

LUCIFER.

ON THE WATCH-TOWER.

BIRTHDAY HONOURS.

OUR seventh anniversary is reached, our fourteenth volume closed. With its close, we are led to look back again, to call to memory the old days when our "morning star" first rose on the horizon, and the older days of unformed energies and strivings that gave it birth. In looking back, we are constrained to say that, though the "light-bringer" has shone for full seven years, the sunrise that it should herald seems long in coming; the passing years of stress and storm seem to have brought us less than "eloquent, just and mightie Death" has taken away. Yet, though much has been left undone, though much of fair promise has been marred, we have some certain gain to record; and, far more, we see opportunities before us, calling for effort even more strenuous and earnest than the strenuous effort of the past.

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SEVEN YEARS AGO.

Looking back to the time, seven years ago, when Clotho began to spin the thread of LUCIFER'S destiny, that still passes unchecked through Lachesis' busy fingers, we can clearly see much that was invisible then. We can see that our "herald of daylight" was the child of a reaction; that the strength which brought it to the birth was the strength of attack and enmity—a curse turned to a blessing. The birth of LUCIFER was the first tangible sign of recovery from a shock which seemed at the time to undo in a day the work of years of labour, but which, in reality, rid us in a day of a fatality that had been gaining strength for years, and was finally threatening to overwhelm us.

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THE AGE OF MIRACLES.

This fatality was the rage for miracles, which had been richly fed in the beginning, and had at last grown so great as to eclipse every deeper and saner instinct. And one is tempted to regret, heartily and entirely, that these miracles were ever heard of; that a wave of life so potent as that which bears us on its crest was ever stained and tainted by a most unhealthy passion for wonders. But to express this regret is simply, in another form, to express the regret that man is not yet perfectly wise and perfectly benevolent; that our high, inscrutable destiny is not yet consummated and fulfilled.



PSYCHOLOGICAL TRICKS.

For the wonders, the parlour miracles, were perfectly innocent in themselves. The evil lay in the materialism and unfaith which turned away from the real miracles, the quiet wonders of the inner life, to feed upon those outer wonders, with little more than an unhealthy curiosity for anything monstrous and abnormal. And not only were our wonders harmless, they were even necessary and indispensable. They were the keys to unlock the hidden treasures of memory; to remind us how we had forgotten the mighty potencies of man; to sting us into perception of the meanness and poverty of our wills.



SWIFT RETRIBUTION.

But the lesson was learned upside down. Instead of calling back to our memories our lost sovereignty over things, these wonders stimulated in us nothing but a rage for more; a morbid craving for sight-seeing, for something abnormal and grotesque. For, had we had nothing but a longing for the wondrous, might we not have found infinite wonders near to hand?—the wonders of the dawn and sunset, the wonders of the quiet stars, and the deeper wonders within, the eternal mystery of "myself and others, thyself and me."



THE BURST BUBBLE.

So the passion for thaumaturgy brought swift retribution. Instead of looking to our ideals—the ideal of the divinity of life, the ideal of the hidden self—we had gone astray after psychological

tricks. Like every false advance, this carried within it its reaction. And with overwhelming force the reaction came. The psychological tricks were impeached and attacked as foolishly and blindly as they had been belauded, and with feverish force the evil of thaumaturgy was swept away, bringing in its wake, as fever does, a period of lethargy and prostration. The attack on the wonders was foolish and blind, because, in no single case, was any one of them actually examined; their traces only, in slow memories and quick imaginations, were investigated, as one might pore over the traces of a long-vanished fire. And yet foolish and blind as this attack was, its result was altogether sanative and healing.

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REACTION AND RECOVERY.

In the silence that followed the storm, the forces of a new life took shape; the new life whose seventh year is completed to-day. How complete that silence was, may be realized if one remembers that in those days there were only three centres of our energies in these islands—one in each metropolis; while in two of them there were fewer acknowledged followers of our ideals than there were righteous men in the Cities of the Plain. Indeed, there were only eleven groups altogether outside India; only six in the New World. In those days there was no *Secret Doctrine*; and the most eloquent voice among us now was still echoing on the hills of atheism.

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THE PURE HERALD OF DAYLIGHT.

Then came reaction and recovery. And we are constrained to believe that this recovery came, because the wave of thought that carries us, the ideals we serve, are vital to the life of humanity; are a precious thing that destiny will guard against all hazards. Were it not so, that deluge and others must infallibly have swept us away. The first sign of recovery was the gathering of energies and forces that focussed themselves in the birth of the "herald of daylight."

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LUCIFER—PHŌSPHOROS.

To the new-born magazine a name was given; a name rather rash, and, it may seem to many, rather ill-advised; a name that even its sponsors found necessary to apologize for, in English and Greek

and Latin. And this apology has been carried forward, directly under the effigy of LUCIFER, in every number until now. Two long explanations, filling about half the first number, showed that even its sponsors felt this name was not beyond reproach. But give an error ten minutes' start, they say, and it will hold the lead all round the globe, and it is little doubtful that this somewhat ill-chosen name has echoed abroad, far beyond the area reached by the apologetic sentences that followed it; has echoed abroad suggesting, not the healing of the nations, or the bringing of light, but rather the hidden things of darkness; suggesting "no light, but rather darkness visible," the gleam of "ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd"; suggesting Stygian councils, and man's hellish foes, "that day and night for his destruction wait."

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THE VANISHED EFFIGY.

Yet, though our title may be somewhat rash and ill-advised, there is no thought of changing it for another; even when the stress of time has worn out the long-familiar effigy of the "son of the morning," with his robe of star-beams. From the effigy even we part with regret. For

"You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii."

But the name LUCIFER we will retain, through storm and peace; our loyalty to our great dead friend will secure this, and the memories of the years that are gone.

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FRIENDS AND FOES.

One of the sad memories of those old days is the memory of the friends that once were and are no more. One or two we have lost—and among them the greatest loss of all—through the cold touch of the great Transformer; but far more have gone through envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. It would be a happy thing if this anniversary of our star-god's birthday might become a time of reconciliation. And signs are not altogether wanting that this may really be.

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LIGHT ON THE PATH.

There is one empty place that we cannot but notice, in calling to memory the days of LUCIFER'S inception, the place of the first co-editor. One can remember vividly what a large place was filled in our early numbers by the comments on *Light on the Path*; how clearly and lucidly deep insight into life was shown in those eloquent pages. One can remember the enthusiastic welcome of *The Idyll of the White Lotus* and *Through the Gates of Gold*.

This is all ancient history now? Very well; let the alienation that followed become ancient history, too. And signs are not altogether wanting that that eloquent pen is once more returning to the same themes; to the high and clear pronouncements on life and law that gave their lasting value to these books.

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GREEN LEAVES.

For, in the *Humanitarian* for this month, we see once more the signature, "the author of *Light on the Path*." And in sentences like these we recognize not a little of the old eloquence and fire: "While the heart has still a spot of greenness and quickness within, spiritual death is yet afar off, and the great miracle is always possible.

"If the obedient one has patience, and wills to endure, his time of endurance will come to an end, and he will find himself suddenly clothed again with brightness, and aware of the divine warmth.

"It is faith which enables this miracle to take place; faith not in a creed, nor an altar, but in the unseen life and its laws of recurrence. Faith of this character is almost knowledge, for it can only be held fast by those who have so much consciousness of the spiritual life that they *almost know*, and who are already almost a part of it."

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THE GOLDEN GATES.

"These words are addressed to those who have reached this point, who may perhaps fall back from the golden gates, fainting on the very threshold, because their knowledge has not yet become perfected. Hold fast to it, and let it be 'faith'!

"The gates are closed, the iron bar is heavy to lift; but that is only for the moment. The change will come, the miracle will

take place. The resurrection is sure; the green leaves will burst forth."

And again: "The iron bar is that artificial and temporary consciousness which makes you into separate existences.

"You imagine yourselves to be separate spirits or entities, occupying separate forms, and separated absolutely by the formulated conditions of your life. What a palpable delusion.

"When once the sense of separation is removed, then the greatest obstacle in the path of power is gone.

"When he learns this lesson fully, the heart dies out so far as personal desire is concerned, and the ashes of longing lie in the vessel of the offering."

Words like these are far too valuable to pass without grateful acknowledgment; therefore we repeat the old invocation: *Peace be with you.*



A MEMORY OF OLD DAYS.

There is a flavour of the old days gone by, when LUCIFER had neither name nor local habitation, in a time-stained document that chance has just brought to light:

"The editors who have been chosen to conduct the new magazine wish to express to the Theosophical Publishing Company their conviction that they can only carry on their work if they are not interfered with in any way by members of the Company. Interference and expressions of opinion about details only confuse the workers and delay the work, and it is hoped that the Company elected its editors with full confidence in them; any individual member who has not got this would do well to withdraw. The editors make this statement now in order to prevent delay and difficulty in the future. From the moment the work begins they alone must have the responsibility and authority."

This is signed by both editors, and the word *begins* has been changed to *began*, evidently by the senior editor, thus marking the moment of LUCIFER's actual birth.



ANOTHER DOCUMENT.

To a somewhat later date is to be assigned the following, in the handwriting which has driven so many printers to despair:

December 20th, '87.

"To the Board of Directors of the Theosophical Publishing Co.

"GENTLEMEN,

"In reply to your letter of the 19 inst., I must state as follows:

"(1) I am editing 'LUCIFER' in accordance with directions received from theosophical authorities, as a magazine *chiefly, if not entirely devoted* to theosophical subjects, *i.e.*, to the *serious* discussion of theosophical or esoteric tenets offered to the public for their *serious* consideration, giving them an opportunity for enquiry and discussion *in the magazine.*"

Then follow certain suggestions, and the letter ends:

"This is the only way I see, if I am believed to be any good as an editor."

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REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST.

But enough of these old memories of the days that return no more. We have to deal not with the past, but with the present. And, in the present, there is one lesson of the past that we would do well to take to heart. We have spoken of a fatality in the past that threatened to lead us to destruction; that seemed, at one time, actually to have led us to destruction. We have spoken of innocent miracles, of parlour magic, of psychological tricks, and of the materialism and unfaith that made great case of these, erecting them into a thaumaturgy, a basis of spiritual truths. We have also seen how rude and sanative destiny rid us of all this, sweeping it away with harsh and unsparing hand.

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THAUMATURGY OF THE MIND.

But there is another thaumaturgy, more insidious and more dangerous than the thaumaturgy of tea-cups that is gone—there is a thaumaturgy of the things of the mind. And, though we seem finally rid of the first thaumaturgy, the thaumaturgy of tea-cups, we have not rid ourselves so completely of the deeper thaumaturgy, the thaumaturgy of the mind. Here, again, the danger lies, not in the very simple facts, the quite natural happenings that this thaumaturgy is built on; the danger lies in the materialism and unbelief that makes miracles of these most simple facts.

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THE REAL MIRACLES.

It will be well to make quite clear what we mean by this mental thaumaturgy, which has taken the place of the old thaumaturgy of tea-cups. It is the tendency of the crude and half-instructed mind to see miracles where there are none, to perceive the intervention of special destinies, of private providences, in every inevitable event; to fall down idolatrously before excellent persons and excellent powers. These special destinies and excellent powers are no miracles; the real miracles lie in quite the opposite direction. The miracle lies, not in the fact that, in some petty instance, harvest visibly follows seed-time, effect visibly follows cause; it lies in the blindness that fails to see that effect must follow cause, that seed must bear its fruit, always and for ever, without a hair's breadth of divergence. The miracle lies, not in the special providence, but in the stupidity that fails to see that there are none but special providences, none but fulfilled destinies, always and for ever.

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LOOKING FORWARD.

And again, the miracle lies, not in the fact that selves, the out-breathings of the one Self, can touch each other, heedless of space and time, but in the humiliating fact that they so often fail to touch each other; that so many heaps of earth, so many spaces of sea, can put themselves as impediments between everlasting souls.

If we can rid ourselves of this thaumaturgy, this child of crass unfaith, we may yet fulfil our high destiny, "bring light to the hidden things of darkness," and assert the divinity of life. But, if we succumb, the wave of life which has lifted us will pass on over our heads, leaving us stranded on the banks and shoals of time. The assertion of this ideal, the divinity of life, is our work and duty. Looking to the opportunity it gives us, we need no longer regret the dead days that are gone, the epoch that has closed, but look forward confidently to the days to come.

"So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed;
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky."

TIBETAN TEACHINGS.

A LONG-DELAYED PROMISE FULFILLED.

“They who are on the summit of a mountain can see all men; in like manner they who are intelligent and free from sorrow are enabled to ascend above the paradise of the Gods; and when they there have seen the subjection of man to birth and death and the sorrows by which he is afflicted, they open the doors of the immortal.”

—From the *Tched-du brjod-pai tsoms* of the BKAH-HGYUR.

IN the January number of *The Theosophist* for 1882, we promised our readers the opinions of the Venerable Chohan-Lama—the chief of the Archive-registrars of the libraries containing manuscripts on esoteric doctrines belonging to the Ta-loi and Ta-shi-hlumpo Lamas Rim-boche of Tibet—on certain conclusions arrived at by the author of *Buddha and Early Buddhism*. Owing to the brotherly kindness of a disciple of the learned Chohan, than whom no one in Tibet is more deeply versed in the science of esoteric and exoteric Buddhism, we are now able to give a few of the doctrines which have a direct bearing on these conclusions. It is our firm belief that the learned Chohan's letters, and the notes accompanying them, could not arrive at a more opportune time. Besides the many and various misconceptions of our doctrines, we have more than once been taken severely to task by some of the most intelligent Spiritualists for misleading them as to the real attitude and belief of Hindus and Buddhists as to “spirits of the departed.” Indeed, according to some Spiritualists “the Buddhist belief is permeated by the distinctive and peculiar note of modern Spiritualism, the presence and guardianship of departed spirits,” and the Theosophists have been guilty of misrepresenting this belief. They have had the hardihood, for instance, to maintain that this “belief in the intervention of departed human spirits” was anathema maranatha in the East, whereas it is “in effect, a permeating principle of Buddhism.”

What every Hindu, of whatever caste and education, thinks of the "intervention of departed spirits" is so well known throughout the length and breadth of India that it would be loss of time to repeat the oft-told tale. There are a few converts to modern Spiritualism, such as Babu Peary Chand Mittra, whose great personal purity of life would make such intercourse harmless for him, even were he not indifferent to physical phenomena, holding but to the purely spiritual, subjective side of such communion. But, if these be excepted, we boldly reassert what we have always maintained: that there is not a Hindu who does not loathe the very idea of the reappearance of a departed "spirit" whom he will ever regard as impure; and that with these exceptions no Hindu believes that, except in cases of suicide, or death by accident, any spirit but an evil one can return to earth. Therefore, leaving the Hindus out of the question, we will give the ideas of the Northern Buddhists on the subject, hoping to add those of the Southern Buddhists to them in good time. And, when we say "Buddhists," we do not include the innumerable heretical sects teeming throughout Japan and China who have lost every right to that appellation. With these we have nought to do. We think but of the Buddhists of the Northern and Southern Churches—the Roman Catholics and the Protestants of Buddhism, so to say.

The subject which our learned Tibetan correspondent treats is based on a few direct questions offered by us with a humble request that they should be answered, and the following paragraph from *Buddha and Early Buddhism*:

"I have dwelt somewhat at length on this supernaturalism, because it is of the highest importance to our theme. Buddhism was plainly an elaborate apparatus to nullify the action of evil spirits by the aid of good spirits operating at their highest potentiality through the instrumentality of the corpse or a portion of the corpse of the chief aiding spirit. The Buddhist temple, the Buddhist rites, the Buddhist liturgy, all seem based on this one idea that a whole or portions of a dead body was necessary. What were these assisting spirits? Every Buddhist, ancient or modern, would at once admit that a spirit that has not yet attained the Bodhi or spiritual awakening cannot be a good spirit. It can do no good thing; more than that, it must do evil things.

"The answer of Northern Buddhism is that the good spirits are the Buddhas, the dead prophets. They come from certain 'fields of the Buddhas'" to commune with earth.

Our learned Tibetan friend writes:

"Let me say at once that monks and laymen give the most ridiculously absurd digest of the Law of Faith, the popular beliefs of Tibet. The Capuchin Della Penna's account of the brotherhood of the 'Byang-tsiub' is simply absurd. Taking from the Bkah-hgyur and other books of the Tibetan laws some literal descriptions, he then embellishes them with his own interpretation. Thus he speaks of the fabled worlds of 'spirits,' where live the 'Lha, who are like gods'; adding that the Tibetans imagine 'these places to be in the air above a great mountain, about a hundred and sixty thousand leagues high and thirty-two thousand leagues in circuit; which is made up of four parts, being of crystal to the east, of the red ruby to the west, of gold to the north, and of the green precious stone—lapis lazuli—to the south. In these abodes of bliss they—the Lha—remain as long as they please, and then pass to the paradise of other worlds.'

"This description resembles far more—if my memory of the missionary-school-going period at Lahoula does not deceive me—the 'new Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven' in John's vision—that city which measured 'twelve thousand furlongs,' whose walls were of 'jasper,' the buildings of 'pure gold,' the foundations of the walls 'garnished with all manner of precious stones' and 'the twelve gates were twelve pearls' than the city of the Jang-Chhub either in the Bkah-hgyur or in the ideas of Tibetans. In the first place, the sacred canon of the Tibetans, the Bkah-hgyur and Bstan-hgyur, comprises one thousand seven hundred and seven distinct works—one thousand and eighty-three public and six hundred and twenty-four secret volumes—the former being composed of three hundred and fifty and the latter of seventy-seven folio volumes.

"Could they even by chance have seen them, I can assure the Theosophists that the contents of these volumes could never be understood by anyone who had not been given the key to their peculiar character, and to their hidden meaning.

"Every description of localities is figurative in our system; every name and word is purposely veiled; and a student, before he is given

any further instruction, has to study the mode of deciphering, and then of comprehending and learning the equivalent secret term or synonym for nearly every word of our religious language. The Egyptian enchorial or hieratic system is child's play to the deciphering of our sacred puzzles. Even in those volumes to which the masses have access, every sentence has a dual meaning, one intended for the unlearned, and the other for those who have received the key to the records.

"If the efforts of such well-meaning, studious and conscientious men as the authors of *Buddhist Records of the Western World*, and *Buddha and Early Buddhism*—whose poetical hypotheses may be upset and contradicted, one by one, with the greatest ease—resulted in nought, verily then, the attempts of the predecessors and successors of the Abbés Huc, Gabet and others must prove a sorry failure; since the former have not and the latter have, an object to achieve in purposely disfiguring the unparalleled and glorious teachings of our blessed master, Shakya Thub-pa.

