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THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH.

[*Family motto of the Maharajahs of Benares.*]

OLD DIARY LEAVES.

ORIENTAL SERIES:—CHAPTER II.

IT was a burning hand that the Indian Sûrya Deva laid upon our heads as we stood on the platform of Apollo Bunder. The noontday Bombay sun of mid-February is a surprise to a Western visitor, and we had time to feel its full power before Mr. Hurrychund came to our rescue. He had gone off to the steamer just after we had disembarked, and so caused us to wait for him on the fiery quay, with the air all in a hot quiver about us. I remember how, as we waited, we were deceived by the looks of a basket of pears that a fruit-pedlar had for sale, into buying a dozen in anticipation of a treat: and when we bit into them, found them to be tasteless and not even juicy enough to satisfy our thirst. This small disappointment, being associated with the first mouthful we ate in India, in the first half-hour we spent on its soil, survives in my memory all the changes of these subsequent years.

Besides Hurrychund and the three gentlemen above mentioned, I do not recollect any others having come to greet us on landing—a fact which was bitterly resented by the members of the A'rya Samaj, who charged their then President, Hurrychund, with selfish design in keeping his colleagues uninformed of our movements so that he might enjoy the first of our company by himself.

The streets of Bombay charmed us with their strikingly Oriental character. The tall apartment-houses in stucco, the novel dresses of the motley Asiatic population, the quaint vehicles, the overpowering influence of the whole picture on our artistic perceptions, and the delightful sense of being at last at the goal of our long-nourished expectations, amid our dear "Heathen," to meet and live with whom we had crossed so many seas and buffeted so many storms—all these vivid impressions filled us with delight.

Before leaving New York, I had written Hurrychund to engage for us a small, clean house in the Hindu quarter, with only such servants

as were indispensable, as we did not wish to waste a penny on luxuries. We were taken to a house of *his own* on the Girgaum Back Road, standing in a comparatively forlorn compound, and adjoining his glass-roofed photographic studio. It was certainly small enough, but being predisposed to find everything charming, we felt perfectly contented. Cocoa-palms nodded their fronds over our roof and Indian sweet-scented flowers rejoiced our sense of smell: after the dismal sea-voyage it seemed like Paradise. The ladies of our friends' families called on H. P. B. and Miss Bates, and a number of Hindu and Parsigentlemen on our whole party; but the rush of visitors began the next morning, news of our arrival having by this time been spread. Wimbridge—an artist—and I sat by the hour together watching the throngs that passed along the street, fairly intoxicated with the innumerable subjects for pencil and colour which we saw—every hackery, bullock, dray and human figure an art study. The heat soon told upon us and almost our first necessity was to have thin clothing made.

We had formed one acquaintanceship on the "Speke Hall" that turned into a lasting friendship, that of Mr. Ross Scott, B.C.S., a noble fellow and an Irishman of the better sort. His long conversations with us about Eastern Philosophy had resulted in his joining our Society. He called on the evening of our first day ashore, and provoked H. P. B. to doing a phenomenon that was quite new to me. They were sitting together on a sofa and I was standing with Hurrychund at the centre-table, when Scott reproached H. P. B. for her evident intention of letting him go North to his official post, without giving him the least proof of the existence of the psychical powers in man, of which she had so much spoken. She liked him very much and so consented to comply with his request. "What shall I do for you?" she asked. He snatched the handkerchief she was holding in her hand and, pointing to her name "Heliona" embroidered across one corner, said "Well, make that name disappear and another to take its place." "What name do you want?" she rejoined. Looking towards us, where we stood at a distance of a few paces, he pointed to our host and said: "Let it be Hurrychund's." We came over to them on hearing this, and saw what was done. She gave Scott to hold tight in his hand the embroidered corner of her handkerchief, retaining the opposite corner herself. After a minute or so she told him to look. He did so, found the substitution of names had been made, Hurrychund's being there in the same kind of embroidery, and, in the first impulse of excitement, cried out. "Where is your physical science now? This beats all the professors in the world! Madame, if you will give me that handkerchief, I'll pay £5 into the A'rya Samaj treasury!" "Take it, and welcome," she said, and he thereupon counted out into Hurrychund's hand five golden sovereigns. I do not recollect this fact having been communicated to the press, but the story was at once spread by the dozen or more eye-witnesses, and helped to intensify the interest which the arrival of our party had created among educated Indian gentlemen.

On the evening of February 17th, a reception was held at the photographic studio, at which over 300 invited guests were present. The usual welcome address, with garlands, limes and rose-water as accompaniments, was given us, and H. P. B., Scott, Wimbridge and I replied, as well as we could, in view of the deep emotion which stirred in us. My Diary says: "The occasion fairly brought the water to my eyes. The long-expected moment comes at last, and I am face to face with my spiritual kinsmen." It was unalloyed happiness, springing from the feeling of the heart, under the control of the intellect; not an evanescent gust of emotion, destined to die out soon and react into a sense of disenchantment and disgust.

The second day following, a party was made up to witness the Shivarâtri anniversary celebration at Elephanta Caves. We enjoyed the pic-nic like so many school-children, the day giving us a series of surprises and novel sensations. The bunder-boat "Sultan," to begin with, with its strange rig and model, its Mussalmán crew, its quaint cabin, its primitive fire-place, where rice and curry were cooked most skilfully. Then the ancient caves, with giant sculptures seen in *chiaroscuro*; huge lingams, paint-smeared, ever dripping with oblations and decked with flowers; the ablutions of the pilgrims in the adjacent pond and their circumambulations of the Shivalingam; the *pûjâris* touching the worshippers' temples with water that has bathed the stone symbol; the crowds, with their—to us—novel Eastern costumes; the painted and ash-besmeared sanyâsis, cramped into painful postures and successfully appealing to pious charity; the scores of Indian children; the sweetmeats vendors; a troop of jugglers doing the mango trick and other *tours de force* so badly as to deceive no sharp eye; and our lunch in the verandah of the keeper's cottage, whence we saw in one picture the moving, chattering throngs in the foreground, and the wide expanse of the harbour, under a cloudless azure sky, with the towers and roofs of distant Bombay on the horizon line. Then came the sail home before a free wind, our bunder-boat skimming along like a bird and beating a European yacht that ran on the same course. After more than fifteen years the whole comes vividly back to my mind's eye like a freshly-painted panorama.

Visitors, thronged daily to us in increasing numbers, a packed roomful of Parsi gentlemen with their wives and children being followed, immediately afterward, by a like number of Hindu families. A black Jain monk, with shaven crown and his body naked to the waist, came and, through an interpreter, cross-questioned me, at great length, upon religion. Presents of ripe fruit were sent with messages of greeting. A special performance of the Hindu drama "Sitaram" was given in our honour at the Elphinstone Theatre. We found ourselves quartered in the most conspicuous box, bedecked with garlands of jessamine and roses, given huge bouquets, supplied with refreshments, and, on our rising to leave, having to receive an address, read to us from the stage! The play was not over by any means, but

our powers of endurance had reached their limit: we went at 9 P.M. and left the theatre at 2-45 A.M.

The sweetness of this evening was followed by our first taste of bitterness the next morning. Mr. Hurrychund, after strenuous pressure, rendered his accounts. The bloom was off the plum: our supposed hospitable entertainer put in an enormous bill for rent, food, attendance, repairs to the house, even the hire of the three hundred chairs used at our reception and the cost of a cablegram he had sent us, bidding us hasten our coming! The "demnition total" made my eyes stare; for, at that rate, we should soon find ourselves with empty pockets. And it had been given out and generally understood that we were this person's guests! Protests came, one thing led to another, and we finally discovered that the considerable sum of over six hundred rupees (not then a vanishing silver disc but a substantially valuable token) which we had sent through him to the A'rya Samaj, had got no further than his hand, and a precious clamour arose among his Samajist colleagues. I shall never forget the scene when H. P. B., at a meeting of the A'rya Samaj, let loose at him the bolts of her scorn, and forced him to promise restitution. The money was returned, but our dealings with the man came to a sudden stop. We set to work to find a house for ourselves, and got one for less than half the rent he was charging us for his own—for he had constituted himself our landlord. We changed quarters, bought furniture and other necessaries, and, on March 7th settled ourselves down in the little house, 108, Girgaum Back Road, for the next two years. Thus was shattered our first ideal of the progressive, patriotic, fervently religious Hindu, and, to say truth, the lesson went to our hearts. To be thus deceived and played with at the outset of our Indian career was a sore sorrow; but, for the dear sake of India, we threw off the feeling of depression and kept on our way. Meanwhile our friend Mooljee Thackersy had, on the 2nd March, found us a servant, the Guzerati boy, Babula; whose fidelity to H. P. B., up to her leaving India, all know, and who is still my pensioner. He has a rare talent for languages, and, with Magliabecchi's environment, might have become as great a linguist. When he entered our service he spoke English and French, Goanese, Guzerati and Hindustani, although but about fifteen years old, and has later acquired a perfect knowledge of Tamil, after our removal to Madras.

Every evening we held an *impromptu* durbar, when the knottiest problems of philosophy, metaphysics and science were discussed. We lived and breathed in an atmosphere of mind, amid the highest spiritual ideals. I see entries in my Diary of the first appearances on our scene of friends who have since been closely identified with the progress of the Theosophical movement. For example, on the 8th March, our acquaintance and friendship began with Janardhan Sakkharam Gadgil, one of the most brilliant of the Bombay University graduates; then, and until his quite recent retirement from worldly occupation to assume the religious life, a Baroda Judge. My notes on him testify to the immedi-

ate and deep impression made upon me by his learning, dignity of ideals, and thirst for spiritual knowledge. Yet I seem to have had some foresight as to the unlikelihood of his becoming a practical co-worker with us, for I have written in the Diary: "A far wiser and cleverer man than myself. May be made an extraordinary ally—*if he has the pluck.*" He never quite had that from being hampered by his official surroundings and the unpopularity which our cause had from the first with the ruling class. Mentally, he was not ripe for official martyrdom, though his heart pushed him that way. Yet he was ever an openly declared member of our Society; taking usually in good natured indifference the taunts he had to bear from friends, chief among them his official superior, the Dewan of Baroda, the late Sir T. Madhava Row, K.C.S.I.,—a great statesman, but a confirmed skeptic and a moral prisoner of the Sirkar.

There came to us, about that time, M. B. Namjoshi, of Poona, and Sorabji J. Padshah; the former since known as an active politician of the Sarvajanic Sabha, of Poona, the latter a brilliant young Parsi, whose devotion to the Society and ourselves personally, has never weakened nor wavered for a single day. On March 18th, our young Shyamji Krishnavarma sailed for England to join Professor Monier Williams at Oxford, and help him, and himself, to fame. For Shyamji attended one of the Oriental Congresses and—although by caste a non-Brahmin—astonished the savants with his recitations of mantras; he came home a Pandit, and, later on, was Dewan of a Native State. Other two notable acquaintances were the brothers M. M. and A. M. Kunte, of whom the first was a famed Sanskrit Pandit and Professor, the other an M. D. and Demonstrator of Anatomy in Grant Medical College, Bombay. Of all our new-found friends, these were the most effusive and complimentary; of all we have ever known in India, the Doctor showed the most distressful lack of moral courage and most excited my contempt. He was a member of our Council, on terms of closest intimacy with us, most lavish in offers of assistance; his house ours, his fortune, his horses and carriage: we were his brethren indeed. One evening, at a Council meeting, he took the chair at my request, while I presented certain grave formal charges made by Swami Dyánand against Hurreychund, and at the adjournment we parted excellent friends. Two days later, the Doctor's servant brought me a letter resigning his connection with the Society, without a word of explanation. I could not believe my eyes and thought it some stupid joke; but, hastening to his house, was bewildered by his telling me that it was sober earnest. After repeated demands for an explanation, the truth came out. The Principal of the Medical College had advised him not to have his name connected with ours, as the Government suspected our Society of having political designs! And so, instead of manfully defending us and declaring our perfect indifference to politics, which he, as one of our intimate friends and councilors, could so easily have done, this Doctor of wealth and large practice, who was not in the least dependent on his paltry college appointment,

went straight home and put his cowardice into writing! Every decent American and Englishman will understand the feeling of contempt with which I turned my back on him for ever. The next day, smarting under this sense of injustice, I wrote to the Professor that as his brother foresaw possible inconvenience from sticking to our Society, I hoped that no feeling of delicacy would prevent his own withdrawal if he shared the uneasiness. His answer was his written resignation! I said to another Hindu friend, whom I knew to be really dependent on his paltry Government appointment of Rs. 40 per month: "Martandrao Bhai, suppose, on going to office to-morrow morning, you should find on your desk a note to the effect that you had to choose between your membership in the Theosophical Society and your place, as we were under suspicion of political designs; what would you do?" The man's face grew serious, he seemed as if casting up the chances, and, then, in a stumbling sort of utterance peculiar to him, and with a shake of the head and compression of the lips, he answered: "I—I could—d not go against my principles!" I threw my arms about him and shouted to H. P. B. in the next room: "Come! come and see a true Hindu and a brave man!" That man's name is Martandrao Babaji Nagnath; he is a Maratha Brahmin. Unconsciously, he had in his moral heroism imitated that of a New York dry-goods house, who on being threatened, at the outbreak of the late Rebellion, by their Southern debtors with repudiation of their debts if the firm adhered to the cause of Government, replied. "We sell our goods, not our principles!"

Visitors kept on crowding our bungalow, and stopping until late every evening to discuss religious questions. Old and young, it was all the same; and thus did we come, so early in our connection with the Hindus, to know the difference between Western and Eastern ideals of life, and the greater dignity of the latter. Questions of wealth, colour, business, or politics scarcely ever crossed our threshold; the Soul was the burning topic of debate, and, then, for the first time, H. P. B. and I became absorbed in the problems of its cyclic progressions, and reincarnations. We were completely happy in our retired cottage under the shady cocoa-palms. The arrivals and departures of wealth-laden steamers, the hurly-burly of the Bombay mart, the agonising strife of the share and cotton markets, the petty rivalries of officialdom, the receptions at Government House did not even enter our thoughts: we were satisfied to be—

"The world forgetting, by the world forgot."

Fanatics, if you please; crazy enthusiasts; dreamers of unpractical dreams; devotees of a hobby; dupes of our imaginations. Yet our dreams were of human perfectibility, our yearnings after divine wisdom, our sole hope to help mankind to higher thinking and nobler living. And, under those umbrageous palms, we were visited in person by Mahâtmâs; and their inspiring presence made us strong to proceed in the path we were treading, and rewarded us an hundredfold for all the treacheries

and jibes, and police-surveillance, and slanders, and persecutions we had to undergo. So long as they were with us, what mattered it who might be against us? The world had not conquered us, but we were destined by our Karma to vanquish its indifference and ultimately deserve its respect.

We knew not, but those Adepts knew, that we two were to serve as the necessary nuclei for the concentration and diffusion of that âkâshic stream of old Aryan thought which the revolution of cycles had brought again into the focus of human needs. An agent is always indispensable as the vortex-ring of these intellectual and spiritual recrudescences and, imperfect as we were, we yet were good enough to serve the present purpose, since we had at least the enthusiasm of sympathy and the quality of obedience. Our personal defects counted as nothing in the balance of the public need. Alexandre Dumas Sr., in "Les Hommes de Fer," poetically puts this idea. "There are moments," says he, "when vague ideas, seeking a body to make themselves man, float above societies like a mist on the surface of the earth: whilst the wind pushes it over the mirror of the lakes and the carpet of the plains, it is but a formless vapour, without consistence or colour; but if it encounters a great hill, it attaches itself to its crest, the vapour becomes a cloud, the cloud a shower, and while the brow of the mountain girds on its aureole of lightnings, the water which filters away mysteriously, gathers itself together in the deep cavities, and emerges at its foot, the spring of some great river which, ever swelling, crosses the land or society, and which calls itself the Nile or the "Iliad," the Po or the "Divina Commedia."

In these very latest days, a man of science has exhibited large and beautiful pearls, which he compelled some captive shell-fish to make, by placing pellets of wax inside their shells, and leaving the creatures to cover them with a coating of lovely pink nacre in obedience to their natural instinct. The pinch of wax, in this case, was intrinsically valueless, but it made the nucleus without which the pearls would not have been formed by the animal. So, in a sense, we pioneers of this Theosophical movement served as nuclei around which was formed the sparkling sphere of Aryan wisdom, which is now exciting the wonder of contemporary scholarship by its beauty and its precious worth. Personally, we may have been as intrinsically valueless as the scientist's balls of beeswax, yet what has gathered around this movement of ours is what the world most needed. And each of our earnest fellow-workers is serving as a separate nucleus for the crystallisation of this spiritual nacre.

H. S. OLCOTT.

CLAIRVOYANCE.

From the German of Dr. Carl du Prel.

(Continued from page 18.)

V. CLAIRVOYANCE AND THE PHENOMENON OF THE DOUBLE.

IN my theoretical discussion and explanation of clairvoyance, I now turn to a question which, if answered in the affirmative, will exclude from our investigation an uncertain number of examples which it will form into a separate group having an isolated principle of explanation of its own. The explanation of clairvoyance by insight into causality will have to be confined to clairvoyance in time, and in spatial clairvoyance the question will arise, whether it depends upon the transference of the person to the distant spot.

We are led to raise this question by the circumstance that there is no single chapter in transcendental psychology that does not oblige us to regard the doctrine of the soul from a monistic stand-point, even indeed—as I have shown in "*Die Monistischen Seelenlehre*,"—the analysis of technical and æsthetic problems obliges us to recognise the principles both of thinking and of organisation in the soul. The question which now arises is whether this intellectual separation corresponds to a real separation, or whether both functions are always intimately blended. This question seems to be answered in the affirmative by the numerous cases of the phenomenon of the double. It is the product of the organising function, and when we see the double perform actions, the thinking function is also involved. Hence we are led to ask whether, when the thoughts of a seer are transferred to a distant spot, the organising function does not also play its part.

The question then is, whether the phenomenon of the double does not afford an explanation of clairvoyance in space, or at least of some of the cases, and by what indications can it be shown that this explanation is satisfactory.

We might also ask—since clairvoyance presents so many obscure problems—whether the double possesses the necessary velocity to transport itself with the speed of thought to a distant place or to perform successive journeys when it is there. Up to a certain point a solution of this problem may be found in natural science, and indeed it is an eminent naturalist, Wallace, who has given it, and a philosopher, Hellenbach, who has attacked it on similar lines. Wallace says that it is conceivable that there are beings of an ethereal order to whom we may attribute an exalted intelligence, who are sensitive to etheric vibrations to which no human sense corresponds; whose activity corresponds to the motions of the ether and who thus have a velocity equal to that of light or of the electric current.* Hellenbach also speaks of beings in human form, but of imponderable etheric matter, who are endowed with those forces and

* Wallace: "Scientific view of the supernatural," 11.

powers which we attribute to ether, *e. g.*, penetration of matter, velocity of motion.*

Now the phenomenon of the double is an empirical proof that there is in man an etheric body of this description, or that at least we possess the power of forming such a body, and there seems no reason why the organising soul should be able to form a body out of organic cells, but should be unable to exercise its formative impulse on any other material, just as the sculptor works with clay, plaster, or marble. Moreover, materialisations are an empirical proof that the power of forming the etheric, and its shell, the physical body, lasts after death, only here it may be asked whether the spirits are in constant possession of this body, or whether they only have the power of occasionally forming it. Lastly, we find the same similar faculties both in the double and in spirits—velocity of motion and penetration through matter. In both too, sufficient condensation to render them visible is the exception; usually they cast no shadow, *i. e.*, they allow the passage of sun-rays.

Can we then refer clairvoyance back to the action of the double? This would be the case if, in every activity of the soul, the whole soul was involved; if its two functions, thinking and organising, were only separable in thought. In former discussions it has been shown that, in our conscious psychic activity, *e. g.*, in æsthetic and technique, the unknown agent is the organising soul; but in other investigations, into the inner self-perception and diagnosis of the somnambulists, it has been shown that the unknown agent of organising activity is only a hidden consciousness. In both cases the functions of the soul manifest themselves in conjunction, and from this there arises at least one question, as to whether this conjunction is maintained in clairvoyance, *i. e.*, whether the phenomenon of the double occurs. The question is justified although it only helps to explain spatial clairvoyance, but not clairvoyance in time, and since the discussion, even if somewhat academic, is full of interest, it may find a place here.

What are the characteristic marks of this species of clairvoyance? In the first place reference may be made to several utterances of somnambulists in which they say that in clairvoyance they feel as if their souls went out of their bodies; but such utterances prove nothing. It happens, however, and this is of more importance, that during spatial clairvoyance, or while the thought is travelling, *i. e.*, during the successive movements to the distant place, the magnetisers lose their rapport with their magnetiser, until they return from their journey; this is not the case with all somnambulists, but it is so with the best of them.† This better mode of obtaining information might depend upon the phenomenon of the double.

We know, from many cases of telepathy and magnetisation at a

* Hellenbach: "*Der Aether als Lösung der mystischen Rätzel*", 7. (*Sphinx*, 1887, IV. 4).

† Du Potet: "*Journal du Magnétisme*," XVI. 434.

distance, that the picture of the agent often appears visibly to the patient; the same is the case in witchcraft, which is thus shown to be injurious magnetisation. This was known in the middle ages * and even in later times cases have occurred, attested by legal evidence † which jurists may be recommended to read. But if—which is hardly possible since the last celebrated case of Cideville—we insist that all cases of the appearance of the agent to the patient are mere hallucinations, we must exclude all those cases in which the phantom of the seer is seen at a distant place by some person who is actually there. The wife of Dr. J., who was seriously ill, and who was regretting that she was unable to visit the home of her husband, where his father and his sister, whom she had never seen, were living, woke up one morning quite contented; she said she had been to the place, and had seen the father, as well as the sister, who was in the kitchen cleaning a fish. The locality was also described correctly. Soon afterwards she died. Dr. J. announced her death to his family, and this letter crossed one written by his father, which said that at a certain time a woman had entered his room, and that she had also been seen by his daughter who was cleaning a fish at the time.‡ The actual separation of the double of the seer is even more probable when he is seen at a distant place by some person wholly unconnected with him. A dying man fell into a delirium, and when he awoke he told the bystanders that he had been on board the ship which his son commanded, and which was on the homeward voyage from India, and had opened all the cabins to try and find his son. At the same time he saw on the ship another officer, who was not the captain, and who was quite unknown to him, and whom he had never previously seen on the ship, and who went from cabin to cabin in the saloon and then went away again. The officer asked the captain if there was some passenger on board, who had till then remained in hiding, and described the phantom so exactly that the captain recognised his father.§ A further characteristic of clairvoyance, when associated with the projection of the double, seems to be indicated when the seer falls into a lifeless condition, which may be connected with a partial diversion of the life principle, and is, at the same time, seen at a distant place. A lady in Philadelphia, whose husband had sailed as captain to Europe and Africa, and from whom she had received no news for a long time, went to an old man who had the reputation of being a seer. The old man asked her to wait, and went into the next room, where he remained for some time. While he was away she lifted the curtain which hung over a small window in the door, and saw the old man lying on a sofa as if dead. At last he returned and told her that her husband was in London in a certain coffee-house, but would soon come home; he also explained why no letter had arrived. On his return from the voyage, the

* De Lancre: "*L'incrédulité et mescréance du sortilege.*" 819.

