



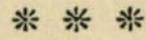
THE CANDLE OF THE LORD IS THE SOUL IN MAN. PROXX-27

Masonic Edition.



URIEL

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO CABBALISTIC SCIENCE



NAPHTALI HERZ IMBER * EDITOR

Vol. 1

No. 1

AUGUST, 1895

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URIEL

Vol. 1.

BOSTON, AUGUST, 1895.

No. 1.

Forecast.

THE present first number contains most new and valuable contributions of great interest to every truth seeker. We wish to call attention to the articles: "What is the Cabbala," "The Air and its Wonders," "Madam Blavatsky Unveiled," and "Music in Mysticism," which is reprinted by the courtesy of Mr. W. S. B. Mathews, editor of "Music," who writes that the article "contains a world of charming and poetic conceits relative to music, so much so that it might well go on file in the scrap-book of poets desiring to impart an air of novelty to their lucubrations upon this perennial subject. For there is nothing so new as the very old." Also the article "The Gallery of Nations," which is the most vivid pen picture of the pre-historic struggle.

The September number will contain a remarkable article about the Idolon and Supneuma. To those who are striving to understand the mysteries of life, that article will be of great value, as it will guide them, giving a glance into Nature's secreted workshop of life. An enlightened and amusing sketch, taken from real life, will be the article entitled, "Cranks I met and Others." In the September number, the first and oldest book of the Cabbala, "Sefer Yezira, or the Book of Creation"—its authorship is credited to the Patriarch Abraham—will be rendered into English, with explanation and notes. In brief, we will, regardless of labor and expense, try to give to the world the real light of truth so long kept under a bushel.

Price: \$3.00 a year in advance; for England and other countries, 20 shillings.

THE PUBLISHERS.

Presentation.

IN the present age, when everyone feels the approach of great events, when the dial of time is pointing out the changes which will soon take place in the terrestrial as well as in the celestial world, we present to the public a Magazine, unique in its kind, and remarkable by its appearance, considering the circumstances and conditions which caused it to appear.

It is **URIEL** — the Archangel of Light, who, with the torch of Truth, comes down to guide the thirsty race of Adam to the springs of Living Water of Life.

In the present time, when the clouds of foggy frauds are dispersed by the stormy, restless, revolutionary mind of mankind, and the rays of shining Truth are beginning to pierce through the misty atmosphere of humbug — at the present last hour of night's parting, when humanity's position resembles that of the man who, after a hilarious time spent in music and amusement — after the ball — laden with headache and uncomfortable feelings sits reflecting, by the dim light of the lamp-post, upon his folly and the bitter remorse of such consequences, — in the same feeling the modern son of man sits now by the dawn of a better morning, reflecting and meditating upon the orgies he indulged in in the long night of materialism; regretting the way he degraded his dignity and manhood in the low mire of earthly things.

On that dawn of regret, remorse and repentance — when the eye is gazing for the shining, consoling sun of salvation — we present our Magazine, bearing the message of true consolation. The sealed Book of Life will be opened by the key of the Cabbala; for only the Cabbala is the Divine Science which will be welcomed in every home, reaching every class of people, without any distinction of denomination, for it bears on its face the sacred sign of Truth.

The Popes in the Vatican were students of that sacred science — as well as the Jews in the various countries and ages; and every spiritual scrutinizer is pointing to the Cabbala.

The Synagogue and the Church, when stumbling upon a dark Biblical passage, seek the way out of it by the light of Truth — the Cabbala.

When a Theosophist is questioned by one doubting his statements of his "Secret Doctrine," he will refer you to the Cabbala; and his reply is a silent confession that the Cabbala is finer and older than Theosophy, as we take reference only from those who have already an established, well-known, good reputation.

All these above mentioned are pointing out its truth and powerful light of consolation and spiritual uplifting.

That this Divine Science was till now secreted, and only a few of the chosen ones have been allowed to catch some sparks of its glorious light, may be ascribed to two reasons: First, man had not grown enough to be able to digest that spiritual food — as is the case in practical life — the food which will strengthen the grown man and kill the baby. Secondly, the people were not spiritually ripe to know how to handle that Candle of the Lord, and every misuse always turns out disastrously.

We have many records of great men — Jew as well as Gentile — who were punished for attempting to reveal to the world the Cabbala before its time. There were four Rabbis, Ben Soma, Ben Asai, Elisha and Rabbi Akiha, who attempted its revelation; the consequence was, Ben Soma went mad, Ben Asai died, and Elisha turned out a rascal. Only Rabbi Akiba escaped all right.

Our own editor attempted the same here in Boston, two years ago, and for two years he went through a trial of affliction, as we will mention in our sketch. But now it looks as if time and circumstance combined together to sanction the permit to give to the world what it most needs: The Light of Truth.

In this presentation of our present issue we present also to the people at large our editor, Mr. Naphthali Herz Imber, whose portrait graces the frontispiece, he whom time has called to carry out that great mis-

sion. What a classic face! What a noble soul is looking from his brilliant eyes! What spiritual happiness mingles itself in his attitude! Yet very few know how desolate is his little heart; how void of any earthly pleasure; how it is bleeding from the numberless wounds inflicted by pretended friends.

In going over the records of his past we will soon recognize that he is an offspring of that race to whom the Great Hebrew alluded when he said that "No prophet is honored by his own people."

Biographies are always the best reading matter, as we can take some lesson from their experience. Especially is it worthy of notice the experiences of those who are outside the *material* road; those who walk in the line of *Occultism*; and strange to say, that all those great ones, from Moses to Blavatsky, all have gone through the purgatory of slander and crucifixion caused by the mob, who cannot and never will understand nobility.

Mr. Imber's life is a romance of the most romantic type; still, we will confine ourselves to those events of his troubled life which have a relation to Occultism. Mr. Imber was born thirty-seven years ago, in Zloczow, a small town in Galicia, in the Empire of Austria. As a neglected child he never visited any school, save the poorly-conducted Jewish grammar, where he learned to read Hebrew and to translate the Bible. That was all the knowledge he acquired there and he left at twelve years of age. As he was of a quiet temper, loving the solitude (and to study himself), in time he showed already the qualities of the Mystic. The consequence was, an old, unknown Cabbalist, who felt the approach of his life's end, gave to him the key-note to Mystic science, — the Cabbala.

From that time he became more of a hermit, and nights (the long ones in the winter time) he spent in the dim, gloomy Synagogue alone, studying the Talmud as well as the sacred books of the Cabbala.

The Hebrews of his native town predicted, without knowing astrology, that he would become either a

great pope or a great rabbi. They did not know how to cast a horoscope; none of their predictions came to pass.

At the age of fourteen he was chosen Honorary Lecturer on the Talmud, in his native Synagogue; but, as he explained to them the oral laws, and those explanations did not run on the schedule of the old Rabbinical time table according to the letter, many objected to his new doctrine. After a short time he was twice honored, by the Emperor, with many gifts for his Hebrew poems, and through that recognition he came in contact with the most high-toned people, Jewish as well as Gentile.

But the most prominent figure of those socials was that of a wealthy, pious, cultured Jewish lady, who, through her refinement and language, inspired the young to study German literature. Strange it is to note that, in spite of the fact of a Jewish woman being his first uplifter, he still has no sympathy for them, for he says his downfall was caused by Jewish women, while his rising was always through the influence of a Gentile lady.

When his father died he left his country as a poor boy, fighting his way to Constantinople, where he met the famous family of Laurence and Alice Oliphant. Both fell in love with him at first sight, and they took him as a beloved child to Palestine. Here they worked together on the famous spiritual book, "Supneumata" (Man and Wife). One occurrence in their domestic life will show the nobility of the poet as well as that of Mrs. Oliphant; how the latter understood his character so well. As he was petted, he often got mad about the slightest thing. Once he decided to leave for Europe, as he felt in some way offended. This scene was witnessed by Dr. Buckner, who at that time sojourned there as a friend of the Oliphants. It was about midnight, and in the presence of Mr. Oliphant and the said doctor, Mr. Imber sat on her knee like a child, and when she tried to persuade him to stay, he told her he would rather be in purgatory than in her home.

Only the noble Mrs. Oliphant was able to understand him; she knew his heart was true and pure, and that his expression was only that of a mad child's outburst. She turned to Dr. Buckner, saying, "My Herzl is a prince, and a noble one."

The next morning with childish kisses he parted, sailing away for Jerusalem. Here he made the acquaintance of a remarkable French professor, Dr. Paul Vernie, who took a liking to him which resulted in a tremendous love. Through that professor he became the friend of Dr. Lepsius, son of the famous Lepsius, and all three were spending their time in spiritual scrutiny and Biblical study. With that professor he went to Egypt to study the pyramids. The interesting sojourn on the Nile he sketched in the Hebrew paper of Jerusalem, "Habazeleth" (The Rose).

After six months he returned to the Oliphants.

While he was in Palestine he made himself famous through his national poems with a revolutionary spirit, by which he earned the title of "Hebrew National Poet."

His greatest opponent, Professor Halevy, of the Paris Academy, writes in the "Third Year-Book," Jerusalem, about Mr. Imber's poems:

"We must be grateful to Mr. Imber for his poems, as he is the first who, with his sweet songs, has brightened the hearts of the pioneers of the colonists in their darkest hours, and has encouraged them to go ahead in the restoration of their country. Blessed be his name. His songs are sung in the Holy Land, and Zangwill has rendered into English his 'Watch on the Jordan,' which is considered as the Hebrew Marseillaise."

It was reprinted in all the Jewish papers.

After the death of Mrs. Oliphant he published his first volume of poems, and went to London. There he began to write English on the impulse of Israel Zangwill, who was at that time editor of the Hebrew "Standard." At that time he had a big controversy with the Rabbis of the continent, from which he came

out a victor. Once he sketched in that paper King Solomon, but not in the light which the Jews like to see him. A letter from the London Rabbinical court was sent to the editor to stop Mr. Imber's contributions on the ground of unreligious sentiments. The editor replied: "If the Rabbinical court cannot place King Solomon in a better light, we accept Mr. Imber's picture of him."

While in London, the colonists of Baron Rothschild's colonies in Palestine appealed to him to make known the oppression and cruel treatment they endured from the managers. He published a sarcastic poem under the name of "Interpretation of Dreams," where, fearless, he knifed the great Gog and Magog. The Jewish press looked aghast, as they had never dared to attack these Rothschilds, who are considered as demi-gods.

Five years ago he landed on the shores of our blessed country, and the Jewish press hailed him as a Thinker, Poet and Scientist. In spite of that glorification, owing to the frivolous temper of the Hebrews, he suffered material wants; and when he at last got ill, he was not permitted to enter the big Mount Sinai Jewish hospital.

But in spite of all this suffering, he cheerfully sang his songs, while with his pen he knifed those who were parading under the mask of religion and truth.

Two years ago he came to Boston and many will still remember his remarkable articles in the "Jewish Chronicle," "Boston Daily Traveler," and "Transcript." Here he made a first attempt to open a class for the Cabbala, and Rabbi Schindler tried to secure for him two thousand dollars in order to translate the Sohar. But, as the time was not ripe, he was punished with the utmost suffering for the attempt, as we will prove.

At that time a well-known young lady fell in love with him. Jewish women and fanatic Rabbis began to conspire against him as soon as they got wind that the Hebrew National Poet was in love with a Christian lady (as they think themselves far

superior to those of the Gentiles) they began to slander him, accusing him of becoming a Christian and estranging himself from his own relations.

(The Jew can be reconciled with a "Jack the Ripper," but not with one who follows the Gospel, as they consider it blasphemy.)

When he went to Cincinnati a certain Rabbi humbug scandalized him again in that line, but he had the satisfaction to hear from a professor of the Hebrew Union College: "What do you care for him? He is neither a Hebrew scholar nor even a grammarian; he has outraged you, but my house is open for you." But not alone he, even as high-toned people as his attorneys, James and Jones, and Captain Potter Duston, and a well-known family, Parker, took great interest in him.

In his forthcoming book (which is more thrilling than "Trilby") he will unmask all those wretched "Svengalis" by their own statements.

While under the spell of great grief he came to Indianapolis, where Judge MacBride and Dr. Atkinson, the famous writer, and both of renown as prominent theosophists, enabled him to publish his "Keynotes to Mystic Science," which he dedicated to his "Supneuma."

In Chicago, he began to write his famous articles on Music—prominent among them his "Music of the Psalms," which was highly recommended by Bishop Fallow, the Parkhurst of the Windy City.

Another prominent man, the Rev. Dr. Williams, President of the Ministers' Association, wrote to the editor of "Music" about Mr. Imber: "It is rare in our day to find such a noble man." Then a certain ignorant Jewish weekly in St. Louis wrote: "Naphthali Herz Imber, the uncontrollable, has written an article about music. The Jews do not care what or how Mr. Imber writes; however, we mention it as the 'Literary Digest' has printed a portion of it."

The next week that narrow-minded editor experienced a defeat; for the most prominent paper of the Jewish press came out with a reprint of the article on

music as a protest against the utterance of an ignominium. In addition, the reprint was heralded in their editorials as follows :

"From an article on the 'Music of the Psalms,' by Mr. Naphthali Herz Imber, for October, there is some very interesting information as to the use of music by the writers of the Bible. We quote from the chapter, 'Primitive Hebrew Music'."

Besides those friends, he enjoyed the hospitality of the artist, Miss Nickodem, who portrayed his picture; also the friendship of Captain L. Hansen and his wife. The captain is called the "Adonis of the Army."