"In *The Theosophist* for October, 1881, a correspondent correctly informs the reader that Gautama the Buddha, the wise, 'insisted upon initiation being thrown open to all who were qualified.' This is true; such was the original design put for some time in practice by the great Song-gyas, and before he had become the All-Wise. But three or four centuries after his separation from this earthly coil, when Asoka, the great supporter of our religion, had left the world, the Arhat initiates, owing to the secret but steady opposition of the Brâhmanas to their system, had to drop out of the country one by one and seek safety beyond the Himâlayas. Thus, though popular Buddhism did not spread in Tibet before the seventh century, the Buddhist initiates of the mysteries and esoteric system of the Âryan Twice-born, leaving their motherland, India, sought refuge with the pre-Buddhistic ascetics; those who had the Good Doctrine, even before the days of Shâkya-Muni. These ascetics had dwelt beyond the Himâlayan ranges from time immemorial. They are the direct successors of those Âryan sages who, instead of accompanying their Brâhman brothers in the pre-historical emigration from Lake Mânasasarovara across the Snowy Range into the hot plains of the Seven Rivers, had preferred to remain in their inaccessible and unknown fastnesses. No wonder, indeed, if the Âryan esoteric doctrine and our Arahât doctrines are found to be almost identical.

Truth, like the sun over our heads, is one; but it seems as if this eternal truism must be constantly reiterated to make the dark, as much as the white, people remember it. Only that truth may be kept pure and unpolluted by human exaggerations—its very votaries betimes seeking to adapt it, to pervert and disfigure its fair face to their own selfish ends—it has to be hidden far away from the eye of the profane. Since the days of the earliest universal mysteries up to the time of our great Shâkya Tathâgata Buddha, who reduced and interpreted the system for the salvation of all, the divine Voice of the Self, known as Kwan-yin, was heard but in the sacred solitude of the preparatory mysteries.

“Our world-honoured Tsong-kha-pa closing his fifth Dam-ngag reminds us that ‘every sacred truth, which the ignorant are unable to comprehend under its true light, ought to be hidden within a triple casket concealing itself as the tortoise conceals his head within his shell; ought to show her face but to those who are desirous of obtaining the condition of Anuttara Samyak Sambodhi’—the most merciful and enlightened heart.

“There is a dual meaning, then, even in the canon thrown open to the people, and, quite recently, to Western scholars. I will now try to correct the errors—too intentional, I am sorry to say, in the case of the Jesuit writers. No doubt but that the Chinese and Tibetan Scriptures, so-called, the standard works of China and Japan, some written by our most learned scholars, many of whom—as uninitiated though sincere and pious men—commented upon what they never rightly understood, contain a mass of mythological and legendary matter more fit for nursery folk-lore than an exposition of the Wisdom Religion as preached by the world’s Saviour. But none of these are to be found in the canon; and, though preserved in most of the Lamasery libraries, they are read and implicitly believed in only by the credulous and pious whose simplicity forbids them ever stepping across the threshold of reality. To this class belong *The Buddhist Cosmos*, written by the Bonze Jin-ch’an, of Peking; *The Shing-Tao-ki*, or ‘The Records of the Enlightenment of Tathâgata,’ by Wang-Puh, in the seventh century, *The Hi-shai Sûtra*, or ‘Book of Creation,’ various volumes on heaven and hell, and so forth—poetic fictions grouped around a symbolism evolved as an after-thought.

“But the records from which our scholastic author, the monk Della Penna quotes—or I should rather say, misquotes—contain no fiction, but simply information for future generations, who may, by that time, have obtained the key to the right reading of them. The ‘Lha’ of whom Della Penna speaks but to deride the fable, they who ‘have attained the position of saints in this world,’ were simply the initiated Arhats, the adepts of many and various grades, generally known under the name of Bhan-té or Brothers. In the book known as the *Avatamsaka Sûtra*, in the section on ‘the Supreme Âtman—Self—as manifested in the character of the Arhats and Pratyeka Buddhas,’ it is stated that ‘Because from the beginning, all sentient creatures have confused the truth, and embraced the false; therefore has there come into existence a hidden knowledge called Alaya Vijñâna.’ ‘Who is in the possession of the true hidden knowledge?’ ‘The great teachers of the Snowy Mountain,’ is the response in *The Book of Lazu*. The Snowy Mountain is the ‘mountain a hundred and sixty thousand leagues high.’ Let us see what this means. The last three ciphers being simply left out, we have a hundred and sixty leagues; a Tibetan league is nearly five miles; this gives us seven hundred and eighty miles from a certain holy spot, by a distinct road to the west. This becomes as clear as can be, even in Della Penna’s further description, to one who has but a glimpse of the truth. ‘According to their law,’ says that monk, ‘in the west of this world, is an eternal world, a paradise, and in it a saint called Ho-pahne, which means “Saint of Splendour and Infinite Light.” This saint has many distinct “powers,” who are all called “chang-chub,” which—he adds in a footnote—means “the spirits of those who, on account of their perfection, do not care to become saints, and train and instruct the bodies of the reborn Lamás, so that they may help the living.”’

“This shows that these presumably dead ‘chang-chubs’ are living Bodhisatwas or Bhan-té, known under various names among Tibetan people; among others, Lha, or ‘spirits,’ as they are supposed to have an existence more in spirit than in flesh. At death they often renounce Nirvâna—the bliss of eternal rest, or oblivion of personality—to remain in their spiritualized astral selves for the good of their disciples and humanity in general.

“To some Theosophists, at least, my meaning must be clear,

though some are sure to rebel against the explanation. Yet we maintain that there is no possibility of an entirely pure 'self' remaining in the terrestrial atmosphere after his liberation from the physical body, in his own personality, in which he moved upon earth. Only three exceptions are made to this rule:

"The holy motive prompting a Bodhisatwa, a Sravaka, or Rahat to help to the same bliss those who remain behind him, the living; in which case he will stop to instruct them either from within or without; or, secondly, those who, however pure, harmless and comparatively free from sin during their lives, have been so engrossed with some particular idea in connection with one of the human *mâyâs* as to pass away amidst that all-absorbing thought; and, thirdly, persons in whom an intense and holy love, such as that of a mother for her orphaned children, creates or generates an indomitable will fed by that boundless love to tarry with and among the living in their inner selves.

"The periods allotted for these exceptional cases vary. In the first case, owing to the knowledge acquired in his condition of Anuttara Samyak Sambodhi—the most holy and enlightened heart—the Bodhisatwa has no fixed limit. Accustomed to remain for hours and days in his astral form during life, he has power after death to create around him his own conditions, calculated to check the natural tendency of the other principles to rejoin their respective elements, and can descend or even remain on earth for centuries and millenniums. In the second case, the period will last until the all-powerful magnetic attraction of the subject of the thought—intensely concentrated at the moment of death—becomes weakened and gradually fades out. In the third, the attraction is broken either by the death or the moral unworthiness of the loved ones. It cannot in either case last more than a lifetime.

"In all other cases of apparitions or communications by whatever mode, the 'spirit' will prove a wicked 'bhûta' or 'ro-lang' at best—the soulless shell of an 'elementary.' The 'Good Doctrine' is rejected on account of the unwarranted accusation that 'adepts' only claim the privilege of immortality. No such claim was ever brought forward by any eastern adept or initiate. Very true, our Masters teach us 'that immortality is conditional,' and that the chances of an adept who has become a proficient in the

Alaya Vijñāna, the acme of wisdom, are tenfold greater than those of one who, being ignorant of the potentialities centred within his Self, allows them to remain dormant and undisturbed until it is too late to awake them in this life. But the adept knows no more on earth, nor are his powers greater here than will be the knowledge and powers of the average good man when the latter reaches his fifth and especially his sixth cycle or round. Our present mankind is still in the fourth of the seven great cyclic rounds. Humanity is a baby hardly out of its swaddling clothes, and the highest adept of the present age knows less than he will know as a child in the seventh round. And as mankind is an infant collectively, so is man in his present development individually. As it is hardly to be expected that a young child, however precocious, should remember his existence from the hour of his birth, day by day, with the various experiences of each, and the various clothes he was made to wear on each of them, so no 'self,' unless that of an adept having reached Samma-Sambuddha—during which an illuminee sees the long series of his past lives throughout all his previous births in other worlds—was ever able to recall the distinct and various lives he passed through. But that time must come one day. Unless a man is an irretrievable sensualist, dooming himself thereby to utter annihilation after one of such sinful lives, that day will dawn when, having reached the state of absolute freedom from any sin or desire, he will see and recall to memory all his past lives as easily as a man of our age turns back and passes in review, one by one, every day of his existence."

We may add a word or two in explanation of a previous passage, referring to Kwan-yin. This divine power was finally anthropomorphized by the Chinese Buddhist ritualists into a distinct double-sexed deity with a thousand hands and a thousand eyes, and called Kwan-shai-yin Bodhisatwa, the Voice-Deity, but in reality meaning the voice of the ever-present latent divine consciousness in man; the voice of his real Self, which can be fully evoked and heard only through great moral purity. Hence Kwan-yin is said to be the son of Amitabhā Buddha, who generated that Saviour, the merciful Bodhisatwa, the "Voice" or the "Word" that is universally diffused, the "Sound" which is eternal. It has the same mystical meaning as the Vāch of the Brāhmans. While the Brāhmans maintain the

eternity of the Vedas from the eternity of "sound," the Buddhists claim by synthesis the eternity of Amitabhâ, since he was the first to prove the eternity of the Self-born, Kwan-yin. Kwan-yin is the Vâchîshvara or Voice-Deity of the Brâhmans. Both proceed from the same origin as the Logos of the neo-platonic Greeks; the "manifested deity" and its "voice" being found in man's Self, his conscience; Self being the unseen Father, and the "voice of Self" the Son; each being the relative and the correlative of the other. Both Vâchîshvara and Kwan-yin had, and still have, a prominent part in the Initiation Rites and Mysteries in the Brâhmanical and Buddhist esoteric doctrines.

We may also point out that Bodhisatwas or Rahats need not be adepts; still less, Brâhmans, Buddhists, or even "Asiatics," but simply holy and pure men of any nation or faith, bent all their lives on doing good to humanity.

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

(To be continued.)

This study of "Tibetan Teachings" is taken from a series of articles originally prepared for The Theosophist, but, for some reason or other, set aside, and never published. We hope to be able to continue the series for some months.—EDS.

A FORGOTTEN STORY.

LONG years ago, in days of old, there lived a forgotten king of a forgotten kingdom. He ruled his kingdom according to the tradition of his father and grandfather, striving that truth might triumph over untruth, and that all should live happy under his dominion. For many long years he did all that man could do, but with no success. At last, sorrow and despair took possession of him.

He no longer took delight in the merry-makings of his buffoons, nor in dancing, nor in the caresses of his wife. He gave up hunting wild beasts of the forests, and the birds that live free in the blue sky.

He grew sad and gloomy and prepared for the end.

His queen saw it all with heavy sorrow, and bade him call together all the noblemen of his kingdom, whose duty it was to ponder wisdom all day long and bring wise counsel in the twilight.

The king listened to his queen and ordered his noblemen to come to him, asking them if all went well in his dominions. His wise counsellors answered:

"When we look abroad, it seems to us that all is well. We wish that you may keep your health for numberless years."

"If you lie not, you speak the truth," said the king. "I shall keep my health as long as God allows me. Yet I know that all is not well in my dominions. Why have we hungry people and cold? Why is not each as happy as another?"

The noblemen spoke again:

"Are not these but trifles? Be not angry with us, but look round, over the earth. Everywhere it is the same. Nowhere does truth triumph over untruth, nowhere is each as happy as another."

"Let it be so everywhere over the earth," said the king, "yet in my kingdom it must be different. All my people must be equally happy. Go, sit round my great table, sleep not, nor lay your heads

on each other's shoulders, but think well and judge wisely while daylight lasts, and then come to me in the twilight and bring your counsel in your hands."

The counsellors sat in the council room.

They slept an hour or two; then woke up and began to quarrel. One said it was only in the days of antiquity that all went well, and that these old days should be brought back again; so that all should fare as it fared with their fathers and grandfathers, whose times were so happy that snow burned, and straw was heaped on it to put it out. Another said that even in those old days not every man was happy as his fellow; yet that all would be happy in the days to come. And so they resolved not to trouble with the present day; it mattered not if their people were to suffer much in the present, as their people were patient and forbearing and had already seen many snows fall on their long-suffering heads. But all trouble and care should be taken that it might fare right splendidly with them in the far days to come, so that the names of the counsellors should be remembered for ever and for ever.

Thus they spent all the day. And when the light was gone they arose, and went to their king to offer him their wise judgment in their hands. The king listened long to their counsel, but liked not their wise words. He shook his head at them and sent them away, wishing them a very good-night and very sweet dreams; but his own heart grew still more bitter and his sorrows more heavy.

"There is no wisdom in their wise judgment," he thought; "no joy and no relief. And what they said is neither here nor there, for it does not pertain to me to answer for what happened before I saw the light, neither shall I be made responsible for what comes to pass when I am dead and gone. What I would know is, how I am to rule now, this day and this moment, so that my people should be relieved immediately. And this I may not know."

And the king paced up and down his lofty parlour, alone and without light, and every time he turned he heaved a bitter sigh, and so deep were his sighs that all the palace heard them.

And his old nurse heard his sighs, and came in the dark to her royal nursling. Long ago she was made prisoner in a foreign country and brought to the capital to the baby prince. Many

wonders and secrets she had brought with her from her distant land, and never as yet had she spoken of them to man or woman.

She spoke to the afflicted king:

"Why do you heave such deep sighs, my master, my child? Are you not suffering from your own error? Why did you seek counsel of your noblemen? for it is their lot in life to keep aloof from affliction and calamity. Their apprehensions are for themselves, and the grass may stop growing in the fields for aught they care. You must seek the advice of others. I know of servants of the Eternal, for whom life and the world have no more delights; their heart is cold for everything earthly. Them you must question; as they long for nothing in this world, lies and flattery have no profit for them. Ask them, and they will tell you the whole truth."

"It is well," said the king; "I rejoice in your words. But where am I to find these holy hermits?"

The old woman answered him:

"Do not fear, but keep good cheer in your heart. It is said that every kingdom has its three righteous men, and surely we are not destitute of ours. I have heard of three such righteous hermits, who have spent days without number standing still and have never left their place. No sinful thought could have kept so quiet for so many years, and all their sins have dropped off them one by one. Therefore they are free, and their only care is to pray for your kingdom in one voice and without ceasing."

"I must see these servants of the Eternal," warmly exclaimed the king.

"This is my advice," was the answer; "go and see them. Ask them face to face why all is not well in your kingdom? Nothing is hidden from them; they know truth, and are able to reveal it to you in all its splendour."

The night mists were not gone when the king left his palace the next morning. He ordered a chair to be placed for him at the gate of the city, and thus saw everyone who came in or went out. Many people passed him on business in the capital, many hurried back to their homes. But he stopped only the ever-wandering pilgrims, asking them if they had seen three righteous hermits, who had done with this earthly life; through whose prayers alone his country was able to exist.

The pilgrims had visited all foreign countries, and there was nothing they did not know in their own land. So they answered their sovereign:

"The three righteous hermits are no fairy tale. But they are hard to find, and hard to trace; for they do not dwell together on the same spot. They stand separate and pray at a long distance from each other, and yet in daily and nightly communion. One shines like a pillar of light in a dark forest. He stands by an ancient oak-tree, which has long outgrown the rest of the forest, spreading high in the blue firmament. The fierce sun scorches him and the rushing winds play with his long hair, but he heeds them not; for more than ten centuries have passed since he either moved or stirred. He is the greatest of them all, and his name is Fiery Oakheart.

"The other old man is brother to the first. His life is spent in the open field amidst the tall green grass, where cranes and bustards play undisturbed, hidden from the greedy eyes of the hunter; and where the hunter himself, with his horse, his armour and his spear is hidden as completely as a child. There dwells the second hermit, eating only the green grass within his reach, and never stirring from his place. His name is Pure Airbreath, and his age five centuries.

"The third hermit is brother to these two. He dwells in the ever-running waters of a river, and lives there with fish, and frogs and water creatures. The droning mosquitos have long drunk up his blood to the last drop; but he heeds not nor changes his place. His name is Fickle Waterspray, and his age is just three centuries without a year.

"The first is mighty, the second is loving, the third is far-seeing."

"I must go to see them myself," exclaimed the king. "In them is the salvation of my kingdom. I shall linger not a moment."

"Hasty and impetuous are you, O mighty king," said the ever-wandering pilgrims. "But haste is a bad counsellor. Pure and dispassionate must he be who is to stand in the presence of the three righteous hermits. No answer will you get from them if you go to them as you are. And even if they were to speak to you you could not hear their words. Wait, and be patient; make yourself pure and forbearing; and at the end of thirty days and one day you

shall be able to see the great hermits and understand what they say to you."

The king listened to the counsel of the ever-wandering pilgrims. He conquered his impatience; he made himself pure and forbearing; and at the end of thirty days and one day he bade farewell to his queen, to his nurse, and his children, and to all his noblemen and toilers.

He started on a long journey to distant forests and unknown plains; but he went unarmed and unprotected, all alone, and wearing a poor coat, like one of the ever-wandering pilgrims.

"Alone I stand in the world," he thought, when the great gate of his sumptuous town closed upon him. "Alone have I set forth to accomplish a great deed, and alone shall I meet with either death or success. No one could have helped me, no one has the power to do my task but myself. And so if I triumph, God speed me; if I fail, God remember me in the life to come."

Having thought all this, the king shook off the sadness and the fear that still lingered in his heart until then, and walked firmly, looking before him with brave and hopeful eyes.

Many days he walked on in scorching sun, cold wind and pouring rain. Many nights he spent sleepless, shivering on cold damp grass, expecting to meet frightful wild beasts. He had no weapon against them save his strength, so little and so insignificant that the wild beasts could have destroyed him, were it not for his courage, which led him on.

At last he came to a dark forest, and, entering it, fell suddenly down on the dry leaves and green moss, blinded by a pillar of light, so bright that no man could bear to look at it.

He never knew how long he lay there, not daring to lift up his eyes, for he knew the cause of these shining rays; he knew he was in the presence of Fiery Oakheart, eldest, greatest and mightiest of the three ancient, great and mighty brothers.

At last he heard a voice high above his head, as if from the passing clouds, loud as the rolling thunder and sweet as the summer rustling of birch-tree leaves.

The voice spoke:

"Pure Airbreath and Fickle Waterspray, my beloved brothers, my true disciples, do you hear me?"

"Yes, we hear you," came the distant answers, bringing with them fresh scented air from vast untrodden plains and musical laughter of ever-running water.

"Then listen to me," said Oakheart. "For many days and many nights I have watched from my oak a weary pilgrim approaching me. Difficult was his path, with many a wrong turning. He left his home unprotected and unarmed, with no other weapon but his strength, which, as we know, is of so little avail."

"Yes, of little avail, of little avail," echoed the distant voices.

"But his courage guided him, and he has come," continued the first voice. "I can see that he is not far away."

"His loving heart led him," said Airbreath.

"His clear sight brought him," added Waterspray.

"We know him," repeated the two younger brothers together. "He is the king who makes no war, and wishes well to every man. He will succeed! he will make every man as happy as the other!"

And with these words, waves of life-giving, scented air played around the king, and the running water sang to him its silvery, soothing song, bringing courage and strength.

