

# MY LIFE

by

W. T. BROWN.

---

*The following pamphlet has been prepared for the  
writer's acquaintances, especially in Scotland.*

---

PRINTED BY D. LAUBER, FREIBURG, BADEN, GERMANY.







## MY LIFE.

I was born in Glasgow on the 16<sup>th</sup> of May 1857: at least I have been told so.

My father and mother were well up in years when I was introduced to their acquaintance — my father being 50 and my mother 45. This circumstance has been in my favor, for my parents were not giddy lovers who would accept any misfortune which Fate might place within their arms, but sober responsible people who wished an addition to their family and took the necessary steps. My father, I found, when I began to exercise my infant mind, was a most respectable man. He was a clerk in the employment of the Forth & Clyde Canal Company and enjoyed the salary of £200 per annum. My mother, I found, to be equally respectable. She was the daughter of a Glasgow weaver, who by dint of industry and thrift had acquired a little property, and who before his death had had the honor and satisfaction of being called a 'Laird.'

As the circle of my acquaintanceship became extended I discovered that though I was the only *child* I was not the only son. There were two grownup members who claimed to be my brothers. In our family, as in the comparison of adjectives, there were three degrees — but comparisons are odious.

At the age of 4, I began my educational career, and was taken to two spinster ladies, the Misses Gibson, who introduced me to the world of letters. For these two ladies I have always had the most profound respect. This is due to their intrinsically estimable qualities and perhaps also to the fact that they never would allow a male pupil to leave their presence without his making a most respectful bow — under penalties.

At the age of 7, I was taken from the care of these good ladies and placed at one of the best schools in

Glasgow, viz, the Academy, where there were boy pupils only and gentlemen Masters. Here I did fairly well, remaining until my 14<sup>th</sup> year and succeeding in taking a prize at the end of every session except the last, during which my second brother, who superintended my studies, fell in love, and left me to study or not as I chose — and I chose not.

At the age of 14, I entered the law office of Bannatynes Kirkwood & Mc. Jannett, Solicitors, Glasgow, and at the same time joined the Junior Humanity Class in Glasgow University. It was necessary, for students who intended to follow out the Law, to attend a number of classes in the University and at the same time to serve, under Articles of Indenture, a legal firm in active practice, and matters were so arranged that the classes could be taken in the morning and the remainder of the day be given to business in the city. During the winter months, when the University was in activity, it was our daily routine to attend a morning class from 8 till 9, thence proceed to the city and do clerking work till 5, and thence return to our respective homes to read the matter which had been dictated to us in the morning's lecture. In the course of the years which followed, I attended, along with my compeers, many of whom are lawyers in Glasgow now, lectures on Logic, Literature, Political Economy, Medical Jurisprudence, the Law of Scotland and Conveyancing, and at the same time served out my Articles to Mess<sup>rs</sup> B. K. & Mc. J.

My College career cannot be said to have been brilliant, for though it was generally recognised that I had average, perhaps more than average, ability still it was also recognized that I had an indisposition to work, and I am willing to admit this was the case. It was not until the year 1877, when I resolved to try to take a degree in the Law Faculty, that I really began to study in earnest — and from a sense of duty. My father's death in the beginning of this year had made on me a great impression, and since that time till now I have been, generally speaking, struggling after a better life, trying to rise to true manhood, to be truly religious, and to embody my religion in my daily life. My mother's death, at the end of 79, impressed me even more deeply than my father's, and I was at this time seized with a desire most earnest to comprehend the nature of things spiritual,

to realize for myself whether or not there was, in the Christianity professed around me, any truth upon which a human mind could lay its hold, with well founded and scientific certainty.

This leads me to the question of my early spiritual training, and as the object of this work is to show (as much to myself as to any one) the various phases of Thought through which I have passed, it is well to give an account of the religious professions of my parents. My father was a Presbyterian, had at one time been an 'elder', took an interest in the 'Temperance' movement and taught a Sunday morning class. — My mother was generally known for her piety and good works. At an early age it was impressed upon me by my mother that I was a 'sinner' — "born in sin", as my parent put it. As I was not aware that I had done anything very dreadful, and had expressed no desire, so far as I knew, to be 'born in sin' or otherwise, I never could see the grounds for this assurance. However my worthy mother spared no pains to make me aware that I was 'a sinner', that if I were to die suddenly I would meet with the punishment due to all 'sinners' and find myself in a place where the climate would be sultry. There was however, I was told, a ray of hope — and that even for a 'sinner'. Somebody in a past age had been put to death by most wicked men, and it seemed that this personage had a marvellous power for saving 'sinners.' By 'believing' on 'Jesus' not only might a 'sinner' be spared the pain of eternal burning, but he might be taken to a place where there were joy and beauty, brilliancy and peace; and often have I lisped the prayer, "If I should die before I wake, take me to *Heaven*, for Jesus' sake."

In short, the Theology of my parents, as gradually disclosed to my youthful mind, might be summed up in words taken from another pamphlet from my pen; A God living in majestic isolation out of His Divine Fancy created first angels and secondly men, fully knowing (having Divine Foreknowledge) that both would disobey His Divine Commands. This Sublime Deity is afterwards moved by compassion for his creatures, and sends a part of Himself to undo part of the Mischief, which He Himself had made. Very few indeed are 'saved' — the majority being irrecoverably damned; but the 'Ways of

God' are said to be mysterious, and what, by Mankind at large, would be regarded as the grossest of Injustice is, by a psychological contortion, known as 'Faith', transformed into the sublimity of Moral Excellence.

To a belief in such a creed as this, I never could be brought — the more so as my brothers, older than myself and who had been to College, scoffed at it, and disagreed seriously with my parents. It was a source of pain to the latter to discover that not one of their sons was favorably disposed, or even respectful, towards Calvinism, and my mother was especially aggrieved, as she had strong reasoning powers and could not but admit that there was a good deal of sense in our argumentative Infidelity.

But Grief and Sorrow have a wonderful effect in opening the Mind and Heart to a perception of things Spiritual, and on my mother's death I altered my life in many respects and set about the enquiry in earnest as to whether or not there was any truth within the fold of the Protestant Christian Church. Things were not going well with me about this time either in the University or in Bannatynes' office, and I found in trouble and distress that from my vaunted Infidelity I gained no sustenance whatever. The motive which it supplied was that of the lowest Utilitarianism: "Eat drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die". Moreover I could not admire the characteristics of my Infidelic brothers. The elder, who was by business an Accountant or Receiver, had no aims beyond those of money grabbing and personal ease. But though his ends were few his methods were many, and in the course of some years he had figured in the capacities of Accountant, Photographer, Draper, Cabinetmaker & Lawyer. At this point of my narrative he had retired from business and was, I believe, engaged in studying Medicine. The younger was a Lawyer, and confined himself to one business only, but his motive power could also never recommend itself to me as an Ideal. He was a member of a Christian Church and, I believe, a deacon, and held 'worship' every evening in his family circle; but he assured me earnestly on one occasion that he had long made up his mind upon religious subjects — that it was impossible to know anything with certainty about them — that he himself was an Agnostic but did not intend to make himself a social martyr.



At this point, i. e., in the early part of 1880, shortly after my mother's death, which occurred in December 1879, I went to reside with a friend of the family who was a licensed physician and surgeon (called by courtesy "Dr.") at a place called Busby, about 7 miles distant from Glasgow city. It was thought advisable that instead of going into lodgings in the city, which I would have required to have done as our house was broken up, I should make an arrangement with this friend, reside with him and travel to and from the city daily. Dr M. and his wife being agreeable, the arrangement was entered into and carried out.

Dr M. soon acquired a great influence over me. He presented to my mind the Ideal Christian. Here was a man, well read, who had studied Chemistry, Surgery, Botany and Geology, who was familiar with the general teachings of Huxley and Tyndall and John Stuart Mill and who was not only not a Materialist nor Agnostic but placed his faith in the New Testament and believed in a future life. But the Christianity of Dr M. I found to be very different from the Christianity which had oppressed my childhood. It was not wrong to go to a theater when one felt disposed; nor was it 'sinful' to go to dancing parties. Smoking cigars was permissible and the reading of novels considered instructive. This was refreshing. One could be a Christian on such terms and consider life worth living.

In short, the Christianity of my new friend amounted to this: "Hold on to that which is good and in a Christ-like spirit sacrifice yourself in daily duty". I now took an interest in the New Testament and could see in it beauties, which before were not discernible. I realised that my present and eternal welfare were not dependent on believing that a Christ was hung upon a cross but on the extent to which I crucified *Myself* according to my highest sense of Right and Order.

At the end of 1880, an important change took place in my career. I had yet four examinations to pass before I could obtain the degree at which I was aiming, and I then resolved to leave the office in which I had been for a number of years and retire to the continent for private study. I accordingly left Bannatynes' office, taking with me the goodwill of my employers and a very handsome present from my fellow assistants.

I selected the town of Strassburg in Alsace, chiefly because my versatile elder brother was already there and because there I was sure to have absolute quiet for study.

"Here then", I said to myself, "in this old historic town I shall renovate my life. I shall live up to my best conceptions and leave results in higher hands". I laid down rules for daily conduct, setting apart so many hours per day, 7 in all, for application to my books and praying daily that I might be guided in regard to all my thoughts and actions, for the sake of Jesus Christ.

In Strassburg it was my good fortune to make the acquaintance of a rather remarkable man. He was the pastor of the Mission Church established by the Mission Board of the Free Church of Scotland. Born a German Jew, he had been tossed about by various vicissitudes and had at last found peace and refuge in the Christian Church. He had married a most excellent Christian lady, an Englishwoman, and by dint of prolonged application to literary pursuits had acquired from a German University the degree of Doctor of Divinity. In Strassburg, as might be expected where there is a famous University and where Materialism rules the day, the influence of the Free Church of Scotland was very small indeed. Still Dr. Fürst (for this was the pastor's name) had a small circle of admirers, and made his presence felt. But much to our surprise this genial representative of the Free Church of Scotland, which is of all Churches the one in which least Freedom can be found, had a Christianity acceptable and practical. He assured me on one occasion privately (for we became great friends) that he was no believer in Hell or wholesale Damnation, nor did he believe in the so-called Miracles of Christ. His interpretation of the New Testament was that it was a refined and soulinspiring allegory and that, if we embodied a Christ-like spirit in our daily life on earth, we would ensure our wellbeing in a life beyond — which latter, he said, the Scientists could not only not disprove but, if true to their own inductions, were bound to hold as logical and certain. "I like a healthy Christianity", he said, "a Christianity which can show itself in the Lecture-room and the Laboratory, and I consider the Materialistic Professor in our University here, who labours to impart true knowledge, a much better Christian than

the ignorant Salvationst". With these views I quite concurred, and the influence of kind and hearty Dr. Fürst was such as to give a zest to my labour which I had not theretofore enjoyed.

In April 1881, I returned to Glasgow to undergo examination in Law and Medical Jurisprudence, and, passing in these subjects, I returned to Strassburg, accompanied by a friend, an embryonic stockbroker. We decided to take a further trip to Switzerland, and I, personally, felt quite free in doing this as I was much exhausted by four months of constant application. Leaving Strassburg we took the wellknown tour from Bâle to Berne, thence through the Bernese Oberland to Thun, Interlaken, Brienz, Alpnacht, Lucerne, Zurich, and back again to Bâle and Strassburg. At Interlaken, which of all places is the most Elysian, it was my fortune to fall in love. The object of my attachment was the daughter of a Swiss gentleman who had been a manufacturer in England but who was again resident in Switzerland. The attachment grew in quite a natural way, and we understood each other — as only Love knows how.

On my return to Strassburg and when my friend and fellow traveller had returned to Glasgow, I resolved to leave Strassburg altogether and go down to Zurich, where the object of my attachment resided. My arguments for taking this step are interesting to myself and I put them into writing. "Here is a case of true love", said I, "No mercenary motives have entered into the matter. Our meeting at a hotel in a Swiss village may be said to have been by chance. But it is my belief that nothing happens by chance, and as I have been in daily prayer for guidance it is clear that is my destiny to have met Miss H. and it would be most unwise not to follow the matter up, or let two hearts pine in solitude alone!" "Moreover", said I, "I will be strictly honourable. I will tell the girl and her father how I stand financially and as to what are my prospects, and, possessed as I am with the full intention of doing 'my best', I do not see that anything but good can come."

But reasoning of this kind has no effect with men used solely to commercial pursuits, as I found to my cost when I transferred myself to Zurich. The facts remained that I was not yet in business, did not know what my



income would be when I did get into it, and had only about £1000 with which to bless myself. The old gentleman and I had at first merely a misunderstanding, but this grew ultimately into what might be mildly termed a serious disagreement.

I returned to Scotland, spending the winter and spring of 1881/82 in Edinburgh in preparing for my final degree examinations. During this period also I did as most lovers would have done in the circumstances, viz, corresponded secretly with my fiancée; for although my prospective father-in-law and I were quite unable to 'come to terms' the attachment between the young lady and myself was only intensified by the disruption.

In April 1882, I passed the final requisite examinations, and obtained from Glasgow University the degree of B. L., Bachelor of Law. The last two subjects were in the Arts department (those in the Law having been disposed of previously) and were, respectively, Moral Philosophy and the German Language, and I mention this fact because the study of these subjects, especially of the former, had a considerable effect upon my character. The text-book of Morals prescribed was, 'The Methods of Ethics' by Professor H. Sidgwick of Cambridge, and I had given this work most particular attention, being desirous of seeing how far the Utilitarianism which it countenanced fitted in with the Christianity which I professed. All this time, I may say, I had been in daily prayer for guidance, and on looking along the line of events I was enabled to see that I *had* been guided.

After graduating and bringing to a culmination, so to speak, efforts prolonged for a period of years, I became careless and self-satisfied and spent a great deal of time and money at a Hydropathic Establishment in the English Lakes. Since leaving Bannatyne's office until this point I was conscious of having exercised my judgment to the best of my ability and laboured hard towards my advancement both for this world and the next; but at Windermere I decidedly 'went wrong', and afterwards had many pangs of conscience on the subject.

