

in the Brooklyn Circle will be done by those well fitted for it by their experience in New York.

The League of Theosophical Workers No. 1 has secured the use of a room at head-quarters. Mr. Eecht has been installed superintendent. The advantage of being located at so vital a centre, coupled with the incessant and tireless energy of the superintendent, is already producing its effect. The first circular sent out began as follows:—"The League of Theosophical Workers No. 1 has completed the preliminaries of reorganization, and what is now wanted is to know *who* are willing to work, and *what* they will do. New Members, especially children, are wanted for the Lotus Circle. Can you do anything in this line? Members who can write good newspaper articles are needed. Can you assist in this department? Will you volunteer to do general work, such as folding circulars, addressing envelopes, etc? If so, can you be called upon at any time or only on certain days of the week?" Continuing in this strain, it laid before those to whom it was sent the possibilities that were before them if they were really in earnest.

Our Annual Convention will be held here on the 23rd and 24th of April. The first session will be on the morning of the first day at head-quarters. The second and third sessions will be in the afternoon, and on the evening of the same day at Scottish Rite Cathedral. The Sessions of the second day will all be at head-quarters.

At a meeting at the Aryan Theosophical Society on Feb. 28th, some interesting facts were related by Mr. Woodcock in regard to the hearing of extraordinary voices in Canada. The phenomenon was heard by hundreds of people. Papers were read by Mr. Judge and others on the subject of the evening, spiritualism, all tending to show that the explanations offered by spiritualists as to the facts they bring forward are inadequate.

Muhammed Alexander Russell Webb F. T. S., spoke at the meeting of the Aryan Theosophical Society on the evening of the 7th instant. His subject was "Theosophy in Islam." His mission to this country attracts much attention.

The Aryan Press has had to add two new men to its force on account of the accumulation of work.

Brother Claude F. Wright has been exhibiting his usual activity, having visited Kansas City, Chicago, St. Louis, Fort Wayne, Minneapolis, Muskegon and other points, the distance covered in miles running up into the thousands. His suggestions regarding methods of work have borne good fruit

H. F. PATTERSON, F. T. S.

ओं THE THEOSOPHIST.

VOL. XIV. NO. 9. JUNE, 1893.

सत्यात् नास्ति परो धर्मः ।

THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH.

[Family motto of the Maharajahs of Benares.]

OLD DIARY LEAVES.*

CHAPTER XV.

OUR next question is, did she write "Isis" in the capacity of an ordinary spiritual medium, *i. e.*, under the control of spirits of the dead? I answer, assuredly not. If she did, then the power controlling her organism worked differently from any that is recorded in books or that I, personally, ever saw operating during the many years in which I was interested in that movement. I have known mediums of all sorts—speaking, trance, writing, phenomena-making, medical, clairvoyant; and materialising; have seen them at work, attended their sances and observed the signs of their obsession and possession. H. P. B.'s case resembled none of them. Nearly all they did she could do; but at her own will and pleasure, by day or by night, without forming 'circles,' choosing the witnesses, or imposing the usual conditions. Then, again, I had ocular proof that at least some of those who worked with us were living men, from having seen them in the flesh in India, after having seen them in the astral body in America and Europe; from having touched and talked with them. Instead of telling me that they were spirits, they told me they were as much alive as myself, and that each of them had his own peculiarities and capabilities, in short, his complete individuality. They told me that what they had attained to, I should,

* I shall be under great obligations to any friend who wishes well to this historical sketch, if he (or she) will give or lend me for reference any interesting documents, or any letters written them during the years 1875, 6, 7 and 8, by either H. P. B. or myself, about phenomena, the occult laws which produce them, or events in the history of the T. S., or any newspapers or cuttings from the same relating to the same subjects. Loans of this kind will be carefully returned, and I shall be glad to refund, if desired, any expense for postage incurred by the senders. Reminiscences of occult things shown by H. P. B., if described to me by the eye-witnesses, will be specially valued. I may not live to get out a second Edition of my book, and wish to make the first as interesting and trustworthy as possible. One ought not, at the age of sixty, to trust too much to one's own memory, although mine seems not to fail me as yet. Friendly Editors will oblige very much by giving currency to this request.
H. S. O.

one day, myself acquire; how soon, would depend entirely upon myself; and that I might anticipate nothing whatever from favor; but, like them, must gain every step, every inch of progress by my own exertions.

One of the greatest of them, the Master of the two Masters about whom the public has heard a few facts and circulated much foul abuse, wrote me on June 22nd 1875: "The time is come to let you know who I am. I am not a disembodied spirit, Brother, I am a living man; gifted with such powers by our Lodge as are in store for yourself some day. I cannot be with you otherwise than in spirit, for thousands of miles separate us at present. Be patient and of good cheer, untiring labourer of the sacred Brotherhood! Work on and toil too for yourself, for self-reliance is the most powerful factor of success. Help your needy brother and you shall be helped yourself in virtue of the never-failing and ever-active Law of Compensation:" the law of Karma, in short, which, as the reader perceives, was taught me from almost the beginning of my intercourse with H. P. B. and the Masters.

And yet, despite the above, I was made to believe that we worked in collaboration with at least one disincarnate entity—the pure soul of one of the wisest philosophers of modern times, one who was an ornament to our race, a glory to his country. He was a great Platonist, and I was told that, so absorbed was he in his life-study, he had become earth-bound, *i. e.*, he could not snap the ties which held him to Earth, but sat in an astral library of his own mental creation, plunged in his philosophical reflections, oblivious to the lapse of time, and anxious to promote the turning of men's minds towards the solid philosophical basis of true religion. His desire did not draw him to taking a new birth among us, but made him seek out those who, like our Masters and their agents, wished to work for the spread of truth and the overthrow of superstition. I was told that he was so pure and so unselfish that all the Masters held him in profound respect and, being forbidden to meddle with his Karma, they could only leave him to work his way out of his (Kámalokaic) illusions, and pass on to the goal of formless being and absolute spirituality according to the natural order of Evolution. His mind had been so intensely employed in purely intellectual speculation that his spirituality had been temporarily stifled. Meanwhile, there he was, willing and eager to work with H. P. B. on this epoch-making book, towards the philosophical portion of which he contributed much. He did not materialise and sit with us, nor obsess H. P. B., medium-fashion; he would simply talk with her psychically, by the hour together, dictating copy, telling her what references to hunt up, answering my questions about details, instructing me as to principles and, in fact, playing the part of a third person in our literary symposium. He gave me his portrait once—a rough sketch in colored crayons on flimsy paper—and sometimes would drop me a brief note about some personal matter, but from first to last his relation to us both was that of a mild, kind, extremely learned teacher and elder friend. He never dropped a word to indicate that he thought

himself aught but a living man and, in fact, I was told that he did not realise that he had died out of the body. Of the lapse of time, he seemed to have so little perception that, I remember, H. P. B. and I laughed, one morning at 2-30 A. M., when, after an unusually hard night's work, while we were taking a parting smoke, he quietly asked H. P. B. "Are you ready to begin?"; under the impression that we were at the beginning instead of the end of the evening! And I also recollect how she said: "For Heaven's sake, don't laugh deep in your thought, else the 'old gentleman' will surely hear you and feel hurt!" That gave me an idea: to laugh superficially is ordinary laughter, but to laugh deeply is to shift your merriment to the plane of psychic perception! So emotions may, like beauty, be *sometimes* but skin-deep. Sins, also: think of that!

Except in the case of this old Platonist, I never had, with or without H. P. B.'s help, consciously to do with another disincarnate entity during the progress of our work; unless Paracelsus may be called one, about which, in common with the Alsatians, I have grave doubts. I remember that one evening, at about twilight, while we lived in West Thirty-fourth Street, we had been talking about the greatness of Paracelsus and the ignominious treatment he had had to endure during his life and after his apparent death. H. P. B. and I were standing in the passage between the front and back rooms, when her manner and voice suddenly changed, she took my hand as if to express friendship, and asked "Will you have Theophrastus for a friend, Henry?" I murmured a reply, when the strange mood passed away. H. P. B. was herself again, and we applied ourselves to our work. That evening I wrote the paragraphs about him that now stand on p. 500 of Vol. II of "Isis." As for his being dead, the odds are always against any given Adept's having actually died when to ordinary men he seemed to. With his knowledge of the science of *mâyâvic* illusion, even his seeming corpse screwed into a coffin and laid away in a tomb, would not be sufficient proof that he was really dead. Barring accidents, which may happen to him as well as to a common man if he be off his guard, an Adept chooses his own place to die in, and his body is so disposed of as to leave no trace behind. For example, what became of the gifted, the noble-souled Count St. Germain, the "adventurer" and "spy" of the Encyclopædias, who dazzled the courts of Europe a century ago, moved in the highest and the most erudite circles, was admitted to the intimacy of Louis XV, built hospitals and otherwise lavished vast sums in charities, took nothing for even the greatest personal services, retired to Holstein, and—disappeared as mysteriously as he had appeared? * *Après nous le Deluge*, said the King's mistress; after St. Germain came the French Revolution and the upheaval of mankind.

* No one ever knew his origin or his real name. The Maréchale de Belle Isle, who met him in Germany, induced him to come to Paris. He had a noble personal appearance and polished address, "considerable erudition and a wonderful memory, spoke English, German, Spanish and Portuguese to perfection, and French with a slight Piedmontese accent..... He occupied for many years a remarkable social posi-

Rejecting the idea that H. P. B. wrote "Isis" as an ordinary spirit-medium 'under control,' we have seen, however, that some portions of it were actually written to a spirit's dictation: a most extraordinary and exceptional entity, yet still a man out of the physical body. The method of work with him as above described tallies closely with that she described in a family letter, when explaining how she wrote her book without any previous training for such work.

"Whenever I am *told* to write, I sit down and obey, and then I can write easily upon almost anything—metaphysics, psychology, philosophy, ancient religions, zoology, natural sciences, or what not..... Why? Because *somebody who knows all* dictates to me. *My Master*, and occasionally *others whom I knew on my travels years ago.*" ("Incidents," page 205.)

This is exactly what happened between her and the old Platonist, but he was not her "Master," nor could she have met him on her travels on this physical plane, since he died before she was born—this time. Then arises the question whether the Platonist was really a spirit disincarnate, or an Adept who had lived in that philosopher's body and seemed to, but really did not, die out of it on September 1, 1687. It is certainly a difficult problem to solve. Considering that the ordinary concomitants of spirit-possession and spirit-intercourse were wanting, and that H. P. B. served the Platonist in the most matter-of-fact way as amanuensis, their relation differing in nothing from that of any Private Secretary with his employer, save that the latter was invisible to me but visible to her, it does look more as if we were dealing with a living than with a disincarnate person. He seemed not quite a 'Brother'—as we used to call the Adepts then—yet more than that than anything else; and as far as the literary work itself was concerned, it went on exactly as the other parts of it did when the dictator, or writer, as the case might be, was professedly a Master (Cf. Theory 1). The dictator or *writer*, I say, and this requires some explanation.

It is stated above that the H. P. B. manuscript varied at times, and that there were several variants of the one prevailing script; also that each change in the writing was accompanied by a marked alteration in the manner, motions, expression and literary capacity of H. P. B.

tion at the French Court..... He was in the habit of telling the credulous that he had lived 350 years and *some old men, who pretended to have known him in their youth, declared that in 60 or 70 years his appearance had in no wise changed.* Frederic the Great, having asked Voltaire for some particulars respecting this mysterious person, was told that he was 'a man who never dies and who knows everything.' No one knowing his motives or the sources of his wealth, they settled it to their own satisfaction, in the same way as that which Hodgson, the spy of the S. P. R., resorted to in the case of H. P. B. to explain her presence in India: he was alleged "to have been employed during the greater part of his life as a spy at the courts at which he resided" (Am. Cyc. Ed. 1859, vol. xiv, p. 266-7). But, all the same, no evidence whatever to support this calumny has ever been forthcoming. The "Encyclopædia Britannica" takes the same view of St. Germain, and the "Dictionnaire Universel D'Histoire et de Géographie" echoing the falsehood, says that "this will account for his riches and the mystery with which he enwrapped himself"! If Mme. de Fadaef—H. P. B's aunt—could only be induced to translate and publish certain documents in her famous library, the world would have a nearer approach to a true history of the pre-Revolutionary European mission of this Eastern Adept than has until now been available.

When she was left to her own devices, it was often not difficult to know it, for then the untrained literary apprentice became manifest and the cutting and pasting began; then the copy that was turned over to me for revision was terribly faulty, and after having been converted into a great smudge of interlineations, erasions, orthographic corrections and substitutions, would end in being dictated by me to her to rewrite (Cf. Theory 7). Now often things were, after a while, said to me that would be more than hints that other intelligences than H. P. B's were at times using her body as a writing machine: it was never expressly said, for example, "I am so and so," or "Now this is A or B." It did not need that after we "twins" had been working together long enough for me to become familiar with her every peculiarity of speech, moods and impulses. The change was as plain as day, and by and bye after she had been out of the room and returned, a brief study of her features and actions enabled me to say to myself "This is ———, or ———, or ———", and presently my suspicion would be confirmed by what happened. One of these *Alter Egos* of hers, one whom I have since personally met, wears a full beard and long moustache that are twisted, Rajput fashion, into his side whiskers. He has the habit of constantly pulling at his moustache when deeply pondering: he does it mechanically and unconsciously. Well, there were times when H. P. B's personality had melted away and she was "*Somebody else*," when I would sit and watch her hand as if pulling at and twisting a moustache that certainly was not growing visibly on H. P. B's upper lip, and the far-away look would be in the eyes, until presently resuming attention of passing things, the moustached Somebody would look up, catch me watching him, hastily remove the hand from the face, and go on with the work of writing. Then there was another Somebody that disliked English so much that he never willingly talked with me anything but French: he had a fine artistic talent and a passionate fondness for mechanical invention. Another one would now and then sit there, scrawling something with a pencil and reel off for me dozens of poetical stanzas which embodied, now sublime, now humorous, ideas. So each of the several Somebodies had his peculiarities distinctly marked and as recognizable as those of any of our ordinary acquaintances or friends. One was jovial, fond of good stories and witty to a degree; another all-dignity, reserve and erudition. One would be calm, patient and benevolently helpful, another testy and sometimes exasperating. One Somebody would always be willing to emphasize his philosophical or scientific explanations of the subjects I was to write upon, by doing phenomena for my edification, while with another Somebody I dared not even mention them. I got an awful rebuke one evening. I had brought home a while before two nice, soft pencils, just the thing for our desk work, and had given one to H. P. B, and kept one myself. She had the very bad habit of borrowing pen-knives, pencils, rubbers and other articles of stationery and forgetting to return them: once put into her drawer or writing-desk, there they would stay,

no matter how much of a protest you might make over it. On this particular evening, the artistic Somebody was sketching a navvy's face on a sheet of common paper and chatting with me about something, when he asked me to lend him another pencil. The thought flashed into my mind, "If I once lend this nice pencil it will go into her drawer and I shall have none for my own use." I did not say this, I only thought it, but the Somebody gave me a mildly sarcastic look, reached out to the pen-tray between us, laid his pencil in it, handled it with his fingers of that hand for a moment, and lo! a dozen pencils of the identical make and quality! He said not a word, did not even give me a look, but the blood rushed to my temples and I felt cheaper than I ever did in my life. All the same, I scarcely think I deserved the rebuke, considering what a stationery *answer* H. P. B. was!

Now when either of these Somebodies was 'on guard', as I used to term it, the H. P. B. manuscript would present the identical peculiarities that it had on the last occasion when he had taken his turn at the literary work. He would, by preference, write about the class of subjects that were to his taste, and instead of H. P. B. playing the part of an amanuensis, she would then have become for the time being that other person (Cf. Theory 3). If you had given me in those days any page of "Isis" manuscript, I could almost certainly have told you by which Somebody it had been written. Where, then, was H. P. B.'s self at those times of replacement? Ah, that is the question; and that is one of the mysteries which are not given to the first comer. As I understood it, she herself had loaned her body as one might one's type-writer, and had gone off on other occult business that she could transact in her astral body; a certain group of Adepts occupying and manœuvring the body by turns. When they knew that I could distinguish between them, so as to even have invented a name for each by which H. P. B. and I might designate them in our conversation in their absence, they would frequently give me a grave bow or a friendly farewell nod when about to leave the room and give place to the next relief-guard. And they would sometimes talk to me of each other as friends do about absent third parties, by which means I came to know bits of their several personal histories; and would also speak about the absent H. P. B., distinguishing her from the physical body they had borrowed from her. One Mahâtma, writing me about some occult business, speaks of it—the H. P. B. body—as "the old appearance"; again, in 1876, he writes about "it and the Brother inside it"; another Master asks me—apropos of a terrific fit of anger to which I had (unintentionally) provoked H. P. B.—"Do you want to kill the body?"; and the same one, in a note of 1875, speaks of "those who represent us in the *shell*"—the underscoring of the word being his. Can any one understand my feelings upon discovering on a certain evening that I had unsuspectingly greeted the staid philosopher described in the next few sentences of the main-text, with an hilarious levity that quite upset his usual calm? Fancying

that I was addressing only my 'chum' H. P. B., I said "Well Old Horse, let us get to work!" The next minute I was blushing from shame, for the blended expression of surprise and startled dignity that came into the face, showed me with whom I had to deal. It was as bad a *gaucherie* as that committed by good old Peter Cooper at the New York Academy Ball to the Heir Apparent, when he slapped him on the shoulder and said "Well, Wales, what do you think of this?" This was the one of them for whom I had the most filial reverence. It was not alone for his profound learning, lofty character and dignified demeanour, but also for his really paternal kindness and patience. It seemed as if he alone had read to the bottom of my heart and wished to bring out every little spiritual germ that lay there as a latent potentiality. He was—I was told—a South Indian personage of long spiritual experience, a Teacher of Teachers; still living among men ostensibly as a landed proprietor, yet known for what he was by nobody around him. Oh, the evenings of high thinking I passed with him; how shall I ever compare with them any other experiences of my life! Most vividly of all I remember one evening when by half hints more than anything else, he awakened my intuition so that it grasped the theory of the relationship of cosmic cycles with fixed points in stellar constellations, the attractive centre shifting from point to point in an orderly sequence. Recall your sensations the first time you ever looked through a large telescope at the starry heavens—the awe, the wonder, the instant mental expansion experienced in looking from the familiar and, by comparison, commonplace, Earth to the measureless depths of space and the countless starry worlds that bestrew the azure infinity. That was a faint approach to my feeling at the moment when that majestic concept of cosmic order rushed into my consciousness; so over-powering was it, I actually gasped for breath. If there had previously been the least lingering hereditary leaning towards the geocentric theory, upon which men have built their paltry theologies, it was then swept away like a dried leaf before the hurricane. I was borne into a higher plane of thought, I was a free man.

It was this Master who dictated to H. P. B. the replies to an English F. T. S. on questions suggested by a reading of "Esoteric Buddhism", which were published in the *Theosophist* for September, October and November, 1883. It was at Ootacamund, at the house of Maj.-Gen. Morgan, when, shivering with the cold, and with her lower limbs swaddled in rugs, she sat writing them. One morning I was in her room reading a book, when she turned her head and said: "I'll be hanged if I ever heard of the Iaphygians. Did you ever read of such a tribe, Olcott?" I said I had not, why did she ask? "Well", she replied, "the old gentleman tells me to write it down, but I'm afraid there is some mistake; what do you say?" I answered that if the Master in question gave her the name, she should write it without fear as he was always right. And she did. This is an example of multitudinous cases where she wrote from dictation things quite outside her personal know-

ledge. She never studied Hindî nor, normally, could she speak or write it; yet I have a Hindî note in Devanâgari characters that I saw her write and hand to Swami Dayânand Saraswati at the Vizianagram garden-house at Benares, where we were guests in 1880. The Swami read it, wrote and signed his answer on the same sheet, and H. P. B. left it on the table, from which I took it.

