

THEOSOPHY

RELIGION AND OCCULT SCIENCE

BY

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WITH GLOSSARY OF EASTERN WORDS



LONDON
GEORGE REDWAY
YORK STREET COVENT GARDEN

—
MDCCLXXXV

To the Memory of

PROF. WILLIAM GREGORY, M.D., F.R.S.E.

IN GRATITUDE FOR THE CLUE TO PSYCHOLOGICAL SCIENCE
FURNISHED TO THE AUTHOR IN HIS WRITINGS
THIS BOOK IS REVERENTLY DEDICATED

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FOREWORDS.

IN complying with the demand for a London Edition of my collected Asiatic Lectures and Addresses, upon Theosophical subjects, a few words of explanation will suffice. At the beginning of last year the original edition was issued at Madras, in a semi-private form for the instruction of members of the Theosophical Society, by an officer of the Madras Branch ; but every page of the present edition has passed through my hands, has been carefully edited, and a large amount of original matter has been added. A number of the lectures have been translated into the vernacular languages by native scholars, and circulated at their own expense ; among them, the discourse upon the Zoroastrian religion, of which the Parsi community of Bombay circulated—if my memory serves me—twenty thousand copies in English and Guzerati. I recall two incidents in connection with that lecture which

give it a special interest : it led to the organization of a Parsi Archæological Society at Bombay, and was one of the final causes of the rupture of friendly relations between the eminent Aryan reformer, the late Swami Dayánand Saraswati, and the Founders of the Theosophical Society. That lamented and illustrious man had been upon the most intimate terms with us, and his great Indian Society, the Arya Samaj, was regarded as the sister to our own organization. But the Swami was a very intolerant, not to say bigoted Aryan, and had no mercy for those who professed another religion than the Vedic. My lecture upon the faith of the Parsis was represented to him as a proof of my having embraced Zoroastrianism, and was made a pretext to break off our previously reciprocal connection. Like many other strict sectarians, he could not understand the Theosophical spirit of conceding to the people of all creeds the right of enjoying their religious convictions unmolested, nor the duty resting upon us to help them to discover and live up to the highest ideal that their respective religions contain. We are fully convinced that

all religions are but branches of one sole Truth ; and the aim of our public teachings and private discourses has always been to force this fact upon the attention of our auditors. In short, we are not "all things to all men," as has ungenerously been said, but the same thing to all men—viz., Theosophists, who believe in the essential identity of all men, race, caste, and creed, to the contrary notwithstanding.

In the several hundred discourses I have delivered in India and Ceylon, during the last six years, nothing more than a popular presentation of elementary facts has been aimed at. There are metaphysicians enough to enlighten, and confuse, the higher reading public ; but to one who can follow them through their demonstrations there are fifty who lack time, ability, or both. This, primarily, is my public ; and I shall be delighted to be the means of awakening in some of these the desire for profounder study of problems so absorbing.

I have ever been most deeply interested in the future of the young, who are just now beginning their responsible career. With reli-

gious feeling stifled by our modern system of education, they are too often avowed agnostics, if not crass materialists. This is lamentable, the more so, since it is unnecessary. Materialism is unscientific—utterly, absurdly so : one need not go far in psychological research to discover so much. But the sciolists will not admit it, nor take the least pains to get at the truth. They arouse the righteous anger of every student of any branch of archaic psychology, by their unworthy behaviour towards this greatest of sciences. They violate their own canons, by limiting the range of inquiry to the field of the physical senses, against the protest of those who have discovered facts lying beyond it, and senses by which they may be observed. The existence of those senses is the necessary corollary of the theory of Evolution, and the Esoteric Philosophy at once proves its validity, and shows how they may be fully developed. From experimental Physics we pass to axiomatic Metaphysics, through the experimental channel of transcendental Physics. Unless we admit the unthinkable proposition that there is a fixed limit to Evolution, it follows that

Western Science in its full development will ultimately reach the same conclusion at which Aryan Philosophy arrived ages ago. Hence Theosophy is the complement both of science and of philosophy, and as such is entitled to the respectful examination of the *savant* and the theologian.

As it appears that many of the most common of Oriental terms are unknown here in the West, except to "old Indians," I have by request added a copious Glossary, the words for interpretation having been selected out of the present volume by that excellent English scholar, Mr. Richard Herne Shepherd, who has also prepared, with care, the excellent index, which adds largely to the value of the book.

To avoid delay, persons wishing to correspond with the author upon any of the subjects treated upon in these discourses should address him at the headquarters of the Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras, India.

H. S. O.

THEOSOPHY OR MATERIALISM— WHICH ?*

Sixty-six years ago Schopenhauer declared his opinion that the greatest advantage of the nineteenth century over previous eras lay in its access to the Vedas through the Upanishads, and predicted for the study of Sanskrit literature an influence upon intellectual development not inferior to that of the revival of Greek in the fifteenth century.† He spoke of “the sacred, primitive Indian wisdom” as the best preparation for his own philosophy. And it is worthy of remark that the reputation of this great thinker is culminating at a time when his anticipation, which at the date of publication must have seemed strange or extravagant to all but a few far-seeing scholars, is in course of scarcely doubtful fulfilment. A parallel similar to that suggested by Schopenhauer has been drawn by Max Müller, who has also testified to the already pervading influence of the

* The author thankfully acknowledges the valuable aid given him in the collation of materials for this chapter, by an English friend, whose modesty forbids the mention of his name.

† Preface to “The World as Will and Representation” (Hal-dane and Kemp’s translation).

new studies. In his Address to the Congress of Orientalists in 1874, he said: "We know what it was for the Northern nations, the old barbarians of Europe, to be brought into spiritual contact with Greece and Rome, and to learn that beyond the small, poor world in which they had moved, there was an older, richer, brighter world, the ancient world of Rome and Athens, with its arts and laws, its poetry and philosophy, all of which they might call their own, and make their own, by claiming the heritage of the past. We know how, from that time, the Classical and Teutonic spirits mingled together, and formed that stream of modern thought on whose shores we ourselves live and move. A new stream is now being brought into the same bed, the stream of Oriental thought, and already the colours of the old stream show very clearly the influence of that new tributary. Look at any of the important works published during the last twenty years, not only on language, but on literature, mythology, law, religion, and philosophy, and you will see on every page the working of a new spirit."*

Recognizing the fact of this influence, we can only estimate its probable development in any direction by looking at the intellectual conditions prepared for it. The first and most indispensable of these, in relation to religious ideas, is a relaxation of dogmatic faith in the recipient community. So long as spiritual intelligence is restrained in the

* Chips from a German Workshop, vol. iv, p. 342.

hard capsule of any of its formal systems, there can be no assimilation, and, therefore, no true influence. It is only at that period of ideal development, when the rind of an historical or traditional religion has served its purpose of growth and preservation, and permits the liberation of its vital spirit, that the latter can find itself in the general atmosphere of thought. Nor is this natural process always recognized for what it is. Just as in sensuous apprehension the body stands for the man, so the same principle in religion clings to its external and familiar form, and sees in the disintegrating action of intellectual progress only a negative side and an infidel tendency. But we may leave out of account a conservatism which is being visibly submerged beneath the rising level of intelligence, and ask what essentially it is that this intelligence demands for the support of its religious life?

Now, in the first place, it requires that this shall repose upon an order of ideas not exposed to destructive invasion. Beliefs are needed which shall not find their origin and home in ignorance, to be dislodged from their positions with every advance of knowledge. Nor must there be any dependence upon historical evidences, or risk from their critical examination. Further, the foundations of religion must be such as cannot be impaired by the comparative methods of study which discovery and scholarship have brought into vogue. The dogmatic fabric of Christianity, so far as its

basis must be conceived as historical, is already in a ruinous, or highly-precarious condition. Any one who questions this must, at least, admit it to be the opinion of many who represent the progressive thought and intelligence of the community, the classes upon which the influence of science and inquiry is most apparent. Nor is this disposition at all confined to those whose special studies or mode of life may be thought to promote indifference to religious problems. The wide circulation of such works as "*Ecce Homo*," "*Natural Religion*," and others of recent years, is sufficient indication of public sympathy with the scepticism of thoroughly reverent minds. And without quoting from the innumerable testimonies afforded by current literature, it will suffice to advert to the perfectly open and unrestrained manner in which these questions are now publicly discussed, in contrast to the cautious, veiled, and tentative treatment they received from the sceptical side less than a generation ago. Our intellectual leaders, indeed, have ceased to regard dogmatic Christianity as any longer an open question for modern thought. There is a general assumption among them that this, as much as any other special system of religion, exhibits merely an historical phase of mental development, and from that point of view alone retains an interest for the philosophic mind. And turning from free-thinkers to the Church itself, we see much that is significant of the same general tendency. Not to insist on a few notorious, and

many other less ostentatious retreats from positions felt to be untenable, the most influential of the clergy are seeking to spiritualize the Christian doctrine, without openly offending the popular and orthodox apprehension of it. Few of them, probably, are explicitly aware that every advance in this direction, while it extracts the essential and interior truth which Christianity possesses in common with every religion worthy of the name, is a suppression of its *distinctive* character. This can only be apparent to those who have made a profound and sympathetic study of other systems; a study for which the exclusive pretensions of Christianity have allowed little encouragement to its official professors. The practical problem of all religion being to ascertain the conditions of spiritual development, in proportion as our conceptions are freed from the formal, historical, and accidental elements peculiar to each system, will the substantial identity of all the radical solutions be discoverable. Thus purified and understood, they will be beyond the reach of the disproof from *positive* knowledge which is sooner or later reserved for all their temporal and external investiture. Nevertheless, they will still involve metaphysical and transcendental assumptions; though not contrary to science, they will still be non-scientific; and, in short, there will be little to distinguish them from the ethical forms of a hypothetical philosophy. That brings us to the further demand which modern intelligence makes upon its future religion, if it is to have one at all.

If Mr. Herbert Spencer is right, true religion is not the solution of a problem, but the statement and elevation of the problem itself as inscrutable.* And herein he finds the reconciliation of science and religion. Science and philosophy proclaim the relativity of all positive knowledge; but in that very statement they affirm the existence of the Absolute, and concede to religion divested of all particularity and definiteness an appropriate and inexpugnable sphere. Although we can say nothing of the Reality transcending phenomenal existence, save only that it *is*, yet "in this assertion of a reality utterly inscrutable in nature, Religion finds an assertion essentially coinciding with her own. And this consciousness of an Incomprehensible Power, called Omnipresent from inability to assign its limits, is just that consciousness on which religion dwells." †

The result at which this distinguished philosopher has arrived, as regards the intellectual possibilities of religion, may thus be expressed in a single sentence. The foundation is sound, but any superstructure that can conceivably be reared upon it must be wholly without warrant. To none can be conceded even a provisional validity, for the ultimate good of religious thought is not a developed consciousness of the unseen, but the recognition of a perfectly abstract mystery. ‡ For human in-

* First Principles—Part I. : "The Unknowable."

† *Op. cit.*, p. 45.

‡ "Through all its successive phases the disappearance of those positive dogmas by which the mystery was made unmysterious,

telligence, therefore, religion does not, and cannot, exist, since it is essentially the consciousness of the limits of that intelligence itself. The momentous questions in which Philosophy and Religion concur are here pronounced to be illegitimate—the hopeless, resultless beating of thought against its own barriers; prompted, indeed, by a consciousness, but a consciousness which can never be defined; testifying to a truth, but a truth which can never be known.

Regarding Mr. Herbert Spencer as the plenipotentiary of Science in its negotiation with Religion, it is certain that peace can never be concluded on the terms he offers. If he has rightly defined the issue, the conflict must go on till the race is educated into Agnosticism, or relapses into superstition.

But is the issue rightly defined? Can we accept Mr. Spencer's statement of the terms of the problem? Or is it not rather in the inadequate limits he assigns to, or assumes for, Science itself in the first place; and, secondly, in a similarly wrong limitation of the true objects of religious thought; and, thirdly, in a consequently fallacious distinction where there is no essential difference, that we find the sources of insufficiency and error in his result?

Within the space of this essay, only a succinct

has formed the essential change delineated in religious history. And so Religion has ever been approximating towards that complete recognition of this mystery" (the Absolute) "which is its goal" (p. 100).

explanation can be given of these suggestions, which introduce us to the whole subject of Eastern religious philosophy in its most important, yet least understood relation to the question here raised. For that question is essentially this: whether there can be a science of those problems—a science resting, as all science must rest, upon experience for its verification—an experience under conditions possible to all, since they have been actually realized by some. The reader is here, at the outset, requested not to make any assumptions concerning the nature and evidence of the experience referred to, not to confound it with a vague and eccentric mysticism, or with conditions of which psychological pathology can give account. Nor must it be supposed that an appeal is made to the phenomenal so-called "Spiritualism" of recent years, whatever claims this may have, in another relation of the subject, to more attentive consideration than it has hitherto received. The experience here spoken of is not the alleged seeing and conversing with "spirits," but satisfies the scientific conception of experience in general. In other words, the conditions of this experience are defined. To say that these conditions require much preparation and training for their attainment is only to admit what must be asserted in a less degree of every physical experiment which demands a scientific education. And, what is important to observe, these conditions are just such as religion has always striven to affirm, but re-

duced to exact and intelligible statement, and divested of the pietistic language of an immature and mysterious consciousness. This involves a conclusion the very reverse of Mr. Herbert Spencer's. The true goal of religion is not mystery, but science—a science dealing with a strictly verifiable order of facts, though an order transcending that with which physical science, whose professors wrongfully limit the generic term, is concerned.

What are the suppositions of Religion with which it is assumed that "Science" can never deal? That there is a world or objective state beyond the cognizance of our physical senses; that man is a subject who, in addition to his physical organism, has faculties—it may be undeveloped at the present stage of human evolution, or it may be only dormant—fitted to relate him by immediate consciousness and perception with that other world;* and that physical disintegration affects only the mode, and not the existence, of individual consciousness. Lastly and chiefly, though in connexion with the foregoing propositions, Religion carries her account of man yet higher, asserting his relation to a Principle which is the source and inspiration of his moral consciousness, and which manifests itself in him as the perpetual tendency to realise an Universal Will and Nature, and to subordinate the individual limitation. These are the fundamental

* "There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body" (1 Cor. xv. 44).

postulates of Religion, upon which have been built all the doctrinal fabrics of particular and perishable creeds. These are the propositions which religious intelligence never can dispense with, which physical science has not refuted, and which transcendental science affirms.

That this transcendentalism does not pretend to a cognition of the Absolute, and is thus perfectly consistent with the doctrine of the phenomenality and relativity of knowledge, should be already apparent. What it is opposed to is not Science, not Philosophy, but Materialism; and even to Materialism only in the crude and popular sense of that term. For that we Western tyros know nothing of "Matter" that entitles us to say it can have no other manifestation than in the mode we call physical—the object of our present senses—will be granted by every philosophical man of science. The most that can be said is that we have no evidence of its existence in any other mode. "After all," says Professor Huxley, "what do we know of this terrible 'matter,' except as a name for the unknown and hypothetical cause of states of our own consciousness?"* The materialism, if such it can be called, of our really instructed thinkers, thus amounts only to the proposition that the world of our present perception, the world as known to physical science, is the result of a particular mode of action of an unknown cause. That mode of action is objectively manifested in the

* "Lay Sermons," p. 142.

organism, or, as it is called, the physical basis of consciousness. The possibility of a transcendental science is just the possibility of other modes of action of this unknown cause, resulting in other conditions, and therefore in another world, of consciousness. The constant misuse of the word "supernatural," by which it is made to signify not only what is altogether beyond the range of phenomenal existence, but also every possible mode of such existence which is not related to our present organic conditions, ought to receive no countenance from men of science. "Nature" is co-extensive with existence, and to meet every reference to modes of existence, other than under conditions known to us, with the term "supernaturalism," is simply to betray confusion and inaccuracy of mind.

Yet, for this confusion, the absence of any definite ideas concerning the conditions of *post-mortem* existence is largely responsible. On the great question of individual immortality—of surviving consciousness—Christianity has long ceased to offer any conceptions by which it is thinkable to the modern intellect. Some hypothesis, at least, is required by which this truth may be intelligibly apprehended. It is probable that a single book by two eminent men of science has done more to arrest the growing discredit into which this belief was falling than all the works of past or contemporary theologians.*

* "The Unseen Universe, or Physical Speculations on a Future State," by Professors Balfour Stewart and P. G. Tait. The public

Doubtless, Religion proposes higher aims than the mere demonstration of conscious perpetuation. But this is an indispensable pre-supposition, and is an essential part of that transcendental science which is absolutely wanting in the West, and which the East can supply.

The foregoing considerations are intended only to clear the ground of negative assumptions and misconceptions which are constantly put forward in the name of science. Until it has been conceded that physical science has nothing to object to the *possibility* of transcendental science, no way can be made in describing the methods of the latter, or in showing that it fulfils the conditions, and offers the results, demanded by human intelligence at the present age for a developed conception of religion.

The whole purpose of Religion may be succinctly defined as the verification in individual human consciousness of metaphysical and transcendental truth. It presupposes that the faculties of verification are undeveloped. It is of necessity a doctrine of evolution. This truth, which should come home to the Western understanding at the present time, is at the foundation of religious philosophy in the East. But it is not there the abstract or ill-defined statement which it remains still in Christianity; it is a theoretical and practical system for all who will study and pursue it. So far is it from being

interest in the application of scientific thought to this subject is evidenced by the fact that this book, first published in 1877, had already reached its tenth edition in 1881.

true that the East is the land of metaphor and dream, and the West the seat of practical intelligence, that in all that concerns transcendental reality or religion, the very reverse is the case. The right statement, however, is, that the practical and scientific intelligence of the East has its home in the higher realities, that of the West in the lower ones. And if the religious spirit in the West finds itself in a doubtful or opposed relation to what is there alone recognized as science, that is due to the fact that its own sense of the higher realities has not attained to definite conceptions, but is still in the undeveloped state of abstract affirmation, or in the nebulous state of mysticism. Herein consists the supreme importance of the influence of Eastern ideas upon the West at the present time. It is a reaction and an exchange. We are giving to India the knowledge and advantage of many practical things relating to our lower needs and nature. In return she offers us the wisdom acquired by thought and experience on a higher plane. A few years ago, before our own dogmatic preconceptions had yielded to the action of intellectual solvents, the opportunity would have been premature. The belief that it is so no longer is the rationale and justification of the Theosophical Society, the character and aims of which will be partly apparent from the following Lectures.

The secret which the East has to impart is the doctrine and conditions of evolution of the higher, as yet undeveloped faculties in man. But are there

such faculties, such possibilities? The answer to this question appeals to that rudimentary consciousness of them from which religion arises. This witness of a consciousness not yet raised to knowledge is Faith, which is indeed "the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen." To those who may think they have it not, or that it can be explained away, no other conviction can be brought. Upon the recognition of it depends the claim to attention of any system professing to expound the principles of Nature in its entirety. Such a system is now in course of publication for the first time. The preparation for it is in the increasing interest of Western culture in Eastern ideas. Through the labours of Western Orientalists, the abstract doctrines of these religious philosophies are already more or less clearly apprehended. But the developed doctrines are not accessible to the ordinary reader, who, moreover, finds in the sacred writings as translated for him much which can be interpreted by no conceptions provided by Western thought and education. The Upanishads, for instance, abound with allusions which require an undiscovered key for their elucidation. And so of the Buddhist writings. The existence of living schools which are the repositories of a more intimate knowledge had not been suspected till recently, and is not yet admitted by our Orientalists. The Theosophical Society is in communication with these, and is actively employed in collecting the information they will impart. Its

organ, *The Theosophist*, is chiefly devoted to these teachings. The well-known book by Mr. A. P. Sinnett, "Esoteric Buddhism," is perhaps the best general representation of them, so far as already understood, which could be given to the English public. Other books are preparing, and a literature of Theosophy, or the Esoteric Philosophy of the ages, is steadily growing. An attempt even to summarize the doctrines in question would be beyond the scope of this work. Nor must it be supposed that the Theosophical Society, to which the reader is introduced in these Lectures, requires subscription to any creed. Its Fellows are students, not co-religionists in any sectarian sense. They are, however, associated by a principle, an idea—Fraternity—of which, since it may either be misconceived, or be regarded as quite impracticable, something should here be added.

In the closing chapter of Lange's "History of Materialism," it is well said :

"One thing, however, is certain : if the New is to come into existence, and the Old is to disappear, two great things must combine—a world-kindling ethical idea and a social influence which is powerful enough to lift the depressed masses a great step forward. . . . The victory over disintegrating egoism and the deadly chilliness of the heart will only be won by a great ideal, which appears amidst the wondering peoples as a 'stranger from another world,' and by demanding the impossible unhinges the reality" (vol. iii., p. 355).

And again :

“ Often already has an epoch of Materialism been but the stillness before the storm, which was to burst forth from unknown gulfs, and to give a new shape to the world. We lay aside the pen of criticism at a moment when the social question stirs all Europe—a question on whose wide domain all the revolutionary elements of science, of religion, and of politics, seem to have found the battle-ground for a great and decisive contest. Whether this battle remains a bloodless conflict of minds, or whether, like an earthquake, it throws down the ruins of a past epoch with thunder into the dust, and buries millions beneath its wreck, certain it is that the new epoch will not conquer unless it be under the banner of a great idea which sweeps away egoism, and sets human perfection in human fellowship as a new aim in the place of reckless toil, which looks only to the personal gain ” (*ibid.*, p. 361).

It is to such an idea as this that the Theosophical Society seeks to give a formal, if not already a quite practical expression. It is no new discovery, certainly, this reassertion of the essential unity of the race, of Brotherhood as a principle to be elevated above all accidental or historical distinctions. It is, on the contrary, the one vital ethical result out of religious thought. Is it therefore a truism too barren or abstract to form the basis of practical association? Is it nothing to extricate it from the diversities of dogma in which its

significance is buried, to renew it in the hearts of men and women of all sects and creeds as the vow and obligation of their lives? Is it an objection that the Society does not come before the world with a single, well-devised application of the principle? Those who would offer this as an objection cannot have realized how much more than abstract assent is implied in the recognition and study of the principle itself. The conquest of selfishness and prejudice in all their forms, national, social, sectarian, political, private, is the aim which grows in every individual mind out of a living sense of human fraternity. Its applications on the wider scale of law and co-operation must be self-developed. They are not to be the fanatical impulses of half-educated "world-betterers." They will emerge spontaneously and surely from the unity of spirit and habit acting upon an intelligent and well-informed apprehension of the problems, and from the subordination of self-interest.

Many practical problems which seem insoluble to individual thinkers can only find their solvent in an altered disposition of mankind. All religions seek to effect this change of disposition in the individual consciousness. But nearly all religious systems have preferred their specific and distinctive tenets to their true universal basis and inherent tendency, and have thus become the most discordant of influences in the world they would regenerate. Therefore it is that the Theosophical Society has no room for propagandists of any

exclusive creed. Its principle indeed requires that none of its members should even mentally assert the *exclusive* sanctity of his own religious denomination. In India, the Society has been opposed and denounced at every turn by Christian missionaries ; and if on its side it has seemed to evince hostility to Christianity, that is because its representatives identify it with those arrogant pretensions which make peace, charity, and fraternity impossible. If we point out to the natives of India that the form of Christianity taught by these zealots is becoming more and more discredited among the best religious thinkers of the West itself, our doing so belongs rather to our duty as educated Europeans than to any polemical disposition. The fact that we number in our ranks, not only many avowed Christians, but also some conspicuous members of the Christian clergy, may be referred to in relation to a misunderstanding from which even some of our own Fellows in England have not been free.

We have spoken of the advocacy of the principle of Universal Brotherhood, or, to avoid the charge of Utopianism, of a kindly reciprocity and mutual tolerance between men and races, as a primary object of the Theosophical Society. We can happily point to the rapid extension of that organization to various countries, and the actual gathering together into the same of many persons of the most incongruous sects, and hitherto antipathetic nationalities, as substantial proof of its practicability. But this is only one out of the three

declared objects of the Society, as the following pages show. Its second object is the promotion of the study of Aryan and other Eastern literature, religions, and sciences. Schopenhauer wrote even more wisely than he knew when making his prophetic utterances in 1818. For, not only are the *Upanishads* inestimably rich repositories of philosophical and spiritual thought, but also in the great body of Sanskrit, Pali and Zend literature is an inexhaustible mine of noble and inspiring thought. We might despair of ever making any important contributions to this department of knowledge, were we dependent wholly upon our own labours; for the proper work of the Founders of the Society is rather that of organization than research. Having, however, the active aid of many of the most learned native scholars of Asia, and through them access to the rest, we feel confident that the movement we are directing will result in substantial gain to the scholar, the moralist and the philosopher. The Society's third declared object relates to the investigation of the unfamiliar laws of Nature and the faculties latent in man. An inordinate prominence has been given to the psychic phenomena produced by Madame Blavatsky, which, however striking in themselves, are nevertheless but a small part of Theosophy as a great whole. To a very limited extent these questions are considered in the following Lectures; but for full details the reader must be referred to the literature of the Occult sciences, now being constantly enriched by new publications.

No amount of reading, however, will suffice for a knowledge of the subject; at best, it gives but a smattering of information as a basis of belief. Nor can a teacher develop the psychic powers in a way to make them docile and trustworthy to the student's will. Psychic growth is the fruit of self-mastery; the Initiate is, more than any one else, "a self-made man!" The Theosophical Society does not make adepts: it but hints at their existence and points to the path.

ENGLAND'S WELCOME.*

MR. CHAIRMAN,—On behalf of the General Council of the Theosophical Society, on Madame Blavatsky's behalf, and on my own, I thank you and this assemblage of colleagues and well-wishers for your cordial welcome. That a company so brilliant and distinguished should have gathered here for this kindly purpose, is to us most gratifying and, I may add, surprising. We have not been accustomed to such treatment at the hands of the people of our race, but rather to its opposite. Before leaving India, with the recollection still vivid of the abuse and obloquy we had to endure in that country, we should not have dared to anticipate it. I take this to mark a new era and a turning-point in our Society's history. All we have ever asked is that we might be heard with patience by the cultured classes of Europe; and here I see many representatives of British Science, Art, and Literature, of Diplomacy and of Society, assembled to hear what we have to say. There must be a substantial power in Theosophy, since it has

* An Address delivered at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, London, July 21, 1884, in response to a greeting to the Founders of the Theosophical Society by the London members, through the President of the local Lodge.

become so widespread a social movement in various countries; without the adventitious help of august patronage, of great capital, or of fanatical support. It has become a theme for discussion at hundreds of British hearths, and, spreading from the most thoughtful to the most frivolous circles, is now actually noticed by "Society" journals as the fashionable talk of the day at the tea-tables of Belgravia and in the Holy Land of the West End! These "fashion-writers" speak of it as a whim of the moment, to be forgotten, like the sun-flower and crutch, for to-morrow's caprice. But it will not—mark me, it will *not*—be forgotten. The day's folly of the drawing-room is ephemeral as its pleasure; but the ideas provoked by Theosophy eat into the mind, and cannot be dislodged. For they pertain to the secret causes of joy and sorrow, of our future, of our very existence itself, and these cannot be dismissed at will. Let the jesters jest on, with their squibs, lampoons, and comic poems: they are but turning the mill-stones of Destiny, which grind the grist of the nation's thought.

My gifted countryman, Mr. Moncure Conway, said the other day that every idea must finally come to this metropolis to be tested and receive its mint-mark. He was right; and we are now bringing you the golden ore of Theosophy, dug from the long-closed intellectual mines of our Asiatic progenitors. We ourselves put it into the melting-pots of Western criticism, and ask that it may be tested, amalgamated with the purest silver of Western

thought, and then thrown into circulation. We have come to the bar of British public opinion to plead the cause of humanity, which sorely suffers through ignorance of the laws of spirit, soul, and mind, as well as those of the body. We do not pretend to leadership; but we demand a seat in the Council which is deliberating on the master problems of Religion and Science. The Materialist, Positivist, Agnostic, and Secularist, are already there, in conspicuous places, jostling the Ecclesiastic; crushing religious sentiment, undermining spiritual aspirations, blackening the sky of sunny Intuition, robbing this reading and inquiring age of the last vestige of belief in the existence of man after the death of the body, and uncovering the black and yawning abyss of oblivion and extinction into which they would have us leap. The Church has anathematised in vain; the sharpest blades of theological dogmatism have broken like weak reeds upon the steely helmets of the Biologist and Evolutionist. The party of Religion have been forced from their stronghold in the human heart, and the party of Materialistic science have usurped the conquered ground. It has come at last to such a point that well-read men can hardly be induced to discuss whether the creed of Christendom is in *extremis* or not; regarding it as a waste of time, since none but the illiterate doubt the fact. That Rubicon, they aver, was crossed long ago. The victorious cohorts of Freethought are gathering to the trumpet-call of Darwin, Huxley, Haeckel, of

Mill, Clifford, Lewes and Greg. They are building temples to their new god, Protoplasm, out of the *debris* of the world's old faiths, as the early Christians utilized the shrines of the Pagan deities to build churches. It is the old, old story of evolution, change and growth; the story that can be read in every sociological evolution in the history of our race. Whether by voice, or book, or sword the change is brought about, come it always must. The seed-germ of the next race, or civilization or creed, can only germinate as the dry husk decays, within which its potentiality was secretly developed. The friends of Materialism hope that it may be the outcome of the destruction of Spirituality. *Shall it?* That is the question put by the Theosophical Society to you, thinking men and women of Europe. For the choice is narrowed to this: either materialistic Atheism* and Nihilism—the conception of a short life between two blanks—or Theosophy. Say what you may, laugh as you

* The use of the expression "materialistic Atheism" in this connexion has been made the pretext by some not very friendly critics to charge me with a belief in a personal God. It will be impossible for any one to point to a single sentence ever spoken or written by me which would give colour to such a charge. Upon a hundred public occasions I have defined the "God" of the Founders of our Society to be identical with the Universal Principle—formless, changeless, devoid of the attributes of personality and of limitation—which is postulated by the highest metaphysicians of Asia. This is made very plain even in the few Lectures that have been preserved out of several hundreds delivered in India and Ceylon to constitute the present volume. And it is equally clear that, whatever may be my personal views or those of Madame Blavatsky, no one in our Society is responsible for them, save ourselves.

will, mock as you choose—that is the issue of to-day. Religion has but one foundation—Theosophy; a Church built upon any other is as a house built in the air. Let not the Christian tell me that the Bible offers its “scheme of salvation and its blessed promises;” nor the Jew that the inspired scrolls of the Law bear the divine messages of Sinai and the Prophets; nor the Hindu that the sacred Veda, if read with faith and understanding, reveals all truth that man is fit to receive, and that the Upanishads are full of the glory of spiritual life. Let all this be granted to each; yet these books have no meaning to the spiritually blind eye of our sceptical generation, nor the words of their most authoritative expositors any sound to the faith-dulled ear of the youth whose University has taught him to believe nothing he sees or hears until it is experimentally proven. It is absolutely a waste of time to appeal to a sentiment of loyal faith in ecclesiastical authority long since practically extinct. The only chance of dislodging Materialism from its fortress is *to prove it unscientific*, and Esoteric Philosophy scientific. It is with the hammer of science that its idols, if they are to be broken at all, must be demolished. We, Founders of the Theosophical Society, planted it upon that basic general proposition, as upon a rock that can buffet the storms of criticism. And the experience of nine years since come and gone has convinced us that we were right. Our work has extended to America, Europe, Africa, Asia, and Australasia—in all which

continents we have now established branches of the parent Society; we have met and discussed with many superior minds of different nationalities; and our conclusion is that if we had the work of founding our Society to do over again, we could not choose a broader, surer, safer basis of activity than that which you will find sketched out in its three avowed or declared objects. Those three foundations-stones are: to promote a feeling of brotherhood among men, regardless of race, creed, or colour; to promote the study of the Aryan and other religions, philosophies, and sciences; and to promote experimental research into the hidden laws of Nature and the latent capabilities of man. The canons of modern Science are equally the canons of ancient Oriental philosophy. If the one rests upon fact so does the other. Our Western college professors teach us to take nothing upon faith; our masters of the Eastern school do the like. The motto written on the title-page of your well-known journal, *Nature*, is:

"To the solid ground
Of Nature trusts the mind which builds for aye."

WORDSWORTH.

The legend that heads our Society's journal, the *Theosophist*, is: "There is no religion higher than Truth." The Lord Buddha, revered as the greatest among adepts of the Occult science, when asked by the Kalama people how they might know which religion was the truest, answered that they should believe nothing written or spoken, by any

teacher of any epoch, upon mere authority, but only when the teaching harmonized with reason, and would stand the test of examination. That is the attitude which we likewise adopt. If the Theosophical Society had come forward with a claim of infallibility for its ideas or its teachers, discouraging criticism and shirking inquiry, it would have been turned out of court on its first appearance. But since it has spread from city to city and from land to land, until it can now count over a hundred branches, it is clearly in accordance with the spirit of the age, and meets a real want of humanity. It has an unmistakable vitality, and has attained a development that presages a great future for the movement. Month after month fresh branches spring up, and new lines of usefulness open out. Four days ago I organized, in the very stronghold of Presbyterian intolerance, the "Scottish Theosophical Society," and after a Lecture at Edinburgh one of the leading clergymen of the city took my hand in brotherly kindness, declaring that the sentiments I had just expressed to my audience were identical with those he was wont to preach from his pulpit. So, too, the freethinking journalists of Paris have declared our Society's cardinal idea of fraternal concert between the best thinkers and truest men of all races for research after the fundamental facts of human existence, to be in strict harmony with the principles of French republicanism; while, at the same time, the reactionary

Ultramontanes of the Royalist party have, in their organ, *Le Défenseur*, bidden us a hearty welcome as to those who may save France from the moral decay brought about by crass materialism. Passing on to the Orient, you have only to consult the files of the native press of India and of Ceylon, to discover how enthusiastically the masses of those ancient countries speak of our Society and its work. In these Western communities most people regard us as innovators, trying to "float" a new delusion; but throughout the East it is accounted the chief merit of Theosophy that its teachings are but the uncoloured recapitulation of the grand philosophy taught to Egypt and Greece by their holy sages, and embalmed in their ancestral literature. Seven years ago scarcely a Hindu college graduate dared to confess a feeling of respect for the national religious philosophy; now the imported Western scepticism is going out of fashion, and Indian and Sinhalese youth are joining our Society, and beginning to emulate the piety, temperance, honesty and truthfulness of their noble forefathers. Within the past twelvemonth these cherished young colleagues have founded, under our auspices, twenty-seven schools and colleges for Sanskrit teaching, have published books, have founded Theosophical journals, and have organized religious classes or Sunday schools in various parts of the Indian Peninsula and of Ceylon. The movement has spread to the United States, despite the absence of its Founders, since 1878, in the East. Within the

past year, new branches have been formed, a Theosophical journal has been started, other charters have been applied for, a central governing Committee or Board has been organized, and two delegates of note—one, an author and journalist attached to the editorial staff of an influential New York paper, the other, a man of scientific repute, and a college professor—have come across the Atlantic to meet the Founders and to arrange for future Theosophical work in America. Within the next two days, I go to Germany to hold a conference of certain of the ablest philosophical writers of the day, and to launch the bark of Theosophy upon the deep sea of German thought. The seed planted by Mme. Blavatsky and myself at New York in 1875, when we organized the Society, is fast growing into a banyan tree, whose roots are striking down into the subsoil of human nature, and whose shade will one day be broad and dense enough to shelter a multitude of students of the Problem of Life. And let me here candidly and gratefully confess how much of our success in English-speaking countries is due to the worldwide circulation attained by *The Occult World* and *Esoteric Buddhism*, those two profoundly interesting and valuable books of our eminent colleague, Mr. A. P. Sinnett. Here, in the land and city of his birth, I thank that loyal friend and true-hearted Englishman, whose courageous and unselfish advocacy of a discovered truth is—well, what one always expects from an Englishman of *that* sort!

As mine is the task of giving you a historical re-

trospect, I must briefly note what the Theosophical Society has accomplished under each of the three heads of work it sets itself. First, as to the question of forming the nucleus of a Brotherhood of Humanity. We have effected much in this direction ; much of a visible and practical character. Upon our rolls are inscribed the names of some thousands of men and women who represent many races and most of the great creeds. Our Rules positively prohibit the discussion, at our meetings, of questions likely to stir up strife about religion, caste, race, and politics. All such discordant issues are left outside our threshold. We meet as friends, whose declared and only purpose is to exchange ideas and to help each other to get at the truth. The wisest are our Theosophical aristocracy. The rich man is not esteemed in our Society for his wealth, nor the poor man despised for his poverty. The tie of a common interior nature makes us see and know each other as brethren in Theosophy. The antagonism of sex is unknown among us : we are not concerned as to the relative supremacy of man or woman, the test of excellence is the capacity of their respective minds ; the brightest is the most respected, and the highest place in our esteem is occupied by the one most devoted to the cause of Theosophy, and who best illustrates in daily conduct its lofty ideal. It was a sight to behold with joy when, at the celebration of the Society's eighth anniversary, at Madras in

December last, more than one hundred delegates—Christians, Jews, Hindus, Buddhists, Mussulmans and Agnostics—were gathered together from the four quarters of the globe to report the progress of the movement in their several countries, and to bring the vows of fealty from their various branches. The possibility of a practical confraternity upon the basis of mutual reciprocity and kindly tolerance was then and there triumphantly proved.

We then saw that, while it is impossible, save in Utopia, to hope for a real brotherly union between nations or communities upon the external side of human nature, yet this may be effected quite easily upon the plane of the inner and nobler self.

Secondly, as to the study of the ancient philosophies and religions. Here, too, great results have been achieved. It would be vain to search the mystical writings of modern times for so great a body of valuable practical teaching upon these questions as the still meagre and budding Theosophical literature already offers. I venture to say, for example, that there can be found in no Western author so many lucid expositions of occult philosophy and metaphysics as have been given recently in the Theosophical circles of London and Paris by our gifted and beloved young Brahman colleague, Mr. Mohini, who sits beside me on this platform. This lineal descendant of the Raja Rammohun Roy has shown himself worthy of that grandsire whose learning and elevated spirituality of character are remembered in England, as well as in India, to this

day, with deep affection. Besides the exegetical works of Mr. Sinnett, there is Madame Blavatsky's encyclopædic *Isis Unveiled*, now in its seventh edition, which traverses a vast domain of science and religion, and there are various pamphlets by different authors, all relating to the Asiatic side of the subject. On the side of Esoteric Christianity and the Hermetic Doctrine, the eloquent work of Dr. Anna Kingsford and Mr. Edward Maitland, *The Perfect Way*, will be reckoned among the great books of the century. The *Theosophist*, a monthly magazine, issued at the Society's headquarters at Madras,* and now in its fifth volume, has among its contributors some of the ablest educated Hindus living, who during the past five years have been expounding their national Sanskrit literature.

Thirdly, and lastly, as to researches into the occult side of Nature and of Man. What the mystical writers of Greece and Rome, of Germany, France, Italy, and England, had hinted at in this direction; what was figured in the pictographs of Egypt, in the sculptures of Nineveh and of Central and South America, in the cylinders, bricks, and stones of Babylonia and of other countries; what was embalmed though masked in folk-lore, legend, saga, and national customs, has been verified and corroborated by the individual researches of certain of our members. While the Christians are sitting almost speechless, unable

* Mr. George Redway, the publisher of the present volume, is the London agent.

to confute the dogmatic assertion of the infidel biologist, that human consciousness is impossible outside the physical organism, and that man is extinct when it is dissolved, we Theosophists have experimentally proved its utter falsity. We have proved it by projecting ourselves out of the body, with the retention of full consciousness and volition, acting and observing as readily as any of us can do in his fleshy encasement. We have proved that there is an inner range of percipient faculties, more acute, and much more unerring, than "the five gateways" of the outer body. We have verified the existence of two sublimer states of matter than the form we are told about by our fashionable scientific authorities. The "Unseen Universe," or subjective world, of Professors Balfour Stewart and Tait has ceased to have for us the aspect of a hypothesis, for this *terra incognita*, this Polar circle of official science, has been explored by us, with the adepts of the East as our guides and teachers. Some of my colleagues in the Theosophical Society so revere the characters of these living Masters as to think it almost a crime that I should profane their secret by naming them to a mixed audience. But I am imbued with the American, rather than with the Oriental feeling as to such matters. I know as a fact that these grand men are not to be moved as to their inner selves by anything, good or ill, that may be said of them: the reviler's abuse but recoils upon himself, as, in the Eastern proverb, the dust blows back into the eyes of the fool who throws

it against the wind. And, as an old student of Psychology, I feel the enormous vitality the subject derives from the fact that these Masters live as really for us as their predecessors did for Apollonius, Plato, and Pythagoras ; that they can be seen, and conversed with, as they have been seen and conversed with by many among us ; and that they furnish in their own persons a tangible, actual ideal of a hitherto unsuspected human perfectibility. And so realising, I shall, until they command me to keep silence, continue to bear testimony to their existence, to their benevolent philanthropy, to their angelic qualities, mental and moral. To them, through their agent, Madame Blavatsky, I owe the first glimpse of the true light. By them I was taught to detect its glow under the exoteric masks of the world's various faiths, and to know it for their silvery psychic spark. They taught me to see that the colour of my brother man, his dress, his formal creed, his social prejudices, were but the results of his external environment, and but tinted, without obstructing the inner shining of the immortal Ego : as the cathedral panes give for the watcher outside their glowing hues to the light that burns in the chancel and along the aisles. To them my life-long fealty is pledged. My earnest hope is that I may not fail in my duty ; my chief desire that, through the extension of the Theosophical Society, I may succeed in causing hundreds as hungry as myself after spiritual truth to know of their existence and partake of their teaching.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY AND ITS AIMS.*

WHEN a new Society asks a hearing of the world it is sure to be challenged. The public has that vested right, and none but fools will object to its exercise. Infallibility is out of fashion, notwithstanding the Roman conclave of July 13th, 1870, where, as the Syllabus of the Vatican Council tells us, the Holy Ghost sat with the Bishops and judged with them. Men now-a-days take nothing on faith ; the era of inquiry and proof has come.

The Theosophical Society expects no exemption from the rule ; has asked none ; and my presence before this great audience, so soon after the arrival in India of our Committee, shows our readiness to give a reason for its existence. We believe it was a necessary outgrowth of the century. I hope to show you that the hour demanded its coming, and that it was not born before its appointed time.

Our society points to four years of activity as one proof that there was room for it in the world. And this activity, please observe, was not in the

* An Address delivered at the Framji Cowasji Hall, Bombay,
23rd March, 1879.

midst of friendly environments, with no one to question or oppose, but in the enemy's country, with foes all about, public sentiment hostile, the press scornful and relentless, traitors working with honest opponents to break up our organization and neutralize our labours. Occupying, as most of us did, positions of some influence, we have had to suffer, in ways that will suggest themselves to each of you, for the privilege of free speech. While the press has lampooned us, in writing and pictorial caricatures, by the clergy we have been denounced as the children of Satan, doomed to eternal damnation along with the wretched "Heathen."

We thrive on opposition. The more we were abused, the greater interest was created to know what the Theosophical Society really was, how strong, and what were its aims? These questions, which have been put to us in every possible variation since our arrival here, we answered, without concealment or equivocation, face to face, eye to eye. We had nothing to be ashamed of, whether in doctrine, motive, or deed, and so we spoke—and now speak—with the boldness of one who loves the truth and hates a lie.

All this discussion, carried on for months, even years, in journals of world-wide circulation, drew to us large numbers of sympathizers. Scattered throughout America and Europe were men and women of intelligence, influence, courage, who had long been interested in the topics to which we applied ourselves, and who needed only such a ral-

lying-point as our society offered, to combine their strength. So they joined us, cheering us by their activity of deed no less than by their friendliness of word. A branch society sprang up in England, under the presidency of a barrister of the highest capabilities, and the conjoint direction of a University professor, and of medical and other professional men. Other branches were formed in Russia, France, Greece, and elsewhere. One is now forming in Ceylon. Our membership increased to thousands. We received as brothers, with equal cordiality, Hindus, Jains, Parsis, Buddhists, Jews, and free-thinking Christians. At different times the press has described us as specially representing each of those sects ; a proof, certainly, of our strict impartiality and the general resemblance all these great religions have to each other at their roots. There was room for all upon our platform, and none need jostle his neighbour. What that platform is, will be made clear before I have done speaking.

Believing it good generalship to force the fighting when one feels sure of his supports, we not only struck blow for blow at our antagonists, but contrived more than once to put them on the defensive. Often without obtruding ourselves upon public notice, we aroused an interest in everything related to the East. Oriental science, literature, chronology, tradition, superstitions, magic and spiritualism, afforded themes for our allies to speak and write upon, throughout the two parts of

Christendom. Those who have seen the Western journal and periodical literature during the past four or five years, must have been struck with the apparently sudden growth of a deep interest in such matters. They will also have noticed the increased number of books published on Oriental subjects. How much of that activity is traceable directly and indirectly to the Theosophical Society, we, only, know who have been in the thick of the fighting.

We have been asked, scores of times, why our Society has established as yet no periodical, nor issued any volumes of Reports. Our answer is that a wider activity could be achieved by utilizing presses already established. We have thus reached millions of readers, where, through any special organ of our own, we might only have caught the eye and provoked the thought of a few thousands. How many in India, think you, have read about the visit of our Committee and its objects? and how many would have done so if we had depended upon a journal of our own? Papers in English and the several vernacular tongues have been sent us, and letters from the extreme North and the extreme South have come to us, from those who have an interest in our work. It has been remarked at the West that no Society has, within so short a time, been talked about in so many different countries as ours. We gratefully accept the fact as proof that we are welcomed to a standing-room in the arena of the century.

And now what is the Theosophical Society, and

what are its aims? How much appears upon the surface, and how much is concealed? What is the plan of work? How is the public to be benefited by the Society, and is mutual co-operation practicable? What attitude do we assume towards religious beliefs, and what ideas, if any, does the Society hold about God and his government? Do we believe in the immortality of the human soul, and, if so, on what grounds? What importance do we attach to the study of the occult sciences, so called? What use has been made, by many or few of our Fellows, of any knowledge of those sciences? To what highest good do we aspire, here or hereafter? What are our ideas of the next world? These questions *you* have come here to ask, *I* to answer. I have copied them from written documents, handed to me since this address was announced by the native committee. And here are others propounded by one who wishes to join us:— On one's becoming a member, is any course prescribed for him to follow with a view to his continual progression and the acquisition of mastery over his baser nature? What constitutes the difference between the degrees in the Society? Will instruction be imparted to individual members or groups, on what subjects, and how often? Webster defines Theosophy as "a direct as distinguished from a revealed knowledge of God, supposed to be attained by extraordinary illumination, especially a direct insight into the processes of the Divine mind and the interior rela-

tions of the Divine nature." How far does this agree with the doctrines of the Theosophical Society? Is a member of the Arya, Brahma, or Prarthana Samaj debarred from joining it, or will his joining affect his position in relation to the social rules and duties of his caste? How much time would be required to become proficient in a degree? Will any library be established and accessible to the Fellows? Will there be social gatherings to discuss Oriental philosophy and kindred subjects?

We have here seventeen inquiries, covering ground enough for thirty-four lectures, but I will attempt to cursorily glance at all in the hour at my disposal. All, except those of a strictly personal character, have been treated at great length and with signal ability by Mme. H. P. Blavatsky, Corresponding Secretary of our Society, in her "Isis Unveiled," a work which a well-known London journal, *Public Opinion*, styled "a stupendous monument of human industry," and which the *New York Herald* considered, "one of the great achievements of our century." Those who care to really sound this question of the relative supremacy of ancient and modern science and religion can easily do so, as the work is to be had of our booksellers.

But, to begin with our answers, I affirm then that everything essential, as regards principles, recommendations and ideas, appears upon the surface of our Society, and nothing is concealed that *should* be made known. We do not say one thing

and mean another. We have no mental reservations—we resort to no equivocations. What we believe, we say—always and everywhere. If we have survived all the battles through which we have passed; if, after a four years' struggle against obstacles, in the very heart and stronghold of Christendom, we are a strong, compact, successful Society, daily increasing in influence, having daily accessions of able coadjutors; if, at this juncture, our outposts are entrenched in the most widely separated countries, and garrisoned by men of the most diverse speech, complexion, and ancestry; if here, upon the threshold of Aryavarta, we find our hands clasped with fraternal warmth by the Hindu, the Parsi, the Jain, and the Buddhist; it is because we have not feared to speak the truth at any cost.

When our Society was organised—at New York in 1875—the very first section of the bye-laws adopted, after fixing upon our corporate title, affirmed that the object of the Society was to obtain knowledge of *all* the laws of nature. This covers the whole range of natural phenomena, and everything that concerns mankind and his environments. The inaugural address of the President was delivered, November 17th, 1875, and in it, after attempting a comparison of our Society with the neoplatonists and theurgists of ancient Alexandria, the fire-philosophers of the middle ages, and the ancient and modern spiritualists, and finding no exact parallel, I said: “We are neither of these, but simply investigators of earnest purpose and

unbiased mind, who study all things, prove all things, and hold fast to that which is good. We seek, inquire, reject nothing without cause, accept nothing without proof: we are students, not teachers." Does not this utterance of 1875 answer most of the questions of 1879?

The Society has its secrets, nevertheless; but they harm no one. Composed, as we are, of people who live at the two extremities of the earth, and who speak different tongues, we have the same necessity as Freemasons for some means of mutual identification, in special cases. These are afforded by certain signs and tokens which, of course, are withheld from strangers, and are changed as required. Again, operating, as we do, mainly in Christian countries, in some of which (as in France, Spain, and Russia, for instance) religious intolerance prevails, the corporate perpetuity of our branches would be imperilled by allowing our membership to be known, and our plans for religious and scientific agitation might be baffled by exposing them. Our existence threatens no Government, feeds no political cabal, attacks no pillar of social order. We do not concern ourselves in the least with affairs of State, nor lay impious hands upon the conjugal, filial, or parental relation. We would not admit man or woman who was in rebellion against the existing laws or government of his or her country, or engaged in plots and conspiracies against the public peace and safety. In New York we expelled one of our most active charter officers,

an Englishman—one of the founders of the Society, in fact—because he allowed himself to be mixed up with a gang of French Communist refugees in their wicked conspiracies. Judge for yourselves, therefore, how malicious and unfounded are the libels that have been circulated in this country as to our being political spies, and, most ridiculous of all, Russian spies! The only Russian in our party became a citizen of the United States of America last July, an act unprecedented among Russian women, and her book, "Isis Unveiled," already referred to, is not allowed to cross the frontiers. Nor would we admit into our fellowship any one who taught irreverence to parents or immorality to husbands or wives. Nor have we any room for the drunkard or the debauchee. If Theosophy did not make men better, purer, wiser, more useful to themselves and to society, then this organisation of ours had better never been born. That it lives, and is respected even by those who cannot sympathise with its ideas, is evidence of its beneficent character. This answers one of the above questions, and I have also shown you that our plan of work is to employ existing agencies to create an interest in Eastern philosophies and religions, and make the Press our helper, even when it fancies it is killing us off with its fine sarcasm or abuse.

And now, we are asked, what attitude do we hold to religious beliefs, and what do we believe as

to God and his government? The Society, I have already told you, is no Propaganda, formed to disseminate fixed dogmas ; therefore, as a society, it has no creed to offer for the world's acceptance. It recognises the great philosophical principle that while there is but one Absolute Truth, the differences among men only mark their respective apprehensions of that Truth. It is not for me to say to you what this Absolute Truth is. If I were capable of doing so, then (for the first time since the world began) there would have appeared an infallible, omniscient human mind upon earth. There is no educated sectarian so bigoted that when you calmly discuss with him the bases of his faith, he will not admit that its Founder was not equal to his one Supreme God in omniscience and other attributes. The Parsi will not claim it for Zoroaster, the Buddhist for Sakya-Muni, the Jain for Parasnatha, the Jew for Moses, the Mohammedan for the Prophet of Islam, nor the Hindu for any of the Rishis, who

“Above all fleshly, worldly feelings soared.”

Revere his spiritual intermediary and teacher as either of these may, he will only claim that, in his opinion, more of this Absolute Truth flowed from Heaven to Earth through this particular channel, this minor god, if you will, than through any other. And to settle these disputes, all the spilt blood of religious wars has been shed. Then why should we accord to these Christian missionaries who have so maligned us to you, that which we refuse to

other people? Why should we, as a society, accept Jesus rather than Vasishita, Gautama or Zoroaster? Far be it from me to scoff at the simple faith of those thousands of Christians who have pictured to themselves a Deity all love and beneficence, and who exemplify in their lives and conversation all that is beautiful in human nature. The recollection of my nearest and dearest ones, and of those others whom I have known from boyhood up, in different lands and various social conditions, would stop my mouth were I so unjust and cruel. I myself come from a line of ancestors who have left behind them historical records of their unselfish and courageous devotion to Christianity. Just as I have left my home and business and friends, to come to India to search after the Parabrahma of primitive religions, so, in 1635, one of my ancestors left his home in England, to seek in the savage wilderness of America that freedom to worship the Jewish Jehovah which he could not have in England under the Restoration. But, as the author of "Isis" remarks, these people would have been equally good in any other religious sect; they are better than their creed; goodness, virtue, equity, are congenital with them.

