad he must await the arrival of one who should come to him from the West, and certain signs were given to him by which he was to recognise this illustrious stranger. Meantime he was to return to the priestly life in his own country of Bactria. His re-entry was somewhat dramatic, for just as he had left his cave a volcanic outburst took place which destroyed it, and the flames of the eruption and the accompanying earthquake were taken by the people as in some way connected with his return to ordinary life.

By this time Lohrasp had abdicated in favor of his son, Zarathushtra's old friend Vishtaspa (Ulysses). After

the death of his first wife, Vishtaspa quarrelled with his father, and left the country in a fit of anger. He travelled into the western part of Persia, made friends with a local King there, married his daughter, and came back home at the head of an army. He practically forced his father into abdication, and then made many changes in the administration of the kingdom. He had, however, the wisdom to retain his father's prime minister Jāmāspā (Castor), and this gave the people a feeling of safety which reconciled them to some of his proceedings, to which they might otherwise have objected.

Ulysses eagerly welcomed Zarathushtra, and soon appointed him to the office of Zaohtā, and later gave him the title of Dāstūr-ī-Dāstūr. This gave him great influence, and he preached his reforms with splendid eloquence and fiery zeal. Since he had the vigorous support of the King, crowds of disciples gathered round him, and he had already a considerable following when the expected visitor from the West arrived in 1489.

Though Zarathushtra had returned to priestly work, he had by no means resumed family life. All this time his children had been growing up under the care of Alcyone, who was indeed now the recognised master and administrator of the household. All of Zarathushtra's children had turned out well under Alcyone's fostering care, and most of all his love had always gone out towards the youngest, Pūrūchīstā, who was now sixteen years of age, in the first flush of dawning womanhood, and physically the exact image of her mother. Indeed, just as in years gone by he had loved Mizar, so did Alcyone now enfold within his heart her daughter Pūrūchīstā. He yearned to make her his wife, but was restrained by the consideration of the great difference in their age. Her beauty brought her many suitors, but she rejected them all, telling Alcyone that she could never love anyone but him.

For some time he put from his mind these avowals, fearing lest he should be tempted to take advantage of

her youth, her gratitude, and her inexperience; but at last one day his feelings were too strong for him, and he asked her in faltering tones whether she really meant that she would be willing to link her fair young life with that of a man so far advanced towards middle age as himself. She eagerly and joyously accepted him, and it seemed as though at last his happiness was assured; yet even now the strange karma which hung over him for so many lives overtook him once more, for when they went hand-in-hand to Zarathushtra, hoping to receive his blessing, he calmly told them that he had just arranged for the marriage of Pūrūchīstā with Jāmāspā Kherami, (Mira), the son of the old prime minister Castor, and that this marriage was absolutely necessary for the interests of his reform and the success of its propaganda.

This was of course a terrible blow to both the lovers; they seem at first to have had wild thoughts of rebellion, yet for both of them submission imaged itself as a religious duty, and they felt that this sacrifice was required of them by Ahūra-Mazda. Under such circumstances there could be but one end to the struggle, and Pūrūchīstā dutifully became the wife of Mira, though with little expectation of happiness. Her young husband, however, who had at first been attracted merely by her unusual beauty, soon learnt to love her for herself, and proved a brave, honorable and devoted man; so that her lot, after all, was by no means so sad as she had expected, and after a time she became able to return at least to some extent her husband's deep affection.

Alcyone, however, had no such comfort, and for a long time he suffered keenly. Comfort was brought to him by Mercury, the stranger from the West, who had been handed over to his care by Zarathushtra. This stranger had been a great surprise to them in many ways; instead of appearing as a reverend preacher, he came to them in the guise of a young man in the dress of a Greek fisherman; instead of partaking freely of the princely

hospitality which Alcyone was more than ready to offer him, he insisted upon earning his own living, and worked daily at the trade of a goldsmith.

A wondrous tale, too, he told them: how, until a year ago, he had been chief priest of a temple—the temple of Pallas at Agadé, in Asia Minor; and how, when his city was ravaged by barbarians, that body of his had been killed, and in its place he had entered into this vehicle of a young fisherman of the place, who had been drowned in attempting to escape the massacre. (Many of our *dramatis personæ* had grouped themselves round Mercury in that city of Agadé, as will be seen in the twenty-second of the lives of Orion. Readers who are making lists of the various characters should wait before closing them until the Orion set has appeared.)

By the arrival of Mercury Zarathushtra seemed doubly inspired, and they began to make arrangements for the preaching tour which had been so long foretold. Zarathushtra had, all this time, maintained the closest relations with the King Vishtaspa (Ulysses), and the King was now as eager as Zarathushtra himself that his prophet, as he called him, should be the leader of religion for the whole of Persia. Zarathushtra subordinated everything to what he considered the needs of his work, and by no means neglected to make all possible use of worldly links that he thought might be of value to him. Not only had he in this way married his daughter to the son of the prime minister, but he himself in turn, and for the same reason, had married Kāvīhūsrāvā (Achilles), a cousin of the King, and by her had already two sons, named Hvarechithrā and Ūrvatatnarā. This second wife, however, did not live very long, and eventually Zarathushtra married a third time, still further cementing his alliance with the family of Castor by taking to wife Hvoghvī (Pindar), the youngest sister of the premier.

So deep was the grief of Alcyone at his second terrible disappointment, so entirely was he filled with

despair and weariness of life, that he thought seriously of suicide, and had all but decided upon it when Mercury's arrival changed the face of the world for him. Even at first sight he felt for Mercury a combination of affection and reverence, which from a proud Persian noble to one who was apparently a humble Greek fisherman was indeed passing strange. Almost at once Mercury spoke to him of the sorrow which so evidently sat heavily upon him, and drew forth from him the whole story of his life. Then Mercury rose from his seat, and for the moment his figure changed, and he stood before Alcyone in radiant glory in that gracious form that we know so well, and spoke with glowing words of deepest love:

"Great indeed has been your sorrow, not this time only, but many times; and even yet some sorrow remains, for he who moves swiftly must pay for his swiftness. But great in proportion shall be your joy. Yours shall be the bliss which no tongue can utter, for through you shall the nations of the world be blessed. This life of sacrifice is the culmination of many sacrifices; and because of this, even in the next life, your reward shall begin, and you shall take the vow which can never be broken. The Path lies open before you, and upon it my hand shall guide you, and my blessing shall be with you in life and in death, until we stand in the presence of the King."

So profound was the impression created upon Alcyone by this tremendous prophecy that from that moment his despair was gone, and though sometimes he thought sorrowfully of the mother and daughter whom he had loved so dearly, he turned always from that to the promise that through that sorrow they and all the world should one day be helped. In that faith he lived and worked through all that troublous time—through all the wars of King Vishtaspa; through the Tartar invasion which Prince Isfandehar (Deneb) repelled; through the reign of Vishtaspa into that of his grandson Bāmān; through the forty years of Zarathushtra's preachings, wanderings and administrations.

That faith sustained him even when after ten years of arduous labor Mercury left them and passed on into India, leaving behind him the legend of Paishotan, the teacher who never dies, but shall return to found a new race and to lead his people to paradise. It helped to keep him brave during the dark periods of despondency which came not infrequently to the soul of Zarathushtra, when the prophet bewailed the lukewarmness of his followers, admitted doubts as to the success of his mission, or even the truth of his visions, and talked of flying the country because of the opposition of Prince Bendva, or the Grēhma Clan, or other adherents to the older teaching; and it sustained him even under the news of the murder of his life-long hero Zarathushtra, while officiating at the altar of the great temple at Balkh, when the city was stormed by the Tartars in 1449.

Some two years before this, Alcyone had given up the constant journeyings and public preachings, finding himself scarcely equal to the strain of them. During the last ten years of his life he was well cared for by two of the children whom he had so loved—Phrenī and Thritī (Rigel and Betelgueuse), the widowed daughters of Zarathushtra and Mizar—the sisters of Ajax and Demeter. Demeter had died soon after her husband Mira had been killed in battle fighting against the Tartars; but one of her daughters, Haoshyaghā (Fomalhaut), also wonderfully like the long-dead Mizar, the love of his youth, came constantly to see and to cheer him. She was at his bedside when he passed away in 1441, and at the moment of his death Mercury once more stood visibly materialised before him in that same radiant form, smiling on him in tender love. He joined his hands in reverent greeting, and the last words upon his lips were the concluding words of the prophecy: "Until we stand in the presence of the King."

And in his present life has that prophecy been fulfilled.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

URANUS: ... *Tutor of Zarathushtra and Alcyone.*
MERCURY: ... *Chief Priest from Agadé.*

ZARATHUSHTRA: ... *Father:* Siwa. *Mother:* Vajra. *First Wife:* Mizar. *Son:* Ajax. *Daughters:* Rigel, Betelgueuse, Demeter. *Second Wife:* Achilles. *Sons:* Polaris, Olympia. *Third Wife:* Pindar.

ULYSSES: ... *King Vishtaspa. Wife:* Bellatrix. *Son:* Deneb.

CASTOR: ... *Prime Minister. Brother:* Aldebaran. *Sister:* Pindar. *Son:* Mira.

AURORA: ... *King Durānsarūn.*

HECTOR: ... *Brother:* Siwa. *Wife:* Beatrix (*died young*). *Son:* Alcyone.

DEMETER: ... *Husband:* Mira. *Sons:* Orpheus, Capricorn, Procyon. *Daughters:* Fomalhaut, Irene, Regulus.

CETUS: ...
ADRONA: ...
LACERTA: ...
PHOCEA: ...
AVELLEDO: ...
} *Members of Grēhma Clan.*

NOTES ON LIFE XXVIII

In the interesting lives of Alcyone, the investigators have now and again given us most valuable information about the tangled or forgotten facts of history. One such bit of rare historical knowledge is presented to us in this life, which I am sure will not fail to receive due appreciation at the hands of the Pārsīs among others.