But I wish to say, again as distinctly as possible, that, not even from the wisest and noblest of these H. P. B. Somebodies, did I ever get the least encouragement to either regard them as infallible, omniscient or omnipotent. There was never the least show of a wish on their part that I should worship them, mention them with bated breath, or regard as inspired what they either wrote with H. P. B.'s body, or dictated to her as their amanuensis. I was made simply to look upon them as men, my fellow-mortals; wiser, truly, infinitely more advanced than I, but only because of their having preceded me in the normal path of human evolution. Slavishness and indiscriminate adulation they loathed, telling me that they were usually but the cloaks to selfishness, conceit and moral limpness. Their candid opinions were frequently vouchsafed to me after the departure of some of these flattering visitors, and it would have sent any of my readers into a fit of laughter if they had been there one evening after a gushing lady had bade us good-night. Before leaving she petted H. P. B., sat on the arm of her chair, patted her hand and kissed her on the cheek; I standing near by and seeing the blank despair depicted in the (male) Somebody's face. I conducted the lady to the door, returned to the room, and almost exploded with merriment when the ascetic Somebody—a sexless *sadhoo* if there ever was one—turned his mournful eyes at me and in an accent of indescribable melancholy, said "She KISSED me!" It was too much; I had to sit down and laugh myself out.

I have remarked above that the dictation and literary collaboration between the old Platonist and H. P. B. was identical with that between her and the actual Adepts; and that, as he delighted in one branch of work, so each of the others had their individual preferences. But there was the difference that, while they at times would dictate to her and at others occupy her body and write through it as if it were their own (just as the spirit of Mary Roff utilised the body of Lurancy Vennum and felt it as natural as if she had been born in it), the Platonist never obsessed her: he only used her as his amanuensis. Then, again, I have spoken of the part of the "Isis" writing that was done by H. P. B. *in propria persona*, which was inferior to that done for her by the Somebodies. This is perfectly comprehensible, for how could H. P. B., who had had no previous knowledge of this sort, write correctly about the multifarious subjects treated in her book? In her (seemingly) normal state, she would read a book, mark the portions that struck her, write about them, make mistakes, correct them, discuss them with me, set me to writing, help my intuitions, get friends to supply materials, and go on thus as best she might, so long as there were none of the teachers

within call of her psychic appeals. And they were not with us always, by any means. She did a vast deal of splendid writing, for she was endowed with marvellous natural literary capacity; she was never dull or uninteresting, and, as I have elsewhere noted, she was equally brilliant in three languages when the full power was upon her. She writes her Aunt that when her Master was busy elsewhere he left his substitute with her, and that then it was her 'Luminous Self,' her Angoeides, which thought and wrote for her (Cf. Theory 2). About this, I cannot venture an opinion, for I never observed her in this state: I only knew her in three capacities, *viz.*, her proper H. P. B. self; with her body possessed or overshadowed by the Masters; and as an amanuensis taking down from dictation. It may be that her Angoeides, taking possession of her physical brain, gave me the impression that it was one of the Masters that was at work: I cannot say. But what she omits telling her Aunt is that there were many, many times, when she was neither possessed, controlled nor dictated to by any superior intelligence, but was simply and palpably H. P. B., our familiar and beloved friend, latterly our teacher; who was trying as well as she could to carry out the object of her literary mission. Yet despite the mixed agencies at work in producing "Isis," there is an expression of individuality running throughout it and her other works, something peculiar to herself. Epes Sargent and other American literati expressed to me their wonder at the grasp she showed of our language, and one gentleman went to the length of publishing the opinion that we had no living author who could excel her in writing English. This, of course, is vague exaggeration, but happily her style has been made the subject of a close comparison with those of others by a philologist of scientific training.

In his work on the "Origin, Progress and Destiny of the English Language and Literature", the learned author, Dr. John A. Weisse, publishes a number of analytical tables which show the sources of the words used by English writers of renown. In the following excerpts will be seen the derivations of the English of "Isis Unveiled" in comparison with those of the words employed by some other authors. Dr. Weisse says the book is "a thesaurus of new phases and facts, so sprightly related that even the uninitiated may read them with interest." Following is the analysis:—

| Which Author and Work analyzed. | Greco-Latin Words. | Gotho-Germanic Words | Celtic Words. | Semitic Words. |
|---|--------------------|----------------------|---------------|----------------|
| Robert Burton, A. D. 1621, "Anatomy of Melancholy." | 54 | 46 | 0 | 0 |
| John Bunyan, 1682, "Pilgrim's Progress." | 31 | 68 | 1 | 0 |
| Sir Thomas Browne, 1682, "Hydriotaphia." | 51 | 47 | 2 | 0 |
| Sam. Johnson, 1784, (1780?) "Lives of the English Poets." | 47 | 51 | 2 | 0 |

| Which Author and Work analyzed. | Greco-Latin Words. | Gotho-Germanic Words | Celtic Words. | Semitic Words. |
|--|--------------------|----------------------|---------------|----------------|
| R. C. Trench, "On the study of Words." ... | 30 | 68 | 2 | 0 |
| George P. Marsh, "Lectures on the English Language," p. 133. ... | 58 | 41 | 1 | 0 |
| S. A. Allibone, 1872, "Crit. Dict. Eng. Literature, etc." ... | 53 | 46 | 1 | 0 |
| Darwin, "Origin of Species." ... | 53 | 46 | 1 | 0 |
| H. P. Blavatsky, "Isis Unveiled." ... | 46 | 51 | 1 | 2 |
| Her Majesty the Queen, "Leaves of our Jour. Highlands." ... | 36 | 63 | 0 | 1 |

It seems, therefore, that the English of Madame Blavatsky is practically identical with that of Dr. Samuel Johnson, which one might say is as nearly classically perfect as one could ask. The same test applied to her French writings would, doubtless, prove her to be as facile in the use of that beautiful language as the greatest of modern French authors.

H. S. OLCOTT.

(To be continued.)

Erratum.—The following, rather annoying printer's error, occurred in Chapter XIV (p. 455, May *Theosophist*): "the Rev. double W. S. Plummer D. D's account of a certain Mary Reynolds' personality, which lasted, with intervals of relapse to the normal state, from his eighteenth to her sixteenth year"; which should read "the Rev. W. S. Plummer, D. D's account of a certain Mary Reynolds'—an Anglo-American girl—double personality, which lasted, &c.....from her eighteenth to her sixtieth year."

THEOSOPHY AND LIFE.*

THE last time that I had the pleasure of speaking publicly to you was in your old rooms in Stephen's Green. Annie Besant and I had then come over from England as the Theosophical messengers of her, whose bodily presence is no longer with us, our loved and honoured teacher H. P. B. We were able to tell you then of the advances which Theosophy was making all the world over—now if I were to speak of them, the whole evening would be too short in which to tell the tale. In every part of the civilised globe Theosophy and Theosophical teaching have had their hearing, and, day by day, the Theosophical ranks are being strengthened by the adhesion of earnest, devoted men and women,

* An Address delivered to the Dublin Theosophists by Herbert Burrows, Nov. 24th, 1892.

who see in that teaching the supreme solution of those problems of Life and Death, which, for countless generations, have wearied the hearts and the brains of men. But to-night, I do not intend to speak to you of our outward progress, nor do I intend to dwell on the evidential side of Theosophy. Rather, would I speak of something which concerns us, not so much as members of a Society, but as individuals who have slowly to win our way upwards to those spiritual heights of which as yet we can only dimly dream. I would speak to you of Theosophy as it should influence and affect our individual daily lives.

In this age, every thinking man and woman must feel a profound dissatisfaction with the moral and social conditions which are misnamed nineteenth century progress. In every department of thought, social, religious, literary, we find in many minds a deep unrest, an unrest which in the last generations wailed in Schopenhauer and moaned in Carlyle, and which to-day, no longer virile or philosophical, finds mournful expression in much of our modern cultured agnosticism. It lies at the bottom of that widely spread pessimism which this agnosticism can neither stem nor allay. It has created it, and it is now face to face with the child of its creation, which it would fain slay could it find weapons to accomplish its end. But it is powerless, for despair is born of loss of truth, and truth and strength can never dwell in an eternal "I do not know." Poor and mistaken as most of the exoteric creeds of the world have been, the real *credo* of the individual heart is ever a tower of strength. Whatever the true end and aim of existence, that end and aim must be reached through affirmation, for negation starves the individual life and has in it no solid nor lasting foundation for social and brotherly unity.

But, it may be said, of affirmation in the world we have enough and to spare. Everybody, especially in religious matters, is affirming his own particular shibboleth as the only password to the promised land. True, and in this confusion of tongues lies the weakness of much of our modern thought. It is the shibboleth, the exoteric word, which is insisted on as the essential, while the life, which should be based on the esoteric truth, is too often but secondary in the eyes of men; and as the outward word must ever vary with the changing and evolving mind of humanity, no solid resting ground will be generally possible in thought, till some underlying central truth is firmly grasped and made the basis for that real inner life which is greater than all creeds, and deeper than any exoteric expression of the aspirations of the hearts of men. In Theosophy, we believe, this underlying central truth is surely to be found.

For life to be real and true, four things seem to me to be necessary:—Peace, Calmness, Strength, and Self-sacrifice. It is not too much to say that our general modern life lacks each and all of these qualities. No one would assert that this age is an age of peace and calm. The unrest and dissatisfaction of which I have spoken is eating like a cancer into the very heart of modern society, and the effort to escape it but intensi-

fies the feverish activity of every-day existence; and so no real strength is possible, for strength necessarily implies a calm self-reliance which is completely foreign to our nineteenth century life. Without true strength, there can be no true sacrifice, and without that sacrifice life loses its real meaning, for only in life for others do we touch the deepest springs of our own existence.

Peace, and by the word I mean that inward condition of mind and soul which is altogether independent of the outward circumstances and changes of every-day life, can only be attained by the grasp and appreciation of certain definite, coherent principles regarding ourselves and the universe at large. Here the ordinary Western philosophies and orthodoxies completely fail. They are as much at enmity with each other as they are at war with their opponents, and they are all found wanting when the problems of life, of death, of thought, and of consciousness imperiously clamour for an answer and will not be satisfied. Orthodoxy has completely lost its hold on the best minds; philosophy, with its confusions, ever falls short of any real explanation of human nature, and Science offers to the human heart but the dry bones of classified facts. Science, if it carries out its own stern logic, can but point the race to a future virtual annihilation, for no modern scientist dares to dream of a perpetual physical humanity. Philosophy loses its way in the mazes of its timorous Western psychology, and Orthodoxy can now do no more than "mock a dead creed's grinning jaws with bread." Neither in Science, Philosophy, nor Religion, as Europe knows them, is to be found the true theory of man's inner life, and without it, man, as Emerson says, is but a god in ruins.

Theosophy affirms; its affirmations are scientific, philosophical and religious, and herein lies its strength and power. The body is not man, but the real man uses the body and physical nature, as a workman uses his tools. This definite assertion cuts at the root of modern materialistic science, it supplies the key for which Western philosophy has sought in vain, and it grips and holds fast the great central spiritual truth which Western religion has smothered under the load of exoteric creeds. And when as Theosophists, we in our individual lives grip and hold fast that truth, when once we fully realize that physical life is only the transient, changing mould which but cramps the abiding, the enduring builder, the real man, we can smile at the maddening perplexities, the wearying confusions of modern thought, for we have set our feet firmly on the path which leads to that peace which, in very deed and in very truth, the "world" can neither give nor take away.

And Calmness goes hand in hand with true Peace. It is not enough that we should find our peace in loneliness and solitude. True, in every human heart there is a holy of holies into which not even our nearest and our dearest can ever penetrate, and that we must, perforce, keep jealously and guard carefully, for there we should be face to face with the innermost life of the universe; but the peace of which I have

been speaking, which is based upon knowledge and conviction, must translate itself into the outer life, and that means a serenity of character, a patience of method, a dignity of act, to which the hurried, restless men and women of our time can never attain.

And truly enough is that calmness needed. I know that in this room to-night there are some who, like myself, have penetrated beyond the outward gates of that social hell which is a distinguishing feature of our misnamed civilisation; where men and women and little children have everything to make them devils and nothing to make them gods, where the hours drag wearily, where life is hopeless, and where the grave is the sweetest couch, because there is the rest from the long-drawn-out misery of existence.

Patient for these forsaken ones we can hardly be, and it is harder still in the face of it all to be patient with ourselves and to resist the adoption of those quick and hasty methods which seem to have the promise of the lightening of the outward burden of life for these our brethren. But if we *know*—if reincarnation is to us a living truth, if our peace is true and our calm real, then we have learned the lesson that although the wheels of the mills of the universe seem to move not at all, yet truly in the long sweep of the ages of evolution, each individual life is weighed, and measured, and balanced and ground, and that for the sorrow of the night there cometh the equal joy of the morning.

And this should make us strong. It is a flabby age; men are tossed about with every wind of doctrine and but few can stand erect and four-square, with their mental gaze steady, and their spiritual sight clear. The strength which comes from calm conviction and from inward peace is the one thing which the generation needs, and those who have won it for themselves will be as towers of refuge to the storm-tossed lives who are adrift on the seas of nineteenth century doubt, speculation and despair. Strong men armed we must be, but armed with the weapons of helpfulness, of brotherliness, and of love.

So lastly comes self-sacrifice. Easy indeed to talk of but so hard to act out. One of the canons of the newest literary school of thought is an extreme individualism at any cost to those around us, the pushing of the individual development to its utmost limits, a naturalism which means separate units in life rather than a collective whole. Not so says Theosophy. Humanity is one, and individual progress is impossible apart from all. This then means the development of all by the efforts of each, and the translation of that into one word is Sacrifice. Believing as we do that the Christ myth is the long crucifixion of the spirit in matter, surely we may not complain if here and now the truest and the noblest lives have to work out some small part of that eternal sacrifice, day by day and year by year, till this incarnation has run its course. And by an unerring law, the law of Karma, sacrifice brings nobility of life and nobility brings sacrifice. The spiritual heights to which men can climb

now if they will, are rugged enough, but what would they have been now, if in the past they had not been smoothed somewhat by the weary feet of the former pilgrims of the race, if the mountain rivulets, which we can turn into rivers if we will, had not flowed first of all from the tears of those who suffered and were strong. Think you where we should have been if our loved H. P. B. had not taken the thorns of life for us and worn them cheerfully as a chaplet of roses. Through the mists of the ages, we see but dimly the majestic forms of the great saviours of mankind, but when, ever and anon, the veil is lifted, we see in their faces the peace, the calm, the strength for which I would have you strive, and above and beyond it all that divine compassion which drove them to prison, to exile, and to death for those whom they loved dearer than life itself, the suffering sons and daughters of the race.

Feebly have I striven to put to you something of what our Theosophic life should be. No one knows so well as I how miserably short of that life I daily fall, but you and I can conquer and be strong. Failure there must be, but victory there should be; and that victory means possibilities which are bounded only by the universe itself. Step by step we may climb upward if we will, till at length our whole being shall be set to the key-note of those eternal spiritual harmonies which only the pure in heart can ever fully know.

SORCERY—MEDIÆVAL AND MODERN.

(Concluded from p. 491.)

Paracelsus,* speaking of Sorcery, says, "a belief or faith if strong enough may give rise to a powerful evil imagination, and is the cause of Witchcraft and Sorceries, by which means one person may injure another without running much risk of discovery; because he may kill or injure his enemy without going near him, and the latter cannot defend himself as he might, if he were attacked by a visible foe." And in regard to the use of agents for the transmission of this baneful influence, he says: "As for images of wax, I will tell you that if a person desires to injure an enemy, he may do so through some medium—*i.e.*, a Corpus. In this way it is possible that my spirit, without the assistance of my body, and without a sword, may kill or wound another person simply by the action of my will. It is furthermore possible that I may bring the spirit of my enemy into an image, and afterwards injure or lame him in the image according to my will, and that the body of that enemy will be correspondingly injured or lamed thereby. The power of the will is the main point in medicine. A man who wishes everyone well will produce good effects. One who begrudges everybody everything good, and who hates himself, may experience on his own person the effects of his evil thoughts. Images may be cursed, and diseases—such as fevers, epilepsy, apo-

* F. Hartmann, 1887, p. 115 *et seq.*

plexy, &c.,—may thereby be caused to the persons whom these images are made to represent."

Of a similar nature to these "Images" are the amulets, phylacteries, and talismans still largely in use upon the continent, and in general requisition among the people of Africa, Arabia, Persia and many parts of India; and, in fact, what are called "Magical Suspensions," are far more in use among our own nation that is usually supposed. From personal knowledge of these things, I am inclined to the belief that the amulet, and especially the talisman, when constructed according to the rules of the Kabalistic Art, have great efficacy; and indeed in this respect I should place the talisman far in advance of any hypnotic or mesmeric powers I have yet seen or heard of. I wish that I could assure you to the contrary, and declare at once that sorcerous arts have no power over any but the ignorant, superstitious, and weak-willed. It would be a matter of great assurance to know this to be the case, but facts prove it otherwise. That the educated and civilised man of the 19th century does not believe in the power of a spell or the effects of a talisman is no proof of their unreality, since he does not believe that the art of sorcery exists at all, and therefore is not qualified to judge in the matter.* Let those speak who have knowledge in these things, and they will tell us that "no fact is better established" than the existence of Witchcraft and Sorcery. But, as Madame Blavatsky says in "Isis Unveiled,"† "the century itself is growing old; and as it gradually approaches the fatal end, it seems as if it were falling into its dotage; not only does it refuse to recollect how abundantly the facts of witchcraft were proven, but it refuses to realize what has been going on for the last thirty years all over the wide world." And to put the matter in its true light, let me remind you that 600 persons were burnt in 5 years by the Prime-Bishop of Bamberg ‡ and no less than 162 at Würzburg, among whom were thirty-four little children from seven to ten years of age, included as being dedicated to witchcraft. In the year 1515, no less than 500 persons were burnt for witchcraft at Geneva. These persons, be it known, were burned for witchcraft by the educated and civilized (!) governors of that period. Add to this the fact that the confessions were taken in private by the Jesuit Priests, and the case for Sorcery on one side or the other is proven, despite the *civilized education* which directed it. And if it were not an old and well-tried saying that "the devil sits behind the cross," these facts would establish it. "History keeps but too well the sad records of sorcery," says Baron Du Potet. "These facts were but too real, and lent themselves too readily to dreadful malpractices and to monstrous abuse! But how did I come to find out that art? Where did I learn it? In my thoughts? No; it is Nature

* Nevertheless Popes Innocent VIII and Alexander VI; Henry VI, Henry VIII, Elizabeth, James I and the Parliament of 1604, enacted laws against Witchcraft.

† Vol. II., p. 366.

‡ *Sorcery and Magic*, by T. Wright, M. A., F. S. A., ETC., Vol. II, p. 185.

herself who discovered to me the secret. And how? By producing before my own eyes, without waiting for me to search for them, indisputable facts of Sorcery and Magic.....And what is it that determines these attractions, these sudden impulses, these raving epidemics, rages, antipathies, crises; these convulsions which one can make durable?.... What is it that determines them, if not the very principle we employ, the agent so decidedly well-known to the ancients? What you call nervous fluid or magnetism, the men of old called occult force, the power of the soul, subjection, magic!.....An element existing in Nature, unknown to most men, gets hold of a person and withers and breaks him down, as the fearful hurricane does a bulrush; it scatters men far away, it strikes them in a thousand places at the same time without their perceiving the invisible foe, or being able to protect themselves.....all this is demonstrated; but that this element could choose friends and select favorites, obey their thoughts, answer to the human voice, and understand the meaning of traced signs, that is what people cannot realize and what their reason rejects, and that is what I saw; and I say it here most emphatically, that for me it is a fact and a truth demonstrated for ever."* So; and we do not need to ask if Nature has altered her laws for the benefit of 19th century science, or in response to the prejudices of the uninformed multitude, since the death of this candid exponent of magic arts. Not only are her laws the same, but man's abuse of them is very little, if at all, less prevalent than in the dreadful times I have been recounting.