When he came to New York, Dr. Isaac, the well-known editor of the "Jewish Messenger," said in his paper :

"Mr. Imber is a genius, and like all geniuses he is misunderstood, and must suffer the consequences, like all sons of Apollo. His is the man of sorrow and grief, whose crime is love, and whose guilt is honesty; whom the hour has selected to accomplish a great work under unfavorable conditions, which he could not accomplish two years ago under better circumstances. His is a sign of the time. Time has called his man and we will follow regardless of scandal-mongers and slanderers. The poet says :

'Though scandal tongue is never mute,
One thought should always comfort bring,
That is not the sour nor crabbed fruit
That wasps delight the most to sting.

(Youths' Companion.)"

We also quote from the Cincinnati "Times-Star" a pen picture of our editor :

"THE HARP OF DAVID IN HANDS OF A CHILD
OF GALICIA AND OF THE WORLD.

"A Real Hebrew Poet—Naphthali Herz Imber's Name is Known Throughout the Jewish World—He has Written a Volume of Poems in Hebrew, and Numerous Articles in Other Languages—He talks of his Dear Friend, Oliphant.

"A queer little man that has been seen on the street

for the past few days is a Hebrew poet. Not that he looks like one any more than hundreds of other strange looking people who come and go in and out of a big city. His dark skin, his coal black hair, long, thick and curly, his dark brown eyes, his straight back, his strong facial bones, rather made him seem a son of Italy than Austria, and rather a Christian than a Hebrew. He has traveled many miles, though his name is known much farther. Now he is in distress, and he will tell you that his library is pawned throughout the State of Illinois. 'For while I had possession,' he says, 'I asked nothing of any man.' He is Naphthali Herz Imber. That name will readily be recalled by readers of American, Hebrew or Jewish papers as having been seen subscribed to many an article of merit. He left Austria early and went to Constantinople. There accidentally he met Laurance Oliphant, the mystic. 'We met accidentally,' said Mr. Imber, to a 'Star' reporter yesterday, 'but we had not conversed many minutes before he invited me to his house, and in a short time we were fast friends. He and his wife loved me, so I went to reside with them and helped Oliphant in his work, 'Supneumata,' in fact, I wrote the outlines of it. We had a nice time out there; Oliphant and his wife were incessant workers. We rose at six, bathed and breakfasted. You may have an idea of what an English breakfast means — meat and bread with honey and other delicacies to make the table groan with their weight. Then we worked till noon, when we took dinner. After that came a nap for two hours; then more work till supper, then a drive, bath, and home again. We generally went into the parlor after our return to discuss political or other matters of interest. Oliphant, you know, was a great politician. He made money off his writings, but a great deal more off his telegrams. I remember seeing a check for one thousand pounds which he got for one political telegram.

"The news of his death came to me very suddenly. I had not been in constant communication with him during his illness, but I thought he would recover.

He was a queer genius. Twenty-five years ago he abandoned Christianity under the influence of his friend, Mr. Harris, an American ex-clergyman. Mr. Harris is a man of extraordinary poetical powers. His chief doctrine is that God is bisexual, a dual conception, not unknown to Talmud and to the Kabbalah. As is the maker, so is his creation. In the male resides something of the feminine, in the female something of the masculine. These mystic theories are connected with visions of social regeneration, and the seer calls upon his brethren to free the world's new order like fire, life and wine.

"Mr. Oliphant took up these ideas and developed them. Working heart and soul for others was declared by him to be the best and only true method of worship. 'The Religion of Labor' was the name he gave the new faith, and he and his wife worked here for seven years at manual labor, eating only bread and potatoes, so as to purge themselves of earthly desires and prepare themselves for absorption into the Divine Essence. When I first met him in Constantinople in 1882, my own Cabbalistic mysticism no doubt had its influence on him, and he began to write at Prince Isle (near Constantinople) his 'Altiora Peto,' under the guise of a novel, which is really the forerunner of 'Supneumata.' This latter book was largely the work of his wife, a genius in her way.

"His admiration for the Jewish people and his love for the Jewish nation was intense. Before the eighty families in Charpa came under the protection of Baron Edmund Rothschild, they nearly starved, till Mr. Oliphant helped them lavishly. For months his home was thrown open to the hungry and thirsty. Once in the middle of the night a German brought a score of Jewish colonists, men, women and children, famished, parched, wet and weary from their journey. Mr. and Mrs. Oliphant got up, prepared coffee and warm, dry garments for them, and Mrs. Oliphant said, 'Herzel, run up to the hotel, Good Samaritan, and carry off all the bread they have, for Carmel, our brethren, are starving.' She herself waited upon

these poor sufferers, handing around the food and coffee.

"Some of the Jews naturally thought Mr. Oliphant was a missionary, and that he was not, if any proof were needed, may be seen in the following anecdote :

"Mr. Oliphant accompanied Lord Elgin, the first Ambassador, to the Japanese Court as English secretary. Years after, when Mr. Oliphant was in London, two sons of a native with whom he had become acquainted during his residence in Japan, paid a visit to the great metropolis. Overwhelmed by its splendors and dazzled by its opulence, they sought their friend, Mr. Oliphant, and asked him to convert them to Christianity, as it must be to the national religion that the English nation was indebted for all this prosperity and happiness. Thereupon Mr. Oliphant said no word in opposition, but he engaged a detective who took them through all the rookeries of London and showed them the awful squalor of the 'City of Dreadful Night.' Then the young Orientals repented and said, 'Surely the pure philosophy of Confucius is better than the high and transcendental religion under which such things can flourish.' While Mr. Imber was discoursing of his patrons and friends he grew very enthusiastic. He seemed loath to leave the subject, and he would not have left it had not a great sorrow been pressing on him. In his pocket he carried the last letter of his sweetheart, a Massachusetts girl. She still lives and is as miserable as he ; for she told him that she cannot see him or hear from him any more. They were engaged, but he fell sick and her father got a telegram, 'Guard Leila against Imber.' The last letter is very pathetic ; she describes her last interview about Imber, 'My Herz-el,' as she calls him. Her father told her it would kill her parents if she married the poet. She writes to him passionately. Over and over she tells him in most poetic figures her love, her undying love, and yet she feels the call of duty towards her parents cannot be disregarded. This is the great misery of Im-

ber's life. She claims that this separation was caused by a Rabbi, and his denunciation of Rabbis is extreme."

A more remarkable testimony of the character of our editor is found in the following quotation from "The Jewish Exponent," published in Philadelphia. The article was written when it was rumored that our editor was dead :

"Naphthali Herz Imber is dead. Who that knew him can repress a sigh of sorrow that this remarkable individual is no more. Yes, he was a genuine poet, a song-bird in Israel. Amidst all his aberrations, the marks of his gift divine were never entirely absent. Take his last contribution upon 'The Music of the Psalms.' The whole 'proem,' as he calls it, has indications of a poet's insight.

"There was in him, we believe, something sound, some element of genuine value. This no money could make him forswear. He needed but little, this child of the Muses. May his perturbed spirit rest in peace. May his sins be forgiven, and as he would have wished, may his songs live. Of that which was in him, blithe and sweet and true, may sweet-scented violets bloom upon his grave."

What is the Cabbala?

THE Cabbala is the mystic science of which the first scribe was the patriarch Abraham, to whom the authorship of "Sefer Yezira," Book of Creation, is ascribed. The booklet itself seems to confirm that ancient tradition, as it is the only Cabbalistic booklet written in the Hebrew tongue in such a pure and simple style, which indicates the infancy of the language in its pure, pre-evolutionary simplicity, while all the books of the Cabbala are written in the language of the Chaldeans. As that science is of a Chaldean origin, so it is probable that Abraham rendered a Hebrew translation of the original Chaldean text, as in the newly-adopted land, Canaan, where Hebrews were the natives and were at that time governed by Melchisedec, the antetype of Christ, according to the Church. (There were Hebrews in the land of Canaan long before the Chaldean patriarch was naturalized as a Hebrew; as we find that Joseph in Egypt told he was stolen from the land of the Hebrews, surely it could not have been applied to the few tents of Jacob's family.)

That Abraham was a Cabbalist we can understand when we think of him as a Chaldean; and under the term "Chaldean" the Bible means also a sage, or mystic, as they were the most advanced people in metaphysical knowledge. Biblical lore and traditions claim that Melchisedec, the king and high priest to Salem, was Abraham's mentor in that science. The term "Cabbala," in Chaldean language, denotes the character of that science. It has a double meaning; it means reception as well as "presence." The spiritual translation of it must be rendered as "an open secret," as the books of it are open to every one, yet, at the same time, they remain to all sealed ones. It is not, like other sciences, obtainable by and through books; the Cabbalist gets his wisdom by inspiration, receiving it from the source of knowledge.

The general classification of that science is marked

by two divisions; first, *Mase Bereishith*, work of the beginning, dealing with the Creation; second, *Mase Merkava*, work of cycling, dealing with the mysteries of motion, vibration, and life's manifestation.

In the first chapter of Genesis is hidden the science of the Creation, while the secrecy of motion is secreted in the first chapter of Ezekiel. The first can be taught only to one person, who must be a member of the Inner Circle; the second can be explained in the presence of two, who have also passed certain degrees in Mysticism.

The threads of the sacred secret of the pyramid builders and the deep fathom of Hellas' philosophy are interwoven in the clear, Cosmic wealth of the Chaldeans, a proof that those nations were nursed with the milk of wisdom which flowed from the breast of the Cabbala.

In my open letter to the Religious Congress, published in the "Flaming Sword," I said: Herbert Spencer may be right in saying, "There is no alchemy for thoughts;" but I think there is an alchemy for ideas in the form of the Cabbala, which by a scholastic process will bring every religious thought to its primary atom of existence, as the Cabbala is the wonderful magic mirror in which every one sees clearly his own image. The Christian will find in it his trinity; the Parsee, his dualism; the Jew, his single, powerful God, Jehovah. Only through the Cabbala can we solve the religious question and establish a unit in thought and feeling, so that a common brotherhood may be established on earth, as the Fatherhood is already established in Heaven. That sublime, soul-uplifting idea is clearly demonstrated in the Cabbala, notwithstanding it sails under the Jewish flag and colors.

The idea of the "chosen people" has no root in Cabbalistic science, as the Cabbala, in the book of Sohar, declares that the seven sages of Hellas are the companions of the Shechina (divine womanhood).

The relation of the Jewish race to the Cabbala is

that of a preserver. In selecting that race as the keeper of that treasure, the wisdom of divine Providence is distinctly revealed. The Jews are very stubborn in all matters of antiquated lore. Had not Moses destroyed the Golden Calf, I am sure that that graven image would have been still sacred to them, as are now the scrolls of the laws. The Cabalist books are kept sacred by the Jews at large, not for the wisdom they contain, as few of that people can read them; it is merely for the antiquity. They celebrate the death of Rabbi Simon Bar Johai, the author of the Sohar, without knowing that to some extent that book is in opposition to Rabbinical tradition; as it explains the laws to their esoteric meanings, and spiritual solutions, which is in conflict with the dim, dogmatic dead letter. Their veneration is due to their stubbornness for antiquity. The orthodox Jews, who are in the majority and form the bulk of our race, are more or less venerated of the Cabbala, especially one of their sect, the Chasidim, the Merciful People, who number over three millions, and whom I styled in the "Jewish Exponent" the Jewish Salvation Army. They ought properly to be termed, "Jewish Theosophists." The ways and notions of these peculiar people,—members of a peculiar race,—I will describe and sketch in future numbers of **URIEL**.

Again, most of our modern, reformed Rabbis are opponents of the Cabbala, for the mere reason of their ignorance of it. As a prominent orthodox Hebrew paper, "The Hebrew Standard," recently remarked in an editorial: "Most of them are not able to read Hebrew proper."

When I was in Cincinnati my attention was called to the utterance of the self-styled Rabbi whose fame as an ignoramus in Hebrew was long ago established in the "Jewish Press," by the learned Rabbis of the land, especially by Dr. Morais, from Philadelphia. That Cincinnati self-styled Rabbi, in his unreadable paper, called the Cabbala nonsense and the Theosophists swindlers. I remarked that the honesty of

most of the Theosophists are above and beyond any dispute, and men ought not to care if a dog barks, as it is proof he will not bite. That ignorant Rabbi reminds me of the fox in the fable who declared the grapes sour because he could not get them. That Rabbi, who is director in the Union College — where Rabbis, like their gowns, are manufactured per order — his own professor confessed to me that he is neither a grammarian nor a Hebrew scholar. Indeed, the Gentiles should read the Jewish press of abroad, and here, as the "Reform Advocate," the most leading reform paper in America, ably conducted by the learned Dr. Hirsh, of Chicago; and the conservative papers, as the "Hebrew Standard," "Jewish Gazette," "Volks Advocate," and the "Haibri," in classic Hebrew, edited by the poet Rosenzweig — to see how they mock upon his ridiculous Hebraic knowledge! They never will quote him as an authority, even in Hebrew spelling! When I returned to the East recently, a prominent Jewish leader said to me, "Mr. Imber, go ahead, for sooner or later that Rabbinical humbug must explode!"

Thank God for the stubbornness of our race, as through it that Cabbalistic well of knowledge was preserved to quench the thirst of honest and noble Gentiles as well as those of the Jews!

ITS LITERATURE.