"He will succeed!" repeated the leaves, quivering joyfully on every branch, until the whole forest rang: "He will succeed!"

"Nay! he may not succeed!" spoke Oakheart gravely; and the leaves, and the air, and the water stood still. "He may not succeed, for he is hasty and impatient. He knows not that autumn and winter and spring and summer must pass away before a blade of grass can pierce the wet earth, and reach the light and warmth, and blossom and bear fruit. But what he fails to do, his children and grandchildren may accomplish. Pure Airbreath and Fickle Waterspray, my beloved brothers, my true servants and disciples, shall we help him?"

"We shall, we shall!" was the answer. "Let him question us and we shall make answer."

Hearing this, the king sprang to his feet, forgetting his great weariness and his greater fear.

"Why are there cold people and hungry in this world?" he asked.

"Because men know not—what hour is the hour above all hours," answered Fiery Oakheart.

"Why triumphs not truth over untruth?" asked the king again.

"Because men know not—what man is the man above all men," answered Pure Airbreath.

"Why live not all men happy under my dominion?" asked the king for the third time.

"Because they know not—what work is the work above all works," answered Fickle Waterspray.

Then the light grew dark in the king's eyes, and he swooned. He woke again at the very gate of his own sumptuous city.

The king hurried to his palace, full of hope and joy. He knew now the cure for the sorrows of his people. Sad and weary he left his palace; joyful and light-hearted he came back again.

The sentry at the gate saw him and ran to tell the great news to all people—in the market-place, in the shops and houses. So the news spread swiftly. The bells rang merry peals, and all men hurried to greet the king.

The king stood still to receive them.

"Noblemen," he spoke, "true soldiers, busy merchants, my people all; listen to my words. I give you three days. Think well and think wisely; speak little but justly, sleep not nor rest whilst the three days last. On the third day come to me and tell me—what hour is the hour above all hours; what man is the man above all men; what work is the work above all works. When we know this, we shall all be equally happy, we shall know no more hunger or cold; and truth will reign over us for ever."

All that day the capital was full of talk; and the noise was great and unceasing, as if the great town had turned into a hive of bees. But with the dawn of the next day all talking ceased; all the people drooped their heads, and thought wisely and thought well to find answers to the three questions the king had asked them.

At the end of the first day the noblemen came to the palace.

"Our gracious king," they said, "we are your noblemen. Our duty it is to be noble and generous, to live gaily and free of care, thinking only to please you, and praying for your health. If such be your will, happy shall we be to continue thus, but we know not—what hour is the hour above all hours."

At this the king was wroth and bade his noblemen return to

their houses; to stay there until he could look patiently on them again.

At the end of the second day the soldiers came to the courtyard.

"Our gracious master and chieftain," they said, "we are your loyal soldiers. Our duty it is to give our lives for your sake and your kingdom's, that neither friend nor foe may think evil of you, and to spend our time in games and feasts. If such be your will, happy indeed we shall be to continue thus, but we know not—what man is the man above all men."

At this the king rose, his eyes flashing fire and his heart full of wrath, and ordered his soldiers to be kept in the dark dungeons until he could look patiently on them again.

At the end of the third day the king's merchants and toilers crowded into the wide street, before the palace.

"Our gracious lord and father," they said, "we are your servants and slaves. Our duty is to obey whatever you choose to order; to work to enrich your land, and to trust our happiness to your hand. If such be your will, happy indeed we shall be to continue thus, but we know not—what work is the work above all works."

At this the king was enraged, so that he could speak no word in return, but called to his servants to drive the crowd away, with sticks and halberds and hatchets.

A deep silence and sadness fell on the capital of the king. No music in its streets, nor noise of horses' hoofs, nor of swords and spurs, for the soldiers were kept prisoners in the deep dungeons. No more feasts or merry-makings, for the noblemen lived sad and lonely in their houses. Traders passed the great capital indifferent, for they knew the merchants in it might not buy nor sell. And the whole kingdom was going to ruin, and its inhabitants sad, indolent and careless. All was desolation, without hope or change.

VERA JOHNSTON.

(To be continued.)

SOLIDARITY AND IDEALS.

“He teaches who gives, and he learns who receives. There is no teaching until the pupil is brought into the same state or principle in which you are; a transfusion takes place; he is you and you are he; then is a teaching, and by no unfriendly chance or bad company can he ever quite lose the benefit. But your propositions run out of one ear as they ran in at the other.”

(EMERSON.)

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 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 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 goodwill has begun between the Hindu, 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, Burleighan 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 Gitâ, the Dhammapada, 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!"

H. S. OLCOTT,
PRESIDENT OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

[*This is an extract from an article which will appear in full in The Path.*]

SCIENCE AND THE ESOTERIC PHILOSOPHY.

LORD SALISBURY'S WARNING.

THOSE who desire proof of the waning confidence in the all-sufficiency of modern science, exhibited by its leading lights themselves, may consult the address of the President of the British Association at its recent meeting at Oxford. Lord Salisbury's somewhat sarcastic and flippant style suited his theme well, and must have tried the patience of many of his less disillusioned hearers.

"It will be more suitable to my capacity," said the President, "if I devote the few observations I have to make to a survey, not of our science, but of our ignorance. We live in a small bright oasis of knowledge surrounded on all sides by a vast unexplored region of impenetrable mystery." Speaking of the so-called "elements" in chemistry, the President showed pretty clearly that they are the most heterogeneous and miscellaneous assortment of odds and ends that were ever seen together in one category. A third of them form the substance of this planet, another third are useful but infrequent, and the rest are rare curiosities. "They seem to have as much relation to each other as the pebbles on a sea-beach, or the contents of an ancient lumber-room." The truth is that these sixty-five "elements" are no elements at all, but simply represent sixty-five substances which our chemists are at present unable to resolve, thereby affording a most instructive example of those delightfully arbitrary auction-lots into which scientists love to apportion the phenomena of nature.

Nothing in the universe is thus segregated from the rest of nature, and whenever the attempt is made to mark off these artificial barriers, it is at once frustrated by a number of specimens which are just on the border-line of the enclosure and refuse to belong to any particular class. In the case of chemical elements, for instance, we have specimens which, though still unresolved into simpler components, exhibit, when subjected to delicate tests in fractional pre-

cipitation or crystallization, slight fluctuations in quality. Then it becomes necessary to divide the element—say “Jacksonium”—into neo- and praseo-Jacksonium, or into dextro- and lævo-Jacksonium, until such time as each of these shall, in their turn, disclose symptoms of still further complexity in their composition. The subdivision of the physical cosmos into elements is about as appropriate as would be a division of the world into—say, Europe, Spain, Eastern Hemisphere, Lisbon, Charing Cross and the Caucasus.

I have always maintained that men of science often repeat their hypotheses so frequently that they come to regard them and tender them as observed facts. And here, if the reports be correct, we have the President of the British Association illustrating this contention: “When the immortal discovery of Dalton established that the atoms of each of these elements have a special weight of their own, and that consequently they combine in fixed ponderable proportions from which they never depart, it renewed the hope that some common origin of the elements was in sight.”

What I was taught was that Dalton *observed* that the elements combined in fixed proportions, *postulated* the existence of atoms, and *inferred* that these atoms have fixed weights proportionate to the combining weights of the elements. If Avogadro's hypothesis about the number of molecules in gaseous volumes could be proved from other data, it would establish the truth of the theory of atomic weights. But Avogadro's hypothesis has not been proved, and we fear that not a few scientists, perhaps unconsciously, prop up the two hypotheses—Dalton's and Avogadro's—against one another, proving the one by assuming the other, as occasion demands.

It is interesting for those who make much of the idea that all the chemical elements are derived from hydrogen, each element having its atom composed of a fixed number of hydrogen atoms, to note that the President acknowledges that “the reply of the laboratories has always been clear and certain—that there is not in the facts the faintest foundation for such a theory.” He sums up the case for the elements as follows:

“The upshot is that all these successive triumphs of research, Dalton's, Kirchhoff's, Mendeléeff's, greatly as they have added to our store of knowledge, have gone but little way to solve the problem which the elementary atoms have for centuries presented to man-

kind. What the atom of each element is, whether it is a movement, or a thing, or a vortex, or a point having inertia, whether there is any limit to its divisibility, and if so, how that limit is imposed, whether the long list of elements is final, or whether any of them have any common origin—all these questions remain surrounded by a darkness as profound as ever. The dream which lured the alchemists to their tedious labours, and which may be said to have called chemistry into being, has assuredly not been realized, but it has not yet been refuted. The boundary of our knowledge in this direction remains where it was many centuries ago."

Lord Salisbury says again: "Of this all-pervading entity—the ether—we know absolutely nothing except this one fact, that it can be made to undulate." And even this, little as it is, vanishes into thin air when we look back and see what the speaker has just said, that the ether was *conceived in order to account for* undulations observed by Young and Fresnel. The ether has only one property—the property it was invented to have. With regard to what is called "life," which is merely the abstract name for certain activities of nature that are too much for the scientists, but which is spoken of by them as if it were a real thing, the President asks: "What is the mysterious impulse which is able to strike across the ordinary laws of matter and twist them for a moment from their path?" I beg to suggest as an answer—Mind; which would also account for the fact mentioned by the President that scientists are unable to imitate the activities of this force.

In his reply to the Presidential address, Lord Kelvin said that there was one mystery greater than any other that confronted science—the mystery of the human will. And verily it is this and kindred problems that the public now demand shall be solved, and it is by virtue of its inability to solve them that modern science has now lost nearly all its prestige as a power qualified to exercise the dictatorship over human thought.

Our civilization is admitted on all hands to be in a very critical condition, and its survival as a civilization may well depend upon the efforts of those who are devoting their lives to the teaching of the Sacred Science of antiquity—the Science that unfolds the mysteries of the human mind and soul. This century has seen the undermining of our religious stability, and its close is ushering in a

similar disillusionment with regard to our would-be saviours, the modern scientists. For whatever science may have been or claimed to be in the beginning, it is now nothing better than a collection of little departments of petty investigation which are fast becoming more than academical in their tone.

This may be seen by reading the reports of the British Association meetings. Each little department has its allotted time, and usually begins by trying to define its own field of investigation. What is biology? What is anthropology? What does mineralogy deal with? What has geology now developed into? These are more important questions than the facts of nature themselves, a symptom which indicates the division of nature into little artificial boundaries, such as she delights to overstep. The chemical professor complained that the spirit of research was being sacrificed to the commercial spirit of the age, the chief anxiety being to cram small boys in schools with already-discovered facts and with current theories, instead of to find out new facts. This grievance is very strongly felt by all who have burned with a keen enthusiasm for research in any science—say chemistry—and have had to suppress their own ambition and constrain themselves to cram their heads with the various theories and cut-and-dried facts in the text-books, in order to pass their examinations.

The science of anthropology seems to be largely concerned with methods of identifying criminals, this having been held out at the British Association as a proof that the science is of practical utility.

The chief advantage of these annual meetings of our professors is that no one who reads the reports of their doings and sayings can any longer look up to science as the source of human enlightenment; and as religion is in the same predicament, there is nothing left but the Science of the Ages taught under the name of Theosophy. Let men study the powers and faculties of their own nature, and they will no more need to rely upon any priesthood, whether of religion or science.

H. T. E.

THE REAL AND THE UNREAL.

“The perfect consciousness that ‘I am the Eternal’ removes the false appearances projected by ignorance. Know that indeed as the Eternal; nothing exists but the Eternal, when aught else appears to be it is false like the mirage.”

(*Âtma-Bodha*, SHANKARÂCHÂRYA.)

THE alternative of moving for ever in a vicious circle faces the European student of occult philosophy, who begins his study before making himself familiar with the mode of thought and peculiarity of expression of its teachers. His first necessity is, to know the esoteric views of the ultimate nature of spirit, of matter, force and space; the fundamental and axiomatic theories as to reality and unreality, form and the formless, dream and waking. Especially should he master, at least approximately, the distinction between the objective and the subjective in the living man's sensuous perceptions, and the same, as they appear to the psychic perceptions of a disembodied entity in “paradise.” It will not strengthen his case to put forth the objection that the mode of the intercourse is not such as we can at present recognize from experience; in other words, that until one enters “paradise” one cannot enter into sympathy with its perceptions or feelings. For, the disembodied individuality being identical in nature with the higher triad—the spirit, soul, and mind—of the living man, when liberated as the result of self-evolution effected by full development of conscious and trained will, the adept can through this triad learn all that concerns a being in paradise; can live for the time being his mental life, feel as he feels, and sharing thoroughly in his supersensuous perceptions, bring the memory of them back with him on earth unwarped by illusive deceptions, and hence, not to be gainsaid. This, of course, assuming the existence of such “sports of nature” as an adept, which may, perhaps, be conceded by objectors for the sake

of argument. And the further concession must be asked that no comparison shall be made to the adept's detriment between the perceptive powers of his triad, when so freed from the body, and those of the half-liberated monad of the entranced somnambule or medium which is having its dazed glimpses into the "celestial arcana." Still less is it allowable to gauge them by the reveries of an embodied mind, however cultured and metaphysical, which has no data to build upon, save the deductions and inductions which spring from its own normal activity.

However much European students may seem to have outgrown the crude beliefs of their earlier years, yet a special study of Asiatic mental tendencies is indispensable to qualify them to grasp the meaning of Asiatic expressions. In a word, they may have outgrown their hereditary ideas only far enough to qualify them as critics of the same; and not sufficiently to determine what is consistent or inconsistent language, for eastern thinkers. Difference in the resources of language is also a most important factor to keep in mind. This is well illustrated in the alleged reply of an Oriental visiting Europe, when asked to contrast Christianity with Buddhism: "It would require an index or glossary; for Christianity has not the ideas for our words nor the words for our ideas." Every attempt to explain the doctrines of occultism in the meagre terminology of European science and metaphysics to students ignorant of our terms, is likely to result in disastrous misunderstandings despite good intentions on both sides. Unquestionably, such expressions as "real life in a dream" must appear inconsistent to a dualist who affirms the eternity of the individual soul, its independent existence, as distinct from the Supreme Soul, and maintains the actuality of the personal God's nature. What more natural than that the western thinker, whose inferences are drawn from quite a different line of thought, should feel bewilderment when told that the life of paradise is reality, though a dream, while earthly life is but a fitting dream, though imagined to be an actuality. It is certain that Prof. Balfour Stewart, great physicist though he be, would not comprehend the meaning of our oriental philosophers, since his hypothesis of an unseen universe, with his premises and conclusions, is built upon the emphatic assumption of the actual existence of a personal God, the personal Creator and personal moral Governor of the Universe. Nor

would the Mussulman philosopher with his two eternities comprehend us—*azl*, that eternity which has no beginning, and *abd*, that other eternity having a beginning but no end; nor the Christian who makes every man's eternity begin at the moment when the personal God breathes a personal soul into the body. Neither of these three representatives of belief could, without the greatest difficulty, concur in the perfect reasonableness of our doctrine of life in "paradise."

When the word "subjective" is used in connection with the state of isolation of a being in paradise, it does not stand for the ultimate possible concept of subjectivity, but only for that degree of the same thinkable by the western mind. To the latter everything is subjective without distinction which evades all sensuous perceptions. But the occultist postulates an ascending scale of subjectivity which grows continually more real as it gets farther and farther from illusionary earthly objectivity; its ultimate is Reality—the Eternal.

But paradise being "but a dream," we should agree upon a definition of the phenomena of dreams. Has memory anything to do with them? We are told by some physiologists that it has. That dream fancies, being based upon dormant memory, are determined and developed in most cases by the functional activity of some internal organ, "the irritation of which awakens into activity that part of the brain with which the organ is in specific sympathy."

To this, bowing reverentially to modern science, the occultist replies that there are dreams and dreams; that there is a difference between a dream produced by outward physiological causes, and one which reacts and becomes in its turn the producer of super-sensuous perceptions and feelings; that he divides dream into phenomenal and noumenal, and distinguishes between the two; and that, moreover, the physiologist is entirely unfit to comprehend the ultimate constitution of a disembodied "self" or the nature of its "dreams." This he does for several reasons, of which one may be particularly noticed: the physiologist rejects will, the chief and indispensable factor of the inner man. He refuses to recognize it apart from particular acts of volition, and declares that he only knows the latter, viewed by him simply as a reaction or desire of determination of energy outward, after "the complex interworking

and combination of ideas in the hemispherical ganglia." Hence the physiologist would have to reject at once the possibility of consciousness without memory; and the soul having no organs, no sensory-ganglia, no "educated" nor even "idiotic centres," nor nerve-cells, naturally cannot have what the physiologists would regard and define as memory. Unfettered by the personal sensations of the mind, the consciousness of paradise is without past as without future, the two merging into one eternal present, but for the trammels of the personal self. But even the latter, once severed from its bodily organs, can have no such memory as that defined by Professor Huxley, who fathers it upon the "sensigenous molecules" of the brain; those molecules which, begotten by sensation, remain behind when it has passed away, and constitute, as we are told, the physical foundation of memory; hence also the foundation of all dreams. What can these molecules have to do with the ethereal atoms that act in the spiritual consciousness of the monad, during its bliss, wholly based and depending upon the degree of its connection with the essence of the personal self only?

What, then, may be the nature of the dream of paradise? we are asked, and how does the occultist define the dream of the still embodied man? To western science, a dream is a series of thoughts; of connected acts or rather states, which are only imagined to be real. The uninitiated metaphysician, on the other hand, describes it in his exoteric way, as the passage of sense from darkness into light, the awakening of spiritual consciousness. But the occultist, who knows that the spiritual sense pertaining to the immutable can never sleep or even be dormant, and is always in the light of reality, says that, during the state of sleep, mind—the seat of the physical and personal intelligence—becomes able to perceive that reality in the subjective world which was hidden from it in waking hours, its containing vehicle, the will, being allowed the full freedom of its conscious action owing to volition being rendered passive and unconscious by the temporary inactivity of the sensory centres. That reality does not become less real, because upon awakening the "sensigenous molecules" and "uneducated centres," in the illusive light of actual life throw and toss recollection and remembrance of it into confusion. But the participation of mind in the bliss of paradise does not add to, but, on the contrary, takes away from the

reality that would fall to the lot of the monad, were it altogether free from the presence of mind. Its bliss is an outcome of the delusion or "heresy of individuality"; which heresy, together with the self-assertive chain of causes, is necessary for the monad's future birth. It is all this that leads the occultist to regard the association or "intercourse" between two disembodied entities in paradise, however more real than life it may be, as an illusion, and from his standpoint still a dream, and so to speak of it; while that which his critics would fain call—however regretfully—dream, "the interlude which fancy makes," is in the knowledge of the former simply a glimpse of the reality.