But when we have shown in what we do *not* believe, we have to say what is our faith. We *do* believe in the immortality of the human spirit*—the "we" meaning all the representative Theosophists whose minds have been opened to me. In truth, there is not much attraction in our Society for these

* The seventh principle in man—the Atma of the Hindus.

who persistently deny this assumption, for what advantage is there in studying all those primitive, sublime utterances of the Vedas, the Zend Avesta, the Tripitikas, about the "soul" and future life, if a man is incapable of realizing the idea of a spiritual self or an Universal Principle at all? Let such an one take his balances and weigh and count over and christen the notes of Nature's dust-heap, and get ribbons for catching a new bug, and titles for impaling a new beetle. He will die happy in the thought that his name, though Latinized or Hellenized past recognition, will be transmitted to posterity in connexion with the solar refrangibility of the cucumber, or some other discovery of equally momentous importance.

The study of occult science has a twofold value. First, that of teaching us that there is a teeming world of Force within this teeming visible world of Phenomena; and, second, in stimulating the student to acquire, by self-discipline and education, a knowledge of his psychic powers and the ability to employ them. How appropriate is the term 'occult science,' when applied to the careful observation of the phenomena of force, is apparent when we read the confessions of scientific leaders as to the limitation of their positive knowledge. "We have not succeeded," says Professor Balfour Stewart, "in solving the problem as to the nature of life, but have only driven the difficulty into a borderland of thick darkness, into which the light of knowledge (*Western* knowledge, he should say)

has not yet been able to penetrate."* Says Le Conte, "Creation or destruction of matter, increase or diminution of matter, lies beyond the domain of science."† And even Huxley,‡ the High Pontiff regnant of materialism, confesses "... it is also, in strictness, true that we know nothing about the composition of any body whatever, as it is."

Did time permit, I might cite to you many similar utterances from the mouths of the most worshipped biologists and philosophers who happen at the moment to have the stage of notoriety to themselves. You cannot open a book on chemistry, physiology, or hygiene, without stumbling upon admissions that there are fathomless abysses in all modern science. Père Félix, the great Catholic orator of France, taunted the Academy by saying that they found an abyss even in a grain of sand. Who, then, can tell us of the nature of life, the cause of its phenomena, the qualities of the inner man? Who guards the keys of the secret chamber, and where do they hang? What dragons lie in the path? America cannot tell us, Europe cannot—for we have questioned both. But in the Western libraries we found old books which tell us that in olden times there was a class of men, who had dis-

* "The Conservation of Energy," by Balfour Stewart, LL.D., F.R.S., Professor of Natural Philosophy at the Owens' College, Manchester (p. 163).

† "Correlation of Vital with Chemical and Physical Forces," revised for Dr. Stewart's book, *supra* (see page 171).

‡ "On the Physical Basis of Life." By Thomas H. Huxley, LL.D., F.R.S.

covered these secrets, had interrogated nature behind her veil. These men lived in the lands now called Tibet, India, Persia, Chaldea, Egypt, and Greece. We find traces of them even in the fragmentary remains of the sacred literature of Mexico and Peru. And we have been told that this sacred science is not extinct, but still survives, and is practised by men who carefully guard their knowledge from profane hands. Some of us have even had the inestimable good fortune to meet with such wonder-workers and to see their experiments. So we have come in quest of the places and opportunity to learn for our own benefit and that of humanity, what occult law of nature can be brought out of Dr. Stewart's "borderland of darkness" into the lighted and odoriferous class-rooms of Western Science.

To what highest good do we aspire? What *is* the highest good, but to know something of man and his powers, to discover the best means to benefit humanity—physically, morally, spiritually? To this we aspire: can our interrogator conceive of a nobler ambition? In common with all thinking people we have, of course, our individual speculations about that infinite and awful something which Anglo-Saxons call God; but, as a Society, we say, with Pope—

" Know, then, thyself ; presume not God to scan ;
The proper study of mankind is Man."

As to our ideas of the next world, the aid of metaphysics would have to be invoked to answer the question. Suffice it that we do not fancy the

other world to be gross like this ; lighted by the same solar vibrations, filled with such houses, such Framji Cowasji Halls, as ours ! Most men are apt to brutalize the next world in trying to construct a tangible idea for the mind to rest upon. The Heaven of Milton, which, as Professor Huxley observes, is the one believed in by Christians and not at all that of any Biblical authority—is a place of shining stairs, golden pavements, and jewelled thrones, on which, without an inch of cushion to mitigate their metallic hardness, the redeemed saints sit for ever and ever singing hymns to the accompaniment of the harp. So the Moslem Paradise teems with physical delights, and even the "Summer Land" of our Western Spiritualists has been sketched, mapped out and described by all the recent authorities, from Andrew Jackson Davis downward.

Is it not enough to conceive of a future state of existence corresponding with the new necessities of the monad that has passed through and out of the cycle of objective matter and become a subjective entity? Can we not realise a life apart from the use of pots and ladles, easy chairs and mosquito curtains? Even the *Jivan-Mukta*, or soul emancipated, while living in this world, loses all sense of relationship to it and its grossness. How much more perfect the contrast, then, between our narrow physical life and the *Mukatma*, or soul universalized—the soul having sympathies with the Universal Good, True, Just, and being absorbed in Universal Love ! Let

us not drown ourselves in oceans of vague metaphysical speculation, in trying to drag the next sphere down to this, but rather strive to elevate our present plane of matter, so that one end of it may climb to some sort of proximity to the higher realm of spirit.

What an important question is this which heads the second series that I read to you! How can one be helped to acquire mastery over his baser nature? Mighty problem!—how change the brute into the angel? Why ask for the obvious answer to so simple a question? Does my friend imagine there is more than one way in which it can be done? Can any other but one's own self effect this purification, this splendid conquest, in comparison with whose glory all the greatest victories of war sink into contemptible insignificance? There must be, first, the belief that this conquest is possible; then, knowledge of the method; then, practice. Men only passively animal, become brutal from ignorance of the consequences of the first downward step. So, too, they fail to become god-like because of their ignorance of the potentiality of effort. Certainly one can never improve himself who is satisfied with his present circumstances. The reformer is of necessity a discontented man—discontented with what pleases common souls; striving after something better. Self-reform exacts the same temperament. A man who thinks well of his vices, his prejudices, his superstitions, his habits, his physical, mental, moral state, is in no mood to

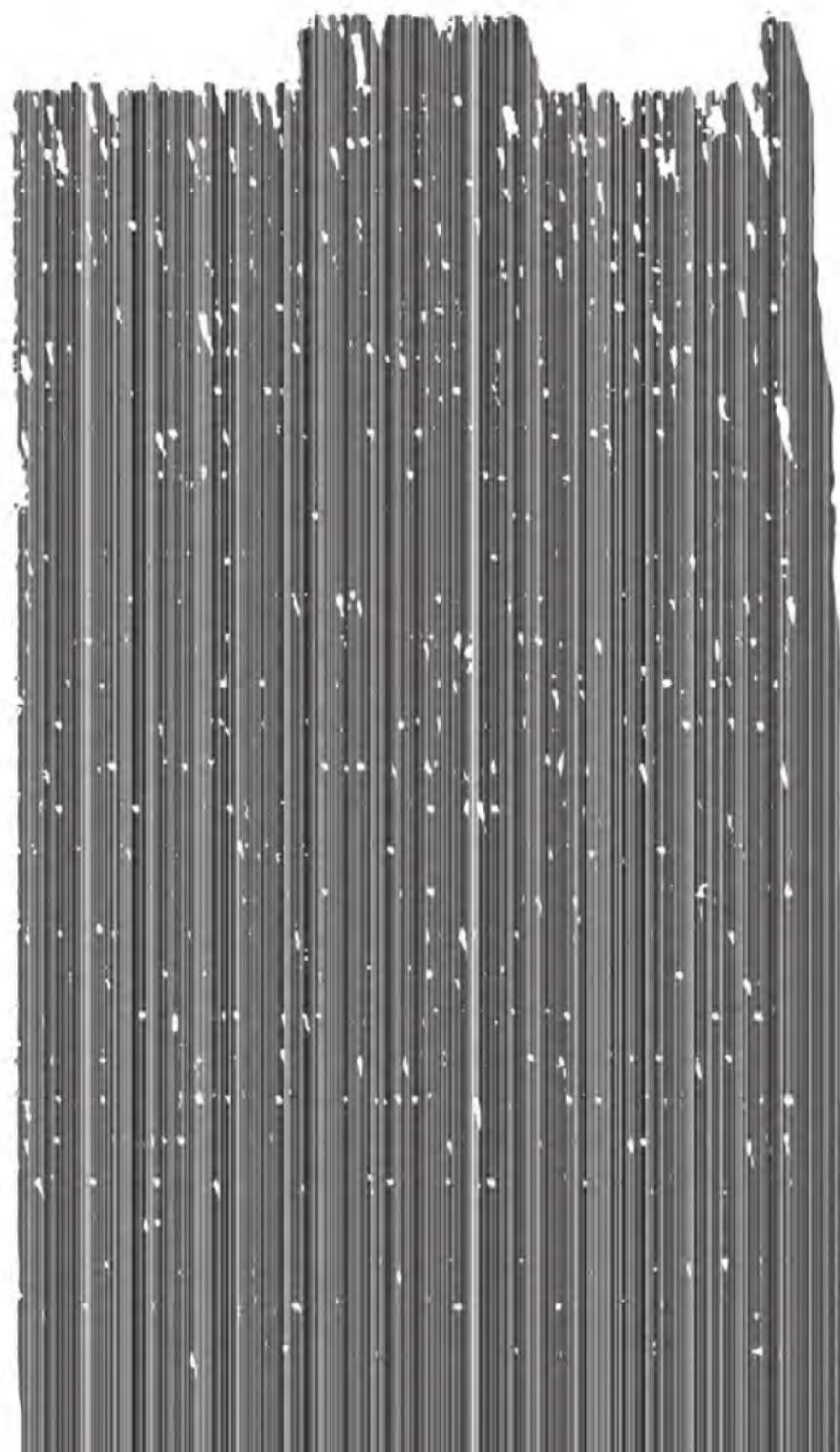
begin to climb the high ladder that reaches from the world of his littleness to a broader one. He had better roll over in his mire, and dismiss Theosophy with signs of impatience.

Great results are achieved by achieving little ones in turn ; great armies may be beaten in detail by an inferior force ; constant dripping of little water-drops wears away the hardest rock. You and I are so many aggregations of good and bad qualities. If we wish to better our characters, increase our capabilities, strengthen our will-power, we must begin with small things and pass to greater ones. Friend, do you want to control the hidden forces of Nature and rule in her domain as a king-consort ? Then begin with the first pettiness, the smallest flaw you can find in yourself, and remove that. It may be a mean vanity, a jealousy of some one's success, a strong predilection or a strong antipathy for some one thing, person, caste ; or a supercilious self-sufficiency that prevents your forming a fair judgment of other men's countries, food, dress, customs, or ideas ; or an inordinate fondness for something you eat, drink, or amuse yourself with. It matters not ; if it is a blemish, if it stands in the way of your perfect and absolute enfranchisement from the rule of this sensuous world, "pluck it out and cast it from thee." This done, you may pass on.

You understand now, do you not, the meaning of the various sections and degrees of our Theosophical curriculum ? We welcome most heartily

across our threshold every man or woman, of ascertained respectable character and professed sincerity of purpose, who wishes to study the ancient philosophies. They are on probation. If true Theosophists at bottom, they will show it by deeds not words. If not, they will soon go back to their old friends and surroundings, apologizing for having even thought of doing different from themselves. And as one who brings peace-offerings in his hand, they will try to do some meanness to us, who only took them at their word and thought them better than they proved to be. I know this is true, for we have had experience—even in India.

I must here clear up one point which some profess to be in doubt about after reading a certain circular issued by our Society. That circular states that for a Fellow to reach the highest degree of our highest section, he must have become "freed from all exacting obligations to country, society, and family," he must adopt a life of strict chastity. I have been asked whether no one could become a thorough Theosophist without relinquishing the marriage relation. Now our circular makes no such assertion. A man may be a most zealous, useful, and respected Fellow, and yet be a patriot, a public official, and a husband. Our highest section is composed of men who have retired from active life to spend their remaining days in seclusion, study, and spiritual perfection. You have your married priests, and your sanyasis and yogis. So we have our visible, active men, seen in the



of philosophy, and of esoteric science. Your brown faces and Oriental costumes show me, even without the fact that this audience understands the language I speak, the authors I cite, and the thoughts I utter, that education has no caste, colour, creed, or nativity. Why, then, ask if one must adopt a certain dress or put himself in a certain chair, or before a certain dish of food, to study your forefathers' philosophy? Here am I, with a white skin, an European dress, and a life-experience coloured and shaped after the notions of the section, society, and class in which my parents brought me up. When I began to ponder over this magnificent Eastern philosophy, I was not told that I must dress in this way or that, or refrain from doing this, that or the other thing, not vitally injurious,—such as the drinking of liquors and indulgence in sensuality. I was simply shown the path, my way was pointed out, and I was left to my own choice. Well, like all men of the world, I had certain bad habits, bad ways of thinking, foolish ways of living. I put an inordinate value upon things really worthless, and undervalued things really important. I was looking at things through bad spectacles. After a while, I discovered this myself, and, as I was in dead earnest and determined to succeed or die in the attempt, I began to reform myself. I had been a moderate drinker of wines after the Western fashion; I gave them up. I had been a frequenter of clubs, theatres, social parties, race-courses, and other places, wherein men of the world vainly seek

contentment and pleasure. I gave them all up; not grudgingly, not looking back at them with regret, but as one flings from him some worthless plaything when its worthlessness becomes known to him. You will, perhaps, pardon the employment of my personal experience as the illustration of the moment, in view of the fact that it is the only one which, without breach of confidence, I can use to answer the interrogatory that has been put to me.

If India is to be regenerated, it must be by Hindus, who can rise above their castes and every other reactionary influence, and give good example as well as good advice. Useless to gather into Samajes, and talk prettily of reform, and print translations and commentaries, if the Samajists are to relapse into customs they abhor in their hearts, and observe ceremonies that to them are but superstitions, and throw all their enlightenment to the dogs. Useless for native gentlemen to sit at the tables of Europeans, in apparent cordial equality, if they have not the moral courage to break bread with them in their own houses. Not of such stuff are the saviours of nations made.

But we will pass on to the next question. No time can be specified for the progress of a Theosophist from one stage to another. Some would take years, where others would only require days, to reach a given result. We are asked if any library will be established by us? I hope and trust so. A nucleus already exists; which of you will help to build it up? What rich native loves his countrymen more than

money? Or is it your notion that the Indians should do nothing, and the strangers all? We are willing to give even our *lives*, if need be, to this cause; what more will any of *you* give?

Yes, there will be social gatherings to discuss our congenial themes. In point of fact, there are such already, for every Wednesday and Sunday evening, since our arrival at Bombay, we have held a sort of *darbar*, or reception, at our bungalow. There we shall be happy to see all—even spies—who care to see us, and those who live out of the city can always communicate with us by letter. Being people who try to take a practical view of things, and disposed to work rather than talk, we have set our minds to accomplish two things. We want to persuade the most learned native scholars—such men, for instance, as the distinguished Sanskrit Professor of Elphinstone College, who occupies the chair of this meeting, and the equally distinguished President of the Pali and Sanskrit College of Ceylon, and the eminent Parsi scholar, Mr. Cama, who also honours us with his presence—to translate into English the most valuable portions of their respective religious and scientific literatures, so that we may help to circulate them in Western countries. At the same time we wish to aid, as best we can, in the extension of non-sectarian education for native girls and married women, which we regard as the corner-stone of national greatness, and in the introduction of cheap and simple machines that can be worked by hand labour and that will increase

the comfort and prosperity of our adopted country. We have chosen this land for our home, and feel a desire to help it and its people in any way practicable, however humble, without meddling with its politics, into which, as American citizens, we have, as I have remarked, neither the right nor inclination to intrude.

Let me, before leaving this part of our subject, make one point very clear. The Theosophical Society is no money-making body, nor has it anything to do, as such, with financial affairs. Its field is religion, philosophy, and science,—not politics or trade. No one connected with its management receives a penny for his services.

And now, having answered, *seriatim*, the questions embraced in the list, I will pass on to some obvious deductions that suggest themselves, and then conclude.

The Indian press have remarked it as a very strange thing that Western people should have come here to learn instead of to teach—as though there were nothing in India worth the learning. This conveys a sad impression to my mind. It makes me realize how completely modern India ignores the achievements of ancient Aryavarta. It shows how complete is the eclipse of Aryan wisdom when people from the other side of the globe could know more of the essence of Vedic philosophy than most of the direct descendants of the Rishis themselves. Since we landed on your shores we have met hundreds of educated Hindus, Parsis,

and men of other sects. They have thronged our parlours, filled our compound, and gathered about us day after day. Out of all these we have found few—so few that we might almost reckon them upon the fingers—who really know what Aryan, Zend, Jain, and Buddhistic philosophies teach. There have been scores able to recite slokas, and whole puranas and chapters, with accurate accent and rhythm; but they merely repeated words without understanding: they had not the key to the mysteries. I have met those who had seen the marvellous phenomena performed by ascetics, and amply corroborated all the stories we had heard and circulated through the Western press. But scarcely one who, having known and seen such things, had set himself to work with determination to learn the science and explore the *adytum* of nature. In this throng of visitors there was no end of students of Mill, of Darwin, of Spencer, of Huxley, Tyndall, Bain, Schlegel, Renan, Burnouf. Their minds were, in some instances, whole arsenals of propositions in logic, metaphysics, mathematics, and sophistry—all the weapons which reason uses against intuition. They could out-wrangle a Cambridge double-first, and

“make the worse appear the better reason.”

They had persuaded themselves into error against their own inner consciousness. We have noted, and I repeat it, that a larger cluster of acute intellects we never encountered than this of Bombay. Part had become thorough materialists. To them,

as to Balfour Stewart, the Universe seemed "a vast physical machine composed of atoms, with some sort of medium between them as the machine." The apprehension of any sort of a God had died out, the feeling of having in them a soul had been smothered. With polite incredulity they have listened to our tales of phenomena witnessed by us, similar to those described in the biography of Sankara Acharya and Śākya Muni, sometimes unable to repress a smile. They seemed to come to us more to observe the lengths and depths to which Western credulity can go, than to gather corroboration of the narratives contained in their own sacred literature. And, I am sorry to say, some few, when out of earshot, have made themselves merry over our testimony to the truth of the primitive philosophies.

Another class we have met, with minds full of misty speculations which prevented their having any clear and defined views of either of the great questions of universal human interest. Drawn hither by the reveries of Swedenborg and Davis, or thither by those of Boehmen and St. Martin, they had found no sure ground upon which to plant their feet.

To us strangers, this has been a most instructive study, and we have tried to discover the best means to combine all this intellectual vigour, this learning, this mental agitation, upon one objective point. We see in this state of things the promise of future good results. Here is material for a new school of

Aryan philosophy which only waits the moulding hand of a master. We cannot yet hear his approaching footsteps, but he will come ; as the man always does come when the hour of destiny strikes. He will come, not as a disturber of the peace, but as the expounder of principles, the instructor in philosophy. He will encourage study, not inflame passion. He will scatter blessings, not sorrow. So Zoroaster came, so Goutama, so Confucius. O for a Hindu great enough in soul, wise enough in mind, sublime enough in courage, to prepare the way for the coming of this needed Regenerator ! O for one Indian of so grand a mould that his appeals to his countrymen would fire every heart with a noble emulation to revive the glories of that by-gone time, when India poured out her people into the empty lap of the West, and gave the arts and sciences, and even language itself, to the outside world ! Are her sons all sunken in selfishness and the soft ooze of little things ? Has their scramble for meagre patronage deadened the noble pride of race, and replaced it with an obsequious humility tinged with unreasonable hate ? Can they not forgive their fellow-countrymen for wearing a different style of turban and having a different line of ancestors ? Is the love of caste so passionate and deep as to make an object of righteous hatred every one not in their own social circle ? Ah, young men of promise, beloved brothers and companions, objects of our solicitude and hopes, to see and dwell among whom we have crossed three

oceans and threaded two seas, be Indians *first*, and caste men afterwards if you will. Is there not one of you to send the electric spark through this inert mass and make it quiver with emotion? Here lies a mighty nation, like a giant benumbed with sloth, and no one to arouse its potential energies. Here lavish Nature has provided exhaustless resources, that combined talent and applied knowledge would turn into fabulous national wealth. Here rich mines, a fat soil, navigable waters, forests of valuable timber, a multiplicity of natural products that might be manufactured at home into portable and profitable articles of commerce. All that is lacking is a share of that energy and foresight which, in two centuries and a half, have transformed the United States from a howling wilderness into a scene of busy prosperity. In vain the efforts of statesmanship to spread the blessings of education and promote the industrial arts, if they are not seconded by the patriotic endeavours of enlightened Young India. Are these great Colleges and Universities founded for the sole purpose of turning out placemen and dreamers? Have schools been opened only to help to hatch debating societies and metaphysical training-clubs, where minds that should be directing great economical enterprises are engaged in splitting hairs, and voting whether love is an essence and man a molecule? I have observed with deep regret that there is among the youth of Bombay an eager desire for the empty honours of University degrees, and no disposition

to fit themselves for the management of practical affairs. There are far too many native barristers and doctors, and far too few qualified superintendents of mills and manufactories, geologists, metallurgists and engineers. There are LL.B.'s in plenty, but of educated carpenters, millers, sugar-makers, and paper-manufacturers, none, or next to none. The great and crying want of modern India to-day is a scientific school attached to every College, such as we have in America, and in each great centre of population a school of Technology, with appropriate machinery, where the most improved methods of the principal handicrafts could be taught to intelligent lads.

Do not imagine that I have the idle notion that India can be reformed in a day. This once enlightened, monotheistic and active people have descended, step by step, in the course of many centuries, from the level of Aryan activity to that of idolatrous lethargy and fatalism. It will be the work not of years but of generations to re-ascend the steps of national greatness. But there must be a beginning. Those sons of Hindustan who are disposed to act rather than preach cannot commence a day too soon. *This hour* the country needs your help. Leave your molecules to themselves; put away for a time your speculations upon the descent of species, cease vain endeavours to count the number of times an atom may be split in halves, and go to work in earnest to help yourselves and your Motherland. The atoms in space will evolve

new worlds without you ; your *country* is growing weaker and poorer every day, and wants you.

But you lack capital, you say. Then unite into clubs and committees to find out where capital can be profitably employed, and spread the facts before the Western nations. In London alone there is lying, in bank vaults, idle capital enough to set every possible Indian industry on its feet. Those acute and daring English merchants and capitalists ransack the world in search of opportunities to earn interest on their surplus incomes. Turkish bonds, Peruvian railways, Egyptian consols, Bohemian glassworks, American schemes, are all tried in this hope of profit. What does Europe or America know—really know—of Indian resources, trade, customs, business opportunities? A mere handful of bankers and traders have only such facts as lie upon the surface of this unworked national mine. A few military officers and civil servants may have published the records of their casual observations. But, in comparison with what ought to be known, and might be made known under a proper system of general and sub-committees, this is as a mere drop in the bucket. As to my own country, which would gladly exchange commodities with India as with any other nation, I can speak by the book. For my people, this land is but a geographical abstraction, whose capes, rivers, and chief cities are known by name to the schoolboy, and straightway forgotten, for lack of subsequent reminders. And yet I hear my native brothers complain of

poverty. I hear of thousands of stalwart labourers dying of hunger for want of employment at three pice per day. I see Indian gums, fibres, seeds and grains, going abroad in the raw state, and coming back manufactured, to be sold to natives at large profit. I see men, as well-educated, as strong-minded, as capable to succeed in independent business, as any young men in New York, or London, or Berlin, demeaning themselves to throng the ante-rooms of public officials in search of employment, and ready to fall upon each other's faces for the sake of miserable little clerkships. This is what we behold, at even a first glance, in the country of our adoption.

I will make no apology for my plain speech, for I come from a practical country, where we have learnt that smooth speeches and culture and true friendship do not always go together. There is too much talk here and too little enterprise; too much suavity and not enough available perseverance. There is unmeasured ability to suffer and endure, but not the master spirit which laughs at trouble, and rushes to meet adversity with the joy of the athlete who hails the coming of his adversary as the opportunity, long sought, to show his prowess.

Cast your eye over the Western world and see what an intense activity pervades the whole scene. Let the picture unroll like a great panorama before you. Behold the struggles of all those nations not only to extend commerce, but also to settle the weightier problem of religious truth. See Christianity in America broken up into innumerable sects,

and Science leading the public far away from the Church into the dry pastures of Materialism and Nihilism. See the clergy being stripped of the last shreds of their influence and the free secular press attaining predominant sway. Look at Great Britain agitating the question of disestablishment, the Catholics emancipated from the incubus of the Irish National Church, and Bradlaugh preaching bold atheism in London, Sunday after Sunday. In France, behold the revolution in politics that has passed the reins of power into Republican hands, and flung out the Jesuits from their cosy nest behind MacMahon's chair. In Germany, open rupture with the Pope, and the abolishment of Ecclesiastical privileges. In Russia, the red spectre of the Nihilist Party, menacing both Church and State. Everywhere, as it were, the boiling and seething of a vast cauldron—the conflict between Theology and Science.

This conflict, so eloquently described by Professor John William Draper, began with the discovery of the printer's art, and its progress has been marked by a thousand victories for science. Born out of the womb of the Reformation, she has proved the benefactress of humanity by facilitating international intercourse, developing national resources, surrounding mankind with a multitude of comforts and refinements, and bringing education within the reach of the humblest labourer. Like other great Oriental countries, India has not hitherto availed itself of these material advantages. The fault

does not lie with the masses, for they know nothing of all that has been going on in the busy world. It lies at the door of the educated class I have heretofore described. And *you* are the very men! *You* have run through the curricula of science and literature, and made no practical application of your acquired knowledge. The sentries of this sleeping nation neglect their duty.

But as the unrestful ocean has its flux and reflux, so all throughout Nature the law of periodicity asserts itself. Nations come and go, slumber and re-awaken. Inactivity is of necessity limited. The soul of Aryavarta keeps vigil within the dormant body. Again will her splendour shine. Her prosperity will be restored. Her primitive philosophy will once more be interpreted, and it will teach both religion and science to an eager world. Her ancient literature, though now hidden away from the quest of an unsympathetic West, is not buried beyond revival. The hoof of Time, which has stamped into dust the vestiges of many a nation, has not obliterated those treasures of human thought and human inspiration. The youth of India will shake off their sloth, and be worthy of their sires. From every ruined temple, from every sculptured corridor cut in the heart of the mountains, from every secret *vihara* where the custodians of the Sacred Science keep alive the torch of primitive wisdom, comes a whispering voice which says: "Children, your Mother is *not* dead, but only sleepeth!"

THE COMMON FOUNDATION OF ALL RELIGIONS.



RELIGION, according to Mr. Herbert Spencer, is "a great (I should say the greatest) reality and a great truth—nothing less than an essential and indestructible element of human nature." He holds that the religious institutions of the world represent a genuine and universal feeling in the race, just as really as any other institutions. The accessory superstitions which have overgrown and perverted the religious sentiment must not be confounded with the religious sentiment itself. That this should be done is a mischievous mistake, alike of religionists and anti-religionists. Science, in clearing away these excrescences, brings us always nearer the underlying truth, and is therefore the handmaid and friend of true religion. The substratum of truth is the one broad plateau of rock upon which the world's theological superstructures are reared. It is—as the title of our lecture puts it—"the common foundation of all religions."

And now what is it? What is this rock? It is

* A Lecture delivered at the Patchiappah's Hall, Madras,
26th April, 1882.

a conglomerate, having more than one element in its composition. In the first place, of necessity, there is the idea of a part of man's nature which is non-physical; next, the idea of a post-mortem continuation of this non-physical part; third, that of the existence of an Infinite Principle underlying all phenomena; fourth, a certain relationship between this Infinite Principle and the individual man.

The evolution of the grander from the lower intellectual conception in this graded sequence is now conceded, alike by the scientist and the theologian. This evolution is accompanied by an elimination; for in religion, as in all other departments of thought, the light cannot be seen until the clouds are cleared away. Primitive truth is the light, theologies are the clouds; and they are clouds still, though they glitter with all the hues of the spectrum. Fetish worship, animal worship, hero worship, ancestor worship, nature worship, book worship; polytheism, monotheism, theism, deism, atheism, materialism (which includes positivism), agnosticism; the blind adoration of the idol, the blind adoration of the crucible—these are the alpha and omega of human religious thought, the measure of relative spiritual blindness.

All these conceptions have passed through a distorting prism—the human mind; and that is why they are so imperfect, so incongruous, so human. A man can never see the whole light by looking from inside his body outward, any more than one can see the clear daylight through a dust-soiled window-

glass, or the stars through a smeared reflecting lens. Why? Because the physical senses are adapted only to the things of a physical world, and religion is a transcendentalism. Religious truth is not a thing for physical observation, but one for psychical intuition. One who has not developed this psychical power can never *know* religion as a fact; he can only accept it as a creed, or paint it to himself as an emotional sentimentality. Bigotry is the brand to put upon one; Dilettantism that for the other. Behind both, and equally challenging both, stands Scepticism.

Man's religion, like himself, has its ages. *First*, proclamation, propagandism, martyrdom; *second*, conquest, faith; *third*, neglect, stagnation; *fourth*, decadence, tenacious formalism; *fifth*, hypocrisy; *sixth*, compromise; *seventh*, decay and extinction. And, like the human race, no religion passes as a whole through these stages *seriatim*. At this very day, we see the Australian sunk in the depths of animalism, the American Red Indian just emerging from the Stone Age, the European in the full flush of high material civilization. And so, a glance at religious history shows us the cropping up of highly heretical schools and sects in every great religion, of which each represents some special departure from primitive orthodoxy, some separate advance along the road towards the final goal that we have sketched out. And I also note, as the physician observes the symptoms of his patient, that history constantly affords, in the bitter mutual hatreds of

these cliques and sects for each other, the clearest proof that our conclusion is correct, when we say—as we said just now—that Religion can never be really known by the physical brain of the physical man. All these hatreds, bitternesses, and cruel reprisals of sect for sect, and world's faith for world's faith, show that men mistake non-essentials for essentials, illusions for realities.

We can test this statement very easily. Look away from this war of theologians to the class of men who have developed their psychical powers, and what do you see? In place of strife, peace, agreement, mutual tolerance, brotherly concord as to the fundamentals of religion. Whatever their exoteric creed, they are greater than and far above it, and their innate holiness and gentleness of nature give life and strength to the church they represent; they are the flowers of the human tree, the brothers of all mankind; for they know what is the light that shines behind the clouds; under the foundations of all the churches they see the same rock. I ask those of you who wish to be convinced of this fact to read the *Dharmam, or School of Manners*, by Mohsan Fani, who records in it his observations of the sadhus of twelve different religions, two centuries ago. "Granting all the premises," the modern sceptic will say, "can you prove to me that science has not swept away all your religious hypotheses along with the myths, legends, superstitions, and other lumber?" Well, I answer, "yes." It is exactly on that datum line that the Theoso-

phical Society is building itself up. Some people think us opponents of science, but, on the contrary, we are its warmest advocates—until it begins to dogmatize from incomplete known data upon new facts. When it reaches that point we challenge it and oppose it with all our strength, such as it may be, just as we fight the dogmatism of theology. For, to our mind, it matters not whether you blindly worship a fetish, a man, a book, or a crucible,—it is blind idolatry all the same; and science can be, and has been, as cruel and remorseless in her way as the Church ever was in hers.

The first step is to have an agreement as to what the word “science” means. I take it to be the collection and arrangement of observed facts about Nature. If that is correct, then I protest against half measures; I want those observations to be complete, to cover all Nature, not the half of it. What sort of an ontology would that be which, while pretending to investigate the laws of our being, took note only of our anatomy, physiology, and whatever relates to the physical frame of man, leaving out all that concerns his mental function? Absurd! you would say; but I ask you whether it is any more absurd to study man in his body without the mind, than to study him in body and mind while ignoring the trans-corporeal manifestations of his middle nature? You want me to define what I mean by this “middle nature” and by its “trans-corporeal manifestations.” I will do so. I start, then, with the proposition that there is more of a

man than can be burnt with fire, eaten by tigers, drowned by water, chopped to pieces with knives, or rotted in the ground. The materialist will deny this, but it matters not; the proposition can be proved as easily as that he is a man. They have in Europe a science which they call psychology—a misnomer; for it is another kind of ology;—but we will not quarrel about words. Well, when you come to analyse the Western idea that underlies this term of psychology, you will discover that it relates only to the normal and abnormal intellectual manifestations of the brain. One class of scientists—especially among the alienists, or students of insanity—maintain that mind is a function of the grey vesicles of the lobes of the brain; injure the brain by any one of a dozen accidents, and sensation is cut off, thought ceases, mind is destroyed, the thinking, hence responsible, entity is extinguished. All that is left is carrion, and out of this carrion, before the accident, sprang by magneto-electric energy that which distinguishes man from the lowest animal, as the lotos springs from slimy mud. The opposed party affirm that the brain is the organ of the mind, the machine of its manifestation, and that the thinking something in man thinks still, and still exists, even though the brain be shattered, even though the man die. The one reflects the tone of materialist science, the other the tone of the Christian Churches and of the two crores* of so-called modern spiritualists. The materialists regard man as an

* An Italian numeral—ten millions.

unity, a thinking machine ; the others regard him as a duality, a compound of body and soul. There is no ground for a "middle nature" in either of these schools. True, here and there, you will find some casual allusion to a third and higher principle—the "spirit,"—as, for instance, in the Christian New Testament (1 Thessalonians, v. 23), where Paul says, "I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ,"—an expression which, however sound as theology, is extremely loose and heterodox as science. But the whole drift of Christian teaching, and of teaching through or by mediums, favours the duality theory ; the body dead, second principle enters on a new career of its own, until it attains to a postulated *summum bonum* or *summum malum* state. Now, experienced observers of the phenomena of mediums have seen many animated figures, or more or less substantial apparitions of deceased persons, and these they regard as returning souls revisiting the land of the living. They have no idea of this middle nature. But the Hindu philosophers make a far deeper analysis of man. Instead of a single part, or a duality, they affirm that there are no fewer than seven well-defined principles or groups which go to make up a human being. These are:—

- (1.) The Material body—*Sthulasarira* ;
- (2.) The Life Principle—*Jiva* ;
- (3.) The Astral body—*Lingasarira* ;



graph extracts of recorded instances of these apparitional visits. Sometimes the form manifests intelligence, it speaks ; sometimes it can only show itself. I am now speaking of the apparitions of dead persons. I have myself seen more than five hundred such apparitions in America, where hundreds more saw them, and have recorded my experiences in the form of a book, which was generously praised by some of the scientists of Europe as a careful record of scientifically accurate observations.* I only mention it to satisfy you that this is no question of hallucination or unsupported statements. Well, then, we have here the middle nature of man acting outside of and after the death of the physical body ; though for my part—being a believer in Asiatic psychology—I do not believe that these *post-mortem* apparitions are the very man himself—the thinking, responsible Ego. They are, I conceive, but the vapoury image of the deceased—matter energized by a residuum of the vital force which is still entangled in the lingering molecules. Some call them “elementaries ;” others, “shells.” They are the undispersed phantasms of the dead, the apparitional forms of human beings in transit between the states of full objectivity and full subjectivity—*i.e.*, between life in this world and life in “Devachan.” But to prove our proposition we must first show that this middle principle, this *Mayavirupa* or double, can be separated from the living body at will, projected to a

* “People from the Other World.” New York, 1875.

distance, and animated by the full consciousness of the man. We have two means of proving this—(1) in the concurrent testimony of eye-witnesses as recorded in the literature of different races; and (2) in the evidence of living witnesses. In the Hindu religious and philosophical works there are many such testimonies. Not to mention others, we may cite the famous case of Sankaracharya, who entranced his body, left it in the custody of his disciples, entered the body of a Rajah just deceased, and lived in it for a number of weeks; and that of Agastya, who appeared in the heat of the battle between Rama and Ravana, while his body was entranced in the Neilgherries. This story is given in the *Ramayana*. In Patanjali's Yoga Sutras this phenomenon is affirmed to be within the power of every Siddha who perfects himself in Yoga. As to living witnesses, I am one myself, for I have seen the doubles of several men acting intelligently at great distances from their bodies, and in this pamphlet that I hold in my hand,* will be found the certificates of no less than nine reputable persons—five Hindus and four Europeans—that they have seen such appearances, on various occasions, within the past two years. And then we have scores of similar attestations from credible persons living in different parts of the world, which are to be read in many European books treating upon these subjects. I do not pretend to say that a sceptical public can be expected

* "Hints on Esoteric Theosophy." By a Member of the Theosophical Society.

to take this mass of evidence, conclusive as it may be, without reserve ; the alleged phenomenon so surpasses ordinary human experience that to believe its reality each one must see for himself. I, however, do affirm that we have here a *prima facie* case of probable verity made out ; for, under the strictest canons of scientific orthodoxy, we cannot suspect a conspiracy to exist among so many individual witnesses, who never saw or heard of each other, who, in fact, did not even live in the same generation, but whose testimonies are yet mutually corroborative.

But if we have a case of probable truth, the man of science will ask us what we next demand of him. Do we allege a natural and scientific, or a supernatural, hence unscientific, explanation for the projection of the double of the living, and the apparition of that of the deceased man ? I answer, most assuredly, the former. I am devotee enough of science to deny, with all the emphasis I can give to words, the fact that a miraculous phenomenon ever took place, in this or any age. Whatever has occurred must have taken place within the operation of natural law. To suppose otherwise would be equivalent to saying that there is no permanency in the laws of the universe, that they can be set aside and played with at the caprice of an irresponsible and meddlesome Power. We should be in a universe going by jerks, started and stopped like a clock that a child is playing with. This supernaturalism is the curse of all creeds, it

hangs like an incubus around the neck of the religious, and hatches the satire of the sceptic: it is the dry-rot that eats out the heart of any faith that builds upon it. This it is which, carried in the body of a church, foredooms it to ultimate destruction, as surely as the hidden cancer carried in the human system will one day kill it. And of all epochs this nineteenth century is the worst in which to come before the public as the champions of supernatural religions. They are going down in every land, melting before the laboratory fires like waxen images. No, when I stand forth as the defender of Hinduism, Buddhism or Zoroastrianism, I wish it to be understood that I do not claim any respect or tolerance for them outside the limits of natural law. I believe—nay I *know*—that their foundation is a scientific one, and on those conditions they must stand or fall, so far as I am concerned. I do not say they are in equally close reconciliation with science, but I do say that whatever foundation they have, whether broad or narrow, long or short, is and must be a scientific one. And so, too, when I ask you to cease from making yourselves ridiculous by denying the existence of this middle nature in man, it is because I am persuaded, as the result of much reading and a good deal of personal experience, that the double, or Mayavirupa, is a scientific fact.

Well, then, to return—is it matter or something else? I say familiar matter *plus* something else. And here stop a moment to think what matter is.

Loose thinkers—among whom we must class raw lads fresh from college, with whatever number of degrees—are too apt to associate the idea of matter with the properties of density, visibility, and tangibility. But this is very inexcusable. The air we breathe is invisible, yet matter,—its equivalents of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and carbonic acid are each atomic, ponderable, demonstrable, by analysis. Electricity cannot, except under prepared conditions, be seen; yet it is matter. The universal ether of science no one ever saw; yet it is matter in a state of extreme tenuity. Take the familiar example of forms of water, and see how they rapidly run up the scale of tenuity until they elude the clutch of science: stone-hard ice, melted ice, condensed steam, superheated and invisible steam, electricity, and—it is gone out of the world of effects into the world of causes!

Well, then, with this warning before you, my cerebrally superheated young friend of Madras University, pray do not contradict me when I say that the Hindu philosophy of man fits in with the lines of modern science much more snugly than that of either the supernaturalism of the Christian or the materialism of the man of science. As we have seen the successive forms of water running up into the invisible world, so, here, esoteric Hindu philosophy gives us a graduated series of molecular arrangements in the human economy, at one end of which is the concrete mass of the *Sthulasarira*, at the other that last sublimation called *Atmá*, or spirit,

“But how can all these exist together in one combination? is a man like a nest of boxes or baskets fitted into each other, or do you mean to advance the scientific absurdity that two things can simultaneously occupy the same space?” This is a side question provoked by the main one, but we must dispose of it first. I will say, then, that, as the thing has been explained to me, each of these several sets of atoms which compose the seven parts of man, occupy the interstitial spaces between the next coarser set of atoms. The more ethereal elements in man are focalized as to their several energies in what the Hindus call the Shadachakrams, or the six centres of vital force, crowned by Sahasralam, in which is located the higher consciousness. This supreme point is in the crown of the head: the others are located at the spleen, the umbilicus, the heart, the root of the throat, and the centre of the frontal sinus. The atoms of the *Buddhi* would then pervade the interstices of the *Manas*; those of the *Manas* those of the *Kamarupa*; those of the latter those of the *Jiva*; and those of the *Jiva* those of the *Sthulasarira*. And, as each coarser principle contains the particles of all the finer principles therefore the *Sthulasarira* may be called the gross casket within which the several parts of the composite man are contained. Pervading and energizing all is the *Atmá*, or that incomprehensible final energy which cannot be comprehended by the physical senses, and which is described to himself by the Brahman, in the *Mau-*

dukya Upanishad by saying: "Thou art not this, nor that, nor the third, nor anything which the mind can grasp with the help of the physical perceptions." Your popular Telugu poet beautifully and allegorically depicts this idea, in his poem *Sitárámá anjanīyam* (Cosmic Matter), where Sita—who is herself the personification of Prakriti—is asked by the daughters and wives of the Rishis to point out her husband, but, through modesty, refrains. The ladies then, pointing successively to a number of different men, ask each time, "Is this thy husband?" She answers in the negative, but when they point to Rama she is silent, for she cannot even speak of her heart's lord before strangers. So, the poet would have us understand, while we may freely say what *Atmá* is *not*, when we are required to say what it *is* we must be silent, for words are powerless to express the sublime idea.

We have now prepared the ground to answer both of the questions put by our imaginary critic. The *Mayavirupa*, when intelligently projected beyond the physical body by the developed energy of an initiate of Occult Science, contains in it all his *Manas* and *Buddhi* (including the *Chittam* and *Ahankaram*—sense of individuality), *i.e.*, his Physical Intelligence and Spiritual Intelligence. The Initiate quits his earthly casket (in which are left the *Jiva* and *Lingasarira*), and for the moment lives, thinks and acts in this Double of himself. Its atomic condition being less dense than that of the corporeal body, it has enhanced powers of locomotion and per-

ception. Barriers that would stop the body—for example, the walls of a room—cannot stop it, for its particles may pass through the interstices of the vibrating gross matter composing the wall. It is in the subjective world, and may traverse space like thought, which is itself a form of energy. Or, if he likes, the Initiate may simply project a non-intelligent image of himself and make it appear at the spot at which he may have focalized his thought.* It depends upon him whether the image shall be but an illusionary form, or his own self; it may be mere matter, or matter *plus* himself. As to our accounting for the middle nature of man scientifically, I have already shown that we may do this by the collection of testimonies, and by personal observation. We may add that further proof is obtainable by the best and surest of all methods—that of going oneself through the necessary course of self-training, and projecting one's own double. For this is no exclusive science reserved for a favoured few: it is a true science based upon natural law, and within the reach of every one who has the requisite qualifications. The humblest labourer, if psychically competent, may lift the veil of mystery as well as the proudest sovereign or the haughtiest priest.

But, it is constantly asked why are not these secrets thrown open to the world as freely as the

* I have in my possession a small group in silver, given me by a Buddhist priest in Ceylon, and representing the debate between Lord Buddha and his projected "Double," upon his Dhamma (Law), in the presence of the devas, as described in Buddhistic Legend.

details of chemistry or any other branch of knowledge? It is a natural question for a superficial reasoner to put; but it is not a sound one. The difference between Psychic and Physical sciences is that the former can only be learned by the self-evolution of psychical powers. No college professor can evolve them for you, nor any friend, fellow-student or relative: you must evolve them for yourself. Can another man learn music, or Sanskrit, or the art of painting or sculpture for you? Can another eat, sleep, feel warm or cold, digest or breathe, for you? Then why should you expect him to learn Psychology for you? Anyhow he cannot do it, however much you expect it; and that is the final answer to all such questioners. Nor is it absolutely *certain* that, even though you should try ever so much, you could evolve these powers in yourself. Has every man the capacity for Languages, or Music, or Poetry, or Science, or Philosophy? You know that each of these require certain clear aptitudes, and if you have them not you can never become musician, poet, scientist, or philosopher. The branches of physical science are difficult to master even when you have the natural capacity; but psychical science is more difficult than any of them—I might almost say than all combined. That is why the Mahatma has been described as “the rare efflorescence of a generation of inquirers” (Sinnett’s *Occult World*, p. 101), and in all generations the true Sadhu has been revered as almost a superhuman being. The

term applies to him only in the sense of his being above the weaknesses, the prejudice and the ignorance of his fellow-men. With the most absurd blindness to the experience of the race, we, Founders of the Theosophical Society, are constantly being asked to turn its members into adepts. We must show them the short cut to the Himavat, the private passages to the Asramas in the Neilgherries! They are not willing to work and suffer for the getting of knowledge, as all have done who have got it heretofore; they must be put into a first-class carriage, and taken straight behind the Veil of Isis! They fancy our Society an improved sort of Miracle Club, or School of Magic, wherein, for ten rupees, a man can become a Mahatma between the morning bath and the evening meal! Such people entirely overlook the two chief avowed objects of the Society—the formation of a nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood for the research after truth and the promotion of kind feelings between man and man; and the pursuit of the study of ancient religions, philosophies, and sciences. They do not appreciate this purely unselfish part of the Society's work, nor seem to think it a noble and most meritorious thing to labour for the enlightenment and happiness of mankind. They have an insatiable curiosity to behold wonders, seeing which they would not, in many instances, be stimulated to search after the hidden springs of wisdom, but only sit with open mouth and pendulous tongue, to wonder how the trick was done, and what would be the next one!

Such minds can get no profit by joining the Theosophical Society, and I advise them to stay outside. We want no such selfish triflers. Ours is a serious, hard-working, self-denying society, and we want only men worthy to be called men, and worthy of our respect. We want men whose first question will not be "what good can I get by joining?" but "what good can I *do* by joining?" Our work requires the services of men who can be satisfied to labour for the next generation, and the succeeding ones; men who, seeing the lamentable religious state of the world—seeing noble faiths debased, temples, churches, and holy shrines, thronged by hypocrites and mockers—burn with a desire to rekindle the fires of spirituality and morality upon the polluted altars, and to bring the knowledge of the Rishis within the reach of a sin-burdened world. We want Hindus who can love India with so pure an affection that they will count it a joy and an honour beyond price to work, and to suffer even, for her sake. Men we want, who will be able to put aside for the moment their puerile hatreds of race, and creed, and caste, as they put away a soiled cloth or a worn-out garment; and, with a loving heart and clean conscience, be ready to join with every other man—be he black or white, red or yellow, bond or freeman—whose heart beats with love for India and her wide-scattered children of many races throughout the world. We welcome most those who are ready to trample under foot their selfishness when it comes in conflict with the

general good. We welcome the intelligent student of science, who has such broad conceptions of his subject that he considers it quite as important to solve the mystery of Force as to know the atomic combinations of Matter; and feeling so, is not afraid or ashamed to take for his teacher any one who is competent, whatever be the colour of his skin.

Now to take our scientific argument one step further. Granted that the existence of the Double has been proven, and also its projectibility, how is it projected? By an expenditure of energy, of course. That energy is the vital force set in motion by the will. The power of concentrating the will for this purpose is one that may be natural or acquired. There are some persons who have it naturally so strong in them that they often send their doubles to distant places, and make them visible, though they may never have given a day's study to the science of Psychology: I have known both men and women of this sort. But it is an uncommon power, and can never be exercised at all times except by the true proficient in psychological science. The operations of the brain in mechanically evolving the current of will-force have been more or less carefully expounded by Bain and Maudesley, while Professors Tait and Balfour Stewart have, in their *Use:in Universe*, traced for us the dynamic effect of thought-evolution into the Ether, or, as Hindus have called it these thousands of years, the *Akasa*. They go so far as to say that

it is not an unthinkable proposition that the evolution of thought in a single human brain may dynamically affect a distant planet. In other words, when a thought is evolved a vibration of etheric particles is set up, and this motion must continue on indefinitely. Now the Yogi evolves such a current, and turns it in upon himself as a concentrated force; continuing the process until the power is sufficient to force his Double out of its corporeal encasement, and to project it to whatsoever locality he desires. We have thus shown the fact of the *Mayavirupa*, its capability to exist outside the body, and the energy which causes its projection. I cannot go into details to elaborate the argument, for I can only detain you an hour in this tropical heat. But I trust at least to have shown you that I rely only upon scientific principles, and claim no indulgence like the advocates of supernaturalism.

And now is this Double—which is nothing but what is commonly called the “Soul”—immortal? No, it is not. So much of it as is matter in aggregation must ultimately obey the law of dispersion which, in time, breaks up and forces out of the objective universe whatever is material. It is equally the law of planetary as of lesser forms. As all that is material in a star was primarily condensed from the loose atoms in space, so all that is material in the human body, however coarse or however fine, was primarily condensed from the chaotic atoms in the *Akasa*. And to that dis-

persed condition it must return whenever the centripetal force that attracted it into the human nucleus ceases to resist the centrifugal force, or attraction of the atoms of space. This brings us right upon the problem of a continuity of existence beyond the physical death. Here is the dividing line between the world's religions. The dualists affirm that this soul goes to heavenly or infernal places to be for ever blest or punished, according to the deeds done in the body. Though they do not use the very word, yet it is the doctrine of Merit they teach. For even those extremely unscientific theologians who affirm that a punishing and rewarding Deity has from all time pre-ordained some to be saved and some to be damned, tell us that the merit of faith in a certain system of morals and discipline, and a share in the vicarious merit of another, are pre-requisites to future bliss. We may assume therefore, that merit, or KARMA, is the corner-stone of Religion. This is both a logical and scientific proposition, for the thoughts, words and deeds of a man are so many causes which must work out corresponding effects; the good ones can only produce good effects, the bad ones only bad,—unless opposed and neutralized by stronger ones that are good. I need not go into the metaphysical analysis of what is bad and what good. We may pass it over with the simple postulate that whatever has either a debasing tendency upon the individual, or promotes injustice, misery, suffering ignorance and animalism in society, is essentially

bad, and that what tends to the contrary is good. I should call that a bad religion which taught that it is meritorious to do evil that good may come; for good can never come out of evil; the evil tree produces not good fruit. A religion that can only be propagated at the point of the sword, or upon the martyr's pile, or under instruments of torture, or by devastating countries and enslaving their populations, or by cunning stratagems seducing ignorant children or adults away from their families and castes and ancestral creeds—is a vile and devilish religion, the enemy of truth, the destroyer of social happiness. If a religion is not based upon a lie, the fact can be proved, and it can stand unshaken, as the rocky mountain, against all the assaults of sceptics. A true religion is not one that runs to holes and corners, like a naked leper to hide his sores, when a bold critic casts his searching eye upon it and asks for its credentials. If I stand here to defend what is good in Hinduism, it is because of my full conviction that that good exists, and that however fantastic, and even childish, some may think its tangled overgrowth of customs, legends and superstitions, there is the rock of truth, of scientific truth, below them all. On that rock it is destined to stand through countless coming generations, as it has already stood through the countless generations which have professed that hoary Faith, since the Rishis shot from their Himalayan heights the blazing light of spiritual truth over a dark and ignorant world.

It is most reasonable that you should ask me what those of you are to do who are not gifted with the power to get outside the illusion-breeding screen of the body and to acquire an intimate actual perception of "Divine" truth through the developed psychical senses. As we have ourselves shown that all men cannot be adepts, what comfort do we hold out to the rest? This involves a momentary glance at the theory of re-births. If this little span of human life we are now enjoying be the entire sum of human existence, if you and I never lived before and will never live again, then there would be no ray of hope to offer to any mind that was not capable of the intellectual suicide of blind faith. The doctrine of a vicarious atonement for sin is not merely unthinkable, it is positively repulsive to one who can take a larger and more scientific view of man's origin and destiny than that of the dualists. One whose religious perceptions rest upon the intuition that cause and effect are equal: that there is a perfect and correspondential reign of Law throughout the universe: that under any reasonable conception of eternity, there must always have been at work the same forces as are now active—must scout the assertion that this brief instant of sentient life is our only one. Science has traced us back through an inconceivably long sequence of existences—in the human, the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral kingdoms—to the cradle of future sentient life, the Ether of space. Would a man of science, then, make bold to affirm that you

and I, who represent a relatively high stage of evolution, came to be what we are without previous development in other births, whether on this earth or other planets? And if he would not, he must, in conformity with his own canons of the conservation and correlation of energy, deduce from the whole analogy of nature that there is another life for us beyond this life. The force which evolved us cannot be expended, it must run on in its vibratory line until its limit is reached. And that limit the Hindu and the Buddhist, the Jain and the Zoroastrian adept, all define as that abstract state which lies beyond the phenomenal one of illusions and pain. Whatever they may call it—whether Mukti, or Nirvana, or Light,—it is all the same idea: it is the outcome of the eternal Principle of energy after passing around a cycle of correlations with matter. That final limit the “Middle Nature,” as a whole, never reaches, for it is material as to its form, size, colour and atomic relations: if we call it the “Soul,” therefore, we may say that the “soul” is not immortal; for that which is material tends always to resume its primitive atomic condition. And the Hindu Philosopher, arguing from this premiss, teaches that what does escape out of the phenomenal world is *Atmá*, the SPIRIT. Thus, while from the Hindu standpoint it is correct to say the “soul” is not immortal, it must also be added that the “spirit,” is; for, unlike the Soul, or Middle Nature, *Atmá* contains no mortal and perishable ingredient,

but is of its essence both unchangeable and eternal.