On returning to Edinburgh, I strove to realize the situation. I had still an examination in 'Court Practice' to pass before entering on my professional career, and I had allowed one opportunity to pass without its being taken advantage of. The next opportunity was not until

October. Now the question arose — what am I next to do? It was apparent to all observers that legal affairs in Scotland were in a simply desperate condition. There was stagnation everywhere. In all the leading offices there were numbers of young men, fully qualified, without any prospect of acquiring businesses, and waiting anxiously, Micawberlike, for something to turn up. Some in business for themselves were seeking situations under others. I could not hope for better fortune than my compeers. "This is not my Ideal of Labour", I said to myself. "The labourers are in number out of all proportion to the size of the vineyard. Surely there must be places on the globe where the vineyard is large and the labourers few. Here is my opportunity to see what are the legal prospects in America." These reflections chiefly arose from the reading of Thomas Carlyle's 'Past and Present.' I resolved accordingly to make a visit to the United States, get an insight into the condition of affairs there, and return in time for my examination in October. In midsummer 1882, then, I first visited America, sailing from Glasgow to New-York, thence up the Hudson River to Albany, thence to Niagara, thence to Montreal and Quebec, and thence home. I concluded to return and go on with my career in Scotland, although by the circumstances my trip to America had been in every way justified.

On my return to Edinburgh, I learned that the father of the young lady to whom I was attached had died at Zurich, and I went to Switzerland to see how matters stood. I learned on joining the family that the old gentleman had withdrawn all objection to the engagement upon certain conditions, which were afterwards fulfilled.

I returned to Edinburgh but could not settle down to study, being haunted by a feeling of unrest, due to magnetic exhaustion from the amount of travelling which I had undergone.

I then resolved to go to the place which I called "home" — to the house of the aforesaid Dr. M., at Busby. It had been my intense desire, during all my wanderings, that my examinations might be completed and that I might get "home", and now that I was within some weeks of the last examination I thought I might anticipate the pleasure. I went to Busby. Dr. M., it will be remembered, was the friend, the physician and surgeon who had first given

me an insight into esoteric Christianity, and I had had for him a prolonged esteem, which amounted to reverence.

But on my return and getting settled down to work, I found that circumstances had completely changed. I had returned with an individuality built up by study and foreign travel, and was no longer in need of instruction in Morals or Religion from him who had formerly been my preceptor. Dr M., instead of finding a man who would treat his utterances as those of an oracle, found one who was disposed to criticize and teach and believed himself competent to do so. Hence there was constant argumentation, not only with M. but with his wife, who, on her husband's account, became inflamed with jealousy.

I had been studying steadily and persistently for a number of weeks, and was within a fortnight of my last examination. It was now October 1882. I had been aiming at the point of being a solicitor or writer in Glasgow for no less than 11 years, and now at last — was the goal within my reach? No. The Gods ruled otherwise. At this point I was psychologized, *i. e.*, morally paralysed or mesmerized, and for a time completely broken down.

On a particular evening I was arguing with M. on a question about Utilitarianism and Christianity when suddenly his arguments seemed to have irresistible force. He was using his right hand and forefinger in order to give point to his conclusions. I left the room and retired to bed. Here the sense of oppression increased. A most terrible weight had been placed on me and that by M. My only hope seemed to be in getting into agreement with my adversary. Accordingly in the morning I went to his bedroom and told him, conscienciously enough, that I was convinced that he was right and, correspondingly, that I was wrong. Instead of exciting the sympathy, however, for which my soul was yearning, my confession caused M. to put himself into direct and intense antagonism. I was now completely in his power.

M. maintained that I had been reading too much and "thinking too much about religious subjects" and, in the capacity of a physician, ordered me off for a change. I was perfectly conscious that my trouble was not in any way due to over work but directly to the willpositiveness



of M. himself — but nevertheless I must obey him. I went first to Peebles and then to Windermere and returned from both places in no way benefited. I went to Edinburgh, there to remain until the examination day was over but returned immediately. I was in no way capable of passing examinations. M. haunted my thoughts by day and by night, and I came back to Busby.

I felt that if M. would agree with my sense of Truth Right and Prudence I would recover my selfpossession. But this he never would do. He became more antagonistic and most unwisely ordered me to go into an office. He and his wife would not allow me to study at home as my own sense of duty prompted, and I could do nothing but obey. He advised me also to make a visit to the physician of an insane asylum near Glasgow and ask his opinion on the case. The advice was cruel, as he knew full well that the mere fact of going on such an errand was only to place myself the more within his power. Dr. Y. could only endorse the professed opinion of the physician by whom I had been sent, viz, that I had been studying too much and required a change. He wished me well, but afforded no relief.

Now that I was completely under his influence, M. became more positive and literally played with my mind and moral responsibility. So also his wife. They influenced my brothers and others against me. My materialistic brother impressed upon me that my illness could not be a 'moral' one, or connected with the soul, because there was no soul — "nobody had a soul" — and my brother, the pseudo-Christian, thought M. quite right in maintaining that "study wasn't work."

Meanwhile my intended wife had come from Switzerland to spend the winter in Manchester, and as I was in no way benefitted by 'being in an office' I went on a visit to that city — chiefly in the hope that she who was dearest to me would be able to dispossess me of M's evil influence. I was indeed sorry, for my sweetheart's sake, at my hopeless condition. I was no longer the manly, high principled fellow, who had won her heart, but a dejected, miserable creature — a mere servant to the individuality of another. She did all in her power, in her selfsacrificing way, to brace me up for the effort whereby I might rise to myself again, but without avail. Legal affairs in Scotland also had not been improving.

They were in a wretched condition. I went to Glasgow from Manchester to consult my former employers about an offer which I had received from a Canadian firm *without salary*, and was advised without hesitation to accept it. In addition, my illness was in no way abated. My dejected condition had attracted the attention of others and, for the sake of my beloved and with a grief which is inexpressible, I allowed third parties to intervene and break the engagement.\*

I returned to Scotland, first to the house of my second brother at a place called Lenzie and thereafter to Glasgow.

It was now January 1883, and for three months I had been suffering from an indescribable illness, which nobody could understand. To talk of it was only to bring upon myself abuse. I could receive no sympathy anywhere. In vain I pleaded with M., both by letter and at personal interviews, to undo what he had done, relieve me from my mental load and give me back my freedom. In vain had I sought assistance elsewhere.

The longest night however has its succeeding dawn and about this time appeared the glimmerings of daybreak. It was my good fortune to lodge in the same house with a Mr. Samuel Baildon, who had come from London to Glasgow to fulfil a business engagement. This young man, about my own age, to my astonishment was the first to give me any relief. He understood precisely the nature of my complaint and how it was to be removed. He saw at once that I had been most cruelly psychologized, by a man who professed to be a friend, and that magnetic mental sympathy was what was required in order that I might recover my self possession. From this point on I began to recover. Baildon had studied magnetism under T. L. Nichols of London, was a vegetarian and very spiritual.

To be understood, and that thoroughly and in every respect, was a joy. I began to see that there was a divine purpose in my affliction, that I was being chastened only that I might learn. I found that assistance and relief for a complaint of my order were not to be found among M. Ds. or orthodox religionists, but among homeopaths, magnetic-practitioners and spiritualists — people whom I had formerly despised and designated ‘quacks.’

---

\* She was married to a Swiss Gentleman in 1884.

I made the acquaintance of James Coates, a 'Professor' of Prenology and Mesmerisin and a spiritualist, and put myself under his treatment. He also understood the case at once. — "You have been psychologized", he said, "and require to be built up magnetically until your individuality is restored. Leave this man alone. I know the kind of man. He has a proud dogmatic temperament, and you might as well knock your head against a wall as attempt to make him alter his opinions." I began also to read publications which I would formerly have designated 'trash' — 'spiritualistic publications', 'The Herald of Health' and the publications of the Vegetarian Society. I got different views on the Science of Healing. I saw that the true mode of healing lay not in drugs but in the imparting of this 'spirit', this sympathy for which I craved, and I now understood the method by which the Great Sympathizer effected his cures while on earth. I learned that 'the Despised and Rejected' was nothing more nor less than a Master of Spiritual Science — a Great Mesmerizer. I could well understand his 'casting out devils', for I myself was obsessed. Between Baildon and Coates I progressed very well until one day I was tempted to write to M. once more. I had such a belief in the genuineness of his Christianity that I trusted his good feelings would be excited at last and that, with the gush of sympathy which would exude from his heart, I would be relieved and instantly cured. But I made a mistake. He took my brothers out to the aforesaid doctor of lunacy to consult about the case, and then I knew that all hope of getting sympathy from him was gone. I must fight my own battles and get well in spite of him. Baildon and Coates were much disappointed at my letter to my oppressor as I had almost undone all their work. "Take care", said Coates, "or you will find yourself in a place where you will get no sympathy. The man is capable of anything. He has only to sign a paper along with another doctor and then — where will you be?"

I had been much interested in the 'Herald of Health', especially in the mesmeric cures reported to have been effected by the editor's wife, Mrs Mary S. G. Nichols, and, as I was now well aware that the only people who could afford me relief were 'irregular' practitioners, I left Glasgow at this juncture and came up to London.



It was my good fortune to reside with Dr. and Mrs. Nichols in Earls Court, S. W., for a number of weeks, and to them I owed my complete restoration to health.

With them my surroundings were congenial. Not only was 'Magnetisin' or 'Mesmerism' not scouted as unreal or 'imaginary' but held as essentially true and scientific. I now began to interest myself in Spiritualism and read the literature of the subject. I read such works as 'The Debatable Land', Zöllner's 'Transcendental Physics', the works of Mr. Crookes and Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace, and also the spiritualistic newspapers, 'Light', 'The Banner of Light', 'The Religio — Philosophical Journal', 'The Medium and Daybreak', and 'The Harbinger of Light.' I learned that the indisposition from which I had suffered was well known to spiritualists, that it was known as 'obsession', that the weight placed upon me by my adversary was an actual *material*, of a sublimated character, that it was with the same substance or mind-stuff that all mesmeric or 'mediumistic' phenomena were produced, and that allopathists, materialists and orthodox religionists were alike ignorant of the nature of this substance and even of its existence. I took pains to satisfy myself that the 'phenomena' of spiritualism were *true*, such as the passage of matter through matter — independent slate writing — the appearance of spirit forms and the speaking of the same — trance speaking and the faculties of clairvoyance and clairaudience. The more I studied of spiritual science the more did I become astonished at my own former ignorance and at that of professedly educated people in general. Especially was I astonished at the ignorance of the clergy and of the materialists, when I reflected that the chief text-book of the former, the Bible, is full of such 'miraculous' manifestations and that, after all, the so-called 'miracles' are as reducible to law as are the demonstrations of physical science.

But several things about Spiritualism were evident to the investigator, and that painfully. The manifestations were never attended with benefit to the 'mediums' themselves. The moving of chairs, the playing of banjos, the rapping on tables, the shouting and speechifying of 'spirits' were always attended by a loss of magnetism, vitality, or mind-stuff, on the part of the mediums so great as to render them volitionless and despondent, in fact almost lifeless. Again, it could not be said that

there was anything morally improving about the moving of chairs without physical contact, beyond the satisfaction of knowing of the fact itself. There was nothing 'divine' about it, in the usual acceptation of the term, nor did it bear any resemblance to the spiritual manifestations of Christ — the latter always being attended by an evident and beneficial moral purpose. It began to dawn upon me therefore that, however true the manifestations called Spiritualistic might be, the *rationale* of their occurrence, which my friends the Spiritualists offered, was not philosophically broad enough, and I directed my attention therefore to another school of believers in mesmeric and occult science, the Theosophists.

A lady from Germany, whose acquaintance I made at Dr. Nichols' and who afterwards became a friend, introduced me to Mr. A. P. Sinnett and to the Theosophical Society's Branch in London. I read with interest Mr Sinnett's 'Occult World' and this book was sufficient to satisfy me that the Theosophical theories were well founded. According to the Theosophists, the phenomena of Spiritualism were not due to 'angels' or departed relatives, but to certain inferior, not superior, forces in nature, which, coming in contact with a medium or person of passive temperament, were enabled to assume to themselves abnormal vitality and to produce results on the physical plane. Mediumship was discountenanced as injurious and demoralizing, the Theosophists maintaining that instead of being controlled by such forces every true man and woman ought to control them instead. It was further maintained that this power of control, inherent *potentially* in every human being, could only be attained by leading a chaste and upright life, that Christ, Buddha, Zoroaster and Moses had acquired their abnormal and 'miraculous' powers by virtue of the purity and sublimity of their lives, and that these men were not 'mediums', or passive instruments, but active agents, Masters of Spiritual Science.

All this commended itself most forcibly to my reason, the more so as the chief aim of the Theosophical Society was to teach that there were Christs and Buddhas living *now*, wonderworkers as of old, who were *approachable by those prepared to make the necessary sacrifices*.

Here then were some decided gains in my religious life and experience — the direct outcome of the protracted indisposition from which I had suffered. Added to the



Esoteric Christianity which I had formerly professed there was now a certainty as to the possibility of Christ's 'miracles' and as to the capability of their being performed now, as then, under the conditions imposed by immutable law. I had learned to respect the Spiritualists, earnest truthseekers and truly Christlike in regard to the martyrdom which they suffer at the hands of public opinion. I had learned that 'Mediums' were not all quacks, deceivers, charlatans and frauds. On the contrary that they were mostly worthy of much respect — more than ought to be accorded to Materialists or Negationalists.

As an explanation of the real nature of the illness imposed on me by M. and to which I have given so much prominence and space, I cannot do better than quote a passage from Mr. Sinnett's 'Occult World' in which the Adept *Koot Hoomi* speaks of the inability of ordinary men of science to discern the different *qualities* of two given amounts of expended mental energy: "Every thought of man", says Koot Hoomi, upon being evolved passes into the inner world and becomes an active entity by associating itself, coalescing we might term it, with an elemental — that is to say, with one of the semi-intelligent forces of the kingdoms. It survives as an active intelligence — a creature of the minds begetting — for a longer or shorter period proportionate with the original intensity of the cerebral action which generated it. Thus a good thought is perpetuated as an active beneficent power, an evil one as a maleficent demon. And so man is continually peopling his current in space with a world of his own, crowded with the offsprings of his fancies desires impulses and passions, *a current which reacts upon any sensitive or nervous organization which comes in contact with it, in proportion to its dynamic identity.*"

Applying the foregoing passage to the circumstances in which my illness had its origin and progress, it affords a lucid explanation. The reader can understand my appeals for relief and sympathy and how on failing to get them from M. I sought and got them elsewhere. Having said so much about this illness I need not refer to it again, for it was but a *blessing in disguise* in so far as it opened up the truths of *Spiritual Science*.