Let us take an instance; a son loses a much-beloved father. In his dream he may see and converse with him, and for the time it lasts, feel as happy and unconscious of his death as though the father had never left this earth. This, upon awakening, he will regard with sorrow as a mere dream that could not last. Is he right to regard it so? The occultist says that he is wrong. He is simply ignorant of the fact that, his spirit being of the same essence and nature as that of his father, as all spirits are, and the inherent property of mutual attraction and assimilation being in their special case strengthened by the paternal and filial love of their personal selves; they have, in fact, never separated from each other, death itself being powerless to sever psychic association, where pure spiritual love links the two. The "dream" was in this instance the reality; the latter a false appearance due to unwisdom. Thus it becomes more correct and proper to call the son's ignorance during his waking hours a "dream" and a "delusion" than so to characterize the real intercourse. For what has happened? A spiritualist would say: "The spirit of the father descended upon earth to hold communion with his son's spirit, during the quiet hours of sleep." The occultist replies: "Not so; neither did the father's spirit descend, nor has the son's triad ascended, strictly and correctly speaking." The centre of the activity of paradise cannot be localized. During that time, even when connected with their five finite principles, individualities know neither space nor time, but are diffused throughout the former, are omnipresent and ubiquitous. Mind in its higher aspect is an eternal substance as well as the spiritual soul—when this aspect is developed; and, united with the soul, mind

becomes spiritual self-consciousness, which is a production of its original producer—the soul. Unless made utterly unfit, by having become hopelessly mixed with, and linked to, its lower elements, to become one with the soul, mind is inseparable from it. Thus the higher human triad, drawn by its affinity to those triads it loved most, with mind in its highest aspect of self-consciousness helping, it is ever associated with, and enjoys the presence of all those it loves—in death, as much as it did in life. The intercourse is real and genuine.

The critic doubts whether such an intercourse can be called a "veritable" one. He wants to know whether the two disembodied entities are really and truly affected the one by the other, or it is merely that the one imagines the presence of the other; such intercourse corresponding with no fact of which the other personality, either embodied or disembodied, could take cognizance; and, while doubting, he denies that he is postulating an incongruity in objecting that such an intercourse is not real, is a mere dream, for he says, perhaps, that he can conceive a real intercourse, conscious on both sides, and truly acting and reacting, which does not apply only to the mutual relationship of physical existence. If he really can, then where is the difficulty? The real meaning attached by the occultist to such words as dream, reality and unreality, having been explained, what further trouble is there to comprehend this specific tenet? The critic may also be asked how he can conceive of a real, conscious intercourse on both sides, unless he understands the peculiar and—to him as yet unknown—intellectual reaction and interrelation between the two. This sympathetic reaction is no fanciful hypothesis but a scientific fact known and taught at initiations, though unknown to modern science and but hazily perceived by some metaphysicians and spiritualists.

[Taken, with a few verbal changes, from a very early number of The Theosophist, by special permission.]

THE BOOK OF THE AZURE VEIL.

EXPLANATORY.

LEAST known of all scriptures accessible in the west is *The Popol Vuh*. A Red man wrote it, some few centuries ago, in Guatemala. He had knowledge. Like most men who have knowledge, his name is unknown in the west. If you doubt that soul-luminant wisdom lives in the hearts of the Red men of the Americas, listen to what Joaquin Miller, the Poet of the Sierras, says of the Modocs:

"It might shock you if I said that the Indian knows more of the Unknown than the Christian does. Truth is a great galvanic battery" (*The Story of My Life*).

If you question how these humble Modocs got their knowledge, you may take a hint from this story told by a dull-souled missionary of a savage he met in the American forests:

"The manner in which, he says, he obtained the spirit of divination was this: he was admitted into the presence of a great man, who informed him that he loved, pitied, and desired to do him good. It was not in this world that he saw the great man, but in a world above, at a vast distance from this. The great man, he says, was clothed with the day, yea, with the brightest day he ever saw; a day of many years, yea, of everlasting continuance! This whole world, he says, was drawn upon him, so that in him the earth and all things in it might be seen. I asked him if rocks, mountains and seas were drawn upon, or appeared in, him? He replied that everything that was beautiful and lovely in the earth was upon him, and might be seen by looking on him, as well as if one was on the earth to take a view of them there. By the side of the great man, he says, stood his shadow, or spirit, for he used 'chichung,' the word they commonly make use of to express that of the man which survives the body, which word properly signifies a shadow. This shadow, he says, was as lovely as the man himself, and filled all places, and

was most agreeable as well as wonderful to him. Here, he says, he tarried some time, and was unspeakably entertained and delighted with a view of the great man, of his shadow, and of all things in him. And what is most of all astonishing, he imagines all this to have passed before he was born; he never had been, he says, in this world at that time, and what confirms him in the belief of this is, that the great man told him that he must come down to earth, be born of such a woman, meet with such and such things. . . . At this time, he says, the great man asked him what he would choose in life; he replied, first to be a hunter, and afterwards to be a 'pow-wow,' or divine; whereupon the great man told him he should have what he desired, and that his shadow should go along with him down to earth, and be with him for ever. There was, he says, all this time no words spoken between them; the conference was not carried on by any human language, but they had a kind of mental intelligence of each other's thoughts, dispositions and proposals. After this, he says, he saw the great man no more, but supposes he now came down to earth to be born; but the shadow of the great man still attended him, and ever after continued to appear to him in dreams and other ways. This shadow used sometimes to direct him in dreams to go to such a place and hunt, assuring him he should there meet with success, which accordingly proved so; and when he had been there some time the spirit would order him to another place, so that he had success in hunting, according to the great man's promise made to him at the time of his choosing this employment.

"There were some times when this spirit came upon him in a special manner, and he was full of what he saw in the great man, and then, he says, he was *all light*, and not only *light himself*, but it was *light all around him*, so that he could see through men, and knew the thoughts of their hearts" (*David Brainerd's Journal*).

Even a mercenary adventurer says of some of the wildest tribes in North America: "Simply to call these people religious, would convey but a faint idea of the deep hue of piety and devotion which pervades the whole of their conduct. Their honesty is immaculate; and their purity of purpose, and their observance of the rites of their religion, are most uniform and remarkable. They are, certainly, more like a nation of saints than a horde of savages" (Capt.

Bonneville's notes, quoted in Washington Irving's *Rocky Mountains*).

But the author of *Popol Vuh* belonged to a cultured people, who built great cities of hewn stone, with temples vast and imposing, the ruins of which still stand, though for long centuries the destructive elements of a tropical clime have sought to devour them; in a land where volcanoes of fire are ever aflame, the volcano of water ever a perpetual fountain; where the ground is ever a-tremble with earthquake shocks; a land of unfathomable lakes, of subterranean rivers, and rivers that come and go in periods of years; of wondrous caverns unexplored; where the earth yields rubies, silver and gold; a land where rains are deluges, and the lightning carves into fantastic shapes the iron-bearing mountains. Such a country can be mother only to men who have souls, lovers of the mysterious, the illimitable; men who look upon nature in a large way; men to whom the sword of the Christian invader brought death and downfall, but never submission or servitude. A few of these people still survive in a part of their country which the foot of no white man has ever pressed; there they follow in freedom and peace their priests who have the soul-sight, cling to the religion of their forefathers, and practise the magic of old.

Of the written literature of this murdered nation hardly a fragment remains. The Christian priests burned the manuscripts by the thousand; and the survivors of Quiché concealed the rest. The translation of *The Popul Vuh* here given is from the text and word-for-word French rendering of the Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg, who also published with it an elaborate commentary of his own, which is, like most commentaries, valueless and misleading. Much speculative matter of that kind has been written by western scholars, who all follow a blind trail that leads nowhere. At its entrance let us post the laconic warning "No Thoroughfare," and turn to the Red men themselves, their literature, traditions and monuments.

The numerous nations and tribes of both Americas are offshoots of a single race. The forefathers of that race dwelt in a land over which the waves of the morose Atlantic now intone a dirge. So say the traditions of the Red men, and no books are needed to confirm the story—the waves will tell it to any man who will but still his thoughts and listen. Nature is not dumb even

when man is unhearing. Always she will speak to the listening ear. That was the fourth great Race; only in the imagery of the Red man these Races are called "Suns," and these Suns are destroyed in turn by Fire and Water, the ancestors of mankind each time being preserved in the Seven Caverns of the Earth: we of the Fifth Sun have emerged from four of these Caverns. Thus in a wondrous epic of the Shiwi Indians:

"In the days of the new, after the times when all mankind had come forth from one to other of the 'four great cavern wombs of earth,' and had come out into the light of our father, the sun, they journeyed, under the guidance of A-hai-iu-ta and Ma-tsai-le-ma, twin children of the sun, immortal youths, toward the father of all men and things, eastward" (Frank H. Cushing, *My Adventures in Zuñi*).

And even as these perished Races are reborn, so each man stricken by death does but rest awhile in the sacred "Lake where live 'our others,' and whither go our dead," and is then reborn on earth.

The Red "Children of the Sun" do not worship the One God. For them that One God is absolutely impersonal, and all the Forces emanated from that One God are personal. This is the exact reverse of the popular western conception of a personal God and impersonal working forces in nature. Decide for yourself which of these beliefs is the more philosophical. These Children of the Sun adore the Plumèd Serpent, who is the messenger of the Sun. He was the God Quetzalcoatl in Mexico, Gucumatz in Quiché; and in Peru he was called Amaru. From the latter name comes our word America. *Amaruca* is, literally translated, "Land of the Plumèd Serpent." The priests of this God of Peace, from their chief centre in the Cordilleras, once ruled both Americas. All the Red men who have remained true to the ancient religion are still under their sway. One of their strong centres was in Guatemala, and of their Order was the author of the book called *Popol Vuh*. In the Quiché tongue Gucumatz is the exact equivalent of Quetzalcoatl in the Nahuatl language; *quetzal*, the bird of paradise; *coatl*, serpent—"the Serpent veiled in plumes of the paradise-bird."

Even the Professor of the Science of Religions at the Collège de France (so titled, presumably, because guiltless of understanding

the meaning of any religion), has to say of the Plumèd Serpent: "There was something mysterious and occult about the priesthood of this deity, as though it were possessed of divine secrets or promises, the importance of which it would be dangerous to under-value" (Albert Réville, D.D., *Hibbert Lectures*, 1894).

Unless the nature of this Bird-Serpent is understood, *The Popol Vuh* remains a sealed book. For the present, let us look no further for the meaning of the symbols than the *Bible*.

"Behold, I send you as sheep [neophytes] into the midst of wolves [the profane]: be ye therefore wise as serpents [magicians], and guileless as doves [mystics]" (*Matt.*, x. 16).

The serpent symbolizes the electric fire, in nature and in man, and therefore, also, the ascetic in whom it is active.

"By his spirit the Heavens are beautified;
His hand hath formed the undulating Serpent [lightning].
Lo, these are but the outermost of his paths:
And how small a whisper do we hear of him!
But the thunder of his power who can understand?"

(*Job*, xxvi. 13, 14).

"And the Seventy [a cautious hint for 7×7 or 49] returned with joy, saying: 'Dominator, even the Gods are subject unto us through thy Name.' He said unto them: 'I beheld Satan [the Serpent of Eden] falling as Lightning from the Heavens" (*Luke*, x. 17, 18).

"Give not the holy thing [inner teachings] unto the dogs [wrangling sectarians], neither cast your pearls [spiritual intuitions and psychic events] before the swine [materialists whose experience is limited to rooting in the earth]: lest peradventure they shall trample them with their feet, and turn again and rend you. Ask, and it shall be given unto you. . . . Or what man of you, whom his son shall ask for bread [religious instruction], will he give him a stone [the white "stone" of seership]? Or shall ask also for a fish [desire to follow a married life], will he give him a serpent [devote him to the ascetic life]? If ye, therefore, being still in wretched plight [under the bondage of rebirth], know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall the Father in the Heavens give the Holy Breath unto those who demand it? . . . Enter ye in by the narrow gate: for wide is the gate, and spacious

the way that leadeth to perdition [the Breath or serpent-fire in its procreative signification], and many be they that enter in thereby; for narrow is the gate and straitened the way that leadeth unto life [the upward path of the fire, leading to the mystic "second birth"], and few are they that find it" (*Matt.*, vii. 6-14, and *Luke*, xi. 6-13).

Even as the Serpent is the symbol of the divine electric Fire, so the Dove stands for the solar and lunar magnetic radiance of the pure-souled man, or Mystic.

"Will ye lie among the sheepfolds [circles of neophytes],
As the wings of a dove covered with silver [lunar],
And her pinions with yellow gold [solar]?"

(*Psalms*, lxxviii. 13).

"I have beheld the Breath descending out of the Heavens as a Dove, and it abode upon him. And I myself knew him not: but he that sent me to baptize in water, he himself said unto me, 'Upon whomsoever thou shalt see the Breath descending, and abiding upon him, this is he that baptizeth in the Holy Breath'" (*John*, i. 32, 33).

Now the quetzal, the sacred bird of the Guatemalans, is a symbol identical with that of the Christian Dove; and between the Quetzal-plumèd Serpent, who is the "Heart of the Heavens," and the Christ who saw the serpent falling as lightning from the Heavens, and upon whom the Holy Breath descended from the Heavens as a Dove, abiding upon him, there is no difference: alike they express the sacred truth of the soul and spirit of Nature, the soul and spirit of Man.

POPUL VUH.

INTRODUCTION.

THE following is the source of the ancient legendary lore of the land which is called Quiché.

Here we shall begin the story of other days, the primal cause and origin of all that has been done in the City of Quiché, and among the tribes of the Quiché nation.

We shall now set forth the outbreathing, the manifestation, and the illumination of all that was in the Darkness, the energizing of its Aurora by the Will of the Creator and the Former, of Him-who-engenders, of Him-who-gives-being, whose names are: The air-

tube Hunter of the Sleeping Animal; The air-tube Hunter of the Unsleeping Animal; The Great White-rayed One; The Dominator; The Plumèd Serpent; The Heart of the Lakes; The Heart of the Sea; The Master of the green-waving Planisphere; The Lord of the Azure Expanse.

It is thus that we invoke, we pean and we glorify together those who are the Great Mother and the Great Father, whose name is Sun-God, Moon-Goddess, Guardian and Protectress; twice Great Mother, twice Ancestor; as it is told in the Quiché legends, in which is related all that they did together for the brightening of the Life, for the enlightenment of the Word.

The following is what we shall write, and we place it in writing because, since the "Word of God" has been promulgated, and hereafter during the cycle of Christianity, the Book of the Azure-green-veil is no longer to be seen, in which it could be clearly perceived that it had come from the further shore of the Sea; which Book has been called "The Record of our existence in the Overshadowing World, and how we there beheld Light and Life."

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

THIS is the First Book written of old, but the perception of it is hidden from him who looks with his eyes, who thinks with his brain. Marvellous was its appearance and its portrayal of the cycle in which all was formed and finished that is in the Heavens and on the Earth, the symbols of the cube and the square, the proportions of their angles and their sides, and the establishment of parallels in the Heavens and on earth, at the four limits, at the four cardinal points, as it was ordered by the Creator and the Former, the Mother and the Father of Life, of Being, by whom all act and breathe, Life-giver and Nourisher of the initiated devotees who are the Peace of Peoples, whose wisdom has brooded over the symmetry of all that exists in the Heavens, on the earth, in the lakes and in the seas.

This is the recital of how everything was in latency, calm and silent; all was motionless, all was peace, and void was the immensity of the Heavens.

Behold, then, the first Word and the first Utterance. As yet existed no man, no animal; no creatures that fly, that swim, or that

live both on earth and in water, no wood, no stone, no heights, no depths, no grass, no forests: the Heavens alone existed.

The face of the earth did not manifest itself yet; only the tranquil Sea was, and all the space of the Heavens.

Nothing was embodied, nothing was correlated to any other thing; nothing was equilibrated, nothing caused the slightest attrition or any sound in the Heavens.

There was naught vertical; there was only the still water, Sea calm and solitary within its limits; for there was nothing which existed.

All was immobility and silence in the Darkness, in the Night; only the Creator, the Former, the Dominator, the Plumèd Serpent, they who engender, they who give being, were on the waters as an ever-increasing Light.

They are enveloped in a Halo of green-fringed blue: that is why their name is "The Serpent with plumes of the Paradise Bird." Of the greatest Sages is their Being: that is why the Heavens exist, and the Heart of the Heavens; such is the name of the Deity; it is thus that he is invoked.

It is then that his Word came here with the Dominator and the Plumèd Serpent, in the Darkness and in the Night; and that it spoke with the Dominator, the Plumèd Serpent. And they spoke; then they consulted together and pondered; they comprehended each other; they joined their words and their counsel. Then, while they yet consulted, it became day. And, at the moment of the Aurora, MAN manifested himself, whilst they, in the darkness and in the night, were holding counsel upon the production and growth of trees and creeping vines, of sentient beings and Humanity, by him who is the Heart of the Heavens, whose name is Hurakan.

Light is the first herald of Hurakan; the second is the undulation of the lightning-flash; the third is the thunder-bolt which strikes: and these three are the Heart of the Heavens.

And these came with the Dominator, the Plumèd Serpent; then they deliberated concerning organized life, what its germs should be, and how that Light should originate which was to be the vehicle and nourisher of the Man in the Heavens.

"Let it be done thus," it was said: "drink deep of the water, that it may retire and cease to cover, so that the Earth may exist,

that it may solidify, presenting its surface to receive the seed-beings, and that the Dawn may shine through the Heavens upon the Earth; for we shall obtain neither recognition nor adoration until the Human Being exists, the being endowed with Reason."

Thus they spoke, whilst the Earth was formed by them. Thus, of a truth, the Creation took place, and the Earth was spoken into being.

"Earth!" cried they, and instantly the Earth took form.

Like a mist or a cloud was its formation into its material condition; when, like sea-fish rising, the mountains appeared above the water; in a moment uprose those great mountains.

Only by marvellous might and power could that be performed which had been meditated upon as to the shadowing forth of the mountains and valleys, simultaneously with the creation of the forests of cypress and pine which sprang up over their surface. Then was the Plumèd Serpent filled with gladness. "Thou art welcome," he cried, "O Heart of the Heavens, O Hurakan, O Undulation of the Lightning, O Thunderbolt which strikes!"

"That which we have spoken into being and have given form shall be brought to completion," they replied.

First were formed the earth, the mountains and the plains; the ways of the waters being divided, the streams winding in serpentine courses between all the mountains; the waters being thus disposed when the mighty mountains were unveiled.

Thus was the fashioning of the earth when it was formed by those who are the Heart of the Heavens and the Heart of the Earth; for thus are called those who first gave fertility to them, the Heavens as yet untroubled, the Earth suspended in the midst of the waters of space. Thus was her vivification, she becoming vivified during their meditation upon her shadowing-forth and accomplishment.

ARETAS.

(To be continued.)

RECENT NOTES ON BUDDHISM.

THE TREADMILL OF DESTINY.

