

LUCIFER.

ON THE WATCH-TOWER.

DEDICATED TO MR. HUXLEY.

THE SETTING SUN.

As the sun of our century sets, flashing ominous bands of crimson along the evening clouds, we are led to look back and ponder; to consider what these hundred years have brought us, to weigh their losses and gains. Of political and social happenings we can hardly speak here, and it is too soon, there is too much perilous uncertainty still, to strike a balance. But, in the great world of religion and thought we may find firmer ground, we may reach more certain conclusions. And there is hardly any room for doubt that the great intellectual event of the century is the work of Charles Darwin.

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DARWIN'S WORK.

Living as we do on the hither side of the deluge—the great flood of new insight and new knowledge that flowed from Darwin's work—we can hardly realize the mightiness of the change, the greatness of our deliverance. We cannot again imagine our brows bound with the iron bands that cramped our fathers, nor think ourselves back into the narrow world of special creation, with its beginning of the universe the day before yesterday, in which they lived. That straitened world has passed away for ever; our space has expanded to the trembling verges of infinity; our time has extended through the halls of the eternal; causality has run its golden threads through all things, and we dwell in the midst of infinitudes—but infinitudes of order and law.

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THREE GREAT FRIENDS.

In his wonderful modesty and simplicity, Darwin seems hardly to have understood the magnitude of his work, the greatness of the changes it would bring about. Busy with his orchids and pigeons, he unconsciously created a new world. Nothing is more delightful than the perfect self-revelation of his letters; his gentle disappointment at Sir Charles Lyell's too limited acceptance of his views; his wondering doubts to Sir Joseph Hooker, whether these views were not, after all, illusions; his charming appeals to Mr. Huxley for reassurance and support.

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DARWIN'S LETTERS.

Matthew Arnold used to say that Shelley's correspondence was likely to survive all his other work, and we may, perhaps, say the same of Darwin. His letters seem to us to have more real vitality, as they certainly have a far happier style, than anything else he wrote. They deal more largely with great principles, they are free from the errors of detail which become more and more manifest in his books; and, above all, they bring us into the presence of a wonderful and altogether lovable personality.

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THE APOSTLE TO THE PEOPLES.

But Darwin's great work was not obscured or impeded by the manifold defects of his books; and this is largely due to the most eloquent of his three friends. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that Mr. Huxley's courage, his wonderful lucidity, his striking personality, won the day for Darwin, as far as the English world is concerned. If Darwin was the master, then Mr. Huxley was the beloved disciple; or, perhaps better still, the Apostle to the Peoples, the "chief speaker."

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THE ESSAYS ON CONTROVERTED QUESTIONS.

Something of the personal interest that gives such a charm to Darwin's letters, attaches to the latest great work of his Apostle to the Peoples, the *Essays upon Some Controverted Questions*. It seems to us that there are three different sources of interest in these Essays. The first, and, we are driven to say, far the least interest-

ing of the three themes, is Mr. Huxley's presentation of biological science, full of "dipnoi or mudfishes," and hardly relieved by nobler visitors, "the tapir, the rhinoceros and the horse"; though we cheerfully admit that even mudfishes may have spiritual uses of their own. Of far greater interest are the theological studies which show all the grasp, lucidity, and thoroughness that made Mr. Huxley the successful apostle of Darwin. And most interesting of all are the self-revelations which let us into the secret of Mr. Huxley's own Weltanschauung, his intuition of that wonderful universe that is such a standing riddle to us all.



MR. HUXLEY'S COUSIN.

Though not quite relevant, there is one delicious passage which we must quote:

"I do not wish to crow unduly over my humble cousin the orang, but in the æsthetic province, as in that of intellect, I am afraid he is nowhere. I doubt not that he would detect a fruit amidst a wilderness of leaves where I could see nothing; but I am tolerably confident that he has never been awestruck, as I have been, by the dim religious gloom, as of a temple devoted to the earth-gods, of the tropical forest which he inhabits. Yet I doubt not that our poor long-armed and short-legged friend, as he sits meditatively munching his durian fruit, has something behind that sad Socratic face of his which is utterly 'beyond the bounds of physical science.' . . . The feelings of sweetness and of satisfaction which, for a moment, hang out their signal lights in his melancholy eyes, are as utterly outside the bounds of physics as the 'fine frenzy' of a human rhapsodist."



THE NEW DOCTOR OF THEOLOGY.

Leaving Mr. Huxley's first theme, as too well known to need further comment, we may turn to his theological studies. And we can say, with entire sincerity, that they are among the most able—and perhaps altogether the most able—expositions of the results of sound scholarship and sound critical method, applied to the biblical documents that we have seen; they are perfect masterpieces of theological exegesis. With great skill and insight, Mr. Huxley sets

before himself the task of ascertaining what was the religion, what were the real beliefs, of the Israelitish tribes in the period that lies between the invasion of Canaan and the early days of the monarchy, answering to about the twelfth and eleventh centuries before our era.

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THE REGION OF "SHEOL."

Taking "the story of Saul's consultation of the occult powers" as an "authentic narrative, or, at any rate, as a statement which is perfectly veracious so far as the intention of the narrator goes," Mr. Huxley shows what a flood of light it throws on the beliefs of Saul's countrymen. In the first place it clearly shows that they believed in "ghosts" that survived the death of the body. These ghosts inhabited "Sheol":

"And it is obvious that this Sheol was thought to be a place underground in which Samuel's spirit had been disturbed by the necromancer's summons, and in which, after his return thither, he would be joined by the spirits of Saul and his sons when they had met with their bodily death on the hill of Gilboa. . . .

"But they do not seem to have conceived that the condition of the souls in Sheol was in any way affected by their conduct in life. If there was immortality, there was no state of retribution in their theology. Samuel expects Saul and his sons to come to him in Sheol."

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THE MEANING OF "ELOHIM."

Mr. Huxley continues:

"The next circumstance to be remarked is that the name of *Elohim* is applied to the spirit which the woman sees 'coming up out of the earth,' that is to say, from Sheol. . . .

"This fact, that the name of *Elohim* is applied to a ghost, or disembodied soul, conceived as the image of the body in which it once dwelt, is of no little importance. For it is well known that the same term was employed to denote the gods of the heathen, who were thought to have definite quasi-corporeal forms and to be as much real entities as any other *Elohim*. The difference which was supposed to exist between the different *Elohim* was one of degree, not one of kind. *Elohim* was, in logical terminology, the

genus of which ghosts, Chemosh, Dagon, Baal and Jahveh were species."

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THE WORLD OF SPIRITS.

What we have quoted, and much more of equal value that we should like to quote, tends to show that in this question of theology, or perhaps we should say daimonology, the contemporaries of Saul held beliefs analogous to those of the more ignorant Tibetans to-day. What the better instructed Tibetans believe, Mr. Huxley may learn from a long letter from one of their number, translated elsewhere in this issue. After all, this question of communication with ghosts, daimons, Elohim, or the "holy Lha," is one which may be definitely decided according to the soundest rules of evidence; and, as Mr. Balfour's "psychical" colleagues believe they are on a fair way to deciding it, we may, perhaps, leave the question with them.