And what is Sorcery if not the abuse of natural laws, the constraining of the inherent or acquired powers † of the human soul to selfish and unlawful uses. Sorcery indeed stands in relation to pure Magic as all that is black, diabolical, loathsome, corrupt and death-dealing, to that which is pure, divine, ensouling, full of the grace of wisdom, and life-giving in its operation. What indeed is Sorcery, but a conscious perversion of the Divine Art, rightly distinguished by the name of *Magic*? ‡ Between these two positive states of good and evil, there exists the middle-ground of mediumship, allied at once to both, and capable at any time of a final conversion into one or the other of them. The mass of humanity stand (and happily for them they stand *together*) upon this middle ground of neutrality; ignorant alike of the divine and infernal powers at war around them; and hence I think it is that in this age of scientific materialism and religious impotence, so many thousands are addicted to what I may call *Unconscious Sorcery*. And happy indeed we should be, if this were the nethermost extent of the evil in our days; but it is far otherwise. Confer with those who have travelled the country in search of facts bearing upon the occult powers, and they will recount to you experiences of the most revolting nature, assuring you of the fact that

* Du Potet: *Magie Devoilée*.

† "Witches and Sorcerers are not made at once, they are born with powers for Evil." (*Paracelsus*). F. Hartmann.

‡ "Sorcery has been called magic; but Magic is *Wisdom*, and there is no wisdom in Sorcery." (*Paracelsus*). F. Hartmann.

there are, in all parts of Europe and even in this country, small secret societies where the black art is systematically practised by persons of both sexes, with all the ceremonious details of the craft. Of the dangers of hypnotism and mesmerism much has, of late, been said, and a well-intentioned though useless move has been made to restrict the practice of hypnotism to a qualified medical faculty. As well try to limit a man's thoughts by putting his hands and feet in irons as to control the use of hypnotism by parliamentary laws! But why this movement on the part of the people? It is that they have become aware in some sense, at last, of the powers of the human soul, and they have had illustrations to their cost of the fact that the distinction between this latest phase of modern science and the Sorcery of the dark ages is not one that rests upon the nature of the force that is wielded, but upon the quality of the soul that directs it. The germs of magnetic inoculation are invisible, we know, but they are none the less real for that. "Oriental experience for a hundred centuries has shown that the germs of moral contagion linger about localities, and impure magnetism may be communicated by the touch."* And that the magnetic power does not rest with the good and virtuous alone, we know; for the magical potency of the will and imagination is inherent in every human soul, and has the power of acting, not only immediately upon bodies that are present to the sense, by means of the subtile powers of the eye and the breath, equally as by a fixed regard and incisive speech, but also at a distance, by means of the desire and fantasy of the soul acting upon the vital principle of persons more remote. Let us but recognize the fact that thoughts are *things*, creatures of life when animated by human desire, and in all respects obedient to their creator, the mind of man; and what is to hinder them from obeying the behests of the soul, providing only they are sufficiently enforced by the impelling power of the will? What then shall hinder the soul of a man from acting on another at a distance? Here then we see the dangers of hypnotism, and here also the possibility of *Unconscious Sorcery*. † Every art, of whatever kind, that is used by a man to coerce the actions of another, to persuade his beliefs, to secure his favour, to gain his property, or in any way to circumscribe his natural or spiritual freedom, is Sorcery; and in all cases where the weakness or ignorance of another is made to serve a personal advantage, it is a sin against nature a thousand times more hateful and deadly. I leave you then to consider to what awful extent this art of Sorcery is prevalent in every department of modern life, and it is just here, in relation to ourselves as agents for good or evil in the world, that the moral is to be gained from a study of this ancient practice in its more positive, conscious, and destructive phases. And from the negative state induced upon us by

* "Isis Unveiled," Vol. II., p. 611.

† Concerning the diabolical arts practised in the name of Science by modern vivisectioners, I cannot do better than recommend a reading of Dr. A. Kingsford's *Sorcery in Science*; see *Theosophist*, May 1890. See also *The Nine Circles* (Revised Edition), Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1893.

ignorance of the laws under which we are working and the powers we are using in every action of our lives, we must some day inevitably awake, each and all of us, and the one choice that shall then remain to us will have to be made. Either we shall be on the side of good, or against it; and to what extent our present attitude towards the purpose of life, our motives, and the quality of our actions, will serve at that time in the choice we shall make, it behoves us well to consider, and to consider *now*. The advice of Dr. Hufeland in regard to the use of the mesmeric power merits the sober consideration of everyone who undertakes the practice of hypnotism or mesmerism either as a psychological study or for medical purposes. "We do not know," he says, "either the essence or the limits of this astonishing power; but everything proves that it penetrates the depths of the organism, and the internal life of the nervous system; that it may even affect the mind itself, and disturb its ordinary relations. Whoever, then, undertakes to govern and direct this mysterious power, attempts a bold task. Let him consider well that he is probably penetrating, as far as is possible, into the most elevated laws of nature. Never let him enter this sanctuary without reverential fear, and without the most profound respect for the principle which he endeavours to set in operation."

And, after all, it is the motive of the mind that distinguishes between good and evil in the use of occult forces. That which links the human will to its subject, and that which guides its line of direction, is *thought*. But the will has no such direct relations with motive, and hence may be used with equal power for evil as for good. Motive is that which determines the quality of a thought; being as it were the very soul of thought, inhering in, and tincturing with its subtle essence, every mental action. And the motive is a power in itself, apart from the act, as the soul is from the body, but expressing itself by means thereof. Thus causes brought about by occult forces, may differ in their ultimate effects by reason of the motive which ensouls them, though to the outward eye appearing in all respects identical. It is this working power of the motive which distinguishes at every moment between our righteous and unholy thoughts, our actions true and false. It is, then, at the initial stage of our investigations into these subtle forces in Nature and the magical powers of the human mind, that we have need to examine our *motives*, otherwise we shall be in danger of drifting rapidly from an unconscious to a conscious participation in all the horrors I have had occasion to speak of, and others still worse, and unspeakable, included in the practice of the Sorcerer. But there is another and a higher possibility for the soul of man than to fall from the ground of neutrality and natural freedom into the slavery and soul-death of a conscious Sorcery. Man may take up the vesture of a higher service, he may unite his mind to that of the Universe, his will to the Great Law, his imagination to the archetypal form of the Grand Man, and thus, with all his soul at one with the Spirit of Nature, draw

from the storehouse of the Divine Life and Mind such power and knowledge as he can use for the benefit of the human race. And the Divine Magician stands in no need of rites and ceremonies, nor signs and talisman, nor words to bless or curse, nor forms by which to conjure, bind, or loose; he needs *nothing* having that power, which he draws from the Infinite Ocean of Almighty Love, the power to serve in "that sweet bondage which is freedom's self." But this soul-union with the Divine Principle in Nature is not for any one a thing of immediate and complete accomplishment, while for all it is difficult of attainment. Those who have not consciously and irrevocably identified themselves with the principle of evil have this God-like power within them which stands only in need of waking up; and there is no limit to human perfectibility, and nothing which can be conceived of in the mind of man which cannot ultimately become realised in man himself.

"Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom and Endurance,
These are the seals of that most firm assurance,
Which bars the pit over destruction's strength;"

and if I am addressing any who, having at any time fallen under the spell of the world's many subtle enchantments, are now disposed to look reproachfully upon themselves or upon others, to such I would, in conclusion, commend the spirit of these words;

"Reproach not thine own soul, but know thyself,
Nor hate another's crime, nor loathe thine own.
It is the dark idolatry of self,
Which, when our thoughts and actions once are gone,
Demands that man should weep, and bleed and groan.
Oh vacant expiation! Be at rest.
The past is Death's, the future is thine own;
And love and joy can make the foulest breast
A paradise of flowers where Peace might build her nest."

W. R. OLD.

A'TMAVIDYA'VILASA OF SADA'S'IVA BRAHMA'.

PREFACE.

THE Sage Sadás'iva flourished in the beginning of the eighteenth century, near the modern town of Karúr (the classic Vañjai.) He was a Bráhmaṇ of the village of Nerúr on the banks of the Káveri, and from his very early age, displayed signs of retirement from the world. His days, it is stated, he would spend in the bed of the river, meditating upon the unknowable and the unknown. He was a great and a born *Yogi*; many mistook him for an insane youth, as all great men are generally thought to be. He was married very young, as is the invariable custom among the Hindús, and on the day he heard that his wife had attained her maturity, he became a *Sanyási*. From this moment, he began to display an utter aversion to the so-called pleasures of the world. His habits became cosmopolitan. He cared for neither caste nor creed. All were equal in his eyes. He would eat anything that was given him, and, from any one, without distinction. If no food came to him, he would make a sumptuous meal from the refuse leaves

thrown in the streets. Still the inner man was unknown, and Sadás'iva was considered to be a crazy youth, till the following event occurred.

Children are always fond of playing tricks round an insane person, provided his insanity do not endanger their personal security: and our hero was a great favourite with the children of Nerúr. One of his greatest delights was to distribute amongst the children of the village whatever he received from the people in charity. On a certain day, and that was the day of the Rishaba Váhana Festival in Madura, the children said to Sadás'iva: "Father (that was the general name by which the children called our hero), take us to Madura to-night. The God Mahes'a will go in procession on his vehicle—the bull—there to-night. We wish to enjoy the occasion." That was the Rishabha-váhana night, as we have already said, and the children wanted to enjoy it. They proffered this request in derision, as it were, and thought it beyond all possibility for their curiosity to be satisfied. But Sadás'iva was a Sage. He asked the children to mount his back and shoulders and head, and every conceivable part of the body which could bear them. "Shut your eyes, my children," said he, which they did. The next second, he asked them to open their eyes, and lo! they were all in Madura and before the very god in procession. Thus, the children enjoyed the festival. Sweet-meats, nuts and all that children like, were given to them by our hero, and they were brought back to Nerúr by the same process by which they were taken down to Madura. The morning dawned. Every child began to relate in its own sweet words its adventures of the previous night and showed the sweet-meats yet unconsumed. From this moment Sadás'iva became known. Every one began to venerate him as a Sage: many talked in secret of his great powers. But the moment the real nature of our hero was thus proclaimed, Sadás'iva assumed a different attitude. He became mute to the public. He never spoke a word to any one. To make the people see what he really was, he undertook the self-imposed duty of satisfying the curiosity of the children. And why should a Sage undergo this process of making himself thus known, will be the question which several of our readers may ask to themselves. And our reply is that Sages are sometimes teased to such an extent that even their proverbial patience is exhausted, and then to make the world see what they are, they even resort to such ways. Even so, the teasing which our hero underwent from his wife's relations to bring him back to the world and the pleasures of it, made him undertake this pilgrimage to Madura.

The news caught fire, and travelled with the quickness of lightning, and people began to pour in to enquire after the exploits of the Sage. But he would not speak. He was seen always seated in contemplation in the bed of the river at Nerúr and Kodumudi—villages near Karúr. Strange stories are repeated of how the village people witnessed Sadás'iva being rolled away by the flood, apparently, and how, to their astonishment, they found him seated in the same posture after the waters subsided.

But this is all a great truth in the case of Yogis. This report reached the Tondamán, chieftain of Pudukóttai, who came down to Nerúr and spent a tedious period of eight years, waiting upon the Sage. Is not a Sage a King of Kings and an Emperor of Emperors? What does he care for? Whom has he to fear? He has reached such a great position that none is equal to him in this world of phenomena. The Tondamán waited and waited till the Sage would be pleased. But the Sage is devoid of all such sensations and emotions. He views equally everything. The king one day dared, after great hesitation, to address his object of veneration to the following effect:—Said he: "My most Holy Lord! I have been waiting upon Your Holiness for the past 8 years, and still Your Holiness is not pleased to confer upon me the boon I so much seek after. Your Holiness has not opened your sweet mouth once to me." Thus spoke the disappointed Tondamán: and at these words some mercy warmed the breast of the holy Sage, and he described a diagram in the sand-bed of the river, and enclosed in it certain letters, technically called the *Bijáksharas* of an incantation (*mantra*), and made signs to the disappointed chieftain to master it. But he was unable to understand it, and he said so. The Sage then passed his palm over the diagram, and entirely obliterated the marks and ran away. The Tondamán had such a great regard for the diagram that he wept at its disappearance, accused himself for his impatience, and collected the sand over which the *Bijáksharas* were inscribed. He returned to Pudukóttai with this precious bundle, thinking it in vain to follow the Sage, and that what the Sage did in the way of drawing a diagram was a great boon conferred upon him. Like a true devotee, he thought it useless for him any more to pry into the ways of our hero; from the moment of his bringing the sand bags, prosperity began to flow in a regular stream to the Tondamán's family. He was childless, and he had a child after this event. The sand thus brought is preserved, even to-day, worshipped as the holy relic of the great Sage, and used in smearing the body in place of the generally-used holy ashes. The deep respect paid by the Tondamán family to this holy Sage is world-known even to this day. The Sage is reported to have lived to a good old age, and attained his last felicity in the village of Nerúr, where his *Samádhi* exists even to-day.

In the day of the year sacred as the last day of the Sage Sadás'iva, the Tondamán comes down to Nerúr and defrays the expenses of the sacred occasion. Sadás'iva, in his days, is said to have sung several Sanskrit *áryas* (verses) describing the true *Yogi*. He had also sung several verses on several subjects—religious—which were collected by his warm admirers. If all these were collected and published, it would be a great boon to the Hindú religion. The best of Sadás'iva's verses, now prevalent as the *A'tnavidyá*, we propose to publish below, with as true a translation as the English language will allow. But the original must be read if the true emotions of this truest of Sages are to be really understood.

The original Sanskrit verses I have given below are taken from an

old MS. copy which I found in my father's library in the village of Manakkál, 12 miles from Trichinopoly. Having heard that this work was published as a small pamphlet by the *Brahma Vidyá* Press, Chidambaram, I secured a copy in the month of January last, and have closely compared it with mine. Wherever I have found different readings (and they were only very few), I have given them. Before closing this preface, a word is necessary to the anxious reader as to the style of the verse. It is most melodious. The whole composition displays the true, simple, easy, and emotional flowings of a great soul with all the magic of poetry shining fully throughout.

1. Vatataru nikata nivásam
patutara vijñána mudrita karábjam.
Kañchana desikamádyam
kaivalyánanda kandalam vande.

1. I salute some indescribable preceptor, who is the root of joy of eternal felicity, who has his abode in the proximity of the *Vad* tree, (*Ficus Indica*), and whose lotus hand is folded in the symbol of the most supreme knowledge.

2. Niravadhi samsriti níradhi
nipatita janatá ranaspuran naukám.
Paramata bhedana ghutikám
parama S'ivendrárya pádukám naumi.

2. I prostrate to the sandals of the holy Parama S'ivendrárya,* which is the sparkling ferry-boat for men who have fallen into the never-ending ocean of family-life, and which is the pick-axe to break other religions.

Note.—*Parama S'ivendra is supposed to be the moral preceptor (*Guru*), from whom Sadás'iva received his divine knowledge.

3. Des'ika Parama S'ivendro
pades'avas'ádbuddha divyamahimáham.
Svátmani vis'ránti krite
sarasam prastauni kiñchididam

3. I, who have known the divine splendour by the moral teachings of my holy preceptor, Parama S'ivendra, after having attained calmness in my own soul, begin this—the something* full of sweetness.

Note.—*Something. As a *Yogi* devoid of affections and hates, Sadás'iva did not like to give any name to his work, and so calls it in the beginning a *Something*.

4. Nirupama nitya nirího
nishkala nirmáya nirgunákarah.
Vigalita sarva vikalpah
suddho buddhah chakástiparamátmá.

4. The supreme soul shines without any parallel, being eternal, desireless, spotless and unchangeable, and having neither shape nor quality after its abandonment of all changes.

5. Svávidyaika nibaddhah
kurvan karmáni muhyamánassan.
Daivádvidhúta baddhah *
svátmajñane munirjayati.

* *Bandhah* is another reading.

5. The Sage who is tied down by the ignorance of his own self-performed religious rites,* deceived by ignorance, at last by divine favour having abandoned those ties, knows his own soul and reigns supreme (literally conquers).

Note.—*As opposed to speculative religious contemplation, considered by the *Advaitís* as the supreme kind of worship.

6. Mâyavas'ena supto
madhyepas'yan sahasras'ah svapnán.
Des'ikavachah prabuddha
dívyatyánanda váridhau kopí.

6. He who slept overpowered by ignorance, and seeing a thousand kinds of dreams in the middle (of his sleep), at last, rousing himself by the words of his moral preceptor, lies now drowned in the ocean of joy.

7. Prákritabhávamapásya
svíkrita nijarúpa sachchidánandah.
Guruvara karunápángat
gaurava másádyá mádyatiprájñah.

7. The highly learned Sage, after abandoning his lower nature and taking possession of his true shape of existence, intelligence, and happiness, by the glance of the holy eye of his moral preceptor, is intoxicated (over-joyed), after having attained knowledge.

8. S'riguru kripayá sachchit
sukha nijarúpe nimagnadhírmauni.
Viharati kas'chana vibudhah
sántohanta* nitánta muditántah.

* *Sántodánto* is another reading, meaning—with his inner soul—calmed.

8. A certain wise Sage, who has assumed silence with his mind, drowned in his own happy shape of existence and intelligence, by the favour of his moral preceptor, enjoys that—his calm state—his inner soul being in extreme joy, most wonderful!

9. Guruvara karunálaharí
vyatikara bharasítala svántah.
Ramateyativara eko
nirupama sukhasímauni svairam.

9. The best of Sages, with his inner soul made cool (refreshed) by the weight of the collected flood of the holy grace of his moral preceptor, enjoys himself in secret on the banks of incomparable happiness.

10. Srídesikavara karuná
ravikara samapohitántara dhvántah.
Viharan maskari varyo
niravadhikánanda níradháváste.

10. The best of Sages with his darkness (ignorance) destroyed by the rays of the Sun—the holy grace of his venerable, moral, preceptor, is enjoying himself in the ocean of endless joy.

11. Janiviparíta kramato
buddhyápravilápya pañcha bhutáni.
Pari'sishtamátmatatvam
dhyáyannaste munis'ántah.

11. After extricating his five elements from the order of birth and death by his supreme knowledge, the calm Sage contemplates upon the truth of his soul, which alone remains as the balance of existence.

12. Jagadakhila midamasaram
máykameveti manasimanvánah.
Paryatati pátitásah
pragálita madamána matsarah kopí.

12. Thinking in his mind that this whole world is unsubstantial and only deceitful, he wanders, after renouncing his desires and abandoning pride, respect and envy.

13. Nátmani kiñchinmáya
tatkáryamvásti vastutovimale.
Iti nis'chayavánantah
hrishatyánanda nirbharoyogí.

13. Thus deciding that in the soul surely there is neither changeability nor anything of that kind, the Sage, with his heart full of joy, enjoys himself internally.

14. Tvamaha mabhimánahino
módita nánájanáchárah.
Viharati bálavadeko
vimala sukhámbhonidhau magnah.

14. Devoid of haughtiness and finding pleasure in all the ways of the people, he wanders alone, like a child, immersed in the happy ocean of purity.

15. Avadhúta karmajálo
jadabahirándhopamah kopí.
A'tmáramoyamirát
atavíkoneshvatanáste.

15. Having abandoned the web of religious rites and resembling most the fool, the deaf, and the blind, he, the king of Sages, who has for his pleasure-garden his soul, remains wandering in the recesses of that garden.

Compare the following S'lokas in the *Venisamhara*.

A'tmáramá vihita ratayo nirvikalpe samádhau
jñánodrekadvighatita támo grandhayah satvanishtáh .
Yam pas'yante kadhamapi tamasám jyotishámvá parastat
tammohándhah kadhamayamamum vettu devam puránam.

16. Sántya dhriddhopa gúdhah
sánta samastánya vedanodárah.
Ramate rasajña eko
ramye svánanda paryanke.

16. Embraced tightly by patience, and noble through having calmed down all other kinds of troubles, he, the only relisher of joys, sports on his pleasing couch of joys.

17. Unmúlita vishayárih
svikrita vairágya sarvasvah
Svátmánanda mahimni
svarájyesmin virájate yatirát.

17. The King of Sages rooting out his enemy—passion and taking into his possession the whole property belonging to renunciation, shines in his own empire, great by the joy of his own soul.