THE *Journal* of the Royal Asiatic Society for April has an exceedingly interesting article on the Nidânas by L. A. Waddell, M.B., M.R.A.S., whose recent contributions on Buddhism in Tibet both in the *Journal* and in the *Asiatic Quarterly Review* have excited much attention. The twelve mutually dependent causes of rebirth (Nidânas) were pictorially represented as twelve divisions on the circumference of the Wheel of Existence (Bhava-chakra) or Wheel of Rebirth (Sansâra-chakra), as may be seen from the frescoes in the deserted cave-temples of Ajanta in Central India, and as is still the custom among the Lâmas of Tibet. These twelve links form an endless chain of causation, consisting of certain modes of being which follow naturally the one on the other, and lead naturally the one to the other. As yet we have no recognized term in any western tongue wherewith to describe this Wheel of Necessity, or which gives an approximate meaning to the term Nidâna. In fact, so far are our scholars from any clear understanding of the matter that one of the links of this "causal nexus" or "concatenation of cause and effect" (Sanskâra) has no less than twenty different meanings assigned to it. It is indeed early in the day to dogmatize on "Buddhism" when such a pitiable lack of information and precision exists as to perhaps the most important subject in Buddhist psychological and moral philosophy. No commentary, dealing with the subject, has so far been translated, and until we have such translations it is more probable that the theory of the Lâmas communicated to Surgeon-Major Waddell is nearer the truth than the speculations of western authorities.

The paper under notice is based on a large pictorial map, elaborated, as the Lâmas relate, by the great Arhat Nâgârjuna, from a rough diagrammatic representation made from grains of rice which the Buddha plucked from a stalk while teaching his

disciples in a paddy-field. At the outset of his paper the writer has to throw down the gauntlet to the materialistic school of scholars in things Buddhistical, for "the starting point in Buddha's theory of existence is the *connecting link* between the old life and the new." The Lâmaïst view holds "that there is actual continuity of the Being (or Sattva) between death and rebirth. And this identity of being is supported by the doctrine of Ekotîbhâva, which word, according to its Tibetan etymology, means 'to become one uninterruptedly.'"

In order to avoid the fatal consequences to this nihilistic theory, which the acceptance of the meaning assigned to the term by Sinhalese grammarians would lead to, western etymologists have tried their best to twist the term Ekotîbhâva from its natural significance, translating it by such absurdities as "predominance," "exaltation." Surgeon-Major Waddell, however, makes short work of these speculations by giving the Tibetan etymology with its meaning of "to become or to be transformed + one + a thread, continuous, uninterrupted." As we remarked before in noticing Babu Sharat Chandra Dâs' learned article on the subject in the *Journal of the Buddhist Text Society*, this puts the whole matter on a reasonable and comprehensible footing and makes the theory identical with the Vedântin Sâtrâtman or Thread-soul doctrine. The time is not far distant when the irrational theories put forward by certain writers on Buddhism in contradiction to this doctrine, will be no longer regarded seriously.

Although a really intelligent explanation of the chain of causation can hardly be expected when the psychic and astral transformations which the reincarnating entity has to undergo are entirely neglected, nevertheless the Lâmaïst theory, as the writer of the paper understands it, throws considerable light on the matter.

The hideousness of the Thirst-for-existence is represented by a monster who clutches the wheel with teeth and claws. The three daughters of this Desire are Lust, Hate and spiritual Stupidity. It is they who keep the wheel rolling and are represented on the nave by a peacock, a snake, and a pig. Round the rim the twelve Nidânas are shown as follows:

I.—Avidyâ, represented by a blind she-camel led by a driver. This Avidyâ is said to be the blind, "unconscious" Will-to-live.

The blind and ignorant human beast of burden is led by the driver, Karma, across the arid plains of the desert of earth-life. Surgeon-Major Waddell, apparently under the influence of von Hartmann, calls this the "unconscious will"; but Avidyâ would seem rather to suggest the natural concomitant of the plunge of the soul into matter or sensuous existence under the influence of the Will-to-live; that is to say, the loss of spiritual knowledge; for the freeing oneself from this state of nescience is brought about by the quenching of the three fires of Desire, which "extinction" or "going out" is the attainment of Nirvâna. For with the destruction of the motive power of the Wheel, its whirling ceases and the soul attains the quiet peace of spiritual freedom.

II.—Sanskâra, represented by a potter modelling clay on his wheel, rendered by the term "Conformations," and the Tibetan equivalent is said to contain the ideas of "impression" or "formation" + "action." This is evidently a process of the same nature as that described by the Vedântic Law of Vâsanâ. The plastic or subtle body of prime matter is impressed by the general karmic tendencies of the past, or rather the rudimentary elements of that body are proportioned by the individual karma, and the astral embryo is modelled or moulded by the descending tanhic elementals into the man-phase of existence.

III.—Vijñâna, represented by a monkey. This is translated as "Consciousness," and the Lâmas are said to explain it "as showing that the rudimentary man is becoming anthropoid, but is still an unreasoning automaton." Shade of Darwin, are we approaching the mystery of the "missing-link"! This is apparently the stage of instinct, a kind of elementary "sixth sense," a sort of animal "apperception," following on the rudimentary moulding of the previous Nidâna. The next stage is

IV.—Nâma-rûpa, represented by "a physician feeling the pulse of a sick man" (?) or by a man in a boat being ferried across a stream, and translated by "Self-consciousness." Probably this stage decides the race-body or race-colour, or sex, of the individual, or some root differentiation of this kind. It is rather difficult to understand that "the pulse denotes the Individuality or distinction between 'Self' and 'Not Self.'" The boat crossing the water is more easily

understood of the subtle internal vehicle, whereby the man crosses the astral ocean. Next comes

V.—Chhadāyatana, represented by a mask of a human face, with a pair of extra eyes gleaming through the brow of the mask, translated as "Sense-surfaces and Understanding." This probably refers to the sense-surfaces of the astral body, and has nothing to do with the physical organs of sensation. Then follows

VI.—Sparsha, represented by a man and woman kissing each other, or sometimes by a man grasping a plough, and translated by "Contact." This is the general contact of the senses with the physical world by means of the sense-organs. Thence comes

VII.—Vedanā, represented by an arrow entering a man's eye, and translated by "Feeling." Physical sensation is perhaps a more comprehensive term. Thence arises

VIII.—Trishnā, represented by a man drinking wine, and translated by "Desire." This is the thirst for physical sensation and gratification. The term is slightly confusing, as being identical with the Trishnā (Pāli, Tanhā), or Thirst-for-existence, which is the original force which projects the soul into the Wheel of Rebirth. This desire naturally leads to

IX.—Upādāna, represented by a man grasping fruit and storing it up in large baskets, translated by "Indulgence." Upādāna is the means whereby desire is satisfied or the satisfaction of desire. Next comes

X.—Bhava, represented by a married (?) woman, and translated by "Fuller Life." The Lāmas explain this by saying that the woman is the wife of the individual whose life-history is being traced. The term Bhava in this connection, and prior to the above explanation, has hitherto proved an insurmountable obstacle to western Orientalists. It evidently means that the greatest physical gratification that can be afforded to man is through woman, but how to translate it is the difficulty. Hence results

XI.—Jāti, represented by a woman giving birth to a child, translated by "Birth." By the birth of a child the attraction of another soul to the Wheel of Rebirth is brought about, and so the weary round goes on of birth and finally of

XII.—Jarâ-marana, represented by a corpse being carried off to cremation or burial, and translated by "Decay and Death."

This is the most intelligent exposition of the Nidânas yet presented to the Western public, and, with the additional suggestions ventured upon, will give a clearer view of the matter to theosophical students than can be found in any of the published books. Surgeon-Major Waddell is doing good work, and lovers of Buddhism will wish him all success for his brave words in writing:

"Indeed, it would scarcely be going too far to say that at a period before the epoch of Alexander the Great, in the valley of the Ganges, and at a time when writing was still unknown in India [?], an Indian anchorite evolved in the main by private study and meditation an ontological system which, while having much in common with the philosophy of Plato and of Kant, and the most profound and celebrated speculations of modern times (such as those of Bishop Berkeley, Schopenhauer and Hartmann), yet far surpassed these in elaborateness."

THE SUTTAS DECLARE AN "EMPIRICAL EGO."

Another interesting point is briefly referred to by Miss Caroline A. Foley, M.A., in the same number of the *Journal*.

"If we now turn to the cognate points raised in the Mahâvedalla Sutta, we come across a passage of great interest, admitting the existence of what would by modern psychologists be termed at least an empirical Ego, and throwing light on to the Buddhist notion of *mano*, or mind, which is often ranked with the 'five senses' as if it were a sixth sense. These five senses being qualitatively distinct, and each being unable to be affected by or enjoy the different range and province of the rest, the question is put to Sâriputta—What, then, is the source of reference or arbitration, and who is it that is successively affected by (or successively enjoys) these several provinces? The reply is, 'the mind' (*mano patisaranam*, etc.). This theory, containing in the germ all that modern western psychology has developed from other sources on the vexed question of a recipient and reacting 'subject,' is not set forth in any other part of the Buddhist canonical books, in so far as these are yet known to us."

This "vexed question" of modern psychology is the common-

place of Vedântin psychology. The eye does not see, the ear does not hear; it is the "mind" that sees by the eye and hears by the ear. This, however, does not constitute the "mind" as the "subject" or true "ego." This "mind" is compounded of elements and is known in the terminology of the Esoteric Philosophy as the *lower* "mind." The true Ego, the transcendental subject, is the Sattva, about which so little can wisely be declared that, according to the Mahâyâna School, Buddha neither asserted nor denied its existence. It is, however, encouraging to find the latest students of Buddhism attributing to the lower Ego what theosophical students only claim for the higher.

BUDDHIST VIEWS OF CASTE.

In the same number of the *Journal* Mr. Robert Chalmers gives the text and translation of the Madhura Sutta, treating of caste. In the introduction, Mr. Chalmers writes: "It is important . . . to note that the Pâli Pitakas, in specifying the four castes, . . . invariably give precedence to the Kshatriyas—the Râjanyas of the Vedic hymns." The writer then goes on to point out some of the passages in the Upanishads where the Kshatriyas are the teachers of Brâhmans, and asserts that the Pitakas "are emphatic in asserting the irrelevancy of all caste distinctions" in spiritual matters. Mr. Chalmers then sums up the Sutta as follows:

"The Madhura Sutta . . . deals with the caste system under five heads. It teaches that caste (i) cannot ensure material success in life; (ii) cannot save the wicked from punishment hereafter; (iii) cannot debar the good from bliss hereafter; (iv) cannot shield evil-doers from the criminal law; and (v) cannot affect the uniform veneration extended to the *religieux*, whether he be sprung from the highest or the lowest of the four castes. In all these important respects the four castes are exactly equal. The Madhura Sutta does not go on to state, nor does any Sutta with which I am acquainted venture to state, that in every possible respect the four castes were on one identical footing of equality. Such a statement would have evinced a certain blindness to facts. For, though in all essentials caste was an empty name to the Buddha, nevertheless, the distinction of caste had a residual sphere of petty activity, and ranked among the 'accidents' of life. Whilst caste had no part in

the higher life (which was alone worthy of an earnest man's attention), and was irrelevant in the less trivial of mundane relations, yet there undoubtedly remained a region where, in the absence of higher qualifications, the hereditary distinctions of caste were accepted as an appropriate *differentia* between little men. But into this trivial region Gotama disdained to enter. He was content to explode the caste theory, without denouncing it as a formal institution."

With regard to the spiritual life, the above also seems to be the view of many passages in the Shâstras of the Hindus. We still, however, require some comprehensible statement of the original meaning of caste from an occult standpoint.

VEDÂNTA UND BUDDHISMUS.

In the July number of the same *Journal* is a remarkable review of a remarkable book. It would be well if one of LUCIFER'S contributors were to send in a more lengthy notice of the volume. The author is Th. Schultze, and it is published by Friedrich of Leipzig. Herr Schultze's work shows how the leaven of eastern thought is working in the western dough, and the review in the *Journal* of the Royal Asiatic Society evidences a sympathetic welcome to such efforts that augurs well for the future.

"Interesting and worthy of attention as a specific attempt at the comparison of religious principles, and a contribution to progress in the same, this essay is of significance in so far as it purports to indicate the drift of modern religious thought. The author holds that the time has come for the culture of the western world to shake off the decadent, discrepant heritage of Hebraic tradition, and to combine its genuine but independent sources—the Helleno-Roman treasures of the genius of communication and self-expression, the modern methods of empirical science and the old Indo-Âryan psychological insight, contemplative power, and ethical self-mastery—into a basis for truly catholic progress.

"Part I of the work is a criticism of Christianity in its principles and results, with a destructive purport. Part II analyzes the leading concepts of the religion of the Veda, the philosophy of the Vedânta, and the doctrines of Buddhism, together with 'some aphoristic contributions' towards a reply to the enquiry, how far it

were possible for these to take root in the soil of modern European thought, were Christianity banished. The author weighs the claims of Christianity to be called, and to continue to be, a base of European culture, and finds them wanting. Religion will survive it. Religion, which the autonomy of practical morality cannot replace (since man is not only social, but has his inner life, his *Für-sich-leben*, increasing in depth and pervasiveness the higher his culture and ideals)—religion, as a series of dogmatic traditions, must die before religion, as a self-conscious, self-chosen 'ethico-metaphysical view of life and the universe,' yielding guidance of conduct, can develop.

"In the greater offspring of the pure nature-worship of the Veda, in the Vedântist doctrine of universal self, as well as in the serene mastery over, not mortification of, emotion and susceptibility to external influences, inculcated by Buddhism, the writer finds a depth of psychological insight and moral wisdom unequalled elsewhere. Berkeley and Fichte he instances as having made some approach to it. The latter's doctrine of future existence would amount to karma, could he have shaken off the western standpoint of beginning with the present life. Locke, again, in his doctrine of uneasiness (Essay II. xxi.) gives practically a Buddhist exposition of *Tanhâ*.

"Had the author succeeded in developing his brief constructive contribution with the force and lucidity of his critical expositions, the value of the work would have been increased. As it is, it can hardly fail to prove eminently fruitful and suggestive in the way in which it brings western speculation into comparison with eastern thought. The author's acquaintance with the best sources of information, available in European languages, on the philosophy of India and on the ethics of Buddhism is wide and accurate. And he has also the insight which comes of sympathy."

On the whole, some of the heretical views of Theosophists are becoming quite respectable.

G. R. S. M.

THE VEIL OF MÂYÂ.

(Continued from Vol. XIV. p. 479.)

CHAPTER VI (continued).

HAY MERRIAN had been nearly a year beneath the roof of his fatherly adoption; it was the commencement of the winter. He was quick-witted and had learned to make up most of the potions prescribed by the physician; he was doing so on one clear, cold December day. Master Anselm was deeply attached to Hay, and the passionate affection with which the boy regarded him was indubitable. Hay did not love his fellow-men as a class—perhaps his experience in the early life he remembered gave him little cause to do so. He was very slender, his eyes were brilliant, but he could no longer be reproached with pallor, his cheeks had a brilliant flush, adding considerably to his good looks. As he compounded the nostrum, the leech entered.

“Good lack, thou hast quick fingers. Thou’rt tired, Hay; rest thee awhile. How is the cough?”

“’Tis an old tale, that. It hurts but little; but I would it would leave me in peace o’ nights.”

Hay’s manner was blithe and unconstrained, his eyes were happy. The old man laid his hand on the curly head as he passed.

“Let be,” he said smiling. “Thou art as restless as a sprite.”

The boy rose and crossed to the fire. As he crossed he coughed. The eyes of the doctor followed him gently and lovingly; he stifled a sigh.

“’Tis a fine day,” he said, “but cold. To-morrow I must go forth as far as Lexminster; poor old Joan, Betty’s sister, sendeth doleful tidings. She is sadly poor, and now suspected of witchcraft; she goeth in dread of her life. Had she the money she would flee to her sister’s at Badgestock; but she durst not go forth penniless this weather. To-morrow I must go visit her.”

But the next day old Master Anselm was grievously afflicted with the gout.

“Alack!” said he, “every hour is of importance to Joan.”

“Let me go, good father, I will bear the money.”

The old man hesitated, but finally consented. Hay Merrian departed on his mission. Half way to Lexminster he was seized by nervous dread. There was that unexpiated theft—what if he were recognized? He fought the feeling from him, reached Lexminster, and sought Joan. He delivered the money, received her blessings and thanks for Master Anselm, and prepared to depart. He went to the inn where his horse was stabled.

Suddenly he became conscious of eyes fixed upon him. He looked up and experienced a thrill of terror; it was the portly citizen of whom he had begged, in whose august countenance he had flung tray and manchets. The citizen crossed the yard and seized him by the collar.

"So I have caught thee, thou impudent varlet. I know thee."

"Let me go, so please you, sir. I know thee not."

"Thou liest, thou gipsy tramp. Didst not rob worthy Master Skipper, the baker? Didst not fling tray and all in my face? Wert not whipped and set in the pillory for stealing? Oh, I know thee. Who hast been robbing now, eh?"

"Let me go," besought Hay. "I have robbed no man, sir—do let me go."

"Aye, when thou hast talked with the worshipful Justice Dunstan."

"Marry, sir," said the innkeeper, "I trow there is some mistake. This young gentleman is the ward of a worthy and learned leech of London—one Master Anselm Barwick."

"Aye, mine host," said another voice. "Aye, troth! a worthy sorcerer, I trow."

It was the man who had quarrelled with Master Anselm for his championship of the woman.

"Who so fit as a gipsy to consort with a necromancer? Ask thou this gipsy thief with whom he hath foregathered this day, in this sober and godly town? Who but that foul witch, Joan Salzer, to whom he hath conveyed her master's greeting. What need we to wonder, masters, at the fever in the town with these doings afoot? Marry come up! Look thou, worshipful sir, that the gipsy do not overlook thee, as they say."

The citizen started and released his captive. Hay turned to fly; a dozen hands seized him; he struggled till he brought on a paroxysm of coughing.

"Hold masters," said one of the captors, a sturdy blacksmith.

"Let the boy go. He is but a child, and a sick child, to boot."

The other men hesitated.

"Hast been at the witch's house, as this man saith?"

"He went to Joan Salzer's; she is no witch."

"Yea; wilt thou let the devil's imp go? Here cometh worthy Master Parson. Reverend sir, how sayest thou? Shall Satan hold rule here?"

"Marry! God forbid!"

"We have taken a most notorious thief and gipsy, grievously suspect of commerce with the Evil One."

This was the citizen whom Hay had assaulted with the manchets.

"God shield us! He should be examined with care, my masters."

There reigned at the time a witch *furor* in the town.

"Pierce him with thy dagger—a witch cannot bleed."

"Nay, try him by water—sink or swim."

"Yea, well said! Let us to the mere, and break the ice there."

The captive clutched the blacksmith frantically.

"For the love of God, save me! I am no wizard."

The blacksmith interposed his burly frame between Hay and the mob.

"Hold, masters!" he said. "Who is this that accuseth the boy of sorcery? who but a drunkard, who tramped hither of late, suspect himself of unlawful doings. I trow we should consider well whence accusation springeth. And look you, sirs, the water trial is well enow; but Goody Phillips she was proved innocent thereby, and died none the less of cold and fright. Wherefore, the stain of innocent blood is upon us, for which I doubt me we must answer."

The words had effect, the men slunk back.

"There is yet the other charge. This gipsy robbed Master Skipper and assaulted me. And, lo, in happy time, here cometh the worshipful Justice."

The worshipful Justice, who was not strictly sober, approached.