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EGYPT'S INFLUENCE ON ISRAEL.

One more quotation, and we shall be compelled to take leave of Mr. Huxley's studies in the Old Testament:

"If, as the story runs, Moses was adopted by a princess of the royal house, and was instructed in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, it is surely incredible that he should not have been familiar, from his youth up, with the high moral code implied in the 'Book of Redemption.' . . .

"It may be that Moses profited by the opportunities afforded him of access to what was best in Egyptian society to become acquainted, not only with its advanced ethical and legal code, but with the more or less pantheistic unification of the Divine to which the speculations of the Egyptian thinkers, like those of all polytheistic philosophers, from Polynesia to Greece, tend; if indeed the theology of the period of the nineteenth dynasty was not, as some Egyptologists think, a modification of an earlier, more distinctly monotheistic doctrine of a long antecedent age."

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THE NEW TESTAMENT.

We hope, at a future date, to comment at some length on Mr. Huxley's very lucid essays in New Testament criticism. In this

field, after describing the Gospel according to John as "a theosophic romance of the first order," he very clearly and lucidly brings out the wide differences which separated the old school of Jerusalem—the Nazarene, or, perhaps we should say, Ebionite, disciples—from the new school of Paul, the Apostles to the Peoples, with whom we have ventured to compare Mr. Huxley himself. We hope to show that, in one important particular, the "miraculous," Mr. Huxley does his Great Exemplar some wrong. We hope to show that Paul speaks not of "revelation," but of "unveiling," a high degree of insight or intuition; not of "working miracles," but of "energizing powers," stirring moral and spiritual forces to activity; stimulating the wills of his disciples. We hope also to say something of the Gnosticism in the "contested" as well as the "uncontested and incontestable" letters of the great apostle.

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MR. HUXLEY'S PHILOSOPHY.

We come at last to the most interesting part of the whole book, the third theme, Mr. Huxley's own intuition of the world.

"As I have said elsewhere, if I were forced to choose between Materialism and Idealism, I should elect for the latter. . . .

"I understand the main tenet of Materialism to be that there is nothing in the universe but matter and force; and that all the phenomena of nature are explicable by deduction from the properties assignable to these two primitive factors. . . . This I apprehend is the fundamental article of the faith materialistic. . . . But all this I heartily disbelieve; and at the risk of being charged with wearisome repetition of an old story, I will briefly give my reasons for persisting in my infidelity. In the first place, as I have already hinted, it seems to me pretty plain that there is a third thing in the universe, to wit, consciousness, which, in the hardness of my heart or head, I cannot see to be matter or force, or any conceivable modification of either, however intimately the manifestations of the phenomena of consciousness may be connected with the phenomena known as matter and force."

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THE ONE CERTAIN REALITY.

"In the second place, the arguments used by Descartes and Berkeley to show that our certain knowledge does not extend beyond

our states of consciousness, appear to me to be as irrefragable now as they did when I first became acquainted with them some half century ago. All the materialistic writers I know of who have tried to bite that file have simply broken their teeth. But, if this is true, our one certainty is the existence of the mental world [our states of consciousness], and that of *Kraft und Stoff* [force and matter] falls into the rank of, at best, a highly probable hypothesis."

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THE ETERNITY OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

"The student of nature, who starts from the axiom of the universality of the law of causation, cannot refuse to admit an eternal existence; if he admits the conservation of energy, he cannot deny the possibility of an eternal energy; if he admits the existence of immaterial phenomena in the form of consciousness, he must admit the possibility, at any rate, of an eternal series of such phenomena; and, if his studies have not been barren of the best fruit of the investigation of nature, he will have enough sense to see that when Spinoza says, 'Per Deum intelligo ens absolute infinitum, hoc est substantiam constantem infinitis attributis,' the God so conceived is one that only a very great fool would deny, even in his heart."

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THE FOUNDATION OF ALL KNOWLEDGE.

"It is quite true," writes Mr. Huxley, "that the ground of every one of our actions, and the validity of all our reasonings, rest upon the great act of faith, which leads us to take the experience of the past as a safe guide in our dealings with the present and the future. From the nature of ratiocination it is obvious that the axioms on which it is based cannot be demonstrated by ratiocination. . . . But it is surely plain that faith is not necessarily entitled to dispense with ratiocination because ratiocination cannot dispense with faith as a starting point."

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THE CONCLUSION OF THE WHOLE MATTER.

In other words, the objects of knowledge rest on knowledge; knowledge rests on reason (*manas*); reason rests on faith (*buddhi* or *shraddhâ*); while the one certain reality is "our states of consciousness," the Self (*Âtmânâ*), the self-existent. Such is Mr. Huxley's

faith. And it is a curious coincidence that this faith of his is found almost word for word in an old theosophic treatise of India, which took form—a great Orientalist tells us—almost in the year when Saul went down to enquire of the “mistress of *Ob.*” Mr. Huxley has reproached his Great Exemplar with being a mystic of the “inner light.” We are afraid the same accusation—or, more truly, praise—must be brought home to Mr. Huxley himself, for “knowledge is founded on reason; reason is founded on faith.”

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A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Mr. Huxley has set us an example in writing the imaginary biographies of the Great Men of the Mormons and Positivists. Let us try, however inadequately, to follow this example, and sketch the history of the Great Man of the Agnostics, as the future will receive it: Mr. T. H. Huxley, a learned divine of the Nineteenth Century, famous for his espousal of the cause of the Gadarene swine, and his exposition of the true inwardness of the orang, not less than for his admirable summary of the criticism of the Pauline Epistles, in which his too great confidence in the Revisers led him to do some injustice to the Apostle of the Peoples. His enemies at one time accused him of favouring the now happily extinct sect of Dissectors—a branch of the Indian Thugs, also happily extinct; but the kindly and gentle tone of his theological works gives this calumny a triumphant denial. He is believed, with more truth, to have been a Mystic of the Inner Light, a secret ally of the Theosophists, whose sane and lucid philosophy, purged of thaumaturgic dross, now covers the whole earth.

C. J.

TIBETAN TEACHINGS.

(Continued from p. 17.)

DOCTRINES OF THE HOLY "LHA."

"The forms under which any living being may be reborn, are sixfold. The highest class are the Lha, 'spirits, highest beings, gods'; they rank next to the Buddhas, and inhabit the six celestial regions. Two of these regions belong to the earth; but the four others, which are considered as superior mansions, lie in the atmosphere, far beyond the earth."

"As a consequence of premature decease, the 'Bardo' is prolonged. This is the middle state between the death and the new rebirth, which does not follow immediately, but there exists an interval which is shorter for the good than for the bad."

(EMIL SCHLAGINTWEIT, *Buddhism in Tibet.*)

THE notes that follow are compiled, or rather translated, as closely as the idiomatic difficulties would permit, from Tibetan letters and manuscripts, sent in answer to several questions regarding the western misconceptions of Northern Buddhism or Lamaism. The information comes from a Gelung of the Inner Temple—a disciple of Bas-pa Dharma, the Secret Doctrine.