† Mirville: "*Des esprits,*" I. 330.

‡ Perty: "*Die mystischen Erscheinungen,*" II. 133.

§ Gougenot des Mousseaux: "*Les hauts phénomènes de la magie,*" 95.

husband confirmed what had been said by the seer and went with his wife to see him. As soon as he saw the seer he was amazed, and related how on that day he had seen the seer in a London coffee-house, and that he had told him of his wife's anxiety, and in reply he explained to the seer the reason of his delayed return and of his silence, and that he expected to be home again before long.* In May 1886, Stainton Moses related to the Psychological Society in London, the following experience of his own. A friend of his had died in Lincolnshire, and he had been invited to the funeral, but was unable to attend. At the time of the ceremony he fell into an unconscious state and remained in it for two hours. On awaking, all the details of the funeral ceremony came into his memory, just as if he had been present. He saw in his memory the officiating clergyman, and the mourners; he wrote down all the particulars and sent a full account of the funeral to a friend who had been present at the ceremony and who confirmed all that was written. The clergyman was not the one who had been expected, but a substitute who was chosen at the last minute. The funeral procession had passed out of Lincolnshire into Northamptonshire where the burial took place, and Stainton Moses accurately described the churchyard and had noticed a peculiar tree in one of the corners.†

The apparently lifeless state of the seer is mentioned as always appearing in the case of those individuals who have the power of voluntarily falling into ecstasy. It is so with the Laplanders, of whom we have accounts from Olaus Magnus, Bishop of Upsala, Saxo Grammaticus and Scheffer.‡ When a stranger comes to them and desires news of his distant friends and belongings, they whirl round in a way that reminds one of the dervishes, until they fall down unconscious, as if dead. On awaking, they give exact information, and are even supposed to bring objects from the distant place to show that they have really visited it.

Individuals who exercise clairvoyance in this manner appear in all ages. Remigius relates: A French merchant, who had travelled into Italy, wanted to get news of his home through a conjuror. He was made to wait an hour in an adjoining room and was then told that his younger brother was dead, his wife delivered of twins, and servant had stolen a bag of money, all of which proved correct. A similar case of auto-hypnosis in order to gain clairvoyance is given by Bodin:

"In the year 1546, when I was at Nantes, I heard of seven sorcerers, who said in the hearing of several persons, that within an hour they would bring news of all that was taking place for ten miles round. Thereupon they fell into a kind of swoon and remained in this condition full three hours. Then they stood up and said what they had seen in the town of Nantes, and round about, and wherever they had distinctly perceived the circumstances, places,

* Stilling: "*Theorie der Geisterkunde*," 78.

† *Psychische Studien*, IV. 279.

‡ Olaus Magnus: "*Historiæ gentium septentrionalium*," III, c. 16, 19. Scheffer: "*Lappland*," c. 11. Saxo Grammaticus: *Hist. Dan.*, VII.

actions and persons. What they said was found to be true. I remember a similar example in Bordeaux, in 1571, when sorcerers were being strictly searched for in France. There was an old witch who was known to the judges, who was every week transported with other companions to a certain place. Mons. Balot, one of the principal law-officers, wished to obtain from the witch a proof of this fact, and she said that could not be done unless she was let out of prison ; so he gave orders to release her. She then rubbed an ointment all over her naked body and at once fell down as if dead, deprived of all sensation. When, five hours afterwards, she came to, she spoke of actions that had taken place in other parts, and all of which proved true.”*

Similar clairvoyant auto-hypnotism appears also in antiquity. Thus Pliny speaks of Hermetimus of Clazomene, who had the power of going out of his body in his soul, and reporting what was going on in other places, while his body remained as if lifeless. During one of these journeys of his soul, his enemies burned his body.† Aretæus had the same power,‡ and, according to Diogenes Lærtius, so had Empedocles. Suida even tells us—reminding us of the witch’s ointment—that Empedocles told Pausanias of a mixture by means of which such soul-journeys might be undertaken.§

All these cases of loss of vital activity seem to speak in favour of the action of the double in cases of spatial clairvoyance. A further point in favour of this hypothesis is that the seer does not feel as if suddenly transported to the distant spot, but gradually approaches it. One of De Lausanne’s somnambulists wished to tell a sick person who was ordered to take orange-peel, where it was to be bought. Suddenly she held her nose and cried out: “faugh! faugh!” On being asked what was the matter, she said she had passed through the fish-market. She then continued her journey in thought passing along a street until she came to a shop, the name over which she tried to read, but could not, because the letters had been obliterated. The next day the shop indicated was visited and bitter oranges were there found exposed for sale.|| Du Potet mentions a somnambulist who, when asked about her clairvoyance, said: “It is as if something in me, which is myself, went away, hovered over, and then I find myself at the place. I hear what is said at the place whither I have transported myself. I smell the odours which pervade the place. I am affected by the different influences of the temperature, and I often suffer from those accidents which would affect me in my natural state, I have even been sea-sick.” She said that when her thoughts were directed to a distant object, she required time to transport herself thither: she was obliged to go to it, whereas no time would be necessary if seeing at a distance was actually possible.¶ Cahagnet’s somnambulist, sent on ecstatic journeys to America, protected herself from sun-burn

* Remigius: “*Dæmonolatria*.”

† Pliny: VIII, c. 52. Plutarch: *de gen. Socr.* Tertullian: *de animâ*, II. 28, 44.

‡ Herodotus: *Melpomene*.

§ Origen: *Contra Celsum*, III, c. 3. Fülleborn: “*Beiträge zur Geschichte der Philosophie*,” sect. 9, 69—75. “Carus: *Ideen zur Gesch. der Philosophie*, 336—340.

|| *Archiv.*, VIII. 1. 81.

¶ Du Potet: “*Journal du magnétisme*, XVI. 435, 408, 493.

by holding up her hand, but in spite of this the left side of her face showed a sun-burn which lasted for twenty-four hours and was perceptibly warmer to the hand than other parts of her face.*

Although somnambulists during such ecstatic journeys may, either on the way, or at the place itself, freeze with cold, complain of heat, enjoy the woodland shade, and so forth, not much importance can be attached to these facts. If in the waking state, every intensive idea is combined with a corresponding slight sensation, and if in dreams the plucked rose also smells, we are less surprised that in somnambulism the exalted activity of the fancy produces ideas with the strength of auto-suggestion, and even brings about organic changes. In the case of Michel, the somnambulist, who was able to sleep at will, and who followed the lost ship *Lilloise*, looking backwards and tracing its voyage both by time and place, during which he felt the effects of both frost and heat, the action of auto-suggestion is very plain, and to such auto-suggestion may be referred the attack of sea-sickness of the ecstatic traveller already mentioned.

(*To be continued.*)

THE KARAM FESTIVAL IN SIRGUJA.

OF all the festivals observed by the people of Sirguja, the Karam festival is the most important, and occupies the same place in the list as the Durgâ Pûjah in Eastern Bengal. Every one, be he rich or poor, must have a new cloth for the occasion; and the poor man labours all the year round to save some money with which to purchase new clothes for his family. If he has no money, he must either borrow it or pledge his cattle and brass utensils to procure it.

The festival commences from the fourth day of the bright fortnight of the month of Bhâdo (Bhâdra), when every one intending to observe the ceremonies must sow a handful of barley in a small bamboo basket containing wet sand. The eleventh day (Ekâdashi) is the fasting day. A bough of the Karam (*Keli Kadamba*) tree is cut and planted in the middle of the village dancing-place at evening, and the females of the village repair to it, each with her own basket of barley sprouts and cucumbers. There they all sit around the planted bough, underneath which in a row are placed the baskets of offerings, and a lamp is then lit by the Baigâ or village priest, who recites the following story:—

“Many, many years ago, there existed a large city where a wealthy merchant lived. He had six younger brothers, and the family consisted of the seven brothers and their seven wives. They carried on trade and agriculture on a large scale, and every year brought in a large increase of cattle, grains and money.

“Now it happened once that the six eldest brothers departed with all sorts of things laden on bullocks to trade in distant countries, leaving

* Cahagnet: “*Arcanes de la vie future*,” 11. 37.

the youngest brother in charge of their wives. The Karam festival came on, but the brothers returned not. The youngest brother, in consultation with the wives of his elder brothers, decided to celebrate it with all pomp and magnificence. A Karam bough was planted in the middle of the courtyard, and they offered flowers and sweetmeat to Karam Râja, and the Karam dance commenced. The women danced around the Karam bough, and the youngest brother, beating the *mândur* (a sort of tom-tom), kept in the middle, and they went on whirling round and round, intending to keep up the dance for seven days and seven nights.

“The six brothers, in the meantime, had returned. They were very much astonished to find no one coming out to receive them. They accordingly halted outside the city, which had nine gates, and the eldest brother came home alone on horseback to see what the matter was. He found the women dancing around a bough and his youngest brother whirling along with them to the beating of the *mândur*. He became very much enraged at what he saw, for no one paid heed to him, and, immediately alighting from his horse, he cut down the bough with seven strokes of his sword, remounted, and went back to join his other brothers outside the city.

“Conceive his astonishment when, on going to the encampment, he found that all the wealth which they had brought home after so long an absence, had entirely vanished! The brothers and the men were certainly there, but they were as astonished as himself at the occurrence, and could not give him any information on the matter. They remained there, stupified for some time, and had at last to return home empty-handed and poor. The brothers then decided that the property which remained after the disaster should be equally divided among them. It was accordingly done, and the brothers lived separately from that day.

“Everything prospered with the youngest brother, and he grew immensely rich within a very short time. People said that the whole wealth that had formerly belonged to the seven brothers altogether was given him by *Karam Râja*, whom he continued to revere as highly as ever, while the others had so horribly desecrated his holy emblem. Even clods of earth seemed to turn into gold while in his grasp. It was just the contrary with the other brothers who became poorer and poorer, and at last had not a handful of grain left to satisfy their hunger with.

“Three years thus passed away. The sowing season came, and the youngest brother employed a large number of laborers on his field. His elder brothers and their wives came to work for him. But while the other laborers received their due wages and sometimes food and sweetmeats also, he forgot to pay his own brothers, who had consequently to return home in the evening as hungry as when they had left it in the morning. It was *Karam Râja* who made the youngest brother forget to pay his elder brothers like the other laborers.

“This went on for some days when the eldest brother became impatient, and could bear it no longer. So he went to the youngest brother's fields one day, intending to destroy all the plantation out of revenge for the injustice done to him, and had hardly set about trampling the seedlings under his feet, when lo! the goddess Annakumârî (Annapûrna) appeared to him and said—‘Why art thou trampling me under thy feet? What have I done to thee? Didst thou not offend Karam Râja? And, fool that thou art, thou hast come to vent thy rage against me! Hast thou not brought all this misery upon thyself by thy own misdeeds? Now go to Karam Râja and implore his mercy: and it will be well with thee. He lives beyond the sixteen rivers—even beyond the seven oceans.’

“The poor man was at first very much frightened at this. But he took courage afterwards, and reflected in his own mind that what the goddess had told him was indeed true. So he returned home and asked his wife to prepare for him some food for the long journey which he was about to undertake; but as there was nothing in the house except a small quantity of bran, the poor woman made of it three and seven cakes, and made them over to her husband, tied up in a piece of cloth.

“He tied the bundle to the end of a stick, which he placed upon his shoulder and set out, early the next morning, westward. He had not gone above a few miles when the pangs of hunger assailed him: so halting on the banks of a river, he opened his bundle to take out some of the cakes, but lo! they were all ashes. What could he do now? So, he rose up and wearily continued his journey. He soon came upon some bushes upon which some nice ripe berries were glistening in the sunshine. Some of these he plucked to eat, but lo! they were all full of worms. He went onwards again, and came to a field where there were beans growing in profusion; but as soon as he gathered some he found that there were nothing but worms inside the pods. So he continued to go on, weary and faint with hunger as he was, resolved either to see Karam Râja or perish in the attempt. The bundle containing the cakes which had become so many balls of ashes, he did not throw away, but still carried it on his shoulders. After going some distance he saw a milch cow with its calf grazing in the fields. He recognized it as his own and went near it to milk it. But lo! the milk was blood, and so he passed on in despair.

“Then he met a horse which also he found to be his own property. As he was faint and weak with hunger he thought he had better mount on its back and prosecute his arduous journey with some ease. But the horse was restive and threw him down as often as he got upon its back. What could he do now, but travel on foot, almost dying as he was with hunger and thirst?

“On the way he met a goat-herd who had only a piece of worn-out blanket on his body. ‘Where art thou going, brother?’ asked the goat-herd.

“‘I am going to see Karam Râja who lives beyond the sixteen rivers, and beyond the seven oceans,’ replied the merchant.

“‘Oh! if you are going to Karam Râja, ask him in my name whether he will leave alone this piece of torn blanket which is the only thing that I now possess—through that gentleman’s favor.’

“Then after traversing many a dense jungle in which nought but the howlings of beasts and the creaking of bamboos stirred by the morning wind were heard, he reached a large village. In the middle of it he saw a beautiful girl, the daughter of some respectable person, with her head covered with a large ant-hill, overgrown with all sorts of weeds and trees. There were reptiles and beasts hiding in the jungles on her head, and the birds had built their nests on the boughs of the trees.

“‘Where art thou going, brother?’—asked the girl.

“‘I am going to Karam Râja, who lives beyond the sixteen rivers and beyond the seven oceans, fair sister.’

“‘Oh! ask him in my name whether I shall ever get rid of this ant-hill on my head.’

“After leaving this village he came to another village which was larger than the one he had left behind. There he saw another girl, fairer and younger than the first, who had a large wooden *pidha* (a flat wooden seat) sticking to her. She asked him whither he was going, and, as the first girl had done, she also requested him to implore Karam Râja for mercy on her behalf.

“He then came to another village larger than the first two. There lived a very wealthy merchant in this village, and he enquired whither he was going.

“‘I am going to Karam Râja who lives beyond the sixteen rivers and beyond the seven oceans’—replied our weary and hunger-stricken traveller.

“‘If that is so, tell Karam Râja that I have only one son who is very dear to me: what shall I do with all this superfluous wealth? Will he take away a portion of it to bestow the same on others more needy than I?’

“At last after crossing over the sixteen rivers and seven oceans, and after undergoing numberless hardships and troubles, he reached the place where Karam Râja lived. It was another ocean, and Karam Râja lay upon its waters, and his huge body floated over the rocking billows, now coming close to him and anon receding with the subsiding waves. He planted the stick with the bundle of ten cakes, now turned into ashes, tied on the top, on the sea-shore, and prayed to the tempting deity incessantly for seven days and seven nights. Karam Râja was at length pleased with his devotion, and asked him what he wanted.

“‘O Karam Râja!’ said the weary traveller, ‘be pleased to restore

to me all thou hast taken away. I have sorely offended against thy Majesty through ignorance, and I now humbly crave thy pardon.'

" 'It will be well with thee, O mortal! now return to thy home and enjoy my favor once more. Very foolishly thou didst destroy my sacred emblem and wert wroth at my devotees. So I have taught thee a lesson as a warning to thyself and to others also who may be inclined to act as thou hast done. It was I who turned the milk into blood, and made the horse restive. It was I who appeared to thee as worms in the berries and in the beans. It was I who turned thy cakes into ashes. Be more prudent, therefore, in future; and take care to observe my festival regularly every year in the month of Bhâdo. Return now and leave me to my myself.'

"The merchant moved not and, after sometime, said, 'But how shall I know, O Karam Râja! that thou art appeased, and that my evil days are at an end? I ask that yonder cakes be turned into delicious sweetmeats.'

" 'Be it so. Now begone in peace.' But the merchant went not and again he said with folded hands:—

" 'O Karam Râjâ! as I was coming upon my way I met a goat-herd, and he asked me to enquire of thee whether thou wilt not let alone a piece of torn blanket—the only remnant of his property, which he has lost, he says, through thee only. What dost thou say to him?'

" 'He hath reaped as he had sown, oh merchant! verily I will not leave him that torn piece of blanket even. Hast thou anything more to say?'

'Yes, O Mighty one! as I was passing through a village, I saw a fair girl with a large ant-hill on her head overgrown with jungles and full of all sorts of beasts and reptiles, and the birds had built their nests on the trees. She hath asked me to implore thy mercy. Wilt thou have pity on her?'

" 'I know neither pity nor forgiveness, O merchant! That girl has herself created that deformity on her head. She did not to cover her head on coming into the presence of her elders. I have therefore made a permanent covering for her to save her the trouble of continually drawing her *Sâri* over her forehead.'

" 'But are there no means to relieve her? She has had enough of it, O Karam Râja!'

" 'Tell her to show more respect to her elders. As soon as she moves her hand as if to cover her face with her *Sâri*, the ant-hill will fall away. What more hast thou to say?'

" 'I met another girl in another village and she had a *piilha* sticking to her; and she also asked me to petition thee on her behalf.'

" 'Her own deeds have come back to her, O Son! she would not sit down on the bare ground lest her fair body should be soiled. She did

not respect her elders and would not get up from her seat if they chanced to come to her. Hath she not been rightly served?’

“ ‘Just are thy rewards, O Powerful one! But she has repented, and now asks thy pardon.’

“ ‘What is repentance to me? Can the thorny *Cabul* bear mangoes if it be watered with milk and honey? Tell her to be more careful in future, and it will be well with her. Now go back in peace, and leave me to my repose.’

“ ‘I have one more boon to ask, O Giver of just rewards! A merchant asked me to implore thee to take away a portion of his riches, as he has only one son and what shall he do with so much superfluous wealth?’

“ ‘Verily, he shall have more. Now hie thee home and remember what I have told thee.’ So saying Karam Râja disappeared beneath the waves.

“The first thing which the merchant now did was to open the bundle and behold! the ashes had become delicious sweetmeats. He performed the customary ablutions and ate his fill, but the sweetmeat did not diminish in quantity. So he took the bundle with him, and the contents seemed to remain untouched even when he had reached home.

“Now, he retraced his steps homeward with a heart full of joy and happiness. He came to the house of the merchant who had requested a portion of his wealth to be taken away, and told him what Karam Râja had said. Behold! there were eight more heaps of gold and pearls and precious stones lying within an enclosure in the rear of the house. The merchant was not surprised at this, and was neither pleased nor displeased at this strange occurrence. He simply bowed his head and said, ‘Let be.’

“The merchant then came to the village where he had seen the girl with a *pidha* sticking to her. When she heard what Karam Râja had said, she hung down her head and said nothing. Then suddenly making as if she were going to get up at the approach of some one of her elders, to show respect, she actually succeeded in rising without the inconvenient appendage to her fair body, and she went into her house rejoicing.

“The next girl was in a like manner relieved of the permanent and cumbrous covering on her head, and the merchant proceeded on his homeward journey with a hope such as he had never felt before.

“The goat-herd was very much enraged at what he heard from the merchant. ‘Is the tyrant going to deprive me of this piece of blanket even? Now let him try. So saying, he made an indescribable gesture, and, digging a hole in the ground, buried the blanket in it. But scarcely had he done so, when it was wholly devoured by white-ants, and the man’s rage knew no bounds.

“There was the same horse grazing on the field still, and this time it came to him of itself, neighing, and prancing its feet as if happy at the

return of its master, the merchant, who lost no time in mounting upon its back, and the animal joyfully galloped homeward.

“This time also there were beans in abundance and the berries were riper than ever, and they were very sweet and there were no worms in them.

“When he arrived near his native city, behold, his five brothers were there to receive him. The whole of the lost property was also there, and they asked him why he had tarried so long, as they had been waiting for him for a whole hour. When he related to them what had happened from beginning to end, they said it was a dream, for they had arrived there the same day with all the merchandise and wealth from foreign countries, and that he had left them only an hour ago, to attend a call of nature. They all went home together, and lo! it was the day of the Karam festival, and there was the Karam bough planted in the courtyard, and the youngest brother was also there, beating the tom-tom in front of the women, their wives, who were dancing around the sacred emblem. They, too, joined the dance, and after seven days, when the festival was over, they lived together rich and happy for ever and for ever, as if nothing had happened to disturb their peace.

“Now my tale is done. Bring your offerings of cucumbers and barley sprouts: and may Karam Râja bless you!”

The women then prostrate themselves before the Karam bough, and there is a scramble on all sides to secure a leaf or a twig from the sacred tree. Then they chant a wild song, ending in a prolonged chorus of praise and thanksgiving, and each returns home to celebrate the festival during the fixed period of seven days.

The symbology of the foregoing legend is worthy of the careful attention of those who care to work it out. The all-embracing law of Karma would seem to be the moral pointed to.

M. N. CHATTERJI, F.T.S.

T. S. SOLIDARITY AND IDEALS.*

THE time seems to have come for me to say a word or two about the constitution and ideals of the Theosophical Society, so that they may be made perfectly plain to the thousands of new colleagues who have entered our membership within the past five years. The American public, out of whose bosom the Society evolved, is entitled to the first word on this subject from their compatriot; whose love for India and absorption in the Society's life have never quenched his patriotic feeling for the land of his forefathers.

After the lapse of nineteen years, the small group of friends who casually met in the drawing-room of H. P. Blavatsky, in Irving Place, New York City, has expanded into a Society with nearly four hundred chartered Branches in the four quarters of the globe; known

* From the *Path*.

of all men; discussed, complimented, reviled and misrepresented in almost all languages; denounced usually, but sometimes praised, in the pulpit and the press; satirized in literature, and grossly lampooned on the stage. In short, an important factor in modern thought and the inspiring cause of some high ideals. Like every other great movement, it has its centres of intensest activity which have developed amidst favouring environments, and, as in other cases, the evolutionary force tends to shift its swirl from place to place as these conditions change. Thus, for instance, India was the first centre where the thought-engendering power accumulated, and our movement overspread the Great Peninsula from North to South, from East to West, before it flowed westward. What was done at New York was but the making of the nucleus, the bare launching of the idea. When the Founders sailed away to Bombay, in December 1878, they left little more than the name of the Society behind them; all else was chaotic and unmanifested. The breath of life entered its infant body in India. From the great, inexhaustible store of spiritual power garnered up there by the Ancient Sages, it came into this movement and made it the beneficent potentiality it has become. It must be centuries before any other country can take its place. A Theosophical Society with its base outside India would be an anomaly; that is why we went there.