The case was laid before him. He cleared his throat portentously.

"What sayst thou? Art thou he who robbed and riotously assaulted the good gentleman?"

"Beseech you, sir," entreated the culprit, "do not condemn me. Sooth it is, that being half starved I took a manchet. Sooth that I, being in grievous fear, did throw the other manchets at this worshipful gentleman; but in truth I—I—am very sorry."

"Aye, I warrant me!" said the magistrate frowning. "Certes, thou fearest to meet the reward of thy evil-doing."

"Aye, sir; nevertheless I consort not now with vagabonds. Ask the good Master Barwick, he shall testify."

"Thou art probably lying."

"Nay, sir," said the landlord, "I think not so."

"Then certes, he hath deceived the good leech."

"The charge is an old one," said the Justice. "The youth hath possibly seen the error of his evil courses."

"Worthy sir, if it be so, he should be glad to expiate his offence thoroughly."

The citizen had had a black eye for a week, inflicted by the corner of the manchet tray, and felt some bitterness. He was unsoftened by the culprit's youth and distress, and perhaps he did not read the tokens of the over bright eyes and unnaturally flushed cheeks.

The Justice had dined—he felt merciful.

"I am loth to deal harshly," he said. "The young fellow is scarce more than a child; nevertheless, the charge is proven and confessed by the culprit. I cannot see that we shall deal amiss to set him in the stocks till morning and then release him and let him go in peace."

The poor young victim of a savage law flung himself at the Justice's feet imploring for mercy.

"I cannot stay there all night. I am expected home. Have pity! set me there till night, not till morn."

"Come, come, thou art dealt with leniently, thou ungrateful knave!"

"It is so cold," sobbed the culprit.

"Pooh! a young lad like thee should not feel the cold. Take him away."

The church clock struck twelve, the wind swept icily across the green. The culprit moaned with pain. Despite the deadly cold and the aguish shudders, his hands and cheeks began to burn, he could scarcely sit up; faces began to come and go in the dark—the wretched lad was growing delirious. Out of the gloom shone a pair of eyes, he could not see the face; they floated nearer—nearer—strange eyes—green and luminous. He could have sworn they were those of some crouching beast, but for the human yearning and sorrow they held. Nearer, nearer, and still only eyes—no face. Ah, it was ghastly!

He shut his own eyes and reopened them; and now another face was shadowed in the darkness—a man's face, strong, coarsely-hewn, heavily-bearded, with bright, keen, restless eyes that looked at him. A deadly horror seized the captive; the face was changing, and now it was beautiful—a woman's face with cold, brilliant eyes and shining hair, a face speaking of more than human knowledge and super-subtle intellect. Again the change—again a woman's face; brilliant, dark,

sensuous, long laughing eyes, scarlet lips, coquettish smile, in which lurked a devil of pride. And still as each face formed before him the vagabond in the stocks sickened with faint horror, as one might do confronted by one's own wraith. Then in a twinkling the strange green eyes—sad, human, and yet inhuman—were back again.

He could not help it, he shrieked, with a cry that echoed eerily across the green, and, alas! tore the poor labouring lungs grievously.

The blacksmith was in bed but not asleep; the thought of the vagrant disturbed him. He heard the shriek, and sprang up with an oath.

"By'r lakin, Bess," he said, "I cannot rest here while that lad is set yonder. 'Tis bitter cold, and the boy is ill. Good faith, he is scarce a year older than our Ned."

"Thou wert best not meddle with the worshipful Justices, husband."

"Go to!" said the blacksmith. "If yond boy is dead in the morning, good Bess, I warrant me, he will haunt me. Didst hear him shriek? Justices or no Justices, I must e'en see what aileth him."

He issued forth, lantern in hand. The captive was moaning piteously, his hands over his eyes.

"What aileth thee? Wherefore didst shriek?"

Hay caught his wrist.

"O God! Save me! Pity me! Take me in for mercy's sake."

The blacksmith knelt beside the shaking figure.

"Hush thee—wherefore didst scream, eh?"

"There were—awful things in the dark."

The blacksmith shivered.

"Art as cold as ice! Art thou in pain?"

"Yea," sobbed the prisoner.

"Where is the pain?"

"I am all pain; I scarce can breathe; I am dying."

"Good lack! God forbid! If I fetch thee wine, and wrap thee from the wind, wilt suffer less?"

"Aye, mayhap."

The good Samaritan withdrew and returned once more.

"See thoul drink this."

Hay essayed to drink it, was seized with a fit of coughing, and lay back panting in the other's arms.

"I—I—thank thee," he whispered faintly. "Methinks it will soon be over now. Wilt bear a message for me to Master Anselm Barwick, leech, of London?"

"Aye."

"Wilt give him my dear love and humble gratitude, and say no prayer of the poor thief he saved can serve one whom God hath so blessed, else would I spend the half breath that is left me in praying for him, and, if it may be, do not let him know—how—I suffered—at—the last."

The blacksmith uttered an exclamation.

"Now, afore God," cried he, "thou shalt give thy message thyself, if my strength be not grown as the strength of a young maid."

"What wilt thou do?" whispered the other.

"Never trouble thyself, thou shalt see."

He strode to the house, and possessed himself of his tools.

"Good lack! goodman, what doest thou?"

"I will have yond boy out of the stocks, though I stand in the pillory from now till doomsday for it; and if I be questioned I will tell Justice Dunstan to his beard that he is little better than Herod; for he hath tortured a child to death, and be damned to him."

With these explicit words the worthy man departed, and with some little difficulty released the prisoner.

"There," he said, supporting him. "Now come to thy bed, and at dawn we will send to thy friend."

"But I shall get thee into trouble. If this be known thou wilt be punished."

"Go to, boy! I will e'en set my wits to work; and if it be brought home to me, good lack! I trow my shoulders are broader than thine."

He led Hay into the cottage, put him to bed, and made him drink hot wine; then chuckling subtly he mended the stocks, and it was subsequently reported that the devil flew away with his young servant the gipsy. And in truth this piece of circumstantial evidence was brought forward to justify the burning of Kate Cole, a notorious servant of Satan, whose cabbages flourished through the aid of foul arts when those of the loving-hearted Christians of Lexminster died.

The old physician had been puzzled by the absence of his *protégé*, and was yet more shocked and grieved when the blacksmith's messenger arrived; for the victim of the ferocious Elizabethan law was utterly unable to return to London; he lay in a half stupor, coughing and shivering frequently; ten hours of the stocks had given the necessary impetus to the malady which had been sapping his life for nearly two years. A year at most would have seen the end of the sad short life; now his life was to be measured by days.

Master Anselm arrived from London by noon, and went to the cottage. Hay was lying with closed eyes.

"Hay—my dear, dear son."

Hay turned and smiled.

"Father," he said. "Thank God!"

Master Anselm knelt and kissed his adopted son's white cheek.

"I might have known there was danger for thee. Father in Heaven, what devils are we the one to the other."

"'Twas my own fault, sir; had I not done ill I should have had none to put me in the stocks."

"And what didst do to deserve such punishment as this?"

Hay slipped his hand into the old man's.

"See thou, dear father," he said. "Thou art a learned leech, and I trow thou hast known for long that I was dying. I, too, knew it, but I liked to forget it. The world goeth awry, methinks! For many a year I would gladly enow have parted with my life, and now, behold, when I was happy it is straightway taken from me."

Master Anselm softly stroked the boy's hair; he could not tell him that he would recover.

"Art thou in pain?"

"Nay. I am tired. Troth! it is good to be with thee, sir; had it not been for yonder man, I should never have seen thee more."

"I thought to bless thee, and I have led thee to thy death."

"Go to, sir. Well thou knowest that thou didst raise my life from hell. I had been dead ere now, and never learned what thou didst teach. Love and forgiveness! I can hear thy voice now, and feel thy hand on mine. Master Anselm, my very soul is a blessing on thee."

He coughed and closed his eyes; he was too ill to talk. On the fourth day the leech, entering, found him in tears.

"Hay! Good lack! what troubles thee?"

"Thinkest thou I shall burn for ever for my sins?"

"Nay, I am sure thou wilt not."

"But I fear I shall, for I did evilly. Only for a long time I did not know how evilly, and I was very hungry."

"Go! thou'rt as good as gold."

Hay sighed. Where in his hunted crushed life he had picked up his theology it would be hard to say, but the infernal regions were a dread reality to him. He was bitterly unhappy, and in mortal dread of eternal perdition.

Master Anselm was filled with helpless distress that the sad life should pass away in depression and fear. But one day Hay lay for a long time with closed eyes, and suddenly opening them widely, cried eagerly:

"Master Anselm, wilt come hither. I told thee of the visions that frightened me yonder. I have had a dream; but 'twas a truth I know right well. As I lay, methought a woman entered my room, and stooping kissed me thrice upon the brow, and spake, saying, 'Hearken! dost know me?' and I said, 'Nay'; and she said, 'I am thy very self, the Christ within thee, and I ever was and ever shall be. I am the beast that died on the hillside, and I am Rouac the king, and Amneris the priestess, and Gallia, ayel and Hay Merrian too. And I am more, for I am likewise descended from Heaven, and am Very God—male and female created He me, force and love am I. I am of the Eternal, and unto the Eternal shall I return, and I will bear thee on my bosom thither, and heal thee. Haste,' said she. 'Thou goest hence weak and weary; tarry not; come thou again with speed; for but twice more thou comest; swiftly trodden is the path for thee; then shalt thou choose whether thou shalt renounce or rest thee, and thou shalt be as a God. Thou knowest power, wisdom is thine, thou hast known wealth, health and pleasure, pain, grief, loneliness and sin; thou hast been loved and thou lovest, thou hast been forgiven and condemned, thou knowest of rank and flattery, of poverty and curses; thou hast been born to honourable estate as men name it, thou hast been born in shame to pass nameless to thy grave; now shalt thou learn to renounce thy purest, worthiest ambition for one whom thou lovest not save in the common bond, and in the balance of fire thou shalt weigh thy work with His who made all things'—and I woke and my heart is glad."

He lay staring with happy eyes through the window. Suddenly he said quickly and quietly:

"Yea! it hath come! Kiss me, father, when I meet thee again I shall know how to thank thee."

"Thou art so dear to me," said the old man. "Will God take from me all I love ere He receive His servant?"

Hay lifted himself with a sudden strength; he saw neither the face he loved, nor the low-ceiled cottage room; through the death-bright eyes shone momentarily the unveiled spirit, into the which the soul of Hay Merrian was merged.

"Yea!" he cried, with a leap of rapture in his voice as one who sees a dungeon door unclosed at last; "Yea! for I see! Shine, O Lord God!"

I. P. H.

(To be concluded.)

THE ETHICS OF STUDY.

“Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.”

(BACON, *Of Studies.*)

IF one were asked to find names for the two sides of the power that builds the worlds, one might very well call them the goodness of Providence, and the fancy of Providence. And one is driven to confess that the fancy of Providence is far more indisputable and manifest than the goodness of Providence. A tireless and beautiful activity in weaving innumerable leaves and flowers, clouds and faces, with never two of them alike—no one else could ever have thought out the infinite variety of ferns—this is the fancy of Providence; and, as we have said, it is indisputable.

But the goodness of Providence? It is only in rare moments of high and disinterested insight that we can see any certain good at all. And it is only in moments of inspiration that we realize the greatest truth of all—the truth that the substance of the universe is this very thing, goodness; that life is formed of bliss, of delight moulded in myriad forms; and that sorrow is only impediment to this bliss of life; that pain is only an obstruction to inborn, inherent delight.

If the fancy of Providence be far more indisputable than the goodness of Providence—so that we can never escape from the one, while we can hardly ever perceive the other—then it is only in keeping that, along every road, our facilities for going wrong seem out of all proportion too great; too great for us ever to take advantage of them all. And, in the disposal of our studies, the facilities for going wrong seem even greater than anywhere else. We can quite easily find a hundred wrong ways of study for one way that is sound, useful and beneficial.

And unless we find some true principle of study, some faithful touchstone to try it by, it is quite certain that the fancy of Providence, the inherent glamour of things, will lead us along one of the hundred wrong ways, instead of allowing us to follow the one right one.

We must, from the beginning, beware of this glamour of things,

this fancifulness of Providence. We must, from the beginning, throw in our lot on the other side; on the side of the goodness of Providence, with its well-hidden secret that life is bliss, that bliss is life. We must see, from the beginning, that life itself, the substance of life, is the reality; while the fancifulness of life, the glamour of things, is the shadow. We must see that the reality is life; that the only sane end proposed to us is a rounded, harmonious and gracious life.

If we realize that the end proposed to us is a rounded, harmonious and gracious life, we shall find in this end a principle and a touchstone to test our studies by. Studies will be valuable in so far as they help us to a rounded, harmonious and gracious life. They will be harmful in so far as they lead us away from it, or make us believe that any other end is proposed to us to follow. We must study to live, not live to study.

If, then, life be the only sane end of living, if the true aim is that life shall be rounded, harmonious and gracious, then our holding this truth firmly and clearly before us will help us to keep clear of the hundred wrong ways which the glamour of things so lavishly opens before us.

We shall see, to begin with, that we must not test life by studies, but that we must test studies by life. We must be at home with ourselves, at home in ourselves, before we can profitably study. One has often noticed the light-headedness of the ants, and their preoccupied and undignified way of hurrying forward, whichever way you turn their heads. Their only object seems to be to get on as fast as possible, to lose no time, not caring particularly whither, so long only as they are getting on. Let us consider the ways of the ant to avoid them. The ant never thinks of trying to see exactly where it is; of trying to see exactly where it wishes to go to; it hastens off, on the contrary, with absolute light-headedness, in any direction you choose to put it.

We should do exactly the reverse. We should, before all things, try to look steadily round us; try to see what we can make out of this very mysterious life of ours; try to see where we are, before hurrying into this or that course of study, with the light-headedness of the ant.

If the end and aim be life—a rounded, harmonious and gracious life—then the first means to this end is an understanding, a grasp of life; and the first step is a considerate, thoughtful view of things, a quiet looking round to see where we are, to take our bearings in this fluid, moving world. And, as we can know incomparably more about our own life than about anything else around us, it would seem the part of wisdom to begin with it; to try to be more at home with ourselves

and in ourselves. Studies will be useful if they help us to do this; harmful if they hinder it. Studies will be helpful if they make us more at home with ourselves and in ourselves; if they help us to see where we are. But they will be positively injurious if they lead us away; if they lead us to overlook our own life, in following one of the hundred paths of fancy, in the light-headed spirit of the ant. For the ant has always its homing instinct to bring it back again, while we, having lost our instinct, may wander endlessly.

When we learn to be more at home with ourselves, and in ourselves, we shall make a great discovery. We shall get to see that our life is a far more interesting and mysterious thing than we had ever dreamed of; that the common happenings we never looked at before, are yawning abysses of mystery. We shall see that the more common a thing is the more mysterious it is; and so some of the charm and infinity will be won back to our life, some savour of that aboriginal bliss that life is wrought of. That old problem of me and thee will begin to come home to us, to dwell with us. And life will become a far more interesting and charming thing than we ever dreamed it could be.

Then, after we have learnt to be more at home with ourselves and in ourselves, after we are more at home with our mysteries, we shall be deeply curious to find out what others have thought of them; what Plato and Buddha have to say of these wonderful things we have found in our own houses, these common mysteries which, like the pearl necklace on the preoccupied beauty's neck, were so long unnoticed, though all the time there. The most wonderful mystery of life is, that there is life at all; that you are living; that life is yourself. When, becoming more at home with yourself, you find this mystery, a new and sudden charm is given to the works of the teachers who have taught that the Self is. Then you may study them honestly, and to some purpose.

But there is no honesty and no purpose in study before the first step is taken, before we are at home with ourselves and in ourselves. We have no business with other people's solutions of the mysteries, before we have found the mysteries in and for ourselves. The measure of the depth of wisdom is the sense of the mystery of life. If I have not realized the mysteriousness of life, it is little to my purpose to know that Plato found life mysterious. And if, with no true sense of my own, I quote Plato's declaration, my dishonesty will be transparent and unavailing. Indeed most of our quotation is only a confession that we have never made the thought we quote our own, that we have never been at home with the thought, and taken possession of it. For in that case we should infallibly have found a new way of putting it—not

so excellent a way, perhaps, but yet our own. When we decorate our pages with purple patches of other people's thoughts, we are simply signalizing the poverty of our own. If the thought is really our own, let us try to give it a form of our own; if it be not our own, then let us be honest, and leave it out till we ourselves possess it.

If we are more at home in ourselves, more honest with ourselves, whatever we think and say of the great mystery, life, will have a far greater value; a value transcending any skill in collating and arranging other people's thoughts. The result may not be so brilliant, but it will be honest and sterling throughout. And as we really learn to be more at home in ourselves, as we learn not to overlook the fruitful mysteries within our own houses, life gains, as we said, a new and undefinable charm—an all-consuming interest and delight that we could never have thought of, even in dream.

This coming home to ourselves is the first step in the way. And as we come home to life, life changes before our eyes, changes and expands its limits. And we soon begin to divine that a rounded, harmonious and gracious life is far more than we had first conceived it to be. For it is to be rounded in a circle of infinity, tuned to eternal harmony, and made gracious with the essence of that bliss which is the substance of life, that delight which is very life itself.

C. J.

KALKI PURĀNA.

(Translated from the Sanskrit by Pandit Bhavāni-Shankar.)

(Continued from Vol. XIV. p. 428.)

CHAPTER V.

The parrot said:

1. AFTER a long time had passed, Vrihadratha, surprised, saw his daughter Padmā grown into womanhood, and, fearing sin,¹
2. Spake in this wise to Kaumudī: O beloved wife, what prince of noble family and character shall we select, to marry him to our daughter Padmā?
3. Thereupon the Queen told her husband what had been said by Shiva, that without any doubt Vishnu would become her husband.
4. Having heard these words of hers, the King said: When shall Vishnu, dwelling in the cave of all,² accept her in marriage?
5. When will the good fortune dawn for me to obtain Hari as son-in-law, as for the Muni who obtained him for his daughter through Vedavati?
6. When will Vishnu marry Padmā, our most beautiful, as he did Padmālinī,³ obtained at the churning of the great ocean by Asuras and Devas?⁴
7. Having thus said the King invited all Kings worthy of respect, filled with [good] qualities, character, of [proper] age, form, education and wealth.
8. In Sinhala, most auspicious, after much thought, he caused to be raised dwellings for the stay of the Kings who came for the Svayamvara⁵ of Padmā.
9. Then came all princes powerful and strong, firmly set on marrying her, army-encircled, decked with gold and jewels,

¹ Neglecting to marry her at the lawful age.

² "The cave of the heart"; a familiar phrase in the Scriptures for the dwelling-place in man of the Supreme Being. See, among many other passages, *Chhândogyanishad*, viii. I. 1; *Shveldshvataropanishad*, iii. 13.

³ A name of Lakshmi, the Shakti of Vishnu.