"Brothers residing in Gya-P-heling—British India—having respectfully called my master's attention to certain incorrect and misleading statements about the Good Doctrine of our blessed Phag-pa Sang-gyas—most Holy Buddha—as alleged to be carried on in Bhod-Yul, the land of Tibet, I am commanded by the revered Ngag-pa to answer them. I will do so, as far as our rules will permit me to discuss so sacred a subject openly. I can do no more, since, till the day when our Pban-chhen-rin-po-chhe shall be reborn in the lands of the P-helings—foreigners—and, appearing as the great Chom-dën-da, the conqueror, shall destroy with his mighty

hand the errors and ignorance of ages, it will be of little, if of any, use to try to uproot these misconceptions."

A prophecy of Tsong-ka-pa is current in Tibet to the effect that the true doctrine will be maintained in its purity only so long as Tibet is kept free from the incursions of western nations, whose crude ideas of fundamental truth would inevitably confuse and obscure the followers of the Good Law. But, when the western world is more ripe in the direction of philosophy, the incarnation of Pban-chhen-rin-po-chhe—the Great Jewel of Wisdom—one of the Teshu Lamas, will take place, and the splendour of truth will then illuminate the whole world. We have here the true key to Tibetan exclusiveness.

Our correspondent continues:

"Out of the many erroneous views presented to the consideration of our master, I have his permission to treat the following: first, the error generally current among the Ro-lang-pa—spiritualists—that those who follow the Good Doctrine have intercourse with, and reverence for, Ro-lang—ghosts—or the apparitions of dead men; and, secondly, that the Bhanté—Brothers—or 'Lha,' popularly so-called—are either disembodied spirits or gods."

The first error is found in *Buddha and Early Buddhism*, since this work has given rise to the incorrect notion that spiritualism was at the very root of Buddhism. The second error is found in the *Succinct Abstract of the Great Chaos of Tibetan Laws* by the Capuchin monk Della Penna and the accounts given by his companions, whose absurd calumnies of Tibetan religion and laws written during the past century have been lately reprinted in Mr. Markham's *Tibet*.

"I will begin with the former error," writes our correspondent. "Neither the Southern nor Northern Buddhists, whether of Ceylon, Tibet, Japan or China, accept western ideas as to the capabilities and qualifications of the 'naked souls.'

"For we deprecate unqualifiedly and absolutely all ignorant intercourse with the Ro-lang. For what are they who return? What kind of creatures are they who can communicate at will objectively or by physical manifestation? They are impure, grossly sinful souls, 'a-tsa-ras'; suicides; and such as have come to premature deaths by accident and must linger in the earth's atmosphere until the full expiration of their natural term of life.

"No right-minded person, whether Lama or Chhipa—non-Buddhist—will venture to defend the practice of necromancy, which, by a natural instinct has been condemned in all the great Dharmas—laws or religions—and intercourse with, and using the powers of these earth-bound souls is simply necromancy.

"Now the beings included in the second and third classes—suicides and victims of accident—have not completed their natural term of life; and, as a consequence, though not of necessity mischievous, are earth-bound. The prematurely expelled soul is in an unnatural state; the original impulse under which the being was evolved and cast into the earth-life has not expended itself—the necessary cycle has not been completed, but must nevertheless be fulfilled.

"Yet, though earth-bound, these unfortunate beings, victims whether voluntary or involuntary, are only suspended, as it were, in the earth's magnetic attraction. They are not, like the first class, attracted to the living from a savage thirst to feed on their vitality. Their only impulse—and a blind one, since they are generally in a dazed or stunned condition—is, to get into the whirl of rebirth as soon as possible. Their state is that we call a false Bar-do—the period between two incarnations. According to the karma of the being—which is affected by his age and merits in the last birth—this interval will be longer or shorter.

"Nothing but some overpoweringly intense attraction, such as a holy love for some dear one in great peril, can draw them with their consent to the living; but by the mesmeric power of a Ba-po, a necromancer—the word is used advisedly, since the necromantic spell is Dzu-tul, or what you term a mesmeric attraction—can force them into our presence. This evocation, however, is totally condemned by those who hold to the Good Doctrine; for the soul thus evoked is made to suffer exceedingly, even though it is not itself but only its image that has been torn or stripped from itself to become the apparition; owing to its premature separation by violence from the body, the 'jang-khog'—animal soul—is yet heavily loaded with material particles—there has not been a natural disintegration of the coarser from the finer molecules—and the necromancer, in compelling this separation artificially, makes it, we might almost say, to suffer as one of us might if he were flayed alive.

"Thus, to evoke the first class—the grossly sinful souls—is dangerous for the living; to compel the apparition of the second and third classes is cruel beyond expression to the dead.

"In the case of one who died a natural death totally different conditions exist; the soul is almost, and in the case of great purity, entirely beyond the necromancer's reach; hence beyond that of a circle of evokers, or spiritualists, who, unconsciously to themselves, practise a veritable necromancer's Sang-nyag, or magnetic incantation. According to the karma of the previous birth the interval of latency—generally passed in a state of stupor—will last from a few minutes to an average of a few weeks, perhaps months. During that time the 'jang-khog'—animal soul—prepares in solemn repose for its translation, whether into a higher sphere—if it has reached its seventh human local evolution—or for a higher rebirth, if it has not yet run the last local round.

"At all events it has neither will nor power at that time to give any thought to the living. But after its period of latency is over, and the new self enters in full consciousness the blessed region of Devachan—when all earthly mists have been dispersed, and the scenes and relations of the past life come clearly before its spiritual sight—then it may, and does occasionally, when espying all it loved, and that loved it upon earth, draw up to it for communion and by the sole attraction of love, the spirits of the living, who, when returned to their normal condition, imagine that it has descended to them.

"Therefore we differ radically from the western Ro-lang-pa—spiritualists—as to what they see or communicate with in their circles and through their unconscious necromancy. We say it is but the physical dregs, or spiritless remains of the late being; that which has been exuded, cast off and left behind when its finer particles passed onward into the great Beyond.

"In it linger some fragments of memory and intellect. It certainly was once a part of the being, and so possesses that modicum of interest; but it is not the being in reality and truth. Formed of matter, however etherealized, it must sooner or later be drawn away into vortices where the conditions for its atomic disintegration exist.

"From the dead body the other principles ooze out together.

A few hours later the second principle—that of life—is totally extinct, and separates from both the human and ethereal envelopes. The third—the vital double—finally dissipates when the last particles of the body disintegrate. There now remain the fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh principles: the body of will; the human soul; the spiritual soul, and pure spirit, which is a facet of the Eternal. The last two, joined to, or separated from, the personal self, form the everlasting individuality and cannot perish. The remainder proceeds to the state of gestation—the astral self and whatever survived in it of the will, previous to the dissolution of the physical body.

“Hence for any conscious action in this state are required the qualifications of an adept, or an intense, undying, ardent and holy love for someone whom the deceased leaves behind him on earth; as otherwise the astral ego either becomes a ‘bhūta’—‘ro-lang’ in Tibetan—or proceeds to its further transmigrations in higher spheres.

“In the former case the Lha, or ‘man-spirit,’ can sojourn among the living for an indefinite time, at his own pleasure; in the latter the so-called ‘spirit’ will tarry and delay his final translation but for a short period; the body of desire being held compact, in proportion to the intensity of the love felt by the soul and its unwillingness to part with the loved ones.