The first of the outflowing ebb went from India to America in 1885-6. Ceylon came into line six years earlier, but I count Ceylon as but an extension of India. After America came Europe. Then our movement reached Burma, Japan and Australasia. Last of all, it has got to South Africa, South America and the West Indies.

What is the secret of this immense development, this self-sowing of Branches in all lands? It is the Constitution and proclaimed ideals of the Society; it is the elastic tie that binds the parts together; and the platform which gives standing room to all men of all creeds and races. The simplicity of our aims attracts all good, broad-minded, philanthropic people alike. They are equally acceptable to all of that class. Untainted by sectarianism, divested of all dogmatic offensiveness, they repel none who examine them impartially. While identified with no one creed, they affirm the necessity and grandeur of the religious aspiration, and so bid for the sympathy of every religious-minded person. The Society is the open opponent of religious nihilism and materialistic unbelief. It has fought them from the first and won many victories among the best educated class. The Indian press testifies to its having stopped the tendency towards materialism, which was so strong among the college graduates before our advent. This fact is incontestable, the proofs are overwhelming. And another fact is, that a drawing together in mutual good-will has begun between the Hindû, Buddhist, Pârsî and Mussulman Fellows of the Theosophical Society; their behaviour towards each other at the Annual Conventions and in the local Branches, shows

that. It is a different India from what it was prior to 1879, and the late tour of Mrs. Besant lightened up the sky with prophetic brightness.

Some wholly superficial critics say that Theosophy suits only the most cultured class, that they alone can understand its terminology. No greater mistake could have been made; the humblest labourer and the average child of seven years can be taught its basic ideas within an hour. Nay, I have often proved to adult audiences in Ceylon that any ordinary child in the school I might be examining or giving the prizes to, could, without preparatory coaching, be got to answer on the spur of the moment my questions, so as to show that the idea of Karma is innate. I will undertake to do the same with any child of average cleverness in America or Europe. He will not know the meaning of the word, but instinct will tell him the idea it embodies. It all depends on the way the questions are put to him. And I may add that the value of our public lectures and our writings on Theosophy follows the same rule. If we fail with an audience, it is because we do too much "tall talking," make our meaning too obscure, indulge in too stilted language, confuse the ideas of our hearers, choose subjects too deep for a mixed public, and send our listeners away no wiser than they were before we began. They came for spiritual nourishment and got dry bran without sauce. This is because we do not think clearly ourselves, do not master our subjects properly, and being actually unfit to teach, and knowing it, wander about through jungles of words to hide our incompetency. What we most need is the use of common sense in discussing our Theosophy, plain, clear exposition in plain language of our fundamental ideas. No one need try to persuade me that it cannot be done, for I know the contrary.

One reason for our too general confusion of ideas, is that we are prone to regard Theosophy as a sort of far-away sunrise that we must try to clutch, instead of seeing that it is a lamp to light our feet about the house and in our daily walks. It is worth nothing if it is but word-spinning, it is priceless if it is the best rule and ideal of life. We want religion to live by, day by day, not merely to die by at the last gasp. And Theosophy is the divine soul of religion, the one key to all bibles, the riddle-reader of all mysteries, the consoler of the heart-weary, the benign comforter in sorrow, the alleviator of social miseries. You can preach its lesson before any audience in the world, being careful to avoid all sectarian phrases, and each hearer will say that is *his* religion. It is the one Pentecostal voice that all can understand. Preaching only simple Theosophy, I have been claimed as a Mussulman by the followers of Islam, as a Hindu by Vaishnavas and Shaivites, as a Buddhist by the two sections of Buddhism, been asked to draft a Pârsî catechism, and at Edinburgh given God-speed by the leading local clergyman, for expressing the identical views that he was giving out from his pulpit every Sunday! So I know, what many others only suspect, that Theosophy is the informing life of all religions throughout the world. The one thing absolutely necessary, then, is to cast out as a loathsome thing every idea, every teaching which tends to sectarianize the Theosophical Society.

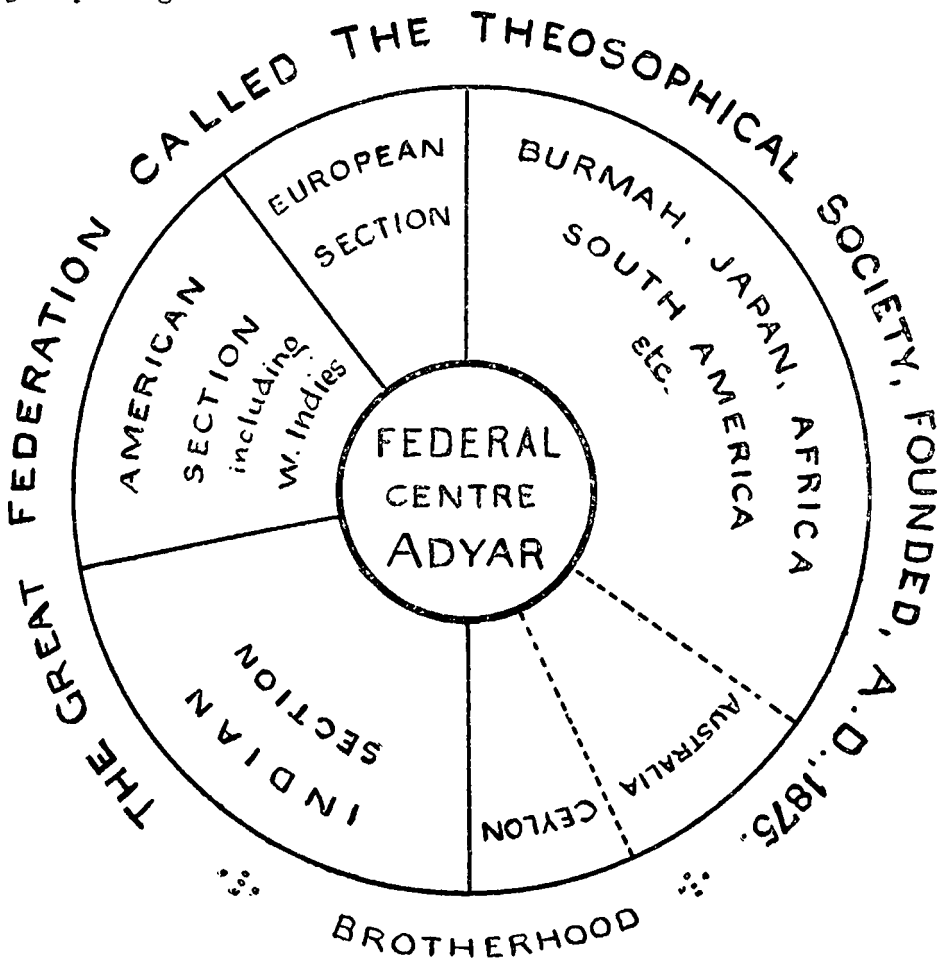
We want no new sect, no new church, no infallible leader, no attack upon the private intellectual rights of our members. Of course, this is reiteration, but all the same necessary; it ought to replace a "Scripture text" on the wall of every Theosophist's house.

Hypocrisy is another thing for us to purge ourselves of; there is too much of it, far too much among us. The sooner we are honest to ourselves the sooner we will be so to our neighbours. We *must* realize that the theosophical ideal of the perfect man is practically unattainable in one life, just as the Christ-idea of perfection is. Once realizing this, we become modest in self-estimate and therefore less inflated and didactic in our speech and writings. Nothing is more disagreeable than to see a colleague, who probably has not advanced ten steps on the way up the Himâlayan slope towards the level of perfection where the great adepts stand and wait, going about with an air of mystery, Burleighian nods, and polysyllabic words implying that he is our pilot-bird and we should follow him. This is humbug, and, if not the result of auto-suggestion, rank hypocrisy. We have had enough of it, and more than enough. Let us all agree that perhaps none of us is now fit for spiritual leadership, since not one of us has reached the ideal. Judge not, that ye be not judged, is a good rule to observe, in this Society, especially; for the assumption of perfection or quasi-perfection, here and there, has deceived us into believing that the ideal *can* be reached, and that whoever does not show that he has reached it, is fair game for the critic and the (moral) torturer.

Those who fancy that a vegetable diet, or daily prayers, or celibacy, or neglect of family duties, or lip-professions of loyalty to the Masters, are signs of inward holiness and spiritual advancement, ought to read what the *Gîtâ*, the *Dhammapâda*, the *Avesta*, the *Koran* and the *Bible* say on that subject. One who in spiritual pride reproaches another for doing none of these things, is himself the slave of personal vanity, hence spiritually hemiplegic. Let us keep, cling to, defend, glory in the ideal as such; let nothing tempt us to debase it or belittle it; but let us have the manly honesty to admit that we do not embody it, that we are yet picking the shells on the beach of the unfathomed and uncrossed great ocean of wisdom; and that we, though celibates, vegetarians, "faithists," psychics, spiritual peacocks, or what not, are not fit to condemn our neighbour for being a husband, an affectionate father, a useful public servant, an honest politician or a meat-eater. Perhaps his Karma has not yet fructified to the stage of spiritual evolution. Or who knows but that he may be a *Muni*, "even though he leads the domestic life." We can't tell. One of the curses of our times is superficial criticism. How true the saying of Ruskin that "any fool can criticize!"

One thing that will help our good resolutions is to throw more of our strength into the Theosophical Society, instead of giving it all to our personalities. By forgetting ourselves in building up the Society, we shall become better people in every respect. We shall be helpers

of mankind a thousandfold more than by the other plan. When I say the Society I do not mean a branch or a section, that is to say, a small fragment or a large piece of it. I mean the Society as a whole—a great Federation, a large entity, which embraces us all and represents the totality of our intelligence, our good-will, our sacrifices, our unselfish work, our altruism; a fasces composed of many small rods that might be separately broken, but which, bound together, is unbreakable. The activity at the Head-quarters of any given Section is apt to blind the eyes of new members and make them fancy that the Section is the chief thing, and the Federation but a distant mirage. From the office windows of Madison Avenue or Avenue Road, Adyar seems very far away, and the fact of its being the actual centre of the whole movement is sometimes apt to be forgotten. This is not due to ill-will, but to the complete autonomy which has been conceded to the sections. Perhaps the real state of the case may be best shown at a glance by the following simple diagram:—



The plan shows three fully-formed Sections, the Indian, American and European; the sizes of the segments indicating the respective numerical strength in Branches. The dotted lines show Ceylon and Australasia as inchoate Sections, and the broad field remains to be covered hereafter with sectional organizations. The periphery of the whole is the Theosophical Society, which contains all sections and territories and

binds them together with its protecting rim. The heart, or evolutionary centre, is Adyar, or whatever other place may have the Executive Staff in residence; just as Washington is the heart of our American Union, London that of the British Empire, Paris that of France, and every other capital of any other nation, that of that particular government. The boast of all Americans is that the Federal Government lies like eider-down upon the States in times of tranquillity, yet proves as strong as tempered steel at a great national crisis. So in the lesser degree is the federal constitution of the Theosophical Society, and in that sense have I ever tried to administer its business. We have passed through the recent crisis with ease and safety because of our Constitution, and it is due to that that we are to-day stronger and more united than ever before. Behind us is a wrack of storm-clouds, before us the sun of peace shines. I call upon every loyal member of the Society to do what he can to strengthen its solidarity. To do which he need not desert his household and flit away to some Head-quarters; in doing the work that lies nearest to hand and creating a new centre of Theosophical activity about himself, he is furthering the cause which our Society represents probably better than if he went, uninvited, to join a staff where he might be but a supernumerary.

H. S. OLCOTT, P. T. S.

*SYMPATHY : A SOURCE OF KNOWLEDGE.**

NOT a few of the subjects discussed in this hall have, occasionally, something about them that is strange and paradoxical, in the form at least of their presentment, if not in their substance. And this is natural enough, for the language of paradox is often the language of spiritual truth. Nearly all great truths, especially those of a universal or spiritual character, refuse to be included in a simple statement. For the most part it is only one aspect of a truth that can be expressed in a single categorical statement. There is generally another aspect, most often the polar opposite of the one already expressed, which calls for recognition, without which the whole truth cannot be seen. This paradoxical element is not altogether absent from our subject of to-night, as we shall see presently, but, certainly, at first sight, this subject may seem almost barren in its simplicity; not so much a pregnant truth as a mere truism so generally received as to be scarcely worth the trouble of discussion.

Who doubts that by sympathy, by putting ourselves in another's place, by feeling with and for him, we may enable ourselves to understand his problems with an intimacy of comprehension unattainable by those who approach them from the outside? And do we not bring back from these excursions into the hearts and minds, the trials and temptations of our fellows, a clearer, more far-reaching light with which to explore the mysteries of our own nature? Who doubts that the man who

*The substance of a paper read before the Blavatsky Lodge of the T. S.

dwells in spiritual isolation, absorbed in himself and in his own joys, sorrows, progress, failure, his sins and virtues, his aspirations and shames, feeding, as it were, upon himself, living upon his capital, must soon exhaust his resources and die, as to his higher nature, of spiritual starvation.

The indispensable condition of receiving is giving, for the giving makes room for receiving fresh wholesome food for the soul from the spiritual environment.

An anonymous writer has well said : " No man ever found (any) great truth, or attained to this illumination (of true knowledge) who like a mole burrowed in the earth, and hemmed in his soul with narrow bounds, and turned his back to every ray of light that shone not through his own selfish lens. To obtain this illumination a man must indeed be a brother to every soul that suffers and to every spirit that aspires..."

It matters not from what cause isolation, which is the antithesis of sympathy, arises ; whether from innate persistent selfishness that is the death of the soul, or from sorrow, or disappointment that benumbs the soul, or from joys or pleasures that bind it with silken bonds, and build around it a " stately pleasure dome" that intercepts every ray of the true light, the light of knowledge and of wisdom. These all alike shut off the soul from its proper nutriment. Bound by these chains, imprisoned in this brazen tower of self, it pines and wastes away. The walls of a Palace of Art, however beautiful, if " the soul would live alone unto herself in her high palace there," are, in very truth, as the walls of a tomb, and this, in the words of the poet, is the inevitable end :—

" Shut up as in a crumbling tomb, girt round
With blackness as a solid wall,
Far off she seemed to hear the dully sound
Of human footsteps fall.
She, mouldering with the dull earth's mouldering sod,
Inwrapt tenfold in slothful shame,
Lay there exiled from eternal God,
Lost to her place and name."

There is a lesson to be learned from this isolation which some can only learn of the stern teacher actual experience. It is that a man cannot live unto himself alone. The attempt is suicidal. It results in an atrophy, more or less gradual, of the spiritual body, a destruction of the power of continuous adjustment of the inner organism to the spiritual environment, which adjustment is the life of the soul. The lesson is, in other and very familiar words, that we are, in truth, all members of one body, and that whether one member suffer all the members suffer with it, or one member be honoured all the members rejoice with it.

Before going any further with our subject, it may be convenient to enquire in what sense we are using our terms. Sympathy means originally a *suffering-together-with* and its synonym, Compassion—a term largely used, in a special sense, in some Theosophical treatises on Ethics and devotion—means precisely the same thing. The one, in fact, is the

Greek, and the other the Latin form for the expression of the same idea. The one is the mere translation of the other into a new language.

No doubt these two words, sympathy and compassion, are popularly taken to mean, and quite rightly taken to mean, pity, mercy, commiseration, and the like affections of the mind. But, if we are to go below the surface, we must take them in their derivative rather than in their acquired sense, we must take them to mean a community of suffering, a suffering-together-with, as I said just now. And that is not all, we must take suffering, not in the restricted sense in which it is made to apply only to painful experiences, but rather in the grammatical sense in which it signifies all experiences, of which we are the passive recipients, just as a passive verb used to be called a verb of "suffering."

You will, perhaps, begin now to see what is the point at which I am aiming. In its wide sense sympathy is no mere pity, no mere sensation of sorrow excited by the sufferings and misfortunes of others. This is an attitude of mind which, however amiable it may be, and however moral and virtuous, would only feebly serve the purpose of an instrument of knowledge. What I am thinking of is a power of the mind through which we can share the experiences of our brothers, whether these experiences be good, bad, or indifferent; painful, pleasant, or neutral; and by sharing his experiences become sharers in his knowledge and training.

The sympathy I am regarding is a sympathy that brings one mind into contact with other minds, which enables us to interpret the signs of feeling, to read the marks and symbols of the experience of a soul, so that we can become partakers in another's knowledge and able to assimilate experience not our own.

It seems then that compassion or sympathy requires to be completed by its contrary. Sympathy by apathy; compassion by dispassion. But sympathy may shine with a misleading light if it is not qualified by judgment, and the qualification of judgment is what has been called dispassion or the higher apathy. Sympathy is the force by which we go forth from ourselves, by which we enter into the experiences of others. Dispassion, or the higher apathy, is here used to signify that purification of the mind from self elements which turns it into a simple perceiving and recording instrument, an achromatic lens, so to speak, for the perception of truth.

Here again, if we use the words dispassion or apathy, we must use them in a special sense, we must take them, as we took compassion and sympathy, in their etymological meaning, not their acquired meaning, taking them as signifying the absence of passion or attachment or preconception. That is to say, they represent the characteristic mental attitude of the impartial observer, whose judgment is not warped by personal considerations, by utility, prejudice, or any disturbing influences. It is the attitude of mind of the scientific observer. If we take Darwin as a type of the man of science, and I think it will

be conceded that he is a very good type of the man of science, pure and simple, we shall find him exhibiting this characteristic of dispassionate judgment in great perfection. Mr. F. W. H. Myers says of him: "On the whole, therefore, in reviewing Darwin's life, we find neither any prejudice which warps his reception of evidence of any kind, nor any emotional pre-occupation which interferes with steady and fruitful labour upon the facts before him."

Sympathy, on the other hand, is the characteristic of the Poet, of the imaginative man, and I suppose that no combination could approach much more nearly to the ideal of the true Sage than this of the two types of the Scientific man and the Poet wrought together into one in the same individual. But the Sage is the ultimate expression of truest wisdom and highest knowledge, and if a combination of judgment and observation with sympathetic insight be his method, then by adopting his method we may hope to gain the closest approximation to his results that our undeveloped nature and faculties will allow.

But let us look out upon life and the world and see how this thing may actually be in practice. Are there any signs that this method is one that is found to work well, and to commend itself to the man of common sense, and the practical man? Because if that is the case we shall be encouraged to experiment with it, and to carry it perhaps a little further than he does, and get a little more out of it than he does.

I think we cannot fail to see, if we look round, that there is a growing tendency in Literature, in Art, in Social Science, to seek points of contact with the subjects we study, so that we may put ourselves in a position to sympathize with those whose lives and experiences and conditions we would understand. In literature the tendency is most striking, even in journalistic literature. Perhaps it hardly existed there at all thirty or forty years ago, except among a few very conscientious students in one or two departments. But now it is so wide-spread that it pervades the most ephemeral literature; and even a penny weekly journal will now scarcely venture to describe, say, the life of the bathing women at a seaside resort without sending a representative to pass ten hours at least amongst them, waist-deep in the tide, and immersed in the mysteries of serge garments and clammy towels.

One is prone to smile a little too readily at an example of this kind. But, for my part, I believe this to be a perfectly wholesome tendency, and I do not think it can easily be carried too far. That I say as a student of Theosophy and as a believer in the teachings of Theosophy, for nothing is more calculated to break down the barriers of the "dire heresy of separateness"—nothing is more calculated to extend and strengthen the bonds of a true intelligent and sympathetic brotherhood, than the practice of every device that can enable us to enter into the most intimate details of the lives of our fellows, either by the power of imagination, or the actual experience of their conditions, or, as is more often the case, by a mixture of both methods.

Brotherhood is the beginning, the middle and the end of Theosophy. Non-separateness lies at the root of occultism. It is, indeed, the condition that renders occultism possible, and it is sympathy alone, taken in the wide sense I have tried to give to it, that knits brother to brother and plane to plane and kingdom of nature to kingdom of nature in a community of experience, and dispels the illusion of separateness.

I think it was Mr. Greenwood who first attracted wide attention to the method which he adopted, but did not, I think, invent, of putting himself actually, and not merely imaginatively in the place of those whose life he desired to experience before attempting to describe it. It was he, I think, who was the first amateur casual, and the father of a long list of amateurs—amateur tramps, amateur convicts, amateur seamstresses, and what-not. He was, perhaps, the parent of those who rendered articulate and audible many a bitter cry of the outcast that could never otherwise have raised an echo in our hearts. Lately we have seen Mr. Stead taking in hand the scavenger's broom for a spell in Chicago before championing their cause, and many other examples might be mentioned. In fact no one, now, who would speak or write with authority on any subject of this sort, dare omit the preliminary of making himself acquainted, by actual experience, with the conditions under which those live and work whom he would understand and describe. This is the method which has commended itself in practice as the only one which gives accurate and full results.

Now there is a corollary to this, upon which I wish to lay particular stress before passing on. We should bear in mind that this entering into and sharing in the lives of others is not restricted to one side of experience, to the suffering, the sorrow, the sin, and the degradation of humanity. If we possessed that perfect impartiality, that "Dispassion" that I spoke of a while back, or that higher indifference we should not be attracted to contemplate one region of the field of experience rather than another, and we should as readily strive to enter into sympathetic relations with those who are higher than we as with those who are, we think, lower. This is a limitation of sympathy that we should all desire to see broken down and got rid of. It results from the appropriation of a term which is universal in its significance to a very restricted field. It results from the gradual destruction of the term to a narrow acquired sense of pity or commiseration, which I spoke of at the beginning of this paper, and it was for this reason that I tried to give it, even if it were only momentarily and for the purpose of this discussion, a wider meaning. Sympathy, if it is to be an instrument of progress in all directions, should not be made to act only downwards.