With the exception of short absences in Glasgow and

Dublin, I remained in London from April till August 1883, and during this time devoted myself exclusively to the study of 'Occultism'. I was much interested in the work of the Theosophical Society and attended some of the meetings of its London Branch.

The professed objects of the Theosophical Society were: — To form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, to promote the study of Aryan literature religion and science and vindicate its importance, to explore the mysteries of Nature and *to further the development of the psychical powers latent in Man*. These objects appeared to me highly commendable, and, being desirous of participating in the good work, I expressed a desire to go to the Society's Head Quarters at Madras.

Armed with letters of introduction to Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott, the leaders of the movement in India, I left England on 25<sup>th</sup> August, going out in the capacity of an independent investigator, at my own expense.

Now I can say with all candour that my motive in going to India was to further my highest interests, that is to say, to add to my knowledge of spiritual things and further the working out of my own salvation; and it will be interesting to myself to put in writing the reasoning whereby I arrived at the conclusion that the Theosophical Movement is a good one and worthy of the most serious attention on the part of religious thinkers.

It was claimed for Madame Blavatsky that she had phenomenal powers, that she was clairvoyant and clairaudient, that wonderful things took place in her presence, such as the tinkling of bells, the sound, as of tapping, upon objects without physical (i. e. ordinary physical) contact, that letters were formed in the air "out of nothing" and, most important of all, that she was in communication, by occult or psychic methods, with the living representatives of the ancient Magi. It was not claimed for Colonel Olcott that he had abnormal powers, but simply that he was an earnest gentleman, who had been a Spiritualist in America when converted by Madame Blavatsky to Theosophical doctrine. Of Madame Blavatsky's clairvoyance and clairaudience I had no doubt, because I had satisfied myself, irrespective of personalities, that clairvoyance and clairaudience were *true*; of the tinkling of bells, the sounds as of tapping

and formation of letters I had no doubt also, as the Spiritualistic literature teems with thousands of parallel instances; and of her being in relationship with the *Magi* the letters' of *Koot Hoomi* in the Occult World presented a strong *prima facie* case. I asked myself and answered the following questions. What character does she bear? Is she selfdenying? Very. She does not care for 'Society' or worldly pleasures, but spends her time quietly in furthering the interests of the Organization with which she is connected. She holds the post of Corresponding Secretary and edits the *Theosophist Magazine*. Does she make money out of the concern? No. On the contrary Olcott and she have spent thousands of pounds out of their own pockets (*vide* preface to Occult World p XV.) Does she gain the applause of the multitude for her work? No, scorn and contumely. Does she charge money for the performance of occult phenomena? Never, not a fraction. In the Magazine which she edits is purity of life advised and enjoined? Always — no advancement in Occultism without it. In short, is she leading a Christlike life for the benefit of her fellow-men in India? I think so.

The same line of enquiry might be pursued regarding Colonel Olcott. As providing an indication of his character I cannot do better than quote passages from a private letter to myself, received shortly after my arrival at Madras. Referring to the Ilbert Bill controversy, which was raging at that time Colonel Olcott says are;

"We are devoted to the revival of the old Aryan wisdom, and therefore have to partake of the moment's hatred of everything Indian. Of course the affection and respect for us is correspondingly growing among the natives. As American citizens Madame B and I have no difficulty to keep ourselves free from the passions and prejudices that rage about us, and I go about the country as unmoved by the things that are goading the Europeans as though they did not exist. But can you do the same? Do you feel in your heart that the missionary work of Theosophy is thoroughly attractive? Are you prepared to eat with me the plainest food, to expect neither luxury nor even comfort, to have your private character traduced, your motives pictured as base and sordid, to endure extremes of climate, the fatigue of hard journeys in all sorts of conveyances by land and sea, to know

of the existence of *the Masters* yet be denied the privilege to go to them, until by years of toil you have purged your innermost nature of its selfishness and accumulated moral filth and by working unselfishly for the enlightenment of mankind you shall have fitted yourself for the holy companionship? Think of all this. The philanthropist's lot is a hard one: few covet its crown of thorns, fewer still are able to wear it. If you are liable to soon tire of my constant movement and sigh for rest and inertia at home then do not come, for I tell you I am so dead in earnest that I would be ready to die any day for my society."

From October 1883 till January 1885, I was immediately connected with the Theosophical movement in India, and became acquainted with its work. I travelled over the entire length of the land -- from Madras to Bombay and from Bombay to Peshawur. I have been as far north as Jammoo in the territory of Kashmere and as far south as Madura and Tuticorin. Coming into contact with Indians of all grades I got an insight into native life accorded to few Europeans.

As the best mode whereby to test the efficacy of the Theosophical movement, let us here again ask a few questions. How far does it succeed in promoting its first object, viz, the cultivation of the principle of Universal Brotherhood? Before answering this question however it is well to explain that the cultivation of humanitarian views, Universal in their application, does not mean the cultivation of Sentimentality. Well, in reply, we may state that there are men of all shades of opinion, members of the Organization. There are Brahmins, Parsees, Buddhists, Christians and Mahomedans. There are Materialists and Spiritualists. A well known member is a Jew. There are members in San Francisco, St. Louis, Chicago and New York, in Edinburgh, in London, in Paris, in Germany, in Australia, and in all the Cities of India, all recognizing the great principles of Common Humanity and Freedom of Thought.

Then how far is the movement a success as regards its second object, viz, the study of Aryan literature and science? The answer is to be found in the *Theosophist*, the most advanced metaphysical periodical in the world, and in the contributions to literature by prominent members. Does the study of Sanskrit receive due prominence?



There is a number of Sanskrit schools under the superintendence of the Society. Can the members of the Organization be said to have average intelligence? There are members from the Indian, English, Scotch and American Universities.

Then how far has the Society succeeded as regards the third object, viz, the exploration of the hidden mysteries of nature and the psychical powers latent in man? The success in this direction is indicated by the number of students devoting themselves to self development.

The general metaphysical teaching of the Theosophical Society is that in the realm of relativity knowledge is a growth, that there are latent powers in man applicable to hyper-physical and spiritual planes. One finds these ideas inherent in the Indian mind — in the blood, so to speak. Whether the object of admiration be a Buddhist Arhat or Brahmin Rishi, he is one who has risen to heights in Spiritual Science by the force of his will, and Indians will tell you plainly enough that the reason why there are no Rishis visible to the ordinary world today is that the world is in a state of spiritual darkness. "This is Kali Yug", they say, "the age of Iron".

Now in regard to the 'phenomena' of which so much has been said in the 'Occult World' and in the public press, I have experienced 'phenomena' when Madame Blavatsky (whom one would at first suppose to be their author) was thousands of miles away. On the 19<sup>th</sup> of November 1883, for instance, at *Lahore* I see a man who impresses me as being *Koot Hoomi* and on the morning of the 20<sup>th</sup> I am awakened by the presence of some one in my tent. A voice speaks to me and I find a letter and silk handkerchief within my hand. I am conscious that the letter and silk handkerchief are not placed within my hand in the customary manner. They grow "out of nothing". I feel a stream of 'magnetism' and lo! it is 'materialized'. I rise to read my letter and examine the handkerchief. My visitor is gone. The handkerchief is a white one of the finest silk, with the initials K. H. marked in blue. The letter is also in blue in a bold hand. The matter of it is as follows: "What Damodar" (a Brahmin) "told you at Poona is true. We approach nearer and nearer to a person as he goes on preparing himself for the same. You

first saw us in visions, then in *astral forms*, tho' very often not recognized, then in body at a short distance from you. Now you see me in my own physical body" (that is to say I would have seen him if I had turned my head) "so close to you as to enable you to give to your countrymen the assurance that you are from personal knowledge as sure of our existence as you are of your own. Whatever may happen, remember that you will be watched and rewarded in proportion to your zeal and work for the cause of *Humanity* which the Founders of the Theosophical Society have imposed upon themselves. The handkerchief is left as a token of this visit. Damodar is competent enough to tell you about the Rawal Pindi Member. *K. H.*" Now who was the writer of this note? Was it Colonel Olcott? Colonel Olcott is incapable of the imposition, besides being unable to produce the *K. H.* writing, which is known to at least a hundred people. Was it Damodar? Damodar was not aware that on the previous day I had seen anybody "at a short distance from" me, as I had communicated the fact to no one, and he was in addition incapable of producing the writing. Again, on the evening of the 21<sup>st</sup> November, there appeared on the open plain *the same figure which I had seen on the 19<sup>th</sup>*, and on this occasion Damodar and Colonel Olcott were by my side. Damodar, (who is a neophyte or *chela*) in the sight of Colonel Olcott and myself advanced to the figure, conversed with it, and returned to us with the information that the figure was *K. H.* and that he had received instructions from him. Was there anybody in Lahore sufficiently interested in the Theosophical movement and in Colonel Olcott myself and Damodar to give himself over to impersonation? Not that we knew of. Where was Blavatsky? *In Madras*. Where was Coulomb, the originator of the Theosophical scandal, known as 'The Collapse of Koot Hoomi'? *In Madras*. These circumstances took place between the morning of the 19<sup>th</sup> and night of the 21<sup>st</sup> November.

I have experienced 'phenomena' also when Blavatsky was at hand. On returning to Madras, about the middle of December, I wrote a letter to Koot Hoomi, asking the favor of another personal interview. This letter is put into 'the shrine', a sort of astral post office at the Theosophical Head Quarters at Madras, by the aforesaid Damodar in

my presence. He shuts the door of the shrine and in less than half a minute opens it. The letter is gone. There is no trace of it. Was there somebody concealed in the wall behind, who opened a door from behind and abstracted my letter? If so, the person so concealed must have been content to pass his life there, as letters, often unexpectedly, as mine was, were put into the shrine at all hours, morning noon and night. Damodar hears, or pretends to hear, a voice, clairaudiently, and informs me that his Master (meaning K. H.) requests me to be patient. Next evening (17<sup>th</sup> December) in the presence of Blavatsky and friends, including an army general, a lawyer and a doctor, on turning round in my seat I find on a ledge behind the identical letter which Damodar had placed in 'the shrine' on the previous day. The envelope, to all appearance, has never been opened, the the address only being altered from "Koot Hoomi Lal Singh" to "W. Brown F. T. S."\* On cutting open the envelope I find my own letter and, in addition, a letter of 8 pages purporting to come from K. H. Now it is to be observed that this letter was received through Blavatsky, that is to say, when Blavatsky was in the same building and in the same room. How does this letter compare with the letter 'materialized' into my hand at Lahore, when Blavatsky was at the other end of India? The writing is the same, and the matter proves its author but *the author of the Lahore letter also*. The author is neither Olcott, nor Damodar, nor Coulomb, nor Blavatsky, he is none other than the veritable K. H., the Brahmin Initiate, the author of the beautiful and scientific letters in the 'Occult World'.

Koot Hoomi says: —

"I have told you through Damodar to have patience for the fulfilment of your desire. From this you ought to understand that it cannot be complied with, for various reasons. First of all it would be a great injustice to Mr Sinnett who after three years devoted work for the Society loyalty to myself and to the cause begged for a personal interview and — was refused. Then I have left Mysore a week ago and where I am you cannot

---

\* It is worthy of note that K. H. omits my second initial, T. My middle name, Tournay, was assumed in my twenty first year. I had not communicated this fact to anyone in India.



come since I am on my journey and will cross over at the end of my travels to China and thence home. On your last tour you have been given so many chances for various reasons. We do not do so much [or so little if you prefer] even for our chelas until they reach a certain stage of development necessitating no more use and abuse of power to communicate with them. If an Eastern, especially a Hindu, had even half a glimpse but once of what you had he would have considered himself blessed the whole of his life. Your present request mainly rests upon the complaint that you are not able to write with a full heart, although perfectly convinced yourself, so as to leave no room in the minds of your countrymen for doubt. Pray can you propose any test which will be a thorough and perfect proof for all? Do you know what results would follow from your being permitted to see me here in the manner suggested by you and your reporting that event to the English Press? Believe me they would be disastrous for yourself. All the evil effects and bad feeling which this step would cause would recoil upon you and throw back your own progress for a considerable time, and no good will ensue. If all that you saw was imperfect in itself it was due to previous causes. You saw and recognized me twice at a distance. You knew it was I and no other: what more can you desire? If when after visiting Col Olcott I passed over to your room and my voice and words pronounced [Now you see me before you in flesh, look and assure yourself that it is I] — failed to impress you, and when the letter put into your hand awoke you at last but failed again to make you turn your face, your nervousness paralyzing you for a moment, the fault is surely yours not mine. I had no right to act upon you phenomenally or to psychologize you. You are not ready: that is all. If you are earnest in your aspirations, if you have the least spark of intuition in you, if your education of a lawyer is complete enough to enable you to put facts in their proper sequence and to present your case as strongly as you in your innermost heart believe it to be, then you have material enough to appeal to any intellect capable of perceiving the continuous thread underneath the series of your facts. For the benefit of such people only you have to write; not for those who are unwilling to part with their prejudices and precon-



ceptions for the attainment of Truth from whatever source it may come. It is not our desire to convince the latter; for no fact or explanation can make a blind man see. Moreover our existence would become extremely intolerable if not impossible were all persons to be indiscriminately convinced. If you cannot do even this much from what you know, then no amount of evidence will ever enable you to do so. You can say truthfully and as a man of honour 'I have seen and recognized my Master, was approached by him and even touched'. — what more would you want? Anything more is impossible for the present. Young friend, study and prepare and especially master your nervousness. One who becomes a slave to any physical weakness never becomes the Master of even the lower powers of Nature. Be patient, content with little and never ask for more if you would hope to ever get it. My influence will be over you and this ought to make you feel calm and resolute. *K. H.*" —

It is interesting to record that the letters from K. H. did not cease to come after the expulsion from the Society of Coulomb, who had given publicity to the statement that all the 'phenomena' were produced by Blavatsky and that '*K. H.*' was a combination of bladders and muslin.