The name "literature" can hardly be applied to that science, as its knowledge comes through inspired revelations, by seeing the surroundings in a different shape than it looks by the deceiving light of our eyes; by the light of our *inner soul*, which King Solomon calls "The candle of the Lord." It cannot have a literature. As tradition says: "The Lord himself has revealed to Adam its truth which through all the ages has been handed down, from father to son."

It has not a literature in the literary sense of the word, as the truth of the science must be felt through all the senses of the body. You must hear, feel, see

its truth. All its books are only mentors, teaching us by what way we can reach that standard where the man terminates and the God begins. Still, despite of it, I rightly made my heading, "Its Literature," as there are books and booklets in plenty. The first in rank is, of course, the booklet, or leaflet (as it has only four pages), of "Sefer Yezira." Small as it is, it yet contains more wisdom than may be found in the big volumes of Herbert Spencer. The author of it is the patriarch Abraham, to whom the Almighty revealed the ways and means he employed when creation was called into existence. It is the only Cabbalistic book written in pure Hebrew; such that a schoolboy will be able to understand its sentences. Yet the wisest of men are not able to comprehend its *wisdom*. That booklet is a real type of true science. Its pages are enrolled before our eyes as are the pages of the book of life, of nature. Everyone sees Nature at work, everyone hears the rolling of the thunderbolts, and everyone sees the zigzag of lightning, yet very few *know* of what they hear and see. Any Hebrew scholar will be able to translate the sentences of "Sefer Yezira," but none of them can explain its meanings except those Cabbalists who have attained the highest degrees of wisdom. That book is the oldest one on record which deals with the principles of the Spherical Universe, without any concern to man. That booklet deserves the title "Theosophy," as it tells us of the wisdom of Him and of the mediums He used as creative forces. The second in rank is the Sohar, "Light," whose authors were Rabbi Simon Bar Johai and his son Eleazar, who lived in Palestine in the first century, A. C. Those who take the Sohar as the principal book in that science commit a mistake, as it is only a commentary to the five books of Moses, explaining the laws in their esoteric meanings, and these only a Cabbalist can understand.

The chief books of the Cabbala are those of Rabbi Isaac Lurye and those of Rabbi Israel Bal Shem Tow, men of good names. The former lived in

the Orient, in Palestine, at the time of the middle ages, while the latter was a native of Russia, and lived in the last classic age of heroes, the eighteenth century. Those two luminous stars, like all the great men of yore, have not penned their thoughts in living form of the written logos. Their teachings were collected in books by their most favorite disciples. Rabbi Chaim Vital, the beloved disciple of Lurye, has utilized the vitality of his master's wisdom in three books: first, "Ez Chaim," Tree of Life; second, "Peri Ez Chaim," Fruit from the Tree of Life; third, "Sefer Hgilgulim," Book of Rolling, dealing with the experiences of the soul, as reincarnation, transformation, and transmigration. The Cabbalistic ideas of reincarnation differ from those of the "Secret Doctrine." The Cabbalistic star disciple of the second grade, Rabbi Jacob Joseph, has preserved to us the sayings of his Master in a big volume, called "Toldeth Jacob Joseph," Children of Jacob Joseph. Besides those books I have mentioned of which the Gentiles were ignorant, there is a vast Cabbalistic library of noted writers, as Moses Cordoway and the famous scribe from the Isle of Candia, the author of Elim.

When I was in Boston two years ago, Rabbi Schindler and Mr. Ayers (at that time president of the Boston Theosophical Society) tried to form a society to enable me to translate the Sohar, but my resolution was that, should such a society come into existence, I would rather give to the world at large the books of the above-mentioned Cabbalists. Indeed, in reading their books, our thinkers will drop their heads, ashamed of their imaginary philosophy.

ITS TWO ROADS.

"All the ways are leading to Rome." (Ancient proverb.)

Every religion has a division, divided in itself, from the lowest Fetish faith to the highest cultured cults of Moses, the Gospel, and that of Buddha. Even science, in all its branches, has not yet estab-

lished a unit, and it never can. In every cult or religion there is a split in the shape of sects, and in every branch of modern science we witness the same spectacle: the doctors disagree; there are different opinions in the science of healing, as there are different creeds in religion. Astronomers differ from one another in mapping out the globes in the solar universe, as divines differ in outlining the realm of Satan, the dominion of Mephistopheles, the Hell! The Cabbala is the only science which has an established unit, and the laws which govern it are still in force, as in the bygone ages, at the time of Melchisedec. The reason for those phenomena is very simple, as its teachings are not the outcome of heated brains of speculative thinkers. They are laws brought into existence through the combination of certain circumstances and surroundings; hence, when and wherever those circumstances come into combination those laws are created as a consequence. They are laws of nature, as the laws of day and night; coming and going in the same old fashion as the four seasons of the year, which are produced by certain combined circumstances. In plainer words, if a person goes through the road outlined by the Cabbala, he will at last reach that milestone of wisdom and see how the forces of nature come into alliance, and by what circumstances their dissolution takes place. Has a man attained that high degree, then he sees the world with celestial eyes, not with the crystalized fleshly ones. He sees the truth in its brightest glory. Another reason for the unit in the Cabbala is, as they are natural laws, consequences of certain circumstances, they are above and beyond any dispute—as revealed facts make silent the strongest imagination of fiction. No matter how high a Cabbalist may climb up the ladder of wisdom, he never can give more, except that what he receives himself; therefore his personal individuality is lost, like an atom in the universe. The only original things we can get from a perfect Cabbalist is the way of training, through which we can reach perfection. There are

two systems in attaining it. One is, the system of Lurye, mentioned; the other, that of Israel Bal Shem Tow, also spoken of. In order to attain the highest degree, you must live according to the Golden Rules of the Cabbala, which are framed in the gnostic sayings; the one, "Kill your body, in order to resurrect your soul;" the other, "Man, know thyself." On the first sentence we can apply one of the two systems, while the second requires the training only to be obtained under a Cabbalist. The killing of the "Self," according to Lurye, can be done by living a monastic life, separated from the world like a hermit for a certain length of time, during which his communion should be with nature, alone. According to the system of Israel Bal Shem Tow, the dead making of our selfishness can be made in the midst of our social obligations and surroundings, in the still alarm, in pursuing our daily occupations. Joy, produced by pure spiritual action, while directing his mind to that of the universe, is, according to his theory, the best medium to kill his earthly passion. To fame is known his gnostic proverb: "God is more pleased when I smoke my pipe than from the prayers of a hundred Rabbis." So extreme those systems are; yet they lead to the same purpose, as all extremities meet, and "All the roads are leading into Rome."

Those two systems were known to the ancients, too, and halfway we find them embodied in the two great sons of man, in John the Baptist, and in Christ; the former, as a hermit, living in the wilderness, eating honey from wild bees, and clad in rough camel skins; while the latter mingled with the people, and lived to the obligation of society as one of its members, as is required in all stations of civilized life. Yet both were the highest models of the archtypical man. To use the Cabbalistic expression of reincarnation, I am inclined to think that Lurye had a spark from John's soul; while Christ's spark was kindling in the heart of Israel Bal Shem Tow,—the man of good name. My inclination is strengthened when

we draw the line between them, on the road of their doings, teachings, and manner of living.

Like the famous forerunner of Christ, Lurye lived in the forests, spending week after week in fasting and meditation. Like John, Lurye preached to the people the gospel of repentance, telling to the hypocrites their hidden sins. Like Christ, Israel Bal Shem Tow preached to the people the gospel of love; saying, "We must love even those who dwell in the dens of Satan." Like the son of the carpenter, he was persecuted by the stubborn Rabbis; and, like his antetype, he showed a humility, a meekness which resembles Him who was nailed to the cross. Like the son of Mary, he wrought miracles, the same as was done by that humble Nazarene,— even the walking upon the waters. Like Saul, the zealous persecutor of Christ, who afterward became His grand apostle Paul, so Rabbi Beer, from Moeserith, was first the persecutor of Israel Bal Shem Tow, and then became his first apostle and beloved disciple, who bore the banner of his Master throughout the whole Jewish world.

Most of the bulk of European Jews are now worshipping their God in those temples where service is held in accordance with the rites of that great Master. In the Cabbala the Christ principle, as well as those of Buddha and Zoroaster, who were called to uplift humanity, are represented, as upon them a mission was laid to carry out the will of Divine Wisdom.

ITS REGULATIONS.

The regulations of both systems are extending along the road of life.

They extend over eating, drinking, business and other social obligations. If a man or woman has gone through all the training and he or she be still single, they cannot reach the highest station of perfection, and the Shechina (divine womanhood) cannot rest upon him or her, as only through woman we get divine inspiration. The reason for it is, as the being in its perfection must resemble the Creator,

who is Two in One, hence he or she who is single he or she is not a perfect being, and the attraction of the forces from the spherical to the material cannot take place.

The Cabbala does not advocate marriage so as to fulfil the Biblical command "to multiply and to replenish the earth;" on the contrary, the Cabbala declares "All good and noble deeds are the children of the pious." The reason for advocating marriage is only to those who are desirous to live a better life and to travel on the road to perfection in accordance to the laws of the "Supneuma." A pure husband, even a Cabbalist, if his helpmate is worldly, or the contrary, he or she cannot attain the prophetic standard. Should men marry to the impulse of the Supneuma they might bring up a noble race, as the archetypical Adam and Eve as they were before they fell. It is curious to note that the Rabbinical term for marriage is "kidusnin," denoting sanctification; indeed, it is a sanctuary, a temple of Elohim, where husband and wife live on the Cabbalistic plan. Such a home can never be wrecked by the stormy waves of life, as is that of those moderns whom we see daily washed ashore by the destructive billows of demoralization. The regulations concerning "marriage life" are many and of great spiritual importance, and if kept by both parties concerned, their offspring would be as those men of name of whom the Bible speaks as the sons of Elohim, and tradition as the Godlike sons of men.

The Supneuma explains to us the secrets of love, while sanctified marriage leads us on the road of life with the illuminated headlights to know our mission on earth.

THE LOST WORD.

Every one has probably heard about the "Lost Word," and in our demoralized age heard many a charlatan praising himself of having found it in order to rifle the people's pockets. Since the last high priest to Salem closed his eyes and the Son of Man was crucified, the Jews have a traditional written gospel which they read on Christmas night, and it is

called "Toldeth Jeshua Hanozri," the Birth of Jeshua, the Nazarine. There tradition tells that he did his wonders, as he was in the possession of the "Shem Hamporesh" (the explained pronounced name).

Only to very few at present the "Lost Word" is known, and he who is using it in purity, in self-elevation, can rest assured that his body will never see corruption, as it becomes spiritualised while yet alive. In order to make an end to the humbug playing by a certain class of people sailing under the flag of Mysticism, I will give here the account of the last conversation Christ had with His disciples.

THE SEAL AND THE SECOND COMING.

In Mrs. Alice Oliphant's book, "Supneumata," to which I contributed my share under the title "Hebrew Testimony," there is a tale told of Christ's last reply to his disciples when he was questioned by them, "When will the Master come again?" And he replied, "When the two will be one," alluding to the Supneuma. That tale, so often told, is well known in the folk-lore of the Church. But none are aware of the fact that the last conversation was cycling about an important matter regarding His coming. Very few Cabbalists know of it, and I will give here the account of the last memorable conversation, which will be of great value to those who have attained a high degree in mystic science.

When Christ parted for the last time from his disciples, they asked him, "How will we know and be able to recognize you at the second coming?" His reply was, "If one of you will come and break the living seal of the Lost Word, then you will know me, for the flock will recognize the voice of the Shepherd." They asked him to explain to them more clearly, and he replied, "You have been told that Truth (Emeth) is the signet upon God's seal. Now, if one of you will come with my claim in his hand, and with the password of 'Amen' in his mouth, then you will ask him to explain the points on 'Amen' wherein the 'Lost Word' is hidden, and shall read the

testimony, if he will do it, then you should know that I am again on earth to prepare the new dispensation."

We have now many pretenders to that claim; let them, if they can, break the seal and read the testimony.

The Air and Its Wonders.

SERIES I.

Motto. There is something in the air. (Common proverb.)

LIFE'S MYSTERY.