But this is, for most of us, a hard lesson to learn. It is not so pleasant a thing to look up as to look down, nor can the attitude be maintained with comfort for so long a time. Some may protest that it is pleasanter, but I believe that if they will estimate honestly the number of times that they have contemplated the perfections of their fellow-

pilgrims, who are more advanced upon the Path than themselves, and set this against the number of times that they have dwelt upon the imperfections of those who are less advanced, the facts will shake their confidence in the assertion.

To return, we have seen, then, in journalism, and the same is true in social science, and in philanthropy, a tendency to utilize sympathy as a Source of knowledge, and, by actual experience, to put oneself in a position to acquire an intelligent sympathy, which shall be a key with which to unlock social problems. We have seen a tendency on all sides to insist, as a preliminary to the expression of opinion, upon a community of experience which alone renders sympathy possible.

In fiction we find the same note prevails in the mental and moral spheres. The fiction which appeals most strongly to this generation is a psychological fiction. The writer whose sympathy is deepest and widest, the writer who can draw upon the largest stores of experience, or he who, interpreting facts and observations by a sympathetic insight, draws direct from the less familiar aspects of life is the one who catches our attention and arrests it. We seek to have our sympathies awakened and developed, our experience enlarged, by the contemplation of soul problems not our own, but which might be ours accurately drawn and faithfully depicted for our learning. The novel of incident, and the novel descriptive of crude and simple passions, is out of favour or is taken up simply as a relief from a too exclusive diet of the other kind.

As the first novel of which we have any record was descriptive of soul states, was an account of the adventures of the soul on the path of initiation, so I believe the last will be also; and the tendency in this direction is, I think, marked and clearly discernible. It is a remarkable fact, which you can verify for yourselves, that the great bulk of imaginative literature--I do not think I should be far wrong if I said the whole of the imaginative literature--that has lived, and will live from Apuleius down to Dante, from Homer to Goethe, is impregnated with, and preserved from decay by the salt of an underlying spiritual meaning. Of that literature, too, of a later date, which is yet in the balance, it is safe to predict that only those portions will survive and be added to the perennial treasures of the world, which contain the same sovereign preservative.

After imaginative prose we turn naturally to poetry, and here similar considerations strike us. No one has ever, I suppose, in so Catholic a sense "thrilled in response to every sigh and thought of all that lives and breathes," as did Shakespeare. No other individual consciousness that we know of has ever vibrated in such deep harmony with the consciousness of all existences as his. It may be said that every poet excels in proportion as he approaches that marvellous development of sensitiveness, and fails in as far as he falls short of it. Yet this responsive sensitivity alone would not have sufficed to raise Shakespeare to the pinnacle of greatness which he occupies. Something more was

needed, which he possessed, and that something was of the nature of dispassion. He looked forth upon life and the universe with a vision undisturbed by predilection or aversion, and the pictures he draws are never distorted by what we are now accustomed to call the "personal equation." He, the poet, is himself in turn, Prospero and Ariel, Hamlet and Bardolph, Cordelia and Iago, Wolsey and Launce and even Caliban. He seems to me to delight always, not so much in the loftiness of the model as the truth of the picture. He is human, and for him nothing that is proper to humanity is foreign to himself. Virtue and vice, aspiration and degradation, honour and shame, valour and cowardice, body, mind and soul, on all these he looks with an equal eye. The same thing is said in the Bhagavad Gîtâ, ch. v, concerning the illuminated sage. "The illuminated sage," it is said, "regards with equal mind an illuminated selfless Brahman, a cow, an elephant, a dog, and even an outcaste who eats the flesh of dogs." And again, "He who, free from attachment or repulsion for objects, experienceth them through the senses and organs, with his heart obedient to his will, attains to tranquillity of thought. And this tranquil state attained.....his mind being thus at ease, fixed upon one object it embraceth wisdom from all sides."

It is not—to paraphrase a commentary on one of the Yoga aphorisms of Patanjali—it is not that the poet regards virtue and vice with indifference, but that he does not fix his mind with pleasure upon happiness and virtue, nor with aversion upon grief and vice *in others*. Thus the divine fragment within the Poet holds the whole personality of the world "as a mere subject for grave experiment and experience." The sun of his intelligence illuminates the evil and the good, and the rain of sympathy falls upon the just and the unjust. This is an aspect of the "higher apathy" that I have referred to so repeatedly. Compassion in its widest sense is the identification of the self with the not-self in the entirety of experience.

J. C. STAPLES.

HAUNTED TREES AND STONES.

HAUNTED trees are not very common in the West, but in the East one constantly hears of them. Indeed there are more cases of haunted trees than of haunted houses out here in India. There is, I suppose, no village in India that has not its haunted tree, to which due respect and reverence are paid by the lower classes in order that the presiding genius of the tree may be propitiated. Whether the traditions of the ancient Greeks that every forest was haunted by a superior intelligence and every stream had its presiding nymph, were based, as those of the Hindus, on an actual belief in the existence of these superhuman intelligences, would be perhaps a difficult question to decide. Of course the usual explanation given for the Greeks' constant allusions to the denizens of what we modern Theosophists call the elemental world, is their natural love of the mystical, the poetical and the

beautiful, and no seriousness is usually attributed to them in this connection. But, as Leigh Hunt points out in a short essay of his on Ancient Mythology, the result of the Greek mythology, "coming as it does, through avenues of beautiful poetry, both ancient and modern, it is so entirely cheerful, that we are apt to think it must have wanted gravity to more-believing eyes. We fancy that the old world saw nothing in religion but lively and graceful shapes, as remote from the more obscure and awful hintings of the world unknown, as physics appear to be from the metaphysical; as the eye of a beautiful woman is from the inward speculations of a Brahmin; or a lily at noon-day from the wide obscurity of night-time."

The essayist then argues that a believer in supernatural intelligences is led to look out of mere worldly commonplaces about twenty times as often as the man who does not believe, and he has a sense of supernatural things however gross, a link with another world, from which something like gravity is sure to strike into the most cheerful heart. Thus, without in any way touching the question of whether the presiding intelligences of forests, streams and mountains, really exist or are but figments of fancy, Leigh Hunt appears to consider that a belief in them is likely to lead a man's mind to higher things, to draw his thoughts from the interests of the material world to the contemplation of a spiritual world beyond. Certainly this mental attitude has to a very great extent resulted among the masses of India from centuries of belief in a supernatural world, with the further result, that while their material condition is a poor one, they are enabled to bear their straitened circumstances in a philosophical spirit, because they never have, and probably never will attach the importance that Europeans do to the present life. And hereby hangs a problem for the social reformer, with which however we are not now immediately concerned.

Seeing how deeply the belief of the masses of India in supernatural intelligences is bound up in their every-day lives, this aspect of their religious belief is one that cannot be overlooked even by the most sceptical, while to the Theosophist, who presumably goes further than most people in his belief in an actual super-physical world around us, the subject must be one of the greatest interest. Whether regarded as folk-lore, or as what may be called the "beginnings of religion," or as information concerning actualities of the unseen world, the following notes, on an important branch of this subject in India, will, it is hoped, interest readers of the *Theosophist*. As I have stated above, readers are at liberty to regard them in whatever light they please, and possibly for some that light will be the light of clairvoyance, in which case these individuals may be able to corroborate my information from their own personal experiences.

On the Nilgiris, it is not uncommon to see a large tree daubed with spots and stripes of vermilion powder, with three stones placed upright at the base of the tree, also marked with red paint. A closer

investigation will show that the place is much frequented. If in a wood, the ground will generally be cleared of all brushwood and carefully swept, and dark stains of sacrifice mark the spot where some bird or animal has yielded up its life to appease the presiding deity of the tree. On the trunk of the tree will often be found nailed bunches of human hair, in some cases with the object of curing disease, in others, as part of a ceremonial of exorcism. In the latter case the subject is led up to the tree, his hair is twisted round a nail driven into the trunk, and then with one blow of a sword or knife the tresses are severed from the head. The subject then looks round for a moment in a dazed condition, and afterwards, collecting his senses, walks away cured and free from the demon that previously obsessed him.

The guardian spirits of trees are usually called *Munisapurams* on the Nilgiris, and it is believed that these beings cannot cross streams, each having, as it were, a certain "beat" to which it is more or less confined. They are usually considered kindly intentioned and are consequently consulted in cases of illness and other troubles.

A very sad and tragic case of obsession by a tree-haunting elemental recurs to my mind. A native girl was dedicated in her pre-natal state to the presiding spirit of a tree by her mother. In due course the child reached womanhood, when she showed signs of obsession at the full of the moon in every month. Becoming a mother, she was selected, on account of her prepossessing appearance and good health, as wet-nurse to an English girl-baby, and the fact of her liability to obsession was easily concealed, as she exhibited no symptoms so long as she was nursing. When the child was weaned, however, the old malady returned, but not wishing that the girl, who was now acting as ayah, should lose a good situation, the other servants in the house concealed the fact. The English child thrived and promised well in every way till she in turn reached maturity, when her whole nature altered, and she, horrible to relate, exhibited undoubted signs of obsession, or, as her parents thought, mental aberration. The nurse, it should be noted, had died in the meantime, and presumably the tree elemental had attached itself to her former nursling. The English girl married in due course, the fact of her obsession being kept from the husband. She soon became a mother. During pregnancy she, like the nurse, was in every way normal, but after her child was weaned her conduct became so outrageous that her husband had to obtain a separation. The poor girl afterwards went quite mad and had to be kept in confinement.

It is a common practice among the lower classes to dedicate one child of a family to some tree-god for a period of seven years or more, after which time the child's hair is cut off in a bunch, never having been previously touched in any way, and a grand *pūjah* being made, the hair is nailed on to the tree where the god is supposed to have its abode. Children suffering from the disease known as *plica-polonica*, or matted

hair, which often bleeds when cut, are considered particularly favoured by the tree-gods and are consequently often selected for dedication.

The trees singled out as a rule on the Nilgiris for worship belong to the *Ilex* family, though the *Eugenia* and *Wild Cinnamon* are occasionally the abode of some god. Many stories, apparently well authenticated, are told of deaths and illnesses resulting to individuals who have meddled with, or cut down these chosen habitations of the elemental gods. At Ootacamund, there was formerly a tree on the side of the hill on which the Council Chamber now stands. It was an *Ilex*, one of the small-leaved variety, whose exact botanical name I forget, and the tree had stood there for hundreds of years—a veritable monument of the ages. Its gnarled trunk testified to the wear and tear of monsoons, and its twisted branches were festooned with moss. It was the solitary survivor of a large grove. The road in which the tree stood was to be widened, and the fiat had gone forth that it must come down. Work progressed satisfactorily till the sacred tree was reached, and then the convicts who were employed laid down their tools and said, "We shall die if we touch that tree." But they were only convicts and no one listened to them. Their overseers had no intention of encouraging *superstition*, and so they forced the poor wretches to hew down the tree. One by one, the men who had helped to fell the stately *Ilex* sickened and died, possibly because there *was* some elemental attached to the tree, which exerted its influence over them, possibly from sheer terror at the sacrilege they believed they had committed.

An English doctor had an experience with this self-same tree. Happening to be out on a night case, he took refuge under the tree from a heavy storm that overtook him, while his *saice* handed him his waterproof, holding the pony for him. As the doctor was trying to put on the coat he suddenly received a blow between the shoulders which nearly felled him to the ground. He thought for a moment that he had been struck by lightning, but then he remembered there had been no flash. He turned quickly round, but there was nothing to be seen, and to this day he believes that he was struck from above by some superhuman agency. Even after trees have been removed, the worship is continued, the nearest stone or mound being frequently used as an altar for offerings. A friend, who is sensitive to astral influences, told me once that she was passing the spot where this tree had formerly stood, when she suddenly felt a strange elastic pressure in the air, that obliged her to make a detour of a few feet. She had not noticed the locality particularly, but when she felt the influence, she glanced around and then down to the ground, and there to her right was a large pool of blood where a sheep had apparently been sacrificed and on a stone close by the usual offerings made to the tree-god. The pressure felt, she said, was as though the air had bulged out and pushed her aside.

Between Bishopsdown and Cluny, on the short cut leading to the Lawrence Asylum, a sacred *Ilex* stands at the edge of the path,

before which frequent 'pūjahs are held. On one occasion, happening to pass by this place just after sunset, this same friend saw a strange looking phantom that seemed to be composed of motes of misty light, which quivered and danced like the haze on a hot day. The figure was that of a native *peon* in a long white coat, and this individual, she afterwards learned, was supposed to be the genius of the tree, and judging from the state of the path, he must have had votaries in plenty. The spot was always a disagreeable one to pass, especially on horseback, as animals usually shied or were unwilling to pass, possibly because they saw something.

A black dog is often associated with elementals presiding over trees. A gentleman, who had some psychic power, was once passing a sacred tree, and his thoughts turned upon the probability of his being able to see, the elemental or spirit of the tree. It was conveyed to him in a subconscious manner that the form assumed by the being would be that of a black dog. Happening to pass by the tree next day, to his astonishment, he saw a large black dog sniffing about underneath it! Of course the presence of the black dog may simply have been due to a coincidence or auto-suggestion. Another friend, a European, who was interested in Spiritualism, wishing to get *en rapport* with the spirit of a certain tree which was commonly reputed to be haunted, took a branch of the tree home and sitting down to a *séance* invoked the said spirit. To her there appeared a headless man who made signs or gave her to understand that he would come the next day with his head if she would do certain things. Terrified out of her senses, the lady brought the *seance* to an abrupt termination.

The lower class natives have a horror of passing these trees after dusk with raw meat in their hands, particularly pork; and cases are current in which the carrier of meat has been killed by the spirit of the tree, which has apparently been attracted by the meat. The invariable symptom of death in these cases is blood flowing from the mouth and nostrils. Offerings made to these trees, though perfectly good in appearance, are, when subsequently tested, found to be quite insipid in taste and useless for food.

E. R. B.

EVOLUTION ACCORDING TO THEOSOPHY AND ZOROASTRIANISM.

(Continued from page 41.)

II.

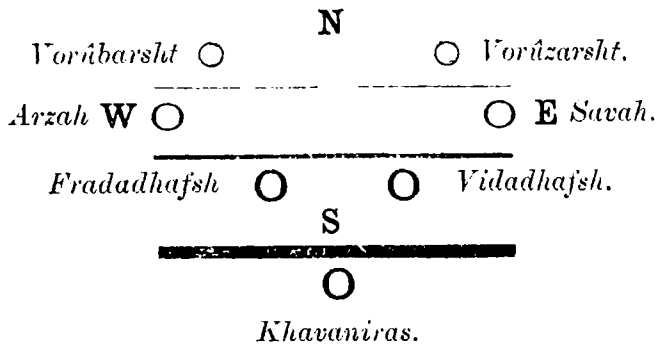
THE HAFTA-KESHVAR ZAMIN.

NOW we shall descend to earth. Nothing has been said in the "Book of the Prophets," about the formation of the *Bhûmi-haptaiti*, the septempartite earth, although we see the formation and combination of elements. We have to divert our attention, therefore, to the *Bundahish* again. The earth is often called "Hafta-Keshvar Zamin" in the *Avastâ* literature. This term was translated as the

“earth of seven continents,” and none could understand the occult or septenary nature of the earth till the teaching of the “Secret Doctrine” was ushered into the world through H. P. B., although we have “regions” and “Zones” for the word “Keshvar” in the *Bundahish*.

According to this authority there are *thirty-three* kinds of lands, but it describes only seven. Khvaniras is the name of the land on which our physical consciousness works at present. It is in the centre, and the other six portions are situated around it. All the seven portions are called Hafta-Keshvara or seven zones or regions. On the East side of the Khvaniras is the Savah, on the West is the Arzah, on the North-East is the Vorûzarsht, on the North-West is the Vorûbarsht, on the South-West is the Fradadhafsh, on the South-East is the Vidadhafsh.

Before we proceed further, let us have a glance at a symbolical diagram given in the “Secret Doctrine,” with a slight modification in names, so as to adapt it to the teaching of the *Bundahish*:



These Keshvaras are separated by an ocean (ether), and from Vorûbarsht and Vorûzarsht “a lofty mountain grew up, so that it is not possible for any one to go from region to region,” without the aid of a mysterious ox named Sarsaok,—a symbol of some occult power. All benefits are to be derived from the Khvaniras, and all the miseries as well are to be found on this physical plane, on account of its superiority. “The good religion of the Mazdiasnians was created in Khvaniras, and afterwards conveyed to the other regions. Sôshyans* is born in Khvaniras, who makes the evil spirit impotent, and causes the resurrection and future existence.”† “When the Sun comes out it illumines the regions of Savah, Fradadhafsh, Vidadhafsh, and half of Khvaniras; when it goes in on the dark side, it illumines the regions of Arzah, Vorûbarsht, Vorûzarsht, and one-half of Khvaniras; when it is day here, it is night there.” The third chapter of the *Bahman Yasht* informs us that when darkness prevails over these seven regions, Mithra calls in Hûshedâr, a son or ray of Zarathushtra the Yazata, the restorer of the true religion, and asks him to order Sun, to “move on! for it is dark” in the seven regions of the earth. “The Sun with the swift horse moves on and

* The future Avatâra of the Zoroastrians.
 † The *Bundahish*, ch. xi.

all mankind fully believe in the good religion of the Mazdayasnians." Each Keshvara has a chief presiding over it: thus the chief of Arzah is Ashâshagahad-ê Hvandchâu; the chief of Savah is Hoazarôdathhri-hanâ Pareshtyarô; the chief of Fradadhafsh is Spitoid-ê Ausposinân; the chief of Vidadhafsh is Airiz-rasp Ausposinân; the chief of Vorûbarsht is Huvasp; the chief of Vorûzarsh is Châkravak; and Zarathushtra is spiritual chief of the region of the Khvaniras; "and also of all the religions; he is the chief of the world of the righteous, and it is said that the whole religion was received by them from Zarathushtra."*

Although it was impossible to cross the "ocean," the ether, that lies between the globes, nine races proceeded, owing to the increase of the whole fifteen races, on the back of the ox Sarsaok, through the wide ocean, to the other six regions, and stayed there; and six races of men remained on the Khvaniras. These six globes are inhabited, it is said, by "men who, like primitive men, do not eat meat, but live exclusively upon milk." This "milk" of the *Bundahish* cannot be taken as referring to the milk of any animal, but can be taken for the astral fluid, or life-juice, by drinking which Mashyô-Mashyoî, the hermaphrodite, also "fell," and separated into sexes, which we shall see further on. It appears that if we know how to ride on the ox Sarsaok, elsewhere called the ox Hadhayôsh, or, acquire psychic power, we can also travel from one Keshvara to the other. Elsewhere it is said that it requires the help of the Yazatas to "cross the sea." In the reign of Takhmorûp [Tahmuras or Tahmurath of the *Shah-namêh*, the epic poem of the Parsis, the third king of the Peshdadian or the Primitive Race] men were continually passing and repassing "on the back of the ox," from the Khvaniras to other regions. Fire was provided on the back of the ox at three places, which on one occasion dropped into the sea, "and all those three fires, like three breathing souls, continually shoot up in the place and position of the fire on the back of the ox, so that it becomes quite light, and the men pass again through the sea." These three fires are the Ádar Frohba, Ádar Gûshasp, and Ádar Burzin-Milîr, the three fires of the spirit, soul, and body, the triple body of the Fire Valhram, just as Shuchi, Pavamân and Pavak, the three sons of Agni Abhimanîm, the eldest son of Brahmâ, the Cosmic Logos.† Ádar Frohba was established in the reign of Yima, on the Gadman-Hômand (glorious) mountain; Ádar Gûshasp, in the reign of Kai-Khûshrô, on the Asnavand mountain; and Ádar Bûrzin-Mitro, in the reign of King Vishtasp‡ on Mount Rêvand, where the "Ridge" of Vishtasp is.

If these fires are established in man as spirit, soul and body, as they are also established in the universe, then we have to find out those "mountains" and the "Ridge," the Pusht-i-Vishtaspan, within

* *Ibid.*, ch. xxix. 1-2.

† The "Secret Doctrine," vol. ii, p. 247.

‡ How far this account of the Avastâ literature agrees with the Vedic literature will be found in the articles, "Dwîpas," *Theosophic Thinker*, Aug. 18 and 25, 1894.

ourselves, and not on the map of Persia, ancient or modern, as some modern scholars seem to think at present.*

Leaving the Bundahish account of the Keshvaras aside, an explanation of which can be found in the "Secret Doctrine," vol. ii., pp. 757—59, we shall now see how the earth was formed and inhabited, according to the *Vendidad*, a sacred work of the Parsis, which is recited during the performance of certain ceremonies. The *Vendidad* begins—

"Ahuramazda spake unto Spitama Zarathushtra, saying:

"I have made every land dear to its dwellers even though it had no charms whatever in it: had I not made every land dear to its dwellers, even though it had no charms whatever in it, then the whole living world would have invaded the Airyanam-Vaejo.

"The first of the good lands and countries which I, Ahuramazda, created was the Airyanam-Vaejo, by the good river Dâitya."

"That which in the *Vendidad*," says the "Secret Doctrine," "is referred to as Airyanam-Vaejo, wherein was born the *original* Zoroaster, is called in the Purânic literature 'Sveta Dwîpa,' 'Mount Meru,' the abode of Vishnu, &c., &c., and in the "Secret Doctrine" is simply named the land of the 'gods,' under their chiefs, the 'spirits or this planet.'" The Dâitik river is the river which comes out from Irân Vej, another name of Airyanam-Vaejo, and goes out, according to the *Bundahish*, through the hilly country; "The Dâitik river is the chief of streams."† It is running "in the middle of the earth."

THE PRIMEVAL RACES.

Was this first earth uninhabited? "Who was the first man before myself," asked Zarathushtra, "with whom thou, Ahuramazda, did converse, whom thou didst teach the law of Ahura, the law of Zarathushtra?" "The Fair Yima," answered Ahuramazda, "the great Shepherd, O Holy Zarathushtra, he was the first mortal before thee, Zarathushtra, with whom I, Ahuramazda, did converse, whom I taught the law of Ahura, the law of Zarathushtra." Yima, the son of Vivanghat, is the 'first man' according to the *Vendidad*; and "as much as his twin-brother Yama, the son of Vaivasvata Manu, belongs to two epochs of the universal history. He is the Progenitor of the Second human Race, hence the personification of the shadows of the Pitris, and the father of the post-diluvian Humanity. The Magi said 'Yima,' as we say 'man' when speaking of mankind. The Fair Yima, the first mortal who converses with Ahuramazda, is the first 'man' who died or disappeared, not the first who is born. The 'son of Vivanghat' was, like the son of Vaivasvat, the symbolical man, who stood in the "Secret Doctrine" as the representative of the *first three races* and the collective Progenitor thereof. Of these Races the first two never died, but only vanished, absorbed in their progeny, and the Third Race knew death only towards

* These should not be confounded with Cyrus and Hystaspes of the Greek authors. They belong to the primitive races. The question during which time they existed should be reserved for occultists.