“At the first relaxation of the will it will disperse, and the spiritual self, temporarily losing its personality and all remembrance of it, ascends to higher regions. Such is the teaching. None can overshadow mortals but the elect, the ‘Accomplished,’ the ‘Byang-tsiub,’ or the ‘Bodhisatwas’ alone—they who have penetrated the great secret of life and death—as they are able to prolong, at will, their stay on earth after ‘dying.’ Rendered into the vulgar phraseology, such overshadowing is to ‘be born again and again’ for the benefit of mankind.”

If the spiritualists, instead of conferring the power of “controlling” and “guiding” living persons upon every wraith calling itself “John” or “Peter,” limited the faculty of moving and inspiring a few chosen pure men and women only to such Bodhisatwas or holy initiates—whether born as Buddhists or Christians, Brāhmans or Mussulmans on earth—and, in very exceptional cases, to holy and saintly characters, who have a motive, a truly beneficial mission to

accomplish after their departure, then would they be nearer to the truth than they are now.

To ascribe the sacred privilege, as they do, to every "elementary" and "elemental" masquerading in borrowed plumes and putting in an appearance for no better reason than to say: "How d'ye do, Mr. Snooks?" and to drink tea and eat toast, is a sacrilege and a sad sight to him who has any intuitional feeling about the awful sacredness of the mystery of physical translation, let alone the teaching of the adepts.

"Further on Della Penna writes:

"These chang-*chüb*—the disciples of the chief saint—have not yet become saints, but they possess in the highest degree five virtues—charity, both temporal and spiritual, perfect observance of law, great patience, great diligence in working to perfection, and the most sublime contemplation."

We would like to know how they could have all these qualities, especially the latter—trance—were they physically dead!

"These chang-*chüb* have finished their course and are exempt from further transmigrations; passing from the body of one Lama to that of another; but the Lama [meaning the Dalai-Lama] is always endowed with the soul of the same chang-*chüb*, although he may be in other bodies for the benefit of the living to teach them the Law, which is the object of their not wishing to become saints, because then they would not be able to instruct them. Being moved by compassion and pity they wish to remain chang-*chüb* to instruct the living in the Law, so as to make them finish quickly the laborious course of their transmigrations. Moreover, if these chang-*chüb* wish, they are at liberty to transmigrate into this or other worlds, and at the same time they transmigrate into other places with the same object.

"This rather confused description yields from its inner sense two facts: first, that the Buddhist Tibetans—we speak of the educated classes—do not believe in the return of the departed spirits, since, unless a soul becomes so purified upon earth as to create for itself a state of Bodhisat-hood—the highest degree of perfection next to Buddha—even saints in the ordinary acceptation of the term would not be able to instruct or control the living after their death; and, secondly, that, rejecting as they do the theories of creation, God,

soul—in its Christian and spiritualistic sense—and a future life for the personality of the deceased, they yet credit man with such a potentiality of will, that it depends on him to become a Bodhisatwa and acquire the power to regulate his future existences, whether in a physical or in a semi-material shape.

“Lamaists believe in the indestructibility of matter, as an element. They reject the immortality, and even the survival of the *personal* self, teaching that the *individual* self alone—*i.e.*, the collective aggregation of the many personal selves that were represented by that One during the long series of various existences—may survive. The latter may even become eternal—the word eternity with them embracing but the period of a great cycle—eternal in its integral individuality, but this may be done only by becoming a Dhyān-Chohan, a ‘celestial Buddha,’ or what a Christian Kabbalist might call a ‘planetary spirit’ or one of the Elohim; a part of the ‘conscious whole,’ composed of the aggregate intelligences in their universal collectivity, while Nirvāna is the ‘unconscious whole.’ He who becomes a Tong-pa-nyi—he who has attained the state of absolute freedom from any desire of living personally, the highest condition of a saint—exists in non-existence and can benefit mortals no more. He is in ‘Nipang,’ for he has reached the end of ‘Tharlam,’ the path to deliverance, or salvation from transmigrations. He cannot perform Tul-pa—voluntary incarnation, whether temporary or life-long—in the body of a living human being; for he is a ‘Dang-ma,’ an absolutely purified soul. Henceforth he is free from the danger of ‘Dal-jor,’ human rebirth; for the seven forms of existence—only six are given out to the uninitiated—subject to transmigration have been safely crossed by him. ‘He gazes with indifference in every sphere of upward transmigration on the whole period of time which covers the shorter periods of personal existence,’ says the Book of Khiu-ti.

“But, as ‘there is more courage to accept being than non-being, life than death,’ there are those among the Bodhisatwas and the Lha—‘and as rare as the flower of udambara are they to meet with’—who voluntarily relinquish the blessing of the attainment of perfect freedom, and remain in their personal selves, whether in forms visible or invisible to mortal sight—to teach and help their weaker brothers.

“Some of them prolong their life on earth—though not to any supernatural limit; others become ‘Dhyān-Chohans,’ a class of the planetary spirits or ‘devas’ who, becoming, so to say, the guardian angels of men, are the only class out of the seven-classed hierarchy of spirits in our system who preserve their personality. These holy Lha, instead of reaping the fruit of their deeds, sacrifice themselves in the invisible world as the lord Sang-Gyas—Buddha—did on this earth, and remain in Devachan—the world of bliss nearest to the earth.”

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, set aside, and never published.—EDS.

THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

THERE is probably no aspect of Theosophy that has had such a deterring effect upon many enquirers as the attitude it appears to take up, at the first glance, towards the Christian doctrine of the forgiveness of sins. Even the denial of the attribute of personality to the Deity is not such a stumbling-block in the way to the acceptance of Theosophy, for the tendency of modern Christian thought is leading further and further away from anthropomorphic conceptions of the Deity, and turning more and more towards the recognition of a Divine Principle of Love, working through Eternal Laws that ever tend to draw all that is into perfect union with Itself. Such a conception is so nearly in accord with the teachings of the Wisdom Religion that those who have risen to it will find nothing in Theosophy that contradicts this idea of God, but much that yet further enlarges upon it. But with the ordinary notion of the forgiveness of sins it appears to be different. It seems as if we were here at a deadlock; we must either abandon that doctrine which is so precious to the human heart, or disbelieve in karma.

But, upon due consideration, we all find ourselves compelled to acknowledge the action of karma, in this life, at any rate, whether we call it by that name or not. All our thoughtful Christian teachers are telling us that man cannot be saved from the natural consequences and punishments of sin. This is taught us alike by the Bible, by science, and by common sense. If a man wastes his youth in dissolute and licentious living, no subsequent conversion can possibly save him from reaping the bitter harvest of an enfeebled body, a dulled brain, an unsubmitive animal nature, and, most of all, the continued torture of the thought that he has brought misery upon others in the past, and has set going causes of evil that will end he knows not where. The more innately noble his nature may be, the greater his punishment; only a man of mean and selfish

mind can feel he is quit of the results of his past offences and be satisfied and happy in a fancied forgiveness, whilst he knows of living human beings whose lives have been blighted by his former sins. There is no dogma more contemptible than that of the forgiveness of sins when it is presented in such a form as to lead men to be no longer sorry for their past wickedness, to be careless as to its results, and not to strive with their whole heart and soul to undo, as far as possible, the evil that they have done.