First, then, the gentleman who looked up this particular life is Mr. C. W. Leadbeater who, as far as my knowledge goes—and I have worked with him now for nearly two years—knows next to nothing about Zoroastrianism. He has not studied the ancient Persian history, nor even has perused the *Shāh-Nāmeh* in abridged translation. While looking up this life he was very much struck, he says, by the long and unpronounceable names he heard. This is not the place to give a psychological explanation of how this is done; enough to say that Mr. Leadbeater can hear as well as see the Akāshic Records from which he reads and dictates. The Persian name of the very hero—

Alcyone—was a poser to him; and I doubt not that he must have heard it many times before he could pronounce it. He finally pronounced it as he heard it, and when he came to write it down he could do nothing else but spell it phonetically. So also with all other names.

When I first came across this life it was clear to me that I was fortunate enough to hit upon a clear and decisive *proof* of Mr. Leadbeater's clairvoyant powers. There were open before me only two ways of explaining to myself this phenomenon of Mr. Leadbeater bringing out nearly a score of proper names, some of them very obscure; they were (1) that Mr. Leadbeater is a truly genuine and scientifically reliable seer; or (2) that he is a fraud (he will pardon my saying so), who reads cyclopædias, obscure histories and what not, and then pretends that he can hear and see and work on subtler planes. Between these two there is no middle course; we have to accept the one and reject the other. I accept the first and absolutely reject the second, for scores of sound reasons which space forbids me here to give.

In spite of my absolute belief in Mr. Leadbeater and his powers I have verified each and every name, and below I give a table of the spellings which he adopted, basing them on the sound, and side by side I also give the usual spellings of Orientalists, which I have taken from the *Sacred Books of the East Series*:

Mr. Leadbeater	*S. B. E. Series*
Arāstī	Ârâsti
Maidhyāimaōngha	Maidhyô-Maungha
Pūrūshāspā	Pôrûshâsp (ô)
Dughdā	Dughdâ
Barzinkārūs	Barzînkarûs
Durānsurūn	Dûrânsarûn
Lohrasp	Lôharâsp
Jāmāspa	Gâmâspa
Phrāshaostra	Frashaostra
Vishtaspa	Vîstâspa
Hutaosa	Hutaosa
Isatvastra	Isat-vâstra
Pūrūchīsta	Pôrukîst
Hvarechithrā	Hvarekithra
Ūrvatatnarā	Urvatat-nara
Hvoghvi	Hvôgvi
Isfandehar	Isfendyâr
Bāmān	Bahman
Paishotan	Pêshyôtan
Bendva	Bendva
Grēhma	Grehma
Phrenī	Freni
Thritī	Thriti

The table will speak for itself. Our Pārsī readers will note that some of these names are obscure, very out of the way, and most of them will hardly recognise such as Barzînkarûs, which, as far as I can make out, appears only once in the

whole extent of Zoroastrian scriptural books. Again, Dûrânsarûn is found only once, but the peculiarity regarding him is that while Dr. West puts him down as a Magician who tried to kill Zarathushtra, Mr. Leadbeater says that he was a local King under the Emperor Lôharâsp. Very few Pārsīs perhaps know that there were *two* *G*âmâspas—*G*âmâspa the Wise and *G*âmâspa the Younger. Mr. Leadbeater's investigations for the first time gave me the information that there were two *G*âmâspas, but going carefully into the subject I find that Darmesteter has already recorded the fact. Bahman is another instance which proves to me Mr. Leadbeater's straightforwardness in recording. I know it for a fact that Mr. Leadbeater knows the name as one current among modern Pārsīs, and in this particular form (Bahman) has used it, it being my own name. He perhaps did not know that the same name, which comes from the Zend Vohu-Manô (the Good Mind) was the name of the grandson of Vîstâspa and he records it as he heard it, Bāmān. "Prince Bendva or the Grēhma Clan" sounded new, but they, though obscure names, are found in the *S. B. E*, Vol. XXXI.

What puzzles me most are two names which Mr. Leadbeater gives as those of (1) the first wife of Zarathushtra, and (2) the daughter of *G*âmâspa the Younger. They are respectively Thraëtaina and Haoshyaghâ. I do *not* find these two names. The nearest to these are two *male* names—Thraêtaona and Haoshyangha, both well-known names, but of quite a different age. Similarly the name of the second wife of Zarathushtra is given by Mr. Leadbeater as Kāvīhūsrāvā. Kavi, Kavya, Kavan is a great family name, and is prefixed to names of famous Kings; the nearest I can get is Kavi Husravangh, who is the famous King Kaî-Khusrô. Mr. Leadbeater's investigations also clear up another much discussed point, *viz.*, the three sons of Zarathushtra who are yet to be born at the time of the Renovation; they are his sons by his third wife, according to the Scriptures, which is a myth (in the occult and Theosophical sense) which speaks a great and glorious truth. According to Mr. Leadbeater, by his third wife Zarathushtra had no children.

I could add more about the date and place of birth, but these notes are being written as the proofs of the Life XXVIII are being paged, and moreover space forbids any lengthy remarks.

B. P. WADIA

Make either your belief or your difficulty definite; but do not go on, all through your life, believing nothing intelligently, and yet supposing that your having read the words of a divine book must give you the right to despise every religion but your own.—Ruskin.

OUR FOUNDERS

ALL our members know these two faces so well, that it seems useless to sketch here their useful and noble lives. We put in their pictures in order that they may go forth with our first New Year's Number, as sign of gratitude for all we owe them, and of our constant memory of their services to the Society and to Humanity.

H. P. Blavatsky, the faithful and loyal servant of the Great White Lodge left her worn-out body on May 8th, 1891, at 19 Avenue Road, London. The Brother we knew under that name passed into the body of a young Indian, selected for him by his Master, and after various characteristic 'excursions and alarums,' by which he bewildered his friends, who found him in different bodies, he settled down in the tenement originally selected for him, and shows no further inclination to change it. In that body we may hope to see him, when it is deemed well that he should come amongst us once again.

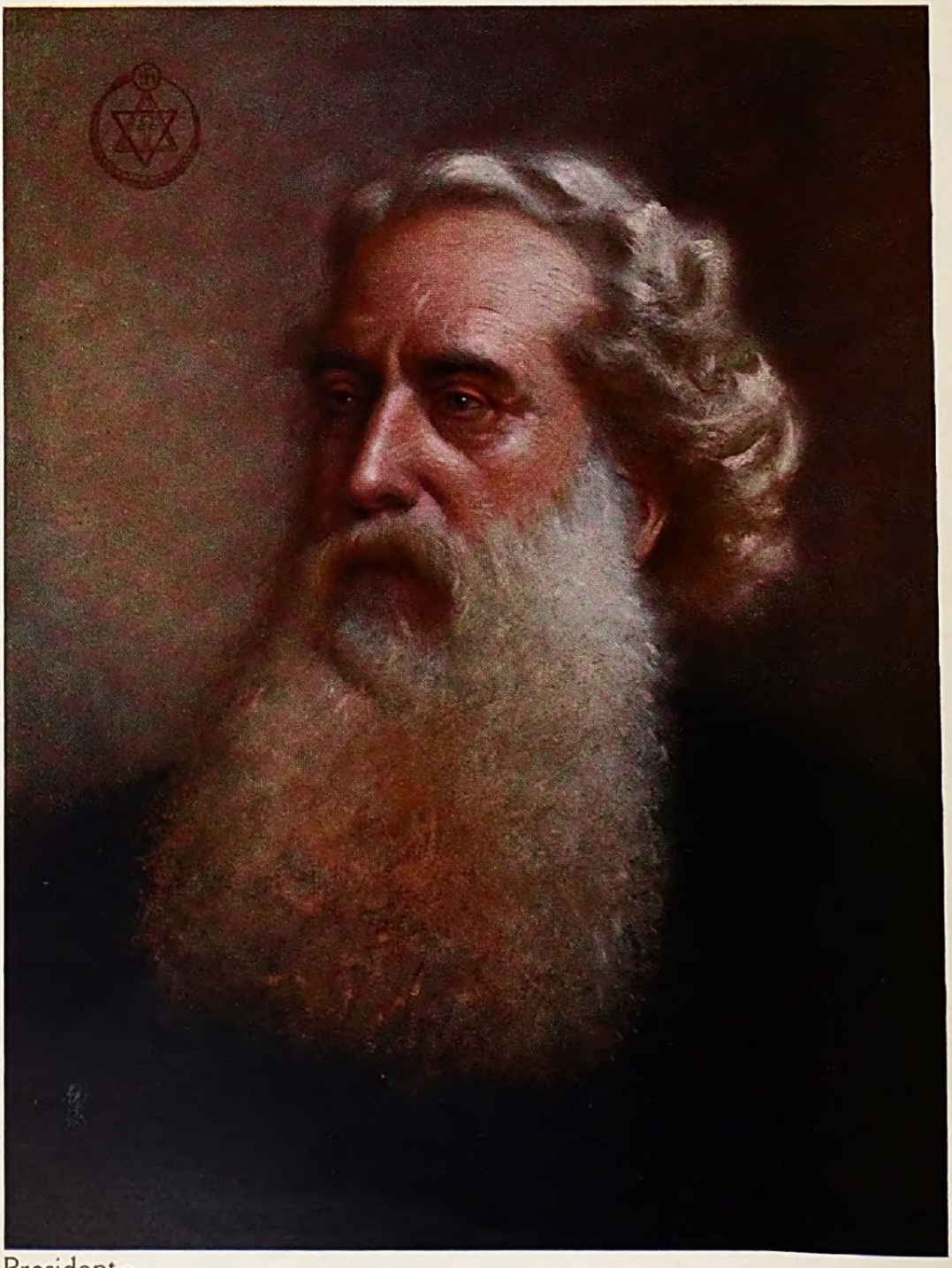
H. S. Olcott, who remained with us until February 17th, 1907, left us a strong and flexible organisation which has grown steadily since his departure, and has added seven National Societies, or Sections, to the eleven he had formed during his Presidency. He is eagerly awaiting rebirth, all his heart being with his beloved Society, and is very much at Adyar, in the prosperity of which he takes the keenest interest. He would fain push us on even faster than we are going, for we have to consider difficulties on the physical plane, while he is free from all such considerations. Builders, carpenters, gardeners, *et hoc genus omne*, do not require payment on the astral plane, whereas here we cannot obtain their services without due requital. Occasionally he puts suggestions into the heads



H. P. BLAVATSKY.

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H. S. Olcott

of people which they come and offer gravely to me as original, but which he has made to me before, so that I recognise their source. It is very pleasant to have him about the place, and still pleasanter to look forward to the time when he will again be with us physically, in a position—to modify a well-known statement—of less liberty and more responsibility.