† The *Bundahish*, ch. xxiv. 14.

its close, after the separation of the sexes and its 'Fall' into generation";* *i.e.* death came only after man had become a *physical* creature. Even now some of the Parsis say there was no death in Jamshed's (Yima's) time; and it is verified, also, by the *Vendidad* itself, in which Yima is made to say to Ahuramazda. "Yea! I will make thy worlds to thrive, I will make thy worlds to increase. Yea! I will nourish, rule over, and guard thy world. There shall be, while I am king, neither cold wind nor hot wind, *neither disease nor death.*" As the mind was not incarnated in the shadows, the forms being not fit for such incarnation, there was no responsible or individual Karma, hence no suffering, neither heaven nor hell to enjoy or suffer.

"Ahuramazda, through omniscience, knows that Ahriman exists," adds the *Bundahish*, "and that whatever he schemes he infuses with malice and greediness till the end; and because he accomplishes the end by many means, He also produced spiritually the creatures which were necessary for those means, and they remained three thousand years [? periods] in a spiritual state, so that they were *unthinking and unmoving, with intangible bodies.*"†

Commenting upon the fourth stanza, H. P. B. describes in the "Secret Doctrine" the *Chhâya* Race as the *Amanasas*, who had "neither forms nor mind." These *Chhâyas* were called "Amanasas" because they were mindless. Pages can be quoted here from the profound work for further elucidation, but this article is proposed for a mere skeleton, written in haste. The students of Theosophy, especially the Parsi members of the Theosophical Society, are recommended, however, to study the philosophy of their own religion in comparison with the Theosophical literature, to get themselves more enlightened on the subject.

The subsequent Race was called "Sweat-born," and in the third chapter of the "Original Creation" it is said that Ahuramazda brought forth a *sweat* upon Gayomard, "so long as he might recite a prayer of one stanza; moreover, Ahuramazda formed that sweat into the youthful body of a man of fifteen years, radiant and tall. When Gayomard issued from the sweat he saw the world dark as night, and the earth as though not a needle's point remained free from noxious creatures; the celestial sphere was in revolution, and the sun and moon remained in motion: and the world's struggle, owing to the clamour of the *Mâzinikân* demons, was with the constellations."‡

Gâyôpard is the first man among the Parsis; but from a description which appears in the same book, he appears to be a Pitar, who, when he disappears (not dies), casts his shadow, and, seven kinds of "minerals of a metallic character arise from his various members." The "prayer" alluded to above is the Manthra *Sakti* (see the *Vendidad*, Fargard 2), the

* The "Secret Doctrine," vol. ii, p. 609.

† Ch. i. 8.

‡ The *Bundahish*, ch. iii. 19-20; also *Zâd-Sparam*, ch. ii.8-10,

power of Divine Sound, in which are included the Ichchâ (Creative), jnân (Preservative), and Kriyâ (Regenerative) Shaktîs.

As yet there was no mind, there was no necessity for a spiritual Teacher. Yima, the first man, therefore, according to the *Vendidad*, refuses to become a teacher or a law-giver. "I was not born," he says to Ahuramazda, "I was not taught to be the preacher and the bearer of Thy law." Ahuramazda then asks him to make his men increase and watch over His world. This he agrees to, and Ahuramazda, satisfied, "brought two implements unto him: a golden ring and a poniard inlaid with gold," the emblem of sovereignty. "Thus under the sway of Yima, three hundred winters* passed away and the earth was replenished with flocks and herds, with men and dogs and birds and with red blazing fires, and there was no more room for flocks, herds and men." The Fair Yima being warned of this, he stepped forward "towards the luminous space, southwards, to meet the Sun," and then "he pressed the earth with the golden ring, and bored it with the poniard, speaking thus: 'O! Spenta-Armaiti, kindly open asunder and stretch thyself afar by Manthra to bear flocks and herds and men.' And Yima made the earth grow larger by *one-third* than it was before, and there came flocks and herds and men, at his will and wish, as many as he wished." Spenta-Armaiti is the spirit of the Earth, and, when personified, she is spoken of in the *Avastâ* as the "Fair daughter of Ahuramazda," just as Vâch, the Divine Speech, has been personified in Sarasvati, the wife of Brahmâ, in the Hindu Shâstras. The expansion of the earth is through the Mantrika Shaktî, the Power Divine from within. It is defined by the late Subba Row as "the force or power of letters, speech or music. The Mantra Shâstra has for its subject-matter this force in all its manifestations. The power of the Inaffable Name is the Crown of this Shaktî."

It is to be remembered, again, that the flocks, herds, men, dogs and birds, alluded to above should not be taken in the sense that we take them in at present. The bird is sometimes used as the symbol of soul, and the dog is also employed for a similar purpose; but even if we cannot accept them as such, we cannot take them to be the earthly animals that we see them now, except, perhaps, their "shadows."

Thus under the sway of Yima six hundred cycles passed away, and the earth was over-crowded with its inhabitants. The Fair Yima was warned of this by Ahuramazda, and the process, as above described, was repeated again. The earth grew larger by *two-thirds* now and was again inhabited as formerly. Nine hundred cycles passed away, the earth became once more full of inhabitants, and the Fair Yima was again warned of this. The process was repeated and the earth grew larger, this time by *three-thirds*. It is again inhabited by flocks and herds and men, at Yima's will and wish.

These three processes of stretching or expanding the earth refer,

* Three hundred periods or cycles.—H. P. B.

says H. P. B., to the three successive Continents and Races, issuing one after and from the other.

After the third *Kriya* or ceremony, Ahuramazda calls an assembly of the "heavenly Yazatas" in Airyanam-Vaejo; and the "Shining" Yima likewise calls an assembly of the "excellent mortals" at the same place. Ahuramazda informs the Shining Yima of the forthcoming "fatal winters,"* the cataclysms and perishing of all lives. Ahuramazda says:—

"Make thee a *Vara*, therefore, long as a riding-ground on every side of the square, and thither bring the seeds of sheep and oxen, of men, of dogs, of birds, and of red blazing fires.

"Thither thou shalt bring the seeds of every kind of tree, of the greatest, best, and finest kinds on this earth; thither thou shalt bring the seeds of every kind of fruit, the fullest of food and sweetest of odour. All those seeds shalt thou bring, two of every kind, to be kept inexhaustible there, so long as those men shall stay in the *Vara*."

Like the *Urgha* of Vaivasvata Manu and the *Ark* of Noah, Yima made a *Vara*, and there he brought all seeds of every living creature, animal and "fire." "Those men in *Vara*," says the "Secret Doctrine," "are the Progenitors, the Heavenly Men or Dhyânis, the future Egos, who are commissioned to inform mankind. For *Vara* or the *Ark* or the vehicle simply means *Man*. (*Vara* has seven keys for its interpretation.) Verse 30 [of Fargard ii] says: 'Thou shalt seal up the *Vara* (after filling it up with the seed) and thou shalt make a door and a *window of self-shining within, which is the soul*.'

When Ahuramazda was asked, what is to give light to the *Vara* which Yima had made, He replied that "There are *uncreated* lights and *created* lights," and that there, *i.e.*, in Airyanâm-Vaejo, where *Vara* was built, "the stars, the moon and the sun are only once [a year] seen to rise and set, and a year seems only as a day," [and night], a clear reference, says H. P. B., to the "land of the Gods" or the (now) Polar Regions. Moreover, another hint is contained in this verse: a distinct allusion to the *uncreated* lights which enlighten man within—his Principles.

Again, when Ahuramazda, the Holy One, was asked, "who is he who brought the Law of Mazda into the *Vara* which Yima made?" He answered, "It was the bird Karshipta, O holy Zarathushtra."

This Karshipta is a mysterious bird. It dwells, according to the *Bundahish*, in the heavens: "were it living on the earth, it would be king of birds. It brought into the *Vara* of Yima, and recited, the *Avastâ in the language of birds*." The mystery about this bird has been solved by H. P. B., who says "Karshipta is the human mind-soul, and deity thereof, symbolised in ancient Magianism by a bird, as the Greeks symbolised it by a butterfly. No sooner had the Karshipta entered the *Vara* or Man, then he understood the Law of Mazda, or

* "This is the old Mazdean symbolism for the 'flood' and the coming cataclysm to Atlantis which sweeps away every Race in its turn."—H. P. B.

Divine Wisdom. . . The nest of the Eternal Bird, the flutter of whose wings produces life, is *Boundless Space*." It is compared to Hamsa also, the Bird of Wisdom.

"Who is the Lord and Ruler there?" asked the holy Zarathushtra. 'Urvatad-nara, O Zurathushtra, and thyself," replied the Holy One.

Urvatad-nara is reckoned as one of the three sons of Zarathushtra the Spitama, who are respectively considered as three fathers and chiefs of the three classes,—priests, warriors, and husbandmen,—creators, protectors and regenerators. As these three sons appear to play no very great part in the Zoroastrian system, it is supposed by some that they "are little more than three sub-divisions of Zarathushtra himself, who was the 'first priest, the first warrior, the first husbandman.' (Yt. xiii. 88)." The holy Zarathushtra is recognized by the *Bundahish* also (ch. xxxiii) as a "heavenly priest," and "was, by right, the *ratu* in Airyana-Vaejo, where he founded the religion by a sacrifice."

NASARVANJI F. BILIMORIA.

(To be continued.)

SOME PREMONITIONS.

AS many examples of premonitions of coming events have occurred in my family, and I think that the public have the right to know all such facts at this particular time when practical psychology is being expanded into a science, I willingly comply with Colonel Olcott's request to reduce them to writing. The names of the parties concerned are suppressed out of regard for their feelings, but can be obtained, if required, upon application to the Editor. The following are the details of some of the strange dreams and premonitions that I have had, which have found their fulfilment almost at the time of their occurrence, whilst others preceded the events.

The first dream that made an impression on me related to my eldest boy, aged three months. It was the 31st December, 1879, and we had a friend to dinner. My husband and I were living with my parents in Calcutta. During dinner I heard my baby crying. I sent a servant to enquire and he said that the baby was in a temper and had been sick, and that the ayah wanted my keys to get another dress for the child from the almirah. After dinner was over, I went to the bedroom and found the baby sleeping quietly. We did not retire till 11-30. I slept very soundly till 5 A.M., when I dreamed some one came and touched me and said, "What are you doing? Do you know your child is dead?" I awoke with a start and found that the night lamp was out, and remembered that the baby had had no nourishment all night. I told my husband my dream; he got up and lighted the lamp and we saw that the baby's face looked very white. I ran across to my mother's room, woke her up and told her about the baby; she came and was alarmed. We then tried to feed the child, but he refused his bottle and

only cried with his eyes shut. Our Doctor, we knew, would be at that time at the hospital, so we drove down with the child to save time. He looked at the baby and said that there was nothing serious the matter, and he would call at noon to see him. We drove home and did all we could to feed the child. At 10 A.M., the baby looked worse and we decided to see another Doctor. We got into a hired carriage at once, and drove to Dr. Charles' house and we found him at home. He examined the child and told us that very likely the child had had a fall, and would only live a few minutes. We begged him to give us a prescription to prolong the child's life; he did so, but told us it could do little good and that death was inevitable. We then drove to a Chemist's to have the prescription made up. A minute after my husband and I left the carriage, the horse, without any apparent cause, bolted down the street. Fortunately there was no other conveyance on this street to collide with our carriage which was soon stopped; but when we came up with it, my mother, who was holding the baby, told us that all was over—the child was dead. This happened at a quarter to 11, New Year's Day, 1880.

It was the 27th September 1880. My mother had taken her younger children to Darjeeling and was to return to us on the 15th October to Calcutta. My father had decided to change his house and we were to move into the new one the next day. During the night my father received a telegram to say that my youngest sister, aged $4\frac{1}{2}$, was not expected to live. I was very fond of this girl, and he thought it best not to tell me about her illness, as I was in delicate health at the time. The next morning, however, he gave me the telegram. It worried me very much, but in the confusion of moving the bad news went out of my mind. By a quarter to 11 A.M., when we had finished removing our things, as I passed a church (St. James') clock on my way to the new house, I looked up to see the time and just then a marked feeling of relief and happiness came over. I naturally thought my sister was better, and told my husband so. But two hours after we had reached our new home, a telegram came to say that my sister had died at quarter to 11 A.M. This little girl had a presentiment that she would die, and told her ayah, my mother and others, that she was going to die and that they were to put flowers on her just as she had seen us putting flowers on my baby. She was quite well when she said this, and she died very suddenly of diphtheria.

We were in Allahabad in 1885, and a cousin of my husband's, a young man of 21 years of age, was living with us. He had been ailing for some months and doctors had been treating him for indigestion. At last he became so weak and ill that I insisted on his telling me what was really the matter with him. He went to the Doctor with my husband that morning, and the Doctor, after examining, found, to his surprise, that the young man was in a dangerous condition with abscess on his liver, brought on by a wetting. The Doctor ordered him off to Australia and he was sent away two days after. The young man knew he would die

but as the Doctor said that the voyage was his only chance, the next day he was carried on board his boat at Calcutta. About six days after, I dreamed his ship had been burnt and that his clothes were burning very brightly, and that the flame resembled that of a candle burning clearly and steadily. We received no tidings of, or from, him till eighteen days after he had left us, when we got the news of his having died just at the time of the dream I have related.

In the first week of September 1885, our little daughter, who was quite well, began telling us that she was soon going to die. We checked her, but she declared she was telling the truth and persisted in saying she was going to die. She had never been afraid of the dark, but now she would not go alone to her bed, saying her cousin Fred, who had died two months before, stood by her bed and that he was calling her. I dreamed then that all our soiled linen was together in the soiled linen basket, and that my little girl's clothes were burning with the same steady light I had seen when I dreamed that her cousin Fred's clothes were burnt. The child contracted a slight fever and cold, and, shortly after, she died of diphtheria. About half an hour before she died, she jumped out of her bed, ran about the room and out into the verandah looking for me. Just then that same feeling of relief came over me, that I had experienced at the death of my little sister, and I knew she was dead, though I was at the opposite end of the house.

In 1886, I was at Mussoorie with my children. My mother was suddenly taken ill and got typhoid fever in Calcutta. I knew then that she would not recover, and desired to see her, but the Doctors said it would be unwise. I got more and more restless and finally went to Allahabad, where my husband was. There I awaited replies from my father to allow me to go to Calcutta, but my mother suddenly got worse, and, on the 18th October, at 12 o'clock, when our clergyman came to see me, that same feeling came over me, and I knew my mother must be dead. An hour later a telegram came to say she had died as the clock was striking 12.

In April 1891, I was in Mangalore with my husband, and I dreamed that our old ayah appeared to me and told me that my step-mother had just had a daughter and was doing well at Calcutta. This dream occurred exactly 24 hours before the birth of the child, *i.e.*, at $\frac{1}{4}$ to 6 A.M.

In October 1892, I was at Ootacamund. On Friday, towards the close of the month, at 6 A.M., I awoke with that same feeling of "relief and happiness," that I had before experienced on the occasion of deaths in the family; and I told my sister, who was with me at the time, about it. At 1 P.M., we received a telegram to say that my youngest sister had been drowned in the "Roumania," at 11-30 the previous night.

I have often had other similar dreams, but as I made no notes about the dates or details of their occurrence, I am unable to write

about them. These vivid dreams all came to me between the hours of 4 and 6 A.M.

In 1873, I was with my mother at Mussoorie, and my father wished my brother and myself to be sent to England. My mother got all our boxes ready and we were to go down that day to Saharanpore to meet a gentleman and his wife, who were to take charge of us. All of a sudden my mother said she had a presentiment that something would happen, and she refused to let us go down. Our friends left Bombay without us, and after the ship had passed Aden, she disappeared, and the Agents never heard what happened to her. My father did his best to trace the vessel, but nothing has ever been heard of it. Our friend, before sailing, told my father that every night a lady dressed in deep mourning used to appear at his dining-room table, at 10, and sit with her hand to her forehead. If he put out his hand to touch her, she vanished out of his sight. His wife often came into his room, but she never saw this apparition, though it was visible to her husband. This apparition never answered any questions, nor showed the least glimpse of her face.

A lady at Mussoorie had a daughter about 7 years old. This child used to ask her mother why she always saw the figure 7 and a full stop, on the wall, when she went to sleep.

There was another little girl, aged 4 years, whom this lady was bringing up, as the child's mother was dead and her father was in Scotland.

This child said a lady in white used to stand by her bed at nights. She had a presentiment that she would die and used to follow the lady who had charge of her and tell her that the other girl and herself would go hand in hand to heaven. Both children were quite well at the time, but shortly after a little fever with cold settled on them and the children were put to bed in different rooms. On the fourth day the eldest girl died. The mother went from her girl's death-bed to see the other child; when the little one opened her eyes and asked her where her friend was. The mother replied, "She is sleeping," and the little one said, "I'll sleep too." She turned round and died within a couple of minutes of her friend.

I. ANTHONY.

COLOURS AND TONES.*

THE study of colour and tone each taken separately is fascinating ; and the study of both in combination opens up realms unknown to most, but which have nevertheless been dreamed of from time to time by those spirits who were able to soar up to the heights of heaven itself. Those dreams, laughed at by the ignorant, were gleams of the light that is now about to shine upon the earth in the fulness of its glory.

Without exception, all classes of thinkers are looking for some great crisis and change that is expected to take place about the end of this century ; though none can say what the crisis will be, nor how the change will be brought about. Yet the signs are many, clear, and unmistakeable ; and the preparation for, or working up to, the crisis has been in progress for many years. A few “*feel*” the working of the preparation, but are so unaccustomed to trust to the 7th sense (for it is not the 5th sense of feeling with the physical hands), that they fail to grasp the realities ; mostly from the mistaken idea that this 7th sense, being purely spiritual, cannot be used to gauge physical, or material things. Never was there a greater mistake ! It is the truest gauge of all, for it is that which maintains the “*perfect balance*” in the world. This 7th sense—itsself the result of the “*perfect balance*” in each individual—as yet unrecognised except by a few, is nevertheless being used unconsciously, and is growing and spreading with so much strength that, before long, it will be accepted by even the most sceptical as a power to be recognised and respected. It has been owing to long use of this 7th sense, at first ignorantly, but now for many years in full knowledge of its value, that I have been able to attain to the understanding of how the combination of colours and tones, with the meanings of the former, gives the key to the solution of the problems of all ages.

Sound as it takes form in music is made up of seven notes or tones, named from the first seven letters of the Alphabet A, B, C, D, E, F, G. These seven notes taken as they stand form an imperfect scale of A minor. Minor because the 3rd note is natural, and therefore too low ; imperfect because the 6th and 7th are natural also. To make the scale major (it cannot be made *perfect* as will be seen later) the 3rd, 6th and 7th notes—C, F and G—must be raised, and when they are so raised they are called “*sharp*” and, therefore, are no longer “*natural*.”

The “*Key*” before mentioned is found by putting the notes, colours and meanings together—thus :—

A	B	C	D	E	F	G
Red	Orange	Yellow	Green	Blue	Amethyst	Violet
Wisdom	Understanding	Love	Power	Knowledge	Righteousness	Humility

In whatever position in other scales these notes may be found their colours and meanings are always the same, A is always Red ; B, Orange and so on.

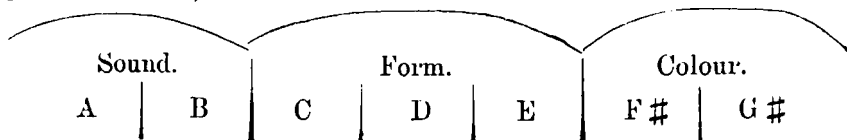
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Readers may with advantage consult an article on the “*Theory of Hindu Music*” which appeared on p. 367 of the *Theosophist*, Vol. XIV.—*Ed.*

In music there is a combination of notes called a Triad because composed of 3rd notes. The Triad formed of the 1st, 3rd and 5th notes of a scale is called the key-chord. In colour there is also a Triad, the so-called three Primary colours Red, Yellow and Blue.

On looking at the above triple scale it will be seen that the three Primary colours are the colours, so to speak, of the key-chord of A minor.

These seven notes represent a "Week," which covers the whole period of man's sojourn upon this earth. This "Week" of seven periods or "Days" is divided into three sections, covered by the Triad—Sound, Form and Colour, thus—



There was a break in the middle of the "Week" which divided the scale into two Tetrachords, the first of which was Natural (*i. e.*, having no sharps) and the latter spiritual as shown by the F and G, being F # and G #. The raising of the F and G changes Righteousness into Godlikeness, and Humility into Glory.

The seven "Days" of this "Week" cover the whole teaching contained in the Bible, beginning with Genesis 1, during the sounding of note A; Gen. 2, 3 and 4 during note B; Gen. 5 to the year 1926, B. C. during C; D sounding during the period between 1926 B.C. and 636 A.D.; Note E from 636. A. D. to 1896. A. D. The coming crisis will begin during the year 1896 A. D. and continue till the autumn of 1898 A. D. when the Millenium will begin in reality. Note F # will sound during the period called the Millenium; and G # will sound the last period of this material world and system of worlds. The dates of the various periods or notes show that we are now at the ending of the period of note E, and beginning that of F #: that we are coming out of the time when Form, or false beliefs regarding the power of the flesh body (*i. e.* materialism), *only* was recognised, and entering the time when colour, or the spiritual body will be seen to take the place of the flesh as the real covering of the living, divine spirit of each being, and spirit will rule.

In writing the scale it has to be put in a straight line, but, in reality, it is in a circle, broken in two places. The circle is formed by the Triad—Heat, Light and Sound. Springing from Heat, passing through cold to Light, and through Darkness to Sound—which contains Silence within itself, and is the turning point of the circle on its return—it passes on back through Darkness to Light, and through Cold to Heat again.