18. Savitaryapi s'itaruchau
chandre tíkshne pyadhovahatyagnau.
Máykamidamiti jánan
jivanmukto navismayí bhavati.

18. Even when the sun is cool like the moon, and the moon hot-rayed (like the sun), and the fire burns downwards, he understands them all in the light of tricks, and as long as he has abandoned the pleasures of life, he is never amazed at them.

19. Ajñána vairí vijayí
prajña matanga mastakárúdhah
Viharati samyami rájah*
samarasa sukhadhámni sarvatoramyé.

**Viharati sahiyati rájah* is another reading.

19. The king of Sages, after having conquered his enemy—ignorance and seated himself on the head of the elephant of supreme knowledge, lives in happiness in his own happy house, most suitable to him and delightful in every way.

S. NATESA S'A'STRI.

(To be continued).

MODERN INDIAN MAGIC AND MAGICIANS.

(Continued from page 421.)

HASSAN KHAN.

IV.

ONE day, Hassan Khan, who was in the habit of calling at most unconventional hours, made his appearance whilst we were at dinner. We asked him in; and he took his seat at the table, and joined in the conversation. After the usual courses and when dessert was served, Hassan Khan noticed some guavas on a plate. In his usual brusque manner, he asked "Do you eat such common fruits?" Some one at the table replied—"Why not get us something nice and uncommon?" "Certainly I will," said he, and asked for a napkin. He took the napkin handed to him, and spreading it on the table, placed the guavas on it. Then, taking it by the corners with the guavas in it, he gave it to one of the boys whom he desired to go with it to one of the doors of the dining-room leading to the verandah, and closing one of the panels, to put the hand in which he held the parcel outside beyond the gaze of the persons at the table. Meanwhile, Hassan Khan continued to talk on different subjects. In about ten minutes or so, he desired the boy to bring back the parcel and, on opening it, we were surprised to find the guavas replaced by mangosteens, a fruit indigenous to the Straits, which seemed to have been freshly plucked from the tree as the stems were still moist with the juice. The fruit, of which we all partook, was delicious in flavour, and very enjoyable.

This phenomenon might be said to be the result of *Mâyâ* or glamour; but how account for the sequel? I planted some of the seeds; and after two or three weeks, or longer, one of them germinated. Despite all the care that was taken, the shoot could not be got to grow above a couple of inches in height, nor to give out more than two leaves; it eventually withered in about a month.

V.

On another occasion, Hassan Khan dropped in when we had a few friends over. The visitors who had known Hassan Khan by reputation, expressed their eagerness to witness some phenomenon. On being apprised of this desire, Hassan Khan, who was always obliging, readily assented to gratify their curiosity, and desired that one of the party present should express a wish for something. One of the ladies accordingly asked for a garland of *bel* flower: this request was made to test his powers, as the lady well knew that the flower was not in season at that time of the year. Hassan Khan made it appear as if he was much perplexed at the request, which seemed to all utterly impossible of fulfilment. After much cogitation, as it were, he said—"Well, I will try what can be done." He took a bit of paper, and with a pencil drew thereon some characters, which he said was a message he was sending to his *Hazrat* who happened to be away at the time; and then asking for a lighted candle, burnt

the paper. This done, he entered into general conversation, apparently oblivious of the anxiety of the guests. The drawing room in which the party was assembled opened on a verandah on the south; and, in a few minutes, the breeze wafted in the sweet scent of the *bel* which was clearly perceptible to all. At first, the scent was very faint, but gradually kept increasing in intensity, as if the flower from which it emanated was being brought nearer. One of the party went to the verandah, and, on looking up, saw a parcel in a plantain leaf, like those in which flowers are usually sold in India, slowly descending from the ceiling. As it descended below the lintel of the door, it was violently thrown inside the room. On being opened, it was found to contain a magnificent garland of the largest and most perfect specimens of the freshest of *bel* flowers, such as could, under ordinary circumstances, be procured only when in season. It is needless to say that such a display of his marvellous powers by Hassan Khan filled even the most sceptical with astonishment and awe; and, as is usual with the vulgar in such cases, the phenomenon was at once attributed to diabolical agency!

VI.

It was on the evening of a very trying and sultry day in summer that we had retired to the drawing room, and were enjoying the freshening breeze that had just started, when Hassan Khan entered unexpectedly as was his wont. After the usual commonplace greetings, he observed that the day had been unusually oppressive, and "Don't you think," said he, "that something cooling would be most refreshing and acceptable?" "Certainly", replied one of the persons present, "and as you have the power and the will to do so, I am sure you will get us something nice. Perhaps you would not mind treating us to some ice-cream and cakes from the Great Eastern." "Very well," said he, "let me have some paper and a pencil." He then wrote something on the paper, which he said was a request to his *Hazrat* to procure the articles in question, and then burnt the paper over the lamp in the drawing-room. In a little while, he grew fidgety, and every now and then got up from his seat and went to the door of one of the rooms which opened into the drawing-room, and peeped in. Suddenly he called out: "Here they are: *Hazrat* has brought the things;" and beckoning to one of the party present, and closing one of the panels of the door, "stand here," said he, "and put your hand inside the room. Be careful to take hold of what is thrown into your hand." Immediately was heard the rustling of some paper, and a parcel with the usual stamp of the Great Eastern Hotel containing some cakes, was brought in. "Now, be sharp", called out Hassan Khan, "there is another parcel coming"; and scarcely had these words been uttered, when down came something rattling against the closed door panel, and missing the hand, fell with a crash inside the room. The parcel turned out to be a mould of ice-cream, with the words "Auckland Hotel" inscribed on the side. As the mould fell on the floor, the cover flew open by the concussion, spilling a portion of the contents, which proved to be some delicious raspberry cream.

Needless to say that we enjoyed immensely the cakes and ice-cream to which our friend Hassan Khan had treated us.

This was not all. It was remarked to Hassan Khan that it was not right that the mould with the inscription should remain in our possession. "Well," said he, "leave that to me;" and, placing the mould on the table, he covered it with an handkerchief. Within five minutes, the handkerchief lay on the table—the mould was gone!

I shall not attempt to discuss the agency by which these phenomena were effected, but will leave it to those of the readers of the *Theosophist* who know, to favour us with an explanation.

C. HOGAN.

WHITE LOTUS DAY.

THE Second Anniversary of H. P. B.'s exarmination was celebrated at the Head-quarters, at 6 p. m., on the 8th ultimo; the reason for choosing that hour being, that it suited the convenience of several Members engaged in business, or coming from a distance. The thoughtful kindness of our Brothers, Messrs. N. Sarvothama Row and V. Coopposwamy Iyer supplied us with a large quantity—not less than a thousand—of large lotus buds and flowers, and our gardeners dressed the Convention-Hall with them, and with other flowers, palm fronds and plantain trees, most tastefully. Mr. Old, from having been one of the three Theosophists who were present at H. P. B.'s death-scene, was the most fitting person to select for delivering the principal Address of the occasion, and performed the duty to the great satisfaction of all present. The President-Founder read extracts from a little compilation, entitled "Funeral Service for Students of Theosophy," by (Rev.) W. E. Copeland, F. T. S., which he praised for the taste and discrimination shown by its compiler. He also briefly addressed the meeting and carried out the programme as reported in the *Madras Times* for May 9th, as follows:—

"This day, so named, being the second Anniversary of the death of Madame H. P. Blavatsky, was celebrated yesterday evening, at the Head-quarters of the Theosophical Society, South Adyar, Col. H. S. Olcott presiding. There were present also many deputies from various Branches of the Society adjacent to Madras. Upon a chair, to the right of that intended for the Chairman, was placed a large photograph of Madame Blavatsky, the frame of which was enveloped in a wreath composed of no less than 107 lotus flowers. The flooring of the *dais* was profusely strewn with the same sacred emblem of the Hindus, which was also carried in graceful wreaths from two plantain trees, arranged on either side the *dais*, the natural beauty of this flower being set off to advantage by an occasional intermixture of others of a bright red hue.

Col. Olcott, the President, in opening the proceedings, remarked that in her Will, Madame Blavatsky had expressed the desire that on the Anniversaries of her death, her friends should meet at Head-quarters, at Madras, and read extracts from the *Bhagavadgîtâ* and the *Light of Asia*; and, in

accordance with that wish, last year, on the 8th May, the first Anniversary of her death, he began a series of annual meetings, the present being the second. The first was celebrated in nearly all parts of the world, for he issued the necessary order in time to the American, Australian and other Sections and, consequently, her memory was celebrated, at one and the same time, in the most distant countries. This year the same had happened. At the moment he was addressing them it was, in London, about 12-30 p. m., and their London and New York Head-quarters would have met together, simultaneously with themselves, to pay their tributes to the memory of their departed friend and teacher. In pursuance of her Will, they would proceed to have readings from the *Bhagavadgîtâ*, and after that, extracts would be read from the *Light of Asia*. Mr. Old, who was one of the three persons present at Madame Blavatsky's death, would also give an Address and remark upon the future of the Society. It was needless for him, the President, to tell them, old Theosophists, that they did not regard Madame Blavatsky with any of the feelings of hero-worshippers; they believed she only occupied one personality for the purpose of doing certain work which she carried out, and that, that being completed, she had passed on and would, by the laws of *Karma*, take re-birth at another time, in some other part of the world, and would then undoubtedly pick up the thread she had dropped now and carry it on. She had left behind her a large body of writings, some of them of great literary excellence, embodying more interesting, suggestive, theoretical information and instruction about the esoteric philosophy of the ancient times, than could be found outside them in the whole body of Sanskrit literature. Reference to these books was recently made to him, in Benares, by an educated gentleman, who said the only thing lacking was a proper arrangement of the materials; and if some one would take her materials and group them together—the portions that were related—the remains of the materials would then be found and seen. At the present time they were only at the beginning of this great movement, which was so much in its infancy, that they had not yet arrived at a single human generation. It was idle to expect that any movement should, in that brief space of time, attain to anything like full development, but they could see plainly that the world needed such a movement at this particular time. The Society was continually forming new Branches throughout the whole world, people were constantly applying for the grant of new Charters and for the formation of new Branches, and he had recently received an application from the Argentine Republic to form a Branch at Buenos Ayres, where the *Bhagavadgîtâ* was being translated into the Spanish language. The Society had already become necessary for the dissemination of Oriental ideas throughout the world. The Hindus at large were not aware of the work that had been done by the Society, and it would probably be many years before the fact was realised; nevertheless, they, who were concerned in the administration of the Society, were fully aware of it, and believing as they did in the infallible operation of the law of *Karma*, they awaited the result of their seed-sowing amid the great harvest to be reaped by their posterity."

The VIIIth Chapter of the *Bhagavadgîtâ* was recited in Sanskrit by seven Brahmin Members of the Society. Mr. Old then delivered the following address:—

Every Theosophist present in this meeting to-day will find some

profit, some consolation, hope and stimulus from the retrospect of the two years gone since H. P. B. left the work of the Theosophical Society in the hands of those who had given their allegiance to the cause.

In memory, I go back to the days when the alternate storm and passion, the calm repose and serenity of that marvellous mind gave me a sense of beauty and inspired in me a feeling of wonderment by mere force of sudden contrast. Those were strange days to me, when, living in constant touch with that phenomenal being, I learnt some of the most valuable lessons of my still immature life. As under her teaching I gained a wider view of the great problems of life, it was a matter of some consolation to me that my sense of security, of mental and moral equilibrium, did not wane or quaver. But to be associated with H. P. B. was to be sure of gaining at least some degree of self-reliance. It was not her habit to give definite orders to her pupils on matters of a personal nature. In her own way she would render counsel and advice, while, in general, she merely pointed out the way which led to the attainment of those hidden stores of wisdom which, to a measure perhaps little understood by us, she had continual access to. But in all else, it was a matter of self-development, even for those who were her personal pupils and in closer relations with her than most others.

I remember too how, in a marked, but to us at that time an unexpected manner, she prepared us for the hour of her death. There was in H. P. B.'s presence a certain strength which gave one confidence, and somehow it seemed to be a foregone conclusion that, however black and hopeless a case might be, it would come out all right if she had the handling of it. She must have known, I think, that with her death, not only would the grave responsibilities of the Theosophic work devolve upon many young hands,—eager and willing enough it is sure, but yet unskilled in the difficulties of occult work,—but also that many of the stronger links which held the Theosophical body together would, with her demise, be snapped asunder, and the main channel of connection between the movement and the source of its inspiration be stopped, at least for awhile.

She gathered closer round her such of her pupils as circumstances rendered the most accessible, and began a system of regular instruction, opening up new lines of thought and study which, if steadily pursued, would yield fruit indefinitely. Questions on the Esoteric Philosophy, on the teachings of the *Secret Doctrine* and her various writings, were answered as fully as possible, and the whole body of information thus elicited was written down.

These instructions occupied a special evening each week, and continued till the fatal sickness came upon her. But during other days for some time previous to her departure, H. P. B. gradually abstracted herself, becoming more and more reclusive and, at times, quite inaccessible even to those immediately around her. Her sitting-room, for years

past constantly open to all comers, whether Theosophists or not, became more and more a place of retreat and solitude for her, and daily more impregnated with her own strong atmosphere of individuality.

But when the hour of her departure came, sickness had already laid its hand upon more than one member of that unique household at the London Head-quarters, and with one in mid-ocean, two on the Continent in search of health, and others absent upon the business of the day, it was but a remnant that gathered round the dying form. There were, in fact, but four persons present with her; Miss Laura Cooper, Claude Wright, Miss Black (H. P. B.'s nurse), and myself. Miss Cooper sat beside H. P. B., giving her support; Claude Wright and I were kneeling beside her, each holding a hand; while the nurse was silently rendering all possible services. Thus, seated in the chair in which for years she had worked, without a struggle or a murmur,—thoughtful, I think, even to the end,—she let slip her life of pain, as silently as a tired child might fall to sleep upon its mother's breast. I have often wished that some of her traducers might have seen her die. There was a grandeur, a resignation, an assurance of well-being in the repose of her face which would more than have answered the most confident attacks that had ever been levelled by her enemies against her reputation and character.

But for those who were then gathered round her, it would have been a grateful thing to have been able to know something of what was passing in the silent galleries of her mind as the lamp of life burned low. Long and anxiously I searched those eyes—"beyond all knowing of them, wonderful"—for a sign which would tell me something of what she felt and thought; but never a shade of sorrow or regret, nor gleam of hope or exultation could be seen, and the dimness of death came upon them without relieving the sphinx-like inscrutability of their steady gaze.

And the world had much to say—for it is a jealous world—in praise and blame of the life which had closed; but the little band of workers on whom the blow first fell, drew closer together and swore that the Cause, for which she had lived and died, should not fail; and when the news was known, as very soon it was all over the globe, words of assurance came pouring in from every quarter. Col. Olcott, who was then in New South Wales, immediately took passage to England, arriving in time to address the first Annual Convention of the newly-organized European Section of the T. S. Friends and sympathizers gathered round, meetings in every Theosophical centre were held, and many were the resolutions confirmed and newly formed in retrospect and prospect by them all. The Cause prospered, and many who till now had held aloof, were forthwith enrolled as Members, and the ranks of the Society grew stronger day by day. It was as if the life-forces of that single soul had been transfused into the body of the Society itself, swelling and flowing out in a hundred different directions. So the forecast of our enemies, that with the death of Mdme. Blavatsky, the T. S. would sink into oblivion,—a forecast in which the wish was but

too evidently "father to the thought"—was not fulfilled. And we who are gathered here to-day to keep green the memory of that dauntless pioneer of our movement, can look back over the two years that have passed with a sense of satisfaction, for which there is sufficient cause in the present competence of the Society and the wide-spreading influence of its work and doctrine.

It is true there have been some defections among its Members, but they have not been unnatural to the growth of the Society viewed as a vitalized organism; for all growth means change, and the constant out-put of effete substances and the taking on of new and life-giving elements, is a process in the development of the Theosophical body for which a study of natural laws should already have prepared us. Suffice it to say, that the body grows, and is asserting a force which scales very high upon the register of modern thought and progress. Our movement is in touch with the times and, to an extent as yet impossible of measurement, representative of, and probably responsible for, a good deal of the ferment which stirs in the minds of men to-day. This is an age of transition, of spiritual and intellectual revulsion, an age of free-thought, doubt and self-searching. The tide of materialistic thought, which set in with the present century, had broken upon the cold, blank wall of Negation, and had been thrown back upon itself in the wild tumult and confusion of baffled but unexhausted forces; and it was there, at the meeting of the waters, that the modern psychological renaissance had its origin. Then, with the joint efforts of Madame Blavatsky and Col. Olcott, the publication of *Isis Unveiled* in America, and later, of the *Theosophist* in India, the T. S. took its place among the scions of the new age. Of the rapid growth of the movement the official records give sufficient evidence. The number of journals which are now exclusively devoted to the dissemination of Theosophic ideas, will compare favourably with the literature of almost any other independent movement in the world.

But what all this may mean when viewed in retrospect by the surviving Co-founder of the Society, what anxious years of toil and self-sacrifice measured each onward step and covered each success that was required to bring the movement to this vantage-ground of attainment, I dare not, in justice, attempt to depict. What it meant to H. P. B. herself, our presence here to-day bears witness.

Now, turning from the past, with its many coloured memories, and all that interblend of light and shade which enters into the fabric of our lives, let us face round upon the possibilities of the future.

The fact that the Society has attained a position of comparative security and competence by the wide-spreading influence of its teachings and its numerical strength, has not, in my opinion, lessened the dangers which always beset an important movement. Whatever successes we may have attained, or advantage gained over the world of thought with which for many years we have been contending, there

still remains the danger of inherent or acquired evils in our own body itself; which requires that we should constantly be upon our guard. Our safety lies in a loyal adhesion to the constitution which binds us together, upon our fidelity to the laws of life which govern the organization of which we individually are parts, and upon that abiding sense of a radical unity which moves to a perfect co-operation. The health of any organization depends upon its internal harmony. To insure and preserve this condition, we must see that our actions are not only consistent with those basic principles upon which the Society is founded, but also that they do not compromise the position, work and welfare of our fellow-members. It is provided in the Constitution of the Society, that perfect freedom of opinion shall be allowed to all its members: but nothing would be more dangerous to the catholicity of our doctrines than to suppose this to convey with it the right, to any individual member, of forcing his views upon others; or of reading into the writings of H. P. B., or any other person connected with the movement, anything of authority; or yet of enunciating therefrom a dogma or *credo* which shall be considered pre-eminently Theosophical and binding upon Theosophists generally. And the dangers we have to face are undoubtedly of this nature. We need not drain history to show that, with the establishment of a school of thought, no sooner is its success an assured thing, than the tendency to crystallization comes upon it. Its principles are contracted into a formulated creed, its doctrines segregate into innumerable dogmas, and the broad platform of equality and brotherhood is replaced by the conventicle of a narrow sectarianism. This tendency may be due to a principle inherent in the nature of things, subserving some hidden purpose in the scheme of life; and certainly it has its analogies in Nature, and illustrations without number in the lives of men. But this is a Theosophical Society, and Theosophy, as I understand it, is not a modern out-put of human thought, nor a religious or philosophic movement of specific tendency, but a reiteration of old-world verities; a recurrent tide borne in upon us from the boundless ocean of eternal truth; a welling-up of waters from the bed-rock of human life; the cyclic impress of a self-existent law; and as such it can never answer to the definitions of a fleeting generation. What of it we may become sensible of, grasp with our minds and develop in our lives, so much will serve our current needs and adapt itself to our laws of thought. Yet this is only as it seems to us, not finally what in truth it is; and it is no more defined by modern Theosophical concepts than the extent and resources of the ocean are indicated by a bottle of sea-water. It is not for Theosophy itself that we need fear, but for the career of this Society which has undertaken the responsible task of representing some of its teachings to the truth-seeking world. And this is our sacred trust, which H. P. B. committed to our hands when, two years ago, her own were relaxed in the sleep of death. Have we been faithful to that charge? Let each one of us answer to himself. Karma will keep its own record.