But it would be unjust to the modern development of Christian teaching to pretend that the doctrine in this form holds any ground amongst thoughtful followers of Jesus Christ. The present teaching seems to be that there can be no remission of the natural consequences of sin, but that a man, being penitent and seeking forgiveness, may be released from the sins themselves; may be endowed with strength from God to conquer sin in himself; may have his vital spiritual relations with his Father in Heaven reestablished, so that his will is shaped into unity with the Divine Will and he is no longer under the destructive dominion of sin.

There is nothing in Theosophy to clash with this conception of forgiveness; Theosophy merely lays more stress upon the workings of karma than ordinary Christianity does, and firmly points out to the man in whom the Divine Life is freshly springing up the fact that his upward path is not an easy one, and that only by strenuous endeavour and single-hearted purpose can he hope to finally surmount the operations of karma and unbind himself from the wheel of birth and death. At the same time, Theosophy differs from Christianity of the exoteric type in its presentation of this doctrine of forgiveness, inasmuch as its conceptions of God and Christ are different.

To arrive at a right idea of the teachings of Theosophy on this point it is necessary, in the first place, to ask ourselves the straightforward question—*Who is the forgiver?* Now the God that Theosophy recognizes in connection with our present spiritual progress, is our Higher Self—"the dim star that burns within." This is the Father in Heaven, from whom descends the Christ, born in our hearts to redeem us, crucified on the cross of matter, ascending again to his Father in Heaven. When we sin we indeed "crucify the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame." So long

as we abide in sin we are making the process of redemption more difficult, and are nailing the Christ more firmly to the cross.

This Father in Heaven, then, is the one against whom we sin; he it is who sends down his Son to redeem us, to suffer on the cross that we may be saved through him, that we may live in him and he in us, and that with him we may be made one with the Father. When we sin, when we live worldly lives and are drawn to the things of sense, we are identifying ourselves with our lower nature, and bringing the Christ deeper into matter. So is he "wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities." But when, forsaking our lower selves, we identify our consciousness with the Christ in us, and aspire to be made one with the Father, even as Christ and the Father are one, then we attain the true forgiveness of sins, and a strength and power is given to us that is not of this world. For though the old sins must work out their effects in our lives, we are saved from their dominion over us; no longer do they lead us into fresh sin; no longer is evil karma generated, for the Christ in us has overcome the world. And how can we be assured that we have this forgiveness? "We know that we have passed from death unto life, *because we love the brethren.*"

For note, it is exactly in proportion as the Spirit of Love manifests itself in us that this forgiveness of sin becomes possible. The essential of true spiritual progress is that we seek it not for ourselves, but to lay it on the altar of service to humanity. Whilst the heresy of separateness, and much more the spirit of hatred, unlovingness, and unforgiveness are in us, it is impossible that we should become united to the Christ-principle and be made one with the Father. The nearer we wish to draw to the Heart of Compassion Absolute, the more we must cherish our highest ideals of compassion, that through them we may be led to still higher ideals. And we cannot take a step on the path whilst we harbour a spirit of unforgiveness towards others; well for us that it is so, and well for them. And for the divine forgiveness to have its perfect work in us, our forgiveness must be full and free. There must be no "I may forgive, but I cannot forget" about it. We must cast the thought of the offence away from us and not brood upon it. When one whom we trusted and loved does us a great and grievous wrong, it is, of course, impossible that we should have such a high opinion

of that person after the offence as before; but our first estimate of his character was evidently a mistaken one, and cannot be restored until the offender has really attained to its height. It is not necessary to perfect forgiveness that everything should be as it was before the offence; that can only happen as the result of perfect forgiveness on one side and perfect penitence and reform on the other. It is our part to forgive the offender; let us leave his part to himself, only taking care that we freely and fully forgive, and let our love flow out to him as abundantly as he is able to receive it. So when our brother who has offended us turns to us again in penitence, our forgiveness will be truly divine, drawing the sinner closer to the forgiving heart. So do we place ourselves in the current of the divine forgiveness, for it is only possible that as we give it shall be given unto us. Therefore, we may truly pray to our Father in Heaven, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us."

It is not necessary that a man should be a theosophist or a mystic to obtain this forgiveness. It is given to the humblest and most ignorant who turns from sin and reaches out a hand to God. We are not saved by our knowledge, but by our aspirations and efforts. The real penitent at a Salvation Army meeting may be leagues ahead of many students of *The Secret Doctrine*. It matters not under what symbology, forms, creeds or language we approach it, the one great need of the human heart is to be taken back to the heart of its Father in Heaven and to be saved from the bondage of the senses. We are all of us, who are earnest in our thoughts, striving for this; knowing well, be we Methodists, Romanists, Buddhists, or Theosophists, that it is the first great step towards the light.

"For up all hills must homeward be,
Though no one knows the place."

Thus alone do we become forgivers and forgiving, workers along with God, who is even now making man after his own image. Thus alone do we become free channels for the passage of the divine forgiveness coming from the Absolute Compassion down through the spiritual hierarchies, pulsing with its warm heart-blood through our cold natures and filling them with Love and Light; passing onward and outward to others, bringing Order amid Chaos,

setting going causes and energies potent to redeem the world. And when the old karma is worked off, when evil deeds have ceased, when the affections are set on things above, when even good deeds are only done for their own sake and for Love's sake, and not from any desire of results, then, and then only, is forgiveness perfectly fulfilled in us, and we are alike beyond the effects and the dominion of sin.

“The old sad count is clear; the new is clean;
Thus hath a man content.”

H. ERNEST NICHOL.

A FORGOTTEN STORY.

(Concluded from p. 25.)

II.

AND in all those days of sorrow the maidens bought no more red shoes for the dance, for none might dance with them. And for the king himself—his wife, nor his faithful servants, nor any man who saw him might recognize him, so aged and forlorn did he become. He ate not, nor drank, nor took pleasure in his bright gardens. His children dared not play nor laugh with him as they were wont. His ministers came no more for orders, for when they came he looked on them with weary, indifferent eyes, saying:

“My enemies may turn against me, slaying my warriors to the last man, and burning my fields to the last straw; nor shall I come forth from my palace until I know—what hour is the hour above all hours—what man is the man above all men—what work is the work above all works.”

And the king grew weak, and laid him on his bed, nor hoped to rise again.

In the hours of the night he lay sleepless and restless, tossing from side to side, and sighing so that the palace sighed after him.

And his nurse heard his sighs, and crept in the dark to her royal nursling, speaking thus to him:

“Why do you sigh, my master, my child? Are you not suffering from your own error? For no man burdened with worldly cares could answer the questions you are seeking to solve.”