The confusion of the words "Soul" and "Spirit," so common now, is perplexing and mischievous to the last degree.

It is no argument to bring against the Asiatic theory of Palingenesis, that we have no remembrance of former existences. We have forgotten nineteen-twentieths of the incidents of our present life. Memory plays us the most prankish tricks. Every one of us can recollect some one trifling incident out of a whole day's, month's, year's, incidents of our earliest years, and one that was in no way important, nor apparently more calculated than the others to impress itself indelibly upon the memory. How is this? And if this utter forgetfulness of the majority of our life-incidents is no proof that we did not exist consciously at those times, then our oblivion of the entire experiences in previous births is no argument against the fact of such previous births. Nor, let me hasten to add, are the alleged remembrances of previous births, affirmed by the modern school of Reincarnationists, valid proofs of such births: they may be—I do not say they *are*—mere tricks of the imagination, cerebral pictures suggested by chance external influences. The only question with us is whether in science and logic it is necessary for us to postulate for ourselves a series of births, somewhere, at various times. And this I think must be answered in the affirmative.*

* I have explained in my *Buddhist Catechism* the Buddhist

So, then, conceding the plurality of births and coming back to our argument, we see that even though any one of us may not have the capacity for acquiring adeptship in this birth, it is still a possibility to acquire it in a succeeding one. If we make the beginning we create a cause which will, in due time, and in proportion to its original energy, sooner or later give us adeptship, and with it the knowledge of the hidden laws of being, and of the way to break the shackles of matter and obtain Mukti—Emancipation. And the first step in this beginning is to cleanse ourselves from vicious desires and habits, to do away with unreasoning prejudices, dogmatism and intolerance, to try to discover what is essentially fundamental, and what is non-essential, in the religion one professes, and to live up to the highest ideal of goodness, intelligence, and spiritual-mindedness that one can extract from that religion and from the intuitions of one's own nature. I regard that man as a mad iconoclast who would strike down any religion—especially one of the world's ancient religions—without examining it and giving it credit for its intrinsic truth. I call him a vain enthusiast who would patch up a new faith out of the ancient faiths, merely to have his name in the mouths of men. I call him a foolish zealot who would expect to make theory of the non-transfer of memory from birth to birth. Briefly, a memory of each birth is evolved within that birth, and when a person can attain to the "fourth stage of Dhyāna," or interior evolution, he can psychically recall all the series of memories belonging to his consecutive births.

all men see truth as he sees it, since no two men can even see alike a simple tree or shrub, far less grasp metaphysical propositions with the same clearness. As for those who go about the world to propagate their peculiar religious belief, without the ability to show its superiority to other beliefs which they would supplant, or to answer without equivocation the fair questions of critics—they are either well-meaning visionaries or presumptuous fools. But mad, or vain, or stupid, as either of these may be, if sincere they are personally entitled to the respect that sincerity always commands. Unless the whole world is ready to accept one infallible chief, and blindly adopt one creed as the wisest, the only rule must ever be to tolerate in our fellow-men that infirmity of judgment to which we are ourselves always liable, and from which we are never wholly free. And that is the declared policy and platform of the Theosophical Society—as you may see by reading the pamphlet containing its Rules and Bye-Laws. It is the broad platform of mutual tolerance and universal brotherhood.

There must be elementary stages leading up towards adeptship, you will say. There are, and modern science has laid out some of them. I told you that Psychology is the most difficult of sciences to get to the bottom of, but still Western research has cleared many obstacles from the path. Mesmerism is by far the most necessary branch of study to take up first. It gives you (1) proof of the separability of mind from conscious physical existence; a mes-

merized subject may show an active intellectual consciousness and discrimination while his body is not only asleep but buried in so profound a trance as to more resemble a livid corpse than a living man; (2) it gives you proof of the actual transmissibility of thought from one mind to another: the mesmeric operator can, without uttering a word or giving a perceptible signal, transmit to his subject the thought in his own mind; (3) it easily proves the reality of a power to hear sounds and see things occurring at great distances, to communicate with the thought of distant persons, to look through walls, down into the bowels of the earth, into the depths of the ocean, and through all other obstructions to corporal vision; (4) as also of a power to look into the human body, detect the seat and causes of disease and prescribe suitable remedies, and to impart health and restore physical and mental vigour by the laying on of the mesmerist's hands, or by his imparting his robust vital force to a glass of water for the patient to drink, or to his wearing apparel; (5) of a power to see the past and even to prognosticate the future. These and many more things Mesmeric Science enables a person, not an adept of the higher Asiatic Psychology, to prove completely to himself and to others. I say this on the authority of a Committee of the Academy of France. And then, besides Mesmerism, there are the highly important branches of Psychometry and Mediumism, and others that to barely mention would be beyond the scope of my present lecture. Each and

all help the inquirer towards the acquisition of 'Divine' wisdom, towards an intelligent and scientific conception of the laws of that "Eternal Something," as Mr. Herbert Spencer calls it, which you may call God, or by any other name you like. Whatever name you may choose for it, the knowledge of it is the highest goal for human thought, and to be in a state of harmony with it the noblest, first and most necessary aspiration of an intelligent man. The pursuit of this knowledge is, in one word, THEOSOPHY, and the proper methods of research constitute Theosophical Science.

And thus in a single sentence I have answered a thousand questions as to what Theosophy is, and what the object of theosophical research. Most of you, like the great mass of Hindus, have, until this moment, been imagining to yourselves that we were come to preach some new religion, to propagate some new conceit, to set up some new "New Dispensation." You see now how far you have been from the mark, and what popular injustice has been done to us. Instead of preaching a new religion, we are preaching the superior claims of the oldest religions in the world to the confidence of the present generation. It is not our poor ignorant selves that we offer to you as guides and gurus, but the venerable Rishis of the archaic ages. It is not an American or a Russian, but a hoary Hindu philosophy that we claim your allegiance for. We come not to pull down and destroy, but to rebuild, the

strong fabric of Asiatic religion. We ask you to help us to set it up again, not on the shifting and treacherous sands of blind faith, but upon the rocky base of truth, and to cement its separate stones together with the strong cement of Modern Science. Hinduism proper *has nothing whatever to fear from the researches of Science*. Whatever of falsehood may have come down to you from previous generations we may well dispense with, and when the time comes for us to see through our present *maya* (illusions), we will cheerfully do so. "The world was not made in a day;" and we are not such ignorant enthusiasts as to dream that in a day, or a year, or a generation, long established errors can be detected and done away with. Let us but always desire to know the truth, and hold ourselves ready to speak for it, act for it, die for it, if necessary, when we may discover it. People ask us what is our religion, and how it is possible for us to be on equal terms of friendliness with people of such antagonistic faiths. I answer that what may be our personal preference among the world's religions has nothing to do with the general question of Theosophy. We are advocating Theosophy, as the only method by which one may discover that Eternal Something, not asking people of another creed than ours to take our creed and throw aside their own. We two Founders profess a religion of tolerance, charity, kindness, altruism, or love of one's fellows; a religion that does not try to discover all that is bad in our neighbour's creed, but all that is

good, and to make him live up to the best code of morals and piety he can find in it. We profess, in a word, the religion that is embodied in the golden rule of Confucius, of Gautama, and of the founders of nearly all the great religions, and that is preserved for the admiration and reverence of posterity, in the edicts of the good King Asoka, on the monoliths and rocks of Hindustan. Following this simple creed, we find no difficulty whatever in living upon terms of perfect peace with the adherent of any creed who will meet us in a reciprocal spirit. If we have been at war with the pretended Christians, it is because they have belied the teachings of him whom they call their Master, and by every vile and unworthy subterfuge have tried to oppose the growth of our influence. It is they who war upon us, for defending Hinduism and the other Asiatic religions, not we who war upon them. If they would practise their own precepts we would never use voice or pen against them ; for then they would respect the religious feelings of the Hindu, the Parsi, the Jain, the Jew, the Buddhist and the Mussulman, and deserve our respect in return. But they began with calumny instead of argument, and calumny, I fear, will be their favourite weapon to the very end. In comparison with the unmanly conduct of my countryman (Rev. Mr. Cook) who lectured here the other day, denouncing the Vedas as filthy abomination and the Theosophists as disreputable adventurers, how sweet and noble was the behaviour of that Mohammedan lawyer who defended Raymond Lully, when a

Mussulman tribunal was disposed to punish him for trying to propagate his religion in their city. "If you think it a meritorious act, O Moslems! for a Mussulman to try to preach Islam among the heretics, why should we be uncharitable to this Christian, whose motive is identical?" I cannot remember the exact words, but that is the sense. The tender voice of Charity spoke by that lawyer's lips, and his words were the echo of the spirit of Truth.

Come then, old men and young men of Madras, if you call yourselves lovers of India, and would make yourselves worthy of the blessings of the Rishis, join hands and hearts with us to carry on this great work. We ask you for no honours, no worldly benefits or rewards, for ourselves. We do not seek you for followers; choose your proper leaders from among your wisest and purest men, and we will follow them. We do not offer ourselves as your teachers, for all we can teach is what we have learnt from this Asia; the Gospel we circulate is derived from the recluses of the Indian mountains, not from the professors of the West. It is for India we plead, for the restoration of her ancient religion, for the vindication of her ancient glory, for the maintenance of her greatness in science, in the arts, in philosophy. If any selfish consideration of sect or caste, or local prejudice, bar the way, put it aside, at least until you have done something for the land of your birth, for the renown of your noble race. In this great crowd I see painted upon your foreheads the vertical sect-

marks of the Dwaitis and the Visishtadvaitis, and the horizontal stripes of the Sivaites. These are the surface indications of religious differences that have often burst out in bitter words and bitter deeds. But, with another sense than the eye of the body, I see another set of sect-marks, indicative of far greater peril to Indian nationality and Indian spirituality than those. These marks are branded deep upon the brains and hearts of some—though, happily, not all—of your most promising young men, the choicest children of the sorrowing Mother India, and they are eating away the sense of pride that they belong to this race and have inherited this noble religion. These are the B.A., B.L., and M.A. brands that the University over yonder has marked you with. After three years of intercourse with the Hindu nation and of identification with its thought, I almost feel a shudder when some noble-browed youth is presented to me as a titled graduate. Not that I undervalue the importance of college culture, nor the honourable distinction one earns by acquiring University degrees; but I say that, *if such distinctions can only be had at the cost of one's national honour and of one's spiritual intuitions*, they are a curse to the graduate and a calamity to his country. I would rather see a dirty *Bairagee*, who has his ancestors' intuitive belief in man's spiritual capabilities, than the most brilliant graduate ever turned out of the University, who has lost that belief. Let me keep company with the naked hermit of the jungle rather than with a graduate

who, though loaded with degrees, has, by a course of false history and false science, been made to lose all faith in anything greater in the universe than a Haeckel or a Comte, or in any powers in himself higher than those of procreation, thought or digestion. Call me a Conservative, if you will ; I am conservative to this extent that, until our modern professors can show me a philosophy that is unassailable ; a science that is self-demonstrative, that is, axiomatic ; a psychology that takes in all psychic phenomena ; a new religion that is all truth and without a flaw, I shall proclaim that which I feel, which I know to be the fact,—*viz.*, that the Rishis knew the secrets of Nature and of Man, that there is but one common platform of all religions, and that upon it ever stood and now stand, in fraternal concord and amity, the hierophants and esoteric initiates of the world's great faiths. That platform is PHILOSOPHY. May the blessing of its ancient Masters be upon our poor stricken India !

THEOSOPHY, THE SCIENTIFIC BASIS OF RELIGION.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the very complimentary terms kindly employed by my honoured friend, the Chairman, in bespeaking your attention to the remarks I shall make, I feel most keenly my incapacity to deal with our subject as it deserves. When I face this vast audience, and recollect that it represents the highest culture of Bengal; when I think that we are met under the very shadow of Calcutta University; when I reflect that these walls have resounded to the voices of native orators, whose eloquence can hardly be surpassed by the most eminent senators in Western Parliaments and Congresses, and that, from the very spot where I stand, you have been addressed upon the most burning questions in religion and politics by Kally Churn Bannerji, Lalmohun Ghose, Keshub Chunder Sen, Surendra Nath Bannerji, Kristo Das Pal, Sivaniath Sastri, and Protap Chunder Mozumdar,—a sense of personal inferiority to those great masters of rhetoric and logic oppresses and warns me. But I have a message to deliver—a message of reproach in part, but also one of encouragement. I may not soothe your ears with the melody of

* A Lecture Delivered at the Town Hall, Calcutta, 5th July, 1882.

your own gifted speakers; but I must deliver it, though all of them were here; ay, though all the great dead of the past generations, who gave renown to the name of Bengal, were to cluster about this platform. I would they might do so; indeed, I should feel more sure of the moral regeneration of India, if those glorious ancestors of yours could but confront you for one short hour. If you could but hear what they would say of the ways in which you are maintaining their honour and sustaining their dignity, I think I should not then need to utter a single word: one look at the expression of their faces, as their glance of mingled reproach and displeasure shot through to the very marrow of your being, would be quite enough. If you want to estimate modern Bengal, with its foreign clothes and foreign vices, at its proper valuation, put it beside ancient Bengal. Call out your pertest Babu, who has fed on Spencer and Mill until he fancies himself able to build a new religion, or even a new planet; clothe him with all his academic honours; stuff his hands full of his diplomas; gather around him all the paraphernalia of Western culture, including the spirituous aids to reflection. If we were to ask this B.A.—this Bad Aryan—to give to the present audience his candid opinion of himself, he would probably tell you that he was the type and the *beau idéal* of Hindu development—a fair representative of what young India might become under the fertilising sprinkles of the college watering-pot. But if we had the power to evoke

the shades of the great Menu, of Kapila, Gautama, Patanjali, Kanada, and Veda Vyasa ; of Jaimini, Narada, Marichi, Vasishtha, and other really great Hindus, and could place them before you on this platform, how would our trousered B.A. appear then ? That is the gist of the whole question. A nation which has had representatives such as those I have named, need not go to any foreign teachers for an *imprimatur* of culture. When *they* can match the Aryan *Rishis*, then it will be time enough to look up to them as the gods of the academic *Brahmaloka*. And that is part of my message to young Bengal.

I know that the first question which arises in the minds of my audience is, what motive I have in talking thus. You listen in surprise to hear a white man speak, as, hitherto, you have only heard your orthodox Hindus speak. And as you have always observed that a motive underlies all human action, you must be asking yourselves what is my motive ? I must therefore preface my discourse with some personal explanations.

Elsewhere in India it is pretty well known how we Theosophists came here, and why. For three years—that is, since February, 1879,—we have been living under the public eye at Bombay, and everybody knows what sort of people we are, how we live, and what we do. We have lived down serious suspicions and calumnies. I could not give you a better proof of this than by referring you to the action of the Hindu and Parsi educated public the

other day when a ranting missionary from my own country indulged in false and insulting remarks about us, in one of his public lectures. The response the natives made showed most unmistakeably that his slanders had increased rather than diminished their friendliness for their theosophist friends. It will be so here. Though this is my first visit to Calcutta, it will not, I trust, be the last. I expect henceforth to spend at least two or three months of each year in Bengal, and you will thus have ample opportunity to become acquainted with me. We are not birds of passage; we have not come to India, as Sinbad did to the Valley of Diamonds, to pick up what we can, and after a time flit away. We have not the least intention of returning to our own countries to reside. India is our chosen home, the land of our adoption; and the Hindus are our dearest friends, if not our brothers. We were not driven out of our Western homes. If we had chosen to stop there, we should now be enjoying all comforts and pleasures. In my native land, where the highest offices of State are open to all aspirants, I might even now, if I should return, hold, as I have for many years before held, posts of honour and importance. One of our most influential New York journals, a journal which circulates a lac and a quarter of copies every week-day, and of its Sunday edition 167,000 copies, asked, the other day, why I should expatriate myself, and why I did not return to my own people to teach them about Asiatic philosophy? Nor did I leave America to better my fortunes. A

sorry way it would be of improving one's prospects to give up an income of thousands of rupees, and devote every moment of one's time to the interests of a philanthropic society, for whose support I must pay thousands annually out of my private means. There are the Treasurer's accounts, audited and certificated by the Council of the Society, which show that I am stating the bare fact. They show that since we began at New York our preparations to depart for India, Madame Blavatsky and I have given towards the expenses of our Society more than Rs. 25,000. And since we came we have not asked a Hindu, a Parsi, a Buddhist, or any one else, to give us one solitary rupee for our private benefit. Well, admitting all this to be true, the question will all the more press home upon you—what is our motive, why should we take up this life of public drudgery, move over Asia like uneasy ghosts, expose ourselves to the darts of slander and the stings of suspicion? I shall tell you ; the answer is simple enough. We follow an idea ; and for it we face obstacles, discomfort, and danger, incur expense and trouble, resign as worthless what men usually prize, and relinquishing family and home, country and friends, make a new home in Asia, and seek friends and brethren among her ancient races. We are covetous ; yes, but it is for knowledge. We are ambitious ; yes, but only for a place among those who have loved humanity, irrespective of caste, race and creed. We are conspirators ; yes, but

only with the good and true souls who have deep religious aspirations, and who, deploring the darkened spiritual state of mankind, would point back to the beacons of hope that the *Rishis* of old lit on the mountain peaks of Aryan philosophy. When you come to know us, you will recall my present words, and be ready to testify that I told you only the truth.

But how comes about this wonder that we foreigners should feel so deep a reverence for Hindu philosophy, and why even then should we have left our country to come here?

In the year 1874, Madame Blavatsky and I met. I had been a student of practical psychology for nearly a quarter of a century. From boyhood no problem had interested me so much as the mystery of man, and I had been seeking for light upon it wherever it could be found. To understand the physical man, I had read something of anatomy, physiology and chemistry. To get an insight into the nature of mind and thought, I had read the various authorities of orthodox science, and practically investigated the heterodox branches of phrenology, physiognomy, mesmerism and psychometry. To understand mesmerism one must have read Von Reichenbach's "Researches on Magnetism, Electricity, &c., &c., in their relations to the Vital Force," and I venture to say that no one can possibly comprehend the *rationale* of the astounding phenomena of modern spiritualism, who has not prepared himself by a glance at all the subject

above enumerated. So, then, this had been my bent of mind since boyhood, and although I always took an active part in all that concerned my country and fellow-countrymen, and an especially active one during our late Civil War, yet my heart was not set on worldly affairs. In the year above mentioned (1874), I was investigating a most startling case of mediumship, that of William Eddy, an uneducated farmer, in whose house were nightly appearing, and often talking, the *alleged* spirits of dead persons. I will not go into particulars just now, for I have other things to speak about; perhaps I may make it the subject of some future discourse. Suffice it that with my own eyes I saw, within the space of about three months, some five hundred of these apparitions, under circumstances which, to my mind, excluded the possibility of trickery or fraud. My observations were communicated to a New York daily journal during the whole period, and the facts excited the greatest wonder. Madame Blavatsky and I met at this farm-house, and the similarity of our tastes for mystical research led to an intimate acquaintance. She soon proved to me that, in comparison with even the *chela* of an Indian *Mahatma*, the authorities I had been accustomed to look up to knew absolutely nothing. Little by little she opened out to me as much of the truth as my experiences had fitted me to grasp. Step by step I was forced to relinquish illusory beliefs, cherished for twenty years. And as the light gradually

dawned on my mind, my reverence for the unseen teachers who had instructed her grew apace. At the same time, a deep and insatiable yearning possessed me to seek their society, or, at least, to take up my residence in a land which their presence glorified, and incorporate myself with a people whom their greatness ennobled. The time came when I was blessed with a visit from one of these *Mahatmas* in my own room at New York—a visit from him, not in the physical body, but in the “double,” or *Muayirupa*. When I asked him to leave me some tangible evidence that I had not been the dupe of a vision, but that he had indeed been there, he removed from his head the *puggri* he wore, and giving it to me, vanished from my sight. That cloth I have still, and in one corner is marked in thread the cipher or signature he always attaches to the notes he writes to myself and others. This visit and his conversation sent my heart at one leap around the globe, across oceans and continents, over sea and land, to India, and from that moment I had a motive to live for, an end to strive after. That motive was to gain the Aryan wisdom; that end to work for its dissemination. Thenceforth I began to count the years, the months, the days, as they passed, for they were bringing me ever nearer the time when I should drag my body after the eager thought that had so long preceded it. In November, 1875, we founded the Theosophical Society as a nucleus around which might gather all those of

every race and land, who were in sympathy with our mode of research ; and as no such body could have any permanence unless we should eliminate the ever obvious causes of disagreement among men—religious bigotry and social intolerance—we organised it on the basis of universal brotherhood. The idea must have been a good one, since it has succeeded. I doubt if any society of a cognate character has ever so rapidly increased as ours. We already have branches in most parts of the world, and are fast overspreading India with our organizations. The branch I shall tomorrow form at Calcutta will be the twenty-fifth in this country established since February, 1879, and by the time I reach Bombay there will be twenty-eight. But I am getting ahead of my subject: let me turn. During the three years when I was waiting to come to India, I had other visits from the *Mahatmas*, and they were not all Hindus or Cashmeris. I know some fifteen in all, and among them Copts, Tibetans, Chinese, Japanese, Siamese, a Hungarian, and a Cypriote. But, whatever they are, however much they may differ externally as to race, religion and caste, they are in perfect agreement as to the fundamentals of occult science and the scientific basis of religion.

The long-wished-for time came at last; our private affairs were settled, the New York Society was placed in competent hands; and my colleague and I embarked. Many friends accompanied us to the vessel to say good-bye, and their waving hand-

kerchiefs, which we watched as long as we could see them, were a testimony to the exiles that they were leaving loving hearts behind. How thoroughly, notwithstanding, I had transferred my love to the country of my adoption, you may imagine when I tell you that as our steamer passed out of the harbour to the ocean, I cast no "longing, lingering look behind." Though I was leaving the native land I had loved so dearly, and had even risked my life for, and never expected to behold it again, I did not even give it the tribute of a sigh; but, descending to my cabin, opened the map of India, and sent my thought to my Land of Promise. But when, after buffeting the storms of various waters, we neared Bombay, then far into the night, alone I paced the fore-castle to catch the first glimpse of the beacon-light that waited to welcome me *home*. The passengers were fast asleep, and only the watch on deck and myself were there to see the stars of the Indian sky, and the fire-seething waves of the Indian sea. The midnight bells were struck, but still the lighthouse could not be made out. At last, at one in the morning, the officer on duty, who knew my anxiety, relieved it by pointing to a faintly luminous speck at the water's edge, and telling me that that was Bombay light. My heart gave a throb, as perhaps throbs the heart of an old Hindu who has been long away in foreign countries; and a feeling of joy and pleasure came across me to think that my journey was ended, and my real life about to begin. I had pictured to myself a Hindu nation homogeneous,

at least, as regards spirituality and love of their ancestors—one great family, rejoicing in the Aryan name, and with a religious faith built upon the assurance, if not the knowledge, of theosophical truth. Though I knew there were religious sects and cliques, I thought that these barriers were not high enough to keep Hindus apart. I had written to Keshub Babu to ask him to join in our work, and I was ready to serve in any subordinate capacity, under and with anybody, no matter whom, in the interest of India and Indians. I only asked some little corner, however small, where I might incorporate myself with their national life and thought; and as I asked nothing but the privilege to learn and work, I hoped to be taken at my word and to be viewed as a friend. But I was not; the back of the hand, not the palm, was offered me. Dogged by the Government Police as suspects, my colleague and I were not happy enough to find a sure refuge in Indian hearts. Our characters were traduced by the enemies of Indian religion without a protest from its followers; it seemed, in fact, as though we were doomed to see every hope crushed—every one we had an affection for turn his back upon us. Thus under a black sky of trouble, we went on for weary months together, keeping up our courage by remembering what goal we had in view, and by degrees learning to pluck success from the very thorn bush of disaster. We founded our Bombay Branch, then another and another; we established

our magazine, the *Theosophist*, and made it a success; we went to Ceylon, and were greeted with enthusiasm; and though some who mistook us for sectarians have broken with us, the third year of our Indian work now opens up, bright and full of promise. The worst, we think, is over; and every month, as I remarked in a recent lecture, we are being drawn nearer and nearer to the Indian heart. I venture to take the vastness of the present audience as a proof of this fact, for I cannot believe it is only idle curiosity that has brought all of you together. Our appeals to you to remember the glories of Aryavarta and strive to revive them, have not fallen upon deaf ears; the dry bones are stirring with the flutter of a higher and nobler spiritual life; the echoes of sympathy are coming towards us from North and South, from East and West. Bombay has spoken, the North-West has spoken. Madras has spoken, and there have even been whispers from Bengal, though we have never, until now, spoken to Bengali audiences. Away with despondency and dejection! The morn is breaking, and if we wait but a little longer, we may see the perfect day.

No one feels more sensibly than I do the anomaly that a white man should be appealing to you to study your religion. This is work for your learned Pundits. But they are silent; and what is to be done? I met the greatest Pundits of India at Benares, and, after showing to them the effects of Western culture upon the religious thought of

Young India, implored them to rise to the occasion, and to do their duty. As though the voice of the *Rishis* were speaking by my lips, I arraigned them at the bar of their country, and said that history would not hold them guiltless, if the entire body of our youth should fall into materialist scepticism. I begged that they would at least compile tracts and catechisms, which should embody the great principles of morality and religion, the broad outlines of philosophy and spiritual science laid down in the *Sastras*, so that it might be seen that a Hindu need look nowhere outside his own literature for inspiration to noble deeds and noble living. The Pundits listened, applauded, signed articles of union between their *Sabha* and our Society, and then—did nothing more. I am waiting on and hoping almost against hope that from among the greatest of your living scholars will step forth a moral regenerator to lead you back from your desultory wanderings to the solid ground of Hindu philosophy. Must India call in vain? Must the empty voice give back the hollow echoes of her appeal? Is there not, even in Bengal, one Aryan heart that can be touched with the fire from the sacred altars of religion? Where is the Brahmin who is able, like his pure and holy forefather, to perform the *Agnihotra* in the true way, and draw from the ambient sky the fire of *Agni* upon his *kusa* grass? Where is the Brahmin who has the same fire in the hollow of his hand? Alas! no answer comes. There are thousands

of Brahmins, but no adept *Agnihotris*. Among these swarming millions, and amid this teeming life, the aspirant for spiritual instruction finds scarcely a single *Guru* who can practically teach the *Yoga* science. Hundreds of bright young men are suffering from spiritual starvation. Can we help them? Is there no hope to offer the youths who have learnt to regard modern science as the sole authority in questions of a religious and scientific nature? For that is the ordeal that the advocates of Aryan philosophy must pass. It is useless to try and cover it up, or evade the alternative: either we must prove Hinduism to stand upon the ground of science, or leave it to its fate. I think we can hold out this hope, and can give this assurance. I believe that modern research has arrived at certain facts which help us to understand our subject if we collate and adjust them to each other. And this brings us to consider the second part of our discourse—an explanation of the word Theosophy, and its application to the *Yoga Vidya*.

Properly speaking, Theosophy may be defined as the knowledge of "Divine" wisdom. If there were a Western science of Psychology, worthy of the name, this would be its crowning glory; the seeker after knowledge of the "soul" would end by becoming a Theosophist. For one can gain what is called Divine wisdom only in one way—through the development of the psychic powers. Religion is most strictly a personal affair: every man makes

his own religion and his own God : that is to say, if he has any idea at all about religion or God, they must be his own, not somebody's else ideas. Another man can no more think for you in these matters, so as to do you any good, than he can eat or sleep for you. You may think some man very great, and be ready to wash and garland and swing him like an idol, and eat the dust of his feet, and all that sort of thing ; and you may fancy that his commonest utterances are divinely inspired. You may call yourself a *Tantrika*, a *Sivaite*, a *Vaishnava*, a Buddhist, or whatever you please. But, after all, when it comes to your actual religious experience, it will be *your* experience, measured and limited by *your* own personal, psychical and theosophical capacity. It is simply tyranny to try and force a particular religion upon any man. So, as I said before, religion is something personal ; and it is also something sacred, something not to be rudely interfered with and pried into. The true moralist will exert his influence to make his fellow-men live up to the best features of their respective faiths ; it is the most audacious of experiments to try and glue together bits of a number of good religions into a new mosaic.

I shall not enter here into any discussion as to what is meant by the word "Soul." I have my ideas, and they may conflict with yours. Call it what you please, the only radical point to reach is the fact that in the nature of man there *is* this department which is called psychical, and which is not to

be included in the most objective, or physical and mechanical part of the self. The orthodox psychologist will not concede you this point. He will meet you at the very threshold of the inquiry, and affirm that there is no more of man than is embraced in the ingenious mechanism of his body. The English poet, Pope, coined an expression to signify his scorn of a man who was devoid of great qualities—one who was

“ Fix'd, like a plant, to its peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate and rot.”

But if you add to this the intellectual capacity as the result of cerebral function, have we not here the type of the “ man ” of modern Psychology? What does that science make of the human being but a digestive, locomotive, procreating, and thinking mechanism? Can you find anything better than this in the philosophy of Herbert Spencer and the entire *a posteriori* school? I will give you a year to pore over Mr. Spencer's *Principles of Psychology*, or over *The Emotions and the Will*, and *The Senses and the Intellect*, of Professor Bain (whom some of the greatest critics of our day consider as the master psychologist of the age), and then defy you to find the secret of true psychology; or, if you choose, you may con the works of James Mill, Cousin, Locke, Kant, Hobbes, Hegel, Fichte, Huxley, Haeckel, John Stuart Mill, Comte, and all the learned writers of the kind. You will see a good deal of protoplasm, and protogen, and monads; but you will not discover the

nature of "soul" in any of them. After wading through their heavy volumes, you will arrive at the conclusion that they are little better than obscurantists—intellectual clouds between you and the sun of spiritual truth. You will find some of them light, fleecy clouds, some so thin and vapoury as to let through a good deal of light ; others black and murky clouds, bursting with suppressed lightnings. If you go on far enough, you will see that these heavier intellectual masses, like the prototypes in Nature with which we are comparing them, will discharge their thunders at each other as they come into opposition, and then there is a great noise and heavy discharge of critical artillery. But the net result, after all is over, and you digest your notes and collect your confused thoughts, will be what I said—you will have puzzled your brain with a multitude of words and got no clear idea of Psychology. For they confuse the intellectual experiences of the human brain with the other and totally different experiences of the real *Psyche* ! And though they wrote ten times as many books, since they would all be written upon this false hypothesis, they would be no nearer the mark. These Western psychologists have, we may say, chopped man into minute shreds. There is not an atom of him (and by him I mean their "him," not the complete man), not a bone, muscle, nerve, cell, or ganglion, that they have not dissected, and fumbled over, and analysed. He has not a feeling, an emotion, a cognition—not a single or

complex intellectual process—that they have not pulled about, weighed in the scales of logic, tested with the resolvents of reason, ticketed, and laid away in the psychological herbaria. But I defy the whole of them, from Locke to Bastian, and their whole army of followers, to show you one single discovery that explains the psychic phenomena whose occurrence has been observed in India from the remotest ages, and the laws of whose causation are explained in the Aryan Sastras. The earnest seeker after Divine wisdom—the true Theosophist—will turn away from western “authorities” with a sense of weariness and despair. To express it truthfully in one word, I must call the soul-science of the Aristotelians of the now dominant European school, subcuticular—skin-deep—Psychology, the psychology of what lies inside the human skin! *Their battles are all fought under the epidermis*; they understand the psychological effect of external objects and phenomena upon the human mind; but a transcuticular man is to them a scientific absurdity. Their man is acted upon centripetally by Nature, but does not react centrifugally upon it. Asiatic philosophers recognize man as comprising three groups or divisions of selfhood. There is, *first*, *Stul Sharira*—the physical—the grosser, more material, objective and perceptible; *second*, *Mayavi Rupa*—the psychical, or less perceptible, though still material; *third*, the *Atma*—the *spiritual*, or imperceptible and transcendental. With a minuteness of analysis that

matches that of the European psychologists, they have again sub-divided these three groups into sub-sections. But there is this inestimable advantage on their side, that they prove their propositions experimentally. When they talk of a "double," or *Miyari Rupa*, or *Sukshma Sharira*, they produce the thing itself: *they show themselves to you in their doubles*. They will leave their physical bodies (*Stula Sharira*) in *samadhi*, a state of lethargy, at some distant place, force the "double" out through its pores, and to that transferring their consciousness, with all its train of intellectual and intuitional cognitions and feelings, visit and make themselves visible to you. Fancy Professor Bain, or Mr. Mill, or Mr. Spencer, undertaking to argue on Psychology with a man in the *Miyari Rupa*! Where would be then all their "quips and quilibets," their hard Greek and Latin terms, their speculative hypotheses? Until that moment, they would have thought themselves authorities, but now the spectres of their books would rise before them only in reproach. Their antecedent mental state, as contrasted with their present one, might be likened to that of a philosopher who had speculated upon the possibility of aerolites, but of a sudden had been hit hard by a fragment of one tumbling on him from the sky. Or we may take an example even more extreme. Let us suppose that great man and thinker, Mr. Spencer, sitting in his arm-chair at dusk in his library. He has been writing the seventeenth chapter of

the second volume of his *Principles of Psychology*, and has worked out the problem of the "Completed Differentiation of Subject and Object" to his perfect satisfaction. He has satisfied himself that the phase of emotion is stimulated by memories of past experiences; his hand has just traced these words:—"Such components of consciousness, pleasurable and painful, divisible into classes and sub-classes, differ greatly from the components thus far described; being extremely vague, being unlocalizable in space, and being but indefinitely localizable in time" (*ib. cit.* p. 467). He has described to us the effect produced upon his state of quiescence by hearing at his back a voice which he recognizes as the voice of a friend: and, as he tells us, "a wave of pleasurable feeling" upsets certain antecedent sets of "vivid states," known to him as the parts of his body, a feeling of muscular tension is excited, "the emotion felt goes on presently to initiate other muscular tensions, and after them special sounds"—he speaks. And now, his chapter finished and his pen thrown aside, he muses. A wonderful phenomenon occurs—one that has happened to and been recorded by other great scholars. Out of the reasoning, analysing, digestive machine that the world, by visual, auditive, and tactual observations, recognize, as Mr. Spencer, oozes a whitish vapour which at first a cloud, condenses into a man. It is not only a man but that very man, Mr. Spencer, his actual counterpart or "double," his *Mayavi-rupa*. At last it is fully

formed, and in the same degree as the light of intelligence comes into its eyes, the same light diminishes in the eyes of the musing philosopher. The synthetic man, who but just now was building air-castles with walls and foundations of words, has divided into two parts, and the supreme intellectual activity, as well as the supreme consciousness of selfhood, is transferred to that part which is now outside the skin that was the philosopher's *ultima thule* but just now. Can we not imagine what this new-born self would say to the heavier body before it? Let it speak—"Here I am, and there you are, O man! I am *ego*—self; you a machine. You were my prison and jailer; but see, I have escaped. Henceforth I leave you, I enter you, at will. You cannot detain me, you cannot ignore me, you *shall not silence me*. I am the conscious entity, you a vegetating mechanism of bones, and flesh and nerves. How now about your emotions and will, your grey-matter vesicles and your white-fibre telegraph lines? Come, philosopher, rouse yourself and debate with me. I would have you teach me psychology. You write learnedly about subject and object. You have cleverly told your readers that you cannot frame any psychological conception without looking at internal co-existences and sequences in their adjustments to external co-existences and sequences (*op. cit.*, i. p. 133): now here we are—you there with your thinking machinery inside, and I here, with my intellectual powers outside, the physical Mr. Spencer. Come, since

to this island" (Great Britain). Sceptre, indeed! He talks as though it were some royal bauble, like the Koh-i-noor, that could be looted and sent home by a P. and O. Steamer! The sceptre of Psychology is wielded on the Himavât, and no modern empiric can clutch that rod of power, that staff of authority. The mesmerist knows something about Psychology, the modern spiritualist knows something, and so does the student of Psychometry. Their knowledge is based upon experimental research. They may not be learned anatomists, morphologists, or biologists; but, perhaps, they have a better idea of the whole nature of man than any of these. They have seen one from whom the conscious *Ego* had stepped out, and left the body, not a dead thing, but living, the *Jiv-Atma*, or life-principle, being in it. The dull eye of the body, in which no intelligence shines; the listless apathy and muscular relaxation; the reduced temperature of flesh; the stopped or fluttering heart—all these have convinced them that it is not the bodily mechanism that is the real man; and this conviction becomes a certainty when one has seen a body thus inert, and, at the same time, seen the double of the man moving about, with full consciousness, doing intelligently the acts of a responsible being, and in every way showing that the physical body is but a habitable mechanism, of itself unspiritual, if not altogether irresponsible. In the ordinary experiments of Mesmerism, when the patient is thrown into the state of ecstasis, one usually observes that

the body has passed into a state whose physical appearances closely resemble death. I have stood by a person in this death-like lethargy, and found there was neither pulse, animal heat, nor breath, while, at the same time, the inner self of the ecstatic was apparently soaring in the supernal spheres, keenly alive to its rapturous experiences. In a book of mine (*People from the Other World*), which records my researches on the Eddy mediumistic phenomena, I have described the case of a Mrs. Compton, whom I saw in such a dead-alive condition, after one of the most marvellous *séances* on record. Well, this something that comes out of the human body is, in the judgment of occultists, the soul-principle—the responsible entity, the part of a man which, whether inside or outside the body, is that which acquires the certainty of Divine wisdom. It is this that becomes the true Theosophist. And, as this is not restricted by the hard limits of creed, race, prejudice, caste, and other external relations, which hedge about the material or physical man, you will observe that when this self is thoroughly freed from the restrictive environments of society, it must be free from our prejudices, hatreds and antipathies, of one sort or another. This is the part of a man that becomes an adept, and the very name of *Mahatma* (great soul), that you have called it by for countless generations, shows how well this has been understood in India. When the *Yogi* practises *dharana*, *dhyana*, and *samadhi*,* it is for the purpose of getting

* Three stages of self-induced ecstasy and trance.

himself—that is his real self—disentangled from the illusions of the bodily senses, which continually cheat us as to what is real and what unreal. He strives to evolve this astral self, and to purify that to the nearest possible approximation of absolute spirit. There are four stages of *Yoga*. In the first, the *Yogi* begins to learn the first forms of *Yoga*, and to fight his battle with the animal nature. In the next, having learnt the forms, he advances towards perfect knowledge. In the third, the advance continues, and he overcomes all the primary and subtle forces—that is to say, he vanquishes the nature spirits, or elementals, resident in the four kingdoms of nature; and neither fire can burn, water drown, earth crush, nor poisonous air suffocate, his bodily frame. He is no longer dependent upon the limited powers of the five senses for knowledge of surrounding Nature; he has developed a spiritual hearing that makes the most distant and most hidden sounds audible, a sight that sweeps the area of the whole solar system, and penetrates the most solid bodies along with the hypothetical ether of modern science; he can make himself as buoyant as a thistle-down, or as heavy as the giant rock; he can subsist without food for inconceivably long periods, and, if he chooses, can arrest the ordinary course of nature, and escape bodily death to an inconceivably protracted age. Having learnt the laws of natural forces, the causes of phenomena, and the sovereign capabilities of the human will, he may make “miracles” his

playthings, and do wonders that would take the conceit out of even a modern philosopher. He can walk upon water, without even wetting the soles of his feet ; or, sitting in *dhyān*, can, by inward concentration, so change the magnetic polarity of his body that it will rise from the ground and be self-suspended in the air. Or, if he throws himself into the fourth and deepest state of abstraction, he will then have so withdrawn the life-principle from the outer to the inner surfaces of the body, that you may tie him in a sack and bury him underground for weeks together, and when dug up and rubbed and handled in a certain way, he will revive to perfect consciousness. Your distinguished and honoured countryman, Dr. Rajendralala Mitra, tells me that when a boy, he saw the *Sadhu* (ascetic), whom some wood-choppers found in the Sunderbunds jungle, and brought up to Calcutta. He was found sitting, like a stiffened corpse, with his legs twisted through the roots of a tree. At Calcutta he unhappily fell into the hands of two fools, whose tipsy folly—as I am told, though I speak under correction—made them practically his murderers. Not able to arouse him by shouting, pushing, and beating, they put fire into his hand, and plunged him into deep water in the Ganges with a rope about his neck, as though he were a ship's anchor, and twice kept him there all night. They pried his tetanous jaws apart, put beef into his mouth, and poured brandy down his throat. Finally to prove their own

shamelessness, and to make their memory hateful for ever, this Hindu Rajah and this Englishman set upon the poor saint whose emaciated body had been left by him, as he thought, in the safe solitude of the jungle, where tigers and serpents would not harm him, while his soul went out in search of Divine truth, these cruel, impious beasts set upon him an abandoned creature of the other sex to pollute him with her unholy touch! Oh! shame upon such specimens of humanity! By their cruel violence they finally awoke the *Sadhu* from his lethargy, and his first utterance was, not a curse upon his tormentors, not a burst of indignant invective, but a plaintive and reproachful cry, "O why, sirs, did you disturb me; I had done you no harm?" Shortly after he died from the effects of the food-poison they had forced into him.

This happened some forty years ago. But do you suppose Calcutta is any better now, or a safer place for a real *Sadhu* to trust himself in? I think not; and, in my opinion, if any one of you should want to find any better type of *Yogi* than the painted impostors who perambulate your streets, you will have to go far away from the city gates in search of him.

At Lahore I met the son of a native gentleman, still residing in a neighbouring place, who was an eye-witness to the burial of a *Sadhu*, in the presence of Maharajah Runjit Singh—a case that has become historical. The particulars are given by Sir

Claude Wade, the Political Resident, in his *Camp and Court of Runjit Singh*, and by Dr. MacGregor, then Residency Surgeon, in his *History of the Sikh War*. This *Sadhu* was buried alive for forty days, a perpetual guard being kept, night and day, over the spot. The English officials saw him buried and also exhumed, and Dr. MacGregor gives a professional diagnosis of the case. When uncovered, the man's body was shrunken and dried like a stick of wood; the tongue, which at the burial had been turned back into the throat, had become like a piece of horn; and eyes, ears, and every other orifice of the body, had been stopped with plugs of *ghue* (clarified butter). Upon returning to his external consciousness, the *Sadhu* told them that he had been enjoying the blissful society of *Yogis* and saints, and that if the Maharajah wished it, he was quite ready to be buried over again.

There is—to say nothing of the Aryan and post-Aryan Sastras, which, as you know, are full of such things—a whole literature of Mysticism among the European nations, and the annals of the Christian Church teem with testimonies of ecstasies and visionaries who, escaping from the body while alive, have penetrated the inner world and seen divine things. No one can read the mystical literature of the Christian and other churches without being struck with the idea that the visions of an uninitiated seer are invariably mixed up with his own individuality. His subjective prejudices and preconceptions give objective colour and shape to the objects

he encounters in his supra-physical life. The Christian sees the Heaven of his Apocalypse, or his Milton; the Parsi, the Chinvat Bridge of Souls guarded by the dread Maiden and her dogs; the Mussulman, the Gardens of the Blessed, with their houris and never-ending delights. Swedenborg, the Swedish seer, who developed his clairvoyance when past the middle age, and after he had devoted many years to scientific pursuits and religious thought, saw a system of correspondences which explained and illuminated, as he imagined, the dead-letter of the Bible, of whose divine authority he was already convinced. The visions of my almost life-long friend, Andrew Jackson Davis, have a similarly subjective character.

In all these cases, the seer has not passed out of the circle of illusion, he has not yet come into the fourth stage of *Yoga*, as defined by Patanjali. In this fourth stage "the *Yogi*, loses all personality and all consciousness of separate existence; all the operations of intellect become extinct, and spirit alone remains." The *Moksha* of the Hindu is this pure transcendental state indefinitely prolonged—an existence in which all the causes of sorrow being absent, there can be no sorrow; and the causes of illusions being left behind, there can be no illusion, but the absolute truth is known in its unveiled splendour. The Theosophist is a man who, whatever be his race, creed, or condition, aspires to reach this height of wisdom and beatitude by self-development; and, therefore, you will see that in a

Theosophical Society like that we have founded—and which we hope many of you will join—to have one creed for our members to subscribe to, or one form of prayer for them to adopt, or any rules that would interfere with their individual relations to caste, or any other social and external environment not actually antipathetic to Theosophical research, would be impossible. You will also infer that, despite the false statements or ignorant misconceptions of many of our critics, we are *not* preaching a new religion, or founding a new sect, or a new school of philosophy or occult science. The Hindu Sastras, the Buddhist Gathas, and the Zoroastrian Desatir, contain every essential idea that we have ever propounded, and our constant theme, these past seven years, has been that of my present discourse, to wit, that Theosophy is the scientific and the only firm basis of religion. We deny that there is the slightest conflict between true religion and true science. We deny that any religion *can* be true that does not rest upon scientific lines, and we affirm that the outcome of scientific research will be to set religion upon such an eternal foundation, by breaking down the thick mystery of matter and tracing force up into that everlasting and immutable principle, called Motion by some, Spirit by some, and *Parabrahma* by the Vedantists. Theosophical research, therefore, is the prop and stay both of religion and science; and by ignoring all those causes which keep men apart, and arm brother against brother, it is a promoter of

peace and harmony among men—in short, of Universal Brotherhood.

A great noise has always been made about certain striking phenomena which have occurred, not only in the presence of the mystics and saints of different religious sects above mentioned, but also in connexion with the Theosophical Society. Minds, empty of healthy philosophical thought, hanker after the marvellous. Many such have joined our Society in the hope of seeing wonders, and even of obtaining *siddhis* (powers), without the usual training. Such are always, of necessity, foredoomed to disappointment. There is no royal road to Geometry. The Occult Science may be learnt by different methods, and by any one who can find a teacher, *provided he has the necessary pre-ethereal qualifications in himself*. For this department of research does exact very peculiar aptitudes. Can you learn law, medicine, theology, chemistry, astronomy, or any other science embraced in the college curriculum, without the special mental capacities that each demands? You know that to be impossible; and that even where the mental capacity is not wanting, it takes time, patience and close thought and application, to master your subject. There is not a professor, however eminent, who does not continue a student of his specialty to the very day of his death. Come, then, foolish man, do you imagine that Theosophy, this science of sciences, which unlocks for

you the corridors of nature and ushers you into the blazing splendour of absolute Truth, is less difficult than any of these pettier branches of knowledge? Do you think that in a few weeks, or months or years, you can pierce the veils of the mysteries, while you are keeping on in your round of worldly occupations, indulging your animal pleasures, cowering before your social prejudices, and wrapping your nobler self in the tainted lody of ignoble desires? The mere seeing of phenomena does no good except to a mind which has already obtained a thorough understanding of philosophy. This the *Yogi* knows so well that he does not allow himself to be diverted by them, even when produced by himself, from his ultimate object of reaching the fourth stage of *Yoga*. Patanjali says that even in the third stage the *Yogi* is liable to be overcome; and even in the last, which is sub-divided into seven stages, he is not wholly safe from the "local gods," nor will be so till he has advanced beyond the fifth of these seven. In the course of training, adopted among certain mystics of Tibet, there are seven stages of an ascending series, and each of these is sub-divided into nine sub-stages. But whatever the training, there is the same object—emancipation from illusion and attainment of Theosophical knowledge. The untrained seers and religious ecstasies we have noticed above, as having visions of a partially subjective character, are all beneath the fourth stage of *Yoga*. Their delusions result from their lack of training. They see a spiritual light

but through a smoky glass: Patanjali's methods having been unknown to them, they have not developed their psychic powers by *dharana* and *dhyau*, that is, by "restraint of the mind," and "spiritual meditation." Hence, their actual psychic perceptions are mixed up with their intellectual pre-conceptions; as the Scripture has it—they "see through a glass darkly."

So we arrive at this point at last. If Psychology is a science,—and Psychology includes the learning of divine wisdom—then this search after religious truth is the scientific basis of religion. Theosophy, therefore, is the scientific basis of religion, for this research is Theosophy. I think this is plain enough, and I cannot see how any reasonable man, of whatever creed or sect, could put himself in antagonism to us. If his sect or his bigotry is more precious to him than the learning of the truth, of course we need not argue with him. He could not understand us, or, if he could, he would not admit it. Perhaps, in his petulant dissatisfaction, he might even accuse us of falsehood. One of these sect-leaders said, the other day, in a Calcutta paper, that the study of occultism and spiritualism only pandered to "vain curiosity;" that "men will not believe in God and immortality, but they will believe in any amount of spirit-rapping and occultism." I could not offer you a better example of the spirit just described—a spirit which would have us put aside science and investigation of natural law, and blindly take on faith what any would-be leader

chooses to tell us. "The more"—says this gentleman, himself an avowed religious teacher,—“a man is found to disbelieve in the natural and legitimate objects of faith, the more inclined he is to put his trust in all manner of magic, witchcraft, and spiritualism.” What is the use of arguing with a mind like that? The little world of illusion in which it lives is quite enough to satisfy its every desire; if it thinks it can find emancipation in it, let it try. Of one thing such people are most certainly ignorant, and that is of *the spirit of the nineteenth century*. The day of blind faith has gone by, never, I hope, to return. If we are to have any religion—and every man of moral feeling longs for some religious convictions—it must be one that is in reconciliation with science and natural law. We are no longer inclined to catch up our religions, as though they were made of glass, and run for shelter behind the rampart of “faith,” every time a Darwin or a Spencer throws a stone at them. The men who desire to prohibit our looking into the mysterious operations of Nature, are the lineal descendants of the theological doctors of Galileo’s time. Some of these professors of Pisa and Padua behaved so absurdly about this theory of the heliocentric system that he has held them up to an immortality of ridicule in a letter to Kepler. “Oh! my dear Kepler,” he writes, “how I wish we could have a hearty laugh together. Here at Padua, is the principal professor of philosophy, whom I have repeatedly and urgently

invited to look at the moon and planets through my glass, which he pertinaciously refuses to do. Why are you not here? What shouts of laughter we should have at this glorious folly, and to hear the philosopher at Pisa labouring before the Grand Duke with logical arguments as if, with magic incantations, to draw the new planets out of the sky!" Dr. James Esdaile, from the Preface to whose work on *Natural and Mesmeric Clairvoyance*, I copy this quotation, is the Residency Surgeon, who (under the patronage of Lord Dalhousie, then Governor-General of India) established a Mesmeric Hospital here at Calcutta, in 1846, at which were performed painless, some hundreds of surgical operations upon mesmerised patients. His noble devotion to truth and purely philanthropic labours provoked the enmity and spite of his professional colleagues. They behaved towards him with the same vindictive malice as some editors, preachers, and laymen have shown to the Theosophical Society. But he kept on with his work, despite all obstacles, until the use of mesmeric anesthesia was superseded by the application of chloroform to surgery. Dr. Esdaile lived down opposition, and was enabled to say in 1852, as the result of personal experience, that "like the camomile plant, Mesmerism only flourishes the more for being trodden upon." Theosophy seems to enjoy the same vital elasticity, for we have just seen that the unceasing and bitter opposition of the missionaries from my own country, instead of crushing it (as their

party hoped), has done it a world of good. A Christian himself, and without a trace of infidelity in his opinions, Dr. Esdaile scouts the idea of the study of Mesmerism promoting *atheism*; and, though he gives no sign of knowing the connexion of his idea with Vedantism or *Yoga*, he says that by this research the life of man "will probably be found to be only a modification of the vital agent which pervades the Universe." Thence, he says, we may "come to understand the astounding sympathies and affinities sometimes developed between the organic and inorganic world, and be led to suspect the possibility of the finite mind of man passing for a time into relation with the infinite, and thereby receiving impressions otherwise than by the senses which regulate and circumscribe our knowledge of surrounding nature in our normal state of existence." These are the wise words of a true philosopher, and I may add, a true Christian, in the better sense of the word. Mesmerism—a modern European discovery of an old Asiatic science—is the key to the mystical phenomena of the *Hindu Sastras*. Young gentleman of the University, remember this, and withhold your flip-pant scepticism about your ancestral faith until at least you have mastered this subject. Yes, in Mesmerism is balm for the heart of the searcher after the hidden truth of Aryan philosophy.

Look, if you please, at this engraving. It is from a little work published two years ago at Lahore by Sabhapathy Swami. It represents the system of

psychic development, by *Raj Yoga*. Here is traced a series of lines and circles upon the naked body of a man sitting in the posture of *Padmāsan*, and practising *Yoga*. The triple line passes down the front of the head and body, making the circles at certain points—*viz.*, over the *remer*, or nasal cavity, the mouth, the root of the throat, the heart, the umbilicus and the spleen. The artist, to bring the whole system into one view, traces for us the parts of the line and circles that would be out of sight, such as that over the lower end of the spinal column, the line up the spine, and over the cerebellum and cerebrum, until it unites with the front line. This is the line travelled by the will of the *Yogi* in his process of psychic development. He, as it were, visits each of the centres of vital force in turn, and subjugates them to dependence upon the will. The circles are the *chakras*, or centres of forces, and when he has traversed the entire circuit of his corporeal kingdom, he will have perfectly evolved his inner self—disengaged it from its natural state of commixture with the outer shell, or physical self. His next step is to project this “double” outside the body, transferring to it his complete consciousness, and then, having passed the threshold of his carnal prison-house, into the world of psychic freedom, his powers of sight, hearing, and other senses are indefinitely increased, and his movements no longer trammelled by the obstacles which impede those of the external man. Do not understand

me as saying that this is the only method of psychic evolution; there are others than Patanjali's, and some better ones. The highest form of *Yoga*—to employ that as a good term—is one by which there is rather a sound theoretical or semiphysical training and evolution, and, as I conceive, by this process the ascetic sooner and more perfectly breaks through the veil of *Maya*, or illusion, than he can by Patanjali's method.