Thus it can be seen that the scale of the "Week" of this world, springing out of the Darkness before the time of Sound, began its homeward journey during the second Note of the period of Sound; the

time of silence being during the latter part of the first note A, and first part of the second note B, when "God rested," and "Adam slept." The period or Triad of Form being the time during which each spirit has been imprisoned in a body of flesh, the spiritual eyes blinded by physical sex, corresponding exactly to the passing through Darkness to Light. The Triad of colour corresponds to Light and Cold, when, during the first "Day"—F #—physical sex having been put off, the black garment of the flesh body which dies will be put off also; and the spiritual body, the soul, be clothed with clear, transparent garments of living colour. The second part, or note, of the Triad of Colour—G #—corresponds to the time of Cold, when there will be "silence in heaven about the space of half an hour." The final re-joining of the broken double circle in the Yellow-White Heat of pure Love and Truth cannot be seen from this material plane, it is the highest heaven.

In the triple combination scale the 3rd note—C—has the colour of Yellow, the meaning of which is Love. In the prism of colour, White is in the middle of the second half of yellow. White—meaning Truth and Purity—surrounded with pale Yellow, in the second half of Yellow is, therefore, the colour of C #. The scale of A became A minor by the lowering of the C from C # to C b; and when the conception, or understanding of Love, or the meaning of Love, is lowered, by just so much as it is lowered, man and women will sink also.

This gives the key to the struggles of all ages.

Woman and man having been born, or created, in a major key or scale, there has been a constant effort to return to the original condition; but the lowering of the conception of Love from the spiritual height of C # to the position of C b having caused the fall from spiritual into physical generation, the scale of life was lowered into the minor of materialism, and motherhood transformed from Glory into Humility.

The question of sex is the pivot upon which everything turns, it is the very head, key-note, root and foundation of all things. None of the churches, with all their teachings of the crucifixion of the body being the only means of restoration, have dared to probe the question of distinction of physical sex to its depths: but it is a question that must now be threshed out to the very chaff, that woman and man may be restored to their original condition of pure spirit; and the threshing must be done by woman, for Love is the very essence of woman's being, the C of Yellow Love is *her* key-note, and therefore, she is the keeper of Purity and Truth. Only by *her* negligence could Love have been cast down or lowered; only by *her* efforts can Love be restored. Yellow is called a purgative, and it is the intense fire of pure Love that searches into everything, burns up the dross, and purifies and restores all.

If we look at the blood which is the life of our body of flesh, its red colour shows that the key-note of our body is A. The scale and chord of our flesh body, therefore, must be the scale and chord of A. minor: and, as our bodies are made from the dust of the earth, which is matter, or

the material, it is clear that A minor is also the scale of matter. Man being the *father* or *source* of our flesh body, A minor is, naturally, the scale of man.

Woman is said to be the source of matter, and of materialism; but she is also said to have been "*taken out of man.*" If the words in Gen. 2 18 to 25 are studied, it will be seen that it was the "*material of the flesh body of woman*" that was taken out of man—and nothing else. It was, as it were, the silence that was taken out of sound and wrapped around the spirit of woman, that she should not sing the songs of heaven while in bondage to physical desire upon this earth. The "Star" of Love is Venus, and the angel of Venus is called "Sweet Song of God." Man has done all the sound-making, woman has been silenced—but, of late years, her voice has begun to be heard again, for the time of her restoration to the Glory of her kingdom of Love is drawing near, when, once again, "the morning stars shall sing, together, and all the sons of God shall shout for joy."

C major is also the scale of matter, as the scale of woman while in this body of flesh, but its source is in A minor; for as the material of the body of woman was taken out of man, so the notes of C major have been taken out of A minor. And, woman being the *source of the life of the spirit*, when C major was taken out of A minor, the latter dwindled away, and was presently lost to sight, being known now only as the so-called relative minor of C major, and C taken as the root of all music. This has caused someone to describe music as "made up of the first seven letters of the Alphabet arranged in a peculiar manner."

While A minor and C major are the scales of all natural things, (*i. e.*, things belonging entirely to this world) each spirit has a distinct key-note of its own, with its own scale and chord.

Colour—the creator of sound—is also the outward sign of the inward condition of the chord of each Being, the garment, soul or spiritual body, changing as each note of the chord of the spirit is sounded, though the key-note and scale are always the same. The colour shining through the Being reveals, to those who have "eyes to see" and "ears to hear", the state of that Being, whether in concord or discord; and this will show most clearly in the tone of the voice whether in speaking or singing.

But, as with the scale of the Week of the World, so with the scale of each Being, the real key-note and root are hidden; the key-note hidden in the Light that was before the Darkness, the root hidden in that Darkness; the chord manifested in the sound that followed the Darkness, therefore the chord *apparently* begins on the 5th from the dominant of the scale—thus—the chord of the scale of the Week of the World is A, C, E, G \sharp , the root being D \sharp , and the key-note G \sharp : the 5th from the dominant being A, that is the apparent key-note of the World, and its colour is Red. It is "natural," and in false relation to its key-note, because of the descent into materialism. That G \sharp and D \sharp are the key-note and Root of the scale and chord and A minor seems impossible, the A being *natural*. But a knowledge of the science of acoustics reveals the truth

of the fact, and shows why A minor is not a real scale, and why this world, that seems so important and lasting, is only a passage, a temporary, fleeting condition of being.

When a string stretched to G \sharp is struck it gives out the sound of the string and its octave, and then various harmonies or overtones, the first of which will be the 5th, or D \sharp . Taking that note as a fresh string, and following up the various overtones it gives out, we find the seven notes of this scale of A, B, C, D, E, F \sharp , G \sharp in the last half of the 5th octave, and first half of the 6th, the division in the middle corresponding exactly to the break in the middle of the Great Week, and of the note D of that Week. The first five notes of the scale, the Triad on A—A, B, C & D—occur as “passing-notes,” the two last—F \sharp and G \sharp —as notes of the scale of G \sharp , the original key-note.*

The real key-note of the productions of the earth, the trees, herbs, grass &c., is C \sharp ; but the apparent key-note, the 5th from the dominant of its scale, or 9th from the key-note, that which shows the colour, is D \sharp , whose colour is the Green of Power; and the Power is the Power of Motherhood, the real life-giving power.

The real key-note of the sky, the firmament which, however beautiful is yet the limitation or boundary which hides our free vision of the beyond, is D, but the apparent key-note is E, and the colour is the Blue of knowledge, and of the spirit. The real key-note of the “voice” of the universe, or of nature, is E; and, while earthly motherhood continues and as a consequence, woman is lowered from her spiritual height, glory changed into Humility, and the G is natural, the chord of the voice of nature will be minor: the apparent key-note, giving the colour of the voice, is F \sharp , its colour the Amethyst of Righteousness.

The colour of any voice, that which fills and clothes the whole Being, being shown or revealed, by the 9th note from the real key-note, gives the secret of a beautiful truth. As 6 is the number of man, as the dual Being, from out of whom the woman was said to have been taken; and 7 is the number of woman when separated from man; 9 is the number of woman as mother, when she has the living “man-child” within her, just before birth. And that is the number of the *only* real dual Being, examples of which are before our eyes every day. 6, the number of man as dual Being, is but the reverse of 9, it is only the shadow of the real.

In a lately written article upon colour the theory was put forth that intense sexuality was the cause of richness of colouring in all living creatures, from the human to the humming-bird. As it is motherhood that gives the real life, so it is motherhood that gives colour to that life, it is the crown of all life, that which gives it richness. When this physical sex is put away, motherhood will still remain, for every woman, in her original spiritual condition, was created a mother, a real dual Being—woman with man within her.

* Though F \sharp is a real note on the string of D \sharp , it is yet only a “passing-note” on the string of G \sharp ; the real “Leading-note” back into the original scale is F $\sharp\sharp$.

Hitherto the world has known very little of real Love, only just enough to keep up life, but not enough to know the full *richness* of living. Passion has been known to the full, but that is only the outermost flashing flame of the real divine fire, the flame that flashes up—and dies again ; while Love is a steady, intense glow ; steady in its stillness, intense in its depth and greatness. The love, other than passion, that is spoken of in the world and in churches, is nothing but sickening sentimentality, the empty colourless shadow of the reality, that at one time raises the imagination to the height of ecstasy, only for it to fall into utter collapse again from very emptiness.

As the conception of Love is raised again is its spiritual height of C# by destroying the power of physical sex to dominate, and keep the spirit in the degradation of bondage and darkness, the world will begin to understand somewhat of the breadth, and length, and depth, and height of the Love of which God is the source and centre. The love of woman and man, each for the other, when freed from the grasp of physical passion, will be as much greater and more glorious than can now be conceived, as heat is greater than cold, and coloured light more beautiful than black darkness.

It was through *man* that death entered the world ; and, therefore, the men-Christ^s of all nations, by completing the at-one-ment between the human and the Divine, have restored to the spirits in human form the possibility of regaining everlasting Life. But life *without love* is of so little value that the life *with the love* of this world has been preferred to the life of heaven, because, as yet, the Love of heaven has not been restored. It was through woman that Love was lost ; and, therefore, it is the work of the women-Christ^s to complete the at-one-ment between the divided halves of each dual Being, and thereby restore to all the possibility of regaining everlasting Love.

There is a great force in the world being worse than wasted, for want of the knowledge of why it exists, and how to use it for good. The power of Love, not being understood, is being used as a force to destroy others and itself ; and the problem for woman to solve now is—how to save and use this force for giving life. It is as a great bird beating its wings against its cage, and tearing, in its despair, all who come near, till it falls faint and, wounded, its heart breaking with the longing it has for freedom and life. Who will *dare* to set it free ! The one, or ones, who shall discover the way, not of *destroying* the power, but of staying it from expressing itself through physical means, and of teaching it to express itself only through the spiritual—then it can be set free again for ever, and its strong wings will bear all up to the heaven of Life and *Love*.

The intense longing, of the whole world is for the satisfaction of *desire*, for the re-union of the divided Two of the One dual Being. It is for this that “every creature groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now” ; for this that physical sex is abused and turned into evil, through the agony of longing to satisfy the misunderstood craving ; for

the greatness of this, the instinctive recollection of the original glory of the colours of harmonies of intense love and life, that "the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing" these shadows and echoes; for this that the "soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord."

We are going backwards, passing through the night to the twilight of evening. Another prophecy of the end of this dispensation was—"it shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light." The "evening" of the year is the autumn, when all things put on their garments of rich, beautifully blended colours—Reds, Yellows, Violets all together in glorious harmonies. The "evening" of the day is when the delicate Amethystine purple shines through the glorious colours of the sunset, giving to the sky a depth and height unknown before; and a thrill goes through all nature, that is not the restless activity of passion, but an intense expectation of something at once grander and more peaceful, less glaring and dazzling, but completely satisfying.

The first five notes of this scale of A minor are only "*passing-notes*" and, as such, depressed or lowered from the true scale, and therefore unsatisfying; but F \sharp and G \sharp are true notes of the scale and, therefore, lasting, and their harmonies perfectly satisfying.

In Music, when the Triad or key-chord is completed, the scale is practically finished, the rest is only adding and accomplishing. Therefore, when the world has passed through the periods covered by the five *natural* notes of the scale—A, B, C, D, E, the work is finished, the passage passed through and the door re-opened into the true scale again.

We are now rapidly approaching the end of the fifth note E, and, as all things dove-tail, or blend, one into another, already the Amethystine light of "Righteousness, Godlikeness, Justice or Equality, and the secret of eternal generation" are shining into the darkness of the night of the world.

F, being the 6th from A, is the note of man as dual Being; but the Millennial "Day" being F \sharp , and so having its root in spirit, and E being the note of spirit, F \sharp is really the 9th, and so the note of the real dual Being—the mother—woman and man together in their true relations as mother and son, yet both equal. This is shown in the blending of the Red of man, and the Yellow of woman, during the first day of the Triad of colour; with the Orange of perfect understanding between them; all ruled over by the Amethyst of Godlikeness and Equality, on the coming 6th "Day" of the "Week" of the World. Then, as the Red of the "Adamlikeness" of human infirmity, or physical sex, dies away for ever, and the Glory of the Yellow of Women's Love enfolds the Blue of the Spirit of Man, the electric Blue shining through the living, pure, brilliant Yellow will produce the Green of the Power that comes alone from the union of the two halves of one dual Being, and whose source is the pure white truth in the very centre of the fire of Love. This is the real "*Godlikeness*," as John saw in his vision. "I was in the spirit: and, behold, a throne was set in heaven, and "*One*" sat on the throne. And

“*They*”* that sat was to look upon like a jasper and a sardius stone; and there was a rainbow round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald.”

The colour of the surrounding of the throne, or kingdom of God, shows that the key-note of God’s Power must be C#, Yellow with White in its centre, Love with Purity and Truth as its life—the 9th from C# is D#, and the colour Green. The earth has the same colour for key-note, and the same garment or covering of Power.

We have been so long in the darkness and loveliness of the physical body, that we could not bear too sudden and full a revelation of the Divine brilliancy of the glory of real Love; it must come upon us slowly, as starving ones must eat slowly till life has revived sufficiently to render it safe to take more. The time of full satisfaction, of full vision, the glory of mid-day, will be when G# is sounding: it is the octave of the real key-note of the music of the universe, and shows the meeting again, face to face, with our Divine Parent, and our re-entrance into heaven at the full sounding of the Triad on C#—C#, E# and G#. Many say that it is impossible for so great a change as the transmutation of physical into spiritual sex to take place in so short a time as between now, and the autumn of 1898. But they speak in ignorance of the meaning of the signs of the times, which show during how many years the preparation for this change has been going on; and of the unspoken, intense longing for it that lies, scarce hidden, in the hearts of many.

What is coming is, at once, a morning sunrise, and an evening sunset; and, in the East, both take place very suddenly; it is night—and, at once, it is bright day; it is day—and immediately, it is deep twilight. The Psalmist says—“I shall be satisfied, when I awake with thy likeness.” We are waking up, woman from her night of sleep, man from his “imaginary” day of work to the realization of the full meaning of the teaching (given ignorantly) of the churches, that God is Love. God is “Love”! such love as is between woman and man, freed from physical evanescent passion, but satisfied to the full in their desire of entire, complete union. Without that, there can be no satisfaction, no rest, no Sabbath.

Love intense, yet full of tenderness, capable of flashing into grand passion, yet keeping its fullness of strong glowing depth. Words fail to express the glory of such Love. The love of physical sex in its greatest and grandest efforts, yet falls far short of the glory of the spiritual, for the latter includes also the former. The first is the silver, the latter the gold.

“The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of hosts. The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former, saith the Lord of hosts; and in this place will I give peace.”

ELLEN S. ATKINS.

* The change of pronoun is mine, and the verb must be in singular as God is Two in One.

Editor's Note.—Space has been given to the foregoing article because it is an interesting example of the tendency that one sees in the Western mind, to grope after the occult key to life's problems. It seems to suggest that the writer might almost be an incarnation of some old Egyptian, Persian or Indian adept in archaic musical science, who knew the mysterious connection between the âkâshic vibrations which respectively produce effects of colour and tone, and is now struggling to recover his past experience. The obstacles of the new fleshly body and brain, not yet trained by him up to the state of perfect fitness, prevent his complete success, and cause the treatment of the noble theme to be somewhat crude, emotional and involved. One fact to be noticed is that the author's mind, obeying the impulse of early religious training, instinctively reverts to Biblical texts by way of interpretation of her psychical experiences, instead of stating the general law of connection between colour and tones as a cosmic generalisation, and grouping together the numberless illustrative texts which are to be gleaned in all the ancient scriptures. Miss Atkins is in the right path and we hope she will move boldly on until the perfect grasp of her subject is attained. It will profit her to read what has been written on this theme in numerous Theosophical books, magazines and pamphlets.

THE BHU'TAS PRETAS AND PIS'A'CHAS.

(Continued from page 52.)

HOW TO PLEASE THE DIVINE ENTITIES.

I. The Hiranyagarba ought to be worshipped only by one who has relinquished the world and therefore Karma. The worship cannot be performed by means of any external object. The worshipper should contemplate only on his own soul. He is the pure ascetic, known popularly so well.

II. The worshipper of Virât should attend to the Nityakarmas, but must relinquish all desires: the Karma he does ought to be without any object. *Upâsanâ* is essential.

These two *Upâsanâs* are to be found only in the Upanishads and similar lofty philosophical treatises.

III and IV. The method of pleasing Soma and Indra does not need any *Upâsanâ*. The only requisite is some Karma with an end in view. The whole of the Karma Kânda is devoted to this. Jaimini and other famous writers have sacrificed their labours to this. This method is universally employed by all even to-day. Each divinity of this class requires a separate Yâga, a sacrifice or other Karma, to win its favour. The S'rauta Sûtra Kârâs, such as A'pastamba, Bhodhâyana and others, have written volumes on this portion

V. Though the Vedas rarely talk of the Gandharvas and their praise, we may assert that these stand half-way between the upper four and the lower ones. Their worship is chiefly found in the Purânas.

These entities are the musicians to the Devas: the objects and pleasures they enjoy most, are sandal, flowers, music and the like. In Skânda, Kâsî Khanda, we have, after a description of the Gandharvalokas, the method of obtaining that loka by their worship. There we have:—

i. "This is the Gandharva loka. These Gandharvas possess good qualities and are the musicians of the Devas, singing their praise.

ii. "People who have a taste for, and a knowledge of music, go about singing the praises of kings and wealthy men because of their desire to get wealth.

iii. "After getting from the kings and the rich men good clothes, riches, and scented things like spices, in great quantities,

iv. "They (the musicians) well-versed in Nâtyaśâstra (science of dancing and gesticulation), give these above-mentioned things to Brâhmins, and sing songs in praise of others all day and night.

v. "By these good acts, a man gets the Gandharvaloka."

Manu looks down upon these Gandharva *Upâsanâs*, such as singing and dancing, &c., as they are not sanctioned in the Vedas. Consequently he rules in Ch. III., 155, an actor or singer, one who has broken the vow of studentship.all must be avoided (in S'râddha ceremony).

So the worship of the Gandharvas is not suitable to Dvijas.

VI. Yakshas are the lords of the treasury. Their chief is Kubera. In Brahma Vaivârta Purâna, Krishnajanna Khanda, Ch. XVII, 9 and 10, we have a description of the Yakshas.

"These Yakshas, the chief servants of Kubera, came with hands as long as trees, with bodies as black as collyrium, with ugly and fearful faces, with fiery eyes, with big round bellies. Some are transparent, some blood-colored, others with long necks."

There are a few mantras on the worship of these entities.

Much has been recorded of the worship of the Yakshinî, a female entity of this class. By some it is held that Yakshinî is the wife of Kubera. The worship is purely for the increase of worldly wealth. Of the Yakshinîs, there are many kinds: Karna Yakshinî is one of the best known. Matsya Purâna, Ch. 259, 48, in the midst of rules for making the images of different entities, lays down also the rule for making a Yakshinî. The method of worship is given only in the Āgamas, not in the main Purânas. Dattâtreyâ Tantra Patala, XII, describes one of the methods of worshipping Yakshinîs. Śiva says:—

1. "Listen, O! Mahâyogin (Dattâtreyâ). I shall now tell you the methods of worshipping the Yakshinî; by which worship men can obtain all their desires.

2. "Let him go to the top of a Vata Vriksha (banyan tree) and with a fixed mind contemplate upon the following mantra.* He will obtain wealth thereby."

*The extreme secrecy in which these mantras are kept forbids me to quote them. But they are found in the above-mentioned work. Further, no satisfactory translation can be made of them they have their efficacy only in sound and not in meaning, and this is mostly due to their proper pronunciation; hence a Guru is required.

The Karna Yakshinî, of which we have already made mention, is a very useful Yakshinî and its worship is very common. There is a mantra dedicated to the Karna Yakshinî. The worshippers should repeat this mantra with the proper *Śvara* (tone and modulations of the voice) ten thousand times. Then, through the power of the Karna Yakshinî, the worshipper may know whatever is happening anywhere in any part of the world.

Siddha Nâgârjuna gives in his *Kachchaputa* (a series of works on Mantra Śâstra) the following ordinary method of worshipping the Yakshinîs:—

1. “The worshipper should, with a fixed mind, contemplate upon the Yakshinîs. He may choose his sister, mother, son, wife or any beautiful form he likes, for an object on to contemplate.

2. “He (the worshipper) should refrain from meat. He should not chew betel. He should bathe early in the morning, and sit on a deer’s skin and the like; he should not touch anybody (and thereby pollute himself).

3. “Having performed the daily ablutions, the worshipper should contemplate on the Yakshinîs in solitude. He should (continue to) do so till the Yakshinîs, who can grant his desires, appear to him.

4. “Or the practitioner should repeat the mantra in a burning-ground, (*i.e.*, *Śmaśâna*) without any fear, two hundred thousand times. Then after a tenth part of it, he should offer an oblation of ghee and resin to Agni (fire). The Yakshinîs will be pleased.”

No mantras are anywhere to be found for attaining to this *loka* (world) of the Yakshâs and lower deities. The reason, as we have stated above, is obvious. Nobody would covet their unblissful worlds, for bliss begins only from the *Ghandhârva loka* and upwards. All the mantras dedicated to these lower divinities are therefore only for worldly purposes, to practise black-magic and the like.

VII. The chief aim of the Râkshasa worship is the killing of enemies in battle, and this worship must have been prevalent in a warlike period. The *Āmnâyastava* enumerates the head mantra of each class of numerous mantras, and, among others, mentions many Râkshasa Mantras. The chief of these is known as the *Khadga-Râvana*. The efficacy of this mantra is that if one has by this mantra attained *Siddhi* with a sword, he can attack anybody with it, but cannot be attacked by any himself.

VIII. The *Pisâcha* worship is most prevalent in India, even to this day. It is almost the sum-total of the worship of the meaner castes and comprises more or less the whole of their religion. It has also its devotees in the higher castes. Some Brahmins too have taken to it. Of the different kinds of *Pisâchas*, the *Mâtrikas* and the *Bhûtas* are the most worshipped; and therefore these entities have each a vernacular name conferred on them in the vernaculars of the different parts of India,

In Southern India, there is a caste of people known as *Puratha Vannân*, who have taken to Pis'âcha worship as a profession. They are the representatives of the A'bhîchâra science. They are the causes of homicides as well as other mischiefs, such as the burning of villages, &c. This class is scarcely seen by any of the higher castes, as they live so far from the haunts of men. They are hereditary black-magicians. The practice is of wide prevalence in Travancore and Malabar, where the devotees are generally the high-caste men. But there are but few families in these localities that make it an hereditary profession.

The mischiefs that can be done by this worship are many ; they vary in heinousness from such things as making it impossible for a man to drink water or taste food, hindering his cattle from feeding and thereby causing their death, to causing the death of a man's children or himself. The former malpractices are common among almost all the meaner castes in all parts of India. The latter require more skill and power, and the practitioners are comparatively few.