The king answered:

“Your voice sounds hollow; your words are without meaning. I trusted you once, and listened to you, but your advice brought no joy and no relief. But now my anger is roused against you. Gentleness helped me not, but bitter wrath shall give me strength. I shall go again to the old men, but not alone, nor unprotected. Treacherous and insolent have they been to me when I came to them humble

and imploring. But when they see me in my glory, followed by my brave soldiers, they will answer me differently. Or if not, my soldiers shall force their treacherous throats to answer the accursed riddles that are dragging me to the grave and my kingdom to ruin and desolation."

And the king sprang to his feet and paced his chamber, as in days of yore, when hot young blood was in his veins and zeal for the right was in his heart.

"Poor child," answered his aged nurse. "And have you forgotten? The hearts of these ancient hermits have long grown cold to all things earthly; every sinful thought has dropped from them, and their freedom is perfected. If your soldiers tear them to pieces, what of that? Their bodies will crumble to dust, but they will impart to you no more than they have imparted. Their feet still touch the earth, but their hearts have long been free, enjoying bliss eternal. And you have spoken ill; they are neither insolent nor treacherous; but they have forgotten earthly life, and king and slave are one to them. They cannot lie; but they know you cannot receive the truth of the eternal. Hasty and impatient are you, opening the grave for yourself and ruin and desolation for your kingdom. But listen to me yet again, for I shall speak no hollow or meaningless words. Long ago was I taken captive and brought hither from afar, to guard you, my master, my poor child. Many are the wonders and secrets I have brought with me, and now I reveal to you the greatest and holiest of them all. Far away, beyond nine hundred and nine lands, is a strange country. The sun shines there day and night, clouds come not there, and the limits of earth touch the spotless sky. There a maiden dwells, of the clear sight, of divining eyes. Her you must ask for. She is with us, and yet so hard to find that none knows where she is. Go, find her, and though you wander your whole life long, though you tread our earth from end to end, come not back till you have found her; for from her alone you shall learn and from no other—what hour is the hour above all hours—what man is the man above all men—what work is the work above all works."

Once more the king clad himself like an ever-wandering pilgrim; once more he bade good-bye to his loved ones, and set out on his long journey.

He met with many dangers and talked with many men. And one advised him to visit a holy priest, who lived alone in misery, clad in one ragged garment, but spending his days in reading the book of wisdom. Yet the king came too late, for, instead of the priest, there was another, who never wore less than forty rich dresses at a time, and lived well, eating abundantly, singing pious songs, but never reading in the book of wisdom.

Then the king came to a cunning gipsy, and they agreed to travel together. When the gipsy learned the king's undertaking, he laughed him to scorn, saying that they should rest now, as night was coming, but on the morrow he would rede the riddles for the king. The king was rejoiced, and gave the gipsy his warm cloak to cover him. But in the night the gipsy arose, and taking the cloak and the king's provisions, departed secretly.

Then the king grew sad, and had all but resolved to return and rule his kingdom with zeal, according to the best traditions of his father and his grandfather, without hope that he might better the lot of his people, that truth might triumph over untruth. For no honest advice and no true help had he received, but from all sides came new calamities. Yet he went onwards, nor saw the ground he trod on, for bitter tears blinded his eyes.

Beside himself with sorrow the king went on and on, and came at last to a dark forest. He could walk no more, so tired was he, but stretched him on the green moss and slept from noon to midnight. But at midnight he awoke and saw a forest glen, with bright moonlight playing over it, and an old, old man there, busily peeling the lime trees.

And the king thought within himself: Is this a dream—an old man, who sleeps not even in the night? And were it not better to greet him as is due to old age?

So, rising, he addressed him:

"God aid you in your work, good father."

"This to you also, unknown son of an unknown father," answered the old man. "But tell me your name."

The king told his name, but not that he was a king; for how could the old man believe a worn-out traveller in rags was the king of a wealthy kingdom.

Then the old man spoke:

"Tell me also your object in wandering through our forest. Or are there no woods in your own land?"

The king said they had many forests but little wisdom; therefore he had to go on a journey, to suffer long and suffer much, seeking answers to three hard questions.

"Very wonderful is this to me," said the old man, "for with us all fares differently, but it may be that I can help you."

"Help me then, kind stranger," cried the king, "and God will repay you a hundredfold."

"Yes, God is in truth our father, and we are brothers. But you had better leave God alone, and do what I bid you. Night is on the wane, the wolf is washed, and the woodcock has sung. Turn, then, to the place where the sun must rise, and walk on straight before you, never swerving to left or right, nor letting any proud thought enter your heart, never speaking nor thinking a harmful word. You will come to the woods of the falling leaf, and then to a deep ravine; swim across the cold brook at the bottom, and pass on through the woods of perpetual pines. Then shall you see a shallow ditch and a rowan tree in the midst. You must then turn to the side the warm winds blow from, and enter another forest glen, wherein stands an old crippled crane. One of his wings is strong, but the other hangs helplessly; one of his legs is strong, but the other is broken and bandaged. The eagle soaring high in the clouds has stricken him down, or the king's hunters have shot him with their bolts. But my son's daughter is here with me, dwelling with the trees and the rushing wind and the clear sky. And the kindness and compassion that she brought with her from God are without equal. She it is who found the wounded crane, and who bandaged his broken leg. Now she finds food for him, until he gets back his strength and finds fellow-travellers to the warm lands of the south. Where the crane is, there is my grand-daughter also, sitting and spinning warm soft wool for orphans to wear when cold winter comes. In her eyes shines such a depth of love that no one has forgotten her, having seen her once. Keep not pride in your heart when you stand before her, but ask her all, fearless and upright. She will answer you, for she is the child of the clear sight, of divining eyes."

The king cried out with joy:

"Her, indeed, I seek! And mad was I to ask others before coming here. But tell me, for pity's fair sake, how am I to know her from those who are round her?"

"Clear sky, rushing winds and green trees are round her. They are her friends, her guardians and sentries. She is alone with them, and none else cares for her."

"How can it be? How can a maiden live happy and fearless in the midst of a dark wild forest?"

At this the old man frowned.

"If you knew my grandchild," said he, "you would know how vain is this talk of fear and danger. What fear can exist for her, when, ever since she was born, she loved man and beast alike and gave never a thought to herself?"

But the king stayed not to hear, but hurried away, knowing he had reached the object of his toils, for who could have helped him but a pure maid, who loved man and beast alike and gave never a thought to herself?

The king swiftly crossed the woods of the falling leaf, and swam the cold brook in the ravine, and passed the woods of perpetual pine. And soon he saw a bright forest glen beyond the rowan tree. A crippled crane stood under it, with hanging wing and wounded leg, turning his head round the sky, as if looking out for fellow-travellers to go to the warm south land. When he saw a stranger coming towards him, he flapped his still sound wing and hopped on his unwounded leg and hurried forward to the stump of a fallen tree. A lovely maid sat on it, whose hair reached to the ground, diligently spinning soft wool. A flock of sheep grazed round her, and at her feet slept an old hare, whose shoulders were bare with age. And the kindness that shone in the eyes of the maid was indeed unspeakable.

The king moved slowly towards her, and looked on her from a distance. She was too bright, he thought, too full of rest and loveliness, as if she knew not what was fear or care, and found her peace within. She rose from the old tree stump, and hid her spinning in a leafy branch and walked to the bush where the king stood. She brought forth a vessel with balsam, and touched with the balsam the bruised and bleeding side of a wild goat that slept there close to the king, though in his wonder the king had never noticed it.