HIS SUCCESSOR

TRUE PREACHING

The story is told of S. Francis of Assisi, that he once stepped down into the cloisters of his monastery, and laying his hand on the shoulder of a young monk, said: "Brother, let us go down into the town and preach."

The venerable father and the young monk set out together, conversing as they went. They wandered down the principal streets, and wound their way through alleys and lanes, and even to the outskirts of the town and the village beyond, until they found themselves back at the monastery again. Then enquired the young monk: "Father, when shall we begin to preach?" And the father looked kindly down upon his son and said: "My child, we have been preaching; we were preaching while we were walking. We have been seen—looked at; our behavior has been remarked, and so we have delivered a morning sermon. Ah! my son, it is of no use that we walk anywhere to preach unless we preach as we walk."

CHANTECLER AS A MYSTIC PLAY

"Ever within us
Two souls are dwelling,
One in the Heavens
Blinded with light,
Passionate clinging . . ."

HARROLD JOHNSON *The Road-Makers*

NEVER, perhaps, in the history of modern drama, has the eternal conflict between the Real and the Ideal —or the soul's struggle between the Higher and the Lower Self—been depicted in more original form than in that most human of 'animal' plays, *Chantecler*. For in this, the latest work of one of the greatest dramatists of modern France, we see the legendary fight of Humanity, or the Soul of Man, against the World, the Flesh and the Devil, a fight depicted in poems, ballads, folk-lore, and 'mysteries' of all nations, in all ages. But in Rostand's wonderful play, Man is represented by Chantecler, king of the farmyard; the World is a wayside farm in Southern France; the Devil is a blackbird in a cage; and the Flesh is *La Faisane*, the strange bird whose crest is of gold, whose wings are tipped with fire.

Chantecler is happy in his little kingdom: he sings, he makes love, he believes himself necessary, not only to the well-being of the farm, but to the ordered march of the universe, for is it not at his bidding that the Sun daily rises in the East? If for one day only he forgot his song, his clarion call to the dawn, would not nature be plunged in eternal gloom?

Chantecler's hymn to the Sun-God is one of the most beautiful poems in this poem-play.

Toi qui sèches les pleurs des moindres graminées,
Qui fais d'une fleur morte un vivant papillon.
Lorsqu'on voit, s'effeuillant comme des destinées,

Trembler au vent des Pyrénées
Les amandiers du Roussillon.
Je t'adore, Soleil! O toi dont la lumière,
Pour bénir chaque front et mûrir chaque miel,
Entrant dans chaque fleur et dans chaque chaumière,
Se divise et demeure entière
Ainsi que l'amour maternel!
... ...
Je t'adore, Soleil! Tu mets dans l'air des roses,
Des flammes dans la source, un dieu dans le buisson!
Tu prends un arbre obscur et tu l'apothéoses!
O Soleil! Toi sans qui les choses
Ne seraient quece qu'elles sont!

There spake the Idealist of all times; there spake the soul enamored of dreams; there speaks that humanity which so persistently mingles a little of Heaven with the dust of its daily life.

One day drops from the skies a glorious vision—a dream it seems at first, so beautiful it is, and strange—a bird with the soft cooing voice of a dove, and the dazzling plumage of a pheasant of the woods. Pursued by the hunters, the stranger takes refuge in the farmyard; old Patou, the watch-dog, hides her in his kennel, where she spends the night—the first time she, queen of the forest depths, has ever slept under a roof.

The inevitable happens. Chantecler, who hitherto has only known hens clad in white or grey, black or brown feathers, falls in love with the bird whose breast is golden. The dream soon becomes a reality. Despite her fairy-like loveliness, *La Faisane* is yet a woman of flesh and blood, with primitive instincts and a thirst for happiness. (One *must* call *La Faisane* a woman, for she is as truly woman as Chantecler is truly man, for all their bird's disguise, their wings and crests and brilliant plumage.) Of herself the pheasant says:

Je suis la Faisane
Qui du mâle superbe a pris les plumes d'or!
. . . . . .
Sous le feuillage épais que le soleil transperce,
Je vis! Mais c'est d'ailleurs que je viens. D'où?
De Perse?

De Chine? On ne sait pas! . . . . . .
Chantecler
Vous venez d'Orient, alors, comme le Jour?
La Faisane
Ma vie a le désordre amusant d'un poème.
Si je viens d'Orient, ce fut par la Bohème!

Hers is the seduction of all primitive beings, the witchery of nature, the call of the earth, the lust of the eyes. She cannot, she, the untamed, the free, live the commonplace life of the farm; yet already Chantecler adores her, and she—is willing to be adored.

She soon makes her influence felt, soon alters the course of Chantecler's life. Hitherto he has lived in a happy dream; he has believed his fellow-creatures to be what he wished them to be, simple, honest, straightforward like himself; he believes that all his subjects—in the little kingdom of the poultry yard—are true to him, love him as he loves them. But the night-birds, the cat, the mole, all the creatures that live in darkness, conspire against the Herald of the Dawn, and even those whom he believes his friends are envious of his fame and would rejoice at his downfall.

In one day, in one hour, during the famous scene of the cock-fight, the hideous truth is revealed to him: none are faithful, none are true, save the old dog who, like Chantecler, loves the soil and loves the sun. All gloat over his temporary defeat; but, in his despair at their treachery, he gains strength for another, a supreme, effort; he is victor in the end, victor, but embittered to the core of his being, and when *La Faisane* says to him: "Come, come to the forest where I live," Chantecler can only answer, brokenly: "I love thee!"

La Faisane
Viens dans les bois...
Chantecler
Je t'aime!...
Partons!

But human nature—or must we say animal nature?—which Chantecler thought he had left behind for ever in

the old farmyard, pursues him in the forest, the beautiful forest of untrodden paths:

L'asile vert cherché par tous les cœurs déçus.

Now that his eyes are opened, he discovers envy, hatred, malice, in the wild creatures of the woods as well as in the domestic animals at the farm. He has left behind him the Blackbird, the bird of the mocking voice and cruel jests; but in the woods, in the soft filtered light of leafy depths, the same spirit reigns; there the toads are envious because the Nightingale's voice disturbs the midnight peace, and compels the forest to listen to its song.

The World has taught him its lesson; the Devil, in the guise of the Blackbird, also; it is now the turn of the Flesh, and her lesson is a final one. So cruel is the blow dealt by *La Faisane*, a blow hidden by a caress, that Chantecler must either die of it, or rise from it purified, ennobled, consecrated:

Non certe,
Je n'oublierai jamais la noble forêt verte
Où j'appris que celui qui voit son rêve mort
Doit mourir tout de suite ou se dresser plus fort!

And Chantecler, his dream slain by the one he adores, rises the stronger for his momentary defeat. His dream is, after all, the dream that Man in all ages has dreamed—that he is the centre of the universe, the ruler of cosmic processes, the mighty law-giver of nature; that the world exists for him, *by* him, as Chantecler in his sublime conceit believes. But the illusion of the senses, the thrice-beloved, betrays him; she betrays him because she is soulless; being soulless, she can only love the man in him; she is of the earth, she is the earth and the fulness thereof; she is the Flesh, and knows not the things of the Spirit.

Witless, she seeks to kill the faith which, to him, is more than life and more than love. By a clever but cruel stratagem, she keeps him one night under the spell

of the Nightingale's voice; for she knows, she who possesses all Nature's secrets, that Time ceases to exist when its evensong is heard beneath the forest arches. Chantecler, who never knew, until that moment, a voice more beautiful than his own, listens, enraptured. "How shall I henceforth sing," he wails, "after hearing this voice!" And while he listens, slowly the night is passing, the stars pale in the East, the dawn appears upon the hillside, the Sun rises—and Chantecler did not sing!

For one moment he is the prey of the uttermost anguish that man may know. Without his call the Sun has risen! Without him the world is lit and life renewed! His destiny, then, that glorious destiny of the Summoner of Dawn, that destiny was a vain dream, and the dream lies shattered at his feet, like the Nightingale, shot in the middle of its song.

No, the dream is not dead: Chantecler is not vanquished. He reaffirms his divine mission even while his mistress taunts him with his defeat: "More clear than the light of day seems my mission to me!" Still he has a task to perform, and he will do it faithfully: In the grey morns of winter, does not his song usher in the day?

. . . Dans les matins gris où tant de pauvres bêtes,
S'éveillant sans y voir, n'osent croire au réveil,
Le cuivre de mon chant remplace le soleil!
Allons chanter!

But his audacity, the splendid audacity of genius, goes farther still. If one day the Sun has risen although he, Chantecler, forgot to sing, it is because, in the wide spaces of dawn, something must have lingered of yesterday's song!

La Faisane
Mais si le soleil monte?
Chantecler
Eh bien, c'est que dans l'air
Il avait dû rester de ma chanson d'hier!

And further yet—higher and yet higher—to heights unscaled—Chantecler rises in the hour of his defeat: "Who knows, if I am true, always, to my destiny, if I

always faithfully sing ere the dawn breaks, to dispel the night; and if, after me, others do their duty, faithfully, all the world over, who knows if, in some far distant day, there will be no more night?"

La Faisane
Mais si tu ne fais pas se lever le matin?

Chantecler
C'est que je suis le Coq d'un soleil plus lointain!