The uses of such practices are for all practical purposes, divided mainly into six kinds, *viz.*—(1) *Sânti*, (2) *Vaśya*, (3) *Stambhana*, (4) *Vidveshana*, (5) *Uchchâtana*, and (6) *Mârana*.

The Shad Karma Dîpikâ, a famous work on black-magic of the six kinds, above referred to, defines the above thus:—

Ch. I. Sl. 3. "*Sânti* (pacification) is the process by which any disease or other bad influence, resulting from another's black-magic on us or the bad influence of the Bâlagrahas, &c., can be averted. *Vaśya* (subduing by charms) is the process by which one can be brought under the influence and control of another.

Sl. 4. "*Stambhana* (stupefaction) is the process by which one's efforts can be frustrated or one's movements stopped. *Vidveshana* (creating enmity) is the process by which close friendship can be turned into hostility.

Sl. 5. "By *Uchchâtana* (driving) one can be driven out of his house, village or country. *Mârana* (killing) is a process directed against the life of another."

R. ANANTHAKRISHNA SHASTRY.

(To be continued.)

Reviews.

MAGAZINES.

Lucifer.—September. The present number opens the fifteenth volume of *Lucifer*, and after shining for seven years in a resplendent pictorial wrapper, our London contemporary appears this month, and will appear in future, in a plain wrapper which leaves nothing to be desired in the way of neatness and refinement. Mme. Blavatsky's study of Tibetan Teachings, which we learn was originally written for the *Theosophist*, and of which the first instalment is given in the present number of *Lucifer*, promises to be a valuable contribution to our present information about the secret side of Northern Buddhism. Though the remarks contained in this first instalment are somewhat discursive and occasionally disconnected, we feel sure that a perusal of the whole series, when published, will give the reader some valuable hints about the higher aspects of Buddhism, and information which perhaps is available nowhere else to-day. We can only regret that H. P. B. did not leave her MSS. behind at Adyar! "A Forgotten Story" is a graceful allegory by Vera Johnston. Col. Olcott writes on "Solidarity and Ideals," an article which we reproduce in our pages this month. "The Book of the Azure Veil" deals with the *Popul Vuh* of the "Red Men of the Americas"—a book, as the author of the article truly remarks, "least known of all scriptures accessible to the West." The introductory remarks are interesting and show that the writer has obtained some glimpses of the symbolic meaning of the text he is commenting upon. Mr. Mead contributes some useful notes on recent Buddhism and C. J. a pithy paper on "The Ethics of Study." A further instalment of the Kalki Purāna closes a most excellent number.

The Path.—September. Mr. Connelly writes on Mahātānās, but without contributing anything new to the subject. "Faces of Friends" introduces Mr. Hargrove, a comparatively new member of the T. S. who, we understand, has been winning his spurs in America. "Nemesis" gives what may be called some unconscious views of Western writers on the law of Karma. Mr. Mukherji's remarks on the colour of the Aryans and the accompanying diagram are not very intelligible. "Mirror of the Movement" records the good lecturing work of Countess Wachtmeister and Mr. C. F. Wright.

Theosophical Siftings. Vol. vii., Nos. 8 & 9. "The Myth of Prometheus" is a particularly valuable paper, on account of its liberal tone. It is a pamphlet that might well be read by all, even those who are not Theosophists; for it treats, in the right spirit, the important problems of the sexual relation and marriage. We hope "C." will continue to contribute to the "Siftings." No. 9 contains two papers "Plethora," by Mr. Fisher, and "Free Will and Karma," by Mr. Kingsland, which latter is reprinted from *Lucifer*. The former must be accepted with caution as must all dietetic and hygienic hints. Animal flesh may not be "pure food," but it is better suited to most Western constitutions than "nuts."

Mercury.—The education of children in Theosophical teachings is a branch of work that our American brothers have taken up in right earnest. *Mercury*, the first two numbers of which have reached us, is issued by a very earnest Theosophist—Mr. W. J. Walters, "in the interest of the children, and young people whose work is devoted to the realisation of an Universal Brotherhood." We thank Mr. Walters for his excellent work among the children, and wish his magazine the success it deserves.

THE MA'NDU'KYOPANISHAD WITH GAUDAPA'DA'S KA'RIKA'S
AND THE BHA'SHYA OF S'ANKARA.*

This long-expected work, which was begun in 1891 at the suggestion of Dewan Bahadur S. Subramania Iyer, C.I.E., F.T.S., has amply fulfilled the expectation of those who are interested in philosophy. While the treasures of Aryan metaphysics are scattered throughout Sanskrit literature, they have found their development and completion in the Upanishads. Though scholars are not of one opinion as to the authenticity of the many Upanishads now in existence, still the first ten, from I'sha to Brihadâranyaka, have been pronounced to be original and without subsequent interpolation. All the expounders of the different Indian schools of philosophy have commented upon these Upanishads and relied as authority on the teachings contained therein. The Vedânta Sâtras of Vyâsa and the Bhagavadgîtâ rank next only to the Upanishads, and in determining the value of a teaching, the Upanishads are better authority than any other writing.

There is a saying current in India that the Mândûkya alone is sufficient. This means that the Mândûkya supplies all the clues and knowledge necessary to understand the essence of the Upanishads. Added to the importance of its intrinsic merits, Gaudapâdâ's Kârikâs throw such wonderful light on the teachings, that they have become incorporated now with the Upanishad itself, both in the text and recitals.

Now as to the merits of the translation. Both to Eastern and Western readers, Prof. Dvivedi's introduction prefixed to the translation will be extremely useful. The schools of Nyâya, Vaisheshika, Sâmkhya, Patanjali and Purva Nîmâmsâ are analysed and compared with the Advaita doctrine, which the Professor believes to be the teaching of the Mândûkya as satisfying the highest conceptions of those who soar above relative knowledge and limitations. Even in this relative plane, the Advaita doctrine explains the idea of unity and altruism and to establish this, the Professor has most ably discussed *pro* and *con.* all the phases of the question and met the arguments of opponents.

The question of *free-will* is discussed by the Professor and solved by him in the following words:—"The *Advaita* declares itself in favour of free-will. But this position again requires explanation. When the whole of experience is reduced to unaccountable action of *Avidyâ* in *Chetana*, and when the highest ideal of happiness is knowledge or self-realisation, it is easy to understand that the thinking subject is free to act up to this ideal by its own unimpeded action and without the stimulus of motives. Self-consciousness is ever free in the widest sense of the term, for freedom is the essence of self-consciousness. This, however, on the *Paramârtika* plane; on the plane of *Vyavahâra*, where causation holds supreme sway, free-will can have no place. Necessity along with experience might be reduced to a mere idea by an effort of *Jnâna*, but in the domain of relative, so long as it holds away, it is not wrong to say that free-will has no place."

We entirely endorse every word quoted above from the standpoint of the Advaita. The Theosophical writings are not satisfactorily clear on this point and the question of the compatibility of Karma as a *universal force* and free-will as a working factor, has perplexed many a mind. That which was

* Translated into English by Prof. Manilal N. Dvivedi and published by Tookaram Tatya for the Bombay Theosophical Publication Fund. Prices Rs. 1-8, Rs. 2.

is and shall be is Atman, which alone is free, transcending all planes and notions of relativity. According to Advaita there is either freedom or bondage, but not both. Even a tinge of duality implies relativity and, as the Upanishads say, causes terror. The real freedom is to know Atman.

It is an aspersion often cast on the Advaita that the absolute idealism it declares will produce social chaos and anarchy, and breed immorality. The philosophical assimilation of meum and teum from the standpoint of Advaita, on the other hand, establishes a code of ethics in the Vyâvahârîka plane, which alone can cut asunder all selfish barriers and teach altruism or *abhedha*, "which is the only way to establish heaven upon earth and ought to be the future religion of civilised mankind."

The expressions used in translating the Sanskrit words are very apt and the clearness of language is praiseworthy. With these few observations we very cordially recommend the book to the thinking public. In our opinion it is one of the best pieces of literary work turned out by the T. S. in India, and Mr. Dvivedi is to be congratulated on the ability and industry he has displayed.

BOOKS RECEIVED AND TO BE NOTICED.

A History of Hindu civilization during British Rule, by Pramatha Nath Bose.

Theosophy in all Lands.

EUROPE.

LONDON, *September*, 1894.

Headquarters is now resuming its normal aspect: that is to say, the scattered members are returning from their well-earned holidays. Our General Secretary looks, and is much better for his foreign trip, though he suffered greatly from the bad weather. He contrived to combine the proverbial business and pleasure in visiting the Dutch Lodge, and giving a lecture, holding meetings, &c. there. Then Miss. Willson, the librarian, and J. M. Pryse are back again, the former very delighted with the good work done by Mrs. Clayton, President of the Bristol Lodge, during her absence. Mrs. Clayton kindly came up from Bristol to take Miss. Willson's place while she was away for her holiday, and has occupied her leisure moments in arranging, in the most tasteful manner possible, the new "silence" reading room which the European Section have rented at No. 17.

Mrs. Sarah Corbett, whose name you all know as a valued contributor to *Lucifer*, is with us just now. She has come for a visit of some weeks to Head-quarters, to help in the general work; and Mrs. Oakley is already finding her aid most timely and valuable.

The new Johannesburg Centre is doing good work. The Secretary reports that Mr. F. Kitchin, formerly of the Leeds Lodge, has now joined them. A lending library has been formed, and press propaganda is being attempted, with very fair success. From the Dutch Lodge, and the Rotterdam and den Helder Centres come good reports. The Lotus Circle for children held on Friday evenings by the Dutch Lodge has reached the astonishing number of sixty children! The future generation of Dutchmen ought to be well penetrated with the heaven of Theosophic thought.

Mr. Mead tells me that he is going off to the West of England on a visit to Branches and Centres next month; to the North for the North of England Federation meeting in November; and that he is even contemplating a visit to Spain in January next, all being well. This visitation scheme is of course rendered possible by the additional secretarial help he now receives from Mr. H. T. Edge; and the kind services of Mr. Johnston in assisting him in his *Lucifer* editorial work.

* * * *

Mr. Andrew Lang is very much *on evidence* just now, figuring as a sort of David fighting the Goliath of scientific dogmatism and unbelief. His "Cock Lane and Common Sense" just published, though somewhat dull reading, is virtually a defence of the methods of research demonstrated by the operations of the Psychical Research Society. In his preface to the book Mr. Lang strikes this very note. He says:—

"Very many people, for very different reasons, would taboo the subjects here discoursed of altogether. These subjects are a certain set of ancient beliefs; for example, the belief in clairvoyance, in 'hauntings,' in events transcending ordinary natural laws. The peculiarity of these beliefs is, that they have survived the wreck of faith in such elements of witchcraft as metamorphosis and power to cause tempest or drought."

The universality of these beliefs cannot, Mr. Lang thinks, be explained away by any of the usual objections or arguments. In many cases the explanations offered by common sense are inconsistent, inadequate, and can only be accepted by aid of a strong bias which influences the reader. There are fourteen essays in the book, ten of which appear now for the first time. The title of the last essay is "The Ghost Theory of the Origin of Religion," and this subject practically forms the text of an attack Mr. Lang makes on Professor Huxley, which appeared in last month's *Nineteenth Century*, and which he calls "The Witch of Endor and Professor Huxley." The article is a very amusing one, Mr. Lang gently rallies the Professor for his explanations of this famous Biblical episode. He speaks throughout as a humble student of anthropology, saying that his studies therein have led him to doubt the "ghost theory" as the origin and basis of the earliest theologies. He makes some excellent points, and I think his concluding sentences are worth giving in full. Italics are mine.

"Without venturing to dogmatise, I consider that the belief in 'the existence of beings analogous to men' in intelligence and will, 'but more or less devoid of corporeal qualities,' has such a backing of anthropological evidence that it cannot be dismissed without elaborate and patient enquiry, *which it has never yet received.* In the same way, I am compelled, by the anthropological evidence, to hold that *the existence of human faculties beyond the normal, cannot be relegated to mere superstition, without prolonged and impartial examination.....* Therefore I expect no favourable hearing for the protest of a solitary anthropologist, who does not know that the origin of theology has been discovered, who is disinclined to accept the hypothesis of the 'ghost theory' as explaining Theological origins, and who *considers that the savage 'Ghost theory'—perplexed and darkly superstitious as it is—may be based on actual supernormal facts, rejected of science.*"

Here we have Mr. Lang in his most delightful manner, gently sarcastic, yet each point is delicately tipped with a faint tinge of venom. Though not of us we may certainly consider him to be *with us*, in the crusade against crass materialism.

We have had a good deal in the papers lately about the suicidal mania now so painfully prevalent; indeed instances occur so frequently and are so numerous, that many of the papers regularly head the column retailing them "The Suicidal Mania." The *Pull Mall Budget* recently published an interview on the subject with two coroners, in the course of which a very suggestive point was brought out. One of the coroners, after having remarked that people in a temper are practically mad, says "Suicides occur more especially during the change of seasons, and you'll find *that state of things coincides with deaths in lunatic asylums. I find when I've more deaths in asylums that I have more suicides!*" This is wonderfully confirmatory of the Theosophic teachings, and puts the thing in a nutshell. Mr. Braxton Hicks, who made the statement, is the well-known coroner both for the S. W. Metropolitan district and for the Kingston division of Surrey, and is a man of wide experience. Again, he says that there is a class of suicides which present quite a psychological problem, namely, the mental condition of those who commit suicide with no apparent cause, though every surrounding circumstance is patent to within an hour of death cases, that is, where there has been no previous suspicion of suicidal tendency, and no motive that can be gleaned from evidence. "The person seems to have an irresistible impulse—a momentary one." Quite so, and coupled with the fact that deaths in asylums are so often coincident with suicides, the explanation is not so far to seek.

The advocates of hypnotism ought to receive a severe check in consequence of the fatal result of a hypnotic experiment just reported from Hungary. The accounts are very conflicting, but all the earlier ones concur in the main fact, that the subject died while in the hypnotic state. A hypnotist named Neukom gave a séance in the house of a wealthy landed proprietor, and the host's daughter, Fräulein Ella Von Salaman, was sent off into a trance; while in the trance Neukom requested the girl to go and see his brother who was ill, at some distance, and report as to the nature of his disease, saying what cure should be adopted. Fräulein Salaman then gave the required description, but immediately on its conclusion uttered a piercing shriek, and fell back senseless. All efforts to restore her were unavailing, and she died very shortly afterwards. Later accounts say that she was not under the influence of hypnotism when she died, but the evidence of an eye-witness, Dr. Von Bragassy, does not bear out the assertion. In one account, sent to the *Times*, Dr. Bragassy's evidence is quoted from the *Pester Lloyd*. He says that "it was with the concurrence of the parents and of the medium herself that the hyponotizer, Neukom, fixed as the object of his experiment the condition of his brother residing at Werchez." Dr. Bragassy's own words of what followed must be quoted. After premising that it "*was really incredible*," he says:—

"The medium began a scientific description of the lungs, giving a minute account of their diseased condition with technical particulars which even an ordinary doctor would not give and which might only be expected from an experienced specialist. With a full command and correct use of technical expressions she gave the closest details extending to a full diagnosis of inflammation of the lungs and declared that the prognosis was very unfavourable, as against that kind of disease medical skill was powerless. In conclusion, she described the end of the patient in the usual Latin terminology."

Then followed the Catastrophe, "immediately afterwards," as Dr. Bragassy says. A *post-mortem* examination, made at the father's request, in the presence of Dr. Bragassy and another doctor, gave the immediate cause of

death as concussion of the brain. Later accounts say that there is to be a judicial enquiry, as the case has excited widespread interest; and the body of Fräulein Salamon has already been exhumed.

A. L. C.

AMERICA.

The American Section has now 94 Branches, all of them active, scattered among all the principal cities and minor towns.

The principal centres of activity are in such towns as New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, Minneapolis, and so on. The city of Boston has a headquarters of its own bought by the Branches in that vicinity under the shield of a corporation called the New England Theosophical Corporation. It is a fine large building much better than the New York one, because in Boston land and buildings are cheaper. Much work is being done there and from it propaganda radiates all over New England. It is a most devoted centre. A theosophical family resides in it and various theosophists are also living there.

Propaganda by lecturers goes on all over the country. The first regular lecturer was on the Pacific coast, Dr. Allen Griffiths, of the Branch in San Francisco. He left his practice and has been for two or three years going all up and down the three great Pacific states, giving lectures, seeing editors of papers, getting articles in local papers, forming branches, and conversing with members. This work is sustained by the members on the coast. Claude Falls Wright, who for a long time was in the London centre during the life of H. P. B., has become a great power for good here. He has been constantly lecturing and has gone as far west as Kansas city, almost to the centre of the land, as far south as Florida, and east beyond Boston. Thus he has covered thousands upon thousands of miles and spoken to many thousands of auditors. His work is sustained in part by branches and individuals as he goes along, and in part by the general fund. Next is Burcham Harding, formerly also a member of the Blavatsky Lodge. Although going over great stretches of country, one of his trips, for three months, cost the Society but the sum of about 10 rupees. Recently Claude Wright was introduced at a very fashionable summer resort at Bar Harbor, by a resident member, and gave many theosophical talks in large hotels and summer residences to the best people there. This theosophical seed will be carried out to all parts of the country. Lectures go out also from New York and other places reaching towns near by. In fact the activity of the theosophical work in America has produced the greatest effect among the people and in literature.

A new play is coming out in Chicago in which an actress named Mabella Baker, takes the part of Madam Blavatsky. It has already made a stir through a foolish letter sent by a Christian scientist to the actress. In the letter the writer warned the actress not to take the part, for if she did Mme. Blavatsky and the theosophists would do her harm in some occult and hypnotic way. This superstitious person also said Miss Baker's heart might be stopped, and then ended up by saying the only cure was Christian science or "the treatment." The play is expected to draw large crowds as H. P. B. seems yet to have a drawing power. It may not be pleasant, but it will advertise the T. S. without our being responsible.

It was said once that the members of the T. S. in America were mostly women, but a careful investigation made of the rolls shows that the fact is not so. The two sexes are well represented, and, if anything, there are more men than women. America, of course, is such a free place for the work of women that they naturally have more time for such studies, as all men are active in business. But as we see the meetings they bring as many men as women.

A new General Record book was begun in the office of the General Secretary in December, 1893, and from its pages we find that 530 members have been admitted up to date, almost averaging 60 a month. In August 1894, 76 members were given diplomas.

Countess Wachtmeister has made a great tour which has done an immense amount of good. She started at short notice from India and came post haste to New York from where she went another 3,000 miles to San Francisco in company with William Q. Judge, Mrs. Judge, Mrs. Cape, Dr. J. D. Buck and E. T. Hargrove. After the convention there she slowly came back, stopping at many Branches and giving lectures. Her first public speech was in San Francisco, and while it was conversational in style any one could see that her experience in the world and her education stood her in good stead and made her talk of interest and value. Since then she has made many public appearances. From all places come letters saying that her presence has aroused enthusiasm. She expects to leave New York about the 26th of September.

Since the World's Fair the United States has been full of Hindus and other Orientals. Americans call them all Hindus and in very funny way style them, universally, Buddhists or else "high caste Brahmans." They will not think of a low caste man. Vivekânanda, who has been seen almost everywhere, is cited as a Brahman, when he is in fact a Kshatriya; others, even Ceylonese Buddhists, are the same. American love for a title still lives and "high caste Brahman" is as good as any, especially when it is cited as authority for denying that theosophy has any hold in India. Vivekânanda has met and stayed with many theosophists.

KWHAN-SHI-YIN.

INDIA.

The General Secretary, after leaving Bankipore on the 13th of last month, visited the following places and delivered public lectures there:— Benares, Allahabad, Lucknow, Cawnpore, Ludhiana and Agra. He is expected to arrive in Adyar on or about the first week of November, and may in all probability visit some of the important stations in the Southern part of the Madras Presidency.

A new branch has been formed in Tirur, Malabar with 12 chartered members. Mr. A. C. Kannan Nambiar is the President; and Mr. C. S. Adináyana the Secretary.

The members of the Panier T. S. centre have opened a free dispensary for public use. This is really practical Theosophy and it would be well if other branches did similar useful work. The Kumbaconum branch has opened a Sanskrit class. About 12 elderly members receive instruction from a competent pandit. Weekly lectures are delivered by the President and others.

Under the auspices of the Bengal Theosophical Society, a Society called "The Young Men's Árya Union" has been established. The object of this union is to study Áryan Literature, science, and philosophy, and expound

their real meaning and usefulness to educated Indian youths and also inculcate the practice of true Aryan Morals. The pioneers of this association are some of the most enlightened members of our Society.

An association called "The Young Men's Religious Association" has been formed in Midnapore. There are 16 members on the roll and the President is Babu Akhal Ch. Sircar, F.T.S.

After the model of "The Hindu Mata Bálasamájam" of Masulipatam, another Samaj has been formed in Bezwada. Mr. T. Rajagopala Row, its President, writes to say that 7 meetings have been held, since its formation.

The fourth and the fifth annual reports of the Hindu Theological High School, Madras, show that good work has been done by Mr. R. Sivasankara Pandaji, B.A., F.T.S. Meeting all obstacles, facing all difficulties, he has already brought the institution, which is the first of its kind, to its present satisfactory state. Sir T. Muthuswamier, K.C.I.E., who presided on the last occasion, laid much stress upon the value of religious education. The following remarks of his are worthy of our attention, being purely Theosophical :

"The usefulness of an institution like this, which is great at any time, is considerable in this period of transition when Hindu character is undergoing a change and is being moulded, as it is generally supposed, on the basis of enlightenment and culture, due to the spread of higher education. One who watches the change that is taking place around him, now and then notices with regret that several high and estimable traits in our national character are not adequately appreciated and recognised, and that the work which is going on, partakes in some measure, of the character of a work of indiscriminate destruction, rather than of a wise and cautious reconstruction on national basis. An institution like this is likely to be of service in checking this tendency to denationalisation. I should be glad to see every indigenous institution in this Presidency embodying in its curriculum a course of moral and religious instruction. I am also glad to find that care is taken to guard against its degenerating into sectarian teachings and narrow-minded conventionalisms and that it relates to general, moral, and religious truths, and to the duties of man to God and to his fellow-creatures."

P. R. V.

CUTTINGS AND COMMENTS.

"Thoughts, like the pollen of flowers, leave one brain and fasten to another."