⁴ The churning of the ocean of milk for the elixir of immortality, from which ocean, immediately after the elixir had emerged, rose up Shri, or Lakshmi, seated on a lotus; see *Vishnu Purāna*, bk. i. ch. ix. The story is found in most Purānas, in the *Rāmāyana* and *Mahābhārata*.

⁵ The choosing of a husband by the maiden herself.

10. Mounted on chariots, elephants and most splendid horses, shaded with white umbrellas¹ and fanned with white chāmaras.²

11. Shining with lustrous weapons as Devas with Indra, the honoured ones, Rachināshva, Sukarma, and Madirāksha, Drathāshuga,

12. Krishnasāra, Pārada, and Jīmūta, Krûramardana, Kāsha, Kush-āmbu, Vasumān, Kanka, Kratana, Sanjaya,

13. Gurumitra, Pramāthī, and Vijrimbha, Srinjaya, Akshama, and other and many powerful ones came together there,

14. Pleased with music and dancing, going each to his own seat duly honoured, clad in varied clothes and garlands, propitiated with

15. Manifold enjoyments, delighting themselves with objects of pleasure, and giving joy. The Lord of Sinhala then observed his virgin daughter of dark-blue colour,

16. Like Gouri,³ moon-faced, dusky, adorned with a shining necklace of splendid pearls, every limb decked with jewels, pearls and corals,

17. And began to doubt if she were Mâyā, producing illusion of men, or the wife of Kāma⁴ on earth. Possessed of such exquisiteness of form [he said] I have met none in this island, nor could I have seen such,

18. In Svarga,⁵ or on earth, or in Pâtāla,⁶ even had I the power of going everywhere. Surrounded by her female companions, as she descended from her litter,

19. He went slowly to meet her, who was guarded by warders bearing wands, followed by a band of handmaidens and preceded by a number of singers.

20. With anklets and girdle of bells tinkling, fascinating all, listening to the words spoken by the princes who had come thither of their various families, characters and qualities,

21. She glided swan-like with a necklace of jewels in her hand, her earrings trembling gracefully, observing everything carefully with sweet sidelong looks.

22. With waving locks of hair and rounded cheeks,⁷ a gentle smile playing upon her face, with shining teeth,

23. With waist like a sacrificial altar, and voice like that of the

¹ A symbol of royalty.

² A chowrie, or fan, made of the bushy tail of the chāmara, a species of deer, and forming one of the insignia of royalty.

³ The Shakti of Shiva.

⁴ Kāmadeva, the God of Love.

⁵ The heaven of Indra.

⁶ The lower regions.

⁷ "Checks like steps" of a staircase is in the original.

Kokil,¹ clad in sunny-coloured silk, she seemed as though she would purchase the three worlds with her beauteous form as price.

24. On beholding her arrive, who fascinated all, the Kings who had such vehicles as chariots, horses and furious elephants, with minds inflamed with desire, fell to the earth and forgot their dress and their weapons.

25. Through her glance, passion-provoking, all the Kings who longed after her were instantly transformed into females of beauteous form, with broad hips, slender waists and swelling heavy breasts.

26. Perceiving themselves transformed into women with marvellous characteristics, with grace, smiles, mental tendencies, lovely faces and eyes like red lotuses, all the Kings followed her in pure obedience.

27. Filled with desire to witness the festival of Padmâ's wedding, I, who sat on a Banyan tree, remained there, impatient to hear the words of Padmâ, disconsolate at the metamorphosis of the Kings into women.

28. O Kalki! Lord of the worlds! Remove the strange grief of that excellent lady, thus reported [to Thee]. On her marriage festivities being marred, she fixed her mind on Shiva, who is the refuge of her heart.

29. I observed the Kings who, transformed into women, had become her companions after their fall from their elephants, horses and chariots, following Padmâ, and observed her also among them. Much afflicted, flinging away all her ornaments, tapping the ground with her toes, the beautiful Padmâ meditated upon the Lord Hari, to verify the words of Īshvara,² that he might become her Lord.

Thus in the blessed Kalki Purâna, coming after Bhâgavata, pertaining to the future, the fifth chapter, by name,

The Transformation of the Kings into Women in the
Svayamvara of Padmâ.

CHAPTER VI.

Suka said:

1. THEN Padmâ, surrounded by her people, disconcerted,³ spake to Vimalâ,⁴ who was standing, meditating on the Lord Hari.

Padmâ said:

2. O Vimalâ! What mark has been inscribed by the Creator⁵ on

¹ The Indian cuckoo.

² The Supreme Lord: applied to Shiva.

³ By the non-appearance of Vishnu to fulfil the promise made by Shiva.

⁴ One of her handmaidens.

⁵ Dhâtri, a name applied to Brahmâ as artificer of the universe.

my forehead, that by looking [on me] men from all parts are transformed into women?

3. The worship of Shiva performed by me, sinful and unfortunate, has become barren as seed cast into saline soil.

4. Hari, the Lord of Lakshmi, of all worlds the Ruler and Monarch, though loved by me, how shall the Lord of the world do so?¹

5. If the words of Shambha² prove vain, if Vishnu do not remember me, then in the fire I am resolved to abandon my body.

6. What am I, wretched woman among mortals, compared with the God Janārdana?³ Harassed have I been by the Creator and deceived by Shiva.

7. What other than I would live, abandoned by Vishnu?

8. She spake. Having heard these varied words of lamentation, grief-provoking, from Padmā of graceful movements, I returned to Thee.

9. Having heard the words of the parrot, Kalki was much surprised, and said to it: Go again to My beloved Padmā and tell her,

10. Having become My ambassador, of My appearance, qualities, and renown; return again, O parrot! so mayst thou be My friend!

11. She My beloved spouse, I her Lord, [thus is it] divinely determined: the union between us shall come about by thee as mediator.

12. Thou art the all-knower; thou knowest rules of action, also thou knowest time of action. Therefore comfort her with pleasing accounts of Me, and bring back the consolatory words spoken by her.

13. He said. Having heard Kalki's words, the parrot was overjoyed, and having made prostration, delighted at heart, swiftly departed to Sinhala.

14. Having bathed in the ocean after crossing it, and having eaten the fruit of the citron-tree and drunk sweet water, it reached the King's palace.

15. There, having entered the women's apartments, and perched itself upon the tree Nāgeshvara, it perceived Padmā and addressed her in the language of men:

16. Joy to thee, O lovely one! endowed with beauty and youth! Thee, with rolling eyes, I regard as Lakshmi, like her in form,

17. Lotus-faced, lotus-fragrant, lotus-eyed, with a lotus in a lotus-like hand, thee I see as Lakshmi among women.

¹ How shall He love me in return? is the sense of the question.

² A name of Shiva.

³ A name of Vishnu; sometimes given as "hearer of prayers," "object of worship to men"; sometimes as "harasser of nations." Jana means people; ardana means worship, but also destroyer, harasser. Shankarāchārya takes Jana as meaning only the wicked, in this connotation, and gives "chastiser (or extirpator) of the wicked."

18. Art thou constructed by the Creator as the embodiment of all the beauty and excellency of form in the whole world, O loveliest! fascinator of living things!

19. Having heard these fluent and marvellous words of the parrot, Padmâ, lotus-garlanded,¹ asked smilingly:

20. Who art thou? Whence art thou come? Wherefore, in the guise of a parrot—or Deva or Dânavâ² art thou?—hast thou been so compassionate as to come to me?

The parrot said:

21. Knower of all am I, travelling at pleasure, of all Shâstras knowing the essence. In the assemblies of Devas, Gandharvas and Kings I am worshipped.

22. While roaming at my pleasure in the sky, I perceived thee who art intelligent, thee afflicted at heart, mind-destroyed, renouncing all enjoyment,

23. Laughter, company of thy mates, and ornaments. Dejected in mind I came here to see thee, to hear what thou hast to say. Thy honey-sweet mild words make unpleasant even the Kokil's voice,

24. [Words] gently uttered through thy tongue, lips and teeth. Who can describe the merit of the persons that hear them?

25. It is not fitting that the wise should attribute delicacy to the blossom of the Shirish-tree, lustre and nectar to the moon, and bliss to Brahman.³

26. Those who are locked in the embrace of thy two tendril-like arms, who drink of the nectar of thy face, do not need to perform Tapas, Dâna, Japa; what should these avail?

27. For those who behold thy bright face with rolling eyes, a small dark spot under the skin, adorned with quivering earrings, there is no rebirth.

28. O daughter of Vrihadratha! Tell me thy mental disease! Without physical ailment, what causes thy body to droop as in Tapas? Through what has thy body, which is like a golden image, become tarnished?

Padmâ said:

29. What [avail] form, family, wealth and fame? All are fruitless for one without divine grace!

30. Listen, O parrot! to my story, though known to thee. From my infancy I have offered worship to Shiva.

¹ There is a play on her name: Padmâ padmamâlîni.

² A name for Râkshasas, or demons.

³ When thou art present, is implied.

31. With the worship I offered Maheshvara became satisfied; Choose thou a boon, O Padmā! he said, appearing together with his beloved.

32. Shankara, beholding me standing before him with my face bowed down through modesty, said: Hari, the Lord Nārāyana shall wed thee.

33. Anyone, whether Deva, or Dānava, or Gandharva, looking on thee with lust in his heart shall become a woman, without doubt.

34. He spake. After having bestowed the boon, what he declared as to the worship of Vishnu, that will I speak to thee; listen with collected mind.

35. These Kings who have now become my maidens were formerly invited to the Svayamvara by my father, intent on performance of his duty after perceiving me young and beautiful.

36. Come with the firm resolve to wed me; young, handsome, gifted and wealthy, they were respectfully received and comfortably seated.

37. Having seen me come to the Svayamvara, brilliantly radiant, holding a necklace in my hand, they fell down, passion-infatuated.

38. Then arising, they were ashamed to see themselves changed to women, heavy-breasted, with sloping and wide hips, humiliated in mind.

39. To friends causing shame, to enemies horror; having considered in their minds their becoming women, they followed me, O parrot!

40. Accomplished, obedient, as companions, endowed with all qualities, together with me performing Tapas, Dhyāna and Pūjā with one mind.

41. Having heard these delectable words of Padmā, revealing her real state of mind, the parrot rejoiced her with appropriate words and asked her again how to worship Hari.

Thus in the blessed Kalki Purāna, coming after Bhāgavata, pertaining to the future, the sixth chapter, by name,

The Dialogue between the Parrot and Padmā.

(To be continued.)

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Q. 11.—Is there any authority, in published works on Buddhism or the Indian religions, for the use of the name "Devachan" for the paradise of dream between birth and rebirth; or was the word first introduced in the "Fragments of Occult Truth," in the early numbers of *The Theosophist*? C. E.

A. 11.—The following quotations will give a sufficient answer to this question:

"Chapter i [of *Mani Kambum*, the 'book of the hundred thousand precious commandments'] begins with a description of the wonderful region Sukhavatî (Tib. Devachan) . . . wherein those are received, who have merited the most perfect blissfulness of existence" (p. 84).

"The happy region Sukhavatî, where thrones Amitâbha, lies towards the west. In Sanskrit it is called Sukhavatî, 'abounding in pleasures'; in Tibetan Devachan, 'the happy'; the Chinese designate it Ngyan-lo, 'pleasure'; Kio-lo, 'the greatest pleasure'; Tsing-tu, 'pure or glorious land,' and in sacred treatises it is denominated 'the pure region, a kind of prosperity.' We find an account of this glorious region of Amitâbha in many religious books. Sukhavatî is declared to be a large lake, the surface of which is covered with lotus flowers (Padmas), red and white, with perfumes of rare odour. These flowers form the couches for pious men, whose virtues were the cause of their growth, while yet sojourners upon earth. Such men, after being purified from their sins, soar up into their lotus-flowers. The inhabitants of this paradise are moved to earnest devotion by the beautiful song of paradisiacal birds, and receive food and clothes for the mere wishing, without any exertion on their part" (pp. 100, 101).

". . . He will become clean from all darkening sins, and will be born in the region *De-va-chan*, which is toward the west."

"I adore the Tathâgata Ts'he-*dpag-med* who dwells in the Buddha-region *De-va-chan*" (pp. 128, 129).

"Phonetic transcription, Devachan; transliteration, *De-ba-chan*" (p. 376, where the word is also given in the Tibetan character).—*Buddhism in Tibet*, by Emil Schlagintweit, LL.D. (Leipzig and London. 1863.) A. J. W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of LUCIFER.

MY attention has been directed to the account of Mr. Ledger's lectures on the moon as a planet in the March LUCIFER. The evidence that the moon makes a succession of complete revolutions in space during each revolution round the sun is so clear as to seem incontrovertible.

During each lunation the moon passes through all the constellations of the Zodiac. In its thirteen lunations, which correspond with a single passage of the sun and of the earth through the zodiacal constellations, it passes fourteen times through those constellations—once for each of its lunations and once for its associated revolution with the earth round the sun. That these thirteen revolutions are round the earth is evident from its close association with that planet and its successive phases.

Perhaps if you admit this communication to the pages of LUCIFER, Mr. Ledger may be induced to explain how he reconciles the thirteen subordinate revolutions of the moon with its single revolution in association with the earth round the sun.

HENRY PRATT, M.D.

51, Upper Belgrave Road, Clifton, August 13th, 1894.

REVIEWS.

A MODERN INQUISITION.

MORE than once in these pages have we had occasion to lead our readers to the brink of that yawning pit which lies straight in front of those who are driving the reckless chariot of materialistic science, and to point out to them the sanguine horrors that can be glimpsed therein. Often has H. P. Blavatsky thundered forth her opinion of scientific methods and their inevitable outcome; and Edward Maitland and Edward Carpenter have been cited to like effect. But then these opponents of science are so prejudiced, so exaggerated, and so needless in their attacks on the glorious scientific enterprise of this century and the noble profession of healing the sick! Surely their imaginations have led them astray!

Let those who think so read a pamphlet entitled *Medical Experiments on Living Beings: a Public Attack on Prof. Dr. Ziemssen, Prof. Dr. Epstein and Others*, and see for themselves the actual state of the case among medical scientists, in Germany and other countries, as proved by the authentic revelations of the writer, Dr. Koch. This man would have the confiding public know that the main object of our leading physicians is—not to heal wounds, but to create them, not to cure diseases, but to artificially induce them. Why are they allowed to do it? Why does not an indignant public rise up and burn their hospitals and laboratories, and hand over the experimenters to be dealt with by the law?

The answer is, Because we live in a society that is ruled by the Almighty Catchword, and there happens to be a Catchword called "The sacred cause of science." Science before all in heaven and on earth! Everything must give way to science, especially the noble science of curing—as hams are cured; and of the removal of diseases—from sick animals to healthy men. But it is such a pity that our medical men should be so reticent about some of their glorious enterprises, and reward so ill a public that looks up to them for knowledge. So we welcome Dr. Koch's little attempt to popularize this noble science, feeling sure that the public has only to know what is being done for it, in order to requite these high services in the way they deserve.

The fourth chapter of this pamphlet bears the title: "The Uses of Orphans"; and details how certain doctors in Stockholm carried on their experiments in inoculation on orphan children; animals being too dear, and the children having no tiresome parents to interfere. The object of inoculation is ostensibly to secure immunity against infectious diseases; but Dr. Koch enumerates, with dates of references, 999 cases of death following such treatment. A few cases are described in detail with photographs of the little victims, which, if widely published, would arouse a storm of popular indignation. One of the doctors, in his treatise on the subject says:

"Perhaps I ought at first to have experimented on animals, but the most suitable ones, namely calves, were hard to get on account of their cost, and hard to keep; so, with the kind permission of the head-physician, Professor Medin, I began my experiments on children in the public foundlings' hospital in Stockholm." Then follow details of the operations performed.

Other chapters are devoted to an examination of the experiments on recruits during the Koch-cure craze; and attacks on the doctors

named in the title, for unnecessary operations and experiments on trusting patients. It is impossible here to go fully into the details of the experiments recorded and thereby to give a satisfactory impression of dramatic vividness to these paragraphs; but nevertheless our readers know now that there is evidence for these accusations, and they have the means of proof ready to their hands.

One word more should be said before closing the subject. If any of the medical profession should feel themselves aggrieved by this attack on *some* of their number, and reply that we are too general and wholesale in our condemnation—let them come forward publicly and disown their colleagues.

Φῶς ἐκ τῶν ἑνδον.

By Plato Dracouly. [Athens, 1894.]

WE have to welcome the appearance of the first book written in modern Greek on theosophy and esoteric philosophy. It is very aptly entitled, Φῶς ἐκ τῶν ἑνδον ("Light from Within"), and we may safely say that it is the pioneer of theosophical literature in Greece.

In the preface the author mentions three books that have greatly helped him in the compilation of the present work: *Clothed with the Sun* and *Dreams and Dream Stories*, by Anna Kingsford; and *The Perfect Way*, by Anna Kingsford and Ed. Maitland.

He says, "It is hardly fifteen years since the wisest men noticed, rising in the horizon, a spiritual sun, whose light is spreading gradually from the heights to the plains, carrying with it new glory and new joy. The peaks of the mountains always receive the rays of the sun first, and it is from these that the inhabitants of the plains are informed of the break of day. The three above-mentioned books are the mountain peaks on which I noticed the rising sun, and, like the crowing of the morning cock, the object of the present volume is to awaken the sleeping population to the fact that it is time to act."

Further on, he speaks of Mme. H. P. Blavatsky and the "great and imposing movement which, under the name of Theosophy, has within twenty years spread all over the face of the globe." And then he goes on to explain that "Harmony is everywhere the great law of nature wherever perfection is the result aimed at." Dividing man into four, the lower half or duad consisting of body and mind (lower mind), which are the exoteric nature of man, and the upper half consisting of the higher mind and "spirit," which form the esoteric nature; he says, "In our communities woman has been underrated and has fallen, drawing man down with her. Likewise in the individual, the lower

mind, or 'brain,' has received every attention to the detriment of the higher mind and spirit."

The rest of the book follows the lines of most elementary works on esoteric philosophy, only surpassing some of them in elegance and fluency, to which the Greek language readily lends itself.

L. D. P.

THE PRACTICAL VALUE OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF.

By Henry Smith. [Elliot Stock; London, 1894.]

WE have a shrewd suspicion that we have seen this kind of literature before. But it is curious to note a gradual change in the direction of a less self-assertive tone. It is not quite so confident or so aggravatingly patronizing as it used to be. But why is it always assumed that Christianity and religion are synonymous terms?

ARE NOT HINDUS CHRISTIANS?

By S. Pulney Andy, M.D. [Madras, 1894.]

THIS is the kind of production which one might naturally expect in these days; a very imposing look it has with its Tamil quotations and multitudinous appendices. But it is so clearly written to order that it would be waste of time to criticize it seriously. The facts and conclusions of the writer amount to this, "that the Bible is the only Book of Books, the knowledge of which is very essential for the salvation of man."

THE NEW SCIENCE REVIEW.

THIS is the first number of a new transatlantic quarterly, whose object is to present the conclusions of modern research in a popular style. The articles are able and thoroughly readable. It is curious to note that two articles are devoted to Keely under the curious titles of "A Newton of the Mind" (whatever that may mean) and "Scientific Creation" (equally meaningless, it seems to us). It is questionable if either of these articles will do much to advance Keely's fame, or throw much light upon the mysteries of his motor.