NOTHING is so true as the proverb, as it is always based upon certain experience made in the direction of which it speaks. There is something in the air, we hear people so often talking; and we must say that feelings are more than reasons, and instinct more than common sense. The people know what they are talking about, and being unconscious understand better the mystery of life than grasped and comprehended even by a Herbert Spencer, as the above-mentioned proverb is evidence of the fact, so clearly demonstrated by the experience of modern science. The ancients, whose minds were not occupied so much with earthly wants of vanity, have forefelt the true conception of metaphysical life in that line which science is now to reveal. The universe, or the Cosmos, exists, according to the notion of the ancients, by and through the air; nay more, they regarded the air, which they termed *awir* (in Hebrew as well as in Arabic, meaning light and air) as the pre-primary atom of all the existences to their varieties. Another notion was that the individual does not lose the individuality of the Cosmos; hence the human being was called by them the Cosmos in miniature edition. In looking for the life-sustaining principle, the scientists were at sea, and up to date none of them were able to discover that mystic key which might open the door of eternal life, while the ancients have had,

of course, an idea of it. Yob says: "There is only air in the *man*, and the breath of the Almighty sustains him." (Here is the term for air with the word *Ruah*, which means air, mind, and spirit.) More clearly than in the scripture, we find in the folk-lore of the ancient Hebrews how a Rabbi said once to a thinker: "Look how the ways of God are contrary to the laws of nature; make for instance a small hole in a skin bag, and the air will go out, while the man has many holes in his body, yet the air is still in him." Here we see clearly that they took the air as the life-sustaining principle, and therefore the Jews have a special benediction, praising the Lord for it. The child in its mother's womb is, according to the Talmud, nourished and sustained by the breathing of the air of its mother, which through a chemical process is purified. That the vitality of life is utilized in the air can be seen in the fact that the chemist analyzes by chemical process any matter, even the human body, in his laboratory; but he can only reduce them to hydrogen and oxygen. Why? Because oxygen is the latest stage of matter, and the primary substance of life; hence beyond that there does not exist any other element. Now the reason why the chemist, cannot from oxygen reproduce the matter again to its former shape is, that he is ignorant of the law of vibration and motion, only old Father Time knowing the period of its vibratory state, how long it must be in motion till that *oxygen* is shaped into a solid matter. If he could ascertain the exact time in motion, he would be able to imitate his Creator. The chemist can, by chemical process, produce water from oxygen, but that is all. Here we see the right conception of the ancients in dividing the principle of life into four cardinal elements, namely, air, water, fire, and lime, of which air is the first in rank, as it is the real first principle which life evolves. In the "Boston Jewish Chronicle," two years ago, I tried to prove that our modern cosmic conception is a wrong one, and that the divisions made in the universe are only an illusion. Indeed,

as a matter of fact, the whole Universe, including those planets and suns, of which we have no idea, form all a solid mass, held together by the air, which is relative to them what the mortar is to the stones and bricks in the building. In the same paper I denied the law of gravitation, as all the phenomena ascribed to that law is only due to the pressure of the air. In finding out that the air is the life-sustaining principle,—of course, the pure air, the oxygen,—we should not wonder why the mountaineers are of a stronger constitution than those who live in the cities, on the plains, as the former enjoy the pure air containing the oxygen. On the same principle, the ancients lived in a vigorous state, reaching the longest duration of life's activity, as in pre-historic time the air was purer and not deluded by those substances perspiring from the pores of the misty globe. On the same ground the eagle, in spite of the fact that he is a robber bird, a meat eater, lives up to the age of a hundred years or more, for the simple reason that he inhales the purer air of oxygen.

The pure air of oxygen, not only is it the life principle, it is also the life maintainer; and I am sure that should any person inhale daily pure oxygen, no food would be required to keep soul and body in a harmonious condition. I think that Elijah got his strength to endure forty days in the desert without food only from the nutritive pure air of oxygen, of which the desert is very rich. Moses, also, could live forty days without food on Mount Sinai, by means of inhaling the pure air of oxygen; and, from experience, he says: "Not upon the bread alone can man live, even upon all the outcome of the word of Jehovah!" The writer of this had a remarkable experience in that line when he walked from Dayton, Ohio, to Indianapolis, Indiana, through the plains of corn and wheat, not feeling any want of food, in spite of his tiresome wanderings, as he was nourished by the nutritive pure air, which absorbed all those chemical substances from the vegetation, which man needs to maintain life.

From the above citations we learn, first, that pure air of oxygen is the primary life principle; second, that that primary life principle fills up the spaces in the human body, and it can be taken as material shell to its ethereal part, the soul. Now, in consequence of such a discovery, it seems that the root of all disease and ailments is the spoiled and impure air in the body; and we can ascribe to it the internal as well as the external afflictions of man. In order to confirm my statement, let us ask a sick person, What is the matter with you? Of course the physician will explain there is something wrong in the stomach, a member of the body which is regarded as the root of all our troubles. As a rule, medical men are in the habit of declaring that most people suffer from gas in the stomach. I think that that gas is only the air of impure oxygen, which is often the cause of all diseases, especially those of dropsy. How will the joyful tidings sound to the ear, that at last we are on the road to take away the blinds from the windows of Nature's mysterious building, and will soon be able to look into that secret workshop of the Creator, to see how life is produced and manufactured?

Not only does the pure oxygen force out from the body through the pores the impure air, but it also satisfies the appetite of the inhaler to a great degree. It is now a matter of fact that we are on the threshold of great events of Nature's advent, and the chemist is called upon to play a great role as a revolutionizer. Should he find out the ways and means of that wonderful element, so that it can be produced for home use, then we can even mock the grim messenger, and death will become only an imaginary dreadful figure of the past, told in tales to future generations. Have we at present outlined the wonders of the air in physical life? We will, in the next series, show its wonders in the spiritual realm, and its influence, so marked in the seership of sensitive, inspirable people.

HERZEL.

Boston, May 18th.

Music in Mysticism.

FROM the midst of our charming but alarming civilization, with its smoky cities and its misty atmosphere, I will carry away the reader on the wings of my Muse to that far remote spot of ages where man first refreshed himself in the fresh perfumed dew of life, inhaling the pure air of divine inspiration. It is the pre-historic primitive forest, the Biblical Eden, where the primitive man lived and loved, not deluded by illusions and vision and confused in mind as we by a philosophical fog and a misty theology. I will transport my fellowmen to that place where Adam beheld the grandeur of a God, not through a microscope, and Eve heard the voice of her Creator, not through a pulpit telephone. It was in the golden age of pre-historic time, when a God was more human and man more of a god, when a God could not lie and a man would not swear. It was at that time when sulphuric acid and phosphoric liquid were not in operation, to materialize the spirit from the unseen space to the seen place, as the great spirit of the universe manifested himself in every nook and corner of the creation in the shape of the "Rising Sun!" Music was the first revealer to point to the simple primitive man on high to that luminous light as the conception of Him, the light and life giver.

In the September and the October numbers of "Music" I have described in a historical sketch how music was the developer, the elevator, and the educator of primitive man in all advanced thoughts. Here I will confine myself to showing something of the relation of music to mysticism, in a brief historical outline. The primitive forest was nature's music hall wherein daily morning sacred concerts were tendered by the creatures to the Creator. Those concerts attracted the attention of the primitive man, who in his simplicity tried to imitate—began to sing his first tones, Ra, Ra, tones so often heard by the uncultured people as well as in our modern scientific sublime music. As his songs were attributes to the

most high, the sun, hence the sun-god was called Ra. The word "hurrah" which is used as a victory cry is very old. It was uttered by the primitive man when night parted and old father Sol looked out from his heavenly balcony with a golden smile; then he cried out joyfully "Hu Ra" (this is Ra). As music was the first to impress man's mind with divine thoughts, so only music, the language of the soul, is capable of expressing in communication with the universal spirit where philosophy and theology fail to comprehend; hence music and mysticism were going hand in hand on the progressive road of mankind's elevation to the higher and nobler life. In "Music" I said: "That a primitive lawgiver need not be imbued with occult power in order to bring the people into submission; a singing bird nestling in his breast was the best testimony for his divine inspiration; and as Moses was a stutterer he was afraid the people would not listen to him." I may venture here to say that in mystic science the relation of Moses with Reuel, his father-in-law, will be explained in a wonderful way. Reuel means the Semitic Apollo, and his seven daughters are the seven muses. Moses took one of them to wife; her name was Ziporah, which means in Hebrew "bird of Ra" (in Hebrew and in Chaldean tongue, bird and morning have the same term,—the former Zipar, the latter Zepar, as I explained at length in the September "Music"). Ziporah may represent the lyric, one of those seven daughters of Ra, or the seven muses (seven muses corresponding to the intervals of music). King Solomon calls those muses "*Benoth Hashir*," the daughters of song. In taking Ziporah, that singing bird of Ra, before he started on his great mission, the writer of the scripture indicated that Moses was a great poet, as was necessary for one who claimed divine inspiration. In another Hebrew term, a primitive one, we will find another keynote to the Ra cult. The primitive Hebrew seer of the time of Samuel was called Roe, meaning the one who sees Ra, as distinguished from the prophet called Nabi, meaning

orator. Here we see how music and mysticism understand each other perfectly, and music was the philosophy of the Hebrew Mosaic ethical cult, and only by and through music was Elisha, the famous Hebrew prophet, able to get inspiration to foretell the battle, and on its wing his spirit was able to reach that unattainable thing which we call the "future."

The Sohar (the Light), that wonderful Cabbalistic commentary upon the five books of Moses, whose standard in mystic science is very highly placed, regarded music as the primary atom of the creation, like that of Light. In the same book, a Cabbalist tells us that he once saw two stars, one flying from one side, the other from another direction, and that their motion indicated that they were praising their Creator. How strange this Cabbalistic notion may appear to be; yet it can be confirmed by modern science as its commentary. Those shooting stars, those celestial loafers, who tramp aimless in the vast space of nature, are, according to modern astronomers, planets in their primary evolutionary state, cycling between to be or not to be. Motion, vibration, is the indication of new creations, and in their shootings they denote that they are evolving from their nebular shells to solid planets. Now, what is music? Music is also a vibration and motion; it is produced when any matter or substance is in a vibrating state in a rhythmic order of motion. Here we see clearly the mystic meaning of that Cabbalistic narrator. The church claims that God has created the universe by the word, or the Logos. How much more poetical is the mystic notion—that the Almighty made his creation by the power of music. Indeed, the everlasting vibration of motion in nature denotes that endless epic song of the Almighty, the sacred music of Creation.

The Cabbala says that there are seven heavens, each with seven palaces and seven gates corresponding to the seven qualities of man and the seven intervals of music. The Sohar remarks that each song

in the Scriptures begins with the word *Os* (then), a word of Aleph and Sain. The Aleph is in number one, while the Sain represents number seven. The songs beginning with that word are the songs of Moses on the red sea, the songs of Jehoshua, the song of David, the song of Deborah, the song of Solomon on the dedication of the temple. That word represents number eight, which is the full octave of music, the full harmony of creation. (The Chinese say that there are eight different sounds in nature: 1, the sound of the skin; 2, the stone; 3, the metal; 4, the baked earth; 5, the silk; 6, the wood; 7, bamboo; 8, the gourd. It may be that the same notion was thought of by all the ancients.) Mystic science says that only he who understands the full octave in the harmony of music has grasped the wisdom of the Creator, and those who are singing the song in this life, they will sing it in the life hereafter also. There is a place in the seventh heaven called Ken Zipor (nest of the bird); it is the place where the Messiah lives and the Shekina (divine womanhood) dwells, and celestial maidens are singing before her the sacred song of life. The angels' duty is to sing, and if they fail the hour for singing they are silent sometimes for the Jubilee cycle (fifty years) and sometimes for the duration of a sabbath year (seven years). The everlasting song of the angels consists of one single half stanza—"Blessed be the Glory of God."

From the dwelling place of his Shekina (divine womanhood) the angels are divided into two general divisions, the Erelim (half gods) to sing by day and the Malachim (messengers) to sing at night. All these innumerable hosts of celestials are placed under the control of Mettatron and Sandalphon. The former is called the Prince of the Face, and is graced with the greatest privilege, not given even to the four archangels, the privilege to sit. From a scientific point of view the Mettatron myth can be explained on the mystic plan of nature; vibration, motion, are the indicators of life, while rest in the

full sense of the word means death, or out of life's activity. Now everything which grows and moves has no rest, and every being from the little worm up to the Seraph manifests its existence in its motion and vibratory state. This manifestation is not applied to those beings who by order of the gradation in nature are nearer to the intelligent principle; as to those rest and vibration are one and the same; hence Mettatron, who is regarded in mystic science as the very nearest offspring of the divine principle, has the privilege of sitting, the signification of rest. The second prominent angel is Sandalphon, whose celestial body measures in length five hundred years' walk (by foot not by railroad), and whose duty it is to turn the prayers of sincere worshippers into gems, as ornaments in the crown of his Creator. Sandalphon has also another duty, in the capacity of general song master of the heavens, and the angels sing in accordance with his directions. The Sohar tells us of the heavenly concerts as follows: The Almighty has created angels to sing in the day and Seraphim to sing at night, those to the right hand side, the others to the left hand side. The night singers are divided into three sections, corresponding to the three divisions in the night (four hours as a division); those who are the night singers are the princes of all the musicians, and the more they sing the more they gain strength by the song to understand and to grasp the wisdom that heaven and earth cannot comprehend. Hail to him who knows that song, as by it he will understand the laws and grasp the truth of knowledge with such strength, power and force as to know what was and what will be. David and Solomon gained their knowledge only through that song, and in the psalms are hidden the events to come; and King Solomon's "Song of Songs" was really the same song of love, the mystery of life. In another version the Sohar describes the celestial sacred concert as follows: "Seven planets has God created in each heaven, and in each heaven are many suns serving the Almighty" (what a grand astronomical

conception); some are set to control the works of the sons of man, and singers controlling the science of song. There is not a star, planet or host which does not praise the Almighty; when night comes they are divided into the three principal divisions to the three corners of the universe, east, west and north; and in each corner there are thousands of billions of them all controlling music, and upon each section or division a holy beast is placed to control it, and they sing until morning. When the dawn of morning breaks, those who are on the south side, all the bright stars, begin to sing glorifying the Almighty. The angel who experienced an encounter with the patriarch Jacob begged the latter for leave when the morning star shone upon the pugilistic ring, as it was now his time to return to the celestial orchestra to contribute his share to the heavenly concert. There are three palaces where mortal woman control the musical departments; in the first palace is Basje (daughter of God), the daughter of Pharaoh, who brought up Moses; in the second palace there is Serah, the daughter of Asher and grand-daughter of the patriarch Jacob; both, legends claim, were translated into immortality; in the third palace Deborah, the woman poet and prophet, has charge of that musical section. When a soul is liberated from its clay prison—the body—the archangel Michael, with a host of Seraphim, tenders it a reception, and under the strains of a musical march they escort her into the city "Celestial Jerusalem." The resurrection, according to Cabbalistic notions, will be done by the power of music, when the dry bones of the dead will begin to sing (to vibrate as the sign of life) as those dry bones scattered on the plains of Dura which were resurrected by the prophet. The Sohar says, "The souls and all those in the creation are singing, and the living fools do not hear that sweet music of life." That mystic saying sounds as the saying of Hellas' sage Pythagoras, who claimed of having heard the songs of the Spheres.