There were received on 2<sup>nd</sup> August 1884 two letters in the wellknown writing, one to Dr. Hartmann F. T. S. and Mr. Lane-Fox F. T. S., jointly, and the other to Mr. Lane-Fox alone. Copies of these letters taken by myself at the time are in my hands.

The letter to Dr. H. and Mr. L. F. refers to a dispute which had arisen between Damodar (the neophyte aforesaid) and myself. "Damodar", says K. H., "has undoubtedly many faults and weaknesses as others have. But he is unselfishly devoted to us and to the cause and has rendered himself extremely useful to Upasika" (Blavatsky's occult-name) "His presence and assistance are indispensably necessary at the Head Quarters. His inner self has no desire to domineer, tho' the outward acts now and then get that coloring from his excessive zeal, which he indiscriminately brings to bear upon everything whether small or great. It must however be remembered that inadequate as our 'instruments' may be to our full purpose they are yet the best available, since they are but the evolutions of the times. It would be most desirable to have better 'mediums' for us to act thro'; and it rests with the

wellwishers of the Theosophical cause how far they will work unselfishly to assist in her higher work and thus hasten the approach of the eventful day. Blessings to all the faithful workers at the Headquarters *K. H.*"

The following passage is from the letter to Mr. Lane-Fox. "Yes, you are right in your supposition. We leave each man to exercise his own judgment and manage his affairs as he thinks fit. Every man is the maker of his own Karma and the Master of his own destiny. Every human being has his own trials to get through and his own difficulties to grapple with in this world; and these very trials and difficulties assist his self development by calling his energies into action, and ultimately determine the course of his higher evolution."

Now it is interesting to enquire — Where was Blavatsky when these notes were received? She was in Europe. Where was Colonel Olcott? In Europe also. *Coulomb and her husband had been expelled from the Theosophical premises.* Did Damodar write them? Damodar is not the man to admit that he has any "faults and weaknesses" whatever.

I remained in India till January 1885, and along with other investigators received the fullest satisfaction. Of the existence of the Adept Koot Hoomi I obtained all the proof desirable, and was convinced of the soundness, in the main, of the Theosophical teaching. I am not prepared to say that Blavatsky's life is a blameless one. I am not convinced that *all* the phenomena ascribed to the Adepts were performed by them. I believe that some of them had a much humbler origin, but however much on certain occasions Blavatsky may have given herself over to deception, it must be borne in mind she was the best instrument for genuine phenomena available in the circumstances. Of Colonel Olcott's integrity no one can have a doubt. He is essentially a good and highly intelligent man and energetic in the cause which he has espoused. His influence is known and felt all over India.

After the Annual Meeting of Delegates from the various Branch Societies held at Madras on 27<sup>th</sup> December 84, on which occasion I represented the Branch in Scotland, I prepared for my departure. I resolved to leave the pursuit of occult studies for the present and return to the ordinary world. I was moved to this resolution because I could find no sphere of labour

in the Theosophical Society. It was profitable to myself to remain at Madras in the capacity of a student, so long as I was enabled to pay my monthly board, but in India I could not realize my sphere and concluded to go once more to the United States. I determined to go eastward, *via* China and Japan.

On the 4<sup>th</sup> of January 1885, I bid Adieu to the Theosophical Establishment at Madras and proceeded first to Madura, to visit the world-famous temples, and thence to Tuticorin, the sea-port at the southernmost point of the Peninsula. Here I took steamer for Colombo, where I remained a week until the steamer for China arrived. During my stay in Ceylon, I took the opportunity of visiting Arabi Pasha with whom I had an hours conversation on Egyptian questions. On the arrival of the P. & O. Company's 'Bokhara' I took passage for Yokohama, Japan, and spent the next month in making the journey. In a week we had crossed the Bay of Bengal and were in the Straits Settlement at Penang and Singapore, and in another week we arrived at Hong Kong.

Here I remained a week, as the 'Bokhara' went on to Shanghai and the steamer plying between Yokohama and Hong Kong had not arrived in port. Wishing to see something of Chinese life, I made the trip of 90 miles along with two acquaintances up the Pearl River to Canton, — one of the most interesting excursions which I have had the good fortune to make. The river was strewn with torpedoes, as the Franco-Chinese war was going on, and we required to take on board a 'torpedo pilot', who guided us through the intricacies of the channel. With the assistance of a guide and with passports from the British Consulate we spent a couple of days among the curiosities of the Mongolians. As this work is intended however to be a record of growth in religious life and not one of travel and adventure, I desire to confine myself to a brief record of facts.

Leaving Hong Kong in the 'Teheran' we arrived in a few days at Nagasaki, thence proceeding through the Inland Sea we came to Hogo, and thence along the Pacific Coast to Yokohama.

After a pleasant week in Japan, during which I paid a visit to Tokio, the capital, I took passage on the 'City of New-York' for San Francisco, and spent the next 17 days on the expanse of the Pacific.



We steamed through the Golden Gate into San Francisco on the 8<sup>th</sup> of March, and in San Francisco I resided until the beginning of June. It was my intention, in returning to European, or rather American, civilisation, to have resumed my acquaintance with the Law, and I made several attempts to get into a suitable office, but the difficulties attending the admission of a foreigner to practice were greater than I had supposed — my degree of B. L. being practically worthless. In addition, I had no heart for the profession, as my study of Moral Philosophy had rendered me incapable of being a 'successful' lawyer. As has been well remarked "Law is now a science, about which its professors differ as much as the professors of theology do about religion. To keep this hydra-headed monster alive, colleges are built and sustained, wherein the most promising youth of the land are immured to bleach fade and grow prematurely old, in order to learn — what? legal quibbles, technicalities and precedents, whereby, in the great majority of cases, *justice may be defeated*."

Abandoning the law, I thought of putting to use the knowledge of Occultism which I had acquired in India and of taking the field as a public lecturer. I engaged a hall and advertised that I would lecture on 'Science and Religion', but before the appointed date I changed my mind and readvertised that the lecture was indefinitely postponed. I came to the conclusion that my sphere was not upon the public platform. Failing to find an occupation in the ordinary world, I made up my mind to devote myself to self development, *to return to India* and find out the Master of Spiritual Science, *Koot Hoomi*, of whose existence I was sure. During my stay in San Francisco I was 'feeling my way', trying to find my sphere of duty, for I have ever had an 'abiding faith' in my destiny, believing, with W. E. Gladstone, that "every one has his place and vocation on this earth and that it rests with himself to find it". I made some estimable friends, particularly Lucius Harwood Foote, late United States Minister to Corea, and lady. I made also some mistakes including an illjudged offer of marriage.

Leaving San Francisco in the beginning of June, I began the journey across the American continent. Passing Sacramento, the Capital of California, we entered the State of Nevada, and after a journey of 36 hours arrived

at Ogden in the Territory of Utah. Here we were among the Mormons, and, wishing to see something of the 'Latter-day Saints', I left the 'Central Pacific' Railway and took the 'Denver and Rio Grande' to Salt Lake City. In Salt Lake City I remained a week, read 'The Book of Mormon' and kindred literature, and attended service in the 'Temple of the New Jerusalem.'

The next stage of the journey was from Salt Lake City to Denver, the Capital of Colorado, through the Canyons of the Rocky Mountains. In 36 hours we were in Denver.

Leaving Denver in the evening and passing through Nebraska, in the following evening we had arrived at Omaha. In 24 hours more, we were in the Capital of Illinois, Chicago.

Remaining a few days in Chicago, I resumed my journey and in 18 hours arrived at Rochester N. Y., one of the cities most famous in modern times for spiritualistic phenomena. Spending a few days here agreeably, I again resumed my journey, and in 12 hours more was in New York.

On this, the occasion of my second visit to New York, I remained a week, and then took passage to Liverpool by the White Star Line 'Britannic.'

Leaving New-York on the 27<sup>th</sup> of June, we arrived at Liverpool, via Queenstown, on the 6<sup>th</sup> of July, and on the same evening I arrived in London.

In London once more after an absence of two years, during which I had made a circuit of the globe, I was fortunate enough to see my friend Baildon, who had been of such service to me during my illness in Glasgow, and also A. P. Sinnett, whose 'Occult World' had led to my going to India in 1883.

Leaving London, I went to Elberfeld, Germany, to visit the lady, who had first introduced me to the subject of Theosophy, and remained under her hospitable roof a week. Up till this point it had been my full intention to return to India, via Naples, and to make my way into Thibet, where *Koot Hoomi* has his home, but at Elberfeld I presented to myself the alternative of continuing my journey to the Orient or of remaining in Europe. I determined to go as far as Naples and there decide.

Leaving Elberfeld for Cologne, I travelled to Mainz, thence to Heidelberg, thence to Lucerne.

From Lucerne I proceeded, via the Gotthard-Bahn, to Lugano, thence to Milan, thence to Rome and thence to Naples.

Remaining in Naples about a week, I visited the Museum, Herculaneum, Torro del Grecco and Pompei.

At Naples I underwent one of the most sudden changes of mind within my experience. Leaving the 'Hotel Bristol' with the full intention of going to India, I changed my mind at the shipping company's office, although the steamer was in port, and determined to remain in Europe. Going to the Railway Station and remaining some hours, I booked for Lucerne and proceeded to Rome, Pisa, Genoa, Milan and Como, where I made my first stoppage and by whose beautiful waters I wandered for several days.

Leaving Como, I proceeded again to Lugano, where I remained a few days. Sailing along the lake to Porlezza, a small place between the lakes of Lugano and Como, I there made up my mind to settle in some town in Germany in the capacity of a teacher. I could have no consciencious scruples about this business as about that of the Law, and had before me the good examples of Christ and of Buddha who were teachers and, like myself, poor. Casting about in my mind for a home for the future my thoughts reverted to Freiburg in Baden, where when a student in Strassburg I had, with two friends, spend a delightful and refreshing holiday. The more that I considered the matter the more did my desires tend towards Freiburg, which though a town of some size with a University is yet in the midst of the beauties of the Schwarzwald. I determined to go there.

Leaving Lugano, I proceeded once more to Chiasso, thence through Italian Switzerland to Airolo, thence through the Gotthard Tunnel to German Switzerland on to Arth and Lucerne.

Remaining in Lucerne for several days, I bid Adieu to the Mountains and took train for Basel, whence, remaining a night, I came on to *Freiburg*.

Arriving in Freiburg in the early part of August 1885, I settled down to write an account of my life.

At intervals, during my writing, I took up a book from the stock which I have carried about, and my attention became fixed upon one which came into my hands in India — "THE TEMPLE OF THE ROSE CROSS," for me the most important book which I have ever read.

"*The Temple of the Rosy Cross*" is an American publication — published by John R. Rue, 43 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia, and the writer is F. B. Dowd.

The *Dedication* is as follows: —

"To JOHN HEANEY, of Buckley, Iroquois County, Illinois — him of the GREAT SOUL, LOFTY MIND, and LOVING HEART — 'Door of the Temple of the Rosy Cross' — are these pages most respectfully and lovingly dedicated, by the Author."

The *Preface* is as follows: —

"To provoke thought, and thus lift the world out of the rut into which it has fallen, the following pages have been written. The soul is no common or vulgar thing; and all approximation thereto, in thought, must be transcendental. This work claims to contain the fundamental *principles of all religions* — the PHILOSOPHY OF MANHOOD, and the road leading to a TRUE LIFE AND IMMORTALITY, HERE, on this poor, much abused earth. "This is a matter-of-fact age," and "the day of miracles has passed." That is, those things which unaccountably happen, which were formerly ascribed to God, have come a little nearer home, and are now ascribed to NATURE. What satisfaction there is in a name, especially to children! The superstition of the past, and of the stars, narrowed down to that of "the ape" and "the mud!" Instead of the facts of observation, I have attempted those of Logic and common sense. DARWIN and HUXLEY have narrowed the mind down to a contemplation of the mud "protoplasm," but I call you to a contemplation of man and his possibilities. *I came*, and found this beautiful earth fanned by the breath of deadly poison, which men, in the very agony of breathing, call life. *I go*; but in going, I would leave it a little purer for having been here. I am satisfied that man is the architect of himself, and of all conditions, from "protoplasm" up; and it has been my effort to stir him upward to the creation of things worthy of himself. This year, 1881, is the close of an epoch in the world's history. It will, indeed, be sad, if we follow in the bloody track of our forefathers *downward*. We have now an opportunity, next year, of cutting loose the shackles that chain us to the corpse of the past. Shall we make the attempt? Reader, study these pages; the great ideas are merely shadowed, and are left crude and bare of detail, for you to clothe as your mind shall open to



the grasping. Do not deny what I have written *without a full and clear comprehension* of the ideas.

It is not claimed that this work is *wholly* Rosicrucian. The sublime principles of this fraternity are not conveyed in this manner; but enough is given to enable the thoughtful and earnest searcher after truth to get a glimpse of the glory hid ten, even now, as in the past. It is not the loud sounding bells of a sabbath morning, nor the roaring of organs and voices; neither is the high-toned oratory of the officiating priest, true worship; neither is it the *means*, however charming and gratifying, which move the infinite to the answering of prayer. Remember, "silence is strength;" noise confuses. It is "an empty sound," which silence comprehends not, or in the comprehension of it, loses it. The unwavering, persistent, incomprehensible (by us) thought, is the sustaining and *noiseless moving* power of the universe; and he who hath most of it is the most prayer-answering God, and in and by virtue thereof he is the greatest PRAYER."

The XVI. and XVII. chapters are to my mind so important that I shall quote them here in full adding any comments which may be suggested by the text. W. T. B.