Something has been said about the coming of a messenger, and many have been led to hope for, and even to expect, the advent of such a person. Apart from all personal views upon the matter, I would ask what cause have we to hope for such an event, what right to expect it? Veritably, it seems to me that, with the resources at our command still unused, the wealth of literature within our reach as yet unexplored, and, above all, with our untheosophic selves still drifting loosely through a life of woeful inconsistencies, veritably, I say, we have no cause for such expectancy. But if a messenger *should* come to supplement the particular work of H. P. B., should we better understand the one than the other? And would it be gratifying to us, to all of us, the message he might bring? Sometimes, when thinking of the position of things under such a circumstance, I have been hopeful and glad, because of the great increase in the ranks of our Society, and I had thought that words of approval might find their way into the message of the pilgrim. But when I came more deeply to consider what the movement really was, a living soul linking the Theosophic spirit to the Theosophical body, the words of King Arthur came into my mind:

“And spake I not too truly O my knights,
Was I too dark a prophet when I said
Of those who went upon the Holy Quest
That most of them would follow wandering fires
Lost in the quagmire?—lost to me and gone,
And left me gazing at a barren board,
And a lean Order—scarce returned a tithe—
And out of those to whom the Vision came
My greatest hardly will believe he saw;
Another hath beheld it afar off,
And leaving human wrongs to right themselves,
Cares but to pass into the silent life.
And one hath had the vision face to face,
And now his chair desires him here in vain
However they may crown him otherwhere.”

I have thought fit to say this much, since we are viewing the possibilities of the future; and having taken note of all these things, let us now apply ourselves to present duties.

Many of us, eager to serve the Cause to which we are devoted, go about seeking for a means of usefulness. Herein is great danger. Dissipation of energy is not conducive to the stability of a constitution. We need to be mindful of our *Dharma*.

“It is better to do one’s own duty, even though it be devoid of excellence, than to perform another’s duty well. It is better to die in the performance of one’s own duty. The duty of another is beset with (spiritual) danger.”

The greatest good is that which lies nearest to hand; and in forsaking those duties which fall to us naturally in the order of things, seeking for some signal means of service, there is not only a transgression of the spiritual law, but probable disappointment and failure. The Theosophic life is not one of far-reaching effort, but of concentrated devotion to present duties. “Whatever thy hand findeth

to do, do it with all thy might,” is a maxim that covers the situation. The Bhagavadgítá is explicit on this point:

“Mankind turn towards my path in every manner, O son of Prithá!

“The institution of the four castes was created by me according to the distribution of natural qualities and actions.

“As the unwise act, being self-interested in action, so should the wise act, not being interested, from the wish to do good to mankind.”

Again in *Light on the Path*, it is said:

“Work as those who are ambitious. Respect life as those do who desire it. Be happy, as those who live for happiness.”

And in the *Book of the Golden Precepts*;—

“The selfish devotee lives to no purpose. The man who does not go through his appointed work in life—has lived in vain. Follow the wheel of life; follow the wheel of duty to race and kin, to friend and foe.....if sun thou canst not be, then be the humble planet.”

These words may serve as answers to the oft-recurring question of the mind—“How can I best serve the Cause?” Attention to present duties, the fulfilling of one’s own proper functions, and the attainment in oneself of goodness, beauty and truth; these are the most ready means of service to others; for how shall a man give to another that which he does not himself possess?

I would bring you back for a moment, before closing these remarks, to the special object of our meeting here to-day. We have come to take inspiration from the memory of one whose whole life was one long, tireless, fearless quest of truth; a painful but willing sacrifice of self for the good of mankind, and a ceaseless devotion to the truth as it appeared to her. Truth, although essentially one, is many-sided in its manifestation, and we need not stay here to dilate upon the special beauties of this or that presentation of it, as found in the voluminous works of Mdme. Blavatsky. Nor is there any need for us to reconcile the apparent contradictions in those works, or discuss the many points of issue which set off the concepts of *Secret Doctrine* students against those of other schools. What we now need to recognize is the merit of that self-devotion to the cause of Truth which characterized the life-work of H. P. B. No impartial student of her writings can fail to recognize the indications of a steady unfoldment of mind, an ever-widening spiritual perception, with the concomitant changes of view-point and modifications of doctrine. Had it been otherwise, had there been in H. P. B. an infallible exponent of a fully-revealed truth, the writing of *Isis Unveiled* would have constituted her whole mission, so far as the teaching of Theosophy was concerned. It is therefore our duty to recognize, and as fully as possible to imitate, that faithful “following of present light” which led H. P. B., step by step, to regions of occult knowledge trodden by so few, and brought her to those heights of attainment whence, with full hands, she turned to the service of mankind!

COLOURS.

WE all know the astronomical sun. But who knows the sun-god, the Ego, having the astronomical sun as his body—a mere outer shell. Deep are the mysteries of the Purush—the conscious entity—of the solar orb. Chândogya Upanishad thus speaks of him:—“And He that is seen within A'ditya (sun) as the golden Purusha—His beard is gold (Hiranya-s'mas'ru). His hair is gold (Hiranya-kes'a), from the nail upwards, all is gold. His eyes are, as it were, lotuses of the colour of golden-red. His name is Uditī.” The solar Purusha is gold in essence, and his eyes are of orange colour. This Purusha is also called A'dhidaiva—“Purushas cha A'dhidaivatam”—Bhagavatgītā, 8th Chapter, 4th s'loka. And Purusha is A'dhidaivata. Sankarāchārya commenting on this says:—“All things are filled up with this—hence Purusha.”* The Purusha within A'ditya, whose interior is gold, which energises the *indriyas*, the perceptive and working faculties of all men—He is A'dhidaivata.” Now this A'dhidaivata, in the 8th Chapter of Bhagavatgītā, which is so little understood by general readers, is one of the sides of the primitive triangle, which reproduced itself in several forms in the manifested cosmos, the other two sides being A'dhyātmā and A'dhibhūta. This triangle is one of the deepest mysteries in Hindu Occultism. The Bhāgavat Purāna lifts up the veil a little. The solar Purush is Universal Energy. In our acts of seeing, hearing, touching, smelling, tasting, speaking, taking, moving, and so on, the energy is supplied by the Sun-God. We find that His eyes are of the orange color, but He himself is golden.

In Rāmāyana, Lankā-Kānda, Chapter 106, Rishi Agastya recites to Rāma, a prayer to the Sun-god. He is addressed as Suvarna-sadriksha (like gold) Hiranya-retas, (having gold as its seed), Hiranya-garbha (having gold as its interior). The sun-god is also addressed as Pingala (of orange or brown colour). Whether the eyes are only orange coloured or the god Himself is orange coloured, I do not know. But He is said to be also golden.

Let us look at the matter in another way. In every man, there are solar currents as well as lunar currents. The solar currents proceed from the right nose and are known as Pingala, literally of orange colour. “When breathing takes place through the right nostril, and the Pingala current is set up, the universe is generated.” Svarodaya, s'loka 44.

Kapila is another name in Sanskrit for the orange colour. Kapiladyuti (orange-coloured) is a name for the sun in the Sanskrit Lexicon.

Is Kapila, the founder of the Sāṅkhya philosophy, a member of any orange hierarchy? But this is perhaps going too far. One thing may perhaps be said with certainty, that the A'ditya gods of the Vedas form an orange, or it may be, a golden hierarchy, inasmuch as the Rudras form the violet hierarchy.

PURNENDU NARAYAN SINHA.

* *Pur*, to fill up.

ASTROLOGY UNDER THE CÆSARS.

ASTROLOGY seems to have been quite as discredited a science two thousand years ago, as at the present time. Pseudo-astrologers were as plentiful as blackberries, the real astrologer as rare as a white crow. I myself have seen a white crow, but I have never yet met with a real astrologer. Still, one at least of the Cæsars, Tiberius, was an astrologer of no mean skill, himself. He foretold to Galba that he should one day come to the purple. Of this Tacitus, the historian, says: “Neither would I omit the presage of Tiberius concerning Servius Galba, then Consul. Having sent for him and sifted him on several subjects, he, at last, told him in Greek: “And thou, Galba, shalt hereafter taste of Empire,” intimating his late and brief reign, by virtue of his skill in the astrology of the Chaldeans, which he acquired in his retirement at Rhodes under the tuition of Thrasyllus, whose skill he proved in the following way. As often as he sought information on any subject of this sort, he retired to the roof of the house, trusting with his secret one freedman only, a man of great personal strength, but illiterate, who conducted the astrologer, whose art Tiberius had resolved to test, by an unfrequented and precipitous path—for the house was seated on the brow of a rocky eminence,—and, as he returned, if any suspicion of vain pretension or fraud arose, plunged him headlong into the sea beneath, that he might not live to betray the secret. Thrasyllus being, therefore, led over the same rocks, and having astonished the Emperor by replies to his interrogatories,—for he revealed to him, by the power of his art, his succession to the empire, and a series of future events,—Tiberius asked him whether he had calculated his own nativity, and what was to befall him that same year; nay, that very day? Thrasyllus surveying the aspects and positions of the stars, at first hesitated, then quaked, and, however much he examined them, the more and more dismayed with astonishment and dread, he at last cried out, that over him hung a danger imminent, and all but fatal! Forthwith, Tiberius embraced him, congratulated him upon his foresight of perils, and assured him that he should suffer no harm; and esteeming his predictions as oracular, continued to hold him among his most intimate friends. In fact, the prediction of the son of this same Thrasyllus, that Nero would be Emperor, will be recorded at the proper time; but not here, lest I should digress too much from the matter in hand.” Would that in these days we had a Tiberius in Calcutta to weed out the tribe of pseudo-astrologers who are so fond of advertising themselves in the columns of the *Indian Mirror*. That Tacitus himself kept an open mind on the subject of astrology, and only recorded those predictions that could not be gainsaid, may be inferred from the following remarks, in which he very clearly explains his opinions on the science. “For myself while I listen to these and similar relations, my judgment wavers as to whether human affairs are regulated by fate and immutable necessity, or left to roll on at random. For, upon this subject, you will find the wisest of the

ancients and the followers of their sects, are of opposite sentiments: and that many are of opinion that the gods take no interest in the beginning or in the end of our course, or, in short, in humanity in any aspect: and thence so eternally calamities afflict the upright, while prosperity attends the wicked. Others hold the contrary position, and believe that events proceed in accordance with fate; but not a fate resulting from planetary influences, but referable to the principles and concatenations of natural causes." In this explanation Tacitus seems to have gone very near the doctrines of Karma and Rebirth. "Yet they leave us liberty of election in our course of life; but after the choice is made, they say the chain of consequences is inevitable: neither is that good nor evil, which passes for such in the estimation of the vulgar. Many who seem to struggle with adversity are yet happy; numbers that wallow in wealth are yet most wretched: as when the former bear with magnanimity the pressure of adverse fortune, and the latter makes an unwise use of her bounties. However, very many men remain still convinced that the future fortunes of each are determined at the moment of their birth: or, if some errors thwart the prediction, that it is owing to the errors of such as pronounce without understanding the subject: and thus the credit of an art is impaired, which, both in ages past and in our own, has afforded signal instances of its certainty." Evidently here we have an agnostic philosopher before Professor Huxley was ever heard of.

Of the Divine Augustus, the historian Suetonius relates the following:—"In his retirement at Apollonia, he went with his friend Agrippa to visit Theagenes, the Astrologer, in his gallery on the roof. Agrippa, who first consulted the fates, having great, almost incredible, fortunes, predicted of him, Augustus did not choose to make known his nativity, and persisted for some time in the refusal, from a mixture of shame and fear, lest his fortunes should be predicted inferior to those of Agrippa. Being persuaded, however, after much importunity to declare it, Theagenes startled up from his seat, and paid him adoration. Not long afterwards, Augustus was so confident of the greatness of his destiny, that he published his horoscope, and struck a silver coin, bearing upon it the sign of Capricornus, under the influence of which he was born." Besides Theagenes, Scribonius, the astrologer, predicted great things of him when he was a mere child. "He will come in time to be even a king, but without the usual badge of royal dignity," said the prophet; the rule of the Cæsars being as yet unknown. Thrasyllus is also mentioned by Suetonius, who says of him: "He (Tiberius) then likewise had a remarkable proof of the skill of Thrasyllus, the astrologer, whom for his proficiency in philosophical researches, he had taken into his family." Perhaps it was that "two of a trade never agree," as the English proverb says, or that he was so disgusted with the qualifications of the every-day run of astrologers at Rome; at all events Suetonius tells us:—"He (Tiberius), also expelled the astrologers; but upon

their asking for pardon, and promising to renounce their profession, he revoked his decree." In spite of his proficiency in astrology and other philosophies, Tiberius was nicknamed by his Roman subjects, "Biberius Caldius Mero," on account of his drinking habits, his real title being, of course, Tiberius Claudius Nero; and again "Caprineus," partly from his residence at Capri, and partly from his propensities which resembled those of a he-goat; though, perhaps, he too, like the divine Augustus, may have been born under the sign, Capricorn; which, perhaps, was a more fortunate sign, two thousand years ago, than it is now. There is one more prediction of Tiberius related by Tacitus, which we may quote: "At the same time, embracing the younger of his grandsons, not without many tears, while the countenance of Caligula assumed a stern and angry aspect, he said to him. 'Thou shalt slay him, and another shall slay thee.'" The grandson referred to here, was the son of Drusus (who had been cut off by Sejanus) and was afterwards put to death by Caligula, who himself died by the assassin's dagger.

Of predictions relating to Nero and Otho, we have the following from the pen of Suetonius. "Agrippina (the mother of Nero) had been taught to expect many years before, that she would end her life thus, but cared not for it: for the Chaldæans, whom she consulted on the fortune of Nero, answered, that he would certainly reign and kill his mother. She replied;—'Let him kill me, so that he may reign!'" And concerning Otho—"The astrologers also inflamed his ardour, they announced great commotions, and to Otho a year of glory. This is a description of men dangerous to princes, and a fallacious reliance to aspiring subjects. Men who will be always proscribed, but always harboured in our city (Rome). It was with this vile crew of fortune-tellers that Poppæa held consultations when she aspired to the imperial bed (Nero's). One of these, a man named Ptolemy, accompanied Otho into Spain. He had there foretold that Otho would survive Nero; and the event giving credit to his art, he took upon him to promise greater things. Galba was on the verge of life, and Otho in his vigour. From the current of popular rumour founded thereon, and his own calculations of probability, he persuaded Otho that he was destined to the imperial dignity. These bodings were welcome to the ear of Otho, he considered them as the effect of science, and believed the whole with that natural credulity which receives the marvellous for reality." Evidently, from the above, Suetonius had rather less love for, and belief in, astrologers than even Tacitus. But still Ptolemy did predict truthfully, for Otho became Cæsar and Emperor, though only for a very short while.

But most of the astrological predictions made concerned Vespasian and his sons, Titus and Domitian, the last of the twelve Cæsars. Certainly in the old Roman Empire there was "a career open to all the talents," when Vespasian, "a raiser of taxes," arrived at the Imperial purple. Naturally he became a believer in Astrology, for we read: "Nor was

Vespasian untingered by that superstition: for afterwards, when possessed of the supreme authority, he openly retained a mathematician, named Selencus, to guide and warn him by his predictions. Former prognostics again presented themselves to his mind. A cypress tree of conspicuous height, on his own estate, had fallen suddenly to the ground, and on the following day, rose again on the same spot, and resumed its verdure, increased in height and breadth. This, in the unanimous opinion of the sooth-sayers, was an omen of grandeur and prosperity; and the prospect of the highest renown was held out to Vespasian in his early youth. But, at first, triumphal honors, the consulship, and the glory of conquering Judæa, seemed to have fulfilled the prediction. But when he had acquired these, he began to cherish the conviction that the imperial dignity was foreshown to him." The wondrous tale of this cypress tree is scarce astrology, but in those days, predictions were made in all manner of ways. Once I raised a cucumber vine, on which grew, not only cucumbers but also melons. But unfortunately this monstrosity was to me a harbinger of evil.

Of Germanicus this is written: "Quitting Ilium and her remains, venerable for her vicissitudes of fortune and the origin of Rome, he retraced the coast of Asia, and put in at Colophon, to consult there the oracle of the Clarian Apollo. It is not a female there, as at Delphi, but a priest, chosen from certain families, chiefly of Miletus, who merely learns the names and numbers of the applicants, and then descends into the oracular cave, where, after a draught of water from a secret spring, though ignorant for the most part of letters and poetry, he utters responses in verse, treating of such matters as the mind of any applicant suggests. And he was said to have predicted to Germanicus his approaching fate, but, as oracles are wont, in enigmatical terms." Further we learn that when Germanicus visited Thebes in Egypt, he called on the oldest priest to read what was written on the Obelisks. But it appears that the hieroglyphics thereon only related to the conquests of King Ramases and his army of 700,000 men.

Returning again to Titus, his historian relates: "The founder of the Temple (Paphian Venus-Cyprus), if we believe ancient tradition, was King Aerias: a name ascribed by some writers to the goddess herself. According to a more recent opinion, the temple was built and dedicated by King Cinyras, on the spot where the goddess, after emerging from her native waves, was gently wafted to the shores. The science and practice of divination was imported by Thanyras, the Cilician, and it was settled by mutual compact, between the priest and Cinyras, the king of the island, that the sacerdotal function should be held by the descendants of their respective families. In process of time, the race of Thanyras, willing that the Sovereign should be distinguished by a superior prerogative, resigned the conduct of the mysteries of which their ancestors were the founders. A priest of the royal blood only is consulted. For victims, animals of every species are allowed, at

the option of the votarist, provided he chooses from the male kind only. The fibres of kids are deemed to afford the surest prognostics. The altar is never stained with blood, and, though exposed to the open air, never moistened by rain. Supplications and the pure flame of fire are the only offerings. The statue of the goddess bears no resemblance to the human form. It is round throughout, broad at one end, and gradually tapering to a narrow span, at the other, like a goal. The reason of this is unascertained. Titus having viewed the wealth of the temple, the presents of kings, and the other varieties, which the genius of the Greeks, fond of antiquity, affects to refer to remote and obscure times, first consulted the oracle about his future voyage. A calm sea and a safe passage were promised. He then slew a number of victims, and in circuitous terms, enquired into his own destiny. The priest, whose name was Sostratus, finding the entrails of several animals agreeing in favorable prognostics, and that the goddess was propitious, answered briefly, for the present, in high aspirations, but afterwards at a private interview, laid open the secrets of futurity. Titus, swelling with vast anticipations, proceeded on his voyage, and joined his father, while the provinces and armies of the East were undecided, and contributed immensely to turn the scale."

We have now to do with Vespasian, and we are told "After the speech of Mucianus, all the rest, with increased confidence, pressed round Vespasian, recounting the responses of seers and the motions of the stars. Between Syria and Judæa stands Mount Carmel, such is the name given to the mountain and the deity (Jehovah?); nor is there any representation of the deity or temple; according to ancient usage, there is only an altar for worship. While Vespasian was offering sacrifices there, meditating on his secret aspirations, Basilides, the priest, having examined the entrails of the victims diligently, said to Vespasian: 'Whatever are your designs, whether to build a house, to enlarge the boundaries of your lands, or increase your slaves, a mighty seat, immense borders, a multitude of men are given to you!' This mysterious prediction was forthwith spread abroad and now received an interpretation. After this, Vespasian conceived a deeper desire to visit the sanctuary of Serapis, in order to consult the god about the affairs of the empire. He ordered all persons to be excluded from the temple; and lo! when he entered, and his thoughts were fixed on the deity, he perceived behind him a man of principal note among the Egyptians, named Basilides, whom, at that moment, he knew to be detained by illness at a distance of several days' journey from Alexandria. He asked of others whom he met, whether he was seen in the city. At length, from messengers whom he despatched on horseback, he received certain intelligence that Basilides was at that instant of time 80 miles distant from Alexandria. He then concluded that it was a divine vision, and deduced the import of the response from the name of Basilides (Basileus—King)."