The Cabbala claims that musical sounds, like other forces in nature, are of a refined material etherial matter, hence they can be seen in the varieties of their colors as the sunrays and moonbeams. No matter how strangely that statement sounds from a modern scientific view, it is a fact; for if it were not matter it could not strike, and its vibratory state is evidence enough that it is something, and in such a case it must have some color, too. Even the Talmud, which looks upon mysteries with more scientific spectacles, says that when God gave the laws on Mount Sinai, the people heard the sounds of the voices, and the striking force of their motion was so great that they trembled backwards three miles distance. The sound theory, if proven by scientific process, will open to us another door to the mystic chamber of the Cosmos, and many things will be revealed to us of which even an Edison never dreamed. The power of mystical music is known in the folk-lore of all the nations, from the Greek myth of Orpheus, who by the power of music started into Pluto's dominion and achieved through it victory over that gloomy ruler, to the humble fisherman in the Norse lore, who, beguiled by the song of the mermaids, lost his life in the billows of the Rhine. But in no folk-lore is the power of music so forcibly and beautifully described as in the lore of mysticism. The following narrative is a proof of the sublimity of music: When Sennacherib, the Assyrian King, with eighty thousand men besieged Jerusalem, the Scripture tells us that the Angel of the Lord went into the camp at night and smote the encamped soldiers to death. The mystic folk-lore explains how and by what ways and means they died. The Archangel Gabriel went at midnight into the camp and opened the ears of the soldiers to listen to the song of the Seraphim, and the power of that sweet music drew out their souls from their bodies. What a sublime poetical touch is this legendary picture! Another beautiful legend in mystic folk-lore is to be found in the Talmud, which tells us that when the Egyptians were drowned at night in the Red Sea the

angels as usual sang their everlasting song, as suddenly the Almighty said unto them, "the works of my hands, my children, are perishing in the waves, and you are singing!" What a human expression of a God! What a noble sentiment of love, which is God! It will be a hard task to prove that the Talmudical narrator believed in the Jewish God, who liked so much the killing business without the slightest regard to age, sex, and beast or man. The Cabbala says that the thunderbolt is the sound of a powerful music, and the flash of lightning its color. The children of Korah, who rebelled against Moses and sank into the depth of the ground with all their belongings, have a fortified place in hell, according to Rabbinical lore, where they sing, praising the Almighty (for what?).

King David, whom I styled in my "Music in the Psalms" the father of Hebrew music, is the only Hebrew personage around whom legend has woven her mythical web, and music has inscribed his immortal fame with a splendid aureole of musical lore. It seems that music was the sole solution of his life, as he himself says in the Psalms: "Songs are to me Thy laws, in the house of my dwelling." King David, says the Cabbala, lives forever through the power of music. Rabbinical lore tells us that King David's sleep resembled that of a horse, which amounts to sixty minutes' duration. A harp, says the Talmud, hung over his bed, and at midnight the north wind blew into its strings, invoking sweet strains to awaken the King to rise and praise his Creator with music and songs. To that magic harp, that æolian harp, King David is alluding in the Psalms (chapter 108) when he says: "Awake my glory, awake my harp, I will awaken the morning star." Once, so narrates the Talmud, King David, overpowered by the grandeur of nature in the full inspiration of music, cried out in a fit of self-exultation, "Who in the world praises the maker with such a song as I?" "Not so exalted," replied a frog from the marsh; "see, dusty majesty, little creature as I am, I praise the Creator without pause and rest."

That reply placed a damper upon the King's temper, and he began to meditate upon his own nothingness. How heart-touching is the Biblical picture in sketching the well-known scene when David, still a shepherd sitting at the post of that crowned lunatic, giant King Saul, playing his magic harp, and through his musical invocation driving out the evil spirit which took possession of his body, where priests and spirit mediums failed to break the terrible spell. Here is another notion of the ancients, and a right one, in demonstrating the mystical power of music. I think that the only remedy for lunacy is not to be found in Gilead's drug stores, but in the sweet strains of an harmonious song—in music! In Cincinnati I lectured at Dr. Kobb's parlor before a select audience of physicians on the subject of "Lunacy and its Cure," where I proved on a scientific basis that only music must be applied to a lunatic, as the disease is of a spiritual nature, hence its need to calm his irritations, which can only be effected by music. Philosophy is not a cure for toothache, and castor oil cannot be administered to the soul. King David, in elevating that divine art, became the greatest educator of his nation, and we should not wonder that his people consider him still alive, as indeed he lives in the body of his race. The death of that crowned musician is told in a wonderful tale, the like of which in beauty is not found in all the fairy tales from Hindostan to Lapland. The tale in question runs as follows:

When David grew in age he knew that the only way to escape the terrible tribute of death was in absorbing himself in the divine art, praising his Creator in songs without pause. The Angel of Death could not approach him, and he was on the alert for an opportunity to present his demand, but in vain. The grim messenger took to tricks, and, like an Indian magician, began to make a display of illusions before the singing king. First, he showed him marching soldiers with bands of music; they passed before the king saluting, cheering, greeting in the customary military manner, but the king did not pay attention

to them, his mind still wandering in the spaceless musical spheres. Then the Angel of Death tried a more powerfully impressive illusion, a revolt, with all its horror. What a terrible spectacle; the people in arms against this aged king. And what a scene — the trumpet blows, the commander cries, the rebels kill, pillage, and apply the torch to that handsome mansion where his majesty had enjoyed many a happy hour. All those illusions displayed were in vain, for David sat calmly under the shadow of a fig tree in his garden, deeply fathoming the secrets of nature, while his lips were murmuring the sweet songs of his own compositions, which were flowing from his mouth like the soft streams of a rivulet through a green lawn in summer. At last a rough northwind broke out in cyclonic rage, tearing down the iron roofs, felling the mighty cedars, and with a crash the fig tree fell, and turning his head to see what was going on, and diverting his mind from that spiritual joy to which that divine art has transported it, the Angel of Death had the opportunity to fall upon his victim as a robber bird shoots upon his prey, and a moment later the king lay a corpse. This narrative may be taken by simple-minded people as one of the many fairy tales of Arabia's "Thousand and One Nights," but to the enlightened thinkers it will appear as in the reach of a possibility. What nourishes us and prolongs our lives? It is the happy thought of joy, as demonstrated by people who forget for many days to think, to eat, and to sleep as soon as they are under the spell of a happy thought of joy, and they seem not to suffer hunger or want of sleep as under ordinary circumstances they would. Now is there a happier thought than the thought of a spiritual joy carried and inspired by the divine art of music?

Every sensible thinker who has his own mind, not the mind of his school master, has an opportunity to observe, in the cosmopolitan nature, a striking, marked individuality and the economic missionary distributions carried in such a harmonious variety

—evidence enough for the ungraspable wisdom of divine Providence. From the little butterfly to the big planet, the sun, each one has his peculiar individuality, working side-tracked on his own mission in his own way to the benefit of Universalism. On the same principle the nations are divided and each marked, with its peculiar mission to fulfil the harmonious sound in the cosmic concert. If England's mission on earth is the pioneer work and to rule the waves, the Americans have the mission of agriculture and engineering, the Germans philosophy and morals, the Italians music and divine arts, while the French are the yeast of the nations. On the same scale and schedule the missions among the ancient nations were distributed, in corresponding circumstances of climate, country and surroundings. The Phœnicians were, like John Bull today, a nation of traders doing a pioneer work of a civilizing character. Like John Bull the Moloch worshipper, mammon was his aim in all the directions of life. The Egyptians were like the modern Yankees, an agricultural people, and in the science of engineering and architecture surpassed all the nations at large. The temper of the ancient Hebrews can be compared to that of the French, and their histories resemble each other in a most striking way. Hellas' enlightened people were, with their Aristotle, Plato and Socrates, a nation of thinkers, like the Germans with their Kant, Hegel, and Leibnitz. The Chaldeans had the divinest mission, the mission of music, like the Italians of to-day. It is curious to note that both countries have the same geographical diagram in addition to their delightful sunny clime. Italy is divided in upper and lower Italy, and in the country of the Chaldeans Aram was the upper land and Casdim the lower land. The main characteristic quality of the Chaldeans is the musical mark and their elevation in that divine art, which made them the most advanced nation in centuries gone by. The Chaldeans believed in the great Jehovah ere a Moses thought that a Supreme Being under such a name could reveal Himself in a

burning bush. They persecuted Abraham, charging him with heathen doctrine on account of his belief in a dual God by the name of *Elohim*, so that he was obliged to flee to Canaan, where the Elohistic cult was the state religion. Proof of the above statement is the narrative of the Bible, which tells us that Nimrod, the first king of the Chaldeans, was a mighty hunter before Jehovah. The Chaldeans did not search for the Creator in the lower creation, like the Egyptians, to find Him as a crocodile in the muddy, yellow Nile. They looked on high above, to that firmament upon which the Great Epic of Creation is written in luminous letters—the stars.

The Tower of Babel was not built by the Chaldeans for the purpose of fighting God as the Bible tells us, or to be a tombstone to a rotten, mouldering king. The tower was built by the progressive Chaldeans to emancipate themselves from capricious nature, to live a scientific life free and independent.

NAPTHALI HERZ IMBER.

The Gallery of Nations.

I.

THE CHALDEANS, OR THE PIONEERS OF CIVILIZATION.—A
HISTORICAL DISCOVERY.

PROEM.

BY THE EDITOR.

Motto: When human tongue ceases to speak, then the stones begin to talk. (Ancient proverb.)

IN gazing upon the achievement which the neglected child of the gods—the man—has achieved in spite of the unfavorable conditions and circumstances in which he found himself, when he was fired out from his lodgings, Hotel Eden, for misconduct and disobedience—on seeing the great victory he won over the uncontrollable creation in the hard battle of life, in the struggle for existence; for not only has he made submissive all wild creatures, he has also forced Nature into serfdom, and her elements to become his handmaids, to do what he wishes, desires and pleases his ambition,—in passing review over all his great deeds, I must then look backward to praise those past heroes who were the pioneers of marching civilization; who dared to break the iron will of Nature, and at the risk of their own lives, I may say with their own bodies, have overbridged the abyss of uncertainty in order that their fellow beings shall pass over to the promised land of life. But who were they? None of us can tell. Of course history gives us some pointers, and in her pagoda of fame, in the niches, are enshrined the figures of those heroic nations of the past who helped mankind's advancement. So often my heart is full of the worries of the present, I take repose in that sacred temple of the past, and, in conversation with those heroes of bygone ages, I forget the troubles of our dry, daily life. Often I stand there in a meditative attitude, facing those patriarchs of the human race. Of course I venerate those heroes whose hands were as strong as a Goliath, and whose hearts were laden with the finest feelings that ever touched the strings of a

Homer. I have often saluted them, paying my respect to their names, but never recognized them as humanity's pioneers. Of course they gave their share to mankind's progression, but that was all. They were never the people who dared. The gloomy, serious looking Egyptian was a cultured fellow; yet in his hermit kingdom he lived like an old spinster, with his cats and dogs. The frivolous Hebrew, of course, made up a good piece of our history; still, he was so busy with himself and in longing for the flesh pots of Egypt, flavored with the aroma of garlic, that it proves he had no intentions to risk his life for others. The always jolly sons of Hellas, whose taste for what is noble and beautiful is world renowned, they had, of course, a culture, but it was borrowed from the Hebrews and Egyptians. The Romans, who, fearless, crossed rivers and mountains, were only a nation of prize fighters, nothing else, and their whole literature cannot be compared to one stanza of Homer, or to a line of the God-drunken seer, Isaiah. The Romans were not the pioneers of civilization, as there was already an established culture ere the "Eternal City" was built.

While searching for the pioneers in that historical temple of the ages, I came into a corner where a small niche was erected with the inscription, "The Chaldeans." As soon as I beheld that simple picture an idea struck my mind, followed by the feelings of natural instinct, and I uttered the words: "They are the leaders; and they were the pioneers of culture and civilization." My instinct was not betrayed, and in an inspiring moment I was carried on the wings of my Muse to that far-off land,—to the land of the Chaldeans; to their metropolis, *Ur*, which means light and origin; as indeed they were the first pioneers who bore the torch of light before the marching civilization.

That that Great Recorder of history has neglected to record their noble and heroic deeds in the golden book of fame, I am not a bit surprised, as he always shows that habit of neglect of duty even with the

simple individual who shows a mark of genuine genius.

Often history turns out to be only a story, while a story is often a real, realistic history.

This statement will be seen as being the fact when we think how, in the historic gallery of nations, they placed the Chaldeans in the rear guard, while in fact they were the pioneers and mankind's leaders through the wilderness of primitive life, as I will prove in the following chapters.

MUSCULAR PIONEERS.