Perhaps, some physiologists in this audience may feel inclined to deny that consciousness can be thus transferred from the sensorium in the brain to other parts of the body. Should such be here, I will ask them to refer to the *Zeist*, to Professor Weinholt's *Lecture on Somnambulism*, to the *Breslau Medical Collections*, to Dr. Nathan's *Treatise on Somnambulism*, to Dr. Fecchi's *Electricité Animale*, to the proceedings of the Philosophical Society of Leipsic, to the Report of Signori Corini, Visconti and Mazzacorati, of a case in the Hospital della Vita at Bologna, to Dr. Esdaile's and Professor William Gregory's works. In these, and in scores of others I might mention, it will be seen that in certain morbid states of the nervous system, especially catalepsy and hysteria, the senses of hearing, sight, taste and touch are localized at the pit of the stomach, the finger-tips, the soles of the feet and the back of the hand. I do not claim any special weight for my own testimony, but still, as one always likes to have ample evidence when possible, I may tell you that I have

seen examples of some of those psycho-physiological phenomena. Not to dwell upon others,* I will mention but a single case—that of an American girl of ten years old, the daughter of a friend of mine. This charming little child, while in her waking state, remained blind for over a year. It was just the back of her head—the occipital faculty, which she accidentally discovered, left her after a couple of years, without apparent cause. Now, if Nature thus spontaneously offers us examples of the higher mesmeric and other psychic phenomena, their possibility is by *Natura* *facta*, *non fingitur*. The only remaining question is whether you will give the eyes of the child intense concentration of thought upon the occult nature of vital activity, with the result of a mesmeric condition. Although I do not know the exact details.

I have spoken of the only *Praktische* method mastered by *wissenschaftlich* men. I find a lot of this record of five years' experience in the journal of an Austrian chemist of the highest scientific calibre in the field—a master-key to the psychical and physical phenomena. This Reichsbach probably never made a single *Sastra*, or gave himself the moment's concern about *Patanjali*, does not in the least detract from the value of his researches. You see the silvery nimbus or cloud around the head of the *Yogi* in S. Chopathy Swami's book and here I show you pictures of the

* A year later, upon revisiting Calcutta, I had the good fortune to witness a striking case of the kind. A young Hindu married lady, suffering from hysteria, was able to read the ear-distinguishable vibrations to her finger-tips, the little toe and the elbow, and to her navel and umbilicus.

Hindu Gods, Siva and Krishna, with their Parvatis, Radhas, and Gopis. Around the head of each is the same aureole. These are not sketched after the conceptions of some modern artist; they represent the popular idea of hundreds and thousands of years ago. And now I show you a similar picture, by a Christian artist, of a Christian saint—where the same glory, and of a transcendent brightness, is depicted. In Buddhist temples the image of the recumbent Buddha lying in the divine ecstasis, has a flaming aureole of this kind about the head and body; the lines of colour not standing out like spikes, but wavy, like the coruscating splendours of the auroras of the North and South Poles. In the Bactrian rock-cut image of Zoroaster, which is assumed to give, perhaps, the nearest idea of a personal likeness of that splendid seer, the same idea of a glory about the head is carried out.*

Now whence did the Hindu, the Buddhist, the Parsi, and the Christian, get this impression that the head of a spiritual leader must radiate lights? Shall I surprise you when I say that we may find the answer in this book of Reichenbach? Look at this illustration. This figure B represents the actual luminous appearance of the human head, as seen by one of a class of persons of acute nervous sensitiveness with whose help the author made his

* Later a Buddhist monk presented me with a very curious small silver figure of Lord Buddha in the erect position, with the aureole represented as surrounding him from head to foot. And with it is, moreover, an identical duplicate, which represents the projected Double or Phantasm of that great teacher.

researches. Repeated experiments with over fifty such subjects demonstrated that the human system, in common with every animate and inanimate natural object, and with the whole starry heavens, is pervaded with a subtle aura, or, if you please, imponderable fluid, which resembles magnetism and electricity in certain respects, and yet is analogous with neither. He called it Od, or Odyle. This aura, while radiating in a faint mist from all parts of the body, is peculiarly bright about the head. These two spots of light are the eyes, and this third one is the mouth. Now this picture represents the aura of a young married lady; and we have only to imagine to ourselves—as we may from all the analogies of nature—how this aura would be intensified by enormous concentration of the will, to comprehend readily the intuition which first suggested the artistic conception of the aureole. In fact, we find that Reichenbach was anticipated by the Aryans in the knowledge of the Odic aura.* But all the same, it should be remembered that we might never have understood what the nimbus about Krishna means, but for this Vienna chemist.

I must not pass on towards my conclusion before showing you that we can get some instruction from Reichenbach upon certain Brahminical customs prescribed by the *Sastras*, but which I have not yet found even one Brahmin to explain.

* In the *Atharva Veda*, a work of enormous antiquity, mention is made of the existence of a sensitive aura, of a span's width, about the human body.

You have had two kinds of Brahminical customs handed down, one primitive and essential, the other secondary and non-essential; customs and practices no doubt invented by cunning priests to save profitable vested rights, when the caste had begun to lose its original spirituality. When Brahmins sit to eat, every man is isolated from his neighbours at the feast. He sits in the centre of a square traced upon the floor, grand sire, father and son, brother and uncle, avoiding contact with each other quite as scrupulously as though they were of different castes. If I should handle a Brahmin's brass platter, his *lotah* or other vessel for food or drink, neither he nor any of his caste would touch it, much less eat or drink from it, until it had been passed through fire; if the utensil were of clay, it must be broken. Why is this? That no affront is meant by avoidance of contact is shown in the careful isolation of members of the same family from each other. The explanation, I submit, is that every Brahmin was supposed to be an individual evolution of psychic force, apart from all consideration of family relationship; if one touched the other at this particular time, when the vital force was actively centred upon the process of digestion, the psychic force was liable to be drawn off, as a Leyden jar charged with electricity is discharged by touching it with your hand. The Brahmin of old was an initiate, and his evolved psychic power was employed in the *agnihotra* and other ceremonies. The case of the touching of the

already overtaxed your patience. I must avail myself of the few remaining minutes at my disposal to say something more specific about the Theosophical Society.

The Society has no endowment, its current expenses being met, as far as practicable, out of an Initiation Fee of ten rupees. The deficiency is made good by Madame Blavatsky and myself, out of our private resources. Our printed rules define the objects of our organization to be:—

1.—To form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, or colour.

2.—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literature, religions, and sciences, and vindicate its importance.

3.—To investigate the hidden mysteries of nature and the psychical powers in man.

I have touched upon these sufficiently, I hope, to made it clear that our Society has not one feature of sectarianism in it; that it regards religion as a personal matter; that its founders do not believe that any actual knowledge can be obtained of Divine things except through psychical development; that it has not a shadow of political character; that it is neither a propaganda nor a special antagonist of any particular faith; that its influence must be in the direction of piety, personal purification, unselfishness, and patriotism, in the noblest sense of that much abused word. Finally, you must infer that instead of undervaluing Western

culture and scientific research, we have a thorough appreciation of the importance of both.

The question between you and myself at this present moment is whether you will take an active practical interest in our work, and help us to make Bengal what it ought to be, in virtue of its traditions and its world-wide reputation for intellectual, metaphysical, and scientific capacity, the centre of a Theosophic revival that shall thrill all India with the promise of a new spiritual era. I am not asking you to draw the rusty sword of Luxman Sen from its scabbard and deluge your land in blood. It is not war that India wants, but peace,—peace to develop her prostrate industries; peace to improve her agriculture, and to re-adjust her population to her territory, drawing away the surplus where it is overcrowding the land, and settling it in districts where labour can find vacant land and employment; peace to remove all obstructive barriers, and knit the races of the Peninsula into a brotherly and reciprocally profitable union; peace to foster the love of art, which was once so high that the land is filled with monuments which excite the world's wonder; peace to found Sanskrit schools wherever they flourished in the olden time, so that once more the treasures of Indian literature may be known, and this present foul reproach of ignorance of our *Sastras* may be removed; and peace, that there may be born a generation of unselfish patriots, in place of the present one, which I need not describe: a generation which will esteem it the highest

happiness, as well as the highest honour, to forget self, and to work for the public good. Ay, "peace hath its victories as well as war." I have not come here to ask you to give us money, or to erect great temples of Theosophy, to stand as laughing-stocks of human vanity for the warning of future generations. I am not asking you to overturn the altars of your faith to make room for the hybrid erections of ignorant iconoclasts. I do not ask you to trample under the feet of pert criticism the sacred literature of your forefathers, and to substitute for the majestic rhythm and profound thought of its *slokas*, the crude rhapsodies of modern ideologists. I am not asking the educated among you to put aside the science your masters of the College have taught you, nor to tear up the diplomas which are the certificates of your industry and culture. I am not come to tear down the *purdahs* behind which the lustful violence of your conquerors obliged you to hide your beloved mothers and sisters, wives and daughters. I am quite content to leave time to work its own changes, and to the increasing good sense of the Hindus the cure of all evils and the extirpation of all abuses.

But I stand here as the unworthy mouthpiece of ancient India, to speak a word of appeal on her behalf into the ears of the present generation. Since science has proved that your race and mine boast a common parentage, and that the streams of Aryan and European civilization flowed from a single fount, I speak by right of heritage for the

claims of Aryan philosophy. If you will it, we may together work in fraternal concord, and together snatch from the oblivion of neglect the science of Divine Truth, the Wisdom-Religion of archaic times. We care not what may be the name of your Samaj; if you are working for India, we will work with you.

The *Mahimnastava*, a hymn to Siva, daily chanted by the Brahmins (for an English translation of which I am indebted to my venerable friend, Babu Rajnarain Bose), expresses a sentiment which I should like every modern Hindu to take to heart. It mirrors the spirit of our Society, and is as follows:—

“As the Ocean is the goal of all rivers, so Thou art the ultimate goal of different paths, straight or devious, which men follow, according to their different tastes and inclinations.”

I am asked how we shall set about this task, how to learn Occultism without teachers, and without text-books that we can read. For just such emergencies as these men always arise: we must create the teachers and compile the books. Meanwhile we must turn to a quarter where we need never seek in vain. There is a teacher within us who waits for us to unlock his prison-doors and set him free. That teacher is our veritable Ego, our Inner Self. We can reach him by holy lives, abstract meditations, and the evolution of the powers of will. More than one road will lead us to the *Adytum* wherein he dwells; for adeptship is of no one creed, and is the life of all faiths. Look at

the prescribed methods of training under different systems, and you will find that while they differ as to formulas, they resemble each other in essentials. *First*, the man must be pure—in body, mind and aspiration. *Second*, the place chosen must be pure—in atmosphere and surroundings. It must also be quiet and safe. *Third*, the diet must be simple, digestible, and taken in as moderate quantities as the preservation of bodily health permits. The would-be adept must have physical stamina, for concentration makes a great drain upon vital force. And the experience of mediums shows that mediumship, except in the highest form of mental impressibility, is usually concomitant with a scrofulous or phthisical taint in the blood. *Fourth*, the motive must be a noble and unselfish desire for Divine wisdom; and, lastly, the practice must be gradual and cumulative. Given these, and one may be sure of attaining his end—that of developing into an adept Theosophist.

My task is finished, my word spoken. It remains with you to crown our effort with practical success, or to suffer my voice to pass profitlessly, in widening ripples of sound, out into the ocean of air. Remember only that what can be done to-day may be impossible tomorrow. Neglect has brought Hinduism to its present pass. Neglect has reduced the Brahmin Pundits already to a condition little better than that of half-starvation or genteel beggary. If they would not expose themselves to the rude rebuffs of the bazaar, and jostle

with a crowd of painted impostors, who masquerade as *Sadhus* to cheat the charitable, and secretly give loose rein to their bestial natures—they must seek Government employment, and convert themselves into clerical automata. Their once famous schools are now only a memory, and their once grand debates on philosophy at the courts of kings survive only in legendary story. A wave of practicalism is sweeping away the last vestiges of Hindu originality, engulfing the fairest relics of Aryan greatness, as the muddy overflow from the crater Kilauea swallows up the trees and villages upon its slopes. Neglect and sottish laziness have done all this. A few years—or perhaps a few generations more—and the foreign boot will be on every Hindu foot, the foreign brandy-bottle in every Hindu hand, and what is a thousand times worse, the foreign heart will be beating in every Hindu body, for love of country and religion will have all died out. Are you prepared to face this doom? Does there yet burn in any corner of your breast a spark of that noble pride and self-respect that made the Aryan man ennobled by his personal virtues the Aryan name? If you would arrest the tide of national demoralization that is rushing through the brandy-shop and the opium-den, you must set up again the old moral standards, and teach your children to live up to them. You can save your nationality and regain your spiritual-mindedness, or you can impiously see them swept, by the torrent of pretended "Progress," into the *Kala Pani* of commercial expediency. Some

of your best men thought India had already reached that stage, for they wrote me, two years ago, from Bengal, that we Theosophists had come too late. India was dead, and hope extinguished. But I said No, and I say so now; a nation is never dead while one single patriot son survives. For he alone, by an extraordinary moral grandeur and spiritual insight, may re-infuse the vanished life into the decrepit frame, and laying his holy hand upon his mother's heart, cause it to beat again. No, Aryavarta, queen-mother of nations, is not dead. Her altar-fires burn feebler every year, and the recollection of her spiritual triumphs has become a tradition of a by-gone time. Yet it is not too late for her children to labour for her, and sacrifice themselves for her dear sake.

The sacrifice will not be profitless, the labour not in vain. Remember and take heart from what an English poet has written :—

“ Dejected India, lift thy downcast eyes,
And mark the hour whose steadfast steps for thee
From Time's press'd ranks brings on the Jubilee.”

THEOSOPHY : ITS FRIENDS AND ENEMIES.*



COMPLYING with the good custom of all societies that are really working for the general good, though the latter merit is denied us by some, we now, a third time, come before the Bombay public to give an official account of ourselves. Our anniversary meeting should have been held last November, and would, but that we were then far away in the Punjab, and did not return to Bombay until the last day of the old year. Having thus unavoidably missed the usual time, we thought it best to wait until we could celebrate the anniversary of the arrival of our party in India. That event, so important to us—I wish I could add, possibly to the country, as regards its future results—occurred on Sunday, February 16th, 1879, and I am here to tell you how it has fared with us during the two years that have since passed. I will do my best to

* nothing extenuate, nor ought set down in malice."

We only ask that those who love and those who hate us, will alike be governed by the same feeling of moderation. For, to tell you the plain truth, we

* A Lecture delivered at the Framji Cowasji Institute, Bombay, 27th February, 1881.

have suffered quite as much, if not more, from the extravagant expectations and ideas of our friends, as from the malice and falsehood of our enemies. The former have rushed to as great extremes in one direction, as the latter have in another. We have been kept quite as busy in recovering ground we ought never to have lost, and should never have lost if our sympathisers had been reasonable, as in defending ourselves and our cause from the plots and assaults of those who wished for our defeat. I have tried, in many public addresses, to define our exact responsibility to the Indian nation. I have done my best to show exactly what it had, and what it had not, a right to demand of us. I have explained over and over again, what the Hindus had themselves to do, if they really cared to snatch their nationality from the gulf of perdition into which it has been plunging headlong, these many centuries. I have tried to make Young India see that there can be no real moral reform that does not come from their *own united* effort; and that no foreigner, though he love the country ever so much and be ready to sacrifice ever so much for it, can relieve her own sons of the smallest portion of that duty. Many whom I see around me in this audience heard my first address to the country, from this same platform, on 23rd March, 1879. I ask these to remember how earnestly I tried on that occasion to impress this solemn conviction upon the native mind. Among other things I said:—"If India is to be regenerated, it must be by Hindus, who can

rise above their castes and every other reactionary influence, and give good example as well as good advice. Useless to gather into Samajes, and talk prettily of reform. Not of such stuff are the saviours of nations made." Did you hear me putting ourselves up as the would-be leaders of Hindu regeneration, as exemplars of virtue or patterns of wisdom? No, a thousand times no: I said our chief and sole desire was to help India and her people, "in any way practicable, however humble," without meddling with politics, into which, as foreigners, we "had neither the right nor inclination to intrude." With the cry of one who sees danger hovering over those he sympathises with, and would have them make an effort to save themselves, I said:—"Here is material for a new school of Aryan philosophy which only waits the moulding hand of a master. We cannot yet hear his approaching footsteps, but he will come; as the man always does come when the hour of destiny strikes. He will come, not as a disturber of the peace, but as the expounder of principles, the instructor in philosophy. He will encourage study, not inflame passion. He will scatter blessings, not sorrow. So Zoroaster came, so Gautama, so Confucius. O for a Hindu, great enough in soul, wise enough in mind, sublime enough in courage, to prepare the way for the coming of this needed Regenerator! O for one Indian of so grand a mould that his appeals to his countrymen would fire every heart with a noble emulation to revive the glories

of that by-gone time when India poured out her people into the empty lap of the West, and gave the arts and sciences, and even language itself, to the outside world!" And that I foresaw that the work, even if begun at once, must take long to yield the desired results, is shown in these further remarks:—"Do not imagine that I have the idle notion that India can be reformed in a day. This once enlightened, monotheistic and active people have descended step by step, in the course of many centuries, from the level of Aryan activity to that of idolatrous lethargy and fatalism. It will be the work not of years but of generations to re-ascend the steps of national greatness. But there must be a beginning. Those sons of Hindustan who are disposed to act rather than preach, cannot commence a day too soon. *This hour* the country needs your help."

So, too, I may refer you to the address I delivered, on November 29th, at the celebration of our fourth anniversary, when I again recurred to the subject. "We do not ask you to be our followers," I said, "but our allies. Our ambition is not to be considered leaders, or teachers; not to make money, or power or fame. Choose any man here, of either of the old races represented, and show us that he is the right man to lead in either branch of this reformatory movement, and I will most gladly enlist as a common soldier under him." But this idea of the necessity for personal effort does not seem to have as yet impressed itself upon the public mind.

Some would force us to accept without remonstrance the imputation that we want to push ourselves into the attitude of leaders, to ape the state of Alexander, who—Dryden tells us, in *St. Cecilia's Day*—

“Assumes to nod,
Affects the god,
And seems to shake the spheres.”

—and that if we do not at least attempt to lead, or to exhibit all the qualities, intellectual and moral, of the ideal leader, we must confess that we have not made good our claims. But again, for the twentieth time, I protest, and, in the presence of this multitude, declare that the moral Regenerator of Aryavarta will be no European, but must be a son of the soil, and no one else! It is only too evident I say, too sadly so, that a vague notion has gained wide currency that we, Theosophists, must straightway bind up all the gaping wounds in the body of this hapless India, while the Hindus look passively on, or consent to be taken as derelict in duty. “What efforts,” asks a correspondent of the editor of a Bombay native paper, “have until now been made by this Society to alleviate the sufferings of the Aryans, and how have they succeeded?” Does our questioner know the meaning of words? Did he, before penning those lines, ponder well what relief of the sufferings of the Aryans involves, and what our poor efforts could reasonably be expected to accomplish in that direction? No, but like every other man who has sat down to hale us before the public, he dashed off the first smart

phrase that came into his mind, as one shuts his eyes and fires his musket point-blank into a crowd. I can say one thing in reply to this gentleman which can be proved even upon European testimony, let alone the abundant evidence natives can furnish, and that is that we have made every effort in the power of mortal men to interest the paramount race in behalf of the Hindus, and to make them respect Aryan philosophy and science. To effect this result we have spared neither time, trouble, nor the inconveniences and costs of travel. We have also excited respect for Indian achievements and sympathy with Indian thought, in the most distant countries. In ample proof of this, I point you to the articles which have appeared in those countries, many of which are preserved by us in our scrap-books at Head Quarters.

But all this is nothing in the eyes of these drowsy patriots! "Here we are," substantially say they who, perhaps, never sacrificed one *pan-supari* for India, "and here are the Aryans, twenty-four crores strong. Here is Aryavarta, stripped to the last rag, and in the last extremes of starvation. Here are one-fifth of the people lying down hungry every night, and rising hungry every morning. Here are fifty millions of wretched human beings fighting famine on a half acre of land each. Here is ignorance holding a nation in chains, and superstition gnawing out the last remnants of hope in their hearts. Here are hungry fathers breeding children by lakhs only to starve; farmers eating

the best of their seed grain and saving the worst ; giving their land no fallow time for recuperation ; burning their manure, because the wood is all cut away ; here are taxes multiplying, poverty increasing, and an educated class thinking of Government alone as their employer ; here are five hundred struggling applicants for ten vacant places, at from Rs. 40 to 60 per month, advertised by the Bombay Telegraph Department ; and here are liquor-shops, springing up like mushrooms in every large town. Come, Theosophists, banish our sufferings and we will not call you impostors or adventurers any more." This is no exaggeration, but the exact tone of nine-tenths of the criticisms upon us with which the native press has teemed, and of the public expectation. Do we not know it? Who should know it better than we who get almost every day letters to this very effect from the four corners of India? And yet how can we utter one angry word in protest, when we know that the cause of all this is in the wretchedness of a people, enwrapped in such a blackness of despair that they clutch at even the faintest promise of relief. In their awful dejection they have tried to cheat their hearts into the belief that, perhaps, the hoped-for Regenerator had come or was just coming from across the ocean. Ay, and just after my first address was made, a native paper said as much. But it is *not* so, it is *not* so, I tell you. We can only sorrow at our helplessness to give the succour so much needed, and try to spur to a sense of their duty those who alone could do something, if they only

would. And in parenthesis let me remark that it would be a good beginning if those who have said the sharpest things about what the Theosophists have not done, would, when next writing to the papers, prove that they had themselves set us that pattern of unselfish patriotism they would have us imitate! Talk is cheap, gentlemen, and the commodity is not scarce in India. If words could be coined into rupees, our young reformers would long ago have restored the splendour of the Aryan epoch, and lodged every ryot in a marble bungalow. Yet words are useful too, and very necessary to India at this particular juncture. Words of warning, of appeal, of encouragement; glowing words that shall burn through the thick crust of selfishness and reach the very core of every patriot's heart. Have you read the history of the world and not learnt the mighty power of the right word spoken at the right moment? Speak then, every man of you, but also act; speak and tell your countrymen that the time for dreaming is past, the hour for action has come. Let a great shout go up, like the voice of thunder, until the Himalayas echo to the cry from Cape Comorin, that if the nation is to be saved, every one who can give the slightest help must *now* give it. Even the British themselves, with all their might and power, will be unable to save the Indian people from starvation, perhaps annihilation, unless India herself awaken to activity and reform, and help them to save her. You have gained knowledge, scatter it every-

where ; for it is Ignorance that has cursed Aryavarta, and this is the demon that has buried his fangs in her fair throat. You remove your shoes and reverently worship when you enter your temples and, I tell you, you ought to do the same at every school-house door. For, if India may be rescued, it is only by the spread of education in the Temples of Knowledge. When one shall see in your country what you can see in America and England—a school open wherever there are children to be taught—then, ay, then indeed, will the sufferings of the Aryans be “alleviated,” and India be prosperous and happy once more. Do not trouble yourselves about the Theosophists ; don’t waste your time in complaining that they have not accomplished the miracles you expected of them : they will do what little they can—you may count upon that ; and they will never do any thing dishonourable, or that has to be covered up. Set your own houses in order ; live in private up to your public professions,—that is all we, or any one else, could ask : be what you pretend to be. If you are idol-haters in public meetings, be so when your own family and caste fellows are by too ; if you are orthodox at heart, be manly enough to say so to the face of the whole world. If you think Christianity the best religion, and your reason is convinced, boldly proclaim it, and take the consequences ; and if you think it the worst, say so like men. If you expect your neighbour to give in charity, or work for the country’s good, set him the example. We have

had enough of masks and hypocrisies, and a moral coward every honest soul loathes. Cannot every man in this assemblage put his hand upon one of these two-faced talkers? Are they not in the orthodox sects, in the Arya Samaj, the Prarthana Samaj, and the Theosophical Society—yes, even in that, and not only hypocrites but traitors? Do you not, even while I speak, recall to mind how the man with two faces pretends to be a reformer, but is not; to favour child widows' remarriage, and yet casts the first stone at the one who puts into practice his very sentiments, nay, will himself, if a widower, marry a wife young enough to be his grand-daughter's daughter? Have you not heard him abhor child-marriage, and yet know that he had had no sound sleep until his own baby daughter was pledged and bound to a boy husband; or worse yet, to a man older than himself; seen him frown upon the costly ceremonials of investiture with the thread, marriage, first pregnancy, &c., and yet beggar himself and his relatives in trying to vie with his acquaintance in empty display? These are the men of mere words, whose counsel no one respects or wants, because they are hypocrites and poltroons. But he who preaches self-denial and practises it; he who proves by his acts that he means all he says, ah! *he* is a man to listen to, let his advice be ever so fanciful and impracticable. For we feel that he at least is a conscientious man and is acting up to his best light, even though strength often fail him and he occasionally may

fall out of the straight path. These are the kind of men we try to draw into our Theosophical Society. We never ask them what their creed is, we do not care: they may worship the god they see in fire or the sun; or the divinity that for them infuses the substance of a Sivaic Lingam and animates its ultimate atoms; they may search for his glory at Mecca or Jerusalem; in the kábah or fire-temple; at Benares or L'hassa; or in the ocean depths or the morning dawn. Though they wash their sins away in the Ganges or the Jordan: though they pray standing or kneeling, with forms of words or the soundless aspirations of the inmost heart—we care not. They are sincere, and we hail them as our brothers. They are searchers after truth, and, in the degree of their spiritual mindedness, Theosophists. What then is Theosophy? you will ask. I reply that *Theosophia*—"God-like wisdom"—for us means "search after divine knowledge," the term *divine* applying, as we see it, to the divine nature of the abstract principle, not to the quality of a Personal God. Many may even be rejecting God as a being, be *pukka* atheists in fact, and yet if they accept the existence of *divine* or absolute wisdom and truth, and are honestly and sincerely trying to find it out and live up to that standard, they are *philo-theosophs*, lovers of God-like or divine Wisdom and Truth; the two words being synonymous, for there can be no absolute Truth without Wisdom, and absolute Wisdom is absolute Truth. Our Society might have added to

the name "Theosophical" that of "Philadelphian" (from the two words *philos*, loving, and *adelphos*, brother), as it was always meant to be a society of universal brotherhood and for promoting brotherly love among all races—but there were several religious societies of that name already, as the Christadelphians and the Philadelphians. Knowing but of one really divine manifestation on earth—*Humanity* as taken collectively, Humanity with its god-like intellect, its latent promises and spiritual hopes, hidden away under a thick crust of materialism and selfishness—we know of no better form of worship, no higher cultus to the divine principle, than that whose oblations are laid on the altar of Humanity. With our hands upon that altar we must all strive to call out these divine, deep, hidden intuitions of mutual Help, Tolerance and Love. By "divine" then I mean that which the common intuition of mankind conceives to be the opposite of all that is animal, material, brutish. The knowledge one gains by the help of the physical senses is physical science. It is the orderly classification of the objective phenomena of the visible world. Theosophy, on the contrary, is the discovery of the law and order of the inner world of force or spirit, by the aid of another set of faculties that lie within the human being. What creed the spiritual searcher may outwardly hold to, matters as little as the colour or shape of his turban or scarf; provided only that he does not let the acid of his creed eat out the precious substance of his nobler nature.

There have been true theosophists in every creed; true seers who have lifted the secret veils of Nature and penetrated her mysteries. It may astonish you to hear me say that the most materialist scientists are theosophists—ay, Professors Huxley and Tyndall, for instance, who have devoted their whole lives to the search of truth in *hidden* principles, in physical nature, and served humanity faithfully and sincerely. This alone would make good my proposition, even did we not know that mankind are substantially the same the world over. Have you ever read the *Dabistan*—that most instructive report by Mohsan Fani, the learned Persian of the seventeenth century, of his observations of the various holy men who were his contemporaries? If not, do so, and you will find quoted the exultant language of Jellal-Eddin Rumi, in which he describes the extinction of all human prejudices and passions that occurs when the mystic has attained *emancipation*. “O Moslems! what is to be done? I do not know myself; I am neither Jew, nor Christian, nor Gheber, nor Moslem; I am not from the East nor from the West; nor from land nor sea; neither from the region of nature nor from that of heaven; not from Hind nor China; not from Bulgaria nor Irak; nor from the towns of Khorassan. . . . I know but him, Yahu! What is the intent of this speech? Say it, O Shams Tabrizi! The intended meaning is; *I am the soul of the world.*” The Mobed Peshkär of Patna, we are told, “attained the knowledge of God and him-

self, and he became eminently divested of prejudice and exempted from human infirmities: being totally unfettered by the bonds or chains of any sect whatever, and studiously shunning the polemic domains of prejudice; in short, the eulogium of one creed and the abhorrence of another, entered not into his system." The Shaikh Bahu-ud-din Muhammed Amali, enchanted by the noble sentiments of Kaivän, a Zoroastrian sage, became his follower, and nobly exclaims: "As the splendour of the Almighty is in every place, knock thou either at the door of the kabah or the portals of the fire-temple."

The editors of the *Dabistan* say: "There is scarcely a tenet to be found in any other creed which does not, at least in its germ, exist in the Hindu religion." And yet while thus showing an appreciation of a profound truth, they also say that the common state of a Yogi "is that of complete impassiveness or torpor;" thereby indicating that the Hindu search, through Yoga, after the very spiritual light and powers exemplified in the joyous cry of the Sufi Jellal-Eddin, was a thing they did not appreciate. And yet they affirm this great truth that "in all times and places, the religion of the 'Enlightened' was distinguished from that of the 'Vulgar;' the first as interior, being the product of universal reason, was everywhere nearly uniform; the second, as exterior, being composed of particular and arbitrary rites and ceremonies, varied according to the influence of the climate, and the char-

acter, history, and civilization of a people. But, in the course of time, no religion remained entirely the same, either in principle or form." The core and heart of all was a like aspiration after spiritual truth. This spiritual aspiration for absolute knowledge is true Theosophy, and the word that our Society brought to the Western world was that the acquirement of this knowledge was possible by self-discipline and purification and development. We first proclaim then the universal brotherhood of man and the duty of all to join in what will promote the welfare of the human race, especially those who are weakest and most need help. We do not claim this as any new doctrine; it has been often enunciated by other societies. But we are trying to make those who accept it in theory, show it in practice. Our plan has been to interest groups of men of different races and religions to co-operate with each other in this direction. We have succeeded to a certain extent—to an extent which might surprise some who have imagined that we were doing nothing. I hear we are accused of greatly exaggerating our numbers. We have members in the two Americas, in Australia and the West Indies, in Siam and Burmah, in Java, Holland, Austria, Russia, France, England, Scotland, Ireland, Germany, Hungary, Belgium, Italy, Cyprus, Ceylon, Spain, Turkey, Egypt, Syria, Greece, Mexico, Japan, and, here, in India.

Thus, in ever widening circles, like the wavelets caused by a stone that drops in water, runs on the

impulse given to contemporaneous thought by the Theosophical Society. That impulse is now so marked, and has gone so far beyond any blunders in judgment we may make—so far beyond the reach of anything we, Founders of the Society, could do to check it, did we even wish to do so—that the established and inexorable law of the diffusion of human thought would carry it down the century were we to die tomorrow. I have here the photograph of a group of some three hundred boys who are regularly attending the school recently opened by our branch Society at Galle, Ceylon—one of the five schools that have sprung up in that island as the result of our recent visit.* Every boy is the son of Buddhist parents, and nearly all were until now being educated in missionary schools, where their minds were being turned away from the religion of their forefathers. The teachers you see here are Buddhist members of our Society, and our noble colleagues pay the school's entire expenses out of their private means. That no such schools have been founded by Theosophists in India may be accounted for, partly because Government is doing so much for non-sectarian education, but mainly because we have not yet received into our

* The attendance increased to five hundred, and this so alarmed the missionaries that they opened their principal school as a free school, offering to give a first-class education gratis. The Buddhists are so poor that they availed themselves of the chance, and our numbers largely declined. When some generous friend shall help them to funds, ours will be made a free school, and then we shall have all our boys back again with a rush.

Society men with the liberality of Jamsetji Jeejibhoy, Jaggernath Sunkerseeth, Gokuldas Tejpal, or Cowasji Jehangir, though we have one member worth fifteen lakhs. And so long as the schools are but founded, it matters little that *we* should have the mere credit of their establishment. Our highest hope is to arouse others to noble deeds, and to cause the seeds of a great and permanent reform to be scattered. From the first we have been fortunate in attracting into our membership many authors, journalists and others who address the public or have a hand in the work of education. This will explain to you why our theosophical ideas should have so rapidly gained a world-wide circulation. Theosophy, properly understood, has not one feature calculated to excite the hostility of reasonable men of any school of science or religion. I will lay down two cardinal propositions—(1.) That, psychically, all men are brothers, all equally entitled to know divine truth, and, without distinction of nationality or faith, should join for the general good of humanity; bound by a common tie and common sympathies. For *united* effort not only mitigates the hardness of the task, but produces tenfold greater results in the same time. One ant can carry but a grain of dust at once, but a colony of ants labouring together can remove the largest house in time. So one man, unless endowed with extraordinary advantages, can accomplish comparatively little; but with co-operation every thing is possible. This help we ask, this we have the right

to expect ; and, as I have shown you, we have had it from thousands of well-wishers whose faces we have never seen and never may see. (2.) My second proposition is that every human being has within his own nature, in a greater or less degree, certain sublime faculties which, when fully developed, will give him divine knowledge. The theory upon which almost all formalized religions rest is that only a certain favoured class of men have these spiritual capacities, and alone can be permitted to exercise them. But, as I said before, there have been "emancipated" or "illuminated" ones under all the various religions, and the testimony they have brought back to us from their soul-flights into the inner world has essentially agreed. We have seen that when a certain point of this interior development is reached, the seer loses all sense of his nationality, his theology, even of his personality. His pettiness becomes infinitely expanded, and, from the consciousness of being a microscopic point as compared to the whole, he feels that he is in all, bounds all, is all. The body he so cherished and lavished so much care and thought upon is now felt to be a clog and impediment—if, indeed, he can cramp himself down to a realisation that it exists. How beautiful, how suggestive, the verse of the poet Hafiz, where, in a charming allegory, he describes the ease with which the absolute truth may be attained when the barriers of flesh are once surmounted:—

“The perfect beauty of my beloved is not concealed by an interposing veil ;

O Hafiz, *thou art the curtain of the veil ; remove away.*”

There are no secrets of nature impenetrable, he would say ; the only obstacle to our gaining full knowledge is SELF. This is the coward, the traitor, the despot, the bigot, the swinish sensualist, the lump of egotism. This Self is the serpent coiled beneath the flowers of life. This is that which stifles all good and noble aspirations, and which makes the Rights of Man as a whole ruthlessly sacrificed to the base greed of the individual man. Ah ! the dream of Universal Brotherhood of Man, when nations will cease to enslave nations, and the only strife will be who can best live up to the ideal of human perfectibility ! The bright vision mocks us even as we gaze upon its splendour, yet happy he who has even been so blessed as to see it in his dreams. Theosophy is the enchantress that alone can conjure it up ; and though hard be the task and disheartening the delay in gaining the divine wisdom, when once gained, the sacrifices of a life seem no adequate price to pay for its acquisition.

Who are the friends of this Theosophy—who its enemies ? I utter no paradox in saying that in the cause of Theosophy, as of every other cause, those esteemed its friends are sometimes its worst enemies, and its would-be enemies often its best friends. For the zeal of the former is often inordinate, and the poisoned darts of the latter

often recoil from the polished shield of truth and wound the one who hurled them. If I frankly include myself in the former category, I should be acquitted of egotism, and so I do. My Cause is far greater than my ability to serve it effectively, and none knows so well as I how much and often this sacred cause may have been injured by the errors I have myself committed. It is not a question to be considered whether my motives have been good ; for results are the current coin in the exchequer of moral justice. The Christian hell, the proverb says, is paved with good intentions ; a Christian sect has adopted the motto *Finis coronat opus*—the end justifies the means—and made it the pretext for nameless and numberless crimes against humanity. As regards the moral accountability of the individual, the question is whether he has done all he could with the means at his disposal to realize a worthy ideal. If Theosophy has suffered from my blunders, who profess to be among its most earnest advocates, its mouth-piece, so has the progress of our Society suffered through the inexcusable heedlessness of our associated fellows and members in holding such extravagant views of the Founders, and expecting them to be above the weaknesses of mortality. This I have touched upon already, but I revert to it from a desire to press home the thought that a would-be friend may convert himself into a dangerous enemy by setting up the illusions of his own fancy, and then growing indifferent, if not hostile, when the glamour passes

away. "Are these Theosophists," asks a certain Mr. Ganpatrao of the editor of the *Indu Prakash*, "in conduct like ordinary people of the world, or like Tukaram, and other *Sadhus* of ancient times?" Now, if the false report had not spread that we were like *Sadhus*, our friend would never have thought of asking such a question. If the gentleman is within the sound of my voice, let me answer that we are nothing but ordinary people, and never pretended to be anything else. We never asked people to look upon us as *gurus*, or follow our personal example; though we have tried, as far as our natural infirmities permitted, to make that example a good one. What we have said to the Hindus is, "Follow the example of your Tukarams and your Harischandras, of your Rishis and your Yogis; follow them as models, and not any foreigner, even though he may think your ancestors fools, and not know he is one himself in saying, or even thinking, so. And we have tried to make the dignity, the virtue, and the learning of those ancestors of yours appreciated by you, and respected by the whole world."

"Have they conquered the six passions of Lust, Anger, Greediness, Vanity, Avarice, and Envy?" he asks. Now it is for those who are best acquainted with our daily lives and conversation to answer this question. I leave it to them to answer; not altogether now, but after we are dead and gone, when the truth shall shine out through the clouds of partiality, on the one side, and of prejudice, on the

other. Some of these vices we may, I think, justly claim to be exonerated from having even now. For no one in India, even our worst enemy, would dare accuse us of either lust, greediness, avarice, or envy. If I were to tell you we are perfectly free of *vanity* it would perhaps be taken as the best proof that we are not, or remain for ever an open question ; as nothing is so difficult as to prove whether it is personal Vanity in man or a justifiable Pride which is his secret motor. From anger we certainly are not exempt ; we have not yet reached the stage where one can suffer in silence and with smiles the cruel stripes of slander, the base return of treachery and ingratitude, the wilful perversion of our motives, the cowardly assaults on character by masked assassins. No, not perfect yet—alas ! not yet. But even supposing that we are not to be ranked among the " emancipated ones," though striving hard, does our questioner therefore give us to understand that he is not bound to listen to our advice to put aside his own vices and take example from the virtues of Tukaram ? That is the gist of the whole question ; and this interrogatory reflects the now universally prevalent tone of public thought—*viz.*, that to find some holy or supposed holy person, and nominally enroll oneself as his admirer, follower, or pupil, will confer merit and secure *moksha* without self-sacrifice or the conquest over evil passions. Not only by word of mouth in private conversations, but from many public platforms, and through our journal, the THEOSOPHIST, we have tried to compel the public

to think of the great problem of Theosophy, and pointed all who would learn to the ancient Aryan sources of information.

Mr. Gunpatrao's next question is, "How far do the Theosophists keep up to the standard of Brotherhood?" I will tell him that he may search the whole history of our Society, and he will find that we have always been on the side of the weak against the strong. We have, as you have seen in what has been shown you respecting the spread of our fellowship to all the quarters of the world, linked many, of many nations and creeds, together with the tie of mutual reciprocity and tolerance. "This new Gospel," says a writer in a London journal, "appears to be now in the ascendancy among spiritualists. Its immense value in behalf of the well-being of mankind cannot be over-estimated. We rejoice to see the Theosophists in Hindustan . . . really labouring towards this goal." "That great project of human fraternity," writes M. Fauvety, President of the Paris Psychological Society, "which you propose to realise by means peculiar to yourselves, . . . constitutes the grandest and noblest tentative that has been essayed on the road to universal conciliation." "Such a society as yours," says the venerable French metaphysician Cahagnet, in accepting our diploma of Fellow, "has been the dream of my whole life." Says the *Pioneer* of Allahabad—a paper which before we came to India and promulgated our views, was certainly never charged with any specially weak tolerance of Hin-

duism—"We have no hesitation in recognising the Theosophical Society as a beneficent agency in promoting good feeling between the two races in this country, not merely on account of the ardent response it awakens from the Native community, but also because of the way in which it certainly does tend to give Europeans in India a better kind of interest in the country than they had before." "No man," remarks the Colombo (Ceylon) *Examiner*, "who has a firm faith in what he believes is the truth, and the excellence of his own system of faith, can quarrel with the Theosophists. . . . They tell us they have a conscientious mission to perform, and we see them labouring earnestly in the discharge of their self-imposed duties. . . . the spirit of research they are striving to infuse into the torpid minds of our countrymen cannot fail to lead to good results." "Let us," says the noble President of the Ionian Theosophical Society, of Corfu (Greece), in his Inaugural Address, "let us place the brotherhood of nations as the first of our wishes, and let us hasten the coming of that blessed moment when the whole of mankind will be gathered in one fold and will have but one shepherd." The *Amrita Basar Patrika*, that fearless champion of Indian interests, speaking of our journal, says "Since the THEOSOPHIST carefully abstains from politics, and its plan is one of Universal Brotherhood, it should be welcomed by every sect and people throughout the world. And as it recognises the Aryans as the fathers of all religions and

sciences, Hindus owe it their enthusiastic support."

Omitting personal matters, what remains is to dispose of the question of occult phenomena. The *Indu Prakash's* correspondent wishes to know whether Madame Blavatsky has produced real phenomena; whether she will do so again; and whether the correspondent himself may have a special chance to see them? Now, as far as human evidence will go, the proof is apparently overwhelming that at Simla, Benares, and elsewhere, strange things of this nature did occur, and that they were real and not mere deceptions. Tricks, gentlemen, are played only by tricksters—persons who have no character to lose, and who have an interested motive in making their dupes believe their lies. You will get no Court in any civilized country in the world to withhold from an accused person of previous good character the benefit of the doubt. And now tell me, if you please, what was Madame Blavatsky's interested motive in this case? She is not here, and I may speak freely what I have to say about her. What was the motive? Money? She never asked or received one anna's value for any phenomenon she ever produced either in India or elsewhere. And, mind you, these phenomena have attended her for many years, all over the world, as she has journeyed to study occult science. If it were at all worth the trouble I could occupy hours in reading to you reports of the strange feats of this kind she did in America alone, in the presence of all

manner of people. I might give you the names and addresses of enough credible witnesses—sceptics—to prove her possession of these powers to the satisfaction of any fair-minded man. And her vindication might be made with the greatest ease by collecting the testimony of eye-witnesses in India, who would certify to facts more remarkable than any that have been reported in the papers. Well, then, if money was not her object, was it fame? A sorry reward, indeed, this sort of fame, which makes her the subject of the scurvy jests and pusillanimous jeers of the ignorant and prejudiced! Her fame is already secured in the authorship of *Isis Unveiled*, one of the most masterly reviews of ancient and modern Science and Theology ever written: a book which one of the best of our contemporaneous critics pronounces “one of the remarkable productions of the century.” Only here in India has the book had the honour of being abused by certain petty editors. I say “honour,” for it is an honour to be abused, as it is a disgrace to be praised, by such weathercocks. Well, if neither money nor fame forced her to invite such criticisms, what then? Come, you who rake the gutters of human nature for bits of garbage to fling in decent people’s faces, what is left for you to insinuate? She is a woman; strike her in the good woman’s most sensitive moral part—her motive. Ah, shame on slanderers! See this great, generous-hearted soul, filled with love for humanity; longing to throw light into the darkened minds of those who still

believe in miracles, and still clank the chains of superstition; devoting her life, sacrificing the sweets of home, and family and ease, and a high social position, to go about the world in search of truth, and spreading it so that all may partake. Those who know her best appreciate her abnegation and perfect disinterestedness; and though some who do not understand her motives may think—nay even take upon themselves to proclaim her according to their worldly understanding a hallucinated lunatic—no one had better venture to call her an impostor, unless, indeed, he is prepared to be himself called by some of the most renowned men living a vile slanderer! Here stand I, her witness and friend, I whom she took out of the ditch of worldly selfishness and put on the path to divine truth and happiness. I am here to tell you that I should deserve to have my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth were I to keep silence when her motives are thus called in question.

She has shown her phenomena from what I conceive to be the mistaken idea that when there was no reasonable ground for suspicion of their genuineness, they would be acknowledged, and the public would try to learn as she had learned, and then, whether materialists or religious bigots, become wiser and happier. Noticing the impending visit to India of Professor Solovief, the "*Pioneer*" editorially remarks :-

"He (Prof. Solovief) has been impressed with a sense of the importance of Hindu thought in connexion with pure speculation, by

the light thrown on this subject by the Theosophical Society and its stupidly maligned, and so far ill-appreciated founder, Madame Blavatsky. The fact is, that while we (Englishmen) in India have been in contact with the remains of old native culture for a hundred years without having detected its significance, it has been reserved for the indomitable old lady just mentioned to put an entirely new face on Oriental philosophy. . . . It will probably surprise some heedless jokers in the press to hear that already some of the foremost European metaphysicians in India have acknowledged this. . . ."

Bitter experience has taught her the truth that human nature is too base to be honest. Were I in her place I would never again—at least not in India—thus fling myself as a victim to be mangled by the hounds. There are many who would regard the Theosophical Society as a miracle club, by joining which, whether deserving or not, they ought to get their fill of wonders. Some, devoid of patriotism and the instinct of race pride, caring nothing for the vindication in modern eyes of their ancestral fame and glories, but only eager for their senses to be astonished by phenomena, have felt themselves aggrieved because they have seen none. Madame Blavatsky has been reviled by them and through them, because of their disappointment. The published testimony of those who *have* witnessed the most wonderful things, has caused her to be pounced upon by a host of newspaper critics, as though she were not a private individual who never showed anything but to a limited circle of friends, but a sort of professional juggler who had cheated them out of their money. But even though they saw ten thousand phenomena, yet neither studied nor put forth indi-

vidual efforts, they would never reap the slightest benefit. They would never learn the great truth, that while occult phenomena are possible, a miracle is an impossibility in nature. Spiritualism has for the past thirty-two years been surfeiting the public with phenomena of the most startling description: the known laws of force have been upset, matter has displayed qualities never suspected before, and even the figures, or rather portrait-statues of the dead have stalked in our presence, and revealed the secrets of the shadow world. Has religion or philosophy been the gainer by all this? No. Have the mass of investigators been stimulated to nobler lives? No. Those that were moral before are for the most part moral still, and the bad continue bad. We are gorged with phenomena, we need philosophy and a sure path to release us from our pain and suffering. Where is this knowledge to be sought for? *Here, in India*; and if you will question either one of the hundreds of European visitors with whom Madame Blavatsky has talked in different countries, you will find that her constant vehement assertion has ever been that what she knows she learned in India and Tibet, and that for what they taught her she gives her love and her life, if necessary, to promote the happiness of their people.

“But is not your Society established for the sole purpose of giving these experimental proofs of psychic power?” some will ask. I answer, no; more phenomena have been shown to outsiders than

to members, because every man who joins us to study occultism, tacitly pledges himself to try to develop his own latent psychic powers. If he does this he is helped, if not he is left to wait until he can decide to rouse himself to exertion. Adeptship implies the highest success in self-evolution, and the lavish display of phenomena to beginners is as demoralising as overdoses of opium or brandy. It either kills effort, or excites a frenzy of superstitious adulation. Do you know what we might have done in India by this time as easily as I can lift this paper? We might have formed a new sect that would now count its tens of thousands of devotees. If we had been vain and unprincipled enough to have given ourselves out as two Sadhus bearing a divine commission and preaching under inspiration; and if Madame Blavatsky had publicly done one-fourth of the phenomena I have seen her do in America, or even in India, in private, and the occurrence of which is perfectly attested, you would have seen thousands prostrating themselves before the flag of the Theosophical Society, and trampling one another to come and embrace our feet. Do you doubt it? You would not if you stopped to read our correspondence, and note the extravagant lengths to which the imagination of our friends has carried them. I can show any of you, if you choose, a bundle of requests for the miraculous cure of physical and mental ailments, the recovery of lost property, and other favours. And, lest my English auditors might be disposed

to laugh in their sleeves at Hindu credulity, let me warn them that some of the most preposterous of these requests have come from their own community; some from persons so highly placed that they have asked that their names may be withheld at all hazards. All this is a saddening proof of the unspirituality and rankling superstition of the present age. Adepts do not show themselves or their phenomena because there is no public to appreciate them. It is known that we have affirmed that some of these *mahatmas* are in relations with our Society, and take an interest in its welfare. I reaffirm the statement, and at the same time protest against the daring supposition that for that reason they are responsible for all or any of the mistakes in its management. Those faults are all my own and count against me. I have realised, too late, that the public who could so basely treat a woman who was but their disciple, could not understand anything that might be said about them. So, henceforth, I shall try to abstain from even speaking of them, except to such as are prepared and anxious for the truth. An age that is satisfied with church miracles, mediumist phenomena, or the most rank materialism, without seeking further for the hidden causes, may as well be left to play with its toys. The thoughtful man need ask for no more wondrous phenomenon than his own existence, no greater miracle than the display of his own splendid powers. He is surrounded by a world of phenomena scarcely one of which has

he traced to its ultimate source. The steps of science are near the threshold of the sanctuary; her hand held out to feel the lintels of the door which with her bandaged eyes she cannot see. Mystery on mystery of the outer world has been unearched, until it almost seems as though there were but little left to learn. This blinded goddess of Materialist Science has but just begun to dream that a universe of vast extent may lie behind the curtain at the door. She stands without, uncertain, groping; and across the threshold waits Theosophy—sweetest of all the *deities* into which poetic fancy ever made a thought personified—and holding out her own strong hand says, "Sister Science, come! The field is boundless, let us search together."

THE OCCULT SCIENCES.*

IN the tenth chapter of his famous work, entitled *An Enquiry concerning Human Understanding*, Hume attempts to define the limits of philosophical inquiry. So pleased was the author with his work that he has placed it on record that with the "wise and learned"—a most necessary separation, since a man may be wise without being at all learned, while modern science has introduced to us many of her most famous men who, through bursting, like Jack Bunsby, with learning, were far, *every* far from wise—this postulate of his must be "an everlasting check to all kinds of superstitious delusions." For many years this oracular utterance was unquestioned, and Hume's apothegm was laid, like a handkerchief steeped in chloroform, over the mouth of every man who attempted to discuss the phenomena of the invisible world. But a brave Englishman and man of science, to-wit, Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace, F.R.S., has of late called Hume's infallibility in question. He finds two grave defects in that writer's proposition that "a miracle is a violation of the laws of Nature;" since it assumes, firstly, that we know *all* the laws of Nature; and secondly, that an unusual phenomenon *is* a miracle.

* A Lecture delivered at Colombo, Ceylon, 15th June, 1880.

Speaking deferentially, is it not after all a piece of preposterous egotism for any living man to say what is, or rather what is *not*, a law of Nature? I have enjoyed the acquaintance of scientists who could actually repeat the names of the several parts of a cockroach, and even of a flea. Upon this rare accomplishment they plumed themselves not a little, and took on the airs of men of science. I talked with them about the laws of Nature, and found they thought they knew enough of them to dogmatize to me about the Knowable and Unknowable. I know doctors of medicine, even professors, adepts in physiology and able to dose their patients without exceeding the conventional average of casualties good-naturedly permitted to the profession. They have dogmatized to me about science and the laws of Nature, although not one of them could tell me anything positive about the life of man, whether in the state of *ovum*, of embryo, of infant, of adult, or of corpse. The most candid medical authorities have always frankly confessed that the human being is a puzzle as yet unsolved and medicine "scientific guess-work." Has ever yet a surgeon, as he stood beside a subject on the dissecting table of the amphitheatre, dared to tell his class that he knew what life is, or that his scalpel could cut away any integumental veil so as to lay bare the mystery? Did any modern botanist ever venture to explain that tremendous secret law which makes every seed produce the plant or tree of its own kind?

Mr. Huxley and his fellow-biologists have shown us protoplasm—the gelatinous substance which forms the physical basis of life—and told us that it is substantially identical in composition in plant and animal. But they can go no farther than the microscope and spectroscope will carry them. Do you doubt me? Then hear the mortifying confession of Professor Huxley himself. “In perfect strictness,” he says, “it is true that we know nothing about the composition of any body whatever, as it is!” And yet what scientist is there who has dogmatized more about the limitations of scientific inquiry? Do you think that, because the chemists can dissolve for you the human body into its elementary gases and ashes, until what was once a tall man can be put into an empty cigar-box and a large bottle, they can help you any better to understand what that living man really was? Ask them—I am willing to let the case rest upon their own unchallenged evidence.