The herald of a far-off Sun! Do not these words reveal Chantecler, and the play, and the poet's dream? Dream of a far-off Sun, an eternal dawn! Dream of a world as it might be—as it would be, if poets had their wish! Dream of a world as it will be, when the God asleep in man is awakened at last!

As Chantecler is about to leave the forest where he has known both bliss and despair, to return to the farm, to his old life, to the duties he had forsaken, Patou, the watch-dog, the faithful friend of early days, says admiringly: "*Il a grandi!*" And certes, not only has Chantecler grown, but he has grown to the fullest stature of noble manhood. He has died to all that humanity holds dear, yet in a mystic resurrection he has entered into the fulness of life—passed through the gateways of death into the innermost temple of the kingdom within; broken-hearted, forsaken, abased to the dust, he yet is master of himself and of the world. *Allons chanter!* The loved one sought to still his song for ever: Yet he will sing! He will sing, not for glory, not for self, but for others, for the future, for the world that is to be, for all who need or shall need his song. He will sing, because it is his life-work to sing. *Allons chanter!*

Here, then, we have, told in haunting verse, the world-old theme of the soul's victory over the world; the awakening, through stress and suffering, of the God asleep in every heart of man. And we see that the moment the world is conquered, the flesh subdued, Nature's inimical forces become friendly, are helpers instead of

adversaries. The temptations that have been overcome are now stopping stones to the mystic Path.

But the symbolism of the play touches even profounder depths. Māyā, the illusion of the senses, once overthrown, becomes herself divine: in fighting man, the spiritual man, and being defeated in the conflict, her own soul is born: she partakes of the divine nature—the God-in-man—that has mastered her spells. *La Faisane*, soulless a moment before, when Chantecler chooses the path of renunciation and bids her farewell, knows at last the meaning of love in its innermost divine meaning; she, who loved herself only, now loves him alone; she, who clung to life with passionate intensity, is ready for his sake to die.

Thus the eternal feminine, so admirably represented by *La Faisane*, becomes transfigured in the hour of her defeat; in Chantecler's conquest over the lower self, over the seduction of the senses, her own defeat becomes a victory. In that hour, in her also, the latent divinity is quickened into being—mystic promise of that reconciliation of *all* things which is to attend the union of man with his Higher Self.

Transfiguration of man from the brute into the angel, through fidelity to his ideals; transformation of Nature through the regeneration of Man; this seems to be the inmost meaning and message of *Chantecler*; so that, as we penetrate beneath the surface of the play—a play which to some critics is nothing more than a clever parody of modern life, a witty reproof of modern foibles—we find the classic theme of Greek Perseus, of Indian Arjuna, of Parsifal and the Knights of the Holy Grail, of all the ancient demi-gods and heroes who have typified the Soul's eternal quest for the divine. In the homely surroundings of a wayside farm in Southern France, in the sunny provinces beloved of the poet, we see, unfolding before our eyes in all its poignant simplicity, the drama of all ages and of every race and clime; we watch the various stages of

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Incense

the Soul's slow pilgrimage in the outer world, the manifested universe with all the illusions of its shadow-play; we see it stumble on the path, and rest, and start afresh, and fall and rise again, until at last it is strong and walks erect and falls no more. And then we know it has at last reached self-knowledge, attained union with its Higher Self, at-onement with that Divinity that is above and beyond, yet ever within It.

JEAN DELAIRE

INCENSE

This picture is a reproduction of one which hangs in the London Headquarters, presented to the President by its painter, the Hungarian artist known as Bela—Gyöngyöshalāszi Takāch Bela, to give him his full name. It was shown at the Art Exhibition of the International Theosophical Congress at Budapest, in June, 1909, and was marked—as Mrs. Besant noted in the *Theosophist* at the time—by a "curiously luminous quality of the blues and greens," so that it looked as though it were a transparency, with a light behind it. The school to which the artist belongs endeavors to depict emotions by schemes of color, and in this regard a curious question arises over this picture. The process of reproduction has changed the color-scheme, turning the dominant blue into green, and thus arousing an entirely different emotion. The blue gave an impression of rapt devotion, and the figure seemed to be floating upwards, as though entranced, to heaven, dreamy, mystical, ethereal as the incense-clouds themselves. In some subtle way the green materialises the conception, giving us a woman instead of an ethereal form, a touch of suffering rather than of mystic bliss. Does the green arouse the activity of the concrete mind, rather than the devotional sympathy awakened by the blue?

A.

A DOCTOR INDEED!

(*Founded on fact*)

"MR. Butler, I believe;" and Dr. Scott looked inquiringly at the young man whom he was receiving. "What can I do for you?" he added, when his visitor, a tall, thin, delicate-looking man, whose sunken eyes rimmed with black lines seemed to denote a long period of sleeplessness, was seated. "Vic, old lady, what is wrong with you?" he said sharply to a fox terrier, who growled savagely at the newcomer; "you have forgotten your manners, Vic, out you must go;" and he opened the door, and motioned to the dog to go out, and the dog obeyed, baring her teeth as she passed Butler, and Dr. Scott noticed that he shrank a little.

"I have heard of your skill from Adrian Sinclair," Mr. Butler began; "we were at Winchester together, and we have always kept up our friendship. We dined together last night; he thought I was not up to the mark, and urged me to see you. From my friendship with Sinclair I know something therefore of your *modus operandi*, Dr. Scott; I have heard you are accustomed to unusual cases, and I believe you will not think me either mad or hysterical, but that perhaps you will be able to help me from suffering the tortures of Hell, if there is a Hell."

Dr. Scott's eyes were fixed intently on the younger man. "I will do my best," he said. "Give me the details."

"I was always ambitious," the other pursued, "and the study of medicine attracted me, but I wanted to make a name for myself. I did not want to settle down as a general practitioner, and my private means did not warrant

me in setting myself up as a specialist or consultant, and waiting perhaps years for work. I determined that in research work lay my opportunity to make a name. I worked hard at the hospital, carried off several scholarships, and by the end of my time I had made a name for myself as a good worker and a student with brains, and M.....you know the name, of course—" he named a well-known surgeon and vivisectionist expert—"offered me a post with him. I was to act partly as his private secretary, but my principal work was to help him in his laboratory; I was to aid him in some researches he was then intent on making," and he added a few technical details. "Of course it was a fine chance for me with my views, and I jumped at it. I had seen and done the usual routine at the hospital, and though at first the actual practice of vivisection sickened me, routine and habit soon accustomed me to it, and I scoffed at the hysteria of those sentimentalists who raved at the cruelty of vivisection.

"I helped Mr. M. at all his experiments, and I recorded their details; it was part of my work. It was necessary, or we thought it was necessary, to carry out these experiments without the use of any anæsthetic, and the experiments were serious ones," he said significantly, and his face darkened. "At first I was quite callous as to the cruelty involved—the suffering we inflicted; but gradually, little by little, the thing became horrible to me. A dog, on which we were to experiment, licked my hand one day as I was placing him in the trough, and when I saw the agony that filled that dog's eyes as we worked on him, and saw the horrible mutilated bleeding thing we made of him, it was all I could do to keep myself from flinging down my instruments, and rushing out of the place. But I clenched my teeth, and made myself go on. But after that night I began to sleep badly, and when I did sleep I had the most dreadful nightmares. I seemed to be in the company of all the animals I had

seen mutilated, and had myself mutilated. Round me they pressed, a collection of horrors that turned my blood cold and my heart sick with a sense of terror, as I realised in my dream that I had brought about these enormities. And they were angry with me, and no wonder, those poor bloody mutilated creatures. Horses, monkeys, dogs and cats, mice and guinea-pigs swarmed round me, displaying the horrible wounds I had inflicted on them or the terrible diseases I had inoculated in them, and one night their anguish of pain seemed—if it were possible—to be communicated to me. In my body I seemed to feel the flame wherewith I had burnt others, the torture of the knife with which I had carved sentient flesh, the disease to which I had given luncheons of living creatures, and in that awful pain I seemed to lose consciousness, and to go out into the dark unknown, pursued and followed by gory and unspeakable sights."

He paused for a second, and drops of perspiration stood on his forehead. He wiped them away and went on: "I woke up cold with fright, my hair standing on end, my heart throbbing as if I had been running a race. But I was proud, and would not give in, and I said it was but nightmare, and I was no child to be afraid of a dream. The dream took away pity, and a callous determination took its place, and a cruel obstinacy awoke in me, and I went on with my work. And gradually a dreadful feeling took possession of me. A sort of lust of killing, of cruelty, seized on me, and a morbid feeling of pleasure in the suffering of the animals on whom we worked awoke in me, and the sense of the power I possessed over them seemed to go to my head. I began to take a fiendish delight in the details of my work. And torturing and killing for the sake of torturing and killing seemed good in my eyes. And even when not working, I could not forget my experiments. I longed to be always wielding the knife, and I was startled once or twice to find myself wishing, when I was in

general society, that I could have somebody or something on which to wreck the murderous impulse which passed through me. And the nightmares became more and more frequent. The horrors in which I spent my days, and to which when awake I was callous, repeated themselves at night in some way or other, though I did not, as on the first occasion, feel in my own body the pangs I inflicted on the animals. I spent the night flying from, pursued by, crowds of mutilated bodies, mutilated in diverse detail of experiment, hunted by the poor bleeding things, clamoring for revenge.