This last story, though having no bearing on Astrology, is interest-

ing as a well authenticated apparition of the double nearly two thousand years ago. The other events narrated are given to show that correct predictions were made, in those days, in other ways than by astrology. Having dabbled a little in astrology myself, I am of opinion that by it, events can be predicted only in a very general way; and that when minute particulars are given, it can only be by clairvoyance. Similarly with palmistry and other kindred sciences. Clairvoyance is the key to all remarkable predictions, however brought about; the better the clairvoyant, the better the astrologer. I will now conclude this article, already too long, by a quotation concerning Domitian, the last of the twelve Cæsars, and trespass no further on the patience of my readers. "He (Domitian) had long entertained a suspicion of the year and the day when he should die, and even of the very hour and manner of his death; all which he had learned from the Chaldeans, when he was a very young man. Nothing, however, so much affected him as an answer given by Asdetario, the astrologer, and the subsequent fate of the latter. This person had been informed against, and did not deny his having predicted some future events, of which, from the principles of his art, he confessed he had a fore-knowledge. Domitian asked him, what end, he thought, he should come to himself? To which he replied, 'I shall, in a short time, be torn to pieces by dogs.' Domitian ordered him immediately to be slain, and, in order to demonstrate the vanity of his art, to be carefully buried. But during the preparations for this order, it happened that the funeral pile was blown down by a sudden storm, and the body, half burnt, was torn to pieces by dogs; which being observed by Jatinus, the comic actor, as he chanced to pass that way, he told it, amongst the other news of the day, to the Emperor at supper. The day before his death, the Emperor ordered some dates, served up at table, to be kept till the next day, adding,—'if I have the luck to use them'! And turning to those who were nearest him, he said: 'To-morrow the Moon in Aquarius will be bloody instead of watery, and an event will happen, which will be much talked of all the world over'! About midnight, he was so terrified that he leapt out of bed. That morning, he tried and passed sentence on a sooth-sayer sent from Germany, who being consulted about the lightning that had lately happened, predicted from it a change of government. The blood running down his face, as he scratched an ulcerous tumour on his forehead, he said: 'would that this were all that is to befall me!' Then, upon his asking the time of the day, instead of five o'clock, which was the hour he dreaded, they purposely told him it was six. Overjoyed at this information, as if all danger were now passed, and hastening to the bath, Parthenius, his Chamberlain, stopped him, by saying that there was a person come to wait upon him about a matter of great importance, which would admit of no delay. Upon this, ordering all persons to withdraw, he retired into his chamber, and was there slain."

A. BANON.

APHORISMS ON KARMA.

(Continued from page 476.)

(16) *While a man is experiencing Karma in the instrument provided, his other expended Karma is not exhausted through other beings or means, but is held reserved for future operation; and lapse of time, during which no operation of that Karma is felt, causes no deterioration in its force or change in its nature.*

I herewith subjoin a translation of Patanjali's Yoga Sutras, II, 13, and the Commentary thereon by Vyásadeva, as it contains in essence the teachings of most of the preceding Aphorisms and adopts almost the same wording as the sixteenth:—

"Only when there are *Kles'as* (*Káma, Kroda, &c.*), will Karma be able to bear fruition. When there are no *Kles'as*, no Karma can act, just as rice which has husk and which is not fried will sprout. Thus Karma will not be operative either when the husk of the *Kles'as* are burnt off by *Brahmagnána*, or when there is no such husk. The fruition of Karma is either age and experience. We shall now enquire, is one kind of Karma the cause of one birth, or many births? Or, are several kinds of Karma the causes of a single birth? If we think of saying that a single Karma is the cause of birth, that will not do, as we cannot say whether it is one of the *Karmas* done in the previous births, or a Karma of the present birth, that is the cause of the next birth. Hence mankind will not, as a body, have a desire to do good Karma.* If we should suppose a single Karma, then the case becomes more hopeless. If we should again suppose that several *Karmas* are the cause of several births, how can there be a large number of births in a single birth, the conclusion to which we are invariably driven? Thus what we should say is, that certain kinds of Karma committed between birth and death (in an incarnation) group round a more important Karma, cause the individual's death, and give him a new birth altogether. It is those *Karmas* that give him sufficient age (to experience). How to know them" we can only infer.....

"Karma is of two kinds, *viz.*, that which bears fruition and that which does not. That which we can infer from the mere fact of our existence, is the Karma which bears fruition (*Niyatavipáka*). The other kind of Karma (*Aniyatavipáka*) is of three kinds: (a) That which perishes in the bud: (b) That which acts as an auxiliary to a more important Karma: and (c) That which does not begin to bear fruition at once, but works out only after several incarnations. The *S'ruti* says: 'Two kinds of Karma should be known: one is bad: the virtuous make it perish. Hence shouldst thou desire to make good Karma. The *Gnánis* know this Karma.'.....

(Sutra XII). "The residue of works have affliction for their root, and are felt (either) in this manifest birth, (or) in the unmanifest one."

(17) *The appropriateness of an instrument for the operation of Karma consists in the exact connection and relation of the Karma with the body,*

* Váchaspati Misra, the Commentator thereon, observes that if we admit for a moment that a single Karma produces a single birth, then it means that the number of *Karmas* committed is much greater than the possible number of births, *i. e.*, Karma will become infinite, and mankind will prefer to do bad Karma, since they have no hope of ever being extricated from the net of infinite Karma.

mind, intellectual and psychical nature, acquired for use by the Ego in any life.

Both these are corollaries to Aphorism No. 14, since, according to that Aphorism, "Karma cannot act unless there is an appropriate instrument provided for its action."

(18) *Every instrument used by any Ego in any life is appropriate to the Karma operating through it.*

(19) *Changes may occur in the instrument during one life, so as to make it appropriate for a new class of Karma, and this may take place in two ways: (a) through intensity of thought and the power of a vow, and (b) through natural alterations due to complete exhaustion of old causes.*

What the expression "a new class of Karma" means, it is not possible to say. The only interpretation that can be given of it, appears to be "a new class of Karma which has just begun to bear fruition"; in other words, the Karma which was hitherto bearing fruition has stopped doing so owing to the "repetition of Mantras, penance (under which is included *Práyaschitta*) and *Samádhi*," which are no other than the "intensity of thought" and "power of a vow" used by Mr. Judge. Any translation of either Bhojadeva's or Vyásadeva's Commentary on Patanjali's S'utra (II, xii) would make my argument clearer. But when Mr. Judge says that such a change may also take place "through natural alterations due to complete exhaustion of old causes," he contradicts himself.

(21) *Karma is both merciful and just. Mercy and Justice are only opposite poles of a single whole; and Mercy without Justice is not possible in the operations of Karma. What man calls Mercy and Justice, are defective, errant, and impure.*

If what man calls Mercy and Justice are "defective, errant, and impure," and if it is not explained what Mr. Judge means by Mercy and Justice, the Aphorism cannot be understood.

(22) *Karma may be of three sorts: (a) Presently operative in this life through the appropriate instruments; (b) that which is being made or stored up to be exhausted in the future; (c) Karma held over from past life or lives, and not operating yet, because inhibited by inappropriateness of the instrument in use by the Ego, or by the force of Karma now operating.*

Here Mr. Judge is on the track of our writings. This is exactly what is called *Sanchita prárabdha*, by our Vedántic writers, who group the second and third classes of Karma into one, and name it *Sanchita*, which simply means that which is stored up for operation in future. I may here add that no notice is taken of *A'gámi* (future) Karma in the above Aphorism. The reader is referred to the *Vedánta Sutrás* IV, 1, 13 and 15, and any Commentary thereon.

(23) *Three fields of operation are used in each being by Karma: (a) the body and the circumstances; (b) the mind and intellect; (c) the psychic and astral planes.*

With a slight difference in detail, this is just the same as is given in our writings, e. g., the *Bhagavadgítá*.

(24) *Held-over Karma or present Karma may each, or both at once, operate in all of the three fields of Karmic operation at once, or in either of those fields, a different class of Karma from that using the others may operate at the same time.*

This is an inference from the two preceding Aphorisms.

(25) *Birth into any sort of body, and to obtain the fruits of any sort of Karma, is due to the preponderance of the line of Karmic tendency.*

Here "The preponderance of the line of Karmic tendency" is the same as "the important Karma" spoken of by Vyásadeva, referred to in my translation of his Commentary on Patanjali, II, 13, given under Aphorism No. 16. "The important Karma, with its auxiliaries, determines the nature of enjoyment, (such as rank, age, &c.) in the next birth," says the above Commentator.

(28) *No man but a Sage or true seer can judge another's Karma. Hence, while each receives his deserts, appearances may deceive, and birth into poverty or heavy trial may not be punishment for bad Karma, for Egos continually incarnate into poor surroundings where they experience difficulties and trials, which are for the discipline of the Ego and result in strength, fortitude and sympathy.*

S'rí Krishna says in the *Bhagavadgítá* (V. 19.): "He who knows Karma is a wise man." But in the next sentence, Mr. Judge is neither consistent nor clear. It is admitted on all hands that trials and difficulties are "for the discipline of the Ego, and result in strength, fortitude and sympathy;" birth into poverty cannot but be punishment for bad Karma. In the *Chhándogyopanishad*, mention is made of a great Adept, Raikwa by name, who was suffering from leprosy, as the result of bad Karma in one of his previous births, and, notwithstanding that he was a knower of Brahman, he had to experience the effects of Karmas other than *Prárabdha*. (*Vide* *Brahmasutrás*, IV, 4—15.)

(29) *Race-Karma influences each unit in the race through the law of distribution. National Karma operates on the members of the nation by the same law more concentrated. Family Karma governs only with a nation where families have been kept pure and distinct; for in any nation where there is a mixture of family—as obtains in each *Kaliyuga* period—family Karma is in general distributed over a nation. But even at such periods, some families remain coherent for long periods, and then the members feel the sway of family Karma. The word "family" may include several smaller families.*

This is only amplification of some of the foregoing Aphorisms. It is easy to understand that the re-action of a force is felt more by those that are nearer to it than those remote. As regards the definition of families in the Aphorism, it is more a matter of speculative definition.

which each may regard as he likes. If a family may include smaller families, there is no line of demarcation between a family, a nation, or a race.

(30) *Karma operates to produce cataclysms of nature by concatenation through the mental and astral planes of being. A cataclysm may be traced to an immediate physical cause, such as internal fire and atmospheric disturbance, but these have been brought on by the disturbance created through the dynamic power of human thought.*

In the Mahábhárata, Vanaparva, it is said that at the end of Kali-yuga, owing to the prevalence of Adharma and neglect of religious duties, famines, pestilence, and cataclysms will take place, and carry away men and women by thousands. The whole manifested nature, whether material or astral, is governed by Karmic law. Brahma, Vishnu, Rudra and other deities do their work, towards an individual, a nation, a race, or the whole world, according to the nature of the fruits of Karma they deserve. In Sanskrit writings, thought and the deity presiding over it are identical, and so both are involved when an action relating to either of them is mentioned.

(31) *Egos who have no Karmic connection with a portion of the globe where a cataclysm is coming on, are kept without the latter's operation in two ways: (a) by repulsion acting on their inner nature, and (b) by being called and warned by those who watch the progress of the world.*

Certainly, if there is no Karmic connection between a person and a place, he will not be there, since Karma engages him elsewhere. This is a mere truism.

I may add that the Prayaschitta Kánda of Madhaváchárya's Commentary on Parasara Smriti contains an exceedingly clear and lucid explanation of the doctrine of Karma, and Hindus will do well to study that portion of the work.

E. DESIKA'CHA'RYA.

S'RI' S'ANKARA'CHA'RYA'S SWA'TMA'NIRU'PANAM.

(Continued from page 498.)

99. The delusive notion, or *Máyá*, is destroyed by the sound knowledge of the nature of Truth, or *Tattvam*. Therefore initiates throughout their life-time perceive the very *A'tmá*.

100. The one peculiar characteristic of initiates is that, though they have seen and experienced *Sansára*, they can, with a thorough examination of the *Vedas*, never find anything other than *A'tmá*.

101. For these initiates who recognise *A'tmá* in everything, there is nothing to be contemplated or not contemplated, nothing to be told or not told, and nothing to be done or not done.

102. Those that look upon the whole visible universe as a mere vision or sight, have neither bondage, nor freedom, nor salvation, neither the nature of *Paramátmá* nor of *Jíva*.

103. That alone is the sole sacred and knowable standard for the *Vedas*, which always teaches the true nature of *Brahm*, which ought to be frequently contemplated, and which is ultimate or final, (and which only points out the unity or oneness of *Brahm* as the import of the *Upanishads*).

104. The thus initiated disciple prostrated himself before the feet of the *Guru*, and being rejoiced, enquired in himself into the truth founded on self-experience.

105. I am free from old age and decay. I am *Prájña*, (*i. e.*, one who knows well everything). I am intelligence like *Pratyagátmá*. I am blissful. I am *Paramas'iva* (*i. e.*, the most sublime good). I am omnipresent.

106. I am the chief of all the embodied things (including man). I am the knower of the essence of joyous experience of (*Brahm*). I am that mysterious thing called "*I*" by all men, from children up to herdsmen.

107. I am above all sensual pleasures. I am free from the recognition of one particular kind of happiness as mine. I have driven off such thought or recognition. I am happy in mind with *Brahmic* happiness, which is unlike all the above kinds of happiness.

108. I am the king of kings. I am free from dislike and hatred. I am he who procures objects for persons that yearn for the experience of sensual pleasures, (*i. e.*, material desires).

109. I am the rise of worlds. I am he (*i. e.*, the peacock) who rambles in the pleasure park of the *Upanishads*. I am the flame of that mystic fire known as *Vadabá*, in the depthless ocean of sorrow.

110. I am he who, with infinite and inherent power, pervades all space above, below and beside. I am he who is established by hypothetical and deductive inferences.

111. I am a *Rishi*. I am the assembly of Sages. I am the creation. I am the creator also. I am plenitude. I am progress. I am contentment. I am that which signifies or shows contentment.

112. I am one. I have no such commonly cognised distinctions as "this," "like this," and "thus." Having no desire, I am fit to be adored. I have no fruits of good actions (*i. e.*, I am free from the effects of good actions).

113. I am he who shines forth as unification (taught in the sublime sentences of the *Upanishads*), to persons whose minds are trained by the knowledge of the signification of such sentences. I am the *tattva* of *I'swara* (*i. e.*, one signified by the term *I'swara*). I am the sun who dispels the night of *Moha* (ignorance).

114. I am the essence of medicines. I am the worlds woven into one another, like the warp and the woof in a texture. I am the proud

bee which delights in the happiness of *A'tmá* (*Brahm*), and shines in the lotus of *Om*.

115. I am the medicine curing all evils. I am free from the course of the functions of *U'pádhis*. I am exalted with generosity. I am the means of transcending the four different mental desires, (*viz.*, *Dharma*, *Artha*, *Káma*, and *Moksha*).

116. I am the lance which subjugates all the proud elephants—*i. e.*, persons proud with riches. I am pure as the (boundless) space. Like *Vishnu*, I am free from mental desires or designs. I am free from the qualities peculiar to birth.

117. I am he who is recognised by the sceptics after a thorough and firm indoctrination. I am free from transient happiness. I am fit (to be reached) by *Gnyánam*, which secures sure and eternal happiness.

118. I am full of kindness and mercy. I am one who has swallowed, as a morsel of food, *Brahmá*, &c., (*i. e.*, the Hindu Trinity). I am not characterised by impure, selfish pride or egoism. I am not, in the least, touched by virtue combined with vice.

119. I am imperceptible to the senses. I am beyond all the senses. Like the sky-flower (*i. e.*, the flower in the sky, which does not exist in reality, but in expression alone), I have no *Sansára*. I am inaccessible to wicked persons. I am the Supreme One freed from differential knowledge.

120. I am free from duality (*i. e.*, *Paramátmá*, who is taught in everything that teaches the fallacy of duality). I am he who has a body (*i. e.*, *Jiva*). I am the *Hridaya* (*Manas*), which is the cause of all things, including *Sansára*, and presides in all hearts. I am he who can be reached by those that have no desires. Having no birth and death, I am the personification of complete consciousness.

121. I am the host of Suns who dispel the massive darkness of ignorance. I am all these divisions (of time), *viz.*, a *ghari* (*i. e.*, a period of twenty-four minutes), a day, a night, a year, a *Yug*, a *Kalpa*, time, &c.

122. I am both moveable and immoveable. I have a (*i. e.*, my own) history admired by intelligent people. I cannot be grasped by people of unsteady mind. I am the country on the other side of the boisterous ocean of *Sansára*.

123. I am continually rejoicing with the happiness of knowledge hidden in the ocean of the *Vedas*. I cannot be found by stubborn and unyielding persons. I can only be reached by those who tread the path of patience and forbearance.

124. I am the source of the five elements, (*i. e.*, air, earth, &c.) visible to *Brahmá*, *Vishnu*, &c. I am he who vivifies the world, who makes the world so very delightful. I am free from birth, old age, sickness and death.

125. I am the sound of *Um*, of *Hum*, of the ornaments worn around the ankles, and of the roar of elephants, and so on. I am the house known as the heart by the quick attainment of self-knowledge.

126. I am knowledge. I am the known. I am the knower. I am the collective means of acquiring knowledge. I am mere existence, without the attributes of the knower and the knowledge.

127. I am the plane beyond the twenty-four *tatrams*, *i. e.*, the twenty-fifth principle—*tatvapáda*. I am free from the idea—"I became"—involved in the *tatvapáda*. I cannot be seized by darkness (*i. e.*, ignorance). I have my heart (*i. e.*, mind or *Manas*, *Buddhi*, *Chitta* and *Ahankára*) split asunder with the knowledge of the *tatvapáda*.

128. I am *Devatás*, *Daitýás*, *Nis'ucharas*, men, birds, mountains, &c. I am released from the body and the senses. I am the idea (or meaning) of the sides—South, East, &c.

129. I am both the good and the bad, or virtue and vice. I am not bound by them. I am easily known by good people. I have no desideratum. I am the creator of *Brahmá*, (*i. e.*, the first of the Hindu Trinity, whose duty is to create).

130. I am nameless. I have neither Hell, Heaven, nor Salvation. I am one who is known in the sound (of *Anahatu chakram*). I am the essence or life of the universe and of all the *Vedas*.

131. I am the mind hallowed by the Divine knowledge, which destroys the difference between *Iswara* and *Jiva*. I am *Prakriti* and *Vikriti*, (*i. e.*, both Natural and Unnatural). I am virtue incarnate.

132. I am the essence of the world borne by *A'dishesha*, the Mountain *Meru* and the *Charanas*. I am that Cupid who was burnt to cinders by the fiery eye on the forehead of *S'iva*.

133. I can never be bound or unbound. I am neither the known, nor the knowledge (as of the world), nor the impartor of knowledge.

134. I am devotion. I am prayer, I am *Mukti* (*i. e.*, salvation). I am also the *Yoga* which is the means of attaining salvation. I am the ordainer of the universe of beings. I am the primordial cause of all things that are and will be born.

135. I am honored amidst the Sages. I am not honored amidst ignorant people. I cannot be known by those having such evil tendencies of mind, as pride, love, etc., (for all these are of a selfish nature).

136. I am the sacrifice, the sacrificer, and he who causes the performance of the sacrifice by the sacrificer, and also all the necessary things of the sacrifice—such as *Purodás'a*, &c. I have no *Yama*, &c. (*i. e.*, the eight means of practising *Yoga*, which are known collectively as the *Ashtanga Yogas*). I am the forms of *Indra*, *Yáma*, *Varuna*, *Yaksha*, *Rákshasa*, *Marut*, *I's'a* and *Vanhi*. (In brief, I am the very sides or directions presided over by these deities).

137. I am the mystic one, who plays a part in the scene of the protection and punishment of the world. I can be proved to exist only by the standard of experiencing the intervals of day and night.

138. I am *Lakshaya*, *i. e.* the object explained by the figure (*Lakshanā*), and *Lākshanika*, (*i. e.*, the figure and its object). I have no destruction, &c. I am both profit and loss. I am the unattainable amongst attainable things.

B. P. NARASIMIAH, F. T. S.

(To be continued.)

Reviews.

OUR MAGAZINES.