A Prince on Theosophy. The Setupathi Rajah of Ramnad celebrated, with the splendour of the ancient Indian Courts, the Dassarah festivities, commencing on the 30th September. There were processions of elephants, horses, palanquins, and golden-robed nobles ; durbars held ; the carrying of the ancient weapons of war through the streets ; concerts by famous instrumentalists, illuminations and fireworks ; discussions by learned pandits of the merits of Advaita and Visishtádvaita philosophies, and a public lecture by the Rajah himself on "The Necessity for Religious Studies." In the course of his remarks, he adverted to the "growing influence of the Theosophical movement in the cause of the spiritual regeneration of India." The Rajah has proved his sincerity by becoming an F. T. S.

The Late Sir Boyle Roach, a most famous Member of Parliament, is in danger of being eclipsed in the use of *A mixture of Metaphors*. He smelt a rat, saw it in the air, and otherwise entangled himself in the meshes of an errant fancy, to his lasting fame as a rhetorician. But his countryman, the present Editor of the *Indian Daily News*, in the hope of crushing a respectable Calcutta paper, (*sic*) says: "we will not in future *condescend* to take any notice of its feeble threats, but allow it to fasten like a barnacle on the vessel of state, and nibble at the petty vices of officials, its normal food." A newspaper nibbling like a barnacle on a ship's bottom, is the latest thing in metaphors!

A Curious Superstition. The following, which is reported to be a popular belief in Russia, is going the rounds of the press:—

"It is commonly reported in Russia that the Czar intends to exclude the present heir to the throne from the succession. It is also supposed that superstition has something to do with this scheme. At the time of the late Emperor's assassination it was prophesied that the present Czar and all his brothers, except one, would come to an untimely end. This conclusion was arrived at by arranging the names of the sons of Alexander II. as follows:—

Nicholas
Alexander
Vladimir
Alexis
Sergious

The initials of these names, read downwards, make Navas, which is the Russian for "Over you"; "when read upwards they make Savan; English: "The pall." Both together signifying: "Over you the pall"; that is to say, all these Grand Dukes would be assassinated, and only the youngest son, Paul, would die a natural death."

Toys for Rajas. A paragraph from the *Times of India* is circulating through the Indian Press to the effect that the Government jewellers at Calcutta have received an order from the Nawab of Bhawalpur for a crown of diamonds "simply to outshine a rival Nawab who has ordered a crown worth four lakhs." The story may or may not be true, but if not in this instance, the practice most certainly prevails of pitting one Rajah or Nawab against another in a contest of vanity. The traveller for a great jewellery firm visits the chosen customer, exhibits a drawing of a silver, silver-gilt, or golden chair, *gadi* or sofa, tells him that a rival prince has ordered such an one and he should have a better, so as to impress the visiting Collector, Commissioner, Governor or Viceroy with his wealth and dignity, stimulates his vanity and—ends by pocketing the order. Or it may be a question of a tiara, as in this instance, or a diamond necklace for himself or his Rani or Begum, or a gilded state coach like the Queen's, or a vulgar bedizened bedstead, with carved gilt houris as supporters of the canopy

and musical boxes that play when he lies down. It matters not, the result is that the poor, weak-minded prince pays through the nose, the jeweller's tout divides the spoil with the Durbari ; and the Native State, which once fostered scholarship and made large grants to promote Sanskrit learning, is drained of its resources to buy toys that are worthless for any useful purpose. Then, again, the poor Indian prince is sponged upon by the ruling race for balls, hunts, races, Gargantuan feasts, the free use of houses, carriages, horses, boats, and edifices to perpetuate the names of retired civilians. I have even heard of a case where local Anglo-Indian residents would order tins of jams and other luxuries by the dozen and have them charged to the Rajah's account at the "Europe Shop"; and during the Besant tour our party were entertained by a private gentleman in a splendid house, which the local Prince had sold as the only means of ousting an official who had been occupying it, rent free, for a long term. With the shameful and unblushing imposition thus practised upon the wretched Indian Princes I do not concern myself, but when the money which aforetime went towards the promotion of religion and the patronage of letters is swallowed up in these ignoble ways, it behoves every friend of Hindu Religion and morals to at least express his sorrow and pray that better times may return.

* * *

A year ago a new tribunal was created at Madras to relieve the pressure on the file of the High Court, by trying cases involving sums less than Rs. 2,500. It was called the City Court, and Dewan Bahadur P. Sreenivas Row, F.T.S., the well known commentator on "Light on the Path," was appointed Judge. In reviewing the first year's results, the Chief Justice pays our colleague the highest compliments, and His Excellency the Governor in Council has ratified His Lordship's opinion. Judge Sreenivas Row has been for many years an avowed F. T. S., and bravely borne the chaffing that was to be expected. It is now proved in his person that a man may be at the same time a sincere Theosophist and so excellent a Judge that his decisions are, almost without an exception, sustained on appeal.

* * *

Mr. Herrmann Hartmann, resident son of the late Mr. Carl Hartmann, F.T.S., of Toowoomba, Queensland, writes from the Range Nursery, under date of July 14th, that Judge Paul and Mr. McPherson, who have charge of the Society's interests in Queensland, have at last decided to get the Executors to file their accounts, as preliminary to coming to some settlement of the estate. The financial crisis of 1893 has affected all landed interests most disastrously, the Hartmann Estate included, and young Hartmann writes that the delay in settling his Father's affairs has caused great injury to the Range Nursery.

Mrs. Besant is carrying everything before her in Australasia. The *Melbourne Argus*, *Age* and *Herald* all speak in quite enthusiastic terms of her lectures, and we learn from the accounts published in their columns that large and appreciative audiences crowded the halls where her lectures were delivered. The *Melbourne Age* states that "Mrs. Besant with her charming fluency and her impressive style kept the audience in the most rapt attention during the whole evening." The *Herald* is of opinion that one of her discourses was "more of a poem than a lecture—an ethereal kind of epic such as Shelley might have recited, after a course of training as a platform orator." We read of "thunders of applause" greeting the close of her lectures. "The great magician," as one paper puts it, "drew a magic circle round the audience and they continued under the influence of the spell from start to finish." We can forgive the mixed metaphor for the praise is evidently sincere, the admiration unqualified. Even Mr. Terry, the Editor of the (Spiritualistic) *Harbinger of Light*, writes in the most kindly and appreciative terms of her discourses, which, he thinks, tend towards creating a more cordial feeling in his party for Theosophy. The Sydney papers are equally complimentary about her.

* * *

Says the *Indian Mirror*:—

Mrs. Besant's religious 'circle.' "The autobiography, published by Mrs. Annie Besant has provoked the sharp criticism of Mr. Gladstone. In a trenchant article on the subject in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Gladstone terms her spiritual belief as a sort of spiritual itinerary, and asks the somewhat forward question: "If we ask upon which of her religions, or substitutes for religion, we are to place reliance, the reply would undoubtedly be upon the last. Yes; but who is to assure us that it will be the last? It remains open to us to hope, for her own sake, that she may yet describe the complete circle, and end somewhere near the point where she began." It is unfair to charge Mrs. Annie Besant with inconsistency, since her whole life has been one of patient searching after truth. It is to the credit of Hinduism that its intrinsic merits have brought the once sceptical woman within its pale. We admire the woman, who, after a hard struggle, has at last come to the haven of belief."

Mrs. Besant writes from Sydney, under date of September 29th, that it is very queer how about once in 18 months a paragraph is circulated through the press that she is going over to Rome. "It is," she says, "done persistently. This last time it is said that I have been consulting the Roman Catholic authorities! It seems odd how people invent these stories and circulate them, and lots of people believe them to be true. I suppose it amuses them." If Mr. Gladstone but knew it, Mrs. Besant has all but "described the complete circle," though not from his datum point: her circle is from the Hinduism she professed in her last birth—as she believes—to the Hinduism she has reached, through the Theosophical Society,

in the present birth. In giving her the white skin of a European body this time, her karma made her take up with it the religious beliefs of her family environment, but she has worked out of them in her struggles for truth and now nears the point of her previous departure.

* * *

*The Power
of
the Word.*

In that very valuable monthly repository of information, the *Miscellaneous Notes and Queries*, published at Manchester, N. H., by the Messrs. Gould, are copied some interesting paragraphs from Rev. Edward Smedley's volume on "Occult Sciences," about the alleged power of spoken words. They will interest Oriental readers as showing that Western nations have always been acquainted with the occult power of atmospheric vibrations. Says Mr. Smedley :

"The verses of Orpheus were supposed to have a powerful effect when pronounced, and his magic songs moved all things, animate and inanimate. A verse of Homer is mentioned, which, if a person recites, will prevent inebriation."

"In Webster's 'Witchcraft' an account is given of a child, who on hearing some fearful spell muttered, caught the words, and afterwards repeated them till such tempests and thunderings were produced, that a whole village was burned by the lightning. The word is the symbol of mental [spiritual, rather. H. S. O.] power, and without mentioning the attribute given to it in the sacred records, its efficacy was well known to the Persians, the Egyptians, the Greeks, and the early Christians."

"Jacob Böhme declares that he could not, without the peril of his soul's safety, disclose the original name of Lucifer, as its influence would be tremendous. Huge stones have, it is alleged, been moved by magical rhymes, and Stonehenge was raised by them."

There is much about this subject in "Isis Unveiled," and many authors of modern and other times have written upon "The Ineffable Name."

* * *

*Fashion
in
Crime.*

The *Statesman*, of Calcutta, contains a strong article on this subject, its text being the increase in dacoity, or organized robbery under arms. It says that "of the many obscure problems that criminology presents for solution, there is none perhaps more difficult than the determination of the causes and conditions which lead to the recrudescence, not of crime in general, but of particular classes of offences. There seems indeed to be a regular fashion in crime, as in other matters."

Dr. Charles Elam, of London, and many other writers on psychology have for many years called attention to this portentous subject, and the recent freaks of anarchistic madmen give point to the solemn fact that criminal propensities, however held in check by organized society, always exist as potential social scourges and devastators, which await only the opportunity to blaze up and spread woe throughout the world.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST.

NOVEMBER 1894.

EXECUTIVE NOTICES.

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY,
PRESIDENT'S OFFICE,

ADYAR, 1st October, 1894.

The undersigned gives notice that, through the generosity of Members, the principal of the entire sum embezzled by the late Treasurer has been made good to the Society, and a surplus, available on account of interest is accumulating. He therefore instructs the Acting Treasurer to make the following transfers to the several funds respectively :

	RS.	A.	P.
To H. P. B. Memorial	2,363	8	0
„ Olcott Pension	2,612	7	10
„ H. S. O. Private Account	341	1	8
Total...	5,317	1	6

PREVIOUSLY TRANSFERRED.

Subba Row Medal Fund...	621	0	0
H. P. B. Memorial „ ...	1,400	0	0
Head-quarters „ ...	1,390	8	1
Permanent „ ...	60	9	0
	3,471	8	1
Total transfers	Rs. 8,788	9	7
Embezzled	„ 8,788	9	7

Surplus in Bank to be credited to Interest Acct. ... 220 15 6

The Acting Treasurer is instructed to invest the funds of the H. P. B. Memorial and Olcott Pension Funds in Government $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. securities, and place the same on deposit with our other Society funds, in the custody of the Manager of the Public Debt Department of the Bank of Madras, subject to the control of the undersigned.

(Continued on page viii.)

QUARTERLY STATEMENT.

To The President of the Theosophical Society,

SIR,

As resolved in the Convention of December 1893, we beg to report that the accounts of the Theosophical Society, for the quarter ending 30th September 1894, have been carefully examined by us and found correct. All payments are supported by vouchers from parties to whom payments have been made and bazaar purchases are signed by the President himself.

We annex an account current for the period abovenamed.

We are glad to observe that our suggestion, as regards maintaining acquittance rolls for payments to officials and household servants, has been adopted.

We would further suggest that in the ledgers maintained, the receipts under each Fund be shown under the different sources from which they are received such as donations, subscriptions, entrance and charter fees, interest and the like.

Yours fraternally,

11th October 1894, }

MYLAPORE. }

C. SAMBAH.
R. RUNGA ROW.

ASTROLOGY.

[Space is willingly given to the following circular of our old friend Sepharial. Ed.]

Wherever the subject of Astrology is known, the name of Sepharial is prominent among its modern exponents. During the past fifteen years he has unremittingly used pen and voice in vindication of the Archaic Science, and in the course of his published writings has, among other remarkable feats, successfully predicted the following notable events :—

The *exact date* of the decease of the late Lord Iddesleigh ; from the preceding Solstice and Lutation.

The *year and nature* of the death of General Boulanger ; from the horoscope of his birth, three years before the event.

The *exact day* of the defeat of the Conservative Government, from the Eclipse of 12th May, 1892 ; the country going to the poll on the 1st July following, *the very date named !*

The financial crisis and riots in India, from the Solar Eclipse of 6th April, 1894 ; and the great Chinese plague and war, from the same data.

The *Tribune* of 23rd October, 1886, contains the following gratuitous testimony to the truth of Astrology :—

“The recent disastrous gale, with its terrible destruction to shipping, was foretold in plain language in our last issue. Sepharial then warned all sea captains to put into port, as the storm would be of exceptional violence ; and he *foretold it to the very day?* Had these predictions been attended to by our sailors, much loss of life and property would have been averted.”

In the delineations of horoscopes included in his extensive private work, Sepharial has been equally successful, and hundreds have given their willing testimony to his astrological powers and to the truth of his predictions.

The recognition of the truth of Astrology is everywhere gaining ground ; and the predictive art, under its modern advocates, is speedily winning back those honours which formerly were conferred upon it by the sanction of sages and kings alike.

The manifest uses of this science need no pointing out to those who have once been convinced of its truth, and Sepharial now offers to afford the proof to all those who care to consult him.

At the request of his numerous correspondents and friends, Sepharial's experience and abilities are now placed at the command of the public, under the following conditions, which will be strictly observed.

CONDITIONS.

All Sepharial's correspondence will be privately conducted for the satisfaction of his clients.

Every calculation made by Sepharial, or under his supervision, will be accompanied by *predictions and advice* relative to the calculation in hand, and those predictions will be *gratis*.

CALCULATIONS.

The charge made by Sepharial for his calculations are as follows :—

For the Astronomical Figure of the Heavens at the moment of birth, showing the Signs of the Zodiac, the Planets' places and their aspects, &c. ; carefully drawn	7s. 6d.
For the Lunar “Directions” or aspects operating during any period of life ; for each year	5s. 0d.
For any calculation relative to a special point of enquiry	2s. 6d.

REQUIRED DATA.

For the purpose of effecting and forwarding the above calculations, Sepharial will require the following data :—

1. Date of birth.
2. Hour of birth ; or a personal description, if the time is not known within 15 minutes. This description must give height, proportions, color of hair and eyes, complexion, and any remarkable bodily marks.
3. Sex ; and if married or single.
4. Name and address of client.

Account Current of the Theosophical Society for the period

PARTICULARS OF RECEIPTS.	By Cash.		By trans- fers, &c.		Total.		Grand Total.	
	RS.	A. P.	RS.	A. P.	RS.	A. P.	RS.	A. P.
<i>Balance on the 30th June 1894.</i>								
Permanent Fund ...					21,226	4 3		
Anniversary Fund ...					51	8 1		
Library Fund ...					1,297	7 5		
Head Quarters Fund ...					335	13 10		
T. Subba Row Medal Fund ...					659	10 0		
H. P. B. Memorial Fund ...					1,347	4 0		
Suspense Account ...					3,556	15 11		
Theosophist Account ...					226	3 3		
<i>Receipts from the 1st July to 30th September 1894.</i>							28,601	2 9
Permanent Fund ...	0	9 0			0	9 0		
Anniversary Fund ...	148	9 0			148	9 0		
Library Fund ...	222	1 11			222	1 11		
Head Quarters Fund ...	2,763	2 1			2,763	2 1		
T. Subba Row Medal Fund ...	0	15 0			0	15 0		
H. P. B. Memorial Fund ...	8	0 0			8	0 0		
Suspense Account ...	2,006	1 1			2,006	1 1		
Theosophist Account ...	101	12 0			101	12 0		
	5,251	2 1			5,252	2 1	5,251	2 1
Total...							33,851	4 10

11th October 1894, }

Mylapore, }

from the 1st July 1894 to 30th September 1894.

PARTICULARS OF OUTLAY.	By Cash.			By transfers, &c.			Total.			Grand Total.		
	RS.	A.	P.	RS.	A.	P.	RS.	A.	P.	RS.	A.	P.
Permanent Fund
Anniversary Fund
Library Fund	98	11	0				98	11	0			
Head Quarters Fund	1,453	7	6				1,453	7	6			
T. Subba Row Medal Fund			
H. P. B. Memorial Fund	914	4	6				914	4	6			
Suspense Account			
Theosophist Account	327	15	3				327	15	3			
										2,794	6	3
<i>Balance on the 30th September 1894.</i>	2,794	6	3				2,794	6	3			
Permanent Fund 3½% Government Paper deposited for safe custody with the Bank of Madras in the names of Colonel Olcott and V. Cuppusawmy Iyer				21,000	0	0			
In Account Current with the Bank of Madras				6,331	4	0			
<i>Post Office Savings' Bank Deposits.</i>												
	RS.	A.	P.									
Permanent Fund	76	13	3									
Anniversary Fund	8	12	3									
Head Quarters Fund	16	2	6									
T. Subba Row Medal Fund	650	9	0									
Library Fund	1,000	10	3									
							1,752	15	3			
Cash in the London and Westminster Banks in the name of Colonel Olcott, £105-3-3 at s.1 1¼ per rupee				1,835	6	0			
In addition to £7-3-7½ at Rs. 15-12-0 (in the hands of Mr. J. M. Watkins for disbursement on Library account)				113	0	0			
Cash at date in the hands of steward				24	9	0			
Cash on hand				0	12	4			
										31,057	14	7
<i>Details of balances in different Funds.</i>										33,852	4	10
	RS.	A.	P.									
Permanent Fund	21,126	13	3									
Anniversary Fund	200	1	1									
Library Fund	1,420	14	4									
Head Quarters Fund	1,645	8	5									
T. Subba Row Medal Fund	660	9	0									
H.P.B. Memorial Fund	440	15	6									
Suspense Account	5,563	1	0									
Theosophist Account									
	31,057	14	7									

(Continued from page v.)

The totals of Subscriptions have been as follow :—

	RS.	A.	P.	RS.	A.	P.
From the Indian Section	1,820	6	0			
Do. B. Keightley, Gen. Secretary...	1,097	2	4			
	<hr/>			2,917	8	4
Do. American Section				2,434	6	4
Do. European do.	1,402	13	7			
Do. Miss F. H. Müller	1,259	0	3			
Do. Mrs. Besant	800	0	0			
	<hr/>			3,461	13	10
Do. Australians				195	12	7
	<hr/>					
Total Rs...	9,009	9	1			

The grateful thanks of the Society are due to the subscribers who, in a spirit of brotherly kindness, came to the aid of Head-quarters in its time of financial distress.

H. S. OLCOTT, P. T. S.

The purchases of Government Paper above ordered have been duly made and the securities lodged as directed.

SVEN RYDEN,

Ag. Treasurer, T. S.

5th October 1894.

NOTICE.

The Acting Treasurer, T. S.² begs to point out that in the Financial Statement published in the October *Theosophist* Mr. Tokaram Tatya's donation to the Library Fund should have been stated as Rs. 50, and not Rs. 100

7th October 1894.

S. R.

AMERICAN SECTION.

A Charter was, on the 21st of August, issued to the "Buffalo T. S." Buffalo, New York. The new Branch has 25 Charter members and is the 91st on the American roll.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE,

General Secretary.

THE ADYAR LIBRARY.

I had an interview with the Jagat-Guru, His Holiness S'ankarâcharya, of Sringerimatt, at Ramnad last month, and with Rai Bahadur Paudârasannidhi Avergal, of Madura Mutt, at Madura. Both the above-mentioned Mathâdhipathis are pleased with the progress and usefulness of the Library and have presented some books.

By the strenuous exertion of Mr. P. Narayana Iyer of Madura Branch T. S., Mr. G. Subrayalu Nayadu Garu of Madura has kindly lent the MSS. of Keralajyotisha and S'ukranâdi of his, a very rare work on Jyotisha, which is in his possession, to be copied for the Library.

The following books have been added during the last month :—

DONATED :—*Hindu Civilization under British Rule*, from Babu P. N. Bose (2 vols) ; *Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan* (part 1st of the 22nd vol) ; *Elements of Metaphysics*, of Dr. Deussen, from Mr. M. S. Narayanasamier ; *The Imitation of S'rikrishna*, from Babu S. C. Mukhopâdhyâya ; *Rigveda-sandhyâvandana*, from Mr. P. Chensal Row, Mysore, (2 copies) ; *Mândûkyopaniṣad* with *Kîrikî*, from Mr. Tookaram Tatya ; *The Divine Wisdom of Indian Rishis*, from the author ; *The Secret of Happiness*, from Mr. E. S. Atkins.

PURCHASED :—*Nyâyakos'a* ; *S'rapurâna with commentary* ; *Vâmanapurâna, Kâs ikhanda with commentary* ; and *Chaitra* to 10 months *Mâhâtmyâs*.

R. ANANTHAKRISHNA SHASTRY,

Pandit.

Every order must be accompanied by a remittance for each calculation required. Postal Order preferred. No calculation will leave Sepharial's hands without a gratuitous prophecy relative to the person for whom the calculation is required.

ATTENTION !

With the calculations mentioned above, Sepharial *gives gratuitously* the following judgment and advice :—

WITH THE FIGURE OF BIRTH.—A judgment of the mental qualities, disposition, constitution, sicknesses, accidents, pecuniary prospects, employment or profession most suitable, marriage, children, travelling, friends, enemies, &c.

WITH THE LUNAR DIRECTIONS.—A full statement of the events which will occur during the year or years for which the calculation is made ; the nature of those events and their influence on body and mind, together with the time of their happening.

WITH SPECIAL CALCULATIONS.—A full judgment of the event or question for which the figure is drawn, and matters in relation thereto.

N.B.—State clearly what is wanted, and give full data. Letters will be at once acknowledged, and fully answered within a few days.

ADDRESS : *SEPHARIAL*, c/o Astrologers' Magazine, 12, Lugard Road, Peckham, London, S. E.

Postscriptum.—A number of interesting and valuable articles are held over until next month for lack of space. Among them the first of a series on Astronomy, by Dr. Henry Pratt, our well-known and learned contributor.—
ED. THEOSOPHIST.