The modern lady and gentleman who are alighting from their carriage in full evening dress, to have a nice time in the ball room, they, in their happy thoughts of music and the dance, can hardly imagine what a bitter hardship the prehistoric Adam and his lady, Eve, had to endure. There were no cities and no homes, no lamp-posts and no policemen; a misty fog hung over the whole atmosphere of that universe. The plains were marshy, peopled with monsters of the dangerous dragon and the serpents, while over the bulrushes, mosquitos as big as ravens were holding their noisy war dance. The mountains were rocky and covered with a dreadful lustre of a gloomy color, like the monuments of Eternity.

The forests were stretching along vast regions, casting their gloomy shadows far and wide, as a mere bush was at that time like our cedars, and the trees were of such gigantic proportions, appearing like pillars of the sky. In the midst of these forests housed a gang of brutes with a demoniacal desire for blood. There the mammoths reigned supreme, and, in the capacity of chief of police in Nature's station house, declared the two-legged animal, Man, as a vagabond, denying him the right to live. Do you know, dear reader, who that mammoth was? He was a monster beast whose tooth alone measured five feet in length, against which a butcher's knife cannot be compared in sharpness.

Such was the situation in prehistoric time; and

helpless, like a baby, stood there the prehistoric man and woman. They had not even a candle, not to speak of electric light, as even the sun was not able to pierce her rays through the thick mist and foggy atmosphere. There was not a hammer or even a plain piece of iron to break the stones, not to speak of dynamite. Without any arms, even that of stick, to defend himself, he was also unprotected from the attacks of the elements, as his only garment consisted in a girdle of fig leaves. Under such conditions the prehistoric man found himself when a merciful God refused him shelter. Life was to him really a burden, and the question was, to be eaten by the mammoth or he devoured by the monster robber birds. In that bitter struggle for existence I need not mention that the mammoth got the best of him, and that the human seed seemed to end forever. But at the last moment of danger, the son of man, the *hero*, appeared where a god was helpless. That was a battle, that was a struggle, and no poet is able to describe that heroic deed; and no master, even a Homer, is capable to picture that valor of the prehistoric muscular pioneer.

It was on the foot of a marshy plain, where, near a well, were hovering the few families of man, as suddenly a monster mammoth made its appearance and looked for a moment. The last of their tribe is dedicated to destruction. But a hero, a man who dares, sprang, and with his muscular arms strangled to death that monster beast; and as soon as he was dead he broke his tooth, using it as a sword, a weapon, and, scratching up his skin, hid himself in that animal's hide as the first royal mantle. Such a hero was Nimrod, the mighty hunter before the Lord Jehovah. The first mammoth which was killed was the first fortress captured by humanity from nature. The first mammoth tooth was the first trophy of victory—the victory of humanism over barbarism.

Never in history is to be found such a noble, heroic deed as the dash which the first muscular pioneer, Nimrod, made at the mammoth. In nobility it sur-

passes all the noble deeds ever accomplished by a hero, and his victory was of a great magnitude in regard to the march of civilization and the preservation of humanity. The first tooth from the mammoth was man's first tool as well as his first weapon, and wonders have been wrought with it. Mountains were turned into plains, and plains into hills; a change went through the whole of nature, and the sun began to smile with his sparkling eyes, as if marvelling at the heroic deeds of the first human athlete, the muscular pioneer, Nimrod, the mighty hunter before the Lord.

The first dash on the mammoth a gate for Liberty was opened, and the hosts of civilization followed the muscular pioneer in running pace, uplifting the banner of culture. That the muscular pioneer, Nimrod, became the leader, the ruler, the king, I do not need to explain, for it was not only his divine right to rule, it was also the wish and desire, the will, of the people that he should rule and care for them, as they looked upon him as a saviour, and indeed he was one, for he saved humanity from destruction, and our civilization became established through the risk of the first noble, daring dash of the muscular pioneer. Nimrod and his athletes were Chaldeans, and those heroes whom grateful generations worshipped as gods, such as Hercules, Samson and the like, followed only in the noble footpaths which the first muscular pioneer, Nimrod, left behind him.

THE TOWER OF BABEL.

The civilized world looks upon ancient Egypt as the cradle of culture, and upon the great pyramid as upon an everlasting monument of wisdom and knowledge. If I should pile up all those books written about the pyramid, my paper structure would rise to such a pyramidal tower, greater in dimensions than the pyramid on the Nile. The queer notions of our moderns about that towering structure have no historical foundation at all. The real reason was, to imitate the Chaldeans, who were first to build a tow-

ering structure for a great scientific purpose. But the Egyptians, not knowing the secrecy of the underlying scientific purpose, have simply imitated without any higher aim; and in later generations the pyramids were used as coffins of mummified kings. The Egyptians were in every respect far behind the Chaldeans, not only in spiritual advanced thought, but in physical culture. Of course your schoolmaster has filled your head full of the glorious march of civilization led by Rameses the Great, called Sesostris, who went out with an army to conquer the world so far as Carkemish. It is true; but do you know, dear reader, where Carkemish lies? It is in Palestine, and it took a few days from the land of the Nile to reach there. Now, what do you think of such a world's conquerer? Again, those Chaldeans have shown a military spirit, and their famous king, Nebuchadnezzar, marched his hosts from the plains of the Euphrates and Tigris to water their horses in the yellow Nile, a distance of many thousand miles. Such a march we can call the march of civilization. The brains of the Chaldeans were not fertilized, like those of the Egyptians, from the manure which a black divine ox, Apis, left in the stable sanctum of a temple; they were fed and nourished from the milk of wisdom which the breasts of the mother Nature offered them galore. The Chaldeans did not search for a God beneath the surface of the globe, in gloomy caves, nor in muddy rivers to find him, like the Egyptians, in the shape of an ugly crocodile or a monster dragon; they looked on high, striving for a nobler standard of life, and Nature's unmeasurable realms was the great temple wherein, by the starry light of the zodiac, the Chaldeans worshipped the Great Jehovah, who was known to them ere Moses made His acquaintance at the burning bush.

The striving of the Chaldeans, in which they strove to climb the spiritual ladder, as they did so successfully in the material battle for existence, is best manifested in their building of the tower to Babel. They did not build that tower, as the Bible tells us, to go

up to the sky for fear of being scattered, or, as the story goes, that they wanted to invade the celestial fortress of heaven to fight the gods in their own realms. The reason for the building of that famous tower was to emancipate themselves from the hands of capricious Nature; to live a life free and independent. They knew at that time how to imitate the Creator, and they began to build that tower on a scientific scale, which shows that they had reached at that time the milestone of progression where we stand now. As I mentioned above that there are some stories which indeed are parts of history, a sample of that kind I am going to show here and demonstrate its truth.

In my booklet, "Music of the Psalms," recently published by the "Music" magazine in Chicago, I mentioned the name of the poet Rabbi Eliezer Hakalir, whom I styled the father of Synagogue poetry. That Rabbi was a Palestinian Jew, whose birthplace and time are unknown, as are most of the poets. One is sure that he lived in the early centuries when the memory of mankind began to weaken, forgetting those memorable things worthy to remember, owing to the wars and uproar of the nations. Then it became mixed up, and stories were taken as histories, while the latter were given out as stories. At all events, the poet must have lived in a time better informed about ancient times and events than we are, as all his poems are, in spite of bearing the stamp of prayers, of the ballad type, based and founded on national traditions and folk-lore. In one of his poems for the Easter feast, which is of a lyric character, having for the theme the events from the creation up to his time,—when narrating in his songs the deeds of the masons to Babel, the builders of the tower, he let them in a stanza explain the reason for building such a towering structure.

The stanza in question reads as follows in translation :

Let us build a tower,
Up to the sky to lead,
The air shall give shower,
Soon with hammers we will beat.

Here he gives the reason, so plain and simple, that they intended to free themselves from Nature's cruel, capricious, despotic wants, and their intention was the same that our modern rainmakers are attempting to accomplish, but in vain, in spite of the fact that the latter are four thousand years in the school of science.

What a far-advanced people those Chaldeans must have been if they already knew the laws of vibration and motion, by which rain and snow are called into existence! In striving for their existence independently, we must bow our heads in veneration to those pioneers of culture whose spiritual daring and valor inspired them to imitate the Creator.

It is probable that the Egyptians, who were depending upon the mercy of the Nile, imitated the Chaldeans in building pyramids to emancipate themselves from the gods, and to produce rain per order.

But as they were not enlightened by wisdom, as the Chaldeans, and being ignorant of the laws of vibration, they did not know how to construct accordingly in order to render the atmosphere into a vibratory state; hence, the pyramids could only be used as coffins for mouldering kings and the generations to come, leaving it as a tombstone of a nation, with the hieroglyphic epitaph thereon, "Lost Labor"! Not so is the case with the monument of the Chaldeans, as their tower of Babel was the sign of the age, showing how far advanced they were, even ahead of us, as the dial of time points out — ahead four thousand years!

THE FIRST SYMPHONY.

In my "Music of the Psalms," published in Chicago, by the "Music" company, I said that "Music was the divine revealer ere a God chose to reveal himself otherwise." In fact, the only inspiring, divine thought which took hold of the prehistoric man was music; for only music, that inexpressible expression, the wordless language of feelings, was able to speak to the prehistoric man, whose vernacular resembled our babies' talk; to move on, on the march of civilization. It was Music, that sweet beloved

Muse, who led the hosts of Adam, those muscular pioneers, in battle array to conquer the world and its habitations; and to the sweet strains of her melodic voice of hope and happiness they followed her through the wilderness of life to enter the promised land of culture and enjoyment. It was Music who unfolded in the prehistoric two-legged beast of man that divine part, humanity,— which made man less than a God and more than an angel! That the Chaldeans were the first to whom that divine womanhood, Music, revealed herself, I need not explain, as I have shown the effect of that revelation which brought into existence the tower of Babel. What is Music? Music is a harmonious compound of sounds following each other in rhythmic succession, in accordance with the law of vibration and motion. What wonder that they were the most advanced people, for he who knows the laws of vibration has grasped the secret of life's great mystery; and therefore they were the best of astrologers and astronomers, and the most progressive in Occultism; familiar with all the hidden forces in Nature. Not only were they the first best musicians, they were also the first composers and the best harmonizers, whose first symphony thrilled through the air ere a Beethoven sang his, to the delight of God and man! The word "symphony" denotes a consonance of sounds, and they take as of Greek origin; hence they ascribe the symphony as the composition of Hellas' enlightened sons. But, as a matter of fact, it is of Chaldean origin, and the Greeks learned to perfect themselves in that divine art from the Chaldeans. We find in the Scripture that when the Chaldean king, Nebuchadnezzar, erected his famous golden image in the plain of Dura he decreed an edict to the effect that as soon as they heard the sounds from the following instruments, they shall kneel before the image. The instruments in question, with their Chaldean names, are mentioned in the edict as follows:

1. Karno Masrikutha (piping horn, or flute).
2. Kasros (drum).

3. Salcha (half drum).
4. Psanter (cymbal).
5. Symphony (an organ of combined sounds).
6. Seni Semoro (varieties of playing instruments).

Here we find symphony mentioned ere the Greeks knew of it, as Nebuchadnezzar lived at the time of four hundred years before Christ, and the Greeks invaded the land of the Chaldeans, under Alexander the Great, three hundred and thirty-one years before Christ. The Greeks also learned the symphony from the Chaldeans, and the latter's perfection in that divine art can be seen in that instrument, symphony, which had a combination of various sounds, similar to our piano or organ.

The great humanism and nobility of the Chaldeans, as a consequence of their advanced civilization, can best be demonstrated by an historical fact :

When the Chaldeans led the Jews into captivity they allotted a royal pension to the Jewish king ; and those proud, victorious captors demanded only from their captives the noble demand, " Sing us a song of Zion's melodic air."

Now, four hundred years later, when the Romans conquered the Jews and led them into captivity, they gave the citizens right and title to the traitor Josephus, named Flavius ; while the flower of Jewish youths were thrown into the arena as gladiators, to be devoured by beasts, to delight the hearts of cruel spectators, in whose breasts barbarism was resting. What a contrast ! What was responsible for the nobility of the Chaldeans ? It was music, that mentor of humanity which lifts up the heart of man to that high sphere where the Seraphim are singing to the great Symphony of life and light.

THE JEWS LEARNED FROM THE CHALDEANS.