Lucifer.—In the May number, Alexander Fullerton contributes some remarks on the relation and duty of children to their parents, under the title "Phallicism in the Fifth Commandment." "The duty of obedience to parents," says the writer, "we find to rest on the mere fact of procreation, on reverence for personal character, on gratitude for early care, or on all of these united." The first argument is obviously from the stand-point of the parent, the other two from that of the children. The two latter spring from natural feeling, the former, according to Mr. Fullerton, from "desire born of the fleshly nature." We question very much if any parent uses as an argument to exact obedience from his children, the fact that he has brought them into the world, and, certainly, such an argument would have little or no weight. Seeing that the Fifth Commandment is addressed to children and not to parents, it is difficult to realise that a child's duty to its parents, was intended to rest on this mere fact of procreation, or even to have any relation to it. Moreover, the writer's arguments apply only to the male parent. Few will be prepared to believe that a woman's yearnings for motherhood are entirely the result of "desire born of the fleshly nature". The Commandment deals with both parents; whereas Mr. Fullerton's arguments are principally directed to the male parent and are consequently inconclusive. From a theosophical stand-point, the following answer may be given to Mr. Fullerton's "fact of procreation." To the being who has afforded him or her, the means for incarnation and consequent evolution, the child certainly owes a debt. The fact that the means employed for the creation of the body was an animal function, points to the conclusion that this is but the physical representation of a higher spiritual law. Mr. Judge's remarks on Brahminism and Buddhism in India are worthy of consideration. In spite of the constant reiteration of the fact that the T. S. is not an agency for the propagation of Buddhism, some misconception on this point still prevails. "Death—and after?" is continued, but we would rather see less of quoted authority in this series of articles, and more of original writing.

The Path.—April. Mr. Judge contributes a useful article on Spirituality. A sketch, with portrait of Dr. Anderson, of Pacific Coast fame, gives a glimpse of the evolution of one of our best American workers.

Theosophical Siftings.—No. 2, Vol. VI, contains two papers, one on Priesthoods, the other consisting of some notes on A'kás'a—ether. The latter are especially interesting.

The Irish Theosophist.—April. Our Dublin contemporary seems on the high-road to prosperity, judging from its new pictorial cover. The design is neat and represents a female figure standing by a sphinx, with the inevitable lotuses growing up round her feet. The articles are all interesting, the "experiences of a Chela," are somewhat fanciful.

The U'pādhi.—Contains some account of Mrs. Cooper-Oakley's work in Australia, which seems to be meeting with remarkable success. Activities and a few questions and answers complete a useful number.

The Pacific Theosophist.—We have watched with interest the progress of this Theosophical newspaper. The articles are well selected and the paragraphs smartly written. The paper is thoroughly American in tone, and must do much useful work among those who have no time for deep reading. The present number for April has a reprint of Major Hand's "Theosophy made easy."

S. V. E.

THE NINE CIRCLES.*

This record of English and Foreign vivisection gives a most ghastly and detailed description of the various experiments upon animals conducted in the name of Science. It contains an Introduction by Edward Berdoe, M.R.C.S., which takes up the subject in a scientific manner, clearly demonstrating the conclusion long since arrived at by Sir C. Bell, Sir Wm. Ferguson, Lawson Tait and others of the faculty, that lesion or excision, anæsthesia, &c., all immediately affect the vasomotor mechanism, and it is from experiments made upon animals in this abnormal condition that the vivisector professes to be discovering something which will ultimately be of benefit to mankind! Emanuel Swedenborg, who was *not* a vivisector, anticipated, in his work on *The Brain*, all the most important discoveries of experimentalists during the past century; and this by a study of the normal functions of the human organism. Modern vivisection does not even aim at the cure of disease, but is satisfied to put on record the pathological effects induced by the most diabolical means upon healthy animals; while with the study of health-conditions and the preservation of normal functions, it has nothing to do. It is claimed by them that the drugs used destroy all sensation, despite the fact that whenever the lungs act to produce "shrieks of pain" the cerebrum also must be in action; but as Dr. Berdoe wisely says, "when a committee of experimental physiologists has deputed one or two of its members to submit to a painful experiment under *curare* alone, we shall listen more respectfully to its decision."

The book under review should be read carefully by all those whose sympathies with all that has sentient life demands of them a protest against all inhuman and pain-producing actions. Those, on the other hand, who, either from indifference or want of information as to the facts of the case, are inclined to pass over this question of vivisection as an unimportant matter, ought to make a study of this work of Miss Frances Power-Cobbe. It can-

* Revised Edition; 1893. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. Price, 1s.

not fail to awake that interest which the question deserves, and to stimulate that sympathy and compassion for the tortured and defenceless creatures "speechless, though not dumb," who are the victims of this modern scientific deviltry. The very horror of the cold-blooded records made by the experimentalists, arouses in one a sense of culpability and shame; for whatever arguments may be urged against our kinship with the wretched victims of this debasing craft, we cannot disclaim our relations with its advocates, nor ignore their assertion that all this inhuman torture is inflicted for "our ultimate benefit." The Society for the Protection of Animals from Vivisection is doing truly theosophic work and deserves our fullest recognition and support. If the voice of the people can only be raised in defence of the Animal World, vivisectionists who are callous to the voice of Nature may answer to that of the law.

W. R. O.

AZOTH: OR THE STAR IN THE EAST.*

We are more familiar with Mr. Waite as a compiler than as a writer of original works, and though the sub-title of the above-mentioned work introduces it as a "New Light of Mysticism," we must confess that the book contains nothing particularly new or startling. There is much that will be interesting, especially to those who have not had the opportunities of studying first-hand Mr. Waite's numerous authorities, but a large amount of what is written might easily have been expressed in that short and concise style, which is one of the chief attractions of Mr. Waite's previous works. In addition to an extreme diffusiveness of style, there is a tendency towards rhapsody and inspirational writing in the present work, which verges almost at times on the hysterical; a feature hitherto altogether foreign to the author of the "Mysteries of Magic" and the "Real History of the Rosicrucians." We quote a passage from the *Preface* as an instance:—

"Unto you, therefore, O friends, who are joined with us unworthy in the bonds of transcendental knowledge, we address this book upon development—within and without—and upon the perfection of the man to come, because ye are partakers in advance of that sacrament of Light Everlasting which will ultimately be communicated to all in the great supper of the Lord."

We may, in this connection, with advantage, draw our author's attention to the Hermetic maxim quoted by him on page 52—"Simplicity, or Plainness, is the Seal of Truth."

Fortunately for his readers and for the value of his latest work, Mr. Waite only at times allows himself to be carried away: by far the greater part of the work bears the imprint of his usual clear and incisive style; to that part we will now pass on.

The work is divided into two parts which are preceded by a lengthy introduction. Part I treats of the "Outward Man"; Part II of the "Inward Man." A chapter in the Introduction on "Mysticism: A Practical Science" is disappointing and would fail to convince any honest sceptic. Beyond the statement that the mystic is not called upon to sacrifice his reason, there is nothing tangible tending to show how Mysticism is a practical Science and how, as such, practical results can be obtained from a pursuit of it. "Evo-

* By Arthur Edward Waite, Theosophical Publishing Houses in London, New York and Madras.

lution and Mysticism," chapter seven of the *Introduction*, treats of the three-fold evolution of man, Physical, Intellectual and Spiritual. Mr. Waite tabulates the chief points put forward by the doctrine of evolution, as regards the development of humanity as follows:—

- (a). Capacity for improvement.
- (b). Existence of undeveloped potencies.
- (c). Facility of correspondence with modified or improved environment.
- (d). Operation of energy in the direction of improvement.

This and the preceding chapters of the *Introduction* treat of subjects of such vital importance to-day that they might well have been expanded.

In a sub-heading—"Spiritual and Physical Alchemy"—of his remarks on the "Outward Man," Mr. Waite classifies Mysticism under three headings:—Transcendental Religion as professed by the higher Mystics; Transcendental Science, including ceremonial Magic; and the Physical Mysticism of Alchemy. This can hardly be regarded as a satisfactory classification of Mysticism *in general*. It is more a rough classification of Western Mysticism, such as taught by Eliphas Lévi and others. The Eastern classification into four, *viz.*:—*A'tmā Vidyā* (Spiritual, Divine Wisdom); *Guhya Vidyā* (Science of Mantrams); *Mahā Vidyā* (now Tantrik Worship); and *Yajña Vidyā* (performance of religious rites to produce results) is far more satisfactory and wide embracing. In this connection, it seems necessary to point out that many of our Western writers on Mysticism persistently ignore the East and its teachings; a foolish policy considering the light that has recently come from these. It is not sufficient to base Western Mysticism on Neo-Platonism and the Alchemists, and the imperfect results of Western Occultism show this clearly enough.

The "Religion of Evolution," Chap. 4 of Part I, is an attempt to show that "the religious idea must become identified with the law which accomplishes the construction of the race." On this basis, Mr. Waite suggests that a new form of universal religion of development would have to embody:—(a) Practical teachings regarding life and death; (b) Experimental methods for perfecting evolution; (c) An external ministry of ritual and liturgy. In a subsequent paragraph, he deprecates the use of any form of ritual, but insists that there is only one doctrine in religion which can ultimately possess the world—the doctrine of development. These portions of Mr. Waite's work will be read with deep interest, for they treat, to quote his own words, of "that spiritual ferment in which we all of us breathe and move."

"The Inward Man," Part II of Mr. Waite's book, deals principally with what we should call "Methods of Meditation." "The isolation of the interior life is devoid of pride and jealousy," says the author in a striking passage, "it abstracts from the humanity around us, nothing that can be given to humanity, and, like the lone inspiration of the scald, its result in the ultimate to the world may prove better than a long cycle of familiar companionship in our ordinary daily life." Applied to those who live "in the world" for humanity, and are yet "not of it," the above remarks are excellent, but there seems to be some uncertainty in the writer's mind as to how "Interior Life" is to be realised. In one place, he says that solitude is an essential; in another, he seems to refute this idea. The various stages of meditation are interestingly treated of, and the most made of the

scanty Western material available on this subject. Here again references to Eastern literature would have been useful.

In his concluding remarks, Mr. Waite has a passing reference to the Law of Reincarnation, which he considers outside his present subject, but he hints that the limits of his philosophic faith are not defined by the limits prescribed to his treatise.

As a treatise on Mysticism "Azoth" is not entirely a success. As already pointed out, mysticism is not dealt with in the widest sense of the term and there is too great a tendency to confine it within Alchemical limits. A good deal of what is written under the heading "Alchemical Transfiguration of Humanity" cannot be regarded as pure Mysticism; it verges frequently on the dangerous side of Psychism, especially in connection with the sex question.

Whether Mr. Waite's new work will be regarded as a valuable addition to Western occult literature, time alone can show. In any case, it is with great pleasure that we once more pay a tribute to his untiring energy and industry. Of this, those who have read this last and his previous works can have no doubt whatever.

S. V. E.

THE EVOLUTION OF HUMANITY.*

LONDON LODGE, T. S. TRANSACTIONS No. 17.

It is with great pleasure that we welcome another of the Transactions of the London Lodge.

The present paper is a useful summary of the evolutionary theories outlined in "Esoteric Buddhism" and the "Secret Doctrine," and taking into consideration the wide extent of the subject, Mr. Scott Elliot's paper is a very useful *résumé*. Some of the "Esoteric Buddhism" statements still remain uncorrected, notably the one on page 9 that Mars and Mercury form part of our chain. The real fact, as given in the "Secret Doctrine," Vol. I, pp. 164 and 165—being that they belong to other chains but are on the same plane of matter as our earth; this explanation is at all events more reasonable and consistent with the rest of the evolutionary scheme than the original statement in Mr. Sinnett's work.

S. V. E.

THE KINSHIP BETWEEN HINDUISM AND BUDDHISM. †

The above pamphlet has already been so widely noticed that there is but little need for mentioning it in the pages of the *Theosophist*. Colonel Olcott opens with a vindication of his work in the cause of Hindu Religion and then passes on to a critical study of certain passages in Sanskrit literature bearing on Buddhism. As to the value of these either in favour of Buddhism or against it, we are not prepared to decide; past experience seems to show that Scriptures can be quoted backwards or forwards with equal facility. The real appeal lies in our opinion in the Fourteen Fundamental Buddhist Beliefs, not because they are Buddhistic, but because they

* By W. Scott-Elliot. London: Kegan Paul & Co. (George Redway).

† By Henry S. Olcott, P. T. S. Introduction and Appendix by H. Dharmapála. Calcutta: The Mahabodhi Society.

represent in outline a system of tolerance, altruism, high thought, and pure teachings. Without doubt the same exist in Hinduism, but as long as Bigots and Sectarianists exist, there will always be a necessity for pamphlets the purpose of which is to promote religious unity. We hope that Col. Olcott's *brochure* will accomplish its aim.

S. V. E.

THE UTTARAGI'TA'.

Our best thanks are due to Bro. Tookaram Tatya for his handy reprint of Rai B. K. Lahiri's translation of the above, which originally appeared in *Lucifer*. The price is only four annas, and we hope that every Member in India will possess one, and that those who have the means will purchase extra copies for distribution.

S. V. E.

LOTUS BLUTHEN. †

This publication constitutes a valuable addition to German Theosophical literature. The first five numbers embody translations by Dr. Franz Hartmann, of (1) *The Voice of the Silence*, (2) *The Two Paths*, (3) *The Seven Portals*, (4 & 5) *Three Lectures on the Bhagavadgîta*. The last two numbers also contain articles on "Theosophical Precepts," and "Theosophy," with information upon the constitution and work of the T. S. The publication is beautifully printed throughout, the design upon the cover itself being a work of art. Dr. Franz Hartmann is to be congratulated upon the issue of such a useful and elegant work, and it is to be hoped that all German-reading Members of the T. S. will themselves subscribe to it and induce others to do so.

W. R. O.

VALDA SMÄRRE UPPSATSER. ‡

Under this title, Mr. Wilhelm Härnqvist, F.T.S., presents a Swedish translation of several of H. P. Blavatsky's articles, published in *Lucifer*. The book contains close upon 400 pages, and is neatly printed. Our ignorance of the Swedish language prevents us from making any comments upon the work of the translator, but we may safely presume that one so devoted to the cause of Theosophy as Mr. Härnqvist will have done his utmost to preserve the essentials, and as far as possible to reproduce the characteristics of the original powerful and lucid writings. This work is but another indication, added to the many already existing, of the tireless energy and devotion of the Swedish Theosophists to the cause they have espoused.

W. R. O.

KALPA.

We have received the first number of a neat periodical of 16 pages in the Bengali language, which has been founded by the Bengal Theosophical Society, under the name of the *Kalpa*. It will be the Bengali organ of our

* Translated by Rai B. K. Lahiri, F. T. S., Published by Tookaram Tatya. Bombay.

† Leipzig: Wilhelm Friedrich.

‡ Stockholm: Gustaf Chelius.

movement in that great Presidency. Being published at the nominal price of twelve annas per annum, including postage, no Bengali member of the Society can excuse himself for not becoming a subscriber, and no Bengali-speaking Branch will have done its duty unless it secures a circulation of at least fifty or a hundred copies in its neighbourhood. The contents of the first number are as follows:—"The object of the Magazine;" "The Heart Doctrine;" "Sayings of a Mahâtma;" "Vedânta Darshana;" and "Religion." The Magazine is edited by Dr. Rakhâl Chunder Sen, Secretary to the Bengal Theosophical Society, and the contributors are mostly members of the Society. The authors of the above articles are:—the Editor, Babu Nakur Chundra Biswas and Babu Shankarnath Pandit.

Correspondence.

THEOSOPHY IN WESTERN LANDS.

[From our London Correspondent.]

LONDON, April 1893.

Before I proceed to unfold my budget of news, I must first correct a possible misunderstanding that may have arisen, in consequence of the wording of a sentence about the Countess Wachtmeister, in that part of my letter, which relates the opening of the Lotus Working Men's Club—published in this month's *Theosophist*. I said that the Countess "worked for her living," not meaning, of course, that she "made" anything out of the T. S. ! As we all know how this most devoted of Theosophists freely gives time, labour, money—all she has or is, in fact—to the Cause so dear to her heart. However, it has been suggested that those of our far distant brethren, who do not know her except by name and repute, or, as we do, may have been misled by my carelessly-worded sentence; therefore I am anxious to remove any wrong impression that it may have given.

Lodges and Branches—English and Foreign—seem to be in an unusual state of activity just now. Especially is this the case in Dublin, where a new printing press has just been put up (in time to issue the current number of the *Irish Theosophist*), and where the brethren are really working so hard for the Cause—almost night and day—that if they do not achieve immortality in that line, merit never had its due reward. Their bright little Magazine is pushing its way in every direction, and selling well at a number of Dublin book-shops, I hear.

Spain and Sweden are running each other very closely, as they say, in point of devoted work in propaganda. The Barcelona Centre has just been re-organized, which makes three important centres now active in Spain. New centres are in process of formation in Sweden, one in particular at Helsingborg.

The "Laundry Scheme", set on foot by the Countess Wachtmeister, Mrs. Besant and Mr. Moore last month—an appeal for funds for which was made in all the principal London papers—has met with general approval, and subscriptions are being liberally sent in.

The new Blavatsky Lodge Syllabus is an unusually interesting one, I think. Mr. Benham's able exposition of the "Sympalmograph and its teachings" last Thursday, was given to a "crowded house", and the experiments he gave with it were most interesting and instructive. Mr. Sinnett's lecture on the "Atlantean Origin of Stonehenge", due on May 4th, is sure to be unusually well attended, as he has been occupying himself very much with this special subject lately; a most able article from his pen having appeared in *Black and White* last month, on Stonehenge and its probable origin.

* * * * *

The space allotted to notices of "Contemporary Literature" in the *Westminster Review* has lately had one or two interesting things in it; interesting to us, that is, e. g., a review of Mr. D. B. Mc Lachlan's "Reformed Logic". This, the Reviewer considers, to be a system which may be called "Berkeleyism modified.....neither ideal nor materialist, but a system which reconciles the two". Then he quotes a piece from the book itself, which is worth giving:—

"It agrees with materialism that a substance is essential to consciousness, and that the consciousness of man serves the needs of his body, though that is not the highest use to which it can be put. It confirms the metaphysical view that intelligence is not in its abstract or essential character, dependent on the body, and may therefore survive the body.....The substantial mind consists of two principal parts: a SELF and a PLASMA, the A'tmán and Akás'a of Sanscrit philosophers.

Then again, last month's *Westminster* gave a review of Mr. E. Belfort Bax's "Problem of Reality; being outline suggestions for a Philosophical Reconstruction;" in which, as the Reviewer suggests, Mr. Bax's "Socialism has penetrated to his philosophy." Whether this is so or not, the following passage from his book shows that Mr. Bax's philosophy is running on sound enough lines from the occult stand-point. Naturally, the Reviewer looks coldly upon such views, and fails to understand "an absorption of the individual consciousness in the general." Says Mr. Bax:—

"May not the true significance of ethics, of duty, of the 'ought' of conscience, the conviction that the *telos* of the individual lies outside himself as such, consist in the fact that he is already tending towards absorption in a consciousness which is his own indeed, but yet not his own; that this limited self-consciousness of the animal body, with the narrow range of its memory-synthesis, is simply subservient and contributory to a completer, more determined self-consciousness of the social body as yet inchoate in time?"