Science? Pshaw! What is there worthy to bear that imperial name so long as its most noisy representatives cannot tell us the least part of the mystery of man or of the nature which environs him? Let science explain to us how the smallest blade of grass grows, or bridge over the “abyss” which Father Felix, the great French Catholic orator, tauntingly told the Academy, existed for it in a grain of sand, and then dogmatize as much as it likes about the *laws of Nature!* In common with all heretics, I hate this presumptuous pre-

tence ; and as one who, having studied psychology nearly thirty years, has some right to be heard, I protest against, and utterly repudiate, the least claim of our modern science to know all the laws of Nature, and to say what is, or what is not, possible. As for the opinions of non-scientific critics, who never informed themselves practically about even one law of Nature, they are not worth even listening to. And yet what a clamour they make, to be sure ; how the public ear has been assailed by the din of these ignorant and conceited criticasters ! It is like being among a crowd of stock-brokers on the Exchange. Every one of the authorities is dogmatizing in his most vociferous and impressive manner. One would think to read and hear what all these priests, editors, authors, deacons, elders, civil and military servants, lawyers, merchants, vestrymen, and old women, and their followers, admirers, and echoing toadies have to say—that the laws of Nature were as familiar to them as the alphabet, and that every one carried in his pocket the combination key to the Chubb lock of the Universe ! If these people only realized how foolish they really are in rushing in

“ . . . where angels fear to tread,”

they might somewhat abate their pretences. And if common sense were as plentiful as conceit, a lecture upon the Occult Sciences would be listened to with a more humble spirit than, I am afraid, can be counted upon in our days.

I have tried, by simply calling your attention to the confessed ignorance of our modern scientists of the nature of life, to show you that in fact all visible phenomena are occult or hidden from the average inquirer. The term *occult* has been given to the sciences relating to the mystical side of nature—the department of force or spirit. Open any book on science, or listen to any lecture or address by a modern authority, and you will see that modern science limits its inquiry to the visible material or physical universe. The combinations and correlations of matter, under the impulse of hidden forces, are what it studies. To facilitate this line of inquiry, mechanical ingenuity has lent the most marvellous assistance. The microscope has now been perfected so as to reveal the tiniest object in the tiny world of a drop of dew; the telescope brings into its field and focus glittering constellations that, as Moore poetically says—

“ stand
Like winking sentinels upon the veil
Beyond which Chaos dwells ;”

the chemist's balances will weigh matter to the ten-thousandth part of a grain; by the spectroscope the composition of all things on earth and suns and stars is claimed to be demonstrable in the lines they make across the spectrum; substances hitherto supposed to be elements are now proved to be compounds, and what we had imagined to be compounds are found to be elements. Inch by inch, step by step, physical science has marched, from its old

prison in the dungeon of the Church towards its desired goal—the verge of physical nature. It would not be too much to admit that the verge has been almost reached, but that Edison's recent discoveries of the telephone, the phonograph, and the electric light, and Crookes's of the existence and properties of radiant matter, seem to have pushed farther away the chasm that separates the confessedly knowable from the fancied unknowable. The recent advances of physical science tend to mitigate somewhat the pride of our scientists. It is as though whole domains, previously undreamt of, were suddenly exposed to view as each new eminence of knowledge is gained; just as the traveller sees long reaches of country to be traversed upon climbing to the crest of the mountain that had been shutting him in within a narrow horizon. The fact is that whether regarded from her physical or dynamical side, Nature is a book with an endless variety of subjects to be studied and mysteries to be unravelled. And, as regards science, there is a thousand times more that is occult than familiar and easy to understand.

The realization of this fact, both as the result of personal inquiry and of conversation with the learned, was one chief cause of the foundation of the Theosophical Society.

Now, it must be agreed that while the first necessity for the candid student is to discover the depth and immensity of his own ignorance, the next is to find out where and how that ignorance

may be dispelled. We must first fit ourselves to become pupils and then look about for a teacher. Where, in what part of the world, can there be found men capable of teaching us a part of the mystery hidden behind the mask of the world of matter? Who holds the secret of life? Who knows what force is, and what causes it to bring around its countless, eternal correlations with the molecules of matter? What adept can unriddle for us the problem how worlds are built and why? Can any one tell us whence man came, whither he goes, what he is? What is the secret of birth, of sleep, of thought, of memory, of death? What is that eternal, self-existent principle by common consent believed to be the source of everything visible and invisible, and with which man claims kinship? We little modern people have been going about in search after this teacher, with our toy lanterns in our hands, as though it were night instead of bright day. The light of truth shines all the while, but we, being blind, cannot see it. Does a new authority proclaim himself, we run from all sides, but only see a common man with bandaged eyes, holding a pretty banner and blowing his own trumpet. "Come," he cries, "come, good people, and listen to one who knows the laws of Nature. Follow my lead, join my school, enter my church, buy my nostrum, and you will be wise in this world, and happy hereafter!" How many of these pretenders there have been, how they have imposed for a while upon the world, what mean-

nesses and cruelties their devotees have done in their behalf, and how their shams and humbugs have ultimately been exposed, the pages of history show. There is but *one* truth, and that is to be sought for in the mystical world of man's interior nature; theosophically, and by the help of the "Occult Sciences."

If history has preserved for us the record of multitudinous failures of materialists to read the secret laws of Nature, it has also kept for our instruction the stories of many successes gained by Theosophists in this direction. There is no impenetrable mystery in Nature to the student who knows how to interrogate her. If physical facts can be observed by the eye of the body, so can spiritual laws be discovered by that interior perception of ours which we call the eye of the spirit. This perceptive power inheres in the nature of man; it is the godlike quality which makes him superior to brutes. What we call seers and prophets, what the Buddhists know as *arahats* and the Aryans as true *sanyasis*, are only men who have emancipated their interior selves from physical bondage by meditation in secluded spots where the foulness of average humanity could not taint them, and where they were nearest to the threshold of Nature's temple; and by the gradual and persistent conquest of brutal desire after desire, taste after taste, weakness after weakness, sense after sense, have moved forward to the ultimate victory of spirit. Jesus is said to have gone thus apart to be tempted; so did

Mahomet, who spent one day in every month alone in a mountain cave ; so did Zoroaster, who emerged from the seclusion of his mountain retreat only at the age of forty ; so did Buddha, whose knowledge of the cause of pain, and discovery of the path to *Nirvana*, was obtained by solitary self-struggles in desert places. Turn over the leaves of the book of records, and you will find that every man who really did penetrate the mysteries of life and death got the truth in solitude and in a mighty travail of body and spirit. These were all Theosophists—that is, original searchers after spiritual knowledge. What they did, what they achieved, any other man of equal qualities may attain to. And this is the lesson taught by the Theosophical Society. As they wrested her secrets from the bosom of Nature, so would we. Buddha said we should believe nothing upon authority, not even his own ; but because our reason told us the assertion was true. He began by striding over even the sacred Vedas because they were used to prevent original theosophical research ; castes he brushed aside as selfish monopolies. His desire was to fling wide open every door to the sanctuary of Truth. We organized our Society—as the very first section of our original bye-laws expresses it—“ for the discovery of all the laws of Nature and the dissemination of the knowledge of the same.” The known laws of Nature why should we busy ourselves with ? The unknown or occult ones were to be our special province of research. No one in

America, none in Europe, now living, could help us, except in special branches, such as magnetism, crystal-reading, psychometry, and those most striking phenomena of so-called mediumship, grouped together under the generic name of modern spiritualism. Though the Vedas, the Puranas, the Zend Avesta, the Koran, and the Bible, teemed with allusions to the sayings and doings of wonder-working Theosophists, we were told by every one that the power had long since died out, and the adepts vanished from the sight of men. At the mere mention of occult science, the modern biologist curled his lip in fine scorn, and the lay fool gave way to senseless witticisms.

It was a discouraging prospect, certainly; but in this, as in every other instance, the difficulties were more imaginary than real. We had a clue given us to the right road by one who had spent a long lifetime in travel, who had found the science to be still extant, with its proficient and masters still practising it as in ancient days. The tidings were most encouraging, as are those of help or succour to a party of castaways on an unfriendly shore. We learnt to recognize the supreme value of the discoveries of Paracelsus, of Mesmer, and of Baron von Reichenbach, as the stepping-stones to the higher branches of occultism. We turned again to study them, and the more we studied the clearer insight did we get into the meaning of Asiatic myth and fable, and the real object and methods of the ascetic Theosophists of all ages. The words "body,"

"soul," "spirit," *Mekha* and *Nirvana*, acquired each a definite and comprehensible meaning. We could understand what the Yogi wished to express by his uniting himself with Brahma, and becoming Brahma; why the biographer of Jesus made him say, "I and the Father are one;" how Sankaracharya and others could display such phenomenal learning without having studied it in books; whence Zaratusht acquired his profound spiritual illumination; and how the Lord Sakya Muni, though but a man "born in the purple," might nevertheless become all-wise and all-powerful. Would any hearer learn this secret? Let him study mesmerism, and master its methods until he can plunge his subject into so deep a sleep that the body is made to seem dead, and the freed soul can be sent whithersoever he wills, about the earth or among the stars. Then he will see the separate reality of the body and its dweller. Or, let him read Professor Denton's "Soul of Things," and test the boundless resources of psychometry; a strange yet simple science which enables us to trace back through ages the history of any substance held in the sensitive psychometer's hand. Thus a fragment of stone from Cicero's house, or from the Egyptian pyramids; a bit of cloth from a mummy's shroud; or a faded parchment, letter, or painting; or some garment or other article worn by a historic personage; or a fragment of an acrolite—give to the psychometer impressions, sometimes amounting to visions surpassingly vivid, of the building, monument, mummy,

writer or painter, of the long-dead personage, or of the meteoric orbit from which the last-named object fell. This splendid science, for whose discovery, in 1840, the world is indebted to Professor Joseph R. Buchanan, now a Fellow of our Society, has but just begun to show its capabilities. But already it has shown us that in the *Akasa*, or Ether of science, are preserved the records of every human experience, deed and word. No matter how long forgotten and gone by, they are still a record, and, according to Buchanan's estimate, about four out of every ten persons have in greater or less degree the psychometrical power which can read those imperishable pages of the Book of Life. Taken by itself, either mesmerism, or psychometry, or Baron Reichenbach's theory of Odyle, or Odic force, is sufficiently wonderful. In mesmerism a sensitive subject is put by magnetism into the magnetic sleep, during which the body is insensible to pain, noise, or any other disturbing influence. The psychometer, on the contrary, does not sleep, but only sits or lies passively, holds the letter, fragment of stone or other object, in the hand or against the centre of the forehead, and, without knowing at all what it is or whence it came, describes what he or she feels or sees. Of the two methods of looking into the invisible world, psychometry is preferable, for it is not attended with those risks of the magnetic slumber, which may arise from inexperience in the operator, or from low physical vitality in the somnambule. Baron Dupotet, M.

Cahagnet, Professor William Gregory, and other authorities, tell us of instances of the latter sort, in which the sleeper was with difficulty brought back to earthly consciousness, so transcendently beautiful were the scenes that broke upon his spiritual vision. Reichenbach's discovery—the result of several years' experimental research, with the most expensive apparatus and a great variety of subjects, by one of the most eminent chemists and physicists of modern times—was this. A hitherto unsuspected force exists in Nature, having, like electricity and magnetism, its positive and negative poles. It pervades everything in the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms. Our earth is charged with it; it is in the stars; and there is a close interchange of polar influences between us and all the heavenly bodies. Here I hold in my hand a specimen of quartz crystal, sent me from the Gastein Mountains, by the Baroness von Vay. Before Reichenbach's discovery of the Odic force—as he terms it—this would have had no special interest to the geologist, except as a curious example of imperfect crystallization. But now it has a definite value beyond this. If I pass the apex, or positive pole, over the wrist and palm of a sensitive person—thus—he will feel a sensation of warmth or cold, or the blowing of a thin, *very* thin pencil of air over the skin. Some feel one thing, some another, according to the Odic condition of their own bodies. Speaking of this latter phenomenon—viz., that the Odic polaric condition of our bodies is peculiar

to ourselves, different from the bodies of each other, different in the right and left sides, and different at night and morning in the same body—let me ask you whether a phenomenon long noticed, supposed by the ignorant to be miraculous, and yet constantly denied by those who never saw it, may not be classed as a purely Odic one. I refer to the levitation of ascetics and saints, the rising into the air of their bodies, at moments when they were deeply entranced. Baron Reichenbach found that the Odic sensibility of his best patients greatly varied in health and disease. Professor Perty of Geneva, and Dr. Justinus Körner tell us that the bodies of certain hysterical patients rose into the air without visible cause, and floated as light as a feather. During the Salem witchcraft horrors, one of the subjects, Margaret Rule, was similarly levitated. Mr. William Crookes recently published a list of no less than forty Catholic ecstasies whose levitation is regarded as proof of their peculiar sanctity. Now, I myself, in common with many other modern observers of psychological phenomena, have seen a person in the full enjoyment of consciousness raised into the air by a mere exercise of the will. This person was an Asiatic by birth, had studied occult sciences in Asia, and explains the remarkable phenomena as a simple example of change of corporeal polarity. You all know the electrical law that oppositely electrified bodies attract, and similarly electrified ones repel each other. We say that we stand upon

the earth because of the force of gravitation, without stopping to think how much of the explanation is a mere patter of words conveying no accurate idea to the mind. Suppose we say that we cling to the earth's surface, because the polarity of our body is opposed to the polarity of the spot of earth upon which we stand. That would be scientifically correct. But how, if our polarity is reversed, whether by disease, or the mesmeric passes of a powerful magnetiser, or the constant effort of a trained self-will? To classify, let one imagine oneself either a hysteric patient, an ecstatic, a somnambule, or an adept in Asiatic occult science. In either case, if the polarity of the body should be changed to its opposite polarity, and so our electrical, magnetic, or Odic state be made identical with that of the ground beneath us, the long-known electropolaric law would assert itself, and our body would rise into the air. It would float as long as these mutual polaric differences continued, and rise to a height exactly proportionate to their intensity. So much of light is let into the old domain of Church "miracles" by mesmerism and the Od discovery.

But our mountain crystal has another and far more striking peculiarity than mere Odic polarity. It is nothing apparently but a poor lump of glass, and yet in its heart can be seen strange mysteries. There are doubtless a score of persons in this great audience who, if they would sit in an easy posture and a quiet place, and gaze into my crystal for a few minutes, would see and describe to me pictures

of people, scenes and places in different countries, as well as their own beautiful Ceylon. I gave the crystal into the hand of a lady who is a natural clairvoyant, just after I had received it from Hungary. "I see," she said, "a large, handsome room in what appears to be a castle. Through an open window can be seen a small park, with smooth, broad walks, trimmed lawns, and trees. A noble-looking lady stands at a marble-topped table doing up something into a parcel. A man-servant in rich livery stands as though waiting for his mistress's orders. It is this crystal that she is doing up, and she puts it into a brown box, something like a small musical-box." The clairvoyant knew nothing about the crystal, but she had given an accurate description of the sender, of her residence, and of the box in which the crystal came to me.

Reichenbach's careful investigations prove that minerals have each their own peculiar Odic polarity, and this lets us into an understanding of much that the Asiatic people have said about the magical properties of gems. You have all heard of the regard in which the sapphire has ever been held for its supposed magical property to assist somnambulist vision. "The sapphire," according to a Buddhist writer, "will open barred doors and dwellings (for the spirit of man); it produces a desire for prayer, and brings with it more peace than any other gem; but he who would wear it must lead a pure and holy life."

Now, a series of investigations by Amoretti into

the electrical polarity of precious stones (which we find reported in Kieser's *Archia*, vol. iv., p. 62) resulted in proving that the diamond, the garnet, the amethyst, are — E., while the sapphire is + E. Orpheus tells how by means of a load-stone a whole audience may be affected. Pythagoras, whose knowledge was derived from India, pays a particular attention to the colour and nature of precious stones; and Apollonius of Tyana, one of the purest and grandest men who ever lived, accurately taught his disciples the various occult properties of gems.

Thus does scientific inquiry, agreeing with the researches of the greatest philosophers, the experiences of religious ecstasies, continually—though, as a rule, unintentionally—give us a solid basis for studying occultism. The more of physical phenomena we observe and classify, the more is the student of occult sciences and of the ancient Asiatic sciences, philosophies and religions helped. We modern Europeans have been so blinded by the fumes of our own conceit that we have not been able to look beyond our noses. We have been boasting of our glorious enlightenment, of our scientific discoveries, of our civilization, of our superiority to everybody with a dark skin, and to every nation east of the Volga and the Red Sea, or south of the Mediterranean, until we have come almost to believe that the world was built for the Anglo-Saxon race, and the stars hung in the firmament to make our bit of sky

pretty. We have even manufactured, out of Asiatic materials, a religion to suit ourselves, and think it better than any religion ever heard of before. It is time this childish vanity were done away with. It is time that we should try to discover the sources of modern ideas, and compare what we think we know of the laws of Nature with what the Asiatic people really did know thousands of years before Europe was inhabited by our barbarian ancestors, or an European foot was set upon the American continent. The crucibles of science are heated red-hot, and we are melting in them everything out of which we think we can get a fact. Suppose that, for a change, we approach the Eastern people in a less presumptuous spirit, and honestly confessing that we know nothing at all of the beginning or end of natural law, ask them to help us to find out what their forefathers knew. This has been the policy of the Theosophical Society, and it has yielded valuable results already. Depend upon it there are still "wise men in the East," and the occult sciences are better worth studying than has hitherto been popularly supposed.

SPIRITUALISM AND THEOSOPHY.*

THIRTEEN years ago, one of the most eminent of modern American jurists — Chief Justice Edmonds, of the Supreme Court of New York—declared in a London magazine that there were then at least ten millions of Spiritualists in the United States. No man was so well qualified at that time to express an opinion upon this subject, for not only was he in correspondence with persons in all parts of the country, but the noble virtue of the man, as well as his learning, his judicial impartiality and conservatism, made him a most competent and convincing witness. And another authority, a publicist of equally unblemished private and public reputation—the Hon. Robert Dale Owen—while endorsing Judge Edmonds's estimate, adds † that there are at least an equal number in the rest of Christendom. To avoid chance of exaggeration, he, however, deducts one-fourth from both calculations, and (in 1874) writes the sum-total of so-called Spiritualists at fifteen millions. But whatever the aggre-

* A Lecture delivered at the Rooms of the United Service Institution of India, Simla, 7th October, 1880.

† *The Debatable Land between this World and the Next*, London, 1874, p. 174.

gate of believers in the alleged present open intercourse between the worlds of substance and shadow, it is a known fact that the number embraces some of the most acute intellects of our day. It is no question now of the self-deceptions of boors and of hysterical chambermaids that we have to deal with. Those who would deny the reality of these contemporary phenomena must confront a multitude of our most capable men of science, who have exhausted the resources of their profession to determine the nature of the force at work, and been baffled at seeking any other explanation than the one of trans-sepulchral agency of some kind or other. Beginning with Robert Hare, the inventor of the oxy-hydrogen blow-pipe and the Nestor of American Chemistry, and ending with Herr Zöllner, Professor of Physical Astronomy in Leipzig University, the list of these converted experimentalists includes a succession of adepts of physical science of the highest professional rank. Each of them—except, perhaps, Zöllner, who wished to verify his theory of a fourth dimension of space—began the task of investigation with the avowed purpose of exposing the alleged fraud, in the interests of public morals; and each was transformed by the irresistible logic of facts into an avowed believer in the reality of mediumist phenomena.

The apparatuses devised by these men of science to test the mediumist power have been in the highest degree ingenious. They have been of four

different kinds—(a) machines to determine whether electrical or magnetic currents were operating ; (b) whether the movement of heavy articles, such as tables touched by the medium, was caused by either conscious or unconscious muscular contraction ; (c) whether intelligent communications may be received by a sitter under circumstances precluding any possible trickery by the medium ; and (d) what are the conditions for the manifestation of this new form of energy and the extreme limitations of its action? Of course, in an hour's lecture, I could not describe a tenth part of these machines, but I may take two as illustrating two of the above-named branches of research. The first will be found described in Professor Hare's work. The medium and inquirer sit facing each other, the medium's hands resting upon a bit of board so long and adjusted that whether he presses on the board or not, he merely moves that and nothing else. In front of the visitor is a dial, like a clock-face, around which are arranged the letters of the alphabet, the ten numerals, the words "Yes," "No," "Doubtful," and perhaps others. A pointer or hand connected with a lever, the other end of which is so placed as to receive any current flowing through the medium's system, but not to be affected by any mechanical pressure he may exert upon the hand-rest, travels around the dial and indicates the letters or words the communicating intelligence wishes to be noted down. The back of the dial being towards the medium, the latter, of

course, cannot see what the pointer is doing, and if the inquirer conceals the paper on which he is noting down the communication, cannot have even a suspicion of what is being said.

The other contrivance is described and illustrated in the monograph entitled, *Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism*, by Mr. William Crookes, F.R.S., editor of the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, and one of the most successful experimental chemists of our day. A mahogany board, 36 inches long by 9½ inches wide, and one inch thick, rests at one end upon a table, upon a strip cut to a knife edge; at the other end it is suspended by a spring-balance, fitted with an automatic registering apparatus, and hung from a firm tripod. On the table end of the board, and directly over the fulcrum, is placed a large vessel filled with water. In this water dips, to the depth of 1½ inches from the surface, a copper vessel, with bottom perforated so as to let the water enter it; which copper vessel is supported by a fixed iron ring, attached to an iron stand that rests on the floor. The medium is to dip his hands in the water in the copper vessel, and as this is solidly supported by its own stand and ring, and nowhere touches the glass vessel holding the water, you see that, should there occur any depression of the pointer on the spring-balance at the extreme end of the board, it unmistakably indicates that a current of force weighable in foot pounds is passing through the medium's body.

Well, both Dr. Hare with his apparatus, and Mr. Crookes with his, obtained the desired proof that certain phenomena of mediumship do occur without the interference, either honest or dishonest, of the medium. To the power thus manifested, Mr. Crookes, upon the suggestion of the late Serjeant Cox, gave the appropriate name of Psychic Force, and as such it will hereafter be designated in this lecture.

I mention these two mechanical contrivances merely to show those who, perhaps, have never inquired into the matter, but have nevertheless fallen into the common error of thinking the phenomena to be all deceptions, that the utmost pains have been taken by the cleverest scientists to guard against the possibility of fraud in the course of their experiments. If ever there was a fact of science proved, it is that a new and most mysterious force of *some* kind has been manifesting itself since March, 1848, when this mighty modern epiphany was ushered in, with a shower of raps, at an obscure hamlet in New York State. Beginning with these percussive sounds, it has since displayed its energy in a hundred different phenomena, each inexplicable upon any known hypothesis of science, and in almost, if not quite, every country of the globe. To advocate its study, expound its laws, and disseminate its intelligent manifestations, hundreds of journals and books have from time to time been published in different languages; the movement has its schools and churches or meeting-halls, its

preachers and teachers; and a body of men and women, numbering thousands at the least, are devoting their whole time and vital strength to the profession of mediumship. These sensitives, or "psychics," are to be found in every walk of life, in the palaces of royalty as well as the labourer's cottage, and their psychical or mediumist gifts are as various as their individualities.

What has caused this world-wide expansion of the new movement, and reconciled the public to such a vast sacrifice of comfort, time, money and social consequence? What has spurred on so many of the most intelligent people of all lands, sects and races, to continue investigating? What has kept the faith alive in so many millions, despite a multitude of sickening exposures of the rascality of mediums, of the demoralizing tendency of ill-regulated mediumship, and the average puerility and frequent mendaciousness of the communications received? This: that a hope has sprung up in the human breast that at last man may have experimental proof of his survival after bodily death, and a glimpse, if not a full revelation, of his future destiny. All these millions cling, like the drowning man to his plank, to the one hope that the old, old questions of the what? the whence? the whither? will now be solved, once and for all. Glance through the literature of Spiritualism and you will see what joy, what consolation, what perfect rest and courage, these weird, often exasperating phenomena of the seance-

room have imparted. Tears have ceased to flow from myriad eyes when the dead are laid away out of sight, and broken ties of love and friendship are no longer regarded by these believers as snapped for ever. The tempest no longer affrights as it did, and the terrors of battle and pestilence have lost their greatest power for the modern Spiritualist. The supposed intercourse with the dead and their messages have sapped the infallible authority of dogmatic theology. The Spiritualist, with the eye of his new faith, now sees the dim outlines of a summer land where we live and are occupied much as upon earth. The tomb, instead of seeming the mouth of a void of darkness, has come to look merely like a sombre gateway to a country of sunlight brightness and never-ending progression towards the crowning state of perfectibility. Nay, so definite have become the fancy pictures of this summer land, one constantly reads of baby-children, growing in spirit life to be adults; of colleges and academies for mortal guidance, presided over by the world's departed sages; and even of nuptial unions between living men or women and the denizens of the spirit world! A case in point is that of the Rev. Thomas Lake Harris, founder of the socialist community on Lake Erie, who declares himself duly married to a female spirit, and that a child has blessed their union! Another case is that of the marriage of two spirits in presence of mortal witnesses, by a living clergyman, which was reported last year in the *Spiritualist*

papers. A Mr. Pierce, son of an ex-President of the United States and long since dead, is said to have "materialized"—that is, made for himself a visible, tangible body, at the house of a certain American medium, and been married by a minister summoned for the occasion, to a lady spirit who died at the very tender age of seven months, and who, now grown into a blooming psychic lass, was also materialized for the ceremony! The vows exchanged and the blessings given, the happy couple sat at table with invited friends, and, after drinking a toast or two, vanished—dress-coat, white gloves, satin, lace and all—into thin air! This you will call the tomfoolery of Spiritualism, and you will be right; but, nevertheless, it serves to show how clear and definite, not to say brutally materialist, are the views of the other world order which have replaced the old, vague dread that weighed us down with gloomy doubts. Up to a certain point, this state of mind is a decided gain, but I am sorry to say Spiritualists have passed that and become dogmatists. Little by little a body of enthusiasts is forming, who would throw a halo of sanctity around the medium, and, by doing away with test conditions, invite to the perpetration of gross frauds. Mediums actually caught red-handed in trickery, with their paraphernalia of traps, false panels, wigs and puppets about them, have been able to make their dupes regard them as martyrs to the rage of sceptics, and the damning proofs of their guilt as having been secretly supplied by the un-

believers themselves to strike a blow at their holy cause! The voracious credulity of a large body of Spiritualists has begotten nine-tenths of the dishonest tricks of mediums. As Mr. Crookes truly observed, in his preliminary article in the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, "In the countless number of recorded observations I have read, there appear to be few instances of meetings held for the express purpose of getting the phenomena under test conditions." Still, though this is true, it is also most certain that within the past thirty-two years inquirers into the phenomena have been vouchsafed thousands upon thousands of proofs that they occur under conditions quite independent of the physical agency of the persons present, and that intelligence, sometimes of a striking character, is displayed in the control of the occult force or forces producing the phenomena. It is this great reserve of test fact upon which rests, like a rock upon its base, the invincible faith of the millions of Spiritualists. This body of individual experiences is the rampart behind which they entrench themselves whenever the outside world of sceptics looks to see the whole "delusion" crumble under the assault of some new *bona* critic, or the shame of the latest exposure of false mediumship or tricking mediums. It ought by this time to have been discovered that it is worse than useless to try to ridicule away the actual evidence of one's senses, or to make a man who has seen a heavy weight self-lifted and suspended in air, or writing done without contact, or

a human form melt before his eyes, believe any theory that all mediumist phenomena are due to "muscular contraction," "expectant attention," or "unconscious cerebration." It is because of their attempts to do this that men of science, as a body, are regarded with such compassionate scorn by the experienced psychologist. Mr. Wallace tells us that, after making careful inquiry, he has never found one man who, after having acquired a good personal knowledge of the chief phases of the phenomena, has afterwards come to disbelieve in their reality. And this is my own experience also. Some have ceased to be "Spiritualists" and turned Catholics, but they have never doubted the reality of the phenomena. It will be a happy day, a day to be hailed with joy by every lover of true science, when our modern professors shall rid themselves of the conceited idea that knowledge was born in our days, and question in a humble spirit the records of archaic science.

We have seen that the existence of a force-current has been proved by the experiments of Dr. Hare and Mr. Crookes; so we need trouble ourselves no further with the many crude conjectures about table-moving, chair-lifting, and the raps, being the result of the muscular energy of the medium or the visitor, but pass on to notice some of the forms in which this force has displayed its dynamic energies. These may be separated into phenomena indicating intelligence and conveying information, and purely physical manifestations of energy. Of the former

class the one demanding first place is the so-called "spirit-rap." By these simple signals the whole modern movement called Spiritualism was ushered in. These audible concussions vary in degree from the sound of a pin-head ticking to that of blows by a hammer or bludgeon powerful enough to shatter a mahogany table. The current of psychic force producing them seems to depend upon the state of the medium's system, in combination with the electric and hygrometric condition of the atmosphere. Should either of these be unpropitious, the raps, if heard at all, are faint; with both in harmony, they are loudest and most persistent. Of themselves these rapping phenomena are sufficiently wonderful; but they become a hundred-fold more so when we find that through them communications can be obtained from intelligences claiming to be our dead friends; communications which often disclose secrets known to no other person present except the inquirer; and even, in rare cases, giving out facts which no one then in the room was aware of, and which had to be verified later by consulting old records or distant witnesses. A more beautiful form of the rap is the sound of music, as of a cut-glass vessel struck, or a silver bell, heard either under the medium's hand or in the air. Such a phenomenon has been often noticed by the Rev. Stainton Moses, of University College, London, in his own house; and Mr. Alfred R. Wallace describes it as occurring in the presence of Miss Nichol, now Mrs. Volckmann, at Mr. Wallace's own house. An empty

wine-glass was put upon a table and held by Miss Nichol and a Mr. Humphrey, to prevent any vibration. Mr. Wallace tells us that, "after a short interval of silence an exquisitely delicate sound, as of tapping a glass, was heard, which increased to clear silvery notes like the tinkling of a glass bell. These continued in varying degrees for some minutes," &c. Again, Mr. Wallace says that when a German lady sang some of her national songs, "most delicate music, like a fairy music-box, accompanied her throughout. . . . This was in the dark, but hands were joined all the time." Several persons in the present audience have been permitted by Madame Blavatsky to hear these dulcet fairy-bells tinkle since she came to Simla. But they have heard them in full light, without any joining of hands, and in whatsoever place she chose to order them. The phenomenon is the same as that of Miss Nichol, but the conditions are very different; and of that I shall have something to say further on.

Mr. Crookes found the force-current extremely variable in the same medium on different days, and on the same day, from minute to minute, its flow was highly erratic. In his book he gives a number of cuts to illustrate these variations, as well as of the ingenious apparatus he employed to detect them.

Among many thousands of communications from the alleged spirits that have been given to the public, and for the most part containing only trivial

messages about family or other personal affairs, the details of which were at least known to the inquirers, and which might be attributed to thought-reading, we occasionally come across some that need other explanation. I refer to those in which the particulars mentioned are unknown to any one present at the sitting. Mr. Stainton Moses records one such—a case in which a message was given in London, purporting to come from an old man who had been a soldier in America, in the war of 1812, and to have died there. No one in London had ever heard of such a person; but upon causing a search to be made in the records of the American War Department at Washington, the man's name was found, and full corroborative proofs of the London message were obtained. Not having access to books here, I am obliged to quote from memory, but I think you will find my facts essentially correct. In another case, vouched for by Mr. J. M. Peebles, that gentleman received, either in America or at least far away from England, a message from an alleged spirit who said he lived and died at York, and that if Mr. Peebles would search the records of that ancient city, the spirit's statements would be found strictly true. In process of time he did visit York and searched old birth and burial registers, and there, sure enough, he found just the data he had been promised.

Besides communicating by the raps, the alleged spirits have employed many other devices to

impart intelligence to the living. Such, among others, is the independent writing of messages upon paper laid on the floor under a table or in a closed drawer, between the leaves of a closed book, or on the ceiling or walls, or one's linen; there being in none of these cases any human hand near. All these phenomena I have seen in full light, and under circumstances where trickery or deception was impossible. I have also had satisfactory experience of the rare mediumist powers of Dr. Henry Slade, who, you recollect, was arrested on a trumped-up charge of dishonesty in London, but afterwards gave Zöllner and his brother *sarants* of Leipzig, Aksakof, Boutlerof and Wagner, of St. Petersburg, and the Grand Duke Constantine, a series of most complete tests. It was Madame Blavatsky and myself who sent Dr. Slade from America to Europe in 1876. A very high personage having ordered a scientific investigation of Spiritualism, the Professors of the Imperial University of St. Petersburg organized an experimental Committee, and we two were specially requested by this Committee to select, out of the best American mediums, one whom we could recommend for the test. After much investigation we chose Dr. Slade, and the necessary funds for his expenses having been remitted to me, he was in due time sent abroad. Before I would recommend him I exacted the condition that he should place himself in the hands of a Committee of the Theosophical Society for testing. I purposely selected as members of that Com-

mittee men who were either pronounced sceptics or quite unacquainted with spiritualist phenomena. Slade was tested thoroughly for several weeks, and when the Committee's report* was finally made, the following facts were certified as having occurred. Messages were written inside double slates, sometimes tied and sealed together, while they either lay upon the table in full view of all, or were laid upon the heads of members of the Committee, or held flat against the under surface of the table-top, or in a Committee-man's hand, without the medium touching it. We also saw detached hands—that is, hands that floated or darted through the air, and had no arm or body attached to them. These hands would clutch at our watch-chains, grasp our limbs, touch our hands, take the slates or other objects from us under the table, remove our handkerchiefs from our coat-pockets, &c. And all this, remember, in the light, where every movement of the medium could be as plainly seen as one that any present hearer might make now.

Another form of signalling is the compulsory writing of messages by a medium whose arm and hand are controlled against his volition by some invisible power. Not only thousands, but lakhs of pages have been written in this way ; some of the

* A minority report was made by a single person ; but his pretended explanations were so transparently absurd and unfair that he failed to convince any of his colleagues—even an intimate friend, a materialist.

subject-matter occasionally worth keeping, but the most part valueless. Another method is the impression, by the unseen intelligence upon the sensitive brain of a medium, of ideas and words outside his own knowledge, such as foreign languages, names of deceased persons, the circumstances of their death, requests as to the disposal of property, directions for the recovery of lost documents or valuables, information about murders or distant tragedies, of which they were the victims, diagnoses of hidden diseases and suggestions for remedies, &c. You will find many examples of each of these groups of phenomena on record and well attested.

A very interesting anecdote is related in Mr. Dale Owen's *Debatable Land*, about the identification of an old spinet, purchased at a Paris *bric-à-brac* shop, by the grandson of the famous composer, Bach. The details are very curious, and you will do well to read them, though lack of time prevents my entering more at length into the subject at present.

But, of all forms of intelligent communication from the other world to ours, none is to be compared for startling realism with that of the audible voice. I have heard these voices of every volume, from the faintest whisper close to the ear, sounding like the sigh of a zephyr through the trees, to the stentorian roar that would well-nigh shake the room and might have been heard far away from the house. I have heard them speak to

me through paper tubes, through metal trumpets, through empty space. And in the case of the world-famous medium, William Eddy, the voices spoke in four languages, of which the medium knew not a word. Of the Eddy phenomena, however, I shall have more to say presently.

One of the prettiest—I should say the most charming of all, but for the recollection of the fairy-like music—of mediumist phenomena is the bringing of fresh, dew-begemmed flowers, plants and vines, and of living creatures such as birds, gold-fish and butterflies, into closed rooms while the medium was in no state to bring them herself. I have myself, in friends' houses, held the hands of a medium, whom I had first put into a bag that was fastened about her neck with a sealed drawing-string, and with no confederate in the house, have had the whole table covered with flowers and plants, and birds came fluttering into my lap, goodness knows whence. And this with every door and window fastened, and sealed with strips of paper so that no one could enter from the outside. These phenomena happened mostly in the dark, but once I saw a tree-branch brought in the day light. I was present once at a seance in America when a gentleman asked that the "spirits" might bring him a heather-plant from the Scottish moors, and suddenly a heather-plant, pulled up by the roots and with the fresh soil clinging to them, was dropped on the table directly in front of him.

A highly interesting example of the non-intelli-

gent class of phenomena came under my notice in the course of our search after a medium to send to Russia. A lady medium, a Mrs. Youngs, had a reputation for causing a pianoforte to rise from the floor and sway in time to her playing upon the instrument. Madame Blavatsky and myself went one evening to see her, and what happened was reported in the New York papers of the following day. As she sat at the piano playing, it certainly did tilt on the two outer legs—those farthest from her—and, with the other two raised six or eight inches from the ground, move in time to the music. Mrs. Youngs then went to one end of the piano, and, laying a single finger against the under side of the case, lifted the tremendous weight with the greatest ease. If any of you care to compute the volume of psychic force exerted, try to lift one end of a $7\frac{1}{2}$ octave piano six inches from the floor. To test the reality of this phenomenon I had brought with me a raw egg, which I held in the palm of my hand and pressed it lightly against the under side of the piano case at one end. I then caused the medium to lay the palm of one of her hands against the back of mine that held the egg, and told her to command the piano to rise. A moment's pause only ensued, when, to my surprise, our end of the piano did rise without so much pressure upon the egg as to break the shell. I think that this, as a test of the actuality of a psychic force, was almost as conclusive an experiment as the water-basin and spring-balance of Mr. Crookes. At least it was so to me;

for I can affirm that the medium did not press so much as an ounce weight against the back of my hand, and it is quite certain that but very few ounces of pressure would have broken the thin shell of the egg.

One of the most undeniable manifestations of independent force is the raising and moving of a heavy weight, without human contact. This, I, in common with many other investigators, have witnessed. Sitting at a table in the centre of my own lighted drawing-room, I have seen the piano raised and moved a foot away from the wall, and a heavy leathern arm-chair run from a distant corner towards and touch us, when no one was within a dozen feet of either. On another occasion my late friend and chemical teacher, Professor Mapes, a very corpulent person, and two other men, equally stout, were requested to seat themselves on a mahogany dining-table, and all were raised from the ground, the medium merely laying one hand on the top of the table. At Mrs. Youngs' house, on the evening before noticed, as many persons as could sit on the top of the piano were raised with the instrument while she was playing a waltz. The records are full of instances where rooms, or even whole houses, were caused by the occult force to shake and tremble as though a hurricane were blowing, though the air was quite still. And we have the testimony of Lords Lindsay, Adare, Dunraven, and other unimpeachable witnesses, to the fact of a medium's body having

floated around the room and sailed out of a window, seventy feet from the ground, and into another window. This was in an obscure light; but I have seen in the twilight a person raised out of her chair until her head was as high as the globes of the chandelier, and then gently lowered down again.

You see I am telling you stories so wonderful that it is impossible for any one to fully credit them without the corroboration of personal experience. Believe me, I would not tell them at all—for no man desires to have his word doubted—unless I knew perfectly well that such phenomena have been seen hundreds of times in nearly every land under the sun, and can be seen by anyone who will give time to the investigation. Despite my disclaimer, you may think I am taking it for granted that you are quite as well satisfied as myself of the reality of the mediumist phenomena; but I assure you that is not the case. I am always keeping in mind, that, no matter what respect an auditor may have for my integrity and my intelligence, no matter how plainly he may see that I can have no ulterior motive to deceive him—yet he *cannot* believe without having himself had the same demonstrative evidences. He will—because he must—reflect that such things as these are outside the usual experience of men; and that, as Hume puts it, it is more reasonable to believe any man a liar than that the even course of natural law should be disturbed. True, that assumes the

absurd premises that the average man knows what are the limitations of natural law; but we never consider our own opinions absurd, no matter how others may regard them. So knowing, as I have just remarked, that what I describe has been seen by thousands, and may be seen by thousands more at any time, I proceed with my narrative as one who tells the truth and fears no impeachment. It is a great wonder that which we are having shown us in our days, and, apart from the solemn interest which attaches to the problem whether or not the dead are communing with us, the scientific importance of these facts cannot be undervalued. From the first—that is to say, throughout my twenty-eight years of observations—I have pursued my inquiry in this spirit, believing it to be of prime importance to mankind to ascertain all that can be learnt about man's powers and the forces of nature about him.

I shall now relate briefly my adventures at the Eddy homestead, in Vermont. For some years previous to 1874, I had taken no active interest in mediumist phenomena. Nothing surpassingly novel had been reported as occurring, and the intelligence communicated through mediums was not usually instructive enough to induce one to leave his books and the company of their great authors. But in that year it was rumoured that at a remote village, in the valley of the Green Mountains, an illiterate farmer and his equally ignorant brother were being visited daily

by the "materialized" souls of the departed, who could be seen, heard, and, in cases, touched by any visitor. This tempting novelty I determined to witness; for it certainly transcended in interest and importance anything ever heard of in any age. Accordingly, in August of that year, I proceeded to Chittenden, the village in question, and, with a single brief intermission of ten days, remained there until the latter part of October. I hope you will believe that I adopted every possible precaution against being befooled by village trickery. The room of the ghosts was a large chamber occupying the whole upper floor of a two-storey wing of the house. It was perhaps twenty feet wide by forty long—I speak from memory. Below were two rooms, a kitchen and a pantry. The kitchen chimney was in the gable end, of course, and passed through the seance room to the roof. It projected into the room two feet, and at the right, between it and the side of the house, was a plastered closet, with a door next to the chimney. A window, two feet square, had been cut in the outer wall of the closet, to admit air. Running across this end of the large room was a narrow platform, raised about eighteen inches from the floor, with a step to mount by at the extreme left, and a hand-rail or baluster, along the front edge of the platform. Every evening, after the last meal, William Eddy, a stout-built, square-shouldered, hard-handed farmer, would go upstairs, hang a thick woollen shawl across the doorway, enter the closet and seat him-

self on a low chair that stood at the extreme end. The visitors, who sometimes numbered forty of an evening, were accommodated on benches placed within a few feet of the platform. Horatio Eddy sat on a chair in front, discoursed doleful music on a fiddle, and led the singing—if such it might be called, without causing Mozart to turn in his grave; a feeble light was given by a kerosene lamp, placed on the floor at the end of the room farthest from the platform, in an old drum from which both heads had been removed. Though the light was certainly very dim, yet it sufficed to enable us to see if anyone left his seat, and to distinguish through the gloom the height and costumes of the visitors from the other world. At a first sitting this was difficult, but practice soon accustomed one's eyes to the conditions.

After an interval of singing and fiddle-scraping, sometimes of five, sometimes of twenty or thirty minutes, we would see the shawl stirred; it would be pushed aside, and out upon the platform would step some figure. It might be a man, woman, or child, a decrepit veteran, or a babe carried in a woman's arms. The figure would have nothing at all of the supernatural or ghostly about it. A stranger entering at the other end of the room would simply fancy that a living mortal was standing there, ready to address an audience. Its dress would be the one it wore in life, its face, hands, feet, gestures, perfectly natural. Sometimes it would call the name of the living friend it had come to meet. If

it were strong, the voice would be of the natural tone ; if weak, the words came in faint whispers ; if still more feeble, there was no voice at all, but the figure would stand leaning against the chimney or hand-rail while the audience asked in turn—"Is it for me?" and it either bowed its head or caused raps to sound in the wall when the right one asked the question. Then the anxious visitor would lean forward and scan the figure's appearance in the dim light, and often we would hear the joyful cry, "Oh! mother, father, sister, brother, son, daughter," or what not, "I know you." Then the weird visitor would be seen to bow, or stretch out its hands, and then, seeming to gather the last strength that remained to it in its evanescent frame, glide into the closet again, and drop the shawl before the hungry gaze of the eyes that watched it. But sometimes the form would last much longer. Several times I saw come out of the closet an aged lady clad in the Quaker costume, with lawn cap and kerchief pinned across her bosom, grey dress and long housewifely apron, and calling her son to the platform seat herself in a chair beside him, and, after kissing him fondly, talk for some minutes with him in low tones about family matters. All the while she would be absently folding the hem of her apron into tucks and smoothing them out again, and so continuing the thing over and over just as—her son told me—she was in the habit of doing while alive. More than once, just as she was ready to disappear, this gentleman would take her arm in his, come to

the baluster, and say that he was requested by his old mother whom we saw there, although she had been dead many years, to certify that it was indeed she herself and no deception, and bid them realize that man lives beyond the grave, and so live here as to ensure their happiness then.

I will not attempt to give you, in these few minutes of our lecture, even the bare outline of my observations during those eventful weeks. Suffice it to say that I saw as many as seventeen of these *revenants* in a single evening, and that from first to last I saw about five hundred. There were a certain few figures that seemed especially attached to the medium's sphere or influence; but the rest were the appearances of friends of the strangers who daily flocked to the place from the most distant localities—some as far away as 2,000 miles. There were Americans and Europeans, Africans and Asiatics, Red Indians of our prairies and white people, each wearing his familiar dress, and some even carrying their familiar weapons. One evening the figure of a Kurd, a man whom Madame Blavatsky had known in Kurdistan, stepped from the closet, clad in his tall cap, high boots, and picturesque clothes. In the shawl twisted about his waist were thrust a curved sword and other small arms. His hands were empty, but, after salaaming my friend in the native fashion, lo! his right hand held a twelve foot spear which bore below the steel head a tuft of feathers. Now, supposing this former medium to have been ever so much a cheat, whence

in that secluded hamlet did he procure this Kurdish dress, the belt, the arms and the spear at a moment's notice? Madame Blavatsky had just arrived at Chittenden, and neither I nor any one else knew who she was, nor whence she came. All my experiences there were described by me, first in a series of letters to a New York journal, and afterwards in book form,* and I must refer the curious to that record for details, both as to what was seen and what precautions I took against deception. Two suspicions have doubtless occurred to your minds while I have been speaking—(a) that some confederate or confederates got access to the medium through the closet-window, or dresses and dolls were passed up to him from below through a trap or sliding panel. Of course they would occur to any one with the least ingenuity of thought. They occurred to me; and this is what I did. I procured a ladder, and on the outside of the house tacked a piece of mosquito-net over the entire window, sash, frame, and all, sealing the tack-heads with wax, and stamping each with my signet ring. This effectually prevented any nonsense from that quarter. And then calling to my help an architect and a clever Yankee inventor and mechanic, with those gentlemen I made a minute practical examination of the chimney, the floor, the platform, the rooms below, and the lumberloft overhead. We were all perfectly satisfied that if there was any trickery in the case it was done by William Eddy

* *People from the Other World.*

himself without confederacy, and that if he used theatrical dresses or properties, he must carry them in with him. In the little narrow hole of a closet there was neither candle, mirror, brush, wig, clothes, water-basin, towel, cosmetic, nor any other of the actor's paraphernalia; nor, to speak the truth, had the poor farmer the money to buy such. He took no fee for his seances, and visitors were charged only a very small sum for their board and lodging. I have sat smoking with him in his kitchen until it was time for the seance to begin, gone with him to the upper chamber, examined the closet before he entered it, searched his person, and then seen the selfsame wonderful figures come out as usual in their various dresses. I think I may claim to have proceeded cautiously; for Mr. A. R. Wallace, F.R.S., quoted and eulogised my book in his recent controversy with Professor W. B. Carpenter. Carpenter himself sent to America to inquire into my character for veracity, and publicly admitted it to be unimpeachable. Professor Wagner of St. Petersburg reviewed the work in a special pamphlet, in which he affirms that I fulfilled every requirement of scientific research, and three European Psychological Societies elected me Honorary Member. It should also be noted that four years of very responsible and intricate examinations on behalf of the War Department—during our late American War, the proofs of which service have been shown by me to the Indian authorities—qualified me to conduct this inquiry with at least a tolerable

certainty that I should not be imposed upon. Having then seen all that has now been outlined to you will you wonder that I should have been thoroughly convinced of the reality of a large group of psychic phenomena, for which science helplessly tries to offer some explanation? And can you be surprised that whatever man of science has, since 1848, seriously and patiently investigated modern Spiritualism, has become a convert, no matter what his religious belief or professional bias?

The mention of religion leads me to notice a certain fact. While the Protestant Church has in our time ever resolutely denied the reality of such manifestations of occult agencies, the Church of Rome has always admitted them to be true. In her rubrics there are special forms of exorcism, and Miss Laura Edmonds—the gifted daughter of the honoured American jurist above-mentioned, and one of the most remarkable mediums of this modern movement, united herself with the Catholic Church—her confessor, a Paulist Brother of New York, driving out her obsessing “devils” in due form after—as he told me—a terrific struggle. Mediumship was anathematized by the late Pope himself as a dangerous device of the Evil One, and the faithful were warned against the familiars of the circle, as his agents for the ruin of souls. There has appeared in France, within the past few years, a series of books by the Chevalier des Mousseaux, highly applauded by the Catholic prelates, especially designed to collate the most striking proofs of the

demoniac agency in the phenomena. They are all valuable repositories of psychic facts, one especially, *Les Mœurs et Pratiques des Demons*, which every student of Occultism should read. The industrious author, of course, convinces no one but Catholics as to his premisses, but his facts are most welcome and suggestive. Though there is not a grain of religious orthodoxy in me, and though I do not in the least sympathize with the demoniacal theory, yet I find, after learning what I have learnt of Asiatic psychological science, that the Catholics are much nearer right in recognizing and warning against the dangers of mediumship, than the Protestants in blindly denying the reality of the phenomena. Mediumship is a peril indeed, and the last thing I should wish would be to see one in whom I was interested become a medium. The Hindus—who have known these phenomena from time immemorial—give the most appropriate name of *bhuta dāk*, or demons' post, to these unfortunates. I do sincerely hope that sooner or later the experience of India in this matter will be studied, and that if mediumship is to be encouraged at all, it will be under such protective restriction as the ancient Sybils enjoyed in the temples, under the watchful care of initiated priests. This is not the language of a Spiritualist, nor am I one. In the reality of the phenomena, and the existence of the psychic force, I do most unreservedly believe; but here my concurrence with the Spiritualists ends. For more than twenty years I was of their opinion, and shared, with Mr. Owen and Mr. Wallace, the

conviction that the phenomena could not be attributed to any other agency than that of the departed ones. I could not understand how the intelligence behind the manifestations could be otherwise accounted for, especially that shown in such cases as I have mentioned, where the facts related were unknown to any one at the seance, and only verified long afterwards in distant countries. But until meeting Madame Blavatsky at the Eddys', I had not even heard of Asiatic Occultism as a science. The tales of travellers and the stories of the Arabian Nights I set down to fanciful exaggeration, and all that was printed about Indian jugglers, and the powers of ascetics, seemed but accounts of successful prestidigitations. I now look back to that meeting as the most fortunate event of my life; for it made light shine in all the dark places, and sent me out on a mission to help to revive Aryan Occult science, which grows more absorbingly interesting every day. It is my happiness to not only help to enlarge the boundaries of Western science by showing where the secrets of nature and of man may be experimentally studied, and to give Anglo-Indians a greater respect for the subject nation they rule over, but also to aid in kindling in the bosoms of Indian youths a due reverence for their glorious ancestry, and a desire to imitate them in their noble achievements in science and philosophy. This, my friends, is the sole cause of our coming to India; this explains our affectionate relations with the people, our respect for their real Yogis. Each of

you looks forward to the day when you will return to your English home: our home is here, and here we mean to end our days.

The handbills announce me as the President of the Theosophical Society; and you are gathered here to learn what Theosophy is, and what are its relations with Spiritualism.

Let me say, then, that in the sense given to it by those who first used it, the word means divine wisdom, or the knowledge of divine things. The lexicographers handicap the idea with the suggestion that it meant the knowledge of God, the deity before their minds being a personal one; but such was not the intention of the early Theosophists. Essentially, a Theosophical Society is one which favours man's original acquisition of knowledge about the hidden things of the universe, by the education and perfecting of his own latent powers. Theosophy differs as widely from philosophy as it does from theology. It has been truly said that, in investigating the divine nature and attributes, philosophy proceeds entirely by the dialectic method, employing as the basis of its investigation the ideas derived from natural reason; theology, still employing the same method, superadds to the principles of natural reason those derived from authority and revelation. Theosophy, on the contrary, professes to exclude all dialectical process, and to derive its whole knowledge of God from direct intuition and contemplation. This Theosophy dates from the highest antiquity of which any

records are preserved, and every original founder of a religion was a seeker after divine wisdom by the theosophic process of self-illumination. Where do we find in our day the facilities for pursuing this glorious study? Where are the training schools worthy to be successors of those of the Neo-Platonists of Alexandria, the Hierophants of Egypt, the Theodidaktoi of Greece, or—more especially—the Rishis of Aryavarta, noblest of all initiates, save only the stainless, the illuminated Gautama Buddha?

Think for a moment what this theosophical study exacts of a man who would really penetrate the mysteries and become a true *illuminatus*. The lusts of the flesh, the pride of life, the prejudices of birth, race, creed (so far as it creates dogmatism), must all be put aside. The body must be made the convenience, instead of the despot, of the higher self. The prison-bars of sense that incarcerate the man of matter must be unlocked, and while living in and being a factor in the outer world, the Theosophist must be able to look into, enter, act in, and return from, the innerworld, fraught with divine truth. Are there—were there ever—such men, such demigods rather let us say? There were; there *are*. The legends of the past may seem to us tinged with error, wild and fantastic even; but, nevertheless, such men as these existed and displayed their powers, in many countries, at various epochs. And nowhere more than in India, this blessed land of the Sun—now so poor,

spiritless, famished and degraded. This was the home of ancient Theosophy; here—upon these very Himalayan mountains that tower so high yonder—lived and taught the men who won the prize of divine knowledge; whose wisdom—a fertilizing stream—flowed through Grecian and Egyptian channels towards the West. Believe me or not, as you will, I am fully persuaded that there still linger among these fastnesses, out of the poisoned moral atmosphere of this nineteenth-century social life, safe from the blight and persecution of bigotry and intolerant modern superstition, safe from the cruel malice of scepticism,—those who are true Theosophists. Neither pessimist nor optimist, I am not satisfied that our race is doomed to destruction, present or future, nor that the moral sense of society can be kept undiminished without constant refreshment from the parent fount. That fount I conceive to be Theosophical study and personal illumination, and I regard him as a benefactor to his kind who points out to the sceptical, the despairing, the world-weary, the heart-hungry, that the vanities of the world do not satisfy the soul's aspirations, and that true happiness can only be acquired by interior self-development, purification and enlightenment. It is not in accordance with the abstract principles of justice that the world should be left entirely without such exemplars of spiritual wisdom. I do not believe it ever was, or ever will be.