Dr. Karpeles, our modern historian of the Jews, is surprised to see how the Jews, who were heathen when they went into captivity, should become zealous zealots of Jehovah, and enlightened sages, after a short stay of seventy years' duration. To me it is

not a surprise at all, as the influence of their captors, the Chaldeans, has worked upon their religious feelings. To restore the old Jehovah cult was originally a Chaldean one, as we will venture to prove when we shall take "The Hebrews" as a show in the "Gallery of Nations." As to their enlightenment, we must ask the Talmud what it has to say about it, and from its reply we will learn something new. The Talmud says that the Jews brought from the Babylonian captivity the names of the angels as well as the names of the months. Here we have a brief confession that the Jews learned physical science as well as metaphysical wisdom and spirituality from the Chaldeans. In other words, Calendation and Mysticism were taught to the Jews by the Chaldeans. That calendar-making means an advance in progressive civilization, I give here a decisive fact: the Russians are only twelve days behind our calendar, but in culture it makes them behind four centuries back. The Chaldeans were the best astronomers, and I am inclined to believe that they knew the geography of heaven as the best of our moderns. Proof of it is a saying of a Rabbinical sage, Rabbi Samuel, who lived in Nahardai, and is famous in the Talmud as a calendar maker. That Rabbi, of course, as a Babylonian Jew, had his astronomical knowledge from the natives, the Chaldeans. He declares that he knows all the paths, ways, and roads of the skies, as he knows the streets of Nahardai, with the exception of the comet, the character of which he is ignorant. Modern astronomers are ignorant too, as some of them think that the comet is only a nebular shell, while others say that it may be a broken member of some unfortunate globe. You see that what we know the Chaldeans already knew four thousand years ago, and that of what they were ignorant of we moderns share with them the same. In addition to those sciences, the Jews learned from the Chaldeans to perfect themselves in the divine art of music; as at the time of the first Temple it must have been in a very poor condition, owing to the many tribal wars and

the corruption which prevailed at that time among the priests. That, at their turn from the exile, the Hebrew national music was scheduled on the Chaldean scale and rhythmic, I have many proofs and evidences beyond any doubt. The names for the signs of ancient Hebrew notations, as I arranged them in my "Music of the Psalms," are all of Chaldean terms, not of Hebrew. The second proof is that those Chaldean mystic poems used in the synagogue service, as the famous Chaldean poem, Akdomoth, recited on Pentecost, sounds more of Chaldean melody as sung in the church of the Nestorians, those pure offsprings of the Chaldeans, the mountaineers of Arrarat than to any other Hebraic tune. In writing about the Jews of Jemen in my "Music of the Psalms," I said that they have preserved the ancient Chaldean melodies, which partake neither of the monotonous Arabic touch, nor of the soft Hebraic tenor, and which are yet of an undeniable Semitic origin. Those strange melodies, I remarked here, are a link between Asiatic and European music; and in their strains "God save the Queen" might have been sung when Semiramis, that ambitious queen, ruled the waves of the Euphrates ere there was a king in Judea. The Chaldean language itself, is the best evidence of the growth of culture among the Chaldeans.

We know that the child cannot express as the boy, and the latter has not at his command those words which man handles; on the same principle we cannot render Herbert Spencer's books into Hottentots' tongue, as they are in their national infancy and so is their language. What a grown nation in culture the Chaldeans were! The Cabbala, that truest science of metaphysical wisdom, is written in their language, and not in the flowery Hebraic tongue. In musical sweetness the Chaldean tongue sounds as that of the Italian; and in technical expressions regarding spiritual science it has not the like.

In my future review over the "Gallery of Nations," I will show how the Chaldeans' influence was felt by

the most cultured nations; and they were the real history-makers, for their hands rocked the cradle of humanity, and the same moved the world.

(To be continued.)

Welcome, Masons.

A HISTORICAL GREETING TO THE CONCLAVE OF THE
MASONIC ORDER HELD IN BOSTON, 1895.



BY THE EDITOR.

PROEM.

Motto: The sword and the book went from Heaven enveloped together.
(Talmud.)

The harmony of life resembles the harmony of music, which consists of various tunes played by various instruments and in various methods, and their variety forms the *unit* of harmony. In Nature's vast realms we observe the same rule of harmony, which, after all, is only a compound of extremities. The little polyp, the isle builder, is a different creature from the Godlike man, and its method in forming and building those beautiful isles, the delight of the seafaring people, is different from that of man, the city builder. Still, no matter how side-tracked, they work, employing various methods; each one is a contributor, forming the great unit in life's harmony. To such a remarkable conclusion I came recently, while looking back, as well forwards, for hardly has the last hallelujah sound of the Christian Endeavorers died away, who were holding their convention here last month with prayer-books and hallelujah song, when is heralded forth the coming of fifty to sixty thousand Masons with drawn swords, to hold their twenty-sixth conclave in the city of the Hub,

Boston. 1895 will be a memorable year of conventions, worthy to be remembered even by those generations to come, as the lesson of the hour is a remarkable lecture on the harmony of social life in Adam's discontented big family. The first convention held here in the year of grace 1895 was that of the Theosophists, an organization which lives in the past more than in the present. Next, the Christian Endeavorers assembled here, a young organization which deals more with the present than with the past. The third convention here is now marked by the twenty-sixth triennial conclave of the Sir Knights of the Ancient Masonic Order, an organization which has a glorious past, a bright present and a great future. In spite of the fact that those three named organizations are side-tracked each from the other, and their doings and methods differ each from the other, yet in their variety they form the unit of harmony in social life, as their aim is one to make man better and promote good citizenship. I think that the swords of the Sir Knights have done much good, as well as the Christian Endeavorers' prayer-books; and the Talmud is right in saying that the sword with the book went from Heaven enveloped together. To the thousands of Sir Knights assembled now in the city of the Hub, I extend my good wishes of *welcome* in the shape of a Masonic article as a scientific salutation:

MAGEN DAVID (THE SHIELD OF DAVID).

The above symbol is the most sacred to those who have attained the highest degree in Occultism. It is also a sacred emblem to the Jews, as well as to the Masons of the *Mystic Shrine*. That emblem is visible on the blind which covers the sacred shrine of the scrolls in the Synagogue, and it is the monogram on the aprons of the Masons who have attained the highest degree of the order. It will be of great interest to Masons, as well as to laymen, to give a brief historical sketch of the order and its relation to the Jews and higher science.

PREHISTORIC MASONRY.

Masonry is as old as humanity ; I mean since man began to feel his noble destiny and his high mission on earth. There were Masons ere man knew how to build a house, and I am inclined to believe that the ancient tower builders, as those of Babel and of Egypt, like the pyramid builders, were Masons in the full spiritual meaning of the word. It is curious to note that, in the Bible genealogy of mankind, only two are named as having been city builders, namely, Cain, the famous Biblical brother murderer, and Ashur, the founder of the Assyrian and Chaldean race. That Cain built a city is an impossibility according to biblical statement, as in the sixth generation after him iron tools were invented, and it is more probable that the esoteric meaning of it is that he formed or founded the Masonic order (a city in Hebrew is called *Ir*, which means awakening light). The persecution of Cain by God is probably a real fictionary outline of the order's history. It is curious to mention that Cain named his city, Enoch, after the name of his son, a term which means in Hebrew *education*. The second city builder was Ashur, who lived long after the deluge. The patriarchs were members of the order, hence the tribe of Jacob is called in the Bible Eben Israel (stone of Israel). The Mason is called in Hebrew *Bone*, builder, while *Bina* means in the same language wisdom. Here we have the keynote to the Ancient Masonic Temple. The six-cornered emblem represents the highest conception of wisdom in the structure of the *Cosmos*, hence it represents the highest degree of the order. The highest wisdom is to understand nature's law of economy, especially in building or in filling out the spaces. A six-cornered structure answers that law, hence the bee builds the hive on the same dimension, to economize the spaces. Moses founded his nation on the Masonic plan, hence he divided it into three casts : Priests, Levites and Israelites ; and to each cast was a certain place allotted in the Tabernacle,

corresponding to the three principal degrees in ancient Masonry. The high priest, who was the grand Mason — the Sanctum was opened to him once a year. The three stairs to the sacred lamp corresponded also to the three degrees.

SOLOMON AND HIRAM.

Solomon and Hiram, king of Tyre, have reorganized the order, and extended the degrees to seven; therefore he says, in his proverbs, that wisdom did build her house upon seven pillars. The prayer of king Solomon at the dedication of his Temple was a Masonic prayer. King Hiram, says the Talmud, built a crystal palace, with seven skies with shining stars, sun and moon thereon, and on the seventh sky above he sat on the throne in his glory like a god. Here again we notice the seven skies corresponding to the seven degrees. King Hiram, says the Talmud, did not die, as he went to Heaven while alive. It means that, as the reorganizer of the order, he is immortalized. It is probable that the six-cornered emblem was named by king Solomon *Magen David* (Shield of David) in honor of his father, and so it came to pass that that symbol is still on the sacred shrine of the synagogue.

RABBINICAL MASONS.

The Talmud calls the sages Masons. It explains the sentence of the psalms: Multifold peace upon thy sons Bonim; it says read Bounim, thy Masons. Peace is one of the Masonic cornerstones. Sticks and aprons were introduced into the order at the time of the Talmud. When Rabbi Jehoshua had a controversy with the famous Rabbi Gamliel about the calendation, the latter ordered him as a grand master to come to him with his stick and apron on the atonement day of his calendation. Jonathan Ben Uziel, the disciple of Hillel, was acting in a will case according to the law of his master, who opposed the views of *Shami*. The latter as a Mason went armed with his stick and apron to Jonathan to persuade him as a brother Mason to

act not to the law as his Rabbinical master. To fame is known the name of Joseph the Mason, to whom the Rabbis applied questions in metaphysical science and knowledge. In the progression of time, the degrees were increased to thirty-two, corresponding to the thirty-two ways of wisdom according to the Cabbala. May the time come soon when we shall behold the grand structure of wisdom built by loving hands as a stable home for humanity.

Madam Blavatsky Unveiled.

ALL respect to Madam Blavatsky! Shut your mouths, ye scandalmongers and slanderers, for this alone is a proof of how great was Madam Blavatsky! Indeed, she did more for the elevation of mankind than many of the ministers, for she was the preparer of a new age; a new dispensation to womanhood heralding the rising of that ill-treated sex. She was the first to point out to the people the spirit of things existing between heaven and earth, of which our schoolmasters never dreamed. But for all her nobility, she was only a pointer, and that was all. Of course we cannot blame her, for she was, as we are, only a blind instrument in the hands of the Unseen, who uses us for great and noble purposes.

The readers of *URIEL*, when brought into the mystic chambers of the Cabbala, will, by the light of their common sense, find out for themselves where the Truth was hidden. As I said, Madam Blavatsky was only a pointer,— as some may be able to point out the way to a city in which they themselves may be strangers. The Mahatma business, as it was carried on in Theosophy, and the disgrace of Occultism, has forced me to take away the light from the bushel and look at it— how it appears by the rays of Truth. To the reader who knows his past by the laws of Karma, and remembers well where he stood before he was reincarnated, the choice is left to choose.

AT THE CONVENTION.

I never witnessed a more disgraceful convention than that which was recently held at 24 Mount Vernon Street here in Boston, the city of the Hub. Not that it was a disgrace to parliamentary rules, as there were people who were called to rule, consequently they knew how to over-rule themselves. There were no Irish arguments to demonstrate how to lay the motion on the table, nor was there any political dispute. Even the enthusiasm was of a moderate temper, except when the heir of Buddha began to cough; then the few old ladies and some of the men expressed their joy in a dancing attitude. Possibly they were in their previous incarnation dancing Derivishes, and they took his cough as a Turkish hallelujah. Who can tell? It was a most orderly conducted convention, and I wish that our national convention for the next presidential nomination should run on the same scale of order. Still, from the standpoint of pure and honest Occultism, it was the most disgraceful gathering I ever met. Think of it—Madam Besant, who was and is still the high priestess of Theosophy, or president of that organization, and Mr. Judge, its secretary. Madam Besant, in the capacity of president, charged her secretary, Mr. Judge, with having forged the messages of the Mahatmas, and asked him to step out. I think a president, when he talks to his secretary, must know what he is talking about. I also say that Madam Besant is right in her charges; as she was the superior, she knows of his deeds, and any forgery, even that of the devil's signature, ought to be punished.

I know, dear reader, that you are eager to know who those Mahatmas are. I will refer you to Dr. Hensoldt, who knows some stories about them, and who spoke with the great Lama, who is only six years of age, face to face,— of course I do not know if in dreams or in his Astral. But as I am eager to satisfy everybody, I will tell you about them as far as I can. The Mahatmas reside somewhere in India,

and they are supposed to be the Masters ; knowing all the laws of the Almighty, they use the hidden forces of Nature ; they are a most unselfish people, living in their own world, unknown to their fellow-men, and have no want or desire for earthly things, as their bodies are already spiritualized while in the flesh. Those Mahatmas are the purest and highest Occultists, consequently they will strive to help people living in that plan, as their whole aim is to live for others and to uplift the people to the same position they occupy in spiritual progression. From such a Mahatma Mr. Judge claims he received messages. By what way,— whether by telephone, telepathy, or in the same way as Elijah mailed his famous letter from the celestial post-office to the wicked king of Israel—I cannot tell. If the character of those messages were of general interest, where are they ? Let us know ; and if of a private character, how in the world did people know of them ? It must have been that Mr. Judge hinted or boasted that he was in communication with the Mahatmas. In such a case I think he will attain the occult power in his next reincarnation, rather than in the present, for a real Occultist must strive neither for fame nor position. Look at the great men, how lowly they were ! and look at the lowest, how they strive to be great ! Christ said, “ You shall know them by their deeds.” Let us see if the deeds correspond to the Occultism claimed. The convention was called ; the charge against Mr. Judge by his superior was known from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Of course it was only fair and right to come and prove the contrary, provided Mrs. Besant should be present. But he came with the aim of a politician. He might have proven to them that he was right, but his proofs resemble, to my judgment, that the moon is from cheese ! I can only say, not prove it. As secretary, of course he was the primary atom of greatness among the delegates, who revolved around him like the flies upon sugar. Of course he influenced them, and was elected life-president. Had he been a strong, healthy man, I doubt

if those aspirants to the throne of Buddha would have given him such an honor. The true Occultist would have acted otherwise; he would either have retired or gone on through humiliations, continuing his spiritual work, as through the cross we reach the crown; or he would have kept aloof from the convention and left his fate to public opinion. The whole affair has disgraced the name of honest Occultism, and aroused indignation among all honest truth-seekers. When the election was over I strolled along the street; there I met a prominent Theosophist, who told me that Mr. Judge did not act like an Occultist, and that he was out of place at the convention. I remarked to him that a Cabbalist would not act so; that a Cabbalistic inner circle was devoid of political framings (?). Cabbala, I continued, is older than and superior to Theosophy, as the latter mentions the former, while the Cabbala does not mention the latter. Another Theosophist, in a conversation, said to me: "I do not know who is right, whether Mrs. Besant or Mr. Judge. But suppose a man is charged with forgery; then the charge is made or based upon the acknowledgement of the person whose name he forged. Why should we not reason likewise in this case? If Madam Besant charges Mr. Judge with having forged the messages of the Mahatmas, let us ask those Mahatmas; they ought to know. I do not know who those Mahatmas are, and I should like to have you examine their doings with your Cabbalistic spectacles." I promised him that I would look into the Mahatma matter and report, and I intend to do so.