Then the king knew he could not keep longer hidden, and so moved from behind the bush, bowed him low and greeted her with civil speech:

"Good cheer to you, beautiful maid, so full of compassion to all living creatures, so heedless of yourself. I come to you from a distant land and bring you greeting from our gracious king. He has sent me to beg your help in a matter of death or life to our hapless land."

The maid's calm eyes rested on the king's face, and he felt that she could read his heart. Nor did he wait long for an answer.

"Be welcome to my forest home. What a king is I know not, and who you are is unknown to me. Tell me shortly and simply what you desire. If it is in me you shall have my help."

Courtly words and crooked ways, thought the king, avail not with her. Only vain dogs howl at the moon, only foolish people play with truth. So he spoke openly, using plain, short words:

"Thus it happened in our luckless land. Our king resolved that all should be happy throughout his kingdom, and that bright truth should triumph over untruth. But nought came of his endeavours. Then he learned from wise old men that he would work in vain until his people understood—what hour is the hour above all hours—what man is the man above all men—what work is the work above all works. I have walked far and have suffered much, and have come to you. Merciful and loving you are, beautiful maid. I have seen how living things gather round you to find shelter; I know you harm not the frailest insect. Take pity, then, upon me, for my strength is gone, and I can endure no more."

Tears trembled in his voice, and the maid lowered her eyes, knowing that none should look on a man who weeps. She plucked the grass that grew at her feet, pressed the sap from it, and rubbed the king's forehead and heart. The fever fled from his worn-out frame, and his sores and wounds were healed. He stood before her, calm and brave. Silent, she returned to her seat and took her spindle from the branch. Pulling out a long thread of the fleecy wool, she spun it without words, and whilst spinning it she sat thoughtful and grave. But when it was ready to be twisted round the spindle, she looked up, laughing, and spoke thus:

"Joyful and glad I am that it is not above me to answer your

questions. My mind is simple and my learning small, but my heart brings clear sight. And what you ask of me is no darker than daylight. Ask your questions in order, and I shall answer them."

So the king spoke:

"Tell me, maiden—what hour is the hour above all hours?"

"That hour is the present hour; for no one is master of the time gone by or the time to come."

"And what man is the man above all men?"

"He who has come to ask for help; for on you it depends to make him happy or sad."

"And what work is the work above all works?"

"The present good you can do to him."

"You have guessed all!" cried the king, in joy, and would have started immediately towards his kingdom.

But the maid laughed at his haste and said:

"How will your king know that you brought these answers truly and have not invented them yourself? And were he to believe you, how are you yourself to know that I have not misled you?"

The king stopped short, full of doubts; then shook his head, speaking resolute words:

"How can people help but believe you? for your words come to the heart like heavenly messengers. But if I be mocked, what must I do to make them know I bring a true message from you?"

"They may know it thus. When you come to your king, speak simply and openly, as I have spoken to you. But if he offers you money for your great labour, take it not, but say: 'I have brought you the bright gift of clear understanding, and such gifts are not paid with money or with things of this world.'"

"Thus indeed shall I act. Never shall I forget that I have seen you, and so long as I live I shall never tire of repeating what the maid of clear sight, of divining eyes, has declared to me; for the borders of her land touch the infinite sky, and the bright sun shines on her day and night alike."

For many years the king ruled over his dominions with the same strong intent, no longer according to the tradition of his father and his grandfather, but remembering that not the future nor the past, but the present hour is the hour above all hours; that he who has come to ask for help is the man above all men;

that the work above all works is the immediate good he may do to him.

For many years he ruled thus, not casting his eyes back to the ancient days of old, when all went so well that snow burned and straw was heaped on it to put it out; nor giving a thought to the distant future when all should fare as well once more.

His nobles smiled before him and whispered soft words in his ears; but when they were alone they shook their heads, thinking their poor king was mad, and that the best they could do was to seem to admire and obey his orders, offering him wise judgments in their hands, but never truly fulfilling his words.

At last doubts entered the king's heart. He knew that he was doing right, but the help given by his noblemen was wrong. And he thought that even the best and the bravest soldier was no warrior when left alone on the battle-field. And so, though sore at heart, he resolved to rest on his throne, holding a golden ball in one hand and a golden sceptre in the other, and letting all things fare with his people just as they fared with the people of all kingdoms.

But, at his death, the king called his scribes and ordered the story to be written down, without mistakes or omissions, with golden pens, on strong and lasting parchments. And he gave command that every time his descendants ascended the throne the story should be read with great publicity and pomp.

And so it is performed to this day.

And every time a new king reigns in the kingdom, Fiery Oak-heart, Pure Airbreath, Fickle Waterspray, and the maid of clear sight, of divining eyes, rejoice in their wildernesses; for they know a new attempt will be made to fulfil the longings of the good king's heart.

But still there are hungry people and cold in the world, nor is each as happy as his fellow; still truth triumphs not over untruth; for the time is not yet full.

Thus ends the forgotten story.

VERA JOHNSTON.

From a Russian legend.—V. J.

INVOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

MR. GLADSTONE ON THE ATONEMENT.

THE EX-PREMIER AS A REACTIONARY.

It is impossible to understand why Mr. Gladstone's paper on "True and False Conceptions of the Atonement" should be placed in the forefront of the September number of *The Nineteenth Century*; it is even surprising that it should have found an asylum in its pages at all. If the ex-premier, in his review of Mrs. Besant's *Autobiography*, had submitted the causes, conditions, general tendencies, strength and weakness of the present international theosophical revival to a searching analysis and criticism, his article would have no doubt been exceedingly instructive, and his long experience of public men and movements would have made his remarks of great value. But, in order to have done this, Mr. Gladstone would have had to make a careful study of theosophy and the theosophical movement, two subjects which he leaves religiously alone in his reactionary and unintelligible article.

CUDGELING A CORPSE.

The main interest attaching to Mrs. Besant's autobiography is the fact that she is a theosophist, and not the fact that among other things she has been an atheist. This cast-off raiment of thought, this corpse of her former self, Mr. Gladstone proceeds to cudgel. It would have been well if he had first of all consulted Mrs. Besant herself or some other competent theosophical student, instead of attempting the task single-handed, for he has unwisely wielded the weapons of sectarian dogmatism, against which even the passive corpse of rationalistic atheism proves a sufficient protection. Surely it requires but little experience in watching the signs of the times to perceive that the pendulum of thought is fast swinging back from the extreme point of denial. It is not so much the fundamentals of universal religion that are called into question, for as the

pendulum swings back these are meeting with greater and greater attention and acceptance, but it is every year becoming clearer that the days of narrow sectarianism and exclusive dogma are numbered, they are being weighed in the balance and are found wanting.

CHAMPIONING A HERESY.