To him who takes up this course of effort, the

phenomena of mediumship are transcendently important, for they usher him into the realm of the Unseen, and show him some of the weirdest secrets of our human nature. Along with mediumship he studies vital magnetism, its laws and phenomena, and the Odyle of Baron Reichenbach, which together show us the real nature and polarities of this force, and the fact that it seems to be akin to the one great force pervading all Nature. Further proof he draws from Buchanan's psychometry, and from experiments with those whom he finds to be endowed with the psychometrical faculty. If there are any here to whom the word is new, let me explain that psychometry is a name given by the modern discoverer to a certain power, possessed by about one person in four, to receive intuitive impressions of the character of the writer of a letter, or the painter of a picture, by direct contact with the manuscript or painting. We are all of us constantly leaving the impress of our character upon everything we touch, as the loadstone imparts some of its properties to every needle it is rubbed against. A subtle something—magnetism, or vital fluid, or psychic force—constantly exudes from us. We leave it on the ground, and our dog finds us ; on our clothing, and the slaver's blood-hound sniffs the scent and tracks the poor runaway to his hiding-place. We saturate with it the walls of our houses, and a sensitive psychometer, upon entering our drawing-room, can unerringly tell, before seeing the family, whether that is a happy home or one of strife.

We are surrounded by it as a sensitive vapour, and when we meet each other we silently take in our impression of our mutual congeniality or antipathy. Women have this sense more than men, and many are the instances where a wife's prophetic intuition, unheeded and ridiculed by the husband in the case of some new acquaintance, has afterwards been recalled, with regret that it should have been disregarded. Good psychometers can even take from any fragment of inanimate matter, such as a bit of an old building, or a shred of an old garment, a vivid impression of all the scenes of its history. In its highest manifestation psychometry becomes true clairvoyance, and, when that soul sight is indeed opened, the eye within us that never grows lustreless shows us the arena of the unseen universe.

Theosophy shows the student that evolution is a fact, but that it has not been partial and incomplete, as Darwin's theory makes it. As there has been an evolution in physical nature, the crown and flower of which is physical man, so there has been a parallel evolution in the realm of spirit. The outcome of this is the psychic or inner man; and, just as in this visible nature about us we see myriads of forms lower than ourselves, so the Theosophist finds in the *terra incognita* of the physicist—the realm of the “unknowable”—countless minor psychical types, with man at the top of the ascending series. Physicists know of the elements only in their chemical or dynamic relations and proper-

ties ; but he who has mastered the Occult Sciences finds, dwelling in fire, air, earth and water, a sub-human order of beings, some inimical, some favourable to man. He not only comes to a knowledge of them, but also to the power of controlling them. The folk-lore of the world has embalmed many truths about this power, which is none the less a fact because the modern biologist rejects and ridicules it. You who come from Ireland or the Scottish Highlands know that these things exist. I do not surmise this; I *know* it. I speak thus calmly and boldly about the subject, because I have met these proficientes of Asiatic Occultism and seen them exercise their power. This is why I ceased to call myself a Spiritualist in 1874, and why, in 1875, I united with others to found a Theosophical Society, to promote the study of these natural phenomena. The most wonderful facts of mediumship I have seen produced at will, and in full daylight, by one who had learnt the secret sciences in India and Egypt. Under such circumstances, I have seen showers of roses made to fall in a room ; letters from people in far countries to drop from space into my lap ; heard sweet music, coming from afar upon the air, grow louder and louder until it was in the room, and then die away again, out in the still atmosphere, until it was no more. I have seen writing made to appear upon paper and slates laid upon the floor, drawings upon the ceiling beyond any one's reach, pictures upon paper without the employment of pencil or colour, articles duplicated

before my very eyes, a living person instantly disappear out of my sight, jet black hair cut from a fair-haired person's head. I have had absent friends and distant scenes shown me in a crystal ; and, in America, more than a hundred times, upon opening letters upon various subjects coming to me by the common post, from correspondents in all parts of the world, have found inside, written in their own familiar hand, messages to me from men in India who possess the Theosophical knowledge of natural law. Nay, upon one occasion, I even saw summoned before me as perfectly "materialized" a figure as any that ever stalked out of William Eddy's cabinet of marvels. If it is not strange that the Spiritualist, who sees mediumist phenomena, but knows nothing of Occult science, should believe in the intervention of spirits of the dead, is it any stranger that I, after receiving so many proofs of what the trained human will can accomplish, should be a Theosophist and no longer a Spiritualist? I have not even half exhausted the catalogue of proofs vouchsafed to me during the last five years as to the reality of Asiatic psychological science. But I hope I have enumerated enough to show you that there are mysteries in India worth seeking, and men *here* who are far more acquainted with Nature's Occult forces than either of those much-initialed gentlemen who set themselves up for professors and biologists.

It will be asked what evidence I offer that the intelligent phenomena of the mediums are not to

be ascribed to our departed friends. In reply, I ask what unimpeachable evidence there is that they are. If it can be shown that the soul of the living medium can, unconsciously to his physical self, ooze out, and, by its elastic and protean nature, take on the appearance of any deceased person whose image it sees in a visitor's memory; if all the phenomena can be produced at will by an educated psychologist; if, in the ether of science—the *Akāsa* of the Hindus, the *Anima Mundi* of the Theosophists, the Astral Light of the Kabalists—the images of all persons and events, and the vibrations of every sound, are eternally preserved—as these Occultists affirm and experimentally prove—if all this be true, then why is it necessary to call in the spirits of the dead to explain what may be done by the living? So long as no alternative theory was accessible, the Spiritualists held impregnable ground against materialist science; theirs was the only possible way to account for what they saw. But, given the alternative, and shown the resources of psychology and the nature of the unscen universe, you see the Spiritualists are at once thrown upon the defensive, without the ability to silence their critics. The casual observer would say it is impossible, for instance, for that aged Quaker lady's figure to be anything but her own returning soul—that her son could not have been mistaken, and that, if there were any doubt, otherwise, her familiar knowledge of their family matters, and even her old habit of alternately plait-

ing and smoothing out her lawn apron, identify her amply. But the figure did nothing and said nothing that was not fixed in the son's memory,—indelibly stamped there, however long the dormant pictures might have been obscured by fresher images. And the medium's body being entranced and his active vitality transferred to his inner self, or "double," that double could make itself appear under the guise of the dead lady, and catch and comment upon the familiar incidents it found in the son's magnetic atmosphere. This will be hard for you to comprehend; for our Western scientific discoveries have not as yet crossed the threshold of this hidden world of force. But progress is the law of human thought, and we are now so near the verge of the chasm that divides physical from spiritual science, that it will not be long before we shall bridge it. Let this stand as a prophecy; if you bide patiently you will see it fulfilled. This, then, is the present attitude of parties. The promulgation of our views, and of many reports by eye-witnesses of things done by members of the Theosophical Society, has been causing great talk all over the world. A large number of the most intelligent Spiritualists have joined us, and are giving their countenance to work. Groups of our sympathizers have organized themselves into branches in many different countries. Even here, in Simla, there has sprung up the nucleus of what will be an Anglo-Indian branch. No country in the world affords so wide a field as India for

psychological study. What we Europeans call animal magnetism has been known here, and practised in its highest perfection, for countless centuries. The Hindus know equally well the life-principle in man, animal and plant. All over India, if search were but made, you would find in the possession of the natives many facts that it is most important for Europe and America to know. And you, gentlemen of the civil and military branches of the public service, are the proper persons to undertake the work, with Hindu help. Be just and kind to them and they will tell you a thousand things which they now keep as profound secrets. Our policy is one of general conciliation and co-operation for the discovery of truth. Some tale-bearer has started the report that our Society is preaching a new religion. This is false. The Society has no more a religion of its own than the Asiatic, the Geographical, or the Astronomical Society. As those Societies have their separate sections, each devoted to some speciality of research, so have we. We take in persons of all religions and of every race, and treat all with equal respect and impartiality. We have royal, noble, and plebeian blood among us. Edison is a member of ours, and Crookes, and Wallace, and Camille Flammarion, and Lord Lindsay, and Lane-Fox, and Baron du Potet, and the octogenarian Cahagnet, and scores of men of similar intellectual calibre. We have but one passionate and consuming ambition—that of learning what man is, what nature is. Are there any

here who sympathize with these aspirations, any who feel within their hearts the glow of true manhood—any who put a higher value upon divine wisdom than upon the honours and rewards of the lower life? Come then, brother dreamers, and let us combine our efforts and our good-will. Let us see if we cannot win happiness for ourselves in striving to benefit others. Let us do what we can to rescue from the oblivion of centuries that priceless knowledge of divine things which we call THEOSOPHY.

INDIA: PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.*

THE PAST.

WHEN we look over the accounts that have been written within our own modern historical period about the migrations of peoples, the rise and fall of empires, the characters of great men, the relative progress of science, of the arts, of literature, of philosophy, and religion; and when we see how the positive assertions of one writer are denied point-blank by another, and then the facts of both proved false by a third who comes after them, is it too much to say that history is, for the most part, a system of bold lying and ignorant mis-statement? I think not. And I am quite sure that out of all the historians who have appeared during this epoch that I have mentioned, hardly one can be acquitted, or will be acquitted by posterity, of incompetence or of something worse. Of all the untrustworthy historians, the worst is he who writes in the interest of some one religion against the religions of others. It would seem as though, no matter what his creed, he considered it a pious duty to lie as much as

* A Lecture delivered at Amritsar, 29th October, 1880.

possible for the glory of his particular God. A similar blight is seen resting upon the consciences of political historians, though not so fatally; for if their party interests are but cared for, they can afford to be, in a measure, fair in other directions. It seems impossible, therefore, to gather any idea of either Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Assyrian, European, or American history without reading all the historians together and extracting the truth out of the clash and conflict of error.

It will not be required that I should give, in the very short time for which I shall detain you, either a list of the historians or specimen extracts from their works, upon which I have based an opinion shared by many of the ablest commentators. Suffice it to say that the European historiographers have never had until within a very recent period—hardly more than a century—any materials for writing even the most meagre outline of Aryan history. Until Sir William Jones and his compeers, and the Frenchman Burnouf, led the way into the splendid garden of Sanskrit literature; until the astonished eyes of the West saw its glorious flowers of poesy, its fruits of metaphysics and of philosophy, its crystalline rivulets of science, its magnificent structures of philology; no one dreamed that the world had had any history worth speaking of before the times of the Greek and Roman civilizations. Western ideas of Egyptian, Persian, Babylonian, Chinese, and Indian achievements—

physical, intellectual, and moral—were as hazy as a fog. Like the wayfarer who tries, with the help of the street gas-lamps and the lanterns of his servants, to pick his way through London streets, when one of those dense fogs of theirs turns noon into dark night, the historians were groping after facts through the mists of their own ignorance and religious prejudice. You may look through any great library you please, and you will find there whole shelves of authors who have tried their best to prove that everything has happened within the last 6,000 years. You will see some not ashamed or afraid to say that Asia derived her religious ideas, her industries, and her very language, from the Jews or early Christians; you can find books which try to prove that Sanskrit is a derivative from the Hebrew. You can also read arguments from Christian writers to show that the parental resemblance of Hindu mythology to Biblical stories is due to the fact that St. Thomas, one of the alleged disciples of Jesus, came to India and preached his religion here! The theory that Aryavarta was the cradle of European civilization, the Aryans the progenitors of the Western peoples, and their literature the source and spring of all Western religions and philosophies, is comparatively a thing of yesterday. Professor Max Müller and a few other Sanskritists of our generation have been bringing about this change in Western ideas. Let us hope that before many more years roll by, we may know the whole truth about Aryan civilization, and that your

ancestors (and ours) will be honoured according to their deserts. The pride of the modern world may receive a shock; but the ancients will be vindicated, and the cause of truth advanced.

The fact will then appear, far more distinctly than even now, that long before the first page of the Bible was written, generations before the Jews had a nationality to boast of, before the foundations of Babylon were laid, or the first stone of the Egyptian pyramids had been hewn — which, according to Bunsen and Boeckh, must have been more than 5,700 years B.C.—the Aryans were enjoying a splendid civilization, and had perfected a grammar and language with which none other can compare. If asked to prove my words, I may do so by propounding a question. To what age of the world's history must the beginnings of the Egyptian State, the monarchy of Mena, the founder of Egypt, be carried back? Those most interested in the solution of this problem hesitate even as to the duration of Manetho's dynasties—from Mena to the last Pharaoh—the most eminent modern Egyptologists not daring to assign it a more recent period than between 5,000 and 6,000 years B.C. And what do they find on the very threshold of Egyptian history, further back than which Western history cannot penetrate? They find a State of the most marvellous civilization, a State already so advanced that in contemplating it one has to repeat with Renan, "one feels giddy at the very idea (*on est pris de vertige*)," and with Brugsch,

“there are no ages of stone, bronze and iron in Egypt. . . . We must openly acknowledge the fact that, up to this time at least, Egypt throws scorn upon these assumed periods.” And now, Egyptian history and civilization being the most ancient we have, and this history picturing to us, nearly 8,000 years ago, a people already highly civilized, not in the material sense alone, as Brugsch tells us, but in social and political order, morality and religion, the next question would be why we should say that India and not Egypt is the older? My reason may seem at first sight paradoxical; yet, nevertheless, I answer—because *nothing is known of India, 8,000 years ago*. When I say nothing is known, I mean known by *us*, the Western nations, for the Brahmins have their own chronology, and no one has the means of proving that their calculations are exaggerated. But we Europeans know nothing, or at least have known nothing of it until now; but have good reason to more than suspect that India, 8,000 years ago, sent a colony of emigrants who carried their arts and high civilization into what is now known to us as Egypt. This is what Brugsch Bey, the most modern as well as the most trusted Egyptologist and antiquarian, says on the origin of the old Egyptians. Regarding these as a branch of the Caucasian family, having close affinity with the Indo-Germanic races, he insists that they “migrated from Asia, long before historic memory, and crossed that bridge of nations, the Isthmus of Suez, to find

a new fatherland on the Banks of the Nile. . . .” The Egyptians came, according to their own records, from a mysterious land (now shown to lie on the shore of the Indian Ocean), the sacred *Punt*; the original home of their gods—who followed thence after their people, who had abandoned them, to the valley of the Nile, led by Amon, Hor, and Hathor. This region was the Egyptian “Land of the Gods” —*PA-NUTER*, in old Egyptian—or Holy-land, and now proved beyond any doubt to have been quite a different place than the “Holy Land” of Sinai. By pictorial and hieroglyphic inscriptions found (and interpreted) on the walls of the temple of the Queen Hashtop, at Der-el-bahri, we see that this *Punt* can be no other than India. For many ages the Egyptians traded with their old homes, and the reference here made by them to the names of the Princes, of Punt and its fauna and flora, especially the nomenclature of various precious woods to be found only in India, leave us scarcely room for the smallest doubt that the old civilization of Egypt is the direct outcome of that of the still older India, most probably of the Isle of Ceylon, which was in prehistoric days part and parcel of the great Continent, as geologists tell us.

So then we see that thousands of years before a single spark of civilization had appeared in Europe, before the doors of a school had been opened, those great Aryan progenitors of ours were learned, polite, philosophical, and nationally as well as individually great. The people were not, as now,

irrevocably walled in by castes; they were free to rise to the highest social dignities, or sink to the lowest positions, according to the inherent qualities they might possess.

If there were great philosophers in those days, so also were there great philologists, physicians, musical composers, sculptors, poets, statesmen, warriors, architects, manufacturers, merchants. In the *Chatusashthikala Nirnaya*, of Vatsayana, are mentioned sixty-four different professions that were followed in the Vedic period, a fact which shows that not only the actual comforts, but also the luxuries and amusements, of a civilized community were then common. We have the enforced testimony of many Christian authors, whom certainly no one will suspect of partiality for India, that neither in what the West calls ancient, nor in modern times, have there been produced such triumphs of the human intellect as by the Aryans. I might fill a separate book with extracts of this kind, but it is unnecessary just now. I will cite only one witness—Mr. Ward, a Baptist missionary of Serampur, and author of a well-known work on “*Indian History, Literature, and Mythology.*” “The grammars,” he says, “are very numerous, and reflect the highest credit on the ingenuity of their authors. Indeed, in philology, the Hindus have perhaps excelled both the ancients (meaning, no doubt, the Greeks and Romans) and the moderns. Their dictionaries,” according to him, “also do the highest credit to the Hindu learned men, and prove how highly the

Sanskrit was cultivated in former periods." The Hindu sages "did not permit even the military art to remain unexamined . . . it is very certain that the Hindu kings led their own armies to the combat, and that they were prepared for this important employment by a military education; nor is it less certain that many of these monarchs were distinguished for the highest valour and military skill." After recounting many important facts, Mr. Ward says: "From the perusal of the preceding pages it will appear evident that the Hindu philosophers were, unquestionably, men of deep erudition, and that they attracted universal homage and applause; some of them had more than a thousand disciples or scholars." And, in concluding the fourth volume of his work, he pays your ancestors this merited tribute: "No reasonable person will deny to the Hindus of former times the praise of very extensive learning. The variety of subjects upon which they wrote proves that almost every science was cultivated among them. The manner also in which they treated these subjects proves that the Hindu learned men yielded the palm of learning to scarcely any other of the ancients. The more their philosophical works and law books are studied, the more will the inquirer be convinced of the depth of wisdom possessed by the authors."

Now, I have been often asked by those who affirm the superiority in scientific discovery of modern nations, whether the Aryans or their con-

temporaries could show anything so splendid as the electric telegraph and the steam-engine. My answer is that the properties of steam are believed to have been known in those ancient days; that printing was used at a period of most remote antiquity in China; that the Aryans had, as certain of their descendants now have, a system of telegraphy that enables conversation to be carried on at any distance, and requires neither poles, wires, nor pots of chemicals. You wish to know what that is? I will tell you, and tell it to the very beards of those ignorant, half-educated people who make fun of sacred things, and are not ashamed to revile their forefathers upon the strength of some superficial smattering of English education they have managed to pick up. Your ancient Yogis could, and all who have acquired a certain proficiency in occult science can even now, thus talk with each other. Some of you may honestly doubt it, still it is true; as any author who has written on Yoga, and every one who has practised it, from the ancient Rishis down to *some* living Yogis of your day, will tell you.

And then the Aryans—if we may believe that good man, the late Bramachari Bâwâ—knew a branch of science about which the West is now speculating much, but has learnt next to nothing. They could navigate the air, and not only navigate but fight battles in it, like so many war-eagles combating for the dominion of the clouds. To be so perfect in aëronautics, as he justly says, they must have known all the arts and sciences related

to that science, including the strata and currents of the atmosphere, their relative temperature, humidity, and density, and the specific gravity of the various gases. At the *Mayasabha*, described in the *Bharata*, he tells us, were microscopes, telescopes, clocks, watches, mechanical singing-birds, and articulating and speaking animals. The "*Ashta Vidya*"—a science of which our modern professors have not even an inkling—enabled its proficient to completely destroy an invading army by enveloping it in an atmosphere of poisonous gases, filled with awe-striking, shadowy shapes, and with awful sounds.

The modern school of Comparative Philology traces the migration of Aryan civilization into Europe by a study of modern languages in comparison with the Sanskrit. And we have an equally, if not still more striking means of showing the outflow of Aryan thought towards the West, in the philosophies and religions of Babylon, Egypt, Greece, Rome, and Northern Europe. One has only to put side by side the teachings of Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Homer, Zeno, Hesiod, Cicero, Scævola, Varro and Virgil, with those of Veda Vyāsa, Kapila, Goutama, Patanjali, Kānada, Jaimini, Nārada, Pānini, Marichi, and many others we might mention, to be astonished at the identity of their conceptions—an identity that upon any other theory than that of a derivation of the younger philosophical schools of the West from the elder ones of the East would be simply miracu-

lous. The human mind is certainly capable of evolving like ideas in different ages, just as humanity produces for itself in each generation the teachers, rulers, warriors and artisans it needs. But that the views of the Aryan sages should be so identical with those of the later Greek and Roman philosophers as to make it seem that the latter were to the former like the reflection of an object in a mirror to the object itself, without an actual, physical transmission of teachers or books from the East to the West, is opposed to common sense. And this again corroborates our convictions that the old Egyptians were emigrants from India. Nearly all the famous ancient philosophers *had been to Egypt to learn her wisdom*, from Jewish Moses to Greek Plato.

And now that we have seen—however imperfectly, for the theme is inexhaustible—what India was in the olden time, and what sort of people she held, let us move the panorama forward and bestow a glance on the India of our own day.

THE PRESENT.

If one who loves the memory of the blessed Aryavarta would not have his heart filled with sorrow, he must not permit himself to dwell too long on the past. For, as the long procession of great men passes before his inner vision, as he sees them surrounded with the golden light of their majestic epochs, if he then turn to view the spectacle presented by the India of to-day, it

it will be hard, though he were the most courageous of souls, to escape a sense of crushing despair. Where are the sages, the warriors, the giant intellects of yore? Where the happiness, the independence of spirit, the self-respecting dignity, that made an Aryan feel himself fit to rule the world, nay, to meet the very gods on equal terms? Where are the cunning artificers whose taste and skill, as exemplified in the meagre specimens that remain, were unrivalled? Whither are departed the Brahmins in whose custody were all the treasures of Asiatic knowledge? Gone—all gone. Like visions of the night, they have departed into the mist of time. *A new nation is being fabricated out of the old material, in combination with much alloy.* The India of old is a figment of the imagination, a faded picture of the memory; the India of to-day is a stern reality that confronts and supplicates us. The soil is here, but its fatness is diminished; the people remain, but, alas! how hungry and degenerate! India, stripped of her once limitless forests, that gave constant crops and abundant fertility by regulating the rainfall, lies baking in the blistering heat, like a naked valetudinarian too helpless to move. The population has multiplied without any corresponding increase of food supply; until starvation, once the exception, has become almost habitual. The difference between so-called good and so-called bad years, to at least forty millions of toilers, is now only that in the former they are a little less near starvation than in the latter. Crushed

in heart, deprived of all hope, denied the chances of much bettering his condition, the poor ryot, clad in one little strip of cloth, lives on from hand to mouth in humble, pious expectation of what to him will be the happiest of all hours—the one that shall usher him into the other world. The union of the olden days is replaced by disunion, province is arrayed against province, race against race, sect against sect, brother against brother. Once the names of Arya and Aryavarta were talismans that moved the heart of an Indian youth to its depths, that sent the flush of blood into his cheek, that caused his eye to glitter. Now, the demon of selfishness sits athwart all noble impulse ; the struggle for life has made men sycophants, cowards, traitors. The brow of a once proud nation is laid in the dust, and shame causes those who revere her memory to avert their gaze from the sickening spectacle of her fallen greatness. Mighty cities, once homes and hives of population, centres of luxury, hallowed repositories of religion and science, have crumbled into dust ; and either the filthy beast and carrion bird inhabit their desolate ruins, or the very recollection of their sites is lost. Now and then the delving archæologist exhumes some fragment which serves to verify the ancient Aryan records ; but even then he mostly tries to twist their evidence into a corroboration of some pet theory that denies a greater antiquity than a handful of centuries to Indian civilization.

It is not my province to deal with the political

interests involved in the full consideration of our subject. Were I in the least competent to handle it—which I certainly am not, after the mere glimpse I have had of the situation, and with the tastes and habits of a life opposed to dabbling at all in politics—I should nevertheless abstain. My interest in India is in her literature, her philosophy, her religion, and her science; it was to study these I came hither. And it is upon glancing at these that I am constrained to express my sorrow at finding things as they are. The Brahmins I find engaged as clerks to Government and to merchants, and even occupied in menial capacities. Here and there a learned man is to be found; but the majority, receiving no encouragement to devote their lives to abstract science or to philosophy, have given up the custom of their forefathers, and their glory is departed. Some still linger about the temples, and repeat their slokas and sastras in a parrot-like way; take what stint of dole a parsimonious and impoverished public may fling to them, and waylay the European visitor with out-stretched palm and the droning cry of *baksheesh!* But in their temples there are no longer any sacred mysteries, for there are few priests who have become initiated, few who even believe that there are secrets of Nature that the ascetic can discover. The very successors of Patanjali, Sànkara, and Kànada doubt if man has a soul, or any latent psychic powers that can be developed. And this fashionable scepticism taints the minds of all young

India. The flower of Aryan youth are turning materialists under the influence of European education. Hope—the bright angel that gives joy and courage to the human intellect—is dying out; they have no longer hope in the hereafter, nor in the splendid possibilities of the present. And without hope, how can there be that cheerful resignation under evils that begets perseverance and pluck? We have the authority of Sir Richard Temple, late Governor of Bombay, for saying that “modern education is shaking the Hindu faith to its very foundation.” These are the very words he uttered not long ago, in a speech at the University of Oxford, the pamphlet report of which I now hold in my hand. And he mentions as chief among the effects of that change, the formation of the three great “religious sects” of the Brahmo Samaj, the Prarthana Samaj, and—most absurdly—the Theosophical Society, which never was, or pretended to be, a sect! The Arya Samaj he does not so much as mention, though the President of the Bombay branch—Rao Bahadur Gopalrao Hurree Deshmukh—is a member of the Bombay Governor’s Council, and the forty or fifty branch Samajes, already founded by Dayanand Swami, include, perhaps, as many registered or affiliated members as the other three societies together. Sir Richard Temple tells the English people that now is the time for them to send out more missionaries, as young India is ready to turn Christian as it were in a mass! Now I believe this

to be a perfectly erroneous supposition. As I see it, the young Hindus, outside the reformatory Samajes, are losing their old religious belief, without gaining, or being ready to embrace, any other. They are becoming exactly like the great mass of educated youth in Europe and America. Influenced by the same causes, they require the same treatment. It is Science which undermined the foundations of Religion; it is Science which should be compelled to erect the new edifice. As an incomplete study of Nature has led to materialistic Atheism,* so a complete one will lead the eager student back to faith in his inner and nobler self, and in his spiritual destiny. For there is a circle of science as of all other things, and the whole truth can only be learnt by going all the way round. This, I think, is the strongest corner of the edifice of Theosophy that we are trying to raise. Other agitators come to the young generation claiming authority for some book, some religious observances, or some man as a religious guide and teacher. We say, "We interfere with no man's creed or caste; we preach no dogma; we offer no article of faith. We point to Nature as the most infallible of all divine revelations, and to Science as the most competent teacher of her mysteries." But the science we have in mind is a far wider, higher, nobler science than that of modern sciolists. Our view extends over the visible and invisible, the familiar and un-

*Atheism, in the sense of disbelief of even the Universal Principle.

familiar, the patent and occult sides of Nature. In short, ours is the Aryan conception of what science can and should be, and we point to the Aryas of antiquity as its masters and proficient. Young India is a blind creature whose eyes are not yet open; and the nursing mother of its thought is a bedizened goddess, herself blind of one eye, whose name is Modern Science. There is an old proverb that "in a company of blind men, the one-eyed man is a king," and here we see it practically exemplified. Our Western instructors know just enough to spoil our spirituality, but not enough to prove to us what truth really is. They can draw young India away from her old religion, but only to plunge her into the swamp of doubt. They can show us the ingenious mechanism of our vital machinery, the composition of our digesting fluids, the proportion of fluids and solids in our frame. But *Atma* is an unscientific postulate, and Psychology a species of poetry, in their eyes. Shall we then say that modern education is an unmixed blessing to India? Look at our Indian youth and answer. Sir Richard Temple is right in saying that the foundations of their faith are shaken. Shaken, indeed, they are; but he does not seem to perceive the proper remedy. It is not theological Christianity, which itself is tottering before the merciless assaults of the liberal minds within its own household. It is pre-eminently uncongenial to the Hindu mind. No imported faith will furnish a panacea for the spiritual disease spreading

on all sides. What is needed is that the Vedas shall be once more restored to their ancient hold upon the Indian mind. Not that they should be accepted as a mere dead letter. Not that they should inspire a merely tacit reverence, but an intelligent appreciation of their intrinsic merits. It must be proven, not simply asserted, that the Vedas are the fountain and source of all religions, that they contain the indications of a science that embraces and explains all sciences. To whom shall we look for this vindication of their majesty? To whom but to those who unite in themselves at once the advantages of modern critical culture and familiarity with the Sanskrit literature; and, most important of all, the knowledge of the hidden meaning of the Vedic allegory and symbolism? For the inspired Vedas are often hidden under the visible writing, and nestle between the lines; at least so I have been told by those who profess to know the truth. It is ignorance of this fact, and the taking of the Vedas in their dead-letter sense, that has driven thousands of the brightest intellects into infidelity. Comparative philology will not supply us with our interpretation; it can only show the dead-letter meaning of the dead-letter text. An esteemed Fellow of our Society—Shankar Pandurang Pandit—is doing this literal translation work at Bombay, while many others are busily tracing the several streams of Western ideas back to their parent spring in the Vedas. But modern India needs to be instructed in the

meaning of the Vedic authors; so that this age may acquire for itself the perfect certitude that in those far distant ages science was so well understood as to leave no necessity for us to cast aside as rubbish that Book of Books, at the behest of modern self-styled "authorities" in science. An Indian civilization resting upon the Vedas, and other old national works, is like a strong castle built upon rocks: an Indian civilization resting upon Western religious ideas—patched with imported ideas fitted only to the local traditions and environments of their respective birthplaces—is but a rickety house of cards that the first blast of stern experience may cause to topple over. We certainly cannot expect to see, under the totally different conditions of modern times, an exact reproduction of Aryan development; but we can count upon the new development having a strictly national character. Whoever is a true friend of India will make himself recognized by his desire to nationalize her modern progress; her enemy is he who advocates the denationalization of her arts, industries, lines of thought, and aspirations. There are men of both sorts among the class who have received the priceless blessing of education—and, I am sorry to say, there are hundreds, if not thousands, who are setting the pernicious example of aping Western ways that are good only for Western people, and of imitating Western vices that are good for no people, among which is the excessive use of spirituous liquors. I see also everywhere a set of rich sycos-

phants who humbly bow the knee to every European they meet in the hope of recognition and reward. These poor fools do not realize that a people intensely manly, independent and self-respecting like the English, can only feel contempt for those who cast aside their own dignity and self-respect. Nor are they so dull as not to detect, under all this mask of servile politeness, the concealed scowl of hatred, and, under this fawning and cringing, the mean lust after titles and decorations. An Englishman honours a brave foe, and scorns a sneaking hypocrite. Before India can hope to make the first recuperative step up the long slope down which she has been for many centuries descending, her youth must learn the lesson that true manhood is based upon self-respect. And they must learn once more to speak the truth. There was a time when a Hindu's word pledged to another man, no matter whether Hindu or stranger, was sacredly kept. English gentlemen have told me more than once that thirty years ago one might have left a lakh of rupees, uncounted, with a native banker without taking a receipt, and be sure of not being wronged out of a single pie. Could that be done safely now? Friends of mine—native gentlemen connected with the judicial establishment—have told me, some with moistening eyes, that lying and perjury had of late grown so common that magistrates could scarcely believe a word of the testimony offered by either side unless corroborated. The moral tone of the legal profession

has been perceptibly raised, but the mendacity of the general public has reached a low level. Do you think a national resuscitation can be even dreamt of with such a bottomless depth of moral rottenness to lay its foundations upon? Many of the best friends of Aryavarta have confessed all these things to me, and in accents of despair foretold the speedy ruin of everything. Some, the other day, went so far as to say that in all the North-West and Punjab—to say nothing of other provinces—six men of the true patriot-hero mould could not be found. This is *not* my opinion. Some of you may recall that in all my addresses to the Indian public I have taken a hopeful view of the situation. I do not wish to deceive myself, or to deceive others; for I hope to live and die in this land and among this people. I rest my judgment of Indian evolution upon the whole course of Aryan evolution, not upon a fragmentary particle of it. The new environment is evolving a new India which, in three chief respects, is the complete antithesis of the older one. Old India—and, in fact, even modern India, that, let us say, of the eighteenth century—was (1) Asiatic to the core; (2) it had more land than cultivators; and (3) its soil was unexhausted. But the brand-new India of to-day, suckling of Manchester, Birmingham, and Sheffield, and hunting-ground of the shikari and the missionary, is putting on European clothes, and thinking along European lines; its land is overcrowded; its soil deteriorating at a rapid rate

towards actual sterility. It needs no prophet to forecast what all this involves. If "fertile France," as Dr. Hunter calls it,* is crowded, with 180 people to the square mile; and fair, green Ireland so over-populated, with 169 persons to the square mile, that she pours her emigrants into America by millions; if the people of England when they exceed 200 to the square mile, gain their food only by employing themselves in manufactures, mines, and city industries—what must we think of hapless India's lot? Throughout British India the average population is 243 persons to the square mile, and there are portions—as, for instance, in thirteen districts of Northern India, equal in size to Ireland—where the land has to support an average of 680 persons to the square mile, or more than one person to each acre! The Famine Commissioners report that in Bengal twenty-four millions of human beings are trying to live on the produce of fifteen million acres, or little more than half an acre apiece. "The Indian soil," as Dr. Hunter says, "cannot support that struggle." And what then—is it asked? Well, death to crores: that is the grinning skull behind the gold cloth and glitter of these pageants; such are the terrible words traced in the invisible ink of Fate between the lines of these college diplomas. This state of things is the result of definite causes, and in their turn these effects become causes of fresh results far ahead. From

* *England's Work in India.* By W. W. Hunter, C.I.E., LL.D., London, 1881.

the experience of the past we may always prognosticate what is likely to come. And this brings us to the third and last branch of the subject.

THE FUTURE.

Who shall raise the curtain that now hangs in black heavy folds before the TO-BE? Only the eye of the perfect seer can penetrate the secrets of the coming ages. The true Yogi of old could foretell events because he had acquired the power to pass at will into the spiritual universe, and in that condition Past and Future are merged into one conscious Present; as to an observer who stands at the centre of a circle, every point in the circumference is equi-distant. But the true Yogis are now few, and if any are to be met among us, they are hiding themselves, more and more carefully every day, from the sight of men. We must then proceed by the deductive, since we may not by the intuitive, process. And as we are helped by comparative philology to theorize upon the origin and destiny of language, so, by the study of comparative history, we may at least get some idea of the probable outcome of the social forces we see at work in the India of to-day. Through this glass, then, I see the country, after having reached the predestined lowest level of adversity—predestined, I mean, by the universal cyclic law which controls the destinies of nations, as the law of gravitation controls the orbits of the planets—I

see her rising again. Action and reaction—the sway of the pendulum of human events—follow each other. Nations, however splendid and powerful, are stamped out, under the iron heel of reactive destiny, if their inherent vitality be weak. But when it is strong, then, indeed, may we behold the majestic spectacle of a nation reviving from its very ashes, and starting afresh on the road to greatness. To which category shall we assign India? I know not what others may think, but for my part I do most firmly believe in her future. If she had been weak of vitality she would have been obliterated by various causes; nay, if she had not had an inherent giant strength, her own vices would have destroyed her before now. She has survived everything, and she will live to renew her strength. Her best sons are afforded not only opportunities for education, but also of training, in hundreds of offices, in practical statesmanship, under the greatest nation of administrators of modern times—not even America excepted. *European education is creating a new caste which is to guide the nation up the hill.* And as the Aryan of former times was the very prince of philosophers, so it is in the order of nature that his descendant should become in time one of the ablest of statesmen. Already broader and higher spheres of usefulness are opening before him, partly as the result of his own importunities, partly because of the greater economy of administration that his admission to the higher preferments seems likely to

offer. We are, perhaps, at the threshold of a new era of Indian civilization, an era of enormous development. The bad crisis may be postponed, perhaps almost averted, by the aid of liberal science. If the present peaceful and stable order of things should continue—and surely such should be the sincere prayer of every one who wishes well to India, for change would mean a plunge back into chaos—we shall see the barriers gradually melt away that have kept the peoples apart. Gradually they are realizing that, however distant the Punjab may be from Travancore, or Cutch from Bengal, the people are yet brothers, children of the same mother. When this conviction shall once possess the whole body of these twenty-four crores, then will the renaissance of this nation have indeed arrived. And then, with all the modern improvements in arts, sciences, and manufactures, superadded to abundant labour; schools thronged with eager students; the knowledge of the Aryans uncarthed from the dust of ages; the Vedas revered and appreciated by the whole educated class, who are now coquetting with Infidelity, with Atheism, with sciolistic Science—with everything that is calculated to despiritualize and denationalize them; with Sanskrit teachers well supported and honoured as in former days; with the most distant districts bound together by a network of railways and other public works; with the mineral and agricultural resources of the country fully developed; with the

pressure of population adjusted to the capacities of the several districts ; with the last chains of superstition broken, and the eyes unbandaged that have been so long withheld from seeing the truth, —the day of Aryan regeneration will have fully dawned. Then once more shall Aryavarta give birth to sons so good as to provoke the admiring homage of the world. When shall we see this glorious day? When shall India take the proud place she might assume in the family of nations? Ah! when? The oracle is silent; the book of destiny none have read. It may be only after a century or centuries; it cannot be soon, for the pendulum swings slowly, and on the dial of Fate the hours are marked by cycles and epochs, not by hours or single generations. Enough for us the present hour; for out of the present comes the future, and the things we do and those we leave undone weave the warp and wind the woof of our destinies. We are masters of causes, but slaves of their results. Take this truth to heart, and remember that whatever your faith — if you have any faith at all in man's survival after death—whether, as Hindus, you believe in Karma, or, as Buddhists, you believe in Prishna, you cannot escape the responsibility of your acts. What you do that is good or bad, and what you might do but leave undone, will equally be placed to your account by the Law of Compensation. The lesson of the hour is that every Indian mother should recall to the child at her knee the glories of the

past, that every son of the soil should keep green the memory of his ancestors, and that each should do what he can, in every way and always, to deserve and to dignify the name of an Aryan.

THE CIVILIZATION THAT INDIA NEEDS.*

IN reflecting upon a choice of subjects upon which to address you, it seems to me that our time would be most profitably spent in examining the modern dogma, that "the true test of the civilization of a nation must be measured by its progress in science." I shall consider it in its relation to Asiatic, especially Indian, needs and standards. My discourse will not be exhaustive, not even approximately so. I am not going to attempt an oration or an exegesis. I shall only say a few words upon a subject so profound and exhaustless that one would scarcely be able to consider its lengths and breadths without writing a volume, or perhaps a score of volumes. For, to know what progress really is, and what are the absolute canons of civilization, one must trace back the intellectual achievements of mankind to the remotest past ; and that, too, with a clue that only the Asiatic people can place in our possession. If Europe really wishes to estimate the rush of civilization, she must not take her datum line from the mental, spiritual, and moral degradation of her own

* A Lecture delivered at Tuticorin, 22nd October, 1881.

Middle Ages, but from the epochs of Indian and Mongolian greatness. The advancement Europe has experienced in popular intelligence, in religious enfranchisement, and in the multiplication of aids to physical comfort; and the phenomenal leap made by my own country of America, within one century, to the topmost rank of national power—these are well calculated to make her accept the above-stated scientific dogma without a thought of protest. The quoted words are those of Sir John Lubbock, and I take them from the report in *Nature* (No. 638, vol. 24) of his presidential address to the members of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, on the 31st of August, 1881—an address that will figure in history. The occasion was the fiftieth anniversary meeting of the Association, and the President properly, and most ably and lucidly, reviewed the progress of science during this wonderful half-century. How vast has been the increase of knowledge about physical nature, and what vistas it opens out, I need not particularize before so intelligent a Hindu audience as the present. You, who have had the benefit of a modern education, know that most branches of physical science have been revolutionized, and many positively created, within the past half-century. Biology, the science of living organizations; Surgery; Archæology; Comparative Philology; Anthropology; Geology; Palæontology; Geography; Astronomy; Optics; Physics, including the Kinetic theory of gases; the properties of

matter and the conservation of energy; Photography; Electricity and Magnetism, and their correlations; Mathematics, as applied to scientific problems; Chemistry; Mechanical Science, including the processes for utilizing metals; Economic Science and Statistics;—the development of these is the splendid triumph of the intellectual activity of the Western world, since the year 1830. Sir John Lubbock counts it all up in the following words: "Summing up the principal results which have been attained in the last half-century, we may mention (over and above the accumulation of facts) the theory of evolution, the antiquity of man, and the far greater antiquity of the world itself; the correlation of physical forces, and the conservation of energy; spectrum analysis and its application to celestial physics; the higher algebra and the modern geometry; lastly, the innumerable applications of science to practical life—as, for instance, in photography, the locomotive engine, the electric telegraph, the spectroscope, and most recently, the electric light and the telephone." Truly, if we compare the Europe and America of to-day with what they were five centuries, or even one century ago, we see good reason for the shout of exultation with which the progress of the Western nations is celebrated. And we can quite understand why the learned and respected President of the British Association should have laid down the dogma already noted in my opening remarks. An educated Hindu would be the last to dissent from his position that there

are no probable limits to the power of the human mind, to solve all the ultimate problems of natural law. When, by the help of the spectroscope, we have been enabled to discover the very composition of the stars of heaven, who shall dare to fix a limit to the capacity of man to unravel the mysteries of the universe around him?

But you must remember that we have been speaking of the progress of *physical* science; and that after that has done its best, after its proficientes have pushed their researches to the very verge of objective nature, though not one secret of the phenomenal world is left uncovered, there is another and a far more important domain of knowledge still left to explore. At that outermost verge yawns an abyss that separates it from the Unknown, and, as scientific men call it, the Unknowable. Why do they not enter this boundless department of Nature? Why, in all this hurry-scurry of the biologists after knowledge, have they not solved the old problem of the why, the whence, the whither of Man? Is it not because their methods are faulty, and their canons of science too narrow? Firstly, they have been overshadowed throughout their investigations by the dark and menacing influence of a Christian theology ignorant of Christ; and secondly, they have been hampered by their ignorant disdain for the claims of Asiatic Occultism, whose adepts alone can tell them how they may learn the secret laws of Nature and of man. Read the summary of scientific progress made by

Professor Draper, in that splendid work of his, entitled "The Conflict between Religion and Science," if you would see how Theology has fought that progress inch by inch. O, the black and bloody record! Bow your heads in reverence, friends of human progress, to the martyrs of science who have battled for the truth. And when you go through so-called Christian countries, as I have gone, and see how that once haughty and all-powerful Church is crumbling, let your hearts throb with gratitude for the long array of daring scientists who have dissected her pretensions, unmasked her false doctrines, shivered the bloody sword of her authority, and left her what she now is, a dying superstition, the last vestiges of whose authority are passing away. Do you think I am speaking in prejudice or passion? Alas! no, my friends and brothers; I am but giving voice to the facts of history, and every unprejudiced man among you may verify them if he chooses. Professor Huxley, who, without the least apparent sympathy for Asiatic thought, or knowledge of its ancient occult science, is yet unconsciously one of the greatest allies of both, in doing what he can to advance science in spite of theology, says:—"The myths of Paganism are dead as Osiris or Zeus, and the man who should revive them, *in opposition to the knowledge of our time*, would be justly laughed to scorn; but the coeval imaginations current among the rude inhabitants of Palestine, recorded by writers whose very name and age are admitted by

every scholar to be unknown, have unfortunately not yet shared their fate; but, even at this day, are regarded by nine-tenths of the civilized world as the authoritative standard of fact and the criterion of the justice of scientific conclusions, in all that relates to the origin of things, and among them, of species. In this nineteenth century, as at the dawn of modern physical science, the cosmogony of the semi-barbarous Hebrew *is the incubus of the philosopher and the opprobrium of the orthodox*. Who shall number the patient and earnest seekers after truth, from the days of Galileo until now, whose lives have been embittered and their good name blasted by the mistaken zeal of Bibliolaters? Who shall count the host of weaker men whose sense of truth has been destroyed in the effort to harmonize impossibilities—whose life has been wasted in the attempt to force the generous new wine of science into the old bottles of Judaism, compelled by the outcry of the stronger party? Hail! Huxley, man of the Iron Age!

And how well he says again:—"It is true that if philosophers have suffered, their cause has been amply avenged. Extinguished theologians lie about the cradle of every science. (Christian) orthodoxy is the Bourbon of the world of thought. It learns not, neither can it forget; and, though at present bewildered and afraid to move, it is as willing as ever to insist that the first chapter of Genesis contains the beginning and the end of sound science; and to visit, with such petty

thunderbolts as its half-paralyzed hands can hurl, those who refuse to degrade nature to the level of primitive Judaism." These are the brave utterances of one of the most respected among European scientists; and he expresses the opinion of an overwhelming majority of his colleagues. None know better than we, humble founders of the Theosophical Society, to what depths of meanness and to what extremes of malice Christian bigots can go, to impede the progress of free-thought. For the last six years we have been pursued with their calumnies against our good names. All the newspapers in India and Ceylon that could be controlled or influenced by these enemies of truth, have been trying their best to embitter *our* lives. Where falsehood has failed and slander recoiled upon them, they have employed the stinging whips of ridicule: and what has been our offence? Simply that we have preached universal religious tolerance, that we have stood up for the dignity and majesty of ancient Asiatic science and philosophy, and have implored the degenerate sons of a glorious ancestry to be worthy of the great names they bear. It is these insatiate enemies that have set police spies to track our footsteps throughout India; that have charged us with being adventurers; that have circulated numberless lies about us; that have forged letters we never wrote. Clergymen, from their pulpits; editors, from their desks; catechists, at the street corners; even bishops and other high dignitaries of the Church, have tried to weaken our influence and

to stop our mouths. But as we have stood for the truth, so has the truth stood by us ; and day by day our vindication has been growing more perfect. An honest life is its own best shield. It has served us in India and Ceylon ; and not only have the Government of India called off their detectives, but at Simla, the summer capital of India, we have just organized a Branch—the Simla Eclectic Theosophical Society—almost entirely composed of Anglo-Indians. As for Ceylon, the Colonial Secretary has refused all applications to the Government to molest us, and has opened the prison-doors for me to lecture to the Buddhist convicts.

So, as you see, my first proposition—that scientific inquiry has been impeded by the bigots of Christian theology—is made out. We will now consider the second. The disdain felt for the ancient occultists is well expressed by Professor Huxley in the passage above quoted. He who would dare to revive the old pagan myths must expect to be “laughed to scorn.” Physical science has dissected them, found no “Kinetic energy” in that “gas,” could not test them by the spectroscope, and so they must have been sheer nonsense ! But we say they were not ; and, having not only studied those myths under teachers who could interpret them, but having also learnt from those who could experimentally demonstrate the truth of their assertions, what the ancient myth-makers of India knew of science, we “laugh to scorn” the whole school of modern

scientists, who know so much in one direction and so little in another. Sir John Lubbock quotes approvingly in his address the opinion of Bagehot that the ancients "had no conception of progress; they did not so much as reject the idea: they did not even entertain it." This is the very key to my present discourse. I want you to realize what should be called real "progress," and why the ancients—your forefathers—"did not even entertain" the idea of what the modern scientists regard as progress. And to comprehend this question, we must first understand what man is, and what the highest point of progress or improvement to which he may attain.

If you will run your eye over the list of sciences noted by the President of the British Association, you will see that nearly all of them bear upon the material comfort, or educational development, of the physical man, and his understanding of the physical facts of the world he lives in. Thousands of the most startling of modern inventions are to aid the Western populations against rigour of climate and infertility of soil, to facilitate the transport of passengers and merchandize and the transmission of intelligence, and to gratify the appetites and passions of our baser nature. It has been one mad struggle of physical man with natural obstacles; the chief objects, the multiplication of wealth, of power, of means of physical gratification. Some people call this "progress;" but what sort of progress is it that arms the lower against the higher part of man's self? The Christian

Bible puts it thus :—“What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?” [Mark viii. 36.] The words are not like mine, but the idea is the same. There is a kind of “progress” that leads to moral debasement and spiritual death. I put it to you, Hindus, whether you have not become familiar with it since you took to wearing European shoes, and to drinking that strong stuff that comes in corked bottles, and is drunk with soda-water out of a big tumbler?

What has become of Religion in this half-century of turmoil? How fares it with man’s better nature? is it purer, nobler, than it was when your ancestors were satisfied with their myths, and not troubling themselves about progress? The moderns have grown wise indeed, if the acme of wisdom be to know why birds, and bugs, and animals are striped, or spotted, are of this colour or shape, or of the other; why the sky is blue, water will not run up hill, stars wheel around their centres of attraction, and electricity leaps from cloud to cloud. But if, as the ancients held, the highest wisdom be to know the secret causes for all objective phenomena, and the extent to which all our human faculties can be developed, then these scientists are but busy ants, living within a microscopic hillock of great Nature. Their boasted progress is, from this ancient point of view, but the beginning of true knowledge, at the wrong end, and all their troublesome activity but vanity and vexation of spirit. Is Civilization measured by the progress of Science? What is

Civilization? Is it the perfecting of deadly weapons for the better killing of man by man? Is it the wholesale debasement of a people by encouraging the consumption of opium and strong drinks? Is it the falsification of articles of food and clothing to cheat the unwary? Is it the lowering of the standard of truthfulness to the point where perjury is at a premium, and man has almost lost all confidence in his fellow-man? Is it the extinction of the intuitive faculties, and the stifling of the religious sentiment? Are *these* the marks of Civilization? Then, indeed, do they abound, and marvellously has the world progressed, within the last half-century. But the true moralist, I opine, would call these the proofs of retrogression. If he were candid, and could be brought to read what the ancient Hindus had really discovered, and what was their lofty standard of enlightenment, he would have to confess that we moderns make but a sorry show in comparison with them. They may not have had railways and spectroscopes, but they had grand notions of what constitutes an ideal man, and the vestiges of their civil polity that remain to us show that society was well organized, that private rights were protected, and the domestic virtues cultivated. I am not speaking of the epochs intermediate between their time and our own, but about the real ancients, the progenitors alike of the modern Hindu and the modern European. The biologist of our day is using his lenses and scalpel—for what purpose? To discover the secret laws of

life, is it not? Well, the ancient philosopher knew these, thousands of years ago; so where is the progress we are wont to boast of? The modern engineer builds bridges and railways, and great ships, to carry us from country to country. But the ancient mystic could, as quick as thought, project his inner self to any place he pleased, however distant, and see and be seen there. Which is the greater proof of "progress"—to have one's body carried in a wooden carriage, over iron rails, at the rate of sixty miles an hour, or by the force of an iron will, aided by a profound knowledge of the forces of Nature, to go in one's *Double* around the earth, through the pathless *Akasa*, in the twinkling of an eye? Or take chemistry as an example. We will say nothing about the science having been entirely recreated since 1830, when the radical theory of Berzelius was in vogue: let that pass. We will take the science as it stands now; and what is its characteristic? Uncertainty, assuredly. Great discoveries have been made, but the *lacunæ*, or gaps, between the chemist and a full knowledge of the laws of Nature, are still confessedly as great as ever; for each new discovery is but another eminence from which the experimentalist sees the horizon ever receding. Chemistry can expel life and disintegrate atoms; it can by synthesis rebuild inert matter. But it cannot recall the parted life that is once gone. It can separate the rose-leaf into atoms, but it cannot mould them again into a rose-leaf, nor restore its vanished perfume. And

yet, by the creative power of their trained will, the ancient occultists could make roses fall in showers, from out of the empty air, upon the heads of sceptics, or fill the room with waves of any perfume they might ask for. Nay, those who have studied their science have done the like in our own days, and before our own eyes. Can any member of the British Association, with his imperfect methods, show us any one of the phenomena of the *Siddhis*, described in the *Shrimad Bhagavata*:—*Animá, Mahimá, Laghimá, Prápti, Prákáshyama, Ishita, Vashitá*, and the eighth which enables one to attain his every wish? Can he display any knowledge of the Buddhist *Iddhiciddhiána* science, by producing the wonders of either the *Laukika* or *Lokothra*? When he can do any of these things, and vie with either the Indian *Rishi* or the Buddhist *Arhát*, then let him dogmatize to us about “progress,” and indulge in his witticisms against the “ancients.” Until then we will return him laughter for laughter, scorn for scorn.

Progress, you will perceive, is a relative term. What may be wonderful advancement to one people, may be quite the opposite to another. And as for civilization, I consider we are only justified in applying the name to that state of society in which intellectual enlightenment is attended by the highest moral development, and where the rights of the individual, and the welfare of the people as a whole, are equally and fully realized. I cannot call any country civilized which, like

England or America, spends five times as much for spirituous drink as for religious and secular education. I call that a barbarous, not a civilized power which derives a large proportion of its income from the encouragement of opium-smoking and of arrack and whiskey-drinking. I give the same name to a nation which, in spite of the teachings of Economic Science and the dictates of religion and morality, plunges into wars of conquest, that it may make new markets, among weaker peoples, for its wares and merchandise. That a different theory of civilization prevails serves but to show the utter perversion of the moral sense which "modern progress" has brought about.