"Yet I set my teeth, and worked on. And then occasionally it seemed to me as if, when walking the street, or sitting in the Club, I felt a strange sense of overshadowing ill, as if those horrible mutilated forms were pressing on me, as if in the broad daylight they would become visible around me, or occasionally as if something, someone, whispered in my ear, and urged me to do some evil thing. I felt that if I strained my eyes I should see the bleeding forms, or if I strained to hear I should hear the words that prompted me to evil; and the eyes of the dog that had licked my hand before I tortured him seemed ever before me. They looked at me out of the eyes both of men and of animals. And I grew afraid. I gave up my appointment with Mr. M.—on pretence of failing health, and it was no pretence. I prescribed change and rest for myself, and I went abroad; but the hallucinations, if they were hallucinations, pursued me; and I either did not sleep, or was held in the grip of the usual nightmare. And daily the whispering voices became clearer, and I seemed encompassed by things of bleeding flesh and riven muscle. The voices prompted me to murder, and from the forms I could get no escape. And I feared madness. I consulted one well-known specialist on nerves, and he declared it was hysteria, and prescribed a nerve tonic, and life in the open air, and early hours, and so on, and I religiously tried his remedies. They did me no

good. My store of money was running low, my savings were getting exhausted. Every day I became worse, and the hallucinations became more audible and visible. And my pride seemed to wane, and it began to dawn upon me that I was wrong, and that I had done wickedly in my selfishness and ambition, and now was paying the penalty of my evil doing.

"By chance I met Sinclair, and he exclaimed at what he termed my want of fitness, and I told him a little—a very little, I did not want to see him turn from me in horror—of my sufferings, and he advised me to come to you. And I am here. Tell me: do you think I am reaping the payment for evil doing? Is it possible there is such a thing as haunting or obsession, or am I on the borders of insanity?"

"So that is why Vic growled," Dr. Scott said, rather irrelevantly, as it seemed to his visitor. "You are not mad," he said emphatically. "You are but reaping what you have sown; and you are really to be congratulated that you are sufficiently sensitive to feel those experiences which have put an end to your vivisection practices. Otherwise you would have persevered in your hellish work, and laid up for yourself after death a prolonged nightmare of torture, as many another, who did what you did, is now in truth suffering. You, Mr. Butler, may be glad you are sufficiently sensitive to superphysical influences to be stopped in your career, unpleasant as those influences, necessarily in your case, have shown themselves to be; they are really your friends. Your present state of nerves and health—and both need careful and prompt attention—is entirely due, as you yourself have surmised, to your past occupation, to your experiments on animals. It will take some time to undo what you have yourself done. But I can cure you, I think, if you will follow my directions implicitly, and trust in me, and follow my advice."

"I promise you," Butler interposed, "to do all you tell me."

"It is a matter of will," Dr. Scott pursued, "and determination—your own will, of course. With regard to the visions you half perceive, you must determine not to see them. And so with the voices you hear or think you hear; turn your attention from them and give no heed to them. Banish resolutely both visions and voices from your consciousness, and they will soon cease to trouble you. And at night, though I do not approve of sleeping draughts as a rule, I will give you a simple vegetable preparation of my own to help you to sleep; for it is essential that you should get some refreshing rest. Go to sleep, also, holding in your mind the thought that all will be well with you, willing to have a deep and dreamless sleep; and in time, if not at first, you will succeed. And all day long banish from your mind any recollection that has to do with your past work. Don't fight against such memories; merely give your mind something else to think of. I shall give you a letter of introduction to an old friend of mine, and you will take it to him this afternoon. Go prepared to stop a week or ten days in the country—at Hindhead, Surrey—he will put you up. And be out of doors all day, take plenty of exercise, so as to go healthily tired to bed: though do not overtire yourself. Drop all alcohol and all flesh-eating; smoke as little as you can. The air is so splendid at Hindhead that it will make you eat and sleep in spite of yourself, almost. But the chief thing to remember is this: to use your own will in fighting against your troubles. You are much too sensitive and fine-grained a man to meddle with impunity in such Devil's work as you have been taking part in," Dr. Scott said. "Man, how can you think that the way to knowledge lies through the torturing of sentient creatures, who have as good a right to live as we have, and who share with us one life, and that life the Divine?"

"I am an agnostic," the other replied. "I believed, I believe, the way to knowledge lies through research alone. Of God I know nothing."

"Well, you are more consistent in your belief than some of your fellow-workers, and than some of those so-called Christians, so-called, though Bishops and pastors of the Christian Church they may be, who, while professedly worshipping a God of Love, Mercy and Compassion, defend vivisection; and so in practice declare their God licenses torture, and has made the way to knowledge lead through the pain beyond words of the animal world. He has made a blasphemy, of course!" Dr. Scott said. "Come to me in a week's time. And think of the beauty of life, and the glory of life, and strive to open yourself to the voice of nature, and then you may understand much that is now dark to you," Dr. Scott said, rising. "Your cure will take time and effort; that is inevitable; but I can promise you hope of a cure."

PART II

A year later Dr. Scott sat talking to young Butler. "I can give you a clean bill of health now," he said. "I warned you in the beginning it would take time."

"Yes. I often remembered your words when I was almost in despair," Butler answered. "I cannot thank you sufficiently for your kindness."

"It was a hard fight," Dr. Scott said thoughtfully. "Your intellectual attitude made it more difficult. The contented agnostic is of all people the hardest to influence. There is no driving power behind him, to get hold of and use. If a man is keen on proving there is either a God or no God, one has something to work on. Indifference bars the way. But you are not so cocksure—to use a vulgarism—of your agnosticism as you were, are you?"

"No," Butler smiled, "Knowing you and your ways of work, has made me agree with Hamlet."

"That curious sense of sin that took hold of you and nearly plunged you into melancholia, though good perhaps for your soul—I am sufficiently old-fashioned, as you know, to believe that man has a soul or more correctly is a soul—was bad for your body," Dr. Scott pursued.

"Yes, it was certainly good for part of me, soul or no soul," Butler said. "I felt on emerging from it as if I had been re-born. The haunting feeling of something evil around me, pressing on me, went with it. It seemed the last form it took. A sense of aroused morality, of keen responsibility, seemed also then to awaken in me. And I promised myself that in the future I would live so as to hurt no living thing; that if possible I would undo the evil I had done."

"Vic does not growl at you now," said the Doctor, looking at the old dog snugly curled up on the hearth-rug. "Dogs are sensitive creatures, and know by infallible instinct their friends and foes. And so do children. Man, you had to be purified before you were a fit companion for either animals or children. If you could but have seen yourself as I saw you, when first you came to me. You *were* surrounded by the pitiful shapes you described, and by other even more horrible and monstrous entities. But you have learnt your lesson and will now be able, with the authority of knowledge and of experience, to teach others." He added: "You take up your new appointment to-morrow?"

"Yes, Sir; and I cannot thank you enough," Butler said, in a voice vibrant with strong emotion. "I should have been mad if it were not for you. I shall never forget all you have done for me. Your mere presence, when I was at the worst, did me good, made me better. I clung to your wise words when everything else failed. You never lost patience, and always, with your coming, the evil influences seemed to temporarily disappear. I owe my recovery, and my moral sanity to you."

"It is my privilege and sufficient thanks to know that I have been of use to you," Dr. Scott said gently. "Our way in life is smoothed as we can smooth it for others. As we help others, we in our turn are helped."

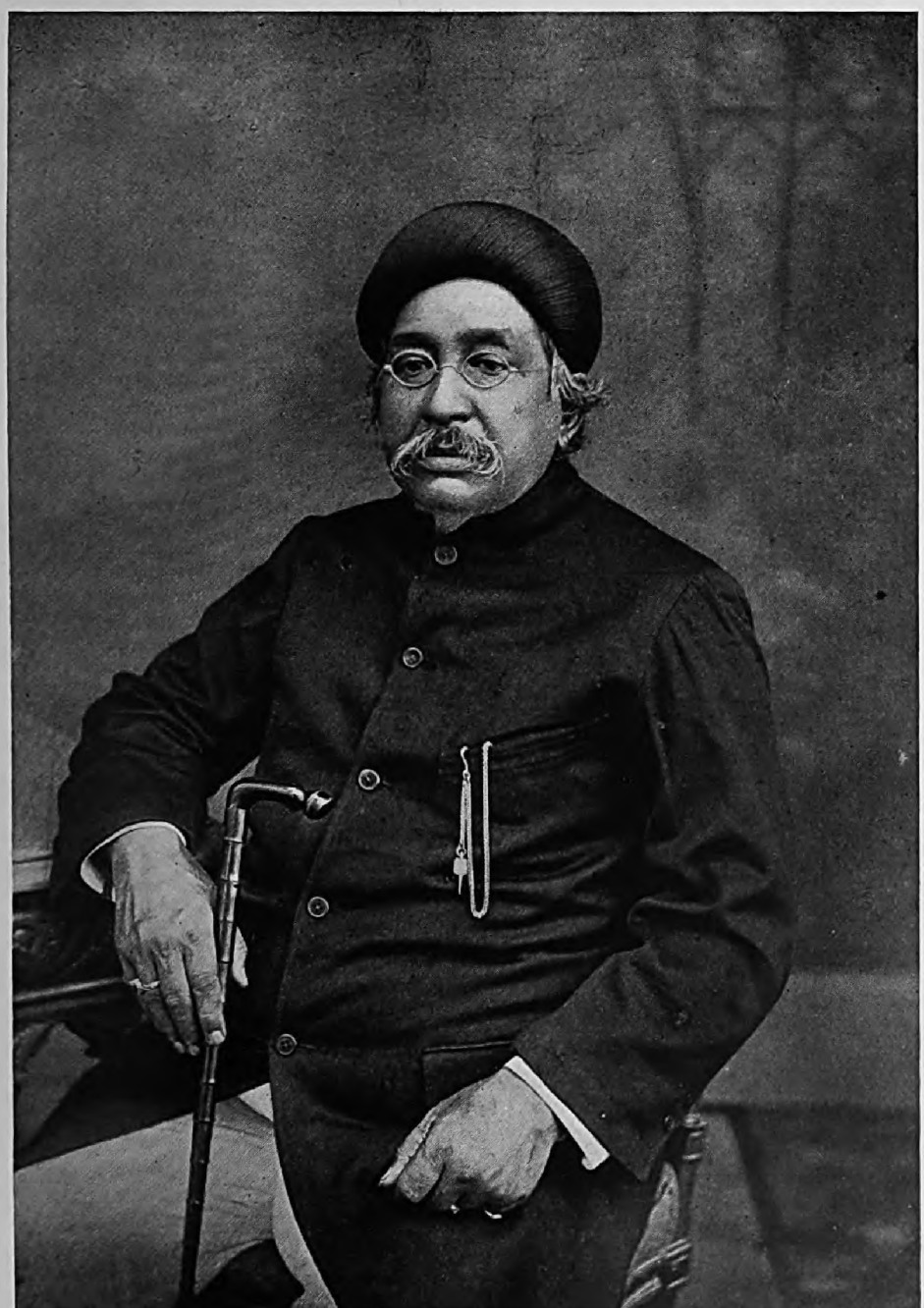
ELISABETH SEVERS

THEOSOPHICAL WORTHIES

NORENḌRANĀṬH SEN

WE have here the portrait of one of the earliest Indian friends of our President-Founder and his great colleague, a friend who has remained loyal to them both from the beginning until to-day, and will so continue, we may predict, till this life closes—and after.