And yet Mr. Gladstone instead of choosing out a living champion of secularism, and confuting him by showing the wide and catholic nature of the doctrine of the Atonement, while at the same time joining friendly hands with him, in clearing away the erroneous and ignorant views of heretical theology which have obscured the true doctrine throughout the length and breadth of Christendom—instead of doing this, he makes the fact of Mrs. Besant's dead atheistic phase of thought, with its rational objections to the vulgar irrational theology of the times, the main point in his review, and takes up the cudgels not to defend some truly catholic view of what even he himself calls the "mystery" of the Atonement, but to champion a sectarian and narrow conception which obscures the teaching of the Christ in all times, and has its main roots in heretical Calvinism. In other words, Mr. Gladstone confuses the catholic doctrine of mystical union by means of the Christ spirit with the Semitic notion of "vicarious sacrifice."

UNCONSCIOUSLY ASHAMED.

Mr. Gladstone is evidently, though doubtlessly unconsciously to himself, ashamed of the logical deductions that must be drawn from the "orthodox" propositions he lays down. He strives to show that this "vicarious sacrifice" does not free men from the karmic consequences of their sins, and so uses the word "pardon" in a sense that is absolutely devoid of any rational significance. As a friend wittily remarked to the writer: "It is just as though a judge should say, 'Prisoner, you have been declared guilty of murder; you are freely pardoned, and you will be hanged on Monday morning.'" From this predicament the veteran statesman endeavours to free himself by declaring that all his propositions are of a "forensic" nature, that is to say, that such condemnations and acquittals "express not certain truth, but only our imperfect effort to arrive at it. They are, therefore, necessarily disjoined from ethical conditions, in so far as they have no fixed relation to them."

The fact, however, that the champion of "vicarious sacrifice" will not abate one jot or tittle of the karmic consequences of action is a healthy sign that the great truth of one unalterable law of even-handed justice is being felt even by the defenders of erroneous dogma, who, as long as they attempt to confute those who differ from them by an exposition of not only irrational but also unmystical propositions, whether "forensic" or otherwise, will be essaying the impossible task of spinning a rope of sand. Let us hope that as unconscious shame has compelled Mr. Gladstone to abandon part of the Calvinistic scheme, and assert the doctrine of karma, he will, ere closing his present earth-span, see his way to abandon the dogma of "vicarious atonement" also, and champion the cause of true religion by a catholic exposition of that At-one-ment which is the end of all religion, and which every religion, when rightly understood, has for its aim. As it is, the ex-premier has needlessly advertised Mrs. Besant's *Autobiography* by his impotent criticism.

PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER ON THE VEDĀNTA.

CONFIRMATION OF THE "ESOTERIC PHILOSOPHY."

It is with far greater pleasure that we turn to Professor Max Müller's latest contribution to oriental literature, consisting of *Three Lectures on the Vedānta Philosophy* (Longmans, Green and Co.), and briefly referred to in our pages a few months ago. The author of *Theosophy, or Psychological Religion*, and the staunch admirer of the unsurpassed Vedāntic system of thought and practice, follows well on the lines of Dr. Deussen, whose excellent pamphlet on *The Philosophy of the Vedānta* was very fully presented to our readers in our March number. Both these distinguished scholars, who hold the foremost rank in oriental studies, give their most unstinted and ungrudging praise to the ancient Vedāntic system, placing it in the foremost rank of all philosophies, the Oxford professor going even further than his Kiel colleague, and giving it the very first place among all systems from Plato to Kant. But that which is most gratifying to students of eastern theosophy, who are familiar with the ideas of H. P. Blavatsky, is to find that at least nine-tenths of Professor Max Müller's work substantiates what she has written over and over

again. H. P. Blavatsky had no literary training, was never at school or college, was no student of oriental religions in the sense in which the word is commonly used, but what she possessed, and possessed in such extraordinary abundance, was an intuition of ideas. In supporting these ideas by procurable evidence and citations, she worked as best she might with the disadvantages of a total absence of scholarly training. It is, therefore, peculiarly gratifying to find that, in his latest work, the most widely-known member of the republic of oriental letters in the English-speaking world has, in nine cases out of ten, arrived at the same conclusions as the result of a careful and laborious study of upwards of fifty years.

THE MAIN POINT OF DIFFERENCE.

As to the remaining tenth, the main point of difference is that the Professor will have nothing to do with the term "esoteric," though he has plenty to say against it; the word "mystic" is also severely lectured. As a natural corollary, or rather as the proximate cause of these frequent explosions, courteous and impersonal though they be, the point of view of the lecturer persistently ignores the practical psychology of the Vedānta. A man may be rationalistically religious, and filled with mental reverence before the stupendous problems that are approached with such singular success by the ancient teachers of India, but that is not all-sufficient for a proper comprehension of the life of the soul in "its own place." "Here" is not "there." Shrî Shankara's great commentary, on which Professor Max Müller so much relies, and rightly so, is mainly a rationalistic view of the great problem from the point of view of the waking consciousness only. Admirably as it is done, it satisfies the head more than the heart. A man must have passed "beyond" to really understand.

A STRANGE DEFINITION OF "ESOTERICISM."

It is a simple matter to lay down the law as to the meaning of words, but a far more difficult task to obtain general acquiescence in such arbitrary legislature. "No doctrine can be called *esoteric*, which is open to all who are able and willing to enter," says the lecturer (p. 81). This ability is frequently referred to elsewhere in the Lectures as the complete subjugation of the passions; then and

only then can anything more profound than a mere intellectual comprehension of Vedântic theories be arrived at. The further practices, the actual knowledge of the soul-life, must be preceded by the most rigorous moral self-discipline. Why then should not this further teaching, this face-to-face knowledge, this communing of the soul, apart from the body, with its real instructors, be termed esoteric, a word already familiar to theosophical and mystical students? Surely none of us can presume that we have obtained that complete mastery over our passions which is the passport to the adyta of nature? Surely as long as we stand without the sacred precincts all that is within is esoteric to us? The teachings of those who have penetrated within the veil are esoteric teachings and, even when so beautifully set forth as in the Upanishads in simile and figure and allegory, are not to be understood except by such as have gone forth and returned. It is but to confuse the whole matter to ask "Why should religious convictions ever fear the light of day?" (p. 14). The things of the spirit do not fear the light, for they are that light itself. The "light of day" is no light to them but rather darkness, and the reason why they do not shine forth throughout the world is because men obscure the light by their passions and prejudices, and so prevent it from streaming into their hearts.

In the Upanishads themselves we continually find signs of much hesitation in imparting even the theoretical knowledge, the practical processes of soul-knowledge being almost invariably disguised in metaphorical language, which is so much "rubbish" to the general reader. It is not sufficient to merely study the printed texts of the Upanishads. The gestures, intonation, and presence of a living teacher who has himself realized the extended spheres of consciousness which are so repeatedly described, is necessary.

THE SIFTING OUT OF THE "RUBBISH."

Although the lecturer shows many signs of a less impatient spirit towards the mystical portions of Indian sacred literature, as for instance when he says, "I am quite willing to admit that on religious questions it is often very difficult to place ourselves in exactly the same position which the oriental mind has occupied for centuries," nevertheless it would be dangerous to place the sifting

out of the "rubbish" with which, he says, the Sacred Books of the East are filled, and the emendation of the texts, in the hands of scholars who are not only professedly ignorant of the elements