But may we not even ask Sir John Lubbock and his colleagues how they have discovered what the ancients did or did not know of even physical science? In another lecture (*India: Past, Present, and Future*) I noted the fact that there were exhibited at the Mahasabha, described in the *Bharata*, certain wonderful specimens of mechanical ingenuity and technical skill. The fourteenth chapter of the first volume of Madame Blavatsky's *Isis Unveiled*, abounds with illustrations of the profound knowledge possessed by ancient Egypt, Phœnicia, Cambodia, India and other countries, of the arts and sciences. If occasion required, I might show you, by chapter and verse, that some of the very latest discoveries of modern science are but re-discoveries of things known to the ancients, but long lost to mankind. The more I study, the more

is the truth of the ancient doctrine of cycles made clear to my mind. As the stars of heaven move in their orbits around their central suns, so does humanity seem ever circling about the Sun of Truth; now illuminated, now in eclipse; in one epoch resplendent with light and civilization, in another under the shadow of ignorance and in the night of moral and spiritual degradation. Four times have the islands now forming the Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland dipped beneath the ocean, and, after intervals to be calculated only by the arithmetic of geological time, been raised again and repopled.* There was a time when the Himalayas, as well as the Pyrenes, the Alps and the Andes, were under water, and the ocean rolled where they now rear their towering crests. How vain is it, then, for people to pretend to say what the ancients did not know, and what is "new under the sun!" You do not find the Hindus or Chinese making such a mistake; their records, on the contrary, show that their ancestors possessed far more wisdom than their descendants, and the Chinese reverence for them is so strong as to take the form of religious worship. I should not need to go, as I am going, all over India and Ceylon, to implore you, Asiatic men of to-day, not to dishonour yourselves by sneering at your "ignorant ancestors," if you had ever studied the literature they left behind them. It is your blind ignorance that makes you guilty of this sacrilege. Your education has been prescribed

* Huxley: *Lay Sermons*, p. 215.

by the men of "progress." They have taught you a little Latin, less Greek, some patches of what they call History, such Logic and Philosophy as they have scraped out of the dry bones of the ancient philosophers, and a terrible amount of misleading physical science. And, with your heads crammed with such poor stuff, you assume airs and "laugh to scorn" the benighted beings who founded the six schools of Indian Philosophy, and the Rishis and Yogis who were able to range unfettered through all Cosmos! Ay, and to divest yourselves of the least tinge of suspicion that such advanced minds as yours could sympathise with the "degrading superstitions" of your nation, you vie with each other in efforts to lay your pride of race, your intellectual manhood, your self-respect, in the dirt, for the hob-nailed shoes of "progress" to stamp upon. Shame on such Asiatics!

What the best friends of India and Ceylon most ardently desire is to see their young men cling to all that is good of the olden times, while grasping all that is useful of the modern epoch. That is the civilization which India needs. There are certain abstract moral doctrines, never new and never old, that are the property of our race. The best maxims that Jesus taught were taught by others, ages before his time—if he had ever a time, which some declare a doubtful question. So we must not measure civilization by the evolution of moral codes, but by the national living up to them. Christendom has as fine a moral code as could be wished for ;

but she shows her real principles in her Krupp and Armstrong guns and whiskey distilleries, in her opium ships, sophisticated merchandise, prurient amusements, licentiousness and political dishonesty. Christendom we may almost say, is morally rotten and spiritually paralysed. If interested missionaries tell you otherwise, do not believe them upon assertion: go through Christian countries and see for yourselves. Or, if you will not or cannot go, then get the proper books and read. And when you have seen, or read, and the horrid truth bursts upon you; when you have lifted the pretty mask of this smiling goddess of Progress, and seen the spiritual rottenness behind it, then, O, young men of sacred India, heirs of great renown, turn to the history of your own land. Read, and be satisfied that it is better to be good than learned; to be pure-minded and spiritual than rich; to be ignorant as a ryot, with his virtue, than intelligent as a Parisian debauchee, with his vices; to be a heathen Hindu practising the moralities of the Rishis than a progressed and civilized European trampling under foot all the laws that conduce to human happiness and to true progress.

THE SPIRIT OF THE ZOROASTRIAN RELIGION.*

WITH great diffidence I have accepted your invitation to address the Parsis upon the theme of the present discourse. The subject is so noble, its literature is so rich, its ramifications are so numerous, that no living man could possibly do it full justice in a single lecture. Happy, indeed, shall I be, if I succeed in communicating to one or two of the learned Parsi scholars who honour me with their presence, some of the deep interest which I have had for years in the esoteric meaning of the Mazdiaznian faith. My hope is to attract your attention to the only line of research which can lead you towards the truth. That line was traced by Zoroaster, and followed by the Magi, the Mobeds and the Dasturs of old. Those great men have transmitted their thoughts to posterity under the safe cover of an external ritual. They have masked them under a symbolism and ceremonies, that guard their mighty secrets from the prying curiosity of the vulgar crowd, but that hide nothing

* A Lecture delivered at the Town Hall, Bombay, 14th February, 1882.

from those who deserve to know all. Do not misunderstand me. I am not pretending that *I* know all, or nearly all: at best I have had but a glimpse of the reality. But even that little is quite enough to convince me that, within the husk of your modern religion, there is the shining soul of the old faith that came to Zaratusht in his Persian home, and once illuminated the whole trans-Himalayan world. Children of Iran, heirs of the Chaldean lore; you who so loved your religion that neither the sword of Omar, nor the delights of home, nor the yearning of our common humanity to live among the memories of our ancestors, could make you deny it; you who, for the sake of conscience, fled from your native land and erected an altar for the symbolical Sacred Fire in foreign countries, more hospitable than yours had become; you, men of intelligence, of an ancient character for probity, of enterprise in all good works—you are the only ones to lift the dark veil of this modern Parsiism, and let the "Hidden Splendour" again blaze forth. Mine is but the office of the friendly wayfarer who points you to the mouth of the private road that leads through your own domain. I am not, if you please, a man, but only a *voicé*. I need not even appeal to you to strip away the foreign excrescences that, during twelve centuries of residence among strangers, have fastened themselves upon primitive Zoroastrianism nor recite to you its simple yet all-sufficient code

of morality, and ask you to live up to it more closely. This work has already been undertaken by intelligent and public-spirited members of your own community. But I am to show you that your religion is in agreement with the most recent discoveries of modern science, and that the freshest graduate from Elphinstone College has no cause to blush for the "ignorance" of Zaratusht! And I am to prove to you that your faith rests upon the rock of truth, the living rock of Occult Science, upon which the initiated progenitors of mankind built every one of the religions that have since swayed the thoughts and stimulated the aspirations of a hundred generations of worshippers. Let others trace back the history of Zoroastrianism to and beyond the time of the Bactrian King Vis-tâsp; and reconcile the quarrels of Aristotle, Hermippus, Clemens Alexandrinus, Polyhistor, and other ancient as well as modern critics, as to when Zaratusht lived, and where was his birth-place: these are non-essentials. It is of far less moment to know where and of what parentage a religious reformer was born, than to be sure of what he taught and whether his teaching is calculated to bless mankind. Plotinus, the philosopher, so well knew this that he would not tell, even to Porphyry, his pupil and literary biographer, what was his native country, what his real name, or his parentage. As regards Zaratusht one thing is affirmed, viz., that about six centuries B.C. one man of that name lived—whether or not

several others preceded him, as some respectable authorities affirm—and that the religion he preached, whether new or old, was of so noble a character, that it indelibly stamped its impress upon the then chief school of Western philosophy, that of Greece.* It is also, as I believe, certain

* In the oldest Iranian book called the "Desatir"—a collection of the teachings of the fourteen oldest Iranian prophets (to make the number fifteen and include, among them, Simkendesh, or "Secander," is a grave error, as may be proved on the authority of Zaratusth himself in that book)—Zaratusth stands thirteenth in the list. The fact is significant. Respecting the period of Zoroaster the *First*, or his personality, there is no trustworthy information given by Western scholars; their authorities conflict in the most perplexing manner. Indeed among the many discordant notices I find the earliest Greek classic writers, who tell us that Zaratusth lived from 600 to 5,000 years before the Trojan war, or 6,000 years before Plato. Again it is declared by Berosus, the Chaldean priest, that Zoroaster was the founder of an Indian dynasty in Babylon 2200 B.C.; while the later native traditions inform us that he was the son of Purushaspa, and a contemporary of Gustaspa, the father of Darius, which would bring him within 600 B.C. Lastly, it is asserted by Bunsen that he was born at Bactria before the emigration of the Bactrians to the Indus, which took place, as the learned Egyptologist shows us, 3784 B.C. Among this host of contradictions, what conclusion can one come to? Evidently, there is but one hypothesis left: and that is that they are all wrong, the reason for it being the one I find in the secret traditions of the esoteric doctrine—namely, that there were several teachers of that name. Neither Plato nor Aristotle, so accurate in their statements, is likely to have transformed 200 years into 6,000. As to the generally accepted native tradition, which makes the great prophet a contemporary of Darius' father, it is absurd on the very face of it. Though the error is too palpable to need any elaborate confutation, I may say a few words in regard to it. The latest researches show that the Persian inscriptions point to Vistaspa as the last of the line of Katanian princes who ruled in Bactria, while the Assyrian conquest of that country took place in 1200 B.C. Now this alone would prove that Zoroaster lived twelve or thirteen hun-

that this man was an initiate in the sacred Mysteries, or to put it differently—that he had, by a certain course of mystical study, penetrated all the hidden mysteries of man's nature and of the world about him. Zoroaster is by the Greek writers often called the Assyrian "Nazaret." This term comes from the word *Nazar* or *Nasir*—set apart, separated. The Nazars were a very ancient sect of adepts, existing ages before Christ. They are described as "physicians, healers of the sick by the imposition of the hands," and as initiated into the Mysteries (see treatise *Nasir* in the Talmud). The Jews returning from the

dred years B.C., instead of the 600 assigned to him; and thus that he could not have been a contemporary of Darius Hystaspes, whose father was so carelessly and for such a length of time confounded in this connexion with the Vistasp who flourished six centuries earlier. If we add to this the historical discrepancy between the statement of Ammianus Marcellinus—which makes Darius crush the Magi and introduce the worship of Ahurmazda—and the inscription on the tomb of that king which states that he was "teacher and hierophant of Magianism;" and that other no less significant and very important fact that the Zoroastrian *Avesta* shows no signs of the knowledge of its writer or writers of either the Medes, the Persians, or the Assyrians, the ancient books of the Parsis remaining silent upon and showing no acquaintance with any of the nations that are known to have dwelt in or near the Western parts of Iran—the date, 600 B.C.—accepted as the period in which the prophet is alleged to have flourished, becomes absolutely impossible.

It is therefore safe to come to the following conclusions:—(1.) That there were several (in all seven, say the Secret Records,) *Ahuru-asters*, or spiritual teachers, of Ahurmazda, an office corrupted later into *Guru-asters* and *Zuru-asters* from "Zera-Ishtar," the title of the Chaldean or Magian priests; and (2) that the last of them was Zaratusht of the *Desafir*, the thirteenth of the prophets, and the seventh of that name. It was he who was the contemporary of

Babylonian captivity were thoroughly imbued with Zoroastrian and Magian ideas; their forefathers had agreed with the Sabceans in the Bactric worship, the adoration of the Sun, Moon, and Five Planets, the SABAOTH and realms of light. In Babylon they had learned to worship the Seven-Rayed God. And so we find running all throughout the Christian as well as the Jewish Scriptures, the septenary system, which culminates in the *Book of Revelation* (the final pamphlet of the Bible) in the Heptaktis, and a prophecy of the coming of the Persian Sosiosh, under the figure of the Christian Messiah, riding, like the former, upon a white

Vistasp, the last of the Kéanian princes, and the compiler of *Vendidad*, the Commentaries upon which are lost, there remaining now but the dead letter. Some of the facts given in the Secret Records, though to the exact scholar merely traditional, are very interesting. They are to the effect that there exists a certain hollow rock, full of tablets, in a gigantic cave bearing the name of the Zaratushta, under his Magian appellation, and that the tablets may yet be rescued some day. This cave, with its rock and tablets and its many inscriptions on the walls, is situated at the summit of one of the peaks of the Thian Shan mountains far beyond their junction with the Belor Tagh, somewhere along their Eastern course. One of the half-pictorial and half-written prophecies and teachings attributed to Zaratusht himself, relates to that deluge which has transformed an inland sea into the dreary desert called Shamo or Gobi Desert. The esoteric key to the mysterious creeds flippantly called, at one time, the Sabian or Planetary Religion, at another, the Solar or Fire Worship, "hangs in that cave," says the legend. In it the great Prophet is represented with a golden star on his heart and as belonging to that race of Ante-diluvian giants mentioned in the sacred books of both the Chaldeans and the Jews. It matters little whether this hypothesis be accepted or rejected. Since the rejection of it would not make the other more trustworthy, it was as well to mention it.

horse. By the Jewish sect of the Pharisees, whose great teacher was Hillel, the whole angelology and symbolism of the Zoroastrians were accepted, and infused into Jewish thought; and their Hebrew Kabala, or secret book of Occult Wisdom, was the offspring of the Chaldean Kabala. This deathless work is the receptacle of all the ancient lore of Chaldea, Persia, Media, Bactria, and the pre-Iranian period. The name by which its students in the secret lodges of the Jewish Pharisees (or Pharis) were known was *Kabirim*—from Kabeiri, the Mystery Gods of Assyria. Zoroastrianism and Magianism proper were, then, the chief source both of esoteric Judaism and of esoteric Christianity. But not only has this subtle spirit left the latter religion, under the pressure of worldliness and sceptical inquiry: it also long ago left Judaism. The modern Hebrews are not Kabalists but Talmudists, holding to the later interpretations of the Mosaic canon: only here and there can we now find a real Kabalist, who knows what is the true religion of his people and whence it was derived.

The real history of Zoroaster and his religion has never been written. The Parsis have lost the key, as the Jews and Christians have lost that of their respective faiths, and as I find the Southern Buddhists have lost that of theirs. Not to the living pandits or priests of either of those religions can the laity look for light. They can only quote the opinions of ancient Greek and Roman, or modern German, French or English writers. This very day

nearly all that your most enlightened scholars know about your religion is what they have collated from European sources, and that is almost exclusively about its literature and external forms. And see what ridiculous mistakes some of those authorities make at times! Prideaux, treating of the Sad-der, says that Zaratusht preached incest; that "nothing of this nature is unlawful, a man *may not only* marry his sister or his daughter, but even his mother!" (*Ancient Universal History*, iv. 296). He quotes no Zend authority, nothing written by a Parsi, but only Jewish and Christian authorities, such as Philo, Tertullian, and Clemens Alexandrinus. Euty chius, a priest and archimandrite at Constantinople, writes, in the fifth century, on Zoroastrianism as follows: "Nimrod beheld a fire rising out of the earth and he worshipped it, and from that time forth the Magi worshipped fire. And he appointed a man named Ardeshan to be the priest and servant of the Fire. The Devil shortly after that spoke out of the midst of the fire (as did Jehovah to Moses?) saying 'No man can serve the Fire or learn Truth in my Religion, unless first he shall commit incest with his mother, sister, and daughter! He *did as he was commanded*; and from that time the priests of the Magians practised incest; but Ardeshan was the first inventor of that doctrine." I quote this as a sample of the wretched stuff that has always been written against the Zoroastrian religion by its enemies. The above words are simply the dead letter mistranslation of the

secret doctrine, of which portions are to be found in certain rare old MSS. possessed by the Armenians at Etchmiadzine, the oldest monastery in Russian Caucasus. They are known as the Mesrobian MSS. Should the Bombay Parsis show any real general interest in the rehabilitation of their religion, I think I may promise them the gratuitous furtherance and assistance of Madame Blavatsky, whose friend of thirty-seven years' standing, Prince Dondoukoff Korsakoff, has just notified her of his appointment by the Czar as Viceroy of the Caucasus.

In one of these old MSS., then, it is said of the Initiate, or Magus, "He who would penetrate the secrets of (sacred) Fire, and unite with it [as the Yogi 'unites himself with the Universal Soul'] must first unite himself soul and body to the Earth, his *mother*, to Humanity, his *sister*, and to Science, his *daughter*." Quite a different thing, you perceive, from the abhorrent precept ascribed to the Founder of your Mazdiasnian faith.

A curious and sad thing, indeed, it is to see how completely the old life has gone out of Zoroastrianism. Originally a highly spiritual faith—I know of none more so—and represented by sages and adepts of the highest rank among initiates, it has shrunk into a purely exoteric creed; full of ritualist practices not understood, taught by a numerous body of priests as a rule ignorant of the first elements of spiritual philosophy; represented in prayers of which not one word has a

meaning to those who recite them daily : the shrivelled shell that once held a radiant soul. Yet all that Zoroastrianism ever was it might be made again. The light still shines, though in darkness, enclosed in the clay vessel of materialism. Whose shall be the holy hand to break the jar of clay and let the hidden glory be seen? Where is the Móbéd* who shall in our day and generation rise to the ancient dignity of his profession, and redeem it from a degradation so deep as to compel even a Parsi author (Doshaboy Framjee, in his able work on *The Persians*, &c., p. 277) to say they "recite parrot-like all the chapters requiring to be repeated on occasions of religious ceremonies. . . . Ignorant and unlearned as these priests are, they do not and cannot command the respect of the laity." . . . "The position of the so-called spiritual guides has fallen into contempt;" and to add that some priests have "given up a profession which has ceased to be honourable and . . . become contractors for constructing railroads in the Bombay Presidency." Some of the present Dasturs "are intelligent and well-informed men, possessing a considerable knowledge of their religion ;

* Not before he learns the true meaning of his own name, and strives once more to become worthy of it. How many among the modern priests know that their title of Móbéd or "Mogbed," comes from *Ma*, a word used by the prophet Jeremiah to designate a Babylonian Initiate, which, in its turn, is an abbreviation of *Mag-insiah*—the great and wise? "Maghistom" was once the title of Zoroaster's highest disciples, and the synonym of wisdom. Speaking of them Cicero says : *Sapientium et doctorum genus magorum habebatur in Persis.*

but the mass of the priesthood are profoundly ignorant of its first principles." (*Ibid.* p. 279.)

I ask you, men of practical sense, what is the certain fate of a religion that has descended so low that its priests are regarded by the Behedin as fit only to be employed in menial services, such as bringing things to you from the bazaar, and doing household jobs of work? Do you suppose that such a dried corpse will be left long above ground by the fresh and critical minds you are educating at college? Nay, do you not see how they are already treating it; how they abstain from visiting your temples; how sullenly they "make kusti," and go through their other daily ceremonies; how they avoid as much as possible every attention to the prescribed ordinances; how they are gathering in clubs to drink "pegs," and play cards; how they are defiling themselves by evil associations, smoking in secret,* and some even openly, and prating glibly the most sceptical sophistries they have read in European books, written by deluded modern theorists? Yes, —the cloud gathers over the fire altar, the once fragrant wood of Truth is wet with the deadly dews of doubt, a pestilential vapour fills the Atash Behrám, and unless some Regenerator be raised up among you, the name of Zaratusht may, before many generations, be known only as that of the Founder of an extinct faith.

In his Preface to the translation of the *Vendidad*

* No true Parsi smokes, as it is regarded as a profanation of the sacred symbol Fire.

(vol. iv. of *The Sacred Books of the East*, edited by Professor Max Müller), the learned Dr. Darmesteter says: "The key to the *Avesta* is not the Pahlavi, but the Vedas. The *Avesta* and the Vedas are two echoes of one and the same voice, the reflex of one and the same thought: the Vedas, therefore, are both the best lexicon and the best commentary to the *Avesta*" (p. xxvi.). This he defines as the extreme view of the Vedic scholars, and while personally he does not subscribe to them entirely, he yet holds that we cannot perfectly comprehend the *Avesta* without utilising the discoveries of the Vedic pandits. But neither Darmesteter, nor Anquetil Duperron, nor Haug, nor Spiegel, nor Sir William Jones, nor Rapp (whose work has been so perfectly translated into English by the eminent Parsi scholar, K. R. Cama), nor Roth, nor any philological critic whose works I have come across, has named the true key to Zaratushta's doctrine. For it, we must not search among the dry bones of words. No, it hangs within the door of the *Kabala*—the Chaldean secret volume, where under the mask of symbols and misleading phrases, it is kept for the use of the pure searcher after arcane knowledge. The entire system of ceremonial purifications, which in itself is so perfect that a modern Parsi—a friend of mine—has remarked that Zoroaster was the best of Health Officers, is, as it seems to me, typical of the moral purification required of him who would either, while living, attain the Magian's knowledge of the hidden laws of Nature

and his power to wield them for good purposes, or, after a well-ordered life, attain by degrees to the state of spiritual beatitude, called *Moksha* by the Hindus and *Nirvana* by the Buddhists. The defilements by touch of various objects that you are warned against, are not visible defilements, like that of the person by contact with filth, but psychic defilements, through the influence of their bad magnetic aura—a subtle influence proceeding from certain living organisms and inert substances—which is antipathetic to development as an adept. If you will compare your books with the Yoga Sutras of the Hindus, and the Tripitikas of the Buddhists, you will see that each exact for the student and practitioner of Occult Science, a place, an atmosphere, and surroundings that are perfectly pure. Thus the Magus (or Yozdathraigur), the Yogi and the Arahat, all retire, either to the innermost or topmost chambers of a temple, where no stranger is permitted to enter (bringing his impure magnetism with him), to the heart of a forest, a secluded cave, or a mountain height. In the tower of Belus at Babylon, virgin seeresses gazed into magical mirrors and aerolites, to see their prophetic visions; the Yogi retires to his subterranean *gupha*, or to the jungle fastnesses; and the Chinese books tell us that the "Great Teachers" of the sacred doctrine dwell in the "Snowy Range of the Hima-vât." The books alleged to have been inspired by God, or by him or his angels delivered to man, have always, I believe, been delivered on moun-

tains. Zaratusht got the Avesta on Ushidarinna, a mountain by the river Daraga (Vendidad xlix.); Moses received the tables of the Law on Mount Sinai (Exodus xxxiv.); the Koran was given to Mahommed on Mount Hara; and the Hindu Rishis lived in the Himalayas. Sakya Muni left no inspired books; but, although he received the illumination of the Buddhahip in the plains, under a Bo-tree, he had prepared himself by years of austerities in the mountains near Rajagrihá. The obstructive power of foul human, animal, vegetable, and even mineral auras or magnetisms, has always been understood by occult students, from the remotest times. This is the true reason why none but initiated and consecrated priests have ever been allowed to step within the precincts of the holiest places. The custom is not at all the offspring of any feeling of selfish exclusiveness, but based upon known psycho-physiological laws. Even the modern spiritualists and mesmerists know this; and the latter, at least, carefully avoid "mixing magnetisms," which always hurts a sensitive subject. All Nature is a compound of conflicting, and therefore of counterbalancing and equilibrating forces. Without this there could be no such thing as stability. Is it not the contest of the centrifugal and centripetal attractions that keeps our earth, and every other orb of heaven, revolving in its orbit? The law of the Universe is a distinct Dualism while the creative energy is at work, and of a compound Unism when at rest.

And the personification of these opposing powers by Zaratusht was but the perfectly scientific and philosophical statement of a profound truth. The secret laws of this war of forces are taught in the Chaldean Kabala. Every neophyte who sets himself to study for initiation is taught these secrets, and he is made to prove them by his own experiments, step by step, as his powers and knowledge increase. Zoroastrianism has two sides—the open, or patent, and the concealed, or secret. Born out of the mind of a Bactrian seer, it partakes of the nature of the primitive Iranian national religion and of the clear spirituality that was poured into it, from the source of all truth, through the superb lens of Zoroaster's mind.

The Parsis have been charged with being worshippers of the visible fire. This is wholly false. They face the fire, as also they do the sun and the sea, because in these they picture to themselves the Hidden Light of Lights, source of all Life, to which they give the name of Hormazd. How well and how beautifully is this expressed in the writings of Robert Fludd, an English mystic of the seventeenth century (see Mr. Hargrave Jennings's *Rosicrucians*, p. 69 *et seq*): "Regard Fire, then, with other eyes than with those soul-less, incurious ones with which thou hast looked upon it as the most ordinary thing. Thou hast forgotten what it is—or rather thou hast never known. Chemists are silent about it. Philosophers talk of it as anatomists discourse of the constitution (or the parts) of the

human body. It is made for man and this world, and it is greatly like him—that is, *mean* they would add. But is this all? Is this the sum of that casketed lamp of the human body?—thine own body, thou unthinking world's machine—thou man! Or, in the fabric of this clay lamp [what a beautiful simile!] burneth there not a Light? Describe that, ye Doctors of Physic! Note the goings of the Fire. Think that this thing is bound up in matter chains. Think that He is outside of all things, and deep in the inside of all things; and that thou and thy world are only the *thing between*; and that outside and inside are both identical, couldst thou understand the supernatural truths! Reverence Fire (for its meaning) and tremble at it. Avert the face from it, as the Magi turned, dreading, and (as the Symbol) bowed askance. Wonder no longer then, if, rejected so long as an idolatry, the ancient Persians, and their Masters, the Magi—concluding that they saw 'All' in this supernaturally magnificent element—fell down and worshipped it; making of it the visible representation of the very truest, but yet, in man's speculation, and in his philosophies—nay, in his commonest reason—impossible God."

And, mind you, this is the language, not of a Parsi or one of your faith, but of an English scholar who followed the shining path marked out by the Chaldean Magi, and obtained, like them, the true meaning of your Mysteries. *Occult Science is the*

vindication of Zoroastrianism, and there is none other. Modern physical Science is herself blind to spiritual laws and spiritual phenomena. She cannot guide, being herself in need of a helping hand—the hand of the Occultist and the Hierophant Chaldean sage.

Have you thought *why* the Fire is kept ever burning on your altars? Why may not the priest suffer it to go out and re-kindle it again each morning? Ah! there is a great secret hidden. And why must the flames of one thousand different fires be collected—from the smithy, the burning-kiln, the funeral pyre, the goldsmith's furnace, and every other imaginable source? Because this spiritual element of Fire pervades all nature, is its life and soul, is the cause of the motion of its molecules which produces the phenomenon of physical heat. And the fires from all these thousand hearths are collected, like so many fragments of the universal life, into one sacrificial blaze which shall be as perfectly as possible the complete and collective type of the light of Hormazd. Observe the precautions taken to gather only the spirit or quintessence, as it were, of these separate flames. The priest takes not the crude coals from the various hearths and furnaces and pits; but at each flame he lights a bit of sulphur, a ball of cotton, or some other inflammable substance; from this secondary blaze he ignites a second quantity of fuel; from this a third; from the third a fourth, and so on: taking in some cases a ninth, in others a twen-

tieth flame, until the first grossness of the defilement of the fire in the base use to which it was put has been purged, and only the purest essence remains. Then only, is it fit to be placed upon the altar of Hormazd. And even then the flame is not ready to be the type of that Eternal Brightness; it is as yet but a body of earthly flame, a body which lacks its noblest soul. When your forefathers gathered at Sanjân to light the fire for the Indian exiles, the great Dastur Darab, who had come with them from Persia, gathered his people and the strangers of the country about him in the jungle. Upon a stone block the dried sandal-wood was laid. Four priests stood at the four cardinal points. The Gathas are intoned, the priests bow their faces in reverential awe. The Dastur raises his eyes to heaven, he recites the mystical words of power; lo! the fire from the upper world of space descends, and with its silvery tongues laps round the fragrant wood, which bursts into a blaze. This is the missing spirit evoked by the adept Prometheus. When *this* is added to the thousand other dancing flames the Symbol is perfected, and the face of Hormazd shines before his worshippers. Lighted thus at Sanjân, that historic fire has been kept alive for more than seven hundred years, and until another Darab appears among you to draw the flame of the ambient ether upon your altar, let it be fed continuously.

This ancient art of drawing fire from heaven was taught in the Samothracian and Kabiric mysteries.

Numa who introduced the Vestal mysteries into Rome, thus kindled a fire which was under the care of consecrated Vestal Virgins, whose duty it was, under penalty of death for neglect, constantly to maintain it. It was, as Schweigger shows, the Hermes fire, the Ilmes fire of the ancient Germans, the lightning of Cybele; the torch of Apollo; the fire of Pan's altar; the fire-flame of Pluto's helm; the inextinguishable fire in the temple of the Grecian Athene, on the Acropolis of Athens, and the mystical fires of many different worships and symbols. The Occult Science, of which I spoke, was shared by the initiates of the Sacred Science all over the ancient world. The knowledge was first gained in Chaldea, and was thence spread through Greece to more Western and Northern countries. Even to-day the Fire-Cult survives among the rude Indian tribes of Arizona—a far Western portion of America. Major Calhoun, of the U. S. Army, who commanded a surveying party sent out by our Government, told me, that in that remote corner of the world, and among those rude people, he found them keeping alight their Sacred Fire in their *teocalis*, or holy enclosures. Every morning their priests go out, dressed in the sacerdotal robes of their forefathers, to salute the rising sun, in the hope that Montezuma, their promised Redeemer and Liberator, will appear. The time of his coming is not foretold, but from generation to generation they wait, and pray, and hope.

In her *Isis Unveiled*, Madame Blavatsky has

shown us that this heavenly fire, however and whenever manifested, is a correlation of the Akasa, and that the art of the Magician and the Priest enables one to develop and attract it down. But to do this you must be absolutely pure—in body, in thought, in deed. And these are the three pillars upon which Zaratusht erected the stately edifice of his religion. I have always considered it as a great test of the merit of any religion that its essence can be compressed into a few words that a child can understand. Buddhism, with its noble comprehensiveness, was distilled by its Founder into seven words; Zoroastrianism is reduced to three—*Hom-
sté, Hul' hâté, Vurushk.**

A Parsi gentleman, with whom I was conversing the other day, explained the fact of your having no wonder-working priests at present, by saying that none living was pure enough. He was right, and until you can find such a pure celebrant, your religion will never be again reanimated. An impure man who attempts the magical ceremonies is liable to be made mad or destroyed. This is a scientific necessity. The law of nature is, you know, that action and reaction are equal. If, therefore, the operator in the Mysteries propels from himself a current of will-power directed against a certain object, and—either because of feebleness of will, or deviation caused by impure motives—he misses his mark, his current rebounds from the whole body of the Akasa (as the ball rebounds from the wall against

* Good Thoughts, Good Words, Good Deeds.

which it is thrown to the thrower's hand) and reacts upon himself. We are told that they who did not know how to manage the miraculous fire in the Vestal and Kabeiric mysteries "were destroyed by it, and were punished by the Gods" (Ennemoser, *Hist. of Magic*, ii. 32). Pliny relates (*Histor. Nat.* xxviii., 2) that Tullus Hostilius had sought from the books of Numa "Jovem devocare a cælo;" but as he did not correctly follow the rules of Numa, he was struck by the lightning. This same rule applies equally to the attempt to use the Black Art unskilfully. The old English proverb says, "Curses, like fowls, come home to roost." He who would use the powers of Sorcery, or Black Magic, is sure to be destroyed by them first or last. The old fables about sorcerers being carried off by the mocking "devils" whom, for a time, they had employed to gratify their unlawful desires, are all based upon fact. And, in Zoroastrianism, the Parsi is as carefully taught to eschew and fight against the powers of Ahriman, or the Evil Spirits of Darkness, as to cultivate intimacy with and win the protecting favour of the Ameshaspentas and Yazatas—the personified good principles of Nature. You will not find any of your European authorities speaking of these personifications with decent respect, any more than of the nature-gods of the Aryans. To their minds these are but the childish fancies of a florid Persian or Aryan imagination, begotten in the infancy of our race. For a good reason too; not one of these spectacled pandits has

the least practical reason to believe that there are such good and evil powers warring about us. But I am not afraid to say to them all in my individual, not official, capacity, that I *do* believe in them; nay, that I actually know they exist. And this is why you hear me, a Western man taught in a Western University and nursed on the traditions of modern civilization, say that Zaratushta knew more about nature than Tyndall does, more about the laws of Force than Balfour Stewart, more about the origin of species than Darwin or Haeckel, more about the human mind and its potentialities than Maudesley or Bain. And so did Buddha, and some other ancient proficient in Occult Science. Pshaw! Young man of Bombay University, when you have taken your degree, and learnt all your professors can teach you, go to the hermit and the recluse of the jungle and ask *him* to prove to you where to begin your real study of the world into which you have been born! Your professors can make you learned but not wise, can teach you about the shell of Nature, but those silent and despised unravellers of the tangled web of existence can evoke for you the soul that lurks within that sheath. Three centuries before Christ the united kingdom of Persia and Media exercised a dominion extending over an area of three or four millions of square miles, and had a population of several hundred millions of people. And do you mean to tell me that the Zoroastrian religion could have dominated the minds of this enormous mass of people—nearly

twice the present population of India—and could have also swayed the religious thought of the cultured Greeks and Romans, if it had not had a spiritual life in it that its poor remnant of to-day completely lacks? I tell you that if you could put that ancient life back into it, and if you had your Darabs and your Abads to show this ignorant age the proof of the reality of the old Chaldean wisdom, you would spread your religion all over the world. For the age is spiritually dying for want of some religion that can show just such signs, and for lack of them two crores of intelligent Western people have become Spiritualists and are following the lead of mediums. And not only your religion is soulless: Hinduism is so, Southern Buddhism is so, Judaism and Christianity are so likewise. We see following the missionaries none of the "signs" that Jesus said should follow those who were really his disciples: they neither raise the dead, nor heal the sick, nor give sight to the blind, nor cast out devils, nor dare they drink any deadly thing in the faith that it will not harm them. There are a few true wonder-workers in our time, but they are among the Lamaists of Tibet, the Copts of Egypt, the Sufis and Dervishes of Arabia and other Mahomedan countries. The great body of the people, in all countries, are become so sensual, so avaricious, so materialistic and faithless, that their moral atmosphere is like a pestilential wind to the Yozdathraigur (those adepts whom we have made known to India under the name of MAHATMAS).

The meaning of your Haoma you doubtless know. In the ninth Yaçna of the *Avesta*, Haoma is spoken of both as a god—a Yazata—and the plant, or the juice of the plant, which is under his especial protection, and so is the *Soma* of the "*Aitareya Brâhmana*."

"At the time of the morning-dawn came

1. Haoma to Zarathustra.
2. As he was purifying the fire and reciting the Gathas.
3. Zarathu tra asked him: Who, O man, art thou?
4. Thou, who appearest to me as the most beautiful in the whole corporeal world, endued with thine own life, majestic and immortal?
5. Then answered me Haoma, the pure, who is far from death,
6. Ask me, thou pure one, make me ready for food."

Thus, in the same line, is Haoma spoken of in his personified form and as a plant to be prepared for food.

Further on he is described as

52. "Victorious, golden, with moist stalks."

This is the sacred Soma of the Aryans—by them also elevated into a deity. This is that wondrous juice which lifted the mind of him who quaffed it to the splendours of the higher heavens, and made

him commune with the gods. It was not stupefying like opium, nor maddening like the Indian hemp, but exhilarating, illuminating, the begetter of divine visions. It was given to the candidate in the Mysteries, and drunk with solemn ceremony by the Hierophant. Its ancient use is still kept in your memories by the Mobed's drinking, in the *Yagna* ceremony, a decoction of dried *Haoma* stalks, that have been pounded with bits of pomegranate root in a mortar, and afterwards had water thrice poured over them.

The Baresma twigs--among you represented by a bunch of brass wires!--are a reminiscence of the divining-rods anciently used by all practitioners of ceremonial magic. The rod or staff was also given to the fabled gods of Mythology. In the fifth book of the *Odyssey*, Jupiter, in the council of the gods, bids Hermes go upon a certain mission, and the verse says--

“Forth sped he,
Then taking his staff, with which he the eye-
lids of mortals
Closes at will, and the sleeper at will, re-
awakens.”

The rod of Hermes was a magic staff; so was that of *Æsculapios*, the healing wand that had power over disease. The Bible has many references to the magic rod, notably, in the story of the contest of Moses with the Egyptian Magicians in the presence of Pharaoh, in that of the magical budding

of Aaron's rod, the laying of Elisha's staff on the face of the dead Shunamite boy, &c. The Hindu *gossain* of our day carries with him a bamboo rod having seven knots or joints, that has been given to him by his Guru and contains the concentrated magnetic will-power of the Guru. All magic-rods should be hollow, that the magnetic power may be stored in them. In the *Yajna* II., note that the Priest, holding the Baresma rods in his hand, repeats constantly the words "I wish"—properly, I will—so and so. By the ceremony of consecration of the sacred twigs a magical power had been imparted to them, and with the help of this to fortify his own will-force, the celebrant seeks the attainment of his several good desires, the heavenly fire, the good spirits, all good influences throughout the several Kingdoms of Nature, and the law or WORD. In the middle ages of Europe, divining-rods were in general use, not only to discover subterranean waters and springs, and veins of metal, but also fugitive thieves and murderers. I could devote an entire lecture to this subject and prove to you that this phenomenon is a strictly scientific one. In Mr. Baring Gould's *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages* will be found highly interesting accounts of these trials of the mystical power of the rods, which time forbids my quoting. At this day the rods are employed to discover springs, and the Cornish miners carry sprigs of hazel or other wood in their caps. The author of the above work, while ascribing the strange results he is obliged to record principally

to the imagination, is yet constrained to add that "the powers of Nature are so mysterious and inscrutable that we must be cautious in limiting them, under abnormal conditions, to the ordinary laws of experience." And in this he is supported by the experience of many generations of witnesses, in many different countries.

We have mentioned the invocation of the divine WORD or Name in the Yaçna. All the ancient authorities affirm that there is a certain Word of Power by pronouncing which the adept subjugates all the forces of Nature to his will. It is mentioned by many writers. One of the latest is the author of a book called *Rabbi Jeshua*, who, speaking of Jesus, says, "He had perhaps endeavoured to employ magic arts, and to bewitch the council by invocation of the Name through which all incantations were rendered effective" (p. 143). Among the Aryans the Agnihotra priest used to prepare the sacrificial wood and, upon reciting the appropriate Mantra, the heavenly fire of Agni would descend and kindle it. In the Avesta, Zaratusht smites the fiends with the spiritual power of the Word (Darmesteter, lxxvii.). It represents him as a saint-militant, repelling force by force. In *Fargard XI.*, Zarathustra asks Ahura Mazda how he shall purge the house, the fire, the water, the earth, the cow, the tree, the faithful man and woman, the stars, the moon, the sun, the boundless light, and all good things? Ahura Mazda answers :—

“ Thus shalt thou chant the *cleansing words* and the house shall be clean, clean shall be the fire, &c., &c.

“ So thou shalt say these fiend-smiting and most-healing words, thou shalt chant the Ahura Vairya five times, &c.”

Then are given various words to employ for different acts of cleansing. But *the WORD*, the one most potent—the name which, so says Proclus in his treatise upon the Chaldean Oracles—“ rushes into the infinite worlds,” is not written there.* Nor can it be written, nor is it ever pronounced above the breath, nor, indeed, is its nature known except to the highest initiates. The efficacy of all words used as charms and spells lies in what the Aryans call the Vach, a certain latent power resident in Akasa. Physically, we may describe it as the power to set up certain measured vibrations, not in the grosser atmospheric particles whose undulations beget light, sound, heat and electricity, but in the latent spiritual principle or Force—about the nature of which modern Science knows scarcely anything. No words whatever have the slightest efficacy unless uttered by one who is perfectly free from all weakening doubt or hesitancy, who is for the moment wholly absorbed in the thought of uttering them, and who has a cultivated power of will which makes him send out from himself a conquering

* Though properly the WORD or the NAME is neither a word nor a name, in the sense in which we use either expression.

impulse. Spoken prayer is, in fact, an incantation, and when spoken by the "heart," as well as by the lips, has a power to attract good and repel bad influences. But to patter off prayers so many times a day while your thoughts are roving over your landed estates, fumbling your money-bags, or straying away among any other worldly things, is mere waste of breath. The Scripture says, "the prayer of the righteous availeth much." There is the case of George Müller, of Bath, who for thirty years has supported the entire expenses of his Orphanage—now a very large institution of charity—by the voluntary gifts of unknown passers-by at the door, who drop into his charity-boxes *the exact sum he prays for* to meet the day's necessities. History does not contain a more curious or striking example than this. This man prays with such faith and fervency, his motives are so pure, his labours so beneficent, that he attracts to him all the good influences of Nature, although he knows neither the "*Ahura Vairya*," nor the Aryan *Mantras*, nor the Buddhist *Pirit*. Use what words you may, if the heart be clean, the thought intense, the will concentrated, and the powers of Nature will come at your bidding and be your slaves. Says the *Dabistan* (p. 2):—

"Having the heart in the body full of thy remembrance, the novice, as well as the adept, in *contemplation*

- " Becomes a supreme king of beatitude, and the throne of the kingdom of gladness.
- " Whatever road I took, it joined the street which leads to Thee ;
- " The desire to know thy being is also the life of the meditators ;
- " He who found that there is nothing but Thee, has found Thee, has found the *final* knowledge ;
- " The Mobed is the teacher of thy truth, and the world a school."

But this Mobed was not a mere errand-runner, or perfunctory droner of *Gathas*, understanding no word he was saying, but a real Mobed. So high an ideal of human perfectibility had he to live up to, that Cambyses is said to have commanded the execution of a priest who had allowed himself to be bribed, and had his skin stretched over the chair in which his son and successor sat in his judicial capacity (*Hist. Magic.* 1., 2). "Mobed" is derived from Mogbed—from the Persian *Mog*, and means a true priest. Ennemoser truly says that the renowned wisdom of the Magi in Persia, Media, and the neighbouring countries, "contained also the secret teachings of philosophy and the sciences, which were only communicated to priests, who were regarded as mediators between God and man, and as such, and *on account of their knowledge*, were highly respected" (*Ibid.*). THE PRIESTS OF A

PEOPLE ARE EXACTLY WHAT THE PEOPLE REQUIRE THEM TO BE. Remember that, friends, and blame yourselves only for the state of religion among you. You have just what you are entitled to. If you yourselves were purer, more spiritually-minded, more religious, your priesthood would be so too. You are merchants, not idolators, but—as Prof. Monier Williams pithily remarks in the *Nineteenth Century* (March, 1881)—worshippers of the solid rupee. The genuine Parsi, he says, “turns with disgust from the hideous idolatry practised by his Hindu fellow-subjects. He offers no homage to blocks of wood and stone, to monstrous many-headed images, grotesque symbols of good luck, or four-armed deities of fortune. But he bows down before the silver image which Victoria, the Empress of India, has set up in her Indian dominions.”

And this, according to Zoroastrianism, is a crime as great. In his ecstatic vision of the symbolical scenes shown him by the angel Scroshizad, for the warning and encouragement of his people, Ardaï Viraf, the purest of Magian priests at the court of Ardeshir Babagan, saw the pitiable state to which the soul of a covetous money-hoarder is reduced after death. The poor wretch—penniless, since he could take not a *dircin* with him—his heart buried with his savagely-loved treasures, his once pure nature corrupted and deformed, moved the seer to profoundest pity. “I saw it,” says he, “creep along in fear and trembling, and presently a wind

came sweeping along, laden with the most pestilential vapours, even as it were from the boundaries of hell. In the midst of this wind appeared a form of the most demoniacal appearance." The terrified soul attempts to escape, but in vain; the awful, vengeful shape by voice and power roots him to the spot. He inquires in trembling accents whom it may be, and is answered, "I am your genius [that is, his spiritual counterpart and now his mastering destiny], and have become thus deformed by your crimes (whilst you were innocent, I was handsome). You have laid in no provisions for this long journey; you were rich, but did no good with your riches; and not only did no good yourself, but prevented, by your evil example, those whose inclinations led them to do good, and you have often mentally said, 'When is the day of judgment? To me it will never arrive'" (*Arhai Viref Namah*, by Capt. J. A. Pope, p. 56). Say it is a vision, if you will; nevertheless it mirrors an awful truth. The worship of the silver image of Victoria on the rupee is even more degrading than the Hindu's worship of Ganesha or Hari; for he, at least, is animated by a pious thought, whereas the greedy money-getter is but defiling himself with the filth of selfishness.

The Parsi community is already half-way along the road to apostasy. The fiery enthusiasm is gone that made your forefathers abandon everything they prized rather than repudiate their faith; that sup-

ported them during a whole century in the sterile mountains of Khorasan or the out-lying deserts; that comforted them in their exile at Sanjân, and gave them hope after the battle with their hereditary enemy Aluf Khan. Formerly, it was Religion first and the Rupee last; now it is the Rupee first, and everything else after. See, I, a stranger, point with one finger to your palatial bungalows, your gorgeous equipages, your ostentatious annual squandering of twelve lakhs of money at festivals; with the other to your comparatively paltry subscriptions for the study and resuscitation of your religion. The proverb says, "Figures cannot lie," and in this instance they do not. If I wanted the best test to apply to your real religious zeal, I should look at the sum of your expenditure for vain show and sensual enjoyment, as compared with what you do for the maintenance of your religion in its purity, and at the sort of conduct you tolerate in your priests. That is the mirror which impartial justice holds up before you; behold your own image, and converse with conscience in your private moments. What but conscience is personified in the "maid, of divine beauty or fiendish ugliness," according as the soul that approaches the Chinwad bridge was good or bad in life? (*Yasht.* xxii.)

She, "the well-shapen, strong, and tall-formed maid, with the dogs at her sides, one who *can distinguish*, and is of *high understanding*" (*Avesta*, Fargard xix.)?

You have asked me to tell you about the spirit of your religion. I have only the truth to tell—the exact truth, without fear or favour. And I repeat, you have already set money in the niche of faith; it only remains for you to throw the latter out of doors. For hypocrisy will not last for ever. Men weary of paying even lip-service to a religion they no longer respect. You may deceive yourselves; you cannot deceive that maiden at the bridge. Let three or four more generations of sceptics be passed through the educational mint of the College; let the teaching of your religion be neglected as it now is; and the time will have come when it will be only the occasional brave heart that will dare call himself a Mazdiasnian. Let that stand as a prophecy if you choose; as a prophecy based upon the experience of the human race. A black page will it be indeed, in the record of events, when the last vestige of the once splendid faith of Zarathushta shall be blotted from it, the last spark of the heavenly fire that shone from the Chaldean watch-towers of the sages be extinguished. And the more so, if that last extinction shall be caused, not by the sword of tyranny, nor by the crafty scheming of civil administrators, but by the soulless worldliness of its own hereditary custodians; those to whom the lighted torch had been handed down through the ages, and who dropped it into the quenching black waters of materialism.

Time fails me to enter into detailed explanation

of the Zoroastrian symbols, as perhaps I might ; though I certainly am not able to do the subject full justice. The *sudra* and *kusti** with which you invest your children at the age of six years and three months have, of course, a magical significance. They pass through the hands of the Dastur, who, as we have seen, was formerly an initiate, and he imparted to them magnetic properties which converted them into talismans against evil influences. After that a set formula of prayers and incantations is regularly prescribed for the whole life. The wearers' thoughts are directed towards the talismanic objects constantly, and when faith is present, their will-power, or magnetic aura, is at such times infused into them. This is the secret of all talismans ; the object worn, whatever it may be, need have no innate protective property ; for that can be given to any rag, stone, or scrap of paper, by an adept. Those of you who have read the Christian Bible will remember that from the body of Paul, the Apostle, "were brought unto the sick handkerchiefs or aprons, and the diseases departed from them, and *the evil spirits went out of them*" (Acts xix. 12). In the Ormazd-Yasht of the *K'hordak-Avesta* (25), it is written "by day and night, standing or sitting, girt with the Aiwyâonhana (*kusti*) or drawing off the Aiwyâonhana,

* A gauzy muslin shirt, and a peculiar holy thread, made of fine wool woven by the wives of Parsi priests with certain invocatory charms.

"Going forwards out of the house, going forwards out of the confederacy, going forwards out of the region, coming into a region,

"Such a man the points of the Drukhs-souled, proceeding from Ashma, will not injure in that day or that night, not the slings, not the arrows, not knives, not clubs; the missiles will not penetrate (and) he be injured" (Haug's *Avesta*, p. 24, *Kherdah-Avesta*, Eng. ed. of 1864).

Similar protective charms are given by every adept to each new pupil.

The use of *Vidagdha* as libations and ablutions is a survival of very ancient—probably pre-Iranian—mythic conceptions. There is nothing in the fluid itself of a disinfectant or purificatory character, but a magical property is given to it by ceremonial magic formulas, as a glass of common water may be converted into a valuable medicine by a mesmerizer holding it in the left hand and making circular passes over it with the right. The subject is treated in Darmesteter's Introduction to the *Zendikerd* (lxxxviii.) "The storm floods that cleanse the sky of the dark floods in it were described in a class of myths as the urine of a gigantic animal in the heavens. As the floods from the bull above drive away the flood from the god, so they do from man here below; they make him free from the death-demon (*frōshō*), and the

" Purified urine of the cow.

death-fiend flees away hellwards, pursued by the fiend-smiting spell: 'Perish thou, O Drug! never more to give over to Death the living world of the good spirit!'" It may be that there is a more valid reason for the use of Nirang, but I have not yet discovered it. That an occult property *is* imparted to the fluid by the ceremonial is clear; since, if it be exposed to certain influences not in themselves putrefactive, it will speedily become putrid; while, on the other hand, it may be kept for years in a fresh condition without the admixture of antiseptic substances, and notwithstanding its occasional exposure to the air, if certain ceremonial rules be followed. (Of course I have this from Parsi friends, and not from my own observation: I would not express an unqualified opinion before investigating the subject.) I recommend some Parsi chemist to analyse specimens of different ages, especially to determine the relative qualities of nitrogenous constituents.

When Professor Monier Williams vents his Oxonian scorn upon the ceremonies of the Parsis, he only provokes the smile of such as have looked deeper than he into the meaning of ancient symbolism. "Here and there," says he, "lofty conceptions of the Deity, deep philosophical thoughts, and a pure morality, are discoverable in the *Avesta*, like green spots in the desert; *but they are more than neutralised by the silly puerilities and degrading superstitious ideas* which crop up as plentifully in its pages as thorns and thistles in a

wilderness of sand." (*Nineteenth Century*, January, 1881, p. 176.) Mr. Joseph Cook, the other day in this hall, said something to the same effect. The good portions of the Vedas were so few as compared with the trashy residuum, that he likened them to the fabled jewel in the head of a filthy toad! It is really very condescending of these white pandits to admit that there is anything whatever except rottenness and puerility in the old religions!

In what has been said I have, you must remember, been speaking from the standpoint of a Parsi. I have tried to sink my personality and my personal religious preferences for the moment, and to put myself in your place. That is the cardinal policy of the Theosophical Society. It has itself no sectarian basis, but its motto is the Universal Brotherhood of man. It was organized to bring to light the long-buried truths of not one, but all the world's archaic religions. Its members are of all respectable castes, all faiths and races. Many intelligent Parsis are among them. For their sake and for that of their co-religionists, this lecture has been given. I have tried most earnestly to induce one of them, or some other Parsi, to come forward and show you that no religion has profounder spiritual truths concealed under its familiar mask than yours. That I am the incompetent though willing spokesman for the ancient Yozdathraigurs is your fault, not mine. If I have spoken truth, if I have suggested new thoughts, if I have given any encouragement to the

pious, or pleasure to the learned, my reward is ample.

“*Zathâ ahû Saîryô* :—The riches of Vohumanô shall be given to him who works in this world for Mazda,” is the promise of the *Avesta* (Fargard xxi.). Bear it in mind, ye Mazdashians, and remember the maiden and her dogs by the Chinvat Bridge. I say this especially to my Parsi brothers in our Society; for I have the right to speak to them as an elder to a junior. As Parsis they have a paramount duty to their co-religionists, who are retrograding morally for want of the pure light. As Theosophists, their interest embraces all their fellow-men of whatever creed. For we read in one of the most valuable of all books for the thoughtful Parsi—the *Dabistan*, or *School of Manners* :

- “The world is a book full of knowledge and of justice,
- The binder of which book is Destiny, and the binding the beginning and the end ;
- The future of it is the law, and the leaves are the religious persuasions. * * ”

For three years we have been preaching this idea of mutual toleration and Universal Brotherhood here in Bombay. Some have listened, but more have turned a deaf ear. Nay, they have done worse—they have spread lies and calumnies about us, until we were made to appear to you in false light. But the tide is turning at last, and public

sympathy is slowly setting-in in our favour. It has been a dark night for us ; it is now sunrise. If you can see a good motive behind us, an honest purpose to do good by spreading truth, will you not join us as you have joined other societies, and help to make us strong ? We can perhaps be of service in aiding you to learn something more than you know about the spirit of Zoroastrianism. As I said before, there are many important secrets to be extracted from ancient MSS. in Armenia. Perhaps they may be got at if you will join together and send some thoroughly competent Parsi scholars to make the search, in co-operation with the Tiflis Archæological Society. See how the Christians have organised a Palestine Exploration Society, to search for anything in the shape of proof that can be found to corroborate their Bible. For years they have kept engineers and archæologists at work. Is your religion less important to you ? Or do you mean to sit on your guineas until the last old MS. has been burned to kindle Armenian fires, or torn to wrap medicines and sweets in, as I have often seen Bibles utilised in India and Ceylon by heathen *borahs* ? One of our members (see *Theosophist* for July, 1881) went over the most important ground a few months ago. At the monastery of Soorb Ovanness in Armenia there were in 1877 three superannuated priests ; of these but one now remains. The " library of books and old manuscripts heaped up as waste paper in every corner of the pillar-cells, tempting no Kurd, are scattered over the rooms."