Norenḍranāṭh Sen was born on February 23, 1843, and belongs to a remarkable Bengāli family, being the fourth son of Hari Mohun Sen, a distinguished public man and a leader in the chief movements in Calcutta from 1850 onwards. His grandfather, Rām Kamal Sen, played an even larger part in the public life of Calcutta and Bengal in the days of Colebrooke, Wilson, Bailey and Carey, and took a prominent share in the founding of the Calcutta School Book Society, the Hinḍū College, and other valuable institutions. Born into such a family, it is not wonderful that the youth Norenḍranāṭh showed brilliant abilities, and he chose the journalistic career at an early age. He was warmly welcomed as a co-adjutor by Mr. Manomohan Ghose, when that gentleman was about to start the *Indian Mirror* in 1861, as a fortnightly journal, and when he left Calcutta for England young Norenḍranāṭh succeeded him in the editorial chair, which, with a short interval, he has ever since occupied, with honor to himself and benefit to the public. He was associated with such men as Ḍevenḍranāṭh Ṭagore, Keshab Chanḍra Sen, and Praṭāp Chanḍra Mozumḍār, and pursued a religious but liberal policy. The paper became a weekly, and ultimately a daily, and was the organ of the Brahmo Samāj, then in its palmiest days. In 1879, it passed into



RAI BAHĀḌUR NORENḌRANĀṬH SEN.

the sole proprietorship of Norendranāṭh Sen, and since then has been wholly guided by his strong and vigorous hands.

Keshab Chandra Sen is, of course, the best-known member of the family, the pillar of the Brahmo Samāj, the preacher of fiery and exquisite eloquence, who made it a world-known movement. But perhaps his brilliant career has done less for liberal religion than the long and steady advocacy of all useful reforms that has made the *Indian Mirror* known and respected throughout India.

Its Editor became the friend of the Founders of the Theosophical Society in its early days in India, and the paper was always ready to champion them through those days of struggle, when the Government suspected them of political objects, and when the timid consequently shrank from their side. It has always given long and accurate reports of Theosophical lectures, and the Editor has ever been ready to preside over them in days of sunshine and of storm alike.

Sturdy and independent, ever speaking his mind frankly but never condescending to abuse an opponent, Norendranāṭh Sen has won the respect of Government and people alike, and his many services have been recognised by the Government by the bestowal on him of the title of Rai Bahādur. The gentler side of his nature is beautifully shown in the following extract from *Old Diary Leaves*, 4th Series, p. 15, from the pen of Colonel H. S. Olcott:

"One morning I went with my host, our long-tried, faithful colleague, Bābū Norendranāṭh Sen, to the Esplanade to see him feed his pets. I have often seen people in the public gardens of Paris feeding the birds, but Norendra Bābū feeds every morning the cows, crows, minas, and other birds, the fishes in the ponds and the ants which swarm in the grass of the wide Esplanade. The animals and birds all seem to know his carriage, and gather

together to his usual feeding-ground, and the fishes swim towards him in the pond. This thing has been going on for years, quietly and unostentatiously, unheralded by the reporter, unnoticed by the crowd. One could hardly find a stronger example of the tender compassion sometimes felt by men towards the lower creatures."

The Mahābodhi Society has found in Norendranāth Sen its strongest ally in India, and his unvarying support of it in the many difficulties which have surrounded it has been priceless.

Long may this good man live to serve his Motherland, to support all that is noble, to combat all that is base.

A. B.

CHILDREN'S PLAY

Children in an autumn wood,
  Gathering like enchanter's treasure
Fallen foliage hundred-hued,
  Cry aloud for pleasure.

We, whom sudden words of fire
  Flaming at the heart impassion,
Give ourselves our own desire
  With the songs we fashion.

Idly, idly men have sought
  Some deep aim they could not capture:
Sun and moon and earth are nought
  But a song of rapture.

He who made earth fair and wild,
  He who set the heaven with glory,
Did but make them as a child
  Makes a wonder story.

CLIFFORD BAX

THE VICEROY'S VISIT TO THE CENTRAL HINḌŪ COLLEGE, BENARES

MANY distinguished Indians connected with the C. H. C. came to the College on the occasion of the visit of T. E. the Viceroy and Lady Minto, already described in our columns. Rai Bahāḍur Shyāmsunḍarlāl, C.I.E., Minister of Gwalior, Rai Dayakishan Kaul Sahab, C.I.E., late Private Secretary of H. H. the Mahārāja of Jammu and Kashmīr, who has just accepted the offer of H. H. the Mahārāja of Alwar to become his Minister, Kumār Bharaṭ Singh, the Hon. Gaṅgā Prasāḍ Varma, Bābū Hirenḍranāṭh Ḍaṭṭa Sāhab, were Trustees who came from outside, while the Benares Trustees were represented by the President and the Hon. Secretaries of the Board and the Managing Committee. Rāja Rampal Singh of Ouḍh was present, and the towns of Allahabāḍ, Barabanki, Gayā, Bankipur and Ghazipur were also represented.

The Address from the Board of Trustees was as follows:

It is with feelings of respect and gladness that we to-day welcome to this place Your Excellency, the august representative of the Imperial Crown, the wielder of supreme power over the destinies of our nation; though our gladness is mingled with regret that you, to whom India owes so much, are leaving the land that you have so nobly served. Happy for us is the augury of your presence, the happier that beside you is the gentle and noble lady who has shown a tender pity for the suffering poor, and a gracious courtesy to the highly placed of our land. We pray you to accept our welcome, as a parent the welcome of his children.

This place was founded in 1898 with the well-defined object of training the sons of Hinḍūs in their ancestral religion and in the morality based thereon, while giving to them the western education necessary for the times. The ancient classical language of India is here taught to every student. On the English side Samskṛṭ is the second language, and it has also its own department, the Pāthashālā placed in it by H. H. the Mahārāja of Kashmīr and Jammu, who from the beginning has been one of our strongest and most liberal

supporters. Physical education is vigorously carried on, and our lads meet on equal terms teams from the British and Indian soldiers quartered here, as well as from the police. But, above and beyond all, we seek to build up a Hiṇḍū aristocracy, courteous, brave, truthful in word and deed, public-spirited citizens, patriotic to the Motherland, loyal to the Imperial Crown. It is our dearest hope to send forth from this place men worthy of their glorious past, men worthy to build a yet greater future, men worthy to be çitizens in an Empire of the free.

In this effort some of India's noblest children are working. H. H. the Mahārāja of Benares gave the land on which we stand and the building which forms the hall and shelters the Pāthashālā; many of India's ruling Princes are our patrons and subscribers; Judges and high public servants lend us their help; the laboratories were built by two wealthy Bombay merchants; the School Hall bears the name of an Indian student, accidentally killed in London, who left the money for it; every school-room, every room in the Boarding House, bears the name of a generous donor; the heads of departments, the chief officials, are all voluntary workers. Your Excellency stands on grounds, and is surrounded by buildings, that all symbolise sacrifices made for India, and by men and women who are giving their lives to light in the heart of these youths and boys a flame of worship for the Motherland and reverence for the King.

We stand apart from Government aid because we believe that what India most needs to-day is an example of self-help, of voluntary work, and unrewarded supervision, wrought out by the hands of Indians and English, working as brothers, not as rulers and ruled.

Some of us have during the last two years successfully sought to turn into channels beneficial alike to the Motherland and the Empire the awakening energies of the student population, by grouping them with sober and reliable citizens who guide them in what is useful and gentle, and withhold them from what is pernicious. We have to thank Your Excellency for the good-will you have shown to our Order of the Sons of India, and for the wise advice you gave us at the beginning of our work.

Your Excellency is leaving our shores, and is carrying away with you the love of a nation you have loved and served. It is not for us here to speak of the political side of your great Viceroyalty, but we may speak our gratitude for the high example you have set before our youth of public duty faithfully discharged, of flawless courage in the face of danger, and strenuous endeavor to follow righteousness and justice; for such examples inspire youth, and bind together the hearts of nations.

May love and gratitude follow you from our shores, and love and gratitude welcome you in your native land. Perhaps under greyer, colder skies, you may think, with some touch of gentle regret, of our Indian land, and may remember that in the Central Hindū College there are some who will not let your memory die.

The Viceroy, who was enthusiastically cheered, said in reply:

Gentlemen,—I cannot but be deeply touched by the reception you have extended to me to-day. You have offered me a welcome and a farewell in sympathetic words which I shall never forget. You may be sure Lady Minto and I will always remember the kindly appreciation you have expressed towards us this morning. I have often told you, Mrs. Besant, that I looked forward some day to visiting the Central Hindū College. I am afraid I have told you so so often that you may have begun to doubt the reliability of my intention. I have, however, appeared at last, and I can assure you I am very glad to be here, and to see for myself the great work which owes so much to your energy and genius. The College was founded only twelve years ago. Like many other great undertakings, it originated from small beginnings, and, if I may say so, I believe that its youthful energy and the very spirit of its existence have been nourished by the fact of its inauguration having been, as you say in your address, "an example of self-help"—the successful effort of a small knot of Indians and Englishmen to meet without Government assistance what they believe to be a pressing want of the youth of this country.