The XVI. chapter is upon the subject of *Soul-Powers and Spiritual Gifts*. It is as follows: —

"There is no limit to man's powers. That which seems a limit disappears or becomes an assistance in the reversal of the thought concerning it. All spiritual gifts come from the lifting of the veil crushed thick and opaque by objective things, or the piercing through of the sight, as a peering under through an opening or rift in the rolling clouds of mundane things. Let me explain. Mental perception, intuition, or sight of the mind, is in the centre of the intellect; but it ordinarily is a dark sun, which becomes luminous by effort, as I have already set forth. Magnetism is a short road to lucidity, but the powers conferred are weak compared to those which come through effort. Magnetization is effected through passivity, and the vacating of thought and will. But it alternates, *i. e.*, depends upon conditions which vary, and are sometimes favorable and sometimes unfavorable; and, consequently, it is subject to spells—comes and goes, and leads everywhere and anywhere. It



is good enough so far as it goes. but it does not go deep enough or far enough. The magnetic sleep is not at all dependent upon purity nor will-power. The luminosity I teach is not a sleep necessarily; it is a blindness, or a cutting off of externals—a separation of the selfhood from outward influences by the sinking in or absorption of the voluntary powers, or the growth of the involuntary to the voluntary, so that they become one. Mesmeric sleep is the first phase of it. Illumination, when once reached through and by effort of will, is always available. It makes and preserves uniform conditions; hence it has no “fits or starts,” and makes no failures. When perfect it cannot be lost, for it is death-proof, and its possessor is no *subject* of any power in existence. He is an immortal being, having divine powers. There are many grades of powers, but I will first speak of sight: first, natural sight; second, clairvoyance; third, soul-sight.

Clairvoyance has several degrees, while natural sight has only one. The first degree of clairvoyance is similar to natural sight: *i. e.*, it sees only objects, such as reading blindfolded; seeing objects at a distance; seeing through matter, etc. It grows by practice, and its powers increase as the lucidity of the brain increases. But lucidity is simply dependent upon the purity of the spirit. Purity focalizes the spirit, but magnetization is a result of a mixture of spirits; hence it is what I have defined as impurity or an adulteration. It is exalting, as an intoxication; since its effects are fleeting and ephemeral in proportion to the impurities involved. I do not mean by impurities, immoralities at all. Impurity is in the mixture and appropriation of different auras, substances, magnetisms, etc. Magnetic subjects go into the condition and come out of it through the influence of an operator; sometimes in the form, but often out of it. In either case they are subject to the will of another, and the lucidity or exaltation of powers is a result of the union of spirits both in the form and out, which disappears when the subject is out of the condition. But the effects do not disappear so readily. Often the subjects are a prey to vampires both in the form and out, under whose infernal “sucking” the life is slowly but surely sapped. This is the case with more people—especially women—than many imagine. There is a conscious and an unconscious vampirism. All mediums are not, however, subject

to this curse. Space will not allow me to dwell upon this important subject, farther than to add that mediumship is not confined to the ranks of Spiritualism. Nineteenths of all the crimes committed are due to vampirism. A vampire is not necessarily a *disembodied* spirit. We are just as much spirits now as we will ever be, and all the power that any spirit may have we can have, if we only know how to develop and use it. For that which is not in us cannot exist long as ours. Clairvoyance is a mental power, and as the mind becomes more and more luminous by practice and focalization of the spirit, "spiritual gifts" are joined to it, as fruit is joined to a blossom. It is not my object to specify and define these gifts further than is necessary to elucidate my subject.

Vampirism is one spirit preying upon another. It differs from obsession in degree only. Clairvoyance becomes deeper and deeper by practice, until it enters somewhat into the penetralia of things in-which its subject becomes alive to influences—aches, pains, physical and mental states, aspirations, loves, longings, etc. It is now becoming near to another power, viz, the perception of spirit forms, faces, and the hearing of voices, or clairaudience. This is, of course, a higher power than mere sight of objects. Spirit pours out in look and gesture, but in speech more than in any other manner. In fact, speech is the highest expression of spirit, and it is more susceptible to culture than looks or gestures, and leads to greater depths of being; and is moreover more reliable, because it does not lead to that idolatry which the sight of beauty and grandeur always does. The beholding of spiritual beings, by clairvoyants has led many into the erroneous idea that they have beheld God, the ineffable One, when, in fact, such sight may be a conjuration of the will of some strong operator. Phantoms seldom speak; to be reliable, sight and hearing should go together.

The deepest clairvoyance is that where objects, both material and spiritual, are passed by as of no account; and the ineffable glories of soul-realm glimpsed. This is a sight of spirit, as fire only, and not as objects. This fire or spirit finds a voice suited to the ear of him who will listen.

ZOROASTER said: "When you see the fire, listen to the voice of the fire!" It was in view of this truth that MOSES enacted laws against the communicating with

spirits: and in order to preserve purity in the mediums (or priests), tried to confine it to the tribe of LEVI. It was for this purpose (purity) that celibacy was enjoined by BUDDHA. Beyond this mundane sphere—beyond the realm of spiritual things—is infinite knowledge and power. And he who is able to pierce through the shadow which things casts, sees the glories of the spirit-worlds. But this is all. Forms do not appear from beyond the abode of the gods; but he who can visit the highest abode may hear the echoes of busy feet, and unutterable things. This power I call SOUL SIGHT; but it is not a sight of things but of principles. This power is *within* all spiritual powers. As the soul is the inmost of the man, so is soul-sight the inmost of intuition. Clairvoyance, psychometry, and clairsaudience, are all developed by contact, or the coming *en rapport* with objects. Their field of operations is in the spirit of things: but soul-sight is developed by holding the spirit aloof from other things, spirits, etc. And the losing sight of all distinctions or differences of things. It is the *distinctness* of things which scatters the spirit and confuses thought and mind. We know nothing, because there are *so many things to learn*. He who seeks the *absolute* loses sight of the differences of things, and, passing inward, reaches the spirit thereof; but instead of entering *en rapport* therewith, passes deeper still, *beyond all distinctions* and differences to the oneness of being—in fact, to the SUPERNATURAL of his own being. “He that hath a mind to think, let him think;” for, indeed, it is thought which leads to hearing of the Word. This is the real meaning of JOHN: “In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.” He who passes in thought through and beyond things, hears “the Word of God.” For God dwells in the inmost recesses of all being, hidden away from all mortal sight; hence the necessity of destroying the differences of things in the mind. The differences among men constitute hell. How easily we are all brothers when we forget our differences. They make enemies of us—enemies to each other and to God. How harmonious we would be if there were no distinctions. Of a truth, this is the road to God. The man who fixes not his attention upon differences of race, sex, conditions, opinions, names, etc., is a great-souled man, and looks with indifference upon the small things which agitate and disturb mankind. He



can lay claim to kinship with God, who loves all alike. Aye, and he holds sweet converse with God in the depths of his own all-knowing INTUITIVE SOUL!

This is the source of all inspiration. God finds voice in the soul, and intuition is but the faint echoes thereof, as it vibrates along the dark and noisome crypts of being. Alas for him, who "hath no ears to hear," nor "eyes to see"—his darkness must be intense indeed.

[The following is specially worthy of attention, dealing as it does with the facts of Spiritualism — facts of which allopathists, materialists and orthodox Christians are utterly ignorant. W. T. B.]

Let him who would reach the regal powers of the soul sit in circles. For in the mingling of magnetisms is an intense and fierce combustion or war of spirits produced, in which conflagration, great and rapid changes take place; during which the soul begins to make motions as of a thing coming to life; it is drawing itself together into shape, leaving the atoms of the body. Motions are usually felt first in the hands, which vibrate somewhat like when in contact with a magnetic battery; this sensation extends in time to every part of the body in some persons; in others, it is limited to the hands, arms or head; it deepens in intensity till the nerves begin to twitch and jerk. Now, when you have got thus far, there are two roads open for you. If you wish mediumship with any of its multitudinous phases, with a band of helpers and a guide, *just sit passive* and "let it jerk;" don't expect or be anxious for anything, but let yourself alone, fully resigned to accept whatever may come without doubt or criticism. Think of nothing as nearly as possible, and above all *resist no impulse of thought, word or action*. "Follow your impulses" is the law of mediumship. But if you choose the SOUL ROAD, you must now brace yourself for an effort; that effort is RESISTANCE—resist all impulses and all motions of the nerves and muscles; instead of passivity, grasp yourself as with your hands, holding fast in your mind or imagination with the same tension of the nerves as if you were holding something, but *without any muscular contraction*—this while sitting in the circle.

To become spiritual, cultivate mind, for this is the door which must, indeed, open before you can walk out into the realms of power. To cultivate mind, increase the

activity of the nervous system and its source—the brain. Draw the blood to the brain, by deep breathing and the fixing of the thought upon the object in view. Magnetize yourself one hour every evening by taking hold of the thumb with the right thumb and forefinger and pressing gently enough to keep the attention fixed upon it, and think of one thing, say some word—your own name, if nothing else—saying it over and over to yourself constantly. In a short time your object will become fixed and constant in your thoughts, and the soul will begin its work. But remember that each effort you make upward will be followed by a revulsion downward, and you will find yourself becoming amorous. Resist this impulse, as all impulses: in the course of time, you will see clouds, flashes of light, and faces or forms in the clouds. Pay *no attention* to these things, but keep right on with your exercise. There are many more methods which I am not at liberty to disclose. Things of a *physical* nature assist the physical, inasmuch as physical nature yields most readily to such things as are like itself, or one degree removed therefrom. To illustrate: a brute yields to the force of a club, but when he is trained a word controls him. So with mankind: some need kings, and soldiers with bayonets, to keep them within humanity's realm; others stay there naturally, for they understand its unspoken and unwritten laws. For babes, milk and baby-talk; for children, play-houses and stories; for youth the dance and the opera, for middle age, the rush and rattle, the clash and commotion of business; for mature man, thought, reason, spiritual things. These are nature's methods of culture. *Nature cannot be forced out of one mood into another.* Ask yourself, "Where does my love lead me?" and nature or your own soul will tell you truly. If you long to become spiritual, begin at once, and that gradually. "Nature allows none to overleap her barriers; they must be *beaten down*." Don't ask God to teach you, but learn of such as are in harmony with you, even if it be the devil.

The basis of all understanding is mutual sympathy existing between the teacher and the taught—the actor and the acted upon. To the material in thought, desire and action, are the matter-of-fact in nature adapted. They are like it, and hence the spiritual is too far removed from them to be their direct teachers: such need physi-



cal training, and to them are physical means necessary. Hence, to such (and in fact, all men are of this class more or less), in addition to deep breathing, the bath, in cold, magnetic water; a complete and radical change in the diet; rest instead of exercise; thought instead of talk; tears instead of laughter; darkness instead of light; emotion instead of motion—these and more are necessary to train the physical *before the spiritual can come forth*. Spirit is formless, and yet not altogether so. There is a form within these bodies of ours, which is spirit, and yet it hath no form until detached, as it were, from the flesh. All development is a loosening of the spirit from the flesh and the loves thereof: and this loosening is the embryotic organization of the spiritual body carried on and fully perfected.

[This corresponds with the 'astral body' of the Eastern School. It is maintained that the Eastern Adept can throw down his physical body as an overcoat and walk out into space in his 'astral.' I am convinced now that Adepts like Koot Hoomi have got rid of their physical bodies and that to all intents their 'astral' is their physical. They are in possession of the 'incorruptible body' spoken of in the New Testament. It was remarked by Olcott and myself on the occasion of Koot Hoomi's presenting himself before us that he was magnetically bright, in fact a 'shining one.' I believe now that what we saw was Koot Hoomi's *spiritual body* and that he has no other. W. T. B.]

"Resist", continues Mr. Dowd, "muscular and nervous motion with all your power of will. KEEP CALM. Never allow any circumstance to agitate or disturb you; for here in the degree of motion it is that demons and evil-disposed spirits take advantage of your sensitive and expansive condition, and enter in first, the nervous system, and secondly, the mind, and control you to your destruction. Music sets you on fire, and you want to dance, sing or shout: keep silent—"silence is strength!" Never dabate! But let the one object be to keep calm, self possessed and cool. This is the beginning of self-control and power. It is *concentration*. Think, meditate, read and study—but keep silent. Remember there are beings around you who come in connection with you through words, sounds, motions, etc., who, without them, remain ignorant of your object and condition. There are

demons and spirits who cannot read the mind, but who can hear and see.

It is when thrown off our guard, being carried away by strange sensations, thoughts, impulses motions and emotions that we are seized upon by the above or below, and carried away from ourselves, as it were from our equipoise or balance—self consciousness dethroned; and we rise or fall according to predisposition. The falling into acts silly and criminal, or less than those of the normal state is termed "OBSESSION," but this, like most names, is an effort to *explain* that which we do not understand; an assumption of knowledge, an excuse we make to ourselves for our ignorance; a *distinction* made, a difference, visible in extremes, as good and evil, which flow into one another as one; but to us and for us obsession is as real as the evil and must be avoided.

Since I commenced writing this book, this subject was forced upon my attention by a series of articles in some one of the spiritual papers. I cared nothing for the differences of opinion in regard to obsession; but feeling the necessity of progress in the avoidance of evil, by *some persons* at least, I sought for a sure, safe and certain preventive of it. I pondered several days upon this subject with no satisfactory result. One night, alone in my tent, a wave of loneliness and sadness swept over me. This had no visible or mundane cause—my health was excellent, business was good, money was plentiful (for I had "a dime in my pocket," which is enough as long as it lasts),\* but nevertheless I was low-spirited; I could neither think nor write, so throwing down my pen I paced up and down until wearied; I threw myself upon my bed to sleep; my mind became tranquil as my body became at rest, and this idea of obsession came over me as a problem unsolved. To solve it, I knew of only two ways: One was to come *en rapport with the spirit of obsession*, and hence become *obsessed myself*

---

\* It is noticeable throughout Mr. Dowd's work the little importance which is placed upon money and worldly prosperity, quite in keeping with the spirit of Him who "had not where to lay his head." One objection to the Theosophical Society is the constant struggle to obtain money and, especially in London, *influential members*, to the neglect of humble and spiritual people.

As a matter of fact the Rosicrucian is rich, but he has become poor first. *He has died to live.* W. T. B.

in order to know by experience all about it, so as to show how to avoid it; the other was by inspiration.