THE MAHATMAS ACCORDING TO THE CABBALA.

According to the Cabbala, there are thirty-six *Zadikim* (righteous) for whose sake the world exists, and who know all those hidden forces of nature and are to be found in every generation. Those thirty-six Mahatmas do not live in solitary seclusion, as hermits, to meditate why the Almighty has created the useless bedbugs, as Theosophy speaks of them. They are, of course, unknown, yet they mingle and live

with the people in the midst of the alarming and charming society life. You can find them in all the stations and walks of life, from the general to the degraded tramp in the saloon. Those various life's occupations are due in consequence of the missions which they have to fulfil in such places and surroundings. If such a Mahatma is recognized he must disappear or die, and another replace him. Under the strange guise of their occupations they work silently and unknown in helping those who need, and are in very rare cases revealed to him who, like them, is worthy to receive the divine gift. Every true Cabalist can recognize, and knows, even the various places where those Mahatmas are scattered. They are empowered even to alter fate's decree, and from their ranks and files are recruited those great heroes of nobility who, like comets, come and disappear, fulfilling their mission in uplifting humanity. In such a case it is the only way, where one of these comes before the eyes of the public. They are not men of words, but men of deeds. They act, work and labor to benefit people in all the ways of life, material as well as spiritual. Sometimes men and women are helped by strangers of whose identity they have no idea — not recognizing them as those hidden, pure people who live for others, with no desire for complimentary acknowledgements or compensation. As to the revelation of life's mysteries, to reveal the secrets of science, this is in the soul of Elijah, who was immortalized while a mortal. His mission is a peculiar one, and those Mahatmas are under his control; not that he commands them, as every one of those thirty-six is directly commissioned by the Almighty himself. Still, order seems to be the law of nature. Elijah often reveals himself to the worthy, teaching them life's wisdom and making them know their mission on earth. In my sketch about the Chasidim (the merciful ones), those Jewish theosophists whose organizations existed long ere a Madam Blavatsky knew of any Mahatma, I will dwell at length on those mysterious Masters. At present

I hint only, that people may understand how an Occultist should live ; and if his actions do not correspond to his sublime doctrine of Occultism, you may know them by their deeds who they are. HERZEL.

Under the Moon.

Why, when the moon's rays shine on our faces
Are we lifted away from the world with scarce traces
Of thought of life on this immediate plain,
Dreamy and happy, wishing again
To be transported to the realms around
The cloudland of either which seem to bound
Our vision, but sometimes we seem to see
Away into almost eternity?

Why, when the moon's rays shine in our eyes,
We almost feel we are inwardly wise,
Surmounting all difficult logic and science,
Happily contemplating with self-reliance
On the world beyond the moonlit trail,
As if we could pierce beyond the veil,
With its imperial starlit skies,
When the moon's rays shine into our eyes?

HELEN. F. TROY.

Love to God,

OR, THE LESSON OF THE HOUR.

The whole world lives in deception. The one-half deceives the other, while those of the other half deceive themselves.

To such a queer utterance I came through my own experience, which careful investigation will prove to be the experience of every human being without any distinction, with the only mark that I am not ashamed to tell the naked truth, while the others hide it under the garb of hypocrisy. To such an honest conclusion I came during the trial of my sufferings, and as a lesson of the hour I would recommend it to all those pharisees of every denomination. It was in Fort Wayne, Indiana, just a year ago, when a lady advised me to visit a Methodist church, where a young man, a missionary from Thibet, was to give his experience among those pagans who live on the "Roof of the world." I followed her advice, as she thought that such an interesting lecture would employ my mind, diverting it from the point of my trouble. As at that time the Hensoldt stories had filled the ears of the people with such a ringing and thrilling sound, that it looked like a revival of the Arabian Nights stories, I seized the opportunity to see that missionary in the hope to hear something more about that wonderful people of whom Dr. Hensoldt said that they are superior in intelligence to us—so much so that they even remember the events of the first reincarnation, when by the law of evolution they were reincarnated from apes into men.

I entered the church and it was so packed with a solid mass of human beings that there was not room even for a pin to drop to the ground. The young missionary was a cheerful looking young man, about the age of thirty-five years, and from the way he conducted the service, I should judge that, if that young man had read Shakespeare before he began to study the Bible, he would have made as famous an actor as Booth or Jefferson.

After a hallelujah march, in the strain so favored with the Salvation Army, the lecturer began his description of the far-off land of Thibet, where he is still working to spread among the pagans the gospel of salvation. To tell the truth, I was disappointed in my expectations, for he spoke only of the child of Bethlehem, while of that baby-god, the Lama, whose only companion is probably a Chinese doll—who is described by Dr. Hensoldt, the story-teller, as the reincarnated Buddha and full of wisdom like the ocean,—he did not make any mention. He spoke more of the cross than of those wonderful prayer-wheels used by those natives as a sort of rapid transit to quicker wheel their prayers to Buddha. He spoke more of Christians than of those natives whom I mentioned—saying that they are pagans, and that was all he could tell about them after spending seven years among them. After his lecture was over he invoked the blessing of the Almighty to rest upon his evangelical work, and the people were called upon to give testimonies, as it is usual at any religious revival meeting.

The first to respond to the call was, of course, the minister of the church himself, in all his physical glory, for he was tall, broad shouldered, athletic, with a patriarchal beard. He rose, so far as he could stretch out himself, like a tiger does before he makes his daring jump. He rose and uttered the words in a very cheerful mind, "I am happy to confess and to testify that I never felt the love to God, to the Lord Jesus Christ, as to-night, and I thank His mercy for that blessing of love bestowed upon me."

A cheerful "Hallelujah" thrilled through the air of the church as an applause of his testimony. After him, all present testified in the same manner. While the testimonial proceedings went on, I sat in the corner, counting the lies they offered to Him—the lover of Truth. I judged that multitude by my own feelings, as I am a man made of the same stuff as they, hence our nature as men must be the same, and as I felt that such a boasting of having love to God I could

not utter as a man, therefore I judged them rightly, from the standpoint of man, that they pleaded with their testimonies the most impudent hypocrisy. Man, know thyself, and you will know the rest of Adam's gang.

When the solemn service was over the athletic preacher approached, shook hands with me, and asked if I was not a stranger. "Yes," I replied, and he asked me again, "Are you a Christian?" "No, sir," I said, "I am a Hebrew." "Oh!" he answered, "I am so glad; I like the Hebrews, as my own Saviour was a Hebrew in the flesh." I fell in with a remark, "And I am a man in the flesh." My additional remark pleased him very much, and he invited me to his home in the outskirts of the city. Here I learned that the people like the truth; the only trouble is that it is not told to them. When we reached his home, his daughter, a bright little body of sixteen years of age, came in saluting her parents. I glanced at her sweet, childish, angelic face, remarking: "Do you write poems?" The parents looked at each other with a surprised look, and they asked me, "How do you know it?" as I never saw her before, being a stranger. I took out my booklet, the "Key Note to Mystic Science," as a silent answer to show them how I did know. The pastor glanced at the title page; he expressed his delight in finding out that I am a poet and a Hebrew. The only thing that he regretted was that I mixed with those Theosophists, as it is to be seen that it is "Published by his Theosophists friends." I told him that if he was interested in the love of God he ought to take an interest in his wisdom, too (as Theosophy means God's wisdom). I told him that I was not a Theosophist, and I teach only the Cabbala; still, kind, honest Theosophists who seek the truth have acknowledged my teaching, and helped to diffuse it among the people. "The Cabbala," he exclaimed, "is something different, as it is sacred; it is the only divine science, while nobody disputes it."

I ordered their daughter out of the room for awhile, and when she left I turned to his wife, telling her all

her inner feelings and ailments, known only to her and her husband. Through such action I won the confidence of both, and I was waiting only for an opportunity to sermonize that sermon-maker with the power of truth. I did not wait long for it, as it came mighty quick in the form of a question. He asked me how I liked the missionary's lecture. I replied: "Lectures have never been of interest to me, as they are always conducted on a business schedule. But," I asked, "was he conscious when he spoke out the sentiment that he felt the love to God; for," I continued, "so far as my own experience tells me, at the present time there is hardly a living soul on the surface of the globe who can boast of having the precious treasure, the love to God." The pastor and his wife glanced at me with a decisive look, such as that of a grand inquisitor when he heard a blasphemy. He turned to me and I began: "I will prove to you that my utterance is based upon facts of truth, and a year ago I was deluded by the same opinion, as many are still; but I found out to my surprise that I deceived myself in the most illusionary way. A year ago I fell in love with a girl because she loved me too. During that time I thought of nothing else as of her, and to get a glance at her face I was ready to sacrifice life, yes, the whole of life, including that of the whole creation! Then I was separated from her, through the interference of human brutes, who never like to see people happy. It is now a year since our separation, and what a change has love made with my nature! For love's sake I endured the utmost suffering and humiliations, which under ordinary circumstances I could hardly stand the strain. For love's sake I lost the feelings of kinship, even to those relatives in whose veins my own blood circulates. For love's sake I began to forsake all the joys of earthly pleasures. Now, despite she murdered my soul, wounded my heart, and was the cause of all my terrible trouble, I still love her, for the simple reason I suffered so much for her. (Real love increases only through sufferings, and on the same principle

does a mother love her child more than a father, as she suffers more for them; on the same ground, the more the martyrs were tortured, the more they felt the love to Him for whom they suffered.) Now think for a moment that these all were the effects of love to a simple girl — one of Eve's daughters, who, like her great-grandma, is liable to lie, and to fall. Now how much more effective will work in us love to God, to Him, the life and love giver! If you had real love for Him, as you testified, after hearing how millions of people are still in darkness waiting the dawn of shining salvation—if you had love to God, you would, for His love's sake, run there without a moment's consideration, regardless of danger and the void of comfort! If you had real love to God, your pastoral business would not be conducted on a dry, mechanical scale—come into His house once or twice a week to give a little sermon; for your whole life, thoughts and doings would be absorbed in His love. If you had love to God," I continued, "you would really share with your fellow man your home and table; not let him go to the workhouse while you are banqueted. If those missionaries had love to God, they would not come so often with the begging-box to bother us with their appeal for money, as they need a bicycle or horses. They would spend no time in picnics and banquets; they would, like St. Paul, who was one of the few who had the love to God,—they would, like him, go out and preach the Gospel of love for love's sake in the same way as he did. Not only have we not the love to God, we also lack enthusiasm. Of course we cannot deny the enthusiasm of those admirable Jesuits, whom the church girdles a rope round their loins, a cross in the right hand, a Bible in the left hand; and they go cheerfully with such a poor supply in far off lands, in pagandom! I cannot deny the admirable enthusiasm of those noble Christian ladies who gave up socials, tea parties, picnics, ball rooms and theatres to go in the name of the Crucified

One to uplift those miserable Hottentots and face cheerfully the dangers of darkest Africa.

"I cannot deny the enthusiasm shown by those heroic Dervishes in risking their own lives in fighting for the Koran. Still, those enthusiasts are more inspired for principle than for God. Now, my dear pastor, do you feel the love to God now?"

The way I sermonized that sermon-maker has brought the effects, as his own words: "Your arguments are true," was the best confession he ever made.

Now, dear reader, meditate, reflect upon this lesson, and find out to what half of the world do you belong; either to those who deceive others or to those who deceive themselves?

HERZEL.

Notice of the Inner Circle.

Those who desire to come into the "Inner Circle" may apply to the Editor, giving age, standing and occupation.

If a full reply is wanted, send a two-cent stamp.

From the first of September the Cabbalistic Class will be open. Meetings for self-elevation will be held every Sunday, from the first of August. Enquire at the office, Inner Circle.

To Guthenburg's Army.

BY THE EDITOR.

Onward, Guthenburg's Army,
We wish you all good speed,
To victorious glory,
URIEL will lead.

Let Truth's triumph march sound,
Her banner hold on high,
Till you bring to the ground
The tower of the lie.

Every line is a torpedo,
Every sentence a sword,
Every thought a bullet,
A rifle every word.

Your bullet is far-reaching,
Catching all its claim,
The shot of Truth's teaching
Never missed its aim.

The Pharisees had their days,
In dark, bygone ages,
Now light pierces its rays
Upon URIEL's pages.

Onward, soldiers of URIEL,
To conquer the strife,
And open with the key of love
The mysteries of Life.



MUSIC,
A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO

Art, Science, Technic

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