During the last twelve years the College has grown into the great institution of to-day, and though naturally its increasing popularity demands an addition to its funds, which I hope will be forthcoming, I am convinced that the spontaneous effort to which it owes its origin will continue to strengthen the value of the maxims its founders originally laid down. What those maxims are were clearly set forth in Mrs. Besant's address at the commencement of this year. I understand them to be: that religious and moral training should go hand in hand with ordinary secular education; that good citizenship depends upon the formation of character in early youth; that patriotism and love of country should be the foundation of good citizenship, culminating in a devoted loyalty to the King-Emperor. It is upon lines such as these—and they are very noble lines—that Mrs. Besant maintains that the youth of the country should be educated, and she claims, too, that the observance of those lines has already preserved peace amongst the students of this College, which has been markedly absent at some other centres of learning.

No one believes more than I do in the inestimable value of the tenets to which I have referred. I hope that the Hindū College, with strict regard for them, may successfully

continue to mould the youths of India. It is strength of character based upon religious and moral training that produces men fit to fight the battle of life. It is the manly, chivalrous, self-reliant student that will do honor to your College, and I believe that if the lines laid down by your President are followed, your dearest hope will be fulfilled, and that you will send forth men worthy to maintain the traditions of the glorious Empire of which all British subjects are citizens. I hope that the College will continue to receive all the help it has so well deserved. I hope that the eloquence and the brilliant and generous impulses of its President may long continue to inspire the life of its students and further their future success in the world's arena.

I can only tell you again, Mrs. Besant and gentlemen, how glad I am to have been here to-day. Lady Minto and I, when we have exchanged the suns of India for the hills of our Scottish home, will often think of our visit to the Central Hindū College, and will never forget the very kind words we have listened to from you.

May the hopes expressed by this true Friend of India be fulfilled.

Immigration into the U. S. of America, January. 1. to June 30, 1910. Here are some figures which may be of interest: truly it is a salad of forms and a strange mixture of ingredients for the characteristics required to produce the bodies eventually required by the New Race!

Total arrivals in the six months 1,041,570, thus divided:

Southern Italians 192,670; Poles 128,348; Jews 84,200.
Northern Italians 80,780; Ruthenians 72,907.
Germans 71,380; English 53,498; Scandinavians 52,037.
Croatians 39,562; Greeks 39,135; Irish 38,382.
Slavs 32,416; Magyars 27,302; Scotch 24,612.
Lithuanians 22,714; French 23,107.
Mexicans 17,760; Russians 17,294; Finns 15,756.
Bulgarians 15,130; Roumanians 14,199.
Dutch and Flemish 13,012; Bohemians 8,462.
Portuguese 7,657; Syrians 6,317; Spaniards 5,737.
Armenians 5,508; Africans 4,966.
Dalmatians 4,911; Cubans 3,331; Japanese 2,798.
Welsh 5244; East Indians 1782; Chinese 1770.
Turks 1,283; West Indians 1,150; Spanish Americans 900.
Pacific Islanders 61; Coreans 19; Sundry other people 3,330.

The figures are taken from the *Statistical Report of the Commissioner of Immigration* in Washington, for dates 1st January to 30th June, 1910.

W. K.

WALKING ON FIRE

A Strange Ceremony

INDIA is a land of many marvels and mysteries. These are close at hand and are every-day affairs, so common that they are not even talked about. But one must seek, and he who follows the biblical injunction: "Seek and ye shall find" comes across them without difficulty.

To us of a foreign land, what seem most remarkable performances and happenings, deserving scientific scrutiny and examination, pass here unheralded and apparently unappreciated. Truly, in this case, familiarity breeds not contempt but indifference. What our countrymen would put under enclosure, advertise and reap large profits from, is scarcely heard of or noticed in philosophical India. The reason for it, as for most things, seems to be psychological. In this strange land religion is above the surface, under the surface, and all-permeating. The Indian is inherently and instinctively religious. All his reflexions and aspirations are not, as a rule, for worldly pleasure or even monetary gain, but for the hopes of high heaven and the like. He strives to reach the Self, the divinity within, which will unite him to the Highest. The whole bent of his mind is to find ways of seeking Him. Therefore the spectacular and the phenomenal do not attract him as they do the Westerner, who dotes more on the human achievements and things mundane, and on all that looms large in his horizon. The Indian talks vaguely of Parabrahman; the man in the street believes in Karma, Reincarnation and the possibilities of Yoga, and talks about them; our very servants here can, and sometimes do, preach to us and glibly talk of "doing yogam". All

the cultured and uncultured talk of religion, can expound the mysteries of Brahman, the Changeless, and round it up by exclaiming: "Thou art That," and proceeding from the second to the first personal pronoun, emphatically declare: "Verily, I am that Supreme Brahman."

One of our race wonders at the slight publicity given to such an event as the Fire-walking Ceremony, which a few of us learned of incidentally, and hastened to witness. It is an annual occurrence and falls in August. This particular one took place a few miles from Adyar, on a large open field, near the village of S. Thomas Mount. A half-hour's drive brought us to a Kālī Temple, one of the few remaining in India in connexion with which the loathsome practice of animal sacrifice is countenanced, as a part of the religious worship.

It seems strange that in such a country as India whose very atmosphere is surcharged with spirituality, and the compassion of the many Great Ones, such a barbaric practice as the killing of animals should exist. But one understands it perhaps when one comes to realise that it is the very religious fervor that is, so to say, the cause of these abominable customs. Our white races, supposed to be cultured and civilised, are more to be blamed for allowing and tolerating such cruel monstrosities for the simple pleasure of the table and the taste, than these poor uneducated classes who indulge in it from a religious point of view, for satisfying a craving not of the palate but of high heaven. It is no doubt more and more being realised that animal sacrifices are harmful and sinful, and we hope, in the new India that is rising, the shedding of blood will be a thing of the savage past.

Naturally therefore, our first impression was one of repulsion when told that one hundred goats had been slaughtered that morning as a necessary means to the accomplishment of walking barefooted, and yet unharmed, over burning embers. This was to be undertaken by

some men of a certain sect of Shaivite Hinḍūs belonging to all the four castes, who had taken a vow to walk on fire with unprotected feet.

And why was such a vow taken? Because of love, of tender compassion, of belief in the invisible, of faith in their 'God' who could and would protect them, help them, bless them, if appealed to. It is generally taken for the restoration of health to a dear one, child or wife, or out of repentance for a mistake committed or blunder made, or in the hope of gaining Svarga after death, or as a prayer for a son, who is so necessary to light the funeral pyre of a dead father.

On the spot were gathered together a few hundred people, and an English police officer was present to preserve order. He was a good kindly man, tempered and beaten by Indian feelings and thought. He had been a witness to this annual ceremony for many years, and affirmed he had never seen a case where the fire had injured any one. He talked to us, explaining many things in detail, and interjected every now and then, with a shake of his head: "Nothing short of a miracle, sir, nothing short of a miracle."

In the meantime, in front of us, on a square of earth raised two feet above the ground facing the temple, a huge bonfire was burning, and it was used to ignite the charcoal which was spread evenly over an area covering a square surface of 18 by 15 feet. At the proper moment this was lighted and fanned into a red-hot heat by coolies. As this was being done, the vigorous beating of drums and tom-toms began in rhythmic beats, indicating that all was in readiness for the Goddess Kālī, who was carried from the Temple with great pomp and placed at the head of the square, and was thus made to preside over the occasion. This stirred the crowd to a pitch of intense enthusiasm. At a distance on the public road, a response was given by the procession of

the fire-walkers who approached amid cries of "Govinḍa, Govinḍa," and other sacred names, which raised quite a din. They were excitement itself as they came jumping and dancing, cheered and applauded by the assembled crowd. They had fasted the whole day while being prepared by the priests for the ceremony which took place at sunset. Just before the performance they had proceeded to a tank some hundred yards distant where they bathed, covered the body with saffron powder and garlands of sweet jasmine, so strong as to be almost stifling in their fragrance. They appeared intoxicated from the excitement, and some almost reeled as they proceeded to walk over the burning coals at a slow pace. Others proceeded confidently but hurriedly, passing three or four times back and forth. The crowd soon caught the contagion and many joined in, rushing heedlessly over the fire without the slightest injury. Several fainted during the performance and, as they fell, even the clothes they wore did not take fire. They were carried away over the shoulder of some companion, and we could see distinctly that their feet were unscorched. It was all over in the course of fifteen minutes, but it was a wonderful sight for western eyes to behold. However barbarous and ghastly it appeared, any witness would be forced to admit the genuineness of the extraordinary performance.

Stubborn facts are frequently attributed by the sceptical to charlatanry or trickery, but this implies some object of gaining remuneration or applause, and these simple folk were induced by neither. Their motive was but the performing of what to them was a religious ceremony. It was not advertised in any way, and not an Anglo-Indian was present. There was no trickery; the phenomenon was genuine, and our party will testify to this fact. We returned with the feeling that we had been favored in being permitted to witness so rare and wonderful a sight, of which no notice was even taken by the daily papers

of Madras, and we came away even more assured that there is "something in man which makes all things possible".

GEORGIA GAGARIN

THE PHILOSOPHICAL FIRE

Fire, notwithstanding the diversities of it in this sublunary kitchen of the elements, is but one thing from one root. The effects of it are various, according to the distance and nature of the subject wherein it resides, for that makes it vital or violent. It sleeps in most things—as in flints, where it is silent and invisible. It is a kind of *perdue*, lies close like a spider in the cabinet of his web, to surprise all that comes within his lines. He never appears without his prey in his foot; where he finds aught that's combustible, there he discovers himself, for—if we speak properly—he is not generated but manifested. Some men are of opinion that he breeds nothing but devours all things, and is therefore called *Ignis quasi ingignens*. This is a grammatical whim, for there is nothing in the world generated without fire. What a fine philosopher then was Aristotle, who tells us this agent breeds nothing but his *pyrausta*—a certain fire-fly which he found, in his candle, but could never be seen afterwards! Indeed, too much heat burns and destroys, and—if we descend to other natures—too much water drowns, too much earth buries and chokes the seed, that it cannot come up. And verily at this rate there is nothing in the world that generates. What an owl was he then, that could not distinguish with all his logic, between excess and measure, between violent and vital degrees of heat, but concluded the fire did breed nothing because it consumed something! But let the mule pass, for so Plato called him; and let us prosecute our secret fire.