The first was repugnant to all my thoughts and feelings. Under all circumstances I wish to be myself—and only that; so I turned aside and repelled the spirit by the thoughts of my own individual selfhood, and the determination to be only myself. There are lights, clouds, flashes, faces and forms here at this condition of the mind; but I, in following my thought, passed them by as of no account. Laughing faces, hideous faces, and monstrous forms looked out of the light at me, and as I passed by, mocked and scowled. Gradually the lights paled, the faces grew dim and finally disappeared, leaving me in intense and opaque darkness. Pulsating, throbbing, vibrating with strange and weird sensations, I glided along down the corridors of the soul as one falling, and slowly, oh! so slowly, losing myself. All at once, from out the darkness, and close to me, a voice low and soft sounded in my ear: "To avoid obsession, keep the body positive and the mind negative." The voice came so suddenly, and was so close to me that I was startled and driven back to myself. There I lay all vibrating with ecstatic emotions, altogether out of the ordinary nature of things, with the words engraved in letters of fire upon my consciousness. To me this was a new idea; it was a revelation of a wonderful truth, and I cast about for the logic of it, which is this:

Ordinarily the body is negative, and hence receptive to impressions—physical, atmospherical, and spiritual. The first effect of magnetism is to increase this negative state of the body; hence, it becomes very impressible and very liable to take on the conditions of others, both in the mundane and the spiritual. The will is the cause of all positiveness of mind, body, and spirit. By its force it is repulsive, and holds at a distance things foreign and injurious. Now, in passivity, the will relaxes the tension of the nerves, and they are unstrung; in which state, spirits both good and evil can enter into the inactive sphere of the spirit, and thus get a lodgment from which to control, in time, the mind, and subjugate the will. Now, it is *only positive* spirits that seize upon and obsess mortals. They are the *repulsive* and the deficient—the empty of sympathy and all elements of greatness. The law is for the positive to enter into and control the



negative, *i. e.*, to beget therein their own devilishness. Now, in rendering the mind negative by constantly keeping down its excitabilities, it is elevated by the motive or object in view; and as mind can only be acted upon by mind, and is not a receptacle of anything but ideas, minds of a high order, such as have ideas to give, are attracted, and instil their ideas or thoughts of a positive nature into the negative mind; thus leading the mind upward without disturbing the will in the least. Indeed, such spirits increase the individuality by assisting instead of controlling. Negative spirits never do harm. It only remains for me to explain how the body can be rendered positive, and the mind negative. The tranquil, peaceful, inoffensive mind is negative. This idea of controlling mind instead of nerves and muscles, engages the entire attention and will; for the mind is not rendered tranquil save by constant watchfulness, and the keeping down of those passions which disturb, agitate, and thus cause filth to rise up as impurities of the blood and spirit. The will thus engaged in rendering the mind negative or tranquil, renders the body positive at the same time, because two negatives cannot exist together, neither can two positives. I am aware it is a reversal of nature's methods, [Here in my opinion Mr. Dowd means a reversal of *socalled* Nature's methods, for from a Rosierucian standpoint the Natural is the Unnatural and the Supernatural the Natural W.T.B.] but he who would rise up to power must rise in the mind, or not at all. God dwells in all things alike, but those who seek him cannot find him so readily in some things or conditions as in others. Remember what I have previously said about diet.\* Don't be in a hurry, for all things grow slowly. Weakness is only an argument in favor of strength, and the small measure of the spirit meted out so us here only indicates the vastness of its extent and power. The impossibilities of our infirmities indicate the possibilities of those who are firm. Then doubt not, waver not, but keep steadily, coolly on, up the mountains of difficulty, each one you surmount only reveals more clearly to you the possibilities of your nature. The value of things is in their use. Spiritual gifts are of use just now, in the "a-b-c" of man's growth—in the awakening of man's dull senses to

---

\* Mr. Dowd advocates Vegetarianism.



the recognition of a future existence and its nature; but when such becomes universal, as it must in time, what will be their use?

The world has been as far advanced in spiritual things in the long ago as now—and probably much further: but what use was it to them? They had their oracles and their temples, and gods and *guides* without number; but all this did not prevent retrogression. The ground must now all be travelled over again. Again must the priesthood be organized, the temples built, the altars reared, and the fires lighted: and what is all this for? Oh, the patience of the Infinite! In vain are the choicest gifts of heaven showered upon unthankful and unthinking man! They are all prostituted to devilish ends and aims. The choicest oracles of the olden time led opposing armies to the slaughter of each other. The prophets of the Lord anointed kings and watched over the welfare of one nation to the detriment of another. Gifts were all prostituted to the attainment of material wealth, grandeur, glory, and fame. All powers were bent and warped to the creation and perpetuation of monstrous distinctions among men, by reason of which war and outrage are the rule, and peace and harmony *very rare exceptions*. Where now are they? A slow, lingering decay—an awful disease of the very vitals, or the violent conflagration of their own passions hath swept them away. The wand of a magician hath waved across the sky and they are not! But they have left the diseases which they created behind them in the ruins of their former glory and worship. Their spirituality is only a ruin. In vain do men teach and preach; the world goes on in the old beaten track, and religion follows the lead. In vain did the lowly Jesus heal the sick and teach the ignorant. In vain did he cry from the mountains and temples of a rare good life *here*, free from disease and death. The Jews heard him not—and now—even *now!* with all our boasted progress and civilization the word of God is prostituted to mean something he never intended. “If ye believe ye shall not die,” is enunciated in words which can have no other meaning. If he had meant what is now preached as the gospel, it was as easy to have said. “He that believeth shall not go to hell” as to have said what he did. His teachings from beginning to end show his mission to have been to teach mankind how

to live humane lives so as to be healthy and happy. His healing of the sick shows that the gospel was that of physical health and the salvation from disease. His raising of the dead, and his own resurrection, show further that death was a thing to be overcome by living a true, life. "And these signs shall follow those that believe," etc. (See Luke XVI., 17, 18). In another place he says, "Greater works than these shall ye do because I go to the Father." Of what avail are spiritual gifts if their utmost power is simply to demonstrate another life without joining this life thereto as one. It must be evident to every thoughtful person that the object of these manifestations is the elevation of the race. And wherein can this be effected, save in the power to enjoy? Where does this power reside, save in health? In vain did Jesus heal the sick if he did not teach the way to *continued* health! In vain did he raise the dead if he did not show the way to *remain* alive! If they die not in the spirit-world, what need of death here? All the revelations heretofore given have been of an immortal life in some other state of existence. *But I tell you of an immortality of this life.* I believe JESUS taught the way of its attainment, but it was not understood. I may not be able to point the whole road, but what I have said already must contain the principles of it in part. Man creates himself and all the essentials of his being—his health, happiness, heavens and hells. But hell comes from misdirected effort; and heaven from *well directed* effort. Things superior descend as a revelation in answer to a demand, which revelation is an *idea—this is enlightenment*. No matter how, or in what manner an idea comes, if it is of a superior character, it is of the light. Hence it is enlightening, and leads upwards. Man must first have an idea of what he wants before he can create conditions *superior* to things that now are.

The *demand always precedes* the supply. Is there a demand for a continuous and happy life here on this globe? Is there a demand for power to create forms of matter for use by effort of will, without the toil and demoniac scramble after the necessities of life? *There will be a demand when man is satisfied of its possibility.* Then multiply the mediums! The spirit world is drawing near. Soon, spiritual beings will walk among us as men—will heal the sick, cast out devils, multiply bread

for the hungry and gold for the greedy till it shall lose its value and man turns his attention to the attainment of spiritual powers and gifts. The demand for self government and peace has already gone up to the Gods, and the answer is coming. The bomb which carried ALEXANDER of Russia into hell or out of it was God-sent in answer to the prayer of many an earnest soul. A full and complete answer is at hand when the world shall be *free* and everyman shall be his own king, priest, bishop, pope and God! All hail to the mediums and to spiritual gifts of all grades and kinds! For here is freedom. Let gifts be no longer prostituted by individual ambition, nor to the building of THRONES or national GLORY! Let the universal anthem be "PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MEN!"

Let us work mentally and spiritually so that the new temple shall not be made with hands of material substance, but a temple in these bodies—a divine body wherein God shall be conscious to each one of us. Let us rear altars in our hearts—altars of love-worship, needing no typical sacrifices of the blood of animals or of men. Let us light the fires of the spirit thereon, which are unquenchable and eternal.

Man's desires for immortality have been misdirected inasmuch as his revelations have been of a *future* life, and not of this. *The time has come when revelations must be made of this life and its possibilities* — of the present and not of the future. The perfect life of today admits of no doubt nor fear of tomorrow. A perfect life here is as fully and completely immortal as any life in any world. The idea of living for the future is a false light; it is a material light of "Lucifer, Son of the morning". Happiness is not of tomorrow, nor of any future time or world. It is today or not at all. All life is of today and the present. The future never comes. Salvation is from disease. If you die of disease, you wake up on the other side diseased; you have to be cured there before you have fullness of life. The same knowledge that saves you there will save you here. Then why not open your soul to its reception? Heaven is in no particular *place*. It is within you if you want it there, with all its angels and powers—aye! and its immortal life, also. "In union there is strength." "Again, I say unto you that if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything



that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in Heaven." (Matthew XVIII., 9.)

This agreement spoken of here is not merely of the mind—it is a union or oneness of spirit, wherein power is multiplied in an unknown ratio. The spirit of one is not as another—they differ in quality, hence there is no agreement; even where minds agree, the spirits do not. Hence the possibility of the truth of the above is in the agreement. Agreement is the kingdom of power. The union of two is of higher quality than one alone; and the more spirits there are in the union the greater is the power. But the difficulty deepens when it is made known that *two male spirits cannot agree*. Agreement is of the male and female. Herein Divinity appears, and power to accomplish all things is manifest. But union of spirit is preceded by mental agreement. Now, the demand for immortal power and life on this earth must first be a mental agreement, which, in its perfection and harmony, will give birth to union or agreement of *spirit* touching that thing. But look you! WOMAN IS NOT FREE! Alas for the dawn of light! Woman a slave! Prostituted by man's selfishness and lust! How can the prayers of such a monster be answered? "Verily I say unto you," "the prayers of the wicked availeth nothing."

Little can be effected without freedom. But let us do what we can in the union of minds. Spirit works by methods beyond the mind; hence its laws cannot be comprehended by the mind. "The kingdom of heaven cometh not by observation," *i. e.*, not through laws of mentality. Spirits are unable to explain it. I believe material is evolved from the medium and combined with subtle elements in the atmosphere by the effort of will of some powerful spirit, or by the union of several, into flowers, apparitions, spirit-forms, clothing, etc., etc., and that it will yet be demonstrated that materialized spirits *are evolved from the medium*. But no matter how it is done, the power that can make a flower, or a piece of cloth, can make gold, fruit, bread, or anything else desired. All that is requisite are conditions and knowledge, or faith, or will, or whatever you feel like calling the power. These manifestations are in their infancy as yet, for although as old as man, they have probably never been properly understood, or so universally understood by spirits of a high and intelligent order as now. They



are experimenting, and they understand fully the value of co-operation or harmony. The much-talked-of *conditions* of spiritual manifestations are nothing more nor less. JESUS, in view of this principle, selected twelve Apostles, who were as harmonious with him as men can well be. But the Scriptures are mostly silent in reference to the important part the women who followed him took in the work he did. It is doubtful if he ever explained this idea to them; probably this is the esoteric part of the Gospel which was never written. It is reasonable to infer as much, for the early Christians had everything in common, thus striving to destroy *distinctions* and to perfect a union that should enable them to carry out the intuitions and work of JESUS. (See ACTS IV., 32.) "And the multitude of them that believed were of *one heart* and *one soul*: neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had *all things common*": that is, the writer *thought* they were of "one heart and soul" because they *tried* to be so. Why they gradually lost the gifts of the Spirit must be evident to every reasonable, thoughtful mind. The agreement or union was lost through the gradual growth of *distinctions* and differences: — first, of mind; second, of spirit; and third, of material substances (property). Had they *perfected the union*, instead of proselyting, they would have established the church upon a "rock," and afterwards the growth would have been a steady, healthy, upward growth; neither would they have wanted for anything, for the kingdom of harmony contains all things. "First seek the kingdom of heaven: then all other things shall be added unto you."

The power that comes of perfect union or harmony is wonderful. God dwells in it! "Where two or three are gathered together in my name"—or in oneness of heart mind soul and spirit—"there am I in the midst" *The principle is what we need—the name or the man is nothing; but for those incapable of comprehending a principle the name is of vital importance.* Do not destroy a man's idols *if* he is incapable of reason. The spirit, by union, ascends higher than if alone; and God descends upon its tide to bless not merely those who unite but all the world in which they move. Alas! for the angularties and differences that destroy us. The secret of union is in *self-harmony* as a foundation; this is good,

but *two* is better, *but if the two be male and female it is best*. Magnetism leads thereto. It behoves me to add in this connection that the age of wrong and bloodshed is nearly past. The dawn of a divine government is at hand, wherein the fundamental principle of government is for the *moral benefit* of the *person punished* and not primarily for the *protection of society*. As a tender and kind father corrects his child for the child's good, and not to vindicate his power or authority in the least, so will Society deal with its weak members. Crime will be treated as a disease of the mind, and hospitals will take the place of jails penitentiaries and scaffolds. Instead of physicians chaplains and guards there shall be a few chosen ones, who, united in mind and soul, shall pour the *psychological power* of the *angel-world* upon criminals of all classes, and they shall be healed; for under this influence certain organs of the brain may be rendered inoperative, and other organs may be called into activity; thus the morally weak may be strengthened, and the depraved shall be made to loathe and despise their depravity; this can be done in secret without the criminal's knowledge. Who shall lead off in this great moral work? Psychometry will reveal the peculiarities of children and adults, and those needing treatment will be treated and trained without the rod and the dunce-cap. There will be no escape for their criminals, for the mediums will point them out—for *his good* primarily, and secondly, for the good of society. The weak will be known *before* a manifestation of weakness—or, rather, the commission of crime. The time will come, and that speedily, when from the Temples of the Rose Cross such power shall be breathed out upon the people, so gently, and so peacefully, that none shall be disposed to do anyone a wrong.

The whole people shall join in one grand *Psychological* effort to banish *disease* and *death* from the land. Who shall say it will not be done? Who will be the first to enroll their names among the Temple-builders and pioneers of the millenium?