Indeed, the writer of the second article plainly declares that "he did not comprehend a word of the alleged explanations wherewith he [Keely] favoured the company." There is too much of the "omne ignotum pro magnifico" about all this.

THEOSOPHICAL ACTIVITIES.

EXECUTIVE NOTICE.

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE, LONDON,

August 17th, 1894.

I.—IN the hope of extending the usefulness of the Society, by bringing isolated enquirers in non-sectionalized countries into satisfactory intercourse with old members who would be able to encourage and help them, the present Executive Notice is issued. The undersigned warmly approves the scheme of international correspondence devised by Mr. Oliver Firth, F.T.S., of Bradford, England, and by him called "Hands Across the Sea," and recommends its adoption by all Sections and Branches. The undersigned, being unable to do justice to the work himself because of his official duties and constant anxieties, hereby appoints Mrs. Isabel Cooper-Oakley to the office of "Federal Correspondent," hereby created as a partial substitute for that of Corresponding Secretary, which was abrogated after the death of H. P. B. It will be her duty to answer enquiries from strangers or unattached members of the Society who live in parts of the world not yet brought under the constitutional supervision of a chartered Section, and to aid them in obtaining our literature and forming permanent relations of correspondence with willing members, or Branches. Mrs. Cooper-Oakley becomes under this arrangement a Federal official, a member of the Presidential Staff, and may hold the same without prejudice to any official position she may now or hereafter hold to any Lodge or Section.

The above appointment to date from this day and to continue in force until duly revoked by the undersigned.

II.—To aid Mrs. Cooper-Oakley in carrying on this onerous work, I hereby appoint Messrs. Oliver Firth, F.T.S., of Bradford, and M. U. Moore, F.T.S., of London, Assistant Federal Correspondents.

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

EUROPE.

The President-Founder, Colonel Olcott, has been making a tour of the Lodges in the North of England and Dublin. On July 30th he was at Liverpool and lectured to about 150 people on reminiscences of

Mme. Blavatsky. On August 4th he attended the fifth quarterly conference of the North of England Federation, held at Middlesbrough, thirty or forty representatives of the different Lodges and Centres being present, and, speaking from the chair, congratulated the Federation on the bond of union it had cemented, and gave an interesting account of the methods followed by the Brahma Samâj and the Ârya Samâj in India. Various members of the Federation reported on their work and discussed new methods of propaganda; it was felt to be of the greatest importance not to let propaganda work flag on account of Mrs. Besant's absence. Mrs. Cooper-Oakley, who has also been visiting some of the Northern Lodges, lectured on methods of studying *The Secret Doctrine*, emphasizing the importance of the fourfold scheme of evolution. The "Hands Across the Sea" scheme of intercommunication between Sections was discussed, and Mrs. Cooper-Oakley again lectured in the evening.

On August 8th Colonel Olcott was received at a *conversazione* held by the Dublin Lodge, and next evening he lectured to a moderate but attentive audience in the Antient Concert Rooms, defending and explaining the unsectarian character of the T. S.

On August 23rd Colonel Olcott made his farewell address in the Blavatsky Lodge, and was thanked for his valuable services, and next day a party of Theosophists accompanied him to the Albert Docks and wished him God-speed on his journey to India.

Lodge work during the past month has fallen off owing to the summer season, but the attendance will revive again as usual when the autumn season comes on. A new Centre has been started, under the auspices of Mrs. Cooper-Oakley, at Redcar, as an off-shoot of the Middlesbrough Lodge. In the Blavatsky Lodge the attendance has been much smaller than usual, partly from the cause just mentioned and partly from the epidemic which lately hovered over St. John's Wood; but the lectures have been interesting and well received.

The correspondence department is very busily employed and is being developed on a larger scale than heretofore. By its aid theosophical activity is being fostered in South Africa among other places. Ere this is printed the General Secretary will have returned from his recuperative tour on the Continent to his dearly-loved office, and a new impetus will have been given to the work at Headquarters, which, however, has never flagged in its ceaseless whirl.

Of continental activity there is little to report this month. Dr. Franz Hartmann has issued a pamphlet giving information to enquirers in German, which ought to prove a most useful means of propaganda.

INDIA.

From the August *Theosophist* we learn that K. Narayanaswamier, whose lecturing tour among the Branches in Southern India was mentioned last month, has visited Chidambaram, which is a centre of Brâhmanic orthodoxy. He lectured there under the auspices of M. Singaravelu Modeliar, and arranged to pay a similar visit to Trivady in the Tanjore district. In the North, P. N. Sinha and N. Ch. Gupta have been doing their best to spread Theosophy in their provinces. The members of the Calcutta Branch have established an Anglo-Vedic school for the benefit of the rising generation. The Pariah School near Adyar, mentioned last month as having started with twenty-five boys, has now sixty students. In "Cuttings and Comments" is recorded the proposed foundation of an Oriental Library, combined with a Society "for the cultivation of Âryan wisdom," at Calcutta, which is accredited to the influence of the T. S. If this is so, it is an encouraging mark of the work done by the T. S. outside its own limits in compelling advanced thought along its lines.

AMERICA.

At New York, Burcham Harding has assisted in forming a class for the training of lecturers and debaters for the coming autumn and winter campaign of lecturing and centre-forming. This class has, in common with several Lodges, found the subjects of the Correspondence Class to be useful matter for discussion.

The General Secretary has provided, in accordance with the direction of the April Convention, for the issue with each diploma of a pamphlet containing the rules and constitution of the T. S. and of the American Section to new members.

The Countess Wachtmeister has continued her lecturing and visiting tour among the Pacific Coast towns, and met everywhere with great appreciation and enthusiastic reception. Portland, Victoria, B.C., Salt Lake City, Colorado Springs, Colo., Denver and Kansas City were visited, and the lectures given were upon reminiscences of H. P. Blavatsky, Hypnotism, Karma and Reincarnation, the Masters, and India. Meetings are stated to have been crowded, many visitors and enquirers were received, and copious press-reports given. A Branch of eight members was formed at Colorado Springs, and at Denver three lectures were given in the Unitarian Church.

Dr. Griffiths has lectured in Pomona, Calif., and other towns, with great success, and has been invited to come again. He was driven to Ontario, the railroads being blocked by the strike, and gave a two

hours' lecture to an immense audience, who remained to the end despite the heat and crush.

AUSTRALASIA.

The Auckland, N.Z., Branch, writing under date July 10th, reports steady but uneventful activity during the past month. The Sunday evening meetings have been well attended, many of the audience being constant visitors. The weekly Lodge-meeting is active and prosperous, and *The Secret Doctrine* class keeps up interest well. The members of the Lodge are going to agitate for a crematorium in Auckland. Interesting lectures have been delivered by Mrs. S. E. Hughes, S. Stuart, C. W. Sanders, W. Swinnerton, W. H. Draffin and Mrs. Draffin.

THEOSOPHICAL AND MYSTIC PUBLICATIONS.

THE THEOSOPHIST (*Madras*).

Vol. XV, No. 11:—The twenty-ninth of the "Old Diary Leaves" enlarges on the adipose tissue of the author of *The Secret Doctrine*. The treatise, "Thi-roo Man-tra," would gain by a brief introduction pointing to its place in Indian literature. It appears to be a Tamil work on Initiation, but this is nowhere stated clearly. "Dream-Initiation," by Dr. Henry Pratt, will interest many readers extremely. The articles that follow are confusedly paged; perhaps this may be blamed on the fire at the printing office, which kept this number back a week. The articles on "Curiosities of Healing" and "Clairvoyance" are continued, and are followed by a very learned essay on "The Sacred Fire." "The Interior of the Earth" is a speculation, more original than lucid, expounding a theory of wheels within wheels. "Bhûtas, Pretâs and Pishâchas," contains Indian ghost-lore.

THE PATH (*New York*).

Vol. IX, No. 5:—"Man's Duty to Brutes," by J. H. C., is chiefly concerned with an attempt to show how the ill-treatment of animals is reacting in accordance with karmic law, on men, in whom it develops diseases, insanity, etc. The illusion of separateness causes men to forget that, in injuring animals, they are injuring a part of themselves. "Proofs of the Hidden Self," is a few remarks by W. Q. Judge on the evidence afforded by dreams, clairvoyance and the feeling of identity. E. Aug. Neresheimer is this month's contribution to the portrait gallery, and his handsome face lights up the

magazine. J. H. Fussell continues his article on "How to study *The Secret Doctrine*," showing the importance of bearing in mind the analogy between the universe and man, and other correspondences, and dealing with the seven planes, which represent states of consciousness in man as well as in the universe. Extracts from a paper of notes on the correspondence class questions are given, "Literary Notes" and "Mirror of the Movement" follow, and the "Neutrality" pamphlet is reprinted *in extenso*.

DEPARTMENT OF BRANCH WORK (*New York*).

No. 43:—This is a well-digested epitome of Egyptological research up to the present time. It is made doubly valuable to the ordinary student of Theosophy by the fact that the writer treats the subject from the point of view of the Esoteric Philosophy. A clear statement is given of the original reasons for the great care of the Egyptians to preserve the astral body intact until the next incarnation of the Ego. We note that "Devachan" is derived by the author from a Sanskrit word, and not from a Tibetan, as Schlegelweit has it.

THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST (*Dublin*).

Vol. II, No. 10:—"Notes by the Way" accentuate strongly the need for that steadfast work which induces harmony. "Hypnotism" is a reprint of a suggestive article from *The Path*, by W. Q. Judge. "The Story of a Star," by Æ., is very beautiful, and the pages devoted to the

"Lotus Circle" are well written. Altogether this is a good number.

THE PACIFIC THEOSOPHIST
(San Francisco).

Vol. V, No. 1:—"Among the Coast Branches" is a well-kept record of theosophical activities in extreme Western States. It is interesting to note the line of work followed by our fellow members in America. "The Adepts and Modern Astronomy," by Marion McConoughy, is the outcome of patient study. "Can Thoughts of Man give Rise to Physical Forms?" recommends itself to perusal by its title, and "The Consummation of the Age" will appeal to those who are in rebellion against the excessive power wielded by wealth over want.

THE AUSTRAL THEOSOPHIST
(Melbourne).

Vol. I, No. 7:—This continues to be one of the most readable of our publications. "The Study of *The Secret Doctrine*" is a deserved eulogy of the results of consistent study, and shows how grateful many willing students are for help to know what to study and how to set about it. "Eastern Knowledge and Western Investigation" is an appreciative review of the volume of her Indian lectures just brought out by Mrs. Besant. "The Searchlight" throws its clear rays over recent events.

THE UNKNOWN WORLD.

Vol. I, No. 1:—The title of this new magazine, edited by A. E. Waite, will prove tempting to the "unversed reader" who does not remember that the *unknown* world is a *well* known world to all who are *ready* to enter it. The work of preparation on the lines of "right thought, right speech and right action," is what is most needed. Articles by Edward Maitland and A. P. Sinnett and papers on "What is Alchemy?" and "The Hermetic Doctrine of Paracelsus," are attractive.

LOTUSBLÜTHEN (Leipzig).

No. 23:—Our German friends have to be congratulated this month on a transla-

tion of Shankarāchārya's *Ātmā Bodha* by Charles Johnston, whose name is sufficient guarantee for its accuracy and elegance. This work contains the best imaginable explanation of the views of the Indian sages on the basic principles of all religions. Next comes a forty-page instalment of "Yoga and Christianity," the text of which is that the way to Christ is Yoga. It shows in masterful language the esoteric meaning of the Christ-myth, and contains many illustrative quotations from Eckhart. The last article is "The Four Duties of a Dervish," translated from the Persian of an unknown writer, dating probably from the Sufi Dynasty. The "Letter-box" answers several enquirers, and Dr. Hartmann's new explanatory pamphlet is bound in at the end.

THEOSOPHIA (Amsterdam).

Vol. III, No. 27:—Afra writes on Karma, the translation of *The Key to Theosophy* is continued, also that of *Through Storm to Peace*. Che-Yew-Tsang's second article on "Some Modern Failings" is also translated, as is *Death—and After?*

No. 28 contains an article by Afra on unity and self-dependence, based on the teachings of *Light on the Path* and the *Bhagavad Gītā* on the necessity for killing out the sense of separateness. Various translations fill up the number.

LE LOTUS BLEU (Paris).

Vol. V, No. 6 is of peculiar interest. Dr. Pascal's papers on "The Scientific Proofs of Reincarnation" are of great value. M. Guymiot's article "Respecting the Tatwas" conveys many useful suggestions. Amongst the "Occult Varieties" the article on "The Evil Eye" is extremely suggestive, and deserves disinterment from the obscure position it occupies. Among the translated matter a continuation of Annie Besant's *Death—and After?* occupies the first position. Countess Wachtmeister continues her "Reminiscences of H. P. B. and *The Secret Doctrine*." A translation of *The Theosophical Glossary* occupies the usual

space. The "Echoes from the Theosophical World" are of extreme interest as denoting the activities of our French brethren. Taking it all in all, the last number of *Le Lotus Bleu* is a very solid one.

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SPHINX (*Brunswick*).

Vol. XIX, No. 102:—Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden reprints from an ethical magazine an article on "Karma the Theosophical Basis of Ethics" which he had contributed to a series of articles by the representatives of various schools on their views of life. L. Deinhard, of the Munich Lodge, has an article on "The Riddle of the Astral Body," in which experiences of Colonel Olcott's are detailed. Prof. R. von Koeber writes on the consciousness of Reincarnation among Parsis and Mohammedans, quoting many authorities in support of the actuality of such knowledge among various Eastern peoples. Karl Aug. Hager arranges the atomic weights of the chemical elements in magic squares and other devices, continuing a subject begun in the May number. The article needs careful examination. A translation of *The Idyll of the White Lotus* occupies many pages, and other interesting articles and notes make up the number.

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THEOSOPHICAL GLEANINGS
(*Madras*).

It was an admirable idea to bring together and reprint, in the *Theosophical Gleanings*, the "Notes on *The Secret Doctrine*," by Two Students, which appeared in LUCIFER some years ago. This process, by which the exceedingly complex material of *The Secret Doctrine* is being sifted and separated into brief manuals, each more or less complete in itself, is at once a sign of sound study and a help to students. The process, only incipient as yet, is likely to be carried very far before its purpose is complete.

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THE RELIGION OF LOVE (*Calcutta*).

This appears to be the first step in a new propaganda, by the Ādi Brahma

Samāj of Calcutta. Though eloquent and full of truth, we are constrained to find this little work somewhat sentimental, a little too emotional, as in this sentence: "Though these terms, Father, Mother, Friend, Husband of the soul are allegorical, they very aptly express our sweet relationship with God, and we have every right to use them. Among these allegorical designations the Husband of the soul is the best." This tract is said to be "based chiefly on the Hindu Shāstras," but it is not the dry light of the Upanishads; and "dry light is the best."

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JOURNAL OF THE BUDDHIST
TEXT SOCIETY (*Calcutta*).

Vol. II, Part I:—Perhaps the most valuable part of this number is a short note communicated by Dr. Gustav Oppert: "The popular opinion of Buddhistic philosophy is that, (i) According to Buddhism everything, including the inner being, is a series of momentary conscious states; (ii) that the doctrine of the Five *Skandas* (the Law of Association of Ideas), is an invention to explain the Idea of Permanency or Continuity; and (iii) that the Buddhists believe in the Doctrine of Transmigration of Souls. We all know that these ideas are irreconcilable. There is no possibility of holding the doctrine of Transmigration if we cannot believe in a permanent soul, and if the soul is believed to be permanent there is no necessity of the doctrine of the Five *Skandas*, which plays a very important part in Buddhism. Speaking of the soul which undergoes Transmigration, the learned writer [Sharat Chandra Das] says, 'A *Satva* exists from all eternity, and may undergo any number of Transmigrations.' Again, he says, 'That Buddhism upholds the doctrine of *Sātvic* immortality.' These are, according to him, the opinions of the Lamas of Tibet. These assertions at once prove how unfounded are the opinions that Buddhism holds, that the soul is nothing but a series of conscious states without a permanent substratum, and how true is the *Nyāya* Doctrine, 'that

Transmigration is possible only on the belief that the soul is permanent." This bears directly on the view put forward in "Recent Notes on Buddhism" in the present number of LUCIFER.

JOURNAL OF THE MAHĀBODHI SOCIETY (*Calcutta*).

Vol. III, No. 4:—The most interesting article is a brief obituary notice of Brian Houghton Hodgson, the venerable pioneer of Northern Buddhist studies, "who was the first to bring to the notice of European thinkers the existence of a vast body of literature which had lain buried in the temples of Nepal. . . . In 1833 he was appointed Resident Minister at Nepal, and during his stay at the Court of Khatmandu, he obtained through the Nepalese Buddhist Priests three sets of a complete collection of the Buddhist Pitakas in Sanskrit, . . . which he presented to the British Museum, the Paris Bibliothèque Nationale, and the Bengal Asiatic Society in Calcutta. The Paris collection fell into the hands of that illustrious Frenchman, Eugène Burnouf, who in 1844 published the 'first rational, scientific and comprehensive account of the Buddhist religion.'"

THE BUDDHIST (*Colombo*).

Vol. VI, Nos. 25-29:—The chief contents of *The Buddhist* for July are Mrs. Besant's article on "Vegetarianism," and Mr. E. T. Sturdy's "Religious Systems of India"; they are so subdivided as to be somewhat difficult to read. A valuable commentary on Buddhaghosa's *Visuddhi Magga* is translated from the Pāli; and there are many short translations and notes on Buddhism.

KALPA (*Calcutta*).

Vol. II, Nos. 2 and 3:—This Bengali journal, founded to "support the Immemorial Law of the Āryans," contains articles on "Clear Proofs of Rebirth," reprinted from the June *Theosophist*; "Jñāna Māhātmya," from the Mahānirvāna Tantra; and "Animal Magnetism." The epidemic of wrong paging seems to have affected the *Kalpa* also (pp. 72-75); but we have not heard of any fires in printing houses in Calcutta.

OTHER PUBLICATIONS.

We have also received: *The Theosophic Thinker*, which contains extracts from the address of the Shri Shankarāchārya, which was recently reprinted in the *Prasannottara*; the *Gul Afshān*, which tells us that an ass "named 'Billy,' . . . prefers tobacco to any other luxury; he is likewise very fond of a pinch of snuff"; the word "ass" seems misapplied; several numbers of the *Behar Times*, referring to matters of interest to Theosophists; the second number of *Mercury*, which contains much valuable matter, but has mutilated a famous passage from Wordsworth's great Ode; *The Northern Theosophist*, for September, referring at length to the visits of Mrs. Cooper-Oakley and Colonel Olcott; the *Anlahkarana*, (Barcelona) with excellent answers to enquirers; *The Illustrated American*, with admirable engravings and pictures, in the production of which the magazines of the United States have no rivals, and a well-written astrological study—"What the Stars Say,"—one of a series which has been running for some time; for all these our best thanks are tendered.