Lumen de Lumine by THOMAS VAUGHAN

ELEMENTARY THEOSOPHY

MAN'S IMMORTAL BODIES

[The articles that appear under this head may be reprinted by anyone. The author's name or initials should be appended, and underneath should appear the words: *Reprinted from the Theosophist, Adyar, Madras, S.*—ED.]

"WE have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," said the great Christian Initiate S. Paul; "for in this [body] we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven."[1] This heavenly house it is which is built of Man's immortal bodies, the habitation of the Spirit through unending ages, the dwelling-place of man himself, through births and deaths, through the measureless period of his immortal life in manifestation.

The Spirit which is "the offspring of God"[2] abides ever in the bosom of the Father, in very truth a Son of of God, sharer in His eternal life. God made man "to be the image of His own eternity".[3] This Spirit we call the Monad, because it is a unit, the very essence of Selfhood. The Monad, when he descends into matter in order to conquer and spiritualise it, appropriates to himself an atom of each of the three higher worlds, to make the nucleus of his three higher bodies—the super-spiritual, the spiritual, and the intellectual. To these, by a thread of spiritual (buḍḍhic) matter, he attaches also a particle from each of the three lower worlds, the nucleus of the three lower bodies.

For long long ages he broods over these, as his future mortal bodies, just touched with his life, climb

[1] 2 *Corinthians*, v. 1, 2.
[2] *Acts*, xvii. 29.
[3] *The Wisdom of Solomon*, ii. 23.

slowly upwards through the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms; meanwhile little aggregations of the matter of the three higher worlds, the "building of God . . . in the heavens" form a channel for his life, beginning to manifest in those worlds; and when the animal form has reached the point at which the upclimbing life makes strong appeal to the higher, he sends down through these an answering pulse of his life, and the intellectual body is suddenly completed, as light flashes out between the carbons of an electric arc. The man has individualised for life in the lower worlds.

The super-spiritual (ātmic) body is but an atom of its lofty world, finest film of matter, embodiment of Spirit, "God made flesh" in a very real sense, divinity dipping down into the ocean of matter, not less divine because embodied. Gradually into this super-spiritual body will pass the pure result of all experiences, stored up in eternity, the two lower immortal bodies gradually merging themselves in it, blending with it, the glorious vesture of a man consciously divine, made perfect.

The spiritual (buḍḍhic) body is of the second manifested world, the world of pure spiritual wisdom, knowledge and love in one, sometimes called 'the Christ-body,' as it is this which is born into activity at the first great Initiation, and which develops to the "fulness of the measure of the stature of Christ"[1] on the Path of Holiness. It is fed by all lofty and loving aspirations, by pure compassion and all-embracing tenderness and pity.

The intellectual (causal) body is the higher mind, by which the man deals with abstractions, which is "of the nature of knowledge,"[2] in which he knows truth by intuition not reasoning, borrowing from the lower mind ratiocinative methods only to establish in the lower world abstract truths which he himself knows directly. The man in this

[1] *Ephesians*, iv. 13.
[2] *Prashna Upaniṣhaṭ*, iv. 9.

body is called the ego, and when this body blends with the next above it, he is called the spiritual ego, and begins to realise his own divinity. It is fed and developed by abstract thinking, by strenuous meditation, by dispassion, by the yoking of intellect to service. It is by nature separative, being the instrument of individualisation, and must grow strong and self-sustaining in order to give the necessary stability to the subtle spiritual body with which it is to blend.

These are man's immortal bodies, subject neither to birth nor death; they give the continuous memory which is the essence of individuality; they are the treasure-house of all that deserves immortality; into them can enter "nothing that defileth";[1] they are the everlasting dwelling-place of the Spirit. In these the promise is realised: "I will dwell in them and walk in them."[2] These fulfil the prayer of the Christ: "That they also may be one in Us."[3] These make good the triumphant cry of the Hindū: "I am Thou".

ANNIE BESANT

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[1] *Revelation*, xxi. 27.
[2] 2 *Corinthians*, vi. 16.
[3] *S. John*, xvii. 21.

IN THE TWILIGHT

"HERE is a good story, sent to me from England by one of our members," said the Vagrant. "The people are well known to me, and I only alter their names."

"It was in December, 1890, that, my brother having gone to London to live, I made up my mind to endeavor to reach him, if it were at all possible, by means of telepathy. He and I had for some time previous to that been carrying on experiments in hypnotism and the like, and so I thought that if the idea of telepathy, which was then receiving special attention, had any real basis for belief in it, its practicability ought to be easily demonstrated by us because of the very close rapport there was between us.

"Accordingly I set to work to reach him, I being in a city distant 113 miles from London. I sat myself down in a chair in my bedroom before a black concave mirror, and endeavored to picture him in my mind. He had told me that if I could get him to move, or to do something, when I had thoroughly visualised him, I would then be *en rapport* with him sufficiently to impress any message that I wanted to convey. So, there I sat until I could see him as clearly with my mind's eye as I could with my physical optic organ. When I had thus visualised him I mentally told him to turn his head and look at me, which he did; and then I willed him to raise his right arm and take his watch from his pocket, which was done. Now a peculiar thing occurred. Although I could see him I could not see the watch that he was, I concluded, holding in his hand. It occurred to me that if I could occupy his position I might then be

able to see it, so I slipped into his place and looked through his eyes and then saw his watch. So soon as I had noted the time, ten minutes to eight, I lost sight of it, and was back again in my normal consciousness, feeling very much fatigued with the sustained mental effort, and though the events were quite clear in my memory, there was, I had to admit to myself, no decided proof of any direct contact with him. It struck me that it might have been simply a keen imagination, notwithstanding the inner conviction that I had really reached him. I had been sitting there since seven, and it was now ten minutes to eight, and had to all intents and purposes accomplished nothing. I felt disappointed and weary, but before retiring for the night I determined to try again, thinking that I might effect what I wanted during sleep, perhaps more easily than by the method I had just tried. About half-past nine I got into bed, but not as usual. This time for some reason I had put the pillow at the foot of the bed, and now laid myself down on my chest, spreading my arms out at right-angles to the body, resting my chin on the pillow. I had remained in this position it seemed barely a minute, recalling the picture I had seen of my brother, when I suddenly felt a thrill of intense electrical energy pass up my spine terminating in a pin-point in the centre of my head. Whether it was hot or cold I cannot say, but it was excruciatingly painful. Then it seemed to burst, and I was aware of standing in my room looking at a golden luminous mass in the midst of which was a watch. It was a Geneva lever, very thin, with glass front and silver case, engraved all over the back, in which there were three dents; it had a silver dial with gold ornamented figures and gold hands. I knew instinctively that it was my brother's watch, and felt too that if I wanted to know anything about it, I had only to apply my mind to the subject and everything was open to me. Looking at it, I became aware that the time was marking ten

minutes to eight, and so soon as I had noticed this I was back in my body and awake, so I then turned over and went to sleep. In the morning when I awoke I put my hand under my pillow and reached for my watch, and was not surprised to find that this also indicated "ten minutes to eight". This is a common experience with many people, that if they go to sleep thinking of the time at which they ought to get up, they will invariably wake at that time. Hastily I washed and dressed, then went down to breakfast. My brother James (another brother) was there having his eggs and bacon, and seeing me enter exclaimed: 'Hallo, Ned, what's the matter with you? haven't you slept? you look washed out.' But instead of answering his question I asked: 'Has John got a watch, a Geneva lever with silver case engraved all over the back, three dents in it and with gold ornamented figures?' At the mention of each particular he looked more surprised, and at last said: 'Yes, but you never saw that watch. I only sent it him a fortnight ago!'

"About three weeks after I had a letter from my brother John, saying that he was coming home to see us, and asking me to meet him at the station, but stating no time of arrival. I went however to meet the train that I thought most likely."

"Soon I saw him coming down the hill (he saw me at the same time), and I waited for him to come up. As soon as he arrived he put his hand in mine and we both exclaimed in the same breath: 'Ten minutes to eight'. I should have remarked that we had not written to each other on the subject of our experiment, but it is evident from our greeting that we were both equally sure that the other knew all about it."

"The experience of the writer when lying on the bed," remarked the Vagrant, "shows that this is not a mere case of telepathy. The acute pain, the sense of explosion, and the subsequent state show that he went

out of his body in full consciousness. It is rather a pity that his mind was fixed on so trivial a matter."

"Casual experiences which are not the direct result of training, and which lead up to nothing in particular, are not uncommon," said the Shepherd. Here is a letter relating one, from a Matron of a convalescent Home in England.

"A strange thing happened to me last summer (1908). We had a patient at W—, Nurse K—, who was very ill, and I think was very sensitive and altogether rather strange. She said to me the day she arrived: 'You are a Theosophist.' I replied: 'How did you know?' and she said she knew directly she saw me. Then a few days after she said: 'Does it tire you or disturb you to come down to me at nights as you do, because if it does I won't bring you down, though it is a great comfort to have you come.' I told her I had never been down to her in the night, but she insisted that when she was in great pain, and wished for me, I always came and held her hand till she got better. After that she told me several times that I had come and comforted her in the night, and after she had left us she wrote to me that one night she had wished for me very much, and I had come and kissed her and held her hand. 'That time,' she said, 'you had a dress on that I did not know and did not like'. She came back to us very soon after that, and I met her at the door in this same dress, that she had not seen before."

"These experiences are naturally becoming more common," said the Vagrant, "as the race is entering on the borderland to an ever-increasing extent. It is all the more necessary that sound knowledge should be spread on these matters, in order that the dangers which arise from ignorance and fear may be avoided as much as possible."