Who is there, of all who read this book, that are willing to "TRY?" This is the magic watchword, *Try!* The principles conveyed in the foregoing pages are sufficient to form a basis of union, and he or she who feels in harmony therewith, and is willing to "Try," will find "*The Door*" to such union indicated in the dedi-

cation of this work. [p. 32 ] To all such I say: "Knock and it shall be opened unto you! Seek and ye shall find!"

[When in India I was informed that *Koot Hoomi* was known among the Initiates as "The Door" of Buddha. I am now satisfied that to the Transcendental Temple every known religion has its "Door." For my part I may say I prefer to enter by the Christian "Door". My training thoughts and feelings all tend towards *Esoteric Christianity* I was shocked when in India to find how neglected were the inner truths of this religion. Blavatsky and Olcott did not know them; for Christianity of any sort was only talked of with a scoff and jeer. This leads me to the reflection that the Theosophical Society is essentially an Oriental movement. It is for the benefit of the *Indian* races, for whom Koot Hoomi is "the Door", and Sinnett and the others have been made use of on behalf of the large portion of humanity resident in India. They are, as K. H. puts it, "the best instruments available". It behoves me to add that this explains to my mind, what would otherwise be unexplainable, viz, the absence of spirituality on the part of Mr. and Mrs Sinnett. W. T. B.]

The XVII. Chapter is upon the subject of *Rosicruciae*. Mr. Dowd goes on to say: —

"Reference has been made in the preceding pages to the Rosicrucians; and the work in the main is claimed to be an embodiment of their principles: not as bodied forth, however, by any one sect, class, clime or era; and it is well, in closing, to anticipate the query as to who, what and where are the ROSICRUCIANS? That will naturally arise in the minds of most people, because there is so little known of them. And it is well also as corroborative proof and practical illustration of the principles set forth, to cite a few out of many instances in modern times, wherein the possibilities of our nature is made manifest; for I hold that God is no specialist, and what one can do another can do in a greater or less degree under the same *training* and *circumstances*. At least our motto is, "TRY!"

The Rosicrucians may more properly be termed a fraternity than an order; albeit many attempts have been



made in modern times to *materialize* it as an order, some of which are a success, though of necessity veiled in profound secrecy. The Rosicrucians are numerous—of all nationalities and all climes; but they are scattered. They meet occasionally—not drawn together by “press notices” or the ringing of bells, but by the moving and drawing of the spirit—as “of one accord.”

They were known in history among the other appellations as the ESSENES, the ILLUMINATI, etc., but since CHRISTIAN ROSENCRUTZ’S time, as the Rosicrucians. It was evidently once the universal religion—long ere written history began; for evidences of “Fire-worship” are scattered over all the earth in the form of Rosicrucian symbols. The curious reader is referred to HARGRAVE JENNINGS’ great work, entitled “THE ROSICRUCIANS,” published in England. There was a time when all learned men believed in magic, (another term for magnetism), and those who studied the occult forces of nature, and practiced the powers derived therefrom, were styled priests, and later, magicians; but after the destruction of the Magi of Persia, and during the rise of Catholicism, magic became associated with the idea of diabolism, and was styled “Black Art,” and all who practiced it were shunned, and sometimes hunted to death. Wherever God is found among men you will find a spirit of investigation into the mysteries of being, and a corresponding love of freedom: hence, the true man is free to dig deep or take intellectual flights—aye, even to God’s throne, and there question him face to face. There is nothing too sacred or secret for him to question for the truth. Recognizing the possibility of the great good, God, and the *impossibility* of the Devil,\* they laughed in secret, (for they dared not even *smile* publicly), at priests, bishops, cardinals and popes, and treasured the ancient lore in cypher, and worshipped the undying, unquenchable fire, while they dwelt in caves, or fled before the terrors of the inquisition. This revived the ancient Pagan secret societies and mysteries. To learn and know something more than ordinary is dangerous when the masses are ruled by ignorance

---

\* [A good deal has been said in the Theosophical Society about *Black Magicians* and their impeding the work of the Society and its members. Black Magicians are, *ex necessitate*, White Magicians in disguise. W. T. B.]



and superstition. It was at the cost of life to be known as a member of such secret orders—hence arose the proverbial secrecy of the brethren of the Rosy Cross. Time was when no man would admit that he belonged to that mystic fraternity; furthermore, they shrouded themselves in a cloud of mysteries—not, perhaps, with a view to mystifying others so much as from the idea that all power is a mystery, and that “God’s ways are mysterious and past finding out,” and they wished to be God-like. Rosicrucia is intensely and transcendently spiritual—hence, it has nothing in common with materialism, except intellectually, and even then the conclusions of materialism are all reversed. It has no affinity with this mammon-worshipping age—hence, it has no golden or “insurance plan” to lure men into a *semblance* of brotherly love and fellowship. Unobtrusive, unpretending men, they pass mainly unnoticed through life; they look with pity upon a world of gold- and treasure-gatherers as upon children heaping dirt in the streets. No wonder such men are not understood; they are in the world, but they feel they are not of it, and they wish to get done with it as quietly as possible. Knowing they can leave it only by doing good, they are always secretly doing all within their power. Indeed, they are conscious of having been sent here for that purpose—to help the world in its efforts to humanize the race. The Alchemists of the middle ages believed in the “ELIXIR OF LIFE and the PHILOSOPHERS STONE,” and diligently sought for them. To drink of the former was to gain eternal youth and life; the latter was sought as a universal solvent, in the use of which the baser metals were changed or transmitted into pure, virgin gold. No wonder these men were called insane; but, nevertheless, they gave the world the principles of chemistry and medicine. Think you such men were fools? Nay! but they had an *idea* which the masses could not comprehend, and they masked it in material that they could grasp. No philosopher ever supposed for a moment that matter in any form could confer immortality upon any other form whatever, for there is no changeless substance in existence. But that there is a power in the human soul capable of eternally renewing youth and beauty is a cardinal doctrine of the Rosy Cross. As to the transmutation of metals, it is not only possible, but true. The idea is

of kin to the first; they constitute "the Secret" of the order; but to the true Rosicrucian the latter is of no value whatever, further than as used in the middle ages as an excuse to stop too close espionage, and to compel the *respect*, not only of common people, but the patronage and protection of those in authority: for the practice of alchemy, or dealing even with his "Satanic Majesty" for the purpose of enriching the earth with gold, would be deemed a laudable avocation. They, at least, found protection in it, although prizing it not—for the true adept has all he needs of all things without resorting to any such resource, for he needs but little. There is a providence for every man and woman who stands high enough in the scale of being to be conscious of it, and to be its recipient. The ravens fed the prophet Elijah in the olden time.

Not every man can be an adept in anything, for this capability is born in a man as genius is. Neither is it possible for every man to be a Rosicrucian, no more than education can impart sense; or no more than a child born blind could be made a master artist by learning the terms used to designate the philosophy of light and shade and blending of colors. There must be an innate feeling of rapture at the bare idea of mystery; a hunger and thirst for the unknown and a conscious and abiding belief in one's own immortality. Such are initiated with profit to themselves and mankind; for in Rosicrucia's Temple they eat and are filled, and drink to thirst no more. Here they find teachers and brothers. We are the children of "the Shadow," and we love it, though oft we may not see the way clearly through tear-dimmed eyes, yet we cry out in our anguish, "Not my will, Father, but thine be done!" And then "the Shadow" reveals its mystery and departs, leaving the heart chastened and lightened with increased purity and peace. We are cast down in order that we may go higher. Thus, alternately cast down and exalted, we are prepared to meet all the changes of this mundane life. No stoic can be a Rosicrucian: it requires *feeling*, and that intensified. Without this, no initiation could possibly impart that baptism of the spirit which gives birth to new or dormant energies, or awakens soul germs of a higher and better life, where *will* reigns over all, and matter becomes transmutable.

Who are Rosicrucians? I may answer, "By their fruits shall ye know them." No better test, or one more unerring or unmistakable could be given than that given by our Master, "the man of Sorrows," whom they hanged on a cross long ago. Let others speak for themselves! There is nothing in Rosicruciae to be ashamed of, and I glory in being one, though an *humble builder of the Temple* in these degenerate times. There are many pretenders—but "by their fruits shall ye know them." But fruits are not always confined to acts. They are visible to the acute sense, even in the embryo, in the spirit, as fruit may be known in a tree by its buds. I meet many Rosicrucians, and although total strangers, we know each other at sight. The true artist has a *feeling which transcends his thought in viewing works of art*. It is his best and safest guide to a just and true estimate of what he beholds. God fashions all things and paints them in all colors possible. There is nothing in existence that is not of kin to intelligence. They are all suggestive of thought—nay! *they are thoughts materialized*. And He has fashioned men with thought-reservoirs, as a flower, for receiving the pollen and the dew; and the Rosicrucian may be known by the stamp that God has put upon him, whether he is conscious of it or not.

Men who have existed on this earth previous to this existence, *as men*, have forms, expression and motion more suggestive of peace, rest and harmony than those who have only just commenced life on this planet. The former have more receptiveness, prescience, and intuition; for they have not wholly forgotten the lessons learned in other bodies; neither have they entirely forgotten the friends and companions of that other life; and when they meet they feel a mutual attraction and friendship for each other—a *kindred* feeling, more real than that of the blood.

During my studies of nature, [Mr. Dowd is speaking all the while] and travels as a lecturer and practitioner of phrenology and kindred sciences, I have met with many men, and many strange—and, I might say, weird—experiences. I have looked into eyes of all shades of color that *contained nothing*, but which reflected all the phenomena of the outer world. Other eyes I have met that looked deep—as into a world of causation, with-



out limit—as looking into an eternal past, and out of which rise up shadows, not dark or many colored, but fiery, as it were, or of a burning, melting tenderness. Such shadows are portents of power. Of such are Rosicrucians. Many such have I taught the true principles of human life and action, and sent them on their way rejoicing. Many a false step have I arrested and infused hope into the minds of the desperate—aye! and turned the would-be suicide into the ways of love, labor and usefulness. The evil is always too apparent in the young: the good is mainly hidden. To find the truly good in the soul, and display it to the consciousness, is to make it loved and followed as a beacon of life. The will needs an incentive, high and noble, in order to its growth; and no matter how lofty one's own ideal of himself and his powers may be, to find them recognized by another, and that other a stranger, is like doubling the powers to its attainment. Alas! how many of mature years are in doubt and condemnation of themselves, because they are not, and never have been, understood, *i. e.*, the *best part of themselves*. We long to have the good of ourselves understood, and not the evil. There is a faculty in the soul that causes strangers to recognize each other as friends. Once upon a time, more than a score of years ago, in a Western city, as I walked along seeing and hearing nothing, I met a young man—a mere youth. Why I should have looked at him, and he at me, as we met, is an unsolved mystery. We mutually recognized each other, and yet we were total strangers in the flesh. This chance meeting led to a mutual friendship. We often met for conversation, and I learned that he was a medical student struggling up into nature's mysteries unaided and alone, thinking to solve the mysteries of humanity by studying the various branches of medicine. I gazed into his pale face and lustrous eyes, tinged with a shade of sadness, and I read there an enthusiastic nature, toned down with logic and doubt; a soul all luminous with the merit of a past eternity, but loaded down with chains forged of doubt. I saw a temperament, strong, sensitive and flexible; and an intellect deep, comprehensive, analytical and subtle, owing its main power to an intuitive perception which ruled all the rest. His mind was so nicely balanced and poised, that to fix his thought in-



tently upon one subject for a brief space of time was enough to open his soul to an influx of light, an unerring guide to truth and the right relation of things. This combination would, I perceived, make him an adept in the diagnosis of disease and the selection of the best remedies therefor. His countenance would glow with a weird and mysterious light as I talked with him of the Rosy Cross, and then the doubts would lower his look, the exaltation disappear, and the fiery shadows of his glance change to a dark hue. But I conversed long and earnestly with him, for it seemed to us both that we had known each other in a previous existence. And I was anxious to impart to him the knowledge I had gained on these subjects, and demonstrate to him that the science of Rosicrucianism contained all the powers he sought; and I am satisfied he profited by my labors. I pictured for him a glorious future in the manifestation of a power of healing of disease superior to any known in modern times, and a fame that would immortalize his name. We parted: he to go East, and I to my wandering. Years fled away, and I heard little or nothing of him, till, in 1869 or 1870, a remarkable cure that he had effected was reported in the *Banner of Light*. It seems that a council of physicians had given the patient (who had been under treatment several weeks) up to die, stating that death would take place by midnight of that day; as a last hope my young friend was called in at 8 o'clock p. m., and before the fatal midnight came the patient was *cured*, and made "every whit whole." At last here was a verification of the truth of my predictions in part, and I watched anxiously for more. The next I heard of him he was professor in some medical college. Then I sat down and grieved over him. I was sad; for "no man can serve God and 'Drugs' at the same time!"

Time was when man had more faith in the Gods than in physical substances, and diseases were prevented and cured by the use of talismans, incantations, invocations, words, thoughts, spells, charms, etc., all of which were mere forms of expression for that spiritual power of which I have spoken, having an effect upon the mind primarily, and secondarily upon the body. But man's spiritual nature has gradually become more and more dense, or physical, and instead of carrying or wearing

talismans, charms, etc., as a protection or cure, people now invoke the doctors instead of the gods, and swallow their amulets whole at a gulp; and yet people die now as then, or as when Moses set up the brazen serpent in the wilderness.

GOTTAMA said that the most fatal diseases enter-through the eye; and we of the Rosy Cross know this is true; for through the eye the imagination (in most men) is fed, and the passions may be aroused to the commission of acts unhallowed and unnatural. By reason of which the soul is tainted with moral poison, which in the blood produces venereal infections, hereditary and deadly—the foundation of all known diseases. If disease enters ever, or in any form whatever, through the eye, it cannot be removed by agents which act upon the physical or chemical organization only, for the reason, it being of a spiritual or psychical origin, it enters directly into and deranges the harmonious action of the spiritual body, which holds supreme control over the physical. To cure these phases of disease the remedies applied must be of a character that will influence directly the subtle, spiritual forces of the individual, and through them produce vital and chemical changes in the physical structure. After the cure above referred to, effected by my friend, I heard nothing of him for some time, and I feared he had devoted himself wholly to materialistic science and ignored his intuitive and spiritual powers; but ere long I learned to the contrary, for an account of another of his astonishing cures—which materialism never could effect—was published throughout the States: that of Rev. G. W. Enders, an eminent divine of the Lutheran denomination. The *Lutheran Observer*, of Philadelphia, Pa., contained the history of Mr. Enders's case, and of his cure, which was so remarkable that a controversy resulted between Rev. Mr. Enders, Rev. Mr. Lake, and others who were acquainted with all the particulars, on one side, and on the other by a number of "D. D.s" and "M. D.s" who knew nothing of the case, but who criticized the publication, over the signature of clergymen, of a cure effected by means "not universally recognized and accepted by science and experience," as expressed by them. When I read these articles I rejoiced for my friend, for I realized he had not forsaken his birth-right

of power for a mess of scientific pottage; though he is a true scientist and his powers are based upon laws as scientific and permanent as universe. I may here state, the publication in the *Lutheran Observer* of Rev. Enders's cure was a necessary result or sequence of preceding references which it had frequently made, relative to Mr. Enders's condition during the years of his illness, up to the week previous to his cure, at which time he was reported dying. This being followed in a few days by the news of his complete restoration to health, naturally created surprise and doubt, and inquiries from friends and acquaintances in all parts of the country.

In referring to this cure, as one of the many as remarkable effected by the same physician, I can be but brief and give only a few points from the published statements made by Rev. Enders, the patient, and other clergymen. He had been an invalid for years; was paralyzed, and given up as hopeless by several physicians previous to entering the medical institute, where he grew worse until the physician-in-chief of the establishment telegraphed to his friends that he was dying, and also dispatched to Philadelphia for my friend, the physician who eventually restored him to perfect health. When he arrived, being an entire stranger to the patient as well as the physicians, he made no explanation of what he designed to do, but after examining the case, placed his hands upon Mr. ENDERS's head and bade him "arise and walk," which he did, and continues so to do to this day, as I have taken pains to ascertain, and is fulfilling his mission as a religious teacher. Whence came this power and this life?—from the Doctor? Nay, but from HEAVEN, the source and great reservoir of life. Did the heavens open especially at this man's bidding to shower a blessing especially upon the Rev. Mr. Enders? No! but the soul of the Doctor opened wide its portals, being moved by sympathy, and life flowed into the Doctor and out of his hands into MR. ENDERS, who evidently was spiritually receptive. Heaven is always ready to shower its choicest blessings upon a great soul whenever it will rise up to receive it. Heaven never bends down to us—we must rise up to it in order to receive its blessings.

This was, I think, in 1876, and the press of the East teemed with accounts, discussions, and efforts to explain



the *modus operandi* by which he performed such wonderful results; and some foreign papers also gave accounts of his mysterious cures. Numerous were the efforts made to explain away these marvelous cures, or, at least, to destroy their supernatural appearance. The religious were divided: some said it was of the "Devil;" others, ascribing his power to the Holy Ghost; while the so-called scientific squelched out the marvelousness of it by crying out those stereotyped but meaningless words: "magnetism, humbug, imagination, etc." How satisfying mere *names* are to most men. Some persons when estimating these extraordinary powers possessed by this physician to relieve suffering and cure disease, deem it either the result of acquired skill or some secret of "magnetism," etc., which could be imparted to another in words. How far such minds are from comprehending the true nature of the principles of Rosicrucia!

Let those who seek to enter these so-called mysteries here learn of their nature, and know they are reached only by *power of soul*—so often gained through its agony and travail that gives it "birth into the higher mysteries."

As the world will be prone to misapprehend the source of the principles and the powers of the soul which I have pointed out as belonging to the Rosicrucian mysteries, I will endeavor to show their highest development to be an expression of soul-growth through discipline and suffering, and, to do so, have referred to my friend's experience; for, though that friend and I have met only on one occasion since a score of years ago, and have corresponded but very rarely, I have watched his life-line, and find it in the actual the same as it was so vividly portrayed to me in prevision in the long-passed years when he and I conversed on the subject of these hidden and subtle powers of the soul. In that long ago, I perceived the key-note of his nature and of his greatest future trial—that which would bring to him the "Shadow" or rather bring his soul to that shadowy guardian of the temple's portal, with which he would contend to obtain spiritual powers.

[The following narrative has a peculiar interest for me, being applicable to my own case for the last three years. W. T. B.]

His theory then, in those his youthful days was, that



"each individual is but the half of a complete soul until it meets its counterpart—its true companion; and that neither man nor woman can be truly great, spiritually or intellectually, before that true union is formed." To this I would reply, "None can be truly great *until they have suffered.*"

I realized his belief on this subject was a fundamental element of his nature and perceived it would be the rock upon which his earthly hopes would be wrecked.

Ten years thereafter, being in Philadelphia, I visited my friend of the long ago,\* and luckily found him at home. He had recently taken to himself a wife, but his mind was occupied in his profession of medicine and surgery; for, indeed, he travels far and wide in response to calls to visit the so-called hopelessly sick. To the far West, the extreme South, North and East he is no stranger; and thousands bless his name. But space bids me hasten to a close. We passed a pleasant time together in cheerful reminiscences of the past and in conjectures of the future.

When I referred to his old-time belief on the subject of "true mating" and true greatness, he replied, "Oh! this is a practical world and we cannot allow the romance of our natures to govern us through this life; you see I have a companion and home, and am trying to fulfil my life-mission by relieving suffering; ought I not be satisfied?" But I saw he was living only the half of his nature—the material, or as he would express it, the "practical." His companion was a lady of fine education, but seemed to possess none of the high aspirations that would have been congenial to her husband's nature. Another more fatal source of dread, I soon discovered in the fact that she was a victim to the morphine habit. My friend acknowledged this, but spoke hopefully of redeeming her from the habit; he was sanguine of success, because at that time he did not know the habit was of many years' duration.

When my short but pleasant visit was terminated, he accompanied me to the train. As I clasped his hand and looked in his kind, hopeful eyes, I saw their light flicker and go out, leaving a shadow as of night. I was so moved

---

\* J. J. Jones M. D.

that I could only gasp out, "Good-bye, my old friend! God bless you!" And then I left him with the shadow clinging to me. Seated in the cars, I looked at my watch and then settled myself to study the shadow, but it revealed nothing—not even his face. The train whirled on—and time whirled away into eternity, until at the end of ten hours the shadow began to dissipate, and his face seemed to emerge therefrom, a shade paler, with the lines deepened, and a look with the same fire in it, but the boyish enthusiasm toned down. The setting sun shone for a moment, ere it sunk to rest, upon his upturned face, which was radiant with a spiritual light, and turning his old look upon me he said, "We live for eternity, not merely for a day or a few weary years. What is a little time, or a small shadow of ten years?" And then he disappeared, and the shadow was gone and my heart was light again. Shortly after, I came South and lost sight of him; but in time I learned that the shadow had fallen upon him; as I had seen it in my vision. That nameless, shapeless monster, "guardian of the threshold," had hurled him down—not from his fame, his manhood, nor his power—but from his enthusiasm, his hopes of earthly happiness, and his ambition to gain the world's approval.

But "Rosicrucians never fail" is an adage among them; for that which appears as a failure in the eyes of other men, they look upon as a stepping stone to something higher and better. Everything has its uses, and they always look for the use of what appears an evil. Every soul of worth must be tried and tested, and they that rise up out of deep sorrow, purified and made better, have received nature's stamp of salvation; for the spirit of nature never errs in the "selection of the fittest" to do its work in the intellectual and spiritual as well as in the physical realm.

To pass this dark shadow, this "guardian of the threshold," the nameless, shapeless monster, to which "despair" is but a faint definition, was the ordeal my friend was ordained to undergo, as do all others who enter the temple of spiritual power and wisdom.

Those who have native strength of spirit to pass the ordeal, have power not only to save themselves, but to help others to salvation; while those who have not, are

crushed as bubbles by the wind, and disappear, never more to be known on earth. My friend did not disappear, but with a stoical and dogged resolution plodded on his cheerless and desolate way, dispensing health to the sick and hope to the hopeless; he was always busy; but whether by night or by day, in his office or by the bedside of the sick, at home or flying with the speed of steam for thousands of miles at the call of the suffering; that monster shadow never left his sight; but, amid all, he had a firm belief and an "abiding faith" in his destiny; and he cast about in his mind for ways to defeat this thing that had impeded his flight; but all the approaches to "the threshold" were guarded by this nameless thing.

At last there sounded in his soul—as if coming from afar—these words: "Resist not evil; but use it—learn of it." And forthwith he set himself to learn this lesson: that evil is at the foundation of everything, and he that would transcend it must build *thereon*—not ignore it, nor treat it as an enemy and foe to human happiness, greatness and power. Evil is a friend in disguise. And he learned the deep lesson—that this monster shadow of the soul, this guardian of the mysteries, is an enemy only to those hopes and ambitions that pertain to this, the earthly phase of life; and while it crushes those whose lives are centred on these selfish hopes and ambitions, to those whose earthly hopes are destroyed and lives made desolate, and who still remain strong in spirit, it becomes an angel of light, a messenger of joy from the inner sanctuary of divine love.

This dreaded power that hovers between the world material and the realm of spirit ever meets those whom nature has ordained shall pass the ordeal during earth-life, by bringing its terrible powers to bear upon and destroy the strongest sentiment of that soul that would cause it to cling to earth. The dominant worldly passion or trait of character indicates the point of attack of this enemy, for it indicates the weakest point in the individual nature. Those who live for worldly renown are brought low and made humble; those who seek wealth are made poor, and those who would wish to create for themselves a home of earthly means, by living for its passive or physical comforts only, dwelling wholly in their material nature, at the sacrifice of their ideal or spiritual nature,



are made homeless, and, perhaps, to feel friendless. And so on, through the gamut of earthly hopes and ambitions, they each and all must be crushed, ere the soul learns the great truth that it is now, in the present, *immortal*. It must be stripped of its selfish and worldly nature ere it can become strong in its spiritual powers, even as the tree must be trimmed of its useless branches, let them be ever so luxurious, ere it can blossom and bring forth good fruit. These are hard lessons to learn, but my friend learned them; and he who truly and practically learns them makes a servant of the "Devil," and compels him to undo his own work. The ten years had not passed since I met my friend, when the light began to dawn upon his soul. Gradually the shadow faded away, and he became luminous with hope, faith, renewed youth, and growing power. Already his eye, piercing through the gloom of the early morn, espies afar off the descent of the Temple of the Rosy Cross—that temple "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." And methinks I see him don the mystic garments and fearlessly step across the threshold of the inner temple and clasp the outstretched hands of our grand old masters. Oh! how the soul thrills with joy and veneration when, in our mystic scroll, we read the history of those mighty minds of the past. Those sublime masters, Hermes-Trismagistus (thrice master), Gottama, Appolonius of Tyane, Pythagoras, Anaxagoras, Socrates, Zoroaster, and Jesus, down through the vista of time, including Cornelius Agrippa, Robert Flood, and the host of others in whose great souls burn the same divine fire: yet the world knows them not. Meek and lowly as men, misunderstood and rejected by the bigoted and ignorant masses, they lived in the light and joy of the higher life. Though persecuted and crucified, they never knew of death, for they had gained immortality while yet in the flesh, and the casting aside of the old garments of clay only added strength and wisdom to their mental powers. As they were persecuted and crucified by ignorance and bigotry, under the name of religion, so also were they, in a later day, "deified" by the same elements of selfish ignorance, and their true power and glory hidden from mankind under the black cowl of religious tyranny. Notwithstanding this dark pall of gloom thrown over their names, their living presence



permeates every fibre of the world, and their spiritual influence is felt in the moral atmosphere of reform, which, in its various phases, is ever active to exalt, purify and ennoble mankind.

Readers, many of you have felt the divine influence of these grand old masters of the Rosy Cross, and were you to lay aside your doubt and egotistic pride, and let your souls become receptive, you, too, would receive power to bless your fellow creatures, to bring health to the sick, hope to the despairing, and the joyous knowledge of *immortality* to those faltering ones who deem the *grave* God's last gift to man. "Try!"

Blessed is he who believes from the force of evidence  
but thrice blessed is he who believes *without* evidence.  
Lovingly, for the world, written: F. B. Dowd."

---

So ends Mr. Dowd's narrative, and I, the present writer, bring my autobiography to a close. I have passed through various phases of Thought in my search after Truth, and for three weary years have been fighting 'the Shadow.' *I have knocked at "The Door."* W. T. BROWN.

---

"Passing into higher forms of desire, that which slumbered in the plant and fitfully stirred in the beast, awakes in the man. The eyes of the mind are opened, and he longs to know. He braves the scorching heat of the desert and the icy blasts of the polar sea, but not for food; he watches all night, but it is to trace the circling of the eternal stars. He adds toil to toil, to gratify a hunger no animal has felt; to assuage a thirst no beast can know. Out upon nature, in upon himself, back through the mists that shroud the past, forward into the darkness that overhangs the future, turns the restless desire that arises when the animal wants slumber in satisfaction. Beneath things, he seeks the law: he would know how the globe was forged and the stars were hung, and trace to their sources the springs of life.

And, then, as the man develops his nobler nature, there arises the desire higher yet—the passion of passions, the hope of hopes—the desire that he, even he, may somehow aid in making life better and brighter, in destroying want and sin, sorrow and shame. He masters and curbs the animal; he turns his back upon the feast and renounces the place of power; he leaves it to others to accumulate wealth, to gratify pleasant tastes, to bask themselves in the warm sunshine of the brief day. He works for those he never saw and never can see; for a fame, or may be but for a scant justice, that can only come long after the clods have rattled upon his coffin lid. He toils in the advance, where it is cold, and there is little cheer from men, and the stones are sharp and the brambles thick. Amid the scoffs of the present and the sneers that stab like knives, he builds for the future; he cuts the trail that progressive humanity may hereafter broaden into a highroad. Into higher grander spheres desire mounts and beckons, and a star that rises in the East leads him on. Lo! the pulses of the man throb with the yearnings of the god—he would aid in the process of the suns!"

---