And he adds that "for the consideration of a dagger and a few silver *abazes*, I got several precious manuscripts from him,"—the old priest. Now does not this suggest to you that through the friendly intermediation of our Society, and the help of Madame Blavatsky, you may be able to secure exceptional advantages in the matter of archæological and philological research connected with Zoroastrianism? We do not ask you to join us for our benefit, but for your own. I have thrown out the idea; act upon it or not as you choose.* Beaten with Parsi children's shoes ought that Parsi to be who next gives a gaudy nautch or wedding *tamasha*, unless he has previously subscribed as liberally as his means allow towards a fund for the promotion of his religion.

At the fifth annual meeting (in September last) of the Archæological Society of Tiflis, Caucasus, a very valuable report was made by Count Ouvarof, the Nestor of Russian archæologists and Founder of the Society, upon recent explorations and discoveries in the districts formerly inhabited by the Mazdiasnians. This Caucasian Viceroyalty was once the heart of ancient Parsiism. It includes Armenia, Derbent, Ossetya, and the land of the Khabardines, besides other countries that should be explored by your agents. Among the curious

* The suggestion was taken up, and shortly after a Parsi Archæological Society was organized at Bombay. But the wealthy class have not as yet subscribed funds, and nothing practical has hitherto been accomplished.

facts brought to light, it was discovered that the old Mazdiasnians had two kinds of burial structures—one for use in hot weather, the other for the winter season. They found proofs that your faith was not less than 11,000 years old: which bears rather hard upon those authors (among them your own countryman, Dosab-hoy Framjee) who date its birth from the time of the appearance, in the sixth century B.C., of a certain Zarathushta at the court of Darius Hystaspes! The learned Count Ouvref says that the Osetines, a warlike mountain tribe of half Christianized Mahommedans, formerly Mazdiasnians, to this day bring a dog to look at the corpse before sepulture. In Tibet, too, towards the Northern border, the corpse is exposed to the view of a dog and a *djak*—a bird of prey, perhaps of the vulture species. Throughout Tibet the corpses of all but Lamas of the higher grades are given to be eaten by a breed of sacred dogs bred for the purpose. The Lamas above referred to are either burned, or embalmed and entombed in a sitting posture. I have been unable to learn from any Parsi, even from the most intelligent I have consulted, the explanation of this ancient custom of exposing the corpse to inspection by dogs. Upon inquiry in another direction, however, I am told that its original purpose was to show the dog that here was food for him, and that immediately after seeing it, the animal would rush off to its fellows and bring a whole pack to share in the repast. His instinct (or should we rather say his mesmeric sensitive-

ness?) told him when life had actually quitted the cadaver. This seems to me a very clear and sensible explanation of a long-veiled practice. Moreover, I read in Mr. K. R. Cama's translation of Prof. Duncker's *Geschichte des Altertums*, that in the time of Agathias, the Persians carried their dead outside the gates of a town and exposed them to be eaten by dogs and birds; regarding it as a clear proof that the deceased had led an impure life if the corpse were not directly consumed. What more likely, then, than that the relatives showed the corpse to the one or two dogs at the house, so that by the time the procession should reach the place of exposure, the pack would be there ready to complete their work? As for the theory that the glance of a dog frightens away the Drukhs-Nagu, it appears to be a mere hypothesis. In the Secret Doctrine it is taught that the most lethal current in the ether of space (*Alkasa*) sets in from the North. This is the current of terrestrial magnetism. Experience has also warned mesmeric practitioners to make their subject sit with the back to the North and the feet towards the South. The Hindus lay their dead in the same direction. Baron Reichenbach also discovered that his odyllic sensitives could not sleep East and West, but would instinctively turn North and South, even when their beds had been purposely placed in the transverse way. In occult Science the North is the habitat of the worst "elemental spirits" (a very clumsy name for the occult forces of nature), and

in Eliphas Levi's books (*Dogme et Rituel de la Haute Magie*, and others) are given instructions to guard against their irruption. If a corpse be traversed by this boreal current, the latter takes up certain psychically bad influences, which, if absorbed by the living who are sensitive to them, have a very evil effect. The Drukhs-Nacu is this boreal current, and contains in itself a number of varieties of malignant influences. This, I am told, is the Secret Doctrine.

In commencing, I reminded you that this subject of the spirit of Zoroastrianism is limitless. In consulting my authorities I have been perplexed to choose from the abundance of material, rather than troubled by any lack of it. There are a few mere facts that I should like to mention before closing.

Abul Pharaj, in the *Book of Dynasties* (p. 54), states that Zarathusht taught the Persians the manifestation of the *Wisdom* (the Lord's Anointed Son, or Logos, the Persian "Honover.") This is the living manifested word of Deific Wisdom. He predicted that a Virgin should conceive immaculately, and that at the birth of that future messenger a six-pointed star would appear, and shine at noon-day. In its centre would appear the figure of a Virgin. This six-pointed star you see engraved on the seal of the Theosophical Society. In the Kabala the Virgin is the Astral Light or Akasa, and the six-pointed star the emblem of the Macrocosm. The Logos, or Sosiosh, to be born, means the secret knowledge or science which reveals the

"Wisdom of God." Into the hand of the prophet messenger Zarathusht were delivered many gifts. When filling the censer with *fire from the sacred altar*, as the Mobed did in ancient days, the act was symbolical of *imparting to the worshippers* the knowledge of divine truth. In the '*Gita*,' Krishna informs Arjuna that God is in the fire of the altar. "I am the Fire; I am the Victim." The Flamens, or Etruscan priests, were so called because they were supposed to be illuminated by the *tongues of Fire* (Holy Ghost) and the Christians took the hint (*Acts ii.*) The scarlet robe of the Roman Catholic cardinal symbolises the heavenly Fire. In an ancient Irish MS. Zarathusht is called *Airgival-Lamb*, or he of the Golden Hand,*—the hand which received and scattered celestial Fire (Ousley's *Oriental Collections*, i., 303). He is also called Mogh Nuadhat, the Magus of the New Ordinance, or dispensation. Zarathusht was one of the first reformers who taught to the people a portion of that which he had learned at his initiation, viz., the six periods, or *Gâhambôrs*, in the successive evolution of the world. The first is *Midyuseram*, that in which the heavenly canopy was formed; the second *Mid-yirshun*, in which the collected moisture formed the steamy clouds from which the waters were finally precipitated; the third, *Piti-shahim*,

* I have a copy of an excellent chromolithograph, recently published at Bombay, representing Zoroaster as kneeling upon a double altar, his head encircled with a sun-ray, his hand holding a seven-jointed bamboo and fire coming from his hand.

when the earths became consolidated out of primeval cosmic atoms; the fourth, *Iyasram*, in which earth gave birth to vegetation; the fifth, *Midiyarim*, when the latter slowly evolved into animal life; the sixth, *Hamspita-milnu*, when the lower animals culminated in man. The seventh period—to come at the end of a certain cycle—is prefigured in the promised coming of the Persian Messiah, seated on a horse; *i.e.* the sun of our solar system will be extinguished and the “Pralaya,” will begin. In the Christian *Apocalypse* of St. John you will find the Persian symbolical prophecy closely copied; and the Aryan Hindu awaits the coming of his Kalki Avatar when the celestial White Horse will come in the heavens, bestridden by Vishnu. The horses of the sun figure in all other religions.

There exists among the Persian Parsis a volume older than the present Zoroastrian writings. Its title is *Gjerdibet Chirib*, or Eternal Wisdom. It is a work on the practical philosophy of Magic, with natural explanations. Hyde mentions it in his preface to the *Religio Persarum*. The four Zoroastrian *Ages* are the four races of men—the Black, the Russet, the Yellow, the White. The four castes of Manu are alleged to have typified this, and the Chinese show the same idea in their four orders of priests clothed in black, red, yellow, and white robes. St. John sees these same colours in the symbolic horses of his Revelation. Speaking of Zoroaster, whom he admits to have possessed all sciences and philosophy then known to the

world, Mr. Oliver gives an account of the cave temple of which so much is said in Zoroastrian literature. "Zoroaster," he writes, "retired to a *circular* cave or grotto in the mountains of Bolshara which he ornamented with a profusion of symbolical and astronomical decorations, consecrating it to Methr-Åz. Here the sun was represented by a splendid gem, in a conspicuous part of the roof; and the four ages of the world were represented by so many globes of gold, silver, brass and iron." (*History of Initiation*, p. 9.)

And now I ask you, as a final word, if the crisis has not arrived when every man of you is called upon, by all he holds sacred, to be up and doing. Shall the voice of the Chaldean Fathers, which whispers to you across the ages, be heard in vain? Shall the example of Zarathusht and Nathan be forgotten? Must the memory of your hero forefathers be dishonoured? Shall there never more arise among you a Darab Dastur, to draw down the celestial flame from the azure vault upon your temple altar? Is the favour of Ahura-Mazda no longer a boon precious enough to strive for and deserve? The Hindu pilgrims to the temple-shrine of Jotir Math at Badrinath, affirm that some, more favoured than the rest, have sometimes seen far up amid the snow and ice of Mount Dhavalagiri—a Himalayan peak—the venerable figures of Mahatmas—perhaps of Rishis—who keep their watch and ward over the slumbering Aryan faith, and await the hour of its resuscitation. So too—our travelling

brother in Armenia writes—there is a cave up near the crest of Allah-Dag, where at each setting of the sun, appears at the cave's mouth a stately figure, holding a book of records in his hand. The people say that this is Mathan, last of the great Magian priests, whose body died some sixteen centuries ago. His anxious shade watches from thence the fate of Zoroaster's faith. And shall he stand in vain? Is he to see that faith die out for want of spiritual refreshment? Ye sons of Sohrab and of Rustam, rouse yourselves! Awake before it be too late! The Hour is here: where are the MEN?

THE LIFE OF BUDDHA AND ITS LESSONS.*



THE thoughtful student, in scanning the religious history of the human race, has one fact continually forced upon his notice, *viz.*, that there is an invariable tendency to deify whomsoever shows himself superior to the weakness of our common humanity. Look where we will, we find the saint-like man exalted into a divine personage and worshipped as a god. Though perhaps misunderstood, reviled and even persecuted while living, the apotheosis is almost sure to come after death; and the victim of yesterday's mob, raised to the state of an intercessor in heaven, is besought with prayers and tears, and placatory penances, to mediate with God for the pardon of human sin. This is a mean and vile trait of human nature,—the proof of ignorance, selfishness, brutal cowardice and superstitious materialism. It shows the base instinct to put down and destroy whatever or whoever makes men feel their own imperfections; with the alternative of ignoring and denying these very imperfections

* A Lecture delivered at the Kandy Town Hall, Ceylon, 11th June, 1880.

by turning into gods men who have merely spiritualized their natures, so that it may be supposed they were heavenly incarnations and not mortal like other men.

This process of *euhemerization*, as it is called, or the making of men into gods and gods into men, sometimes, though more rarely, begins during the life of a hero, but usually after death. The true history of his life is gradually amplified and decorated with fanciful incidents, to fit it to the new character posthumously accorded to him. Omens and portents are now made to attend his earthly avatar; his precocity is described as super-human; as a babe or living child he silences the wisest logicians by his divine knowledge; miracles he produces, as other boys do soap-bubbles; the terrible energies of nature are his playthings; the gods, angels and demons are his habitual attendants; the sun, moon, and all the starry host wheel around his cradle in joyful measures, the earth thrills with joy at having borne such a prodigy; and at his last hour of mortal life the whole universe shakes with conflicting emotions.

Why need I use the few minutes at my disposal to marshal before you the various personages of whom these fables have been written? Let it suffice to recall the interesting fact to your notice, and invite you to compare the respective biographies of the Brahminical Krishna, the Persian Zoroaster, the Egyptian Hermes, the Indian Gautama, and the canonical, especially the apocryphal,

Jesus. Taking Krishna or Zoroaster, as you please as the most ancient, and coming down the chronological line of descent, you will find them all made after the same pattern. The real personage is all covered up and concealed under the embroidered veils of the romancer and the enthusiastic historiographer. What is surprising to me is that this tendency to exaggeration and hyperbole is not more commonly allowed for by those who in our day attempt to discuss and to compare religions. We are constantly and painfully reminded that the prejudice of inimical critics, on the one hand, and the furious bigotry of devotees, on the other, blind men to fact and probability, and lead to gross injustice. Let me take as an example the mythical biographies of Jesus. At the time when the Council of Nice was convened for settling the quarrels of certain bishops and for the purpose of examining into the canonicity of the 300 more or less apocryphal gospels, that were being read in the Christian churches as inspired writings, the history of the life of Christ had reached the height of absurd myth. We may see some specimens in the extant books of the apocryphal New Testament; but most of them are now lost. What have been retained in the present canon may doubtless be regarded as the least objectionable. And yet, we must not hastily adopt even this conclusion; for, you know that Sabina, Bishop of Heraclea, himself speaking of the Council of Nice, affirms that "except Constantine and Sabinus, Bishop of Pamphilus, these

bishops were a set of illiterate, simple creatures that understood nothing ;” which is as though he had said they were a pack of fools. And Pappus, in his *Synodicon* to that Council of Nice, lets us into the secret that the canon was not decided by a careful comparison of the several gospels before them, but by a *lottery*. Having, he tells us, “promiscuously put all the books that were referred to the Council for determination under a communion-table in a church, they (the bishops) besought the Lord that the inspired writings might get up on the table, while the spurious writings remained underneath, and *it happened accordingly.*” But letting all this pass as possibly spurious history, and looking only to what is contained in the present canon, we see the same tendency to compel all nature to attest the divinity of the writer’s hero. At the nativity a star leaves its orbit and leads the Persian astrologers to the divine babe, and angels come and converse with shepherds, and a whole train of like celestial phenomena occur at various stages of his earthly career; which closes amid earthquakes, a pall of darkness over the whole scene, a supernatural war of the elements, the opening of graves and walking about of their tenants, and other appalling wonders. Now, if the candid Buddhist concedes that the real history of Gautama is embellished by like absurd exaggerations, and if we can find their duplicates in the biographies of Zoroaster, Saankaracharya and other real personages of antiquity, have we not the right

to conclude that the true history of the Founder of Christianity, if at this late day it were possible to write it, would be very different from the narratives that pass current? We must not forget that Jerusalem was at that time a Roman, just as Ceylon is now a British dependency, and that the silence of contemporary Roman historians about any such violent disturbances of the equilibrium of nature is deeply significant.

I have cited this example for the sole and simple purpose of bringing home to the non-Buddhistic portion of my audience the conviction that, in considering the life of Sakya Muni and the lessons it teaches, they must not make his followers of to-day responsible for any extravagant exuberance of past biographers. The doctrine of Buddha and its effects are to be judged quite apart from the man, just as the doctrine ascribed to Jesus and its effects are to be considered quite irrespectively of his personal history. And—as I trust to have shown—the actual doings and sayings of every founder of a faith or school of philosophy, must be sought for under a heap of tinsel and rubbish contributed by successive generations of followers.

Approaching the question of the hour in this spirit of precaution, what do we find are the probabilities respecting the life of Sakya Muni? Who was he? When and how did he live? What did he teach? A most careful comparison of authorities and analysis of evidence establishes, I think, the following data :

1. He was the son of a king.
2. He lived between six and seven centuries before Christ.
3. He resigned his royal state and went to live in the jungle, and among the lowest and most unhappy classes, so as to learn the secret of human pain and misery by personal experience; tested every known austerity of the Hindu ascetics and excelled them all in his power of endurance; sounded every depth of woe in search of the means to alleviate it; and at last came out victorious, and showed the world the way to salvation.
4. What he taught may be summed up in a few words, as the perfume of many roses may be distilled into a few drops of *attar*. Everything in the world of matter is unreal; the only reality is the world of spirit. Emancipate yourself from the tyranny of the former; strive to attain the latter. The Rev. Samuel Beal, in his *Cantona of Buddhist Scriptures from the Chinese*, puts it differently. "The idea underlying the Buddhist religious system is," he says, "simply this: 'All is vanity,' Earth is a show, and Heaven is a vain reward." Primitive Buddhism was engrossed, absorbed, by one thought—the vanity of finite existence, the priceless value of the one condition of Eternal Rest.

If I have the temerity to prefer my own defini-

tion of the spirit of Buddha's doctrine, it is because it appears to me all the misconceptions of it have arisen from failure to understand his idea of what is real and what unreal, what worth longing and striving for, and what not. From this misconception have arisen all the unfounded charges that Buddhism is an "atheistical"—that is to say, a grossly materialistic, nihilistic, negative, vice-breeding religion. Buddhism denies the existence of a personal God—true; denies the immortality of the soul,*—true; holds out no promise of a future, unbroken existence in heaven—true; therefore—well, therefore, and notwithstanding all this, its teaching is neither what may be properly called atheistical, nihilistic, negative, nor provocative to vice. I will try to make my meaning plain, and the advancement of modern scientific research helps me in this direction. Science divides the universe for us into two elements—matter and force; accounting for every phenomenon by their combinations, and making both eternal and obedient to eternal immutable law. The speculations of men of science have carried them to the outermost verge of the physical universe. Behind them lie not only a thousand brilliant triumphs by which a part of Nature's secrets have been wrung from her, but also more thousands of failures to fathom her deep mysteries. They have proved thought material, since it is the evolution of the gray tissue of the brain, and a

* The Astral Man—not the seventh principle in man.

recent German experimentalist, Professor Dr. Jüger, claims to have proved that man's soul is "a volatile odoriferous principle, capable of solution in glycerine." Psychogen is the name he gives to it, and his experiments show that it is present not merely in the body as a whole, but in every individual cell, in the ovum, and even in the ultimate elements of protoplasm. I need hardly say to so intelligent an audience as this that these highly interesting experiments of Dr. Jüger are corroborated by many facts, both physiological and psychological, that have been always noticed among all nations—facts which are woven into popular proverbs, legends, folk-lore, fables, mythologies and theologies, the world over. Now if thought is matter and soul is matter, then Buddha, in recognizing the impermanence of sensual enjoyment or experience of any kind, and the instability of every material form, the human soul* included, uttered a profound and scientific truth. And, since the very idea of gratification or suffering is inseparable from that of material being—absolute SPIRIT alone being regarded by common consent as perfect, changeless, and Eternal—therefore, in teaching the doctrine that conquest of the material self, with all its lusts, desires, loves, hopes, ambitions and hates, frees one from pain, and leads to Nirvana, the state of Perfect Rest, he preached the rest of an untinged, untainted existence in the Spirit. Though the soul be composed of the finest conceivable substance, yet if

* The Astral Man ; not the seventh principle in man.

substance at all—as Dr. Jäger seems able to prove, and as ages of human intercourse with the weird phantoms of the shadow-world imply—it must in time perish. What remains is that changeless part of man which most philosophers call Spirit, and Nirvana is its necessary condition of existence. The only dispute between Buddhist authorities is whether this Nirvanic existence is attended with individual consciousness, or whether the individual is merged into the whole, as the extinguished flame is lost in the ocean of air. But there are those who say that the flame has not been annihilated by extinction. It has only passed out of the visible world of matter into the invisible world of spirit, where it still exists, and will ever exist, as a bright reality. Such thinkers can understand Buddha's doctrine, and, while agreeing with him that the soul is not immortal, would spurn the charge of materialistic nihilism if brought against either that sublime teacher or against themselves.

The history of Sakya Muni's life is the strongest bulwark of his religion. As long as the human heart is capable of being touched by tales of heroic self-sacrifice, accompanied by purity and celestial benevolence of motive, it will cherish his memory. Why go into the particulars of that noble life? You all remember that he was the son of the king of Kapilavastu—a mighty sovereign whose opulence enabled him to give the heir of his house every luxury a voluptuous imagination could desire—and that the future Buddha was not allowed

even to know, much less to observe, the miseries of ordinary existence. How beautifully Mr. Edwin Arnold has depicted, in his "Light of Asia," the luxury and languor of that Indian court,

"Where love was gaoler and delights its bars."

We are told that

"The king commanded that within those walls
 No mention should be made of death or age,
 Sorrow or pain or sickness.
 And every dawn the dying rose was pluck'd,
 The dead leaves hid, all evil sights removed :
 For said the king, ' If he shall pass his youth
 Far from such things as move to wistfulness
 And brooding on the empty eggs of thought,
 The shadow of this fate, too vast for man,
 May fade, bee-like, and I shall see him grow
 To that great stature of fair sovereignty,
 When he shall rule all lands—if he *will rule*—
 The king of kings and glory of his time."

You know how vain were all the precautions taken by the father to prevent the fulfilment of the prophecy that his beloved son would be the coming Buddha. Though all suggestions of death were banished from the royal palace, though the city was bedecked with flowers and gay flags, and every painful object removed from sight when the young Prince Siddartha visited the city, yet the decrees of destiny were not to be baffled : the "voices of the spirits," the "wandering winds," and the Devas whispered the truth of human sorrows into his listening ear, and, when the appointed hour arrived, the Suddha Devas threw the spell of slumber over the household, steeped the sentinels in pro-

found lethargy (as the angel did the gaolers in Peter's prison), rolled back the triple gates of bronze, strewed the red mohra flowers thickly beneath his horse's feet to muffle every sound, and he was free. Free? Yes, to resign every earthly comfort, every sensuous enjoyment, the sweets of royal power, the homage of a court, the delights of domestic life; gems, the glitter of gold; rich stuffs, rich foods, soft beds; the songs of trained musicians, and of birds kept prisoners in gay cages; the murmur of perfumed waters plashing in marble basins; the delicious shade of trees in gardens where art had contrived to make nature even lovelier than herself. He leaps from his saddle when at a safe distance from the palace, flings the jewelled rein to his faithful groom, Channa, cuts off his flowing locks, gives his rich costume to a hunter in exchange for his own, plunges into the jungle, and is free!

“ To tread its paths with patient, stainless feet,
Making its dusty bed, its loneliest wastes,
My dwelling, and its meanest things my mates :
Clad in no prouder garb than outcasts wear,
Fed with no meals save what the charitable
Give of their will, shelter'd by no more pomp
Than the dim cave lends or the jungle-bush.
This will I do because the woful cry
Of life and all flesh living cometh up
Into my ears, and all my soul is full
Of pi:y for the sickness of this world ;
Which I will heal, if healing may be found
By uttermost renouncing and strong strife.”

Thus masterfully does Mr. Arnold depict the setin

ment which provoked this great renunciator. The testimony of thousands of millions who, during the last twenty-five centuries, have professed the Buddhist religion, proves that the secret of human misery was at last solved by this divine self-sacrifice, and the true path to Nirvana opened.

The joy that he brought to the hearts of others Buddha first tasted himself. He found that the pleasures of the eye, the ear, the taste, touch and smell, are fleeting and deceptive ; that he who gives value to them brings only disappointment and bitter sorrow upon himself. The social difference between men, he found, was equally arbitrary and illusory : caste bred hatred and selfishness ; riches strife, envy and malice. So, in founding his faith, he laid the bottom of its foundation-stones upon all this worldly dirt, and its dome in the clear serenity of the world of spirit. He who can mount to a clear conception of Nirvana will find his thought far away above the common joys and sorrows of petty men. As to one who ascends to the top of the Chimborazo, or the Himalayan crags, and sees men on the earth's surface crawling to and fro like ants, so small do bigots and sectarians appear to him. The mountain climber has under his feet the very clouds from whose sun-painted shapes the poet has figured to himself the golden streets and glittering domes of the materialist heaven of a personal God. Below him are all the various objects out of which the world's pantheons have been manufactured ; around, above,

—immensity. And so also, far down the ascending plane of thought that leads from earth towards the Infinite, the philosophic Buddhist describes, at different plateaux, the heavens and hells, the gods and demons, of the materialist creed-builders.

What are the lessons to be derived from the life and teachings of this heroic prince of Kapilavastu? Lessons of gratitude and benevolence ; lessons of tolerance for the clashing opinions of men who live, move, and have their being, think and aspire, only in a material world. Lessons of a common tie of brotherhood among all men ; lessons of manly self-reliance, of an equanimous breasting of whatsoever of good or ill may happen. Lessons of the meanness of the rewards, the pettiness of the misfortunes, of a shifting world of illusions. Lessons of the necessity for avoiding every species of evil thought, word, and deed, of doing, speaking, and thinking everything that is good ; and of bringing the mind into subjection, so that these may be accomplished without selfish motive or vanity. Lessons of self-purification and communion, by which the illusoriness of externals and the value of internals are understood.

Well might St. Hilaire burst into the panegyric that Buddha "is the perfect model of all the virtues he preaches : his life has not a stain upon it." Well might the sober critic, Max Müller, pronounce his moral code "one of the most perfect which the world has ever known." No wonder

that, in contemplating that gentle life, Mr. Edwin Arnold should have found his personality "the highest, gentlest, holiest, and most beneficent in the history of thought," and been moved to write his splendid verses. It is twenty-five hundred years since humanity put forth such a "flower;" who knows when such an one appeared before?

Gautama Buddha Sakya Muni has ennobled the whole human race. His fame is our common inheritance. His Law is the law of Justice, providing for every good thought, word, and deed its fair reward; for every evil one its proper punishment. His Law is in harmony with the voices of nature, and the evident equilibrium of the universe. It yields nothing to importunities or threats, can be neither coaxed nor bribed by offerings to abate or alter one jot or tittle of its inexorable course. Am I told that Buddhist laymen are leading lives the reverse of Buddhistic; that they display vanity in their worship and ostentation in their alms-giving; that they are fostering sects as bitterly as Hindus? So much the worse for the laymen; there is the example of Buddha and his Law. Am I told that Buddhist priests are ignorant, idle fosterers of superstitions grafted on their religion by foreign kings? So much the worse for the priests: the life of their Divine Master shames them, and shows their unworthiness to wear his yellow robe or carry his beggar-bowl. There is the Law immutable, menacing; it will find out and punish them.

But what shall we say to those of another

cast of character—the humble-minded, charitable, tolerant, religiously aspiring hearts among the laity, and the unselfish, pure, and learned of the priests who know the precepts and keep them? The Law will find them out also; and when the book of each life is written up and the balance struck, every good thought or deed will be found entered in its proper place. Not one blessing that ever followed them from grateful lips throughout their earthly pilgrimage will have been lost; each will help to ease their way as they move from stage to stage of being

“Unto Nirvana where the Silence lives.”

FINIS.

GLOSSARY.

By particular request, the following interpretations of Eastern words, used throughout the foregoing Lectures, are given. I should have thought that many of them were already familiar enough to the ordinary reader to obviate the necessity for their insertion here. But it seems not.

Avu! Pharaj. A Persian, author of the "Book of Dynasties."

Açastya. An ancient sage of Southern India, much revered throughout the country.

Agni. Fire, and its personified principle, in Hindu mythology.

Agnihotra. A mystic ceremonial, performed by the Vedic Brahmans, with the object of developing the mystic fire latent in Akâsa.

Agnihotri. One who performs the ceremony of Agnihotra.

Ahankaram. Personality; egoism.

Ahrimem. The Evil Principle of the Universe.

Ahura Vairya. The fundamental Parsee prayer, or confession of faith.

Ahurmazda, or Ahura Mazda. The Good Principle of the Universe (see also *Hormazd*).

Ahuraasters. An ancient Persian word, meaning "spiritual teachers."

Airîvad Iamh (literally, he of the golden hand). The name by which Zoroaster is referred to in an Irish MS.

Aitareya Brâhmanu. A sacred

book of the Brahmans, dealing with their rituals.

Aikrâshama. A waist-band worn by Zoroastrians.

Âkâsa. The subtle super-æthereous matter pervading all space. In one aspect it is identical with the Father of Science.

Alexandria, Neo-Platonists of. See *Neo-Platonists*.

Altsh-Dag. A mountain in Central Asia.

Aluf Khan. The Mohammedan Chief who signally defeated the Parsis and dispersed them from their home in Persia.

Amsharfnas. The first seven angels.

Amrita Pazar Patrika. A Calcutta native journal.

Amritsar. The sacred city of the Sikhs, in the Punjab.

Animâ. The power psychics of increasing their weight.

Arahats (literally, the worthy ones). The initiated holy men of the Buddhist and Jain faiths.

Ardai Viraf. The purest of Magian priests at the Court of King Ardeshir Bahagan of Persia.

Ardai Viraf Namh. A Persian book containing an account of Ar dai Viraf.

Ardeshan. According to Euty-chius, the first priest of the Sacred Fire, appointed by Nimrod.

Ardshir Babagan. The first prince of the Sassanian dynasty.

Arkât (literally "the worthy"). A Buddhist or Jain sage (see also *Arahats*).

Arjun. One of the five brothers, called Pandavas, the heroes of the celebrated epic *Mahabharat*.

Aryan. Pertaining to the Aryas, or ancient Brahmanical invaders of India.

Aryan Occult Science. The ancient Aryans appear to have had a complete science of the subjective side of nature, as well as an esoteric philosophy based upon it.

Aryan Philosophy. The ancient Aryas not only evolved the Sanskrit language—the most perfect known—but also developed six major schools of Philosophy, and many minor ones.

Aryas. The higher castes among the Hindus.

Arya Samaj. A society founded, ten years ago, by the late Dayanand Saraswati, for the restoration of the Vedic doctrines and ceremonies.

Aryavarta. The ancient name of Northern India, where the Brahmanical invaders first settled.

Ashta Vidya. The eight branches of study.

Asiatic Occultism. (See *Aryan Occult Science*.)

Asoka, King. A celebrated conqueror, monarch of a large portion of India, who is called "the Constantine of Buddhism." *Temp. circa 250 B.C.*

Asrama, or Asramam. The hermitage of Indian recluses.

Atash Behram. The Zoroastrian "fire-temple," or place of worship.

Atharva Veda. One of the four most ancient and revered books of the Aryas. It is supposed by some Western Orientalists to be mere "theological twaddle," but is in fact a most valuable key to Esoteric philosophy.

Atma. The spirit, the Aug ? eides.

Attar. A perfume, otto of roses.

Avatar. The incarnation of a god, so called among the Hindus.

Avesta. The sacred books of the Zoroastrians.

Babu. A title or prefix of honour current in Bengal; the equivalent of "Master," *Monsieur, Herr*, etc.

Bactric Worship. Nature worship practised in Central Asia.

Badrinath. A Hindu god.

Bairage. A member of a certain order of religious mendicants in India.

Bakshesh. A gratuity or alms; sometimes a bribe.

Bamboe. A kind of Indian cane.

Barsma Twigs, or Ruds. Parsi divining rods.

Behatin. A layman, one not a hereditary priest.

Behr Tagh. A mountain in Central India.

Benares. The most renowned and sacred city of India, situate on the banks of the river Ganges. It contains a great number of splendid ancient temples and palaces.

Berosus. A Chaldean Priest.

Bharat, Bharata. A name for India.

Bhuta dik (literally "Demon's Post"). The equivalent of what we call a "Spiritual Medium."

Bokhara. An important city in Tartary.

Boraks. A small Moham-medan sect, a sub-section of the Shiaks, well-known for their commercial shrewdness.

Bo-tree. The Indian banyan tree (*Ficus Religiosa*). The historical tree under which Buddha attained spiritual knowledge.

Brahma. The Hindu Deity which personifies the active cosmic evolutionary energy.

Brahmaloka. The highest sphere of existence where forms obtain.

Brahman, or *Brahmin*. The highest caste in India. (The former spelling more nearly represents the sound of the word in Sanskrit.)

Brahminical Customs. Social and religious observances prescribed for the caste of Brahmans.

Brahmo Samaj. A Hindu Theistic Society, founded about fifty years since by the late Raja Ram Mohun Roy; whose object was to restore the pristine purity of the Hindu religion.

Bramachari Bâvâ. A Brahman ascetic of Central India.

Buddha. The founder of Buddhism. He was a royal prince, by name Siddhartha, son of Suddhorana, king of the Sakyas, an Aryan tribe.

Buddhaship. The state of being a Buddha, or spiritually enlightened.

Buddhi. The spiritual ego.

Buddhism. The moral philosophy taught by Buddha.

Buddhist. One who accepts the moral philosophy of Buddha.

Bungalow. The common name in India for a dwelling-house.

Cambodia. One of the countries forming the Eastern Peninsula, between China and India.

Cambyses. A Median King.

Cashmiris. Inhabitants of Cashmere.

Castes. Social divisions, or groups, among the Hindus. The four principal or primitive ones are those of priests, soldiers (including nobility), merchants and labourers.

Chakras. Centres. In the body, centres of psychic energy.

Channa. The servant of Buddha, who brought back to the king his father the news of his great Renunciation.

Chatusashthikala Nirvaya. A treatise descriptive of the sixty-four arts known in ancient India.

Chela. A pupil of an adept in Occultism.

Chimborazo. A volcano in South America.

Chinvat or *Chinvad bridge of souls*. The bridge which leads souls from this to the other world (*Arabic*).

Chittam. The mind.

Confucius. A Chinese philosopher.

Crora. Ten millions.

Cutch. A province of Western India.

"*Dahistan*," or *School of Manners*. A Persian work of the seventeenth century by Mohsan Fani. (An English translation is procurable.)

Darab. A priest, one of the most distinguished of the Indian Parsis (see *Dastur Larab*).

Daraga. A river in ancient Persia.

Darius. A king of ancient Persia.

Deius Hystaspes. A Persian monarch, supposed to be the contemporary of Zoroaster.

Dastur. A high priest of the Zoroastrian.

Dastur Dastur. One of the most distinguished of the Indian Parsi priests (see *Dastur*).

Derbent. A province in the Caucasian Viceroyalty of Russia.

Deviches of Arctia. A sect of Mohammedan ascetics and mystics.

Desatir. An ancient mystical scripture of the Parsi religion.

Dewchou (pronounced *Dewchou*). The conscious after-life.

Dewos. Gods.

Dewi. From the Sanskrit word *Dwi*, to shine: the Bright Ones - Elemental Spirits, Fairies, Sylphs, Dryads, &c.

Dhamma. Religious law (*Dham*).

Dhyanu. Holding a subject in mind steadfastly.

Dhara'siri, Mount. One of the important peaks of the Himalayas.

Dhyana, or *Dyan*. Abstract contemplation.

Drub's-Naga. The personification in Zoroastrianism of a malignant cure-it-of-horrid-magical-magical.

Durbar. The state-reception or "drawing-room" of an Indian Prince or magnate.

Dvaitas. Dualists; those who believe in the distinctness of the human spirit and the universal spirit.

Eutychius. A priest and archimandrite at Constantinople, who wrote on Zoroastrianism.

Fargard. A chapter of a book.

Fetish. An object of superstitious adoration; as, for instance,

an ugly image, or stock, among ignorant African tribes.

Franji Chwasji Hall. One of the largest public buildings in Bombay.

Frinasu. The demon of death, mentioned in the *Vendidad*, a sacred book of the Parsis.

Gahambars. The five days at the end of the Parsi year, also other days of feasting in different seasons.

Ganesh. The Hindu god of learning.

Ganges. The most sacred river of India.

Gautas. Portions of the Buddhist Scriptures.

Gautama Buddha. One of the names by which the Founder of Buddhism is known.

Ghee. Clarified butter.

"*Gita*," or *Bhagavad-gita*. An episode of the *Mahabharata*, a sacred book of the Brahmins.

Gjivon Chrod (literally, eternal wisdom). Name of a book of the description.

Gil, Dastur. The same as *S. G. G. G.*

Gil. Milk maids, with whom the god Krishna is represented in the Hindu mythology to have been in love. The fable is interpreted to mean the correlation of force (spirit) and matter.

Gssain. A Vaishnava priest.

Gautama, or *Gautama*. (See *Gautama Buddha*.)

Guzar. A cave or subterranean resort of a Yogi, for meditation and psychic development.

Guru. Spiritual preceptor.

Guru-asters (vide *Zuru-asters*).

Gustaspi. Supposed to be identical with *Darius Hystaspes*.

Hafiz. The greatest among the mystical poets of Persia.

Hamsapita-midan. Among the Parsis, the period during which the lower animals began to evolve into men.

Haoma. Among the Parsis, a god, and also a plant.

Hara, Mennl. Where Mohammed is said to have received the Koran.

Hari. A name of Krishna or Vishnu.

Harischandra. An Indian king mentioned in the *Ramayana*.

Hephtakis. A seven-rayed god of the Pythagoreans and Kabbalists; a concrete symbolization of the solar spectrum.

Hermis. The greatest of the Egyptian teachers of the Esoteric doctrine.

Himalayas. The Himalayan Mountains, which separate India from Tibet, are not only the highest in the world, but also most connected with the earliest histories of our race. Exoterically, their highest peaks were represented as in connection with the heavens of Aryan mythology.

Himavdt. Another name for the Himalayas.

Hindu. Black; a name said to have been contemptuously applied to the natives of India by their Mohammedan conquerors.

Hinduism. Used here in the sense of any orthodox school of Hindu religion.

Hindu philosophy. There are six principal ancient schools of philosophy in India, with numerous derived ones. For particulars, see *Encyclopædia Britannica*, or the works of Professor Max Müller, Monier Williams and others.

Hindustan. The country (*stan*)

of the Hindus; the Indian peninsula.

Homutl. "Good thoughts;" one of the three fundamental Zoroastrian commandments.

"Homover." The fundamental Zoroastrian Confession of Faith and Prayer.

Hermazd. The Eternal Principle of Good (see also *Ahurmazda*).

Hukhatl. "Good words."

Iddhividdhiāna. The science of spiritual development.

Indian Hemp. An intoxicating smoking mixture prepared from the stalk of *Canabis Indica*.

Indian Jugglers. In India these form a separate and one of the lowest castes. Some of their feats are astounding for dexterity, others inexplicable, except upon the theory of some knowledge of the elements of Occult Science.

Indu Prakash. A Bombay native journal.

Indus. The principal river in the Punjab.

Iran. Persia.

Iranian. Persian. [faith.

Islam. The Mohammedan

Iyascram. The period of the evolution of the vegetable kingdom on earth, so called among Parsis.

Jainini. Expounder of the whole system of Brahmanical rituals.

Jain. A religious sect in India, closely related to the Buddhists. They affirm that Buddha was a pupil of one of their sages.

Jiva. Life; a living being.

Jivan-Mukta. The realization during life of the complete union of one's spirit (Sanskrit: *atma*) with the Universal Spirit.

Jiv-Atma. The human spirit.

Jolir Math (literally, the tem-

ple of light). A celebrated shrine in the Himalayas.

Jungle. An Indian forest.

Kābah. The black cubical stone of Mohammed at Mecca.

Kabalists. Jewish doctors or adepts, who interpret the hidden meaning of the Scriptures with the help of the symbolical Kabala (unwritten tradition), and explain the real, or non-symbolical one by these means. The Tana'im (B.C. 3 cent.) were the first Jewish Kabalists so far as recorded. But the Jewish Kabala was derived from the much earlier and more perfect Chaldean one. Both contain, under puzzling symbols, the Esoteric doctrine recently revived by the Theosophical Society.

Kabiric. Pertaining to the mystery gods, symbolizing the initiations among the Samothracians, Assyrians, &c.

Kabirim. The name given to the secret lodges of the Pharisees.

Kacamanu. The second great royal dynasty of ancient Persia.

Kahu Pua. Black waters; the sea. Beahmans are forbidden by their religion to cross the ocean.

Kalki Avatar. The Messiah of the Hindus; the last incarnation of Vishnu, to appear at the end of the present cycle.

Kama-nūṣa. The principle of will in man.

Kānāia. The Founder of the (Indian) system of Atomic Philosophy, *Vaisvikā*, similar to the Heraclitan Philosophy of Greece.

Kapila. The founder of one of the six principal systems of Indian philosophy, viz., the *Saukhya*.

Kapilwastu, Prince of Gautama Buddha.

Karma. The law of ethical causation: "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Khabartines. A tribe of Caucasians.

Khorasan, Mountains of. In Persia.

Khorshah - Avesta (literally, "the small Avesta"). One of the sacred Books of the Parsis.

Kilauea. An enormous volcano in the Hawaiian Islands.

Koran. The Mohammedan book of faith, said to have been dictated to Mahammed by the angel Gabriel.

Krishna. A Hindu god, personifying the spirit.

Kurdistan. The country of the Kurds.

Kurds. Warlike tribes of Eastern Turkey and Persia; nominally, Mohammedans of the sect of Omar, but holding to rites and doctrines almost entirely Magian. Some tribes practise mysterious nocturnal rites of lunar worship, and in each tribe is at least one old man, or "holy being," who is said to know the past and to read the future.

Kusa. A kind of Indian grass used in religious ceremonies.

Kusti. The sacred thread worn by the Parsis.

Lakshmi. The psychic power of lessening the weight of the body at will.

Lakh, or lac. One hundred thousand.

Lamaists of Tibet. The Buddhists of Tibet.

Lamas. Buddhist monks of Tibet.

Laukika. Psycho-physiological powers developed by the use of drugs and other physiological means.

Lingasarira. The double or astral body.

Loktitara. Psychic powers accompanying spiritual development.

Lotah. A brass goblet.

Luxman Sen. The last Hindu king of Bengal.

Mag. A word used by the prophet Jeremiah to designate a Babylonian Initiate.

Mag'istva. Once the title of Zoroaster's highest disciple, synonym of wisdom.

Magi. Fire-worshippers; really the great magicians or wisdom-philosophers of old.

Magian. Pertaining to the Magi or Adepts of ancient India.

Magianism. "Fire-worship;" really wisdom-religion.

Magus. A sage, so-called in ancient Persia.

Maharajah. The great king; also a title of honour.

Mahatma (literally, "a great soul"). An adept in Occultism.

Mahimnastava. A hymn of praise.

Mahomet, or Mohammed. The founder of Islam.

Manas. The mind, the personality, the intellect.

Mandukya Upanishad. One of the ten principal Upanishads, or prose supplements of the metrical Vedas, the most sacred book of the Brahmans.

Manetho, Synchronics of. History of Egyptian kings according to Manetho, high priest of Heliopolis.

Mantra. Incantation.

Manu. The great Hindu law-giver (see *Manu*).

Marichi. One of the seven great sages of India.

Matham. Temple.

Maya. Illusion which pro-

duces the diverse manifestations of the one Reality.

Maya Sabha. The palace of the Pandavas, built by Maya.

Mayavirupa. The "Double," "doppeltgänger"—"perispirit."

Mazdavian. Zoroastrian; literally, worshipping God.

Mizan Maji. The adepts of Occult Science among the ancient Medes. They were acquainted with the secret doctrine taught in the Kabala.

Medis. Greek name for a part of Persia.

Mena. The great Indian legislator; the alleged author of the national code of laws (see *Manu*).

Midya'ira. The period during which animal life was evolved; so-called in Zoroastrianism.

Mikra'ra. In the sacred books of the Parsis a period of evolution, during which the heavenly canopy is said to have been formed.

Mil-yir'sha. In the Parsi religion the period of evolution during which clouds were formed.

Moh't. The Zoroastrian priest.

Mag. A Persian word, from which Magus, a true priest, is derived.

Miyah. A high priest of the Parsis, or fire-worshippers.

Mish Anushal. A name for Zoroaster in an Irish MS.

Mohsan Fani. The author of a Persian work called "Dabi-tau," written about two centuries ago.

Moksha. Emancipation from conditioned existence.

Moslem. Poetical abbreviated form of Mussulman; a follower of Mohammed.

Muktina (literally, a liberated spirit). The individuality in man, when it has escaped from the bonds of illusion.

Mukti. Salvation, *i.e.*, release from conditional existence.

Mussulman. (See *Moslem*.)

Narada. A great Indian sage.

Nauteh. An Indian dance, performed by professional female dancers.

Nazar, or *Nazir*. Set apart, separated.

Nazars. A very ancient sect of adepts, existing ages before Christ.

Nazard. Assyrian Greek name for Zoroaster.

Nilgherries, or *Nilgiris*. The "Blue Mountains." A range of hills in the Madras Presidency with which many traditions of ancient sages and wander-workers are connected.

Neo-Platonists of Alexandria. Followers of a school of philosophy founded by Ammonius Saccas, which was highly altruistic and catholic. It recognized the existence of some portion of divine or spiritual truth in every form of religion, and left a deep impress upon early Christianity.

Nirng. The lijuid with which the Parsis wash their faces every morning.

Nirvana. Beatitude, *mukta* (*y.*). The state of abstract, spiritual existence.

Nirvani. Pertaining to *Nirvana*, the Buddhist name for the final beatitude.

Omar. The second Khalif of the Mohammedans.

Ormeel-Ye M. A part of the *Kherdel-Ar*; a prayer.

Ostya. A province in the Caucasian Viceroyalty of Russia.

Osiris. The Egyptian sun-god.

PaImasan. A posture practised by some Indian mystics. It consists in sitting, with the legs

crossed one over the other, and the body straight.

Pahlavi. An ancient language of the Zoroastrians.

Pali. The language in which the principal scriptures of the Buddhists are written.

Palingensis. The beginning of the period of Cosmic activity; also re-birth.

Pandit. A learned Brahman.

Panini. The greatest of Sanskrit grammarians.

Parabrahma. The supreme principle in Nature.

Paraspatha. One of the great teachers of the Jain sects.

Parsiism. The religion of the Parsis, Zoroastrianism.

Parsis. Followers of the ancient Persian faith; fire-worshippers.

Parvati. In Hindu mythology the goddess representing Cosmic Energy.

Patanjali. The author of Yoga Philosophy.

Pice. A small Indian copper coin, worth a little over an English farthing.

Piti-shahin. According to the Parsis, the period during which the earth became consolidated out of primeval cosmic atoms.

Prakriti. Nature, Cosmic matter.

Pralaya. The period of Cosmic rest.

Prarthana Samaj. A Theistic Society of Bombay.

Pre-Javanian. Anterior to the Iranians or Persians.

Pucca. Ripe, permanent. A *pucca* house is one built of good bricks and mortar, or other permanent material.

Puggri. A turban.

Pundit. A Brahman learned in Sanskrit.

Punjab. The northernmost

province of British India, and inhabited by the most warlike races.

Uranus (literally, the old writings). A collection of Brahmanical writings, mostly of a mythical character, the least authoritative of all.

Purdahs. Screens or curtains hanging before the entrance to the women's apartments.

Zorushuspa. The father of Zoroaster, according to the native traditions.

Rakha. The queen among the Gopis, who are said to have been in love with Krishna.

Rajagriha. An ancient city in Behar, where Buddha preached.

Rajah. King; also a title of nobility.

Rama. The celebrated King of ancient India, the hero of the great epic, named *Ramayana*.

Ramayana. A magnificent Indian epic poem.

Ravana. King of Ceylon, and slain by Rama.

Rishi (literally, a revealer). A holy sage.

Rupai. An Indian silver coin, equivalent to about 1s. 8d. of English money.

Rustam. A hero of the ancient Persis, immortalised by Firdusi in the *Shah-Namah*.

Ryat. A peasant cultivator, or tiller of the soil.

Sabaoth. Victory (*Hebrew*).

Sabaits. Worshippers of the heavenly bodies.

Sabha. A Society.

Sabian, or *Planetary Religion*. The worship of the heavenly bodies.

Sad-dar. Literally, a hundred doors.

Sadhu. A holy man.

Sahasrad'am. One of the six

centres of psychic energy in the human body.

Sakya Muni. The Holy Teacher of the Aryan tribe of the Sakyas. One of the appellations of Gautama Buddha.

Samadhi. Ecstatic trance.

Samaj. A Society.

Samajist. A member of the Arya Samaj.

Samotracean. Pertaining to Samo thrace.

Sanjhin. The place where the fugitive Persians, persecuted by Omar, found shelter in India.

Sankara Acharya, or *Sankaracharya*. The author of the Vedanta School of Philosophy, that which denies the personality of the Divine Principle, and affirms its unity with the spirit of man.

Sanskrit (literally, the *polished dialect*). The classical language of the ancient Aryans; the most copious, noble and scientifically constructed language in the world. Its literary treasures are incalculably precious.

Sanyasis. A Sanskrit word, meaning a class of Hindu ascetics whose minds are steadfastly fixed upon the Supreme Truth.

Sastras. The sacred writings of the Hindus.

Secander. Alexander the Great.

Serampur. A city in Bengal on the banks of the Ganges.

Siroshid. An angel in the Zoroastrian hierarchy supposed to correspond to Gabriel.

Shadachakrams. The six centres of force in the human body.

Shame, desert of. In Tibet.

Shikarri. A hunter.

Shrimad Bhagavata. The principal religious book of the Vaishnava.

Siddha. One who has obtained

psychic powers by proficiency in the Occult Science.

Siddhis. Extraordinary powers obtained by spiritual development.

Sikh War. The war for the conquest of the Kingdom of Runjit Singh, the powerful monarch of the Sikhs, popularly styled "The Lion of the Punjab." The Koh-i-noor diamond belonged to him.

Sitala. A Sanatorium and hill-station in the foot-hills of the Himalayas; the official summer residence of the Viceroy of India.

Sita. The wife of Rama in Hindu Mythology, and the personification of Cosmic Matter. As Rama personifies Spirit, their loving relationship typifies the correlation of Force and Matter.

Siva. One of the Hindu gods; with Brahma and Vishnu he forms the *Trimurti*, or Trinity.

Sivaic Lingam. The phallic representation of the Hindu god, Siva.

Sivani. A worshipper of Siva.

Sukshma. The impermanent elements which constitute a man.

Suktas. Stanzas.

Sulav. Son of Rustam, the great Persian hero (see *Rustam*).

Solar or Fire Worship. The religion of the Parsis, popularly so-called.

Soma. A mystic drink, mentioned in the Vedas.

Surb Oraniers. A monastery in Armenia.

Sosiosh. The coming Messiah of the Zoroastrians.

Stambharini, or *Saksharini*. The gross physical body.

Sutishta Devas. The highest or purest gods.

Suta. The lowest caste among the Hindus.

Sufis. A practically Pantheistic sect of the Mohammedans, believing in the ultimate "oneness" with God.

Sukshma Sharira. The subtle body; the double.

Sutras. Aphorisms.

Talisman. A charm.

Talmud. Jewish commentaries on the Bible.

Talmudists. Students of the Talmud, or Rabbinical commentaries on the Jewish Scriptures.

Tamasha. Show, display.

Tantrika. Worshippers of the Indian goddess Sakti, who typifies Force.

Telugu. A language spoken in Southern India.

Teyalis. Holy enclosures of the Arizona Indians.

Theophrasti of Greece. The God-taught philosophers; a school which sought a knowledge of divine things by the self-development of the latent spiritual faculties.

Thian Shan mountains. In Central Asia.

Tha, mystics of. A class of adepts of Esoteric Science among the highest grade of Buddhist ascetics. They are identical with the Hindu *Mahatmas*.

Tiflis. The capital of Georgia.

Trisumere. A province in Southern India.

Tripitakas. The sacred books of the Buddhists.

Tukaram. A religious poet who flourished in the Bombay Presidency, and attained great popularity.

Turban. A cloth wrapped about the head as a covering, instead of a hat or cap.

Tuticorin. The most Southern Indian sea-port.

Ushidarinna. The mountain on which Zoroaster is said to have obtained his sacred Scriptures.

Vach. The *Logos*, the mystic word.

Vaishnavas. Worshippers of Vishnu.

Vasishta. A great Indian sage.

Vatsavana. A sage of ancient India.

Vedantists. Followers of the Vedanta, a system of Indian idealistic philosophy.

Vedas. The most authoritative of the Hindu Scriptures.

Veda Vyasa. The celebrated Rishi who collected and arranged the Vedas in their present form.

Vedic. Pertaining to the Veda, or four oldest sacred books of the Aryans, viz., *Rig*, *Yajur*, *Sama*, and *Atharva*. They are considered as having been directly revealed to the Rishis, or Aryan sages, by Brahma.

Vendidat. One of the Zoroastrian sacred books.

Vihara. A Buddhist monastery.

Vishnu. The second member of the Hindu Trinity—the principle of preservation.

Vishishtadvaitis. An Indian religious sect who believe in salvation by grace.

Vistasp. A Bactrian King.

Vomer. The nasal cavity.

Vurnushé. "Good deeds;" the third great commandment of Zoroaster.

Vaçna. A sacred Zoroastrian Book.

Vasht. A part of the Parsi

Prayer - book — the *Khordeh Avesta*. There are several of them.

Vahô ahô Vahyô. The fundamental Zoroastrian prayer and confession of faith.

Varata. The angels inferior to the Amshûspanos.

Vazatas. The personified good principles of Nature.

Yoga. The science and art of spiritual development.

Yoga Sutras. The parts of the Yoga Philosophy.

Yoga Vidya. The science of Yoga; the practical method of uniting one's own spirit with the Universal Spirit or Principle.

Yogi. A mystic who is developing himself spiritually according to the system laid down in Patanjali's Yoga Philosophy.

Yezdathraçgur. The same as *Mûrus*, an adept of ancient Persia.

Zaratusht, or *Zarathustra*. A Persian form of the name Zoroaster.

Zend. The sacred language of ancient Persia.

Zend Avesta. The sacred Scripture of the Parsis, or fire-worshippers.

"*Zera-Ishtar*." The title of the Chaldean or Magian priests.

Zoroaster. The Prophet of the Parsis.

Zoroastrian. Pertaining to the religion of Zoroaster.

Zoroastrianism. The religion of the Parsis, commonly called Fire-worshippers.

Zuru-ushô's. The prophets of the Parsis.

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