The current number of the *National Review* contains a curious paper called "Seven and Three" by Mr. Gaye, in which he gives a number of items—curious and instructive enough, doubtless, to the general public, but "stale news" to students of the "Secret Doctrine"—connected with these two numbers, but makes (is apparently unable to make) no attempt to explain the why or the wherefore. "The mystery which they involve," he says, "will not always yield readily to inspection." Talking of the number "7," reminds me that the *Century* had, a short while ago, a most interesting article by Alice C. Fletcher (whether Mrs. or Miss, I know not) called "Personal Studies of Indian Life." She tells of the Omaha tribe of Indians, among whom she stayed, and of their "oligarchy of seven," and "seven grades" of initiation. "The pipes", however, seem to be the most extraordinary part of the ceremony and symbolism of this tribe; "so great is the affection and respect we feel for these pipes," said an Omaha to Miss Fletcher, "that were we to

see them imitated in corn-husk we should show them honour." She adds that this is a strong testimony to their symbolic character; and further tells us that the stem of these pipes is made of ash, "seven spans of the thumb and forefinger constitute the standard of length for the stem, seven red streamers—four of painted buck-skin, and three of dyed hair, the latter tied on by cord made of the white hair from the breast of the rabbit—are fastened along the stem, which is painted green.....The number 7 is repeated in many ways: seven kinds of articles are used in the making of the pipes; there are seven movements, and 7 parts in the ceremony." Indeed, Miss Fletcher considers that this number occurs so often that it seems as though "its use could not have been accidental". Verily so; the only wonder is that it takes folks such a long time to see these apparently simple and surface facts in Nature and Man; even then, they are afraid to launch out boldly, contenting themselves with timid speculations, until such time as official science shall have set the seal of orthodoxy upon these same facts. Some few more daring and unorthodox have, however, the courage of their opinions, e. g., Dr. Devemore in his lately published book "How Nature Cures," boldly says that "the human body is said to be a microcosm of the universe. Certain it is that as it becomes better understood, there are seen in its workings more and more illustrations of the sciences with which the human mind has become acquainted."

More "Photographing of Ghosts" is reported by Mr. Stead in this month's *Review of Reviews*; this time under the most severe test conditions possible, and with the most surprising success. Ghosts indeed seem much to the fore just now. There are some lively specimens reported from Java in the Dutch papers; and a recent issue of the *Pall Mall Gazette* gives a perfectly serious account for an interview with a Wesleyan Methodist and his wife, whose daughters are the eye-witnesses of a ghost which haunts the house which they occupy in Kilburn. In another number—the 10th instant—of the same Journal, appears an article on "Mysticism and Magic", which surely justifies to the full Mrs. Besant's recent predictions. The writer gives an account of thought-transference—instantaneous—at a distance, and comments thus on the incidents he relates:—

"I fancy that these two people—the man of the main wave, and the woman of the brain-message—have in them the quality required for the making of a Magician—the power of separating themselves from all thought but one, and giving to that thought the full force of their will. Honest, intelligent men in Paris believe in magic. I have talked to them, and have tried to learn as much as possible; but I have only been confirmed in my own thought that supernatural power is uncommunicable, nor would the possessors of it, if they could, instruct any one therein."

Italics are mine, of course. It would seem that not only "honest, intelligent men in Paris" believe in magic, but a few also in England—and elsewhere. Nor is this all. The *Evening Standard* of the 13th instant published a long and interesting article on "Secrets of Alchemy," related with semi-serious gravity. But one must bear in mind that the laws regulating supply and demand govern newspaper articles, as all else in this commercial world, and were there no demand for such "goods," no supply would be forthcoming.

I saw a story about Rudyard Kipling the other day in *Life*, which, if true, is not only curious, but confirms, from the outside point of view, what we already know to be the case. The story runs as follows:—

"When Rudyard Kipling was in India, he conferred that he was often positively astounded at the occult knowledge possessed by some of the natives. As an instance he told a story of one of his native servants, who came to him one day and said, 'Sahib, I have just been to the bazaar and learnt that the Governor of—is dead'. He, Kipling, was very much surprised, and went out himself to make enquiries. He asked for the latest telegrams from the place in question, and was informed that the last news of the Governor had been entirely satisfactory, that he was well, and flourishing. A few hours later, another telegram brought news the Governor was dead, and the whole station was talking about it. He asked the servant how he had known of the catastrophe; but the man preserved an impenetrable silence".

Professor Max Müller has just issued his Gifford Lectures, delivered before the University of Glasgow last year, in book-form under the significant title of "Theosophy, or Psychological Religion". But do not too hastily infer that the good Professor has joined the T. S.! Not so, he appropriates the name "Theosophy" in order to rescue from abuse "a venerable name, so well known among early Christian thinkers, as expressing the highest knowledge of God within reach of the human mind". Elsewhere he remarks that "*Theosophic* conveys the idea of wild speculations on the hidden nature of God", and says "that one may call oneself a Theosophist, without being suspected of believing in spirit-rappings, table-turnings, or any other occult sciences and black arts"! The name may so have conveyed its meaning to Prof. Max Müller, but one entirely fails to see from whence he could have derived such an extraordinary epitome of Theosophic teachings, except from the not always impartial depths of his own inner consciousness. Equally hard is it to entirely acquit him of malice and wilful ignorance. It is the old story of a blind and invincible bias in favour of orthodox Christianity, as may be inferred from the title of the last lecture, "Christian Theosophy." The Professor prefers to interpret "Theosophy" as meaning "the relation between the soul and God," and "the true relation of the two souls," from the Christian stand-point, (*bien entendu*)—the human and divine; observing that previous misuse of a grand old word need not prevent him from using it for his own purpose. He would also fain rescue the terms *psychic* and *mystic*, from what he considers to be erroneous uses and interpretation.

A. L. C.

AMERICAN LETTER.

NEW YORK, April 12th, 1893.

At present the Columbian Exposition takes up the attention of the people of these United States of America. Efforts are being made by the General Secretary of our Section of the Theosophical Society, to have the Society represented at one of the many Congresses to be held, that Theosophical views may be properly presented. Thus far there has been great difficulty in getting even a response from the managers of the exposition. But, just now, Mr. Judge has word that it is likely that the Society will be assigned a place in the Ethical Congress.*

On the 23rd and 24th of this month, as already reported, the Annual Convention of the American Section of the Theosophical Society will be held here. The sittings, as also reported before, will be, some in the hall of the Aryan Theosophical Society, some in Scottish Rite Hall. The two halls are not three minutes' walk one from the other, so that

* Since accomplished: vide Suppt.—Ed. Theos.

there will be no inconvenience from the using of the two, but only the advantage of having the use of the larger one when it is necessary. Brother Rambo from the Pacific Coast, Brother Buck from Cincinnati, Brothers Ayers and Bridge from Boston, and many others promise to be with us. The yearly gathering of our tribes is a pleasant affair, only marred by the necessary separation which soon follows. Newspapers are already asking for advance information from head-quarters, and they do not clamor in vain. Some propose to embellish their reports with pictures and other illustrations, and give us what in common slang is called "A good send-off."

The "Press Scheme" is being turned into a Theosophical news bureau. It will serve to send articles all over the land. It will be under the management of the League of Theosophical Workers. The work is only possible through the devotion of the Members as money is a scarce commodity with us.

Sales of our books and pamphlets, and others on subjects akin to those of which our publications treat, show how the interest in Theosophy grows, and that our work has truly affected the thought of the day in this country to a marked degree.

A new book by Brother Judge is well under way. It promises to do much good. It is to be called "The Ocean of Theosophy." Already many orders are booked for it. This shows the interest felt. It will cover, in a general way, suitable for the popular mind, the whole ground of Theosophy. Those who have had the pleasure of seeing some of the chapters, like it. It will be ready in a couple of months, and will, probably, cover somewhere in the neighbourhood of one hundred and twenty pages.

Work is being begun on the receptacle for that portion of the ashes of H. P. B. which is to be kept here. The General Secretary is to have a marble tablet let into one of the walls at Head-quarters, behind this is to be a bronze box, in which a small sarcophagus will stand, and in this the ashes will be held. He is trying to have it done for Convention and hopes to succeed. Of course, newspapers are after him for information concerning the details of this. He has been delayed somewhat through lack of funds. Later, when the work is finished, I will describe it more fully.

Brother Claude Wright's lectures have done much good. He has gone many thousands of miles away up into the north-west, and has been speaking all the time. After our Convention, at which he expects to be present, he will remain with us, staying during the absence of brother Judge at the European Convention.

The "Lotus Circle" work still flourishes. The circle in Brooklyn which started on 12th March with an attendance of twenty-four, had an attendance of thirty-four one week later—March 19th. It is a mistake to suppose that the work of this organization is confined to children. The older, as well as the younger ones, flock in. To many these meetings prove more interesting, helpful and instructive than any others. The older and younger element being thrown together, act mutually one on the other to the advantage of both, and the younger portion of our community is thus getting a bent which will be of great importance in the future.

Belief in the Masters is steadily gaining ground everywhere. This is one of the best signs of the times.

H. T. PATTERSON, F. T. S.

CEYLON LETTER.

May, 1893.

April 30th was the Anniversary of the birth-day of Gautama Buddha and the day was celebrated by the Buddhists of Ceylon, in a most fitting manner in memory of the Great Master. Roads and streets were prettily decorated, and Colombo looked like a veritable flower garden. From house tops flew the Buddhist flag, and the Temples were thronged to their utmost capacity with thousands of worshippers, who loaded the shrines with sweet smelling flowers. The day being a Sunday, it is a *dies non* with the Government, and the following day was observed as a public holiday. No processions were allowed to parade the streets and finally wend their way to the Temples on Sunday; but, however, on Monday, numerous processions and carol parties went about in joyous exultation, singing praises to the memory of Buddha. The illuminations of that night were superb. It is to be regretted that much money is thrown away by the Sinhalese during these Festivals on decorations; but, however, it is a matter for sincere congratulation that many Buddhists who are against decorations, cheerfully came forward to spend what they could on "alms-giving," and the result was that on this year's Wesak Festival, several thousand beggars were fed and clothed.

This day (Wesak Holiday), a very pleasing function took place at the Sangamitta Girls' School. It was the Distribution of Prizes to the pupils of that Institution. The hall of the School was prettily decorated, and the pupils numbering over a hundred girls came in with their parents. The time appointed for the function was 3 P.M., and by that time the whole school was filled with an audience of over five hundred people. Among whom were several European ladies and gentlemen. Mr. Ramanathan, the Solicitor-General of Ceylon, presided, and opened the meeting with a very happy speech. A programme, consisting of piano duets, hymns and songs by the school-girls having been gone through, Mrs. Remmers, the wife of the Consul for the Netherlands, gave away the prizes, which consisted of books, needle-work baskets, dolls and cloth, (a good many of these were the gifts of our London friends, collected and sent by Miss Kisingbury of London, the "General Providence" of the Sangamitta Girls' School. Reports of the Principal, Mrs. Higgins, the Manager of the School, and of Mrs. E. Cameron-Smith, on needle-work, were read. The last-mentioned is a Christian lady well known in Colombo, and her report is worthy of notice. It is as follows:— "Having, at the request of the Lady-Principal, examined specimens of sewing of the pupils of the Sangamitta Girls' School, I have much pleasure in testifying to the general excellence of the results obtained in this Department of instruction. The maximum number of marks obtainable was 30, the minimum number required in order to pass being 15. I am glad to be able to say that the average work was well above the standard required for efficiency, while much of it was surprisingly good, considering the age of the girls. Indeed, I do not consider that, in a class of girls of the same age in England, with every advantage of tuition, better work would have been found. I desire especially to mention, as worthy of praise, the work done by the little girls of the second standard. It was particularly neat and careful and showed, in a marked way, the good results obtainable from putting girls, when young, under a course of careful and constant tuition. On the whole, I think that Mrs. Higgins deserves to be congratulated on the good results that

have followed the efforts of herself and her assistant staff to impart instruction in that very important branch of Female Education—needle-work.”

(Sd.) ELLEN CAMERON-SMITH.

Soon after the prizes were given away, the Chairman addressed the meeting. He bore ample testimony to the excellent work which Mrs. Higgins is doing in Ceylon, and congratulated her and her Assistants on the successful reports of the Institution. The speaker regretted very much the absence on that day of Col. Olcott, his friend, and referred to the many reforms that he (Col. Olcott) had effected in Ceylon under the auspices of the Theosophical Society. Among these reforms, he mentioned, that of Women's Education, and the excellent manner in which that reform is carried under the able guidance of Mrs. Higgins in the Sangamitta Girls' School. The speaker suggested by way of remark that a reform should be made in the mode of dress of the Sinhalese women, and he hoped to see that ere long Mrs. Higgins, and Col. Olcott, Mr. Peter de Abrew and Mr. Buultjens will take that subject into their consideration. In concluding his Address, the speaker said that he had a complaint to make, and that was—that Mrs. Higgins did not ask him for a prize to be given away that day. Mrs. Higgins replied that she meant to ask him for a contribution to the Sangamitta Building Fund. (Laughter).

Another musical programme having been gone through by the children, a very enjoyable and successful meeting was brought to a close shortly after 5 P.M.

White Lotus Day was observed at the Sangamitta Girls' School. The large Photo of H. P. B. was decorated with white lotuses, and the pupils of the Institution having assembled around it, appropriate addresses were made by Mrs. Higgins, Dr. English and Mr. R. de Fonseka. One of the pupils recited a select passage from the *Light of Asia*, and after a few suitable readings, the ceremony of the White Lotus Day terminated.

SINHALA PUTRA.

A MISTAKE CORRECTED.

To the Editor of the "Theosophist."

DEAR SIR,

In the April *Theosophist*, page 442, lines 10 and 11, a passage occurs, which may possibly give rise to some misunderstanding. Referring to the speech made by me at the opening of the Lotus Club, the writer of the article states that I told the men "that I too worked for a living." This would lead those who do not know me to believe, that I receive payment for the work that I give to the Theosophical Cause. I not only did not make the statement attributed to me, but, on the contrary, give time, money, and work to the Cause with which I have been so long and so closely associated.

What I really said was as follows:—"That I too was a working woman, leaving Head-quarters at 8-30 every morning for my office in Duke Street, which I do not leave till between 3 and 4 in the afternoon; and therefore I could well understand what a boon it would be to them to have some comfortable room where they could meet and rest and amuse themselves after the fatigues of a long day's work."

And here let me add that this Club has proved a success—we have about 140 Members, and the Club is well attended. A good billiard table forms a great attraction, and the excellent coffee served at the Bar supplies a welcome substitute for alcohol.

Mr. Moore's untiring efforts to provide both instruction and amusement for the men, are making the Club exceedingly popular, and I only wish that similar institutions could be established in India and elsewhere.

CONSTANCE WACHTMEISTER.

7, DUKE STREET, ADELPHI, LONDON.

OSAGE TRADITIONS.

Box 305, TAKOMA PK. P. O., U. S. A., Apr. 7, '93.

To the Editor of the "Theosophist."

DEAR SIR,

I have just read with interest the kind review by Mr. Graham, in the *Theosophist*, for Nov. 1892, of my article on Osage Traditions; and I ask the privilege of having the following published in the *Theosophist*, as bearing upon the same question.

1. On p. 200, Mr. Graham refers to a chart which I had gained from the Indians—this was only a small part of the chart, not the whole of it.

2. With reference to the planes or worlds (p. 101), it should be remembered that each of the 21 gentes had its own tradition, and in that of the Red Hawk people, there were *four parallel* upper worlds; in that of the Bald Eagle people there were *four gyrations, revolutions or spirals* of upper worlds (see pp. 392-3 of my article.). I was told that some gentes spoke of *seven parallel* upper worlds, and I suppose that there is at least one gens having an account of *seven gyrations* of upper worlds.

3. As to the mystic trees on which the people alighted as birds; that of the Red Hawk people was a red oak; that of the Bald Eagle people, a sycamore; and there were, doubtless, nineteen others, a different one for each gens.

4. Mr. Graham is in doubt as to the signification of the war-axe and the peace-pipe. There are, in the Osage tribe, as in others, two elements, one connected with the protection of life among the home people (with the correlated idea of the destruction of life among foreigners or enemies), and the other with the sustentation of life among the home people—in other words, a peace-element and a war-element. In the Osage tribe, those gentes belonging to the peace side could not take the life of a fly or worm, but they could gather the vegetable products of the earth and give them in exchange for meat to the members of the war side (*i. e.*, those who could take life). The peace-pipe, among many Siouan tribes, is as sacred as is a flag of truce among us. This pipe is often interposed between the accidental man-slayer and the avenger of blood.

5. Mr. Graham wonders at the phrase: "You shall continue to burn my feet for me" (See p. 107 of his article). An explanation was given by me in a foot-note on p. 384 of my paper: "You shall take me for your servant", that is, "You shall make me go through fire and water for you." Another explanation given was, "You shall cause me to blister (the soles of) my feet (*i. e.*, in running your errands)."

6. "The Black Bear would seem to represent in some way the earth itself." I agree with Mr. Graham on this point. In the cults of the four elements, the Black Bear people are associated with the earth; blue is the symbolic earth color among the Omahas and Ponkas; blue appears on the tents of those who have had visions of black bears. The Black Bear people, in some tribes, appear to have the control of the land, and not till their consent was gained could certain agents of the U. S. succeed in assigning lands in severalty to the Indians of those tribes! My forthcoming article, "A study of Siouan Cults" (in the 11th. An. Rept. of the bureau of Ethnology) will have much on this subject. Among the Osage, the Black Bear people are a sort of Night people. They have a distinct Night people, however, on the Peace side; and while the Black Bear people of the Omahas are associated with Peace, among the Osages, they are on the War side of the tribal camping circle.

7. Mr. Graham forgets that I furnished fragments of two traditions—one of the Red Hawk people, the other of the Bald Eagle people. He mixes the two. In the tradition of the latter, after the female Red Bird (not the male, as Mr. Graham has it) had been applied to, the people went to "the good land of day." See p. 395 of my paper. In the first tradition, the male Red Bird was met first, subsequently they came to the female bird. The male bird is not mentioned in my fragment of the second tradition.

In the creation story of the Athapascan tribes of Oregon, gained in part by me in 1884, the ash and red cedar are very sacred; and there is a huge serpent that is coiled five times around this world, thus holding it together (See *American Anthropologist*, of Washington, D. C., Vol. II., No. 1, p. 59. 1888.)

With reference to the fylfot cross spoken of on p. xiii, Supplement to the *Theosophist*, Nov. 1892, I would call your attention to a plate illustrating my article on the Mourning and War Customs of the Kansa Indians, in the *American Naturalist* for July, 1885 (pp. 670—680), in which you will find that cross as the symbol of the winčs.

Truly yours,

J. OWEN DORSEY.

ओं THE THEOSOPHIST.

VOL. XIV. NO. 10. JULY, 1893.

सत्यात् नास्ति परो धर्मः ।

THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH.

[Family motto of the Maharajahs of Benares.]

OLD DIARY LEAVES.*

CHAPTER XVI.

THEN how are we to regard the authorship of "Isis Unveiled," and how H. P. B.? As to the former, it is unquestionably a collaborated work, the production of several distinct writers and not that of H. P. B. alone. My personal observations upon this point are fully borne out by what she herself admits in her explanatory letters to her family, as quoted by Mr. Sinnett, for she says that all the portions which deal with subjects previously unfamiliar to her were either dictated to her by some Master or written by her Higher Self through the brain and hand of her physical body. The question is highly complex, and the exact truth will never be known as to the share which each of the participants had in it. The personality of H. P. B. was the mould in which all the matter was cast, and which, therefore, controlled its form, coloring and expression, so to say, by its own idiosyncracies, mental as well as physical. For, just as the successive occupiers of the H. P. B. body only modified its habitual hand-writing, but did not write their own,† so in using the H. P. B. brain, they were forced to

* I shall be under great obligations to any friend who wishes well to this historical sketch, if he (or she) will give or lend me for reference any interesting documents, or any letters written them during the years 1875, 6, 7 and 8, by either H. P. B. or myself, about phenomena, the occult laws which produce them, or events in the history of the T. S., or any newspapers or cuttings from the same relating to the same subjects. Loans of this kind will be carefully returned, and I shall be glad to refund, if desired, any expense for postage incurred by the senders. Reminiscences of occult things shown by H. P. B., if described to me by the eye-witnesses, will be specially valued. I may not live to get out a second Edition of my book, and wish to make the first as interesting and trustworthy as possible. One ought not, at the age of sixty, to trust too much to one's own memory, although mine seems not to fail me as yet. Friendly Editors will oblige very much by giving currency to this request.
H. S. O.

† A very curious fact is to be noticed in this connection, viz., that the "Mahátmá M's" hand-writing, which was so carefully scrutinized by the S. P. R., their experts and agents, and said to resemble that of H. P. B., was a coarse, rough script something like a collection of chopped roots and brush-wood, while the hand-writing of the same personage in the "Isis" MS. and in the notes he wrote me was totally different. It was a small, fine script, such as a lady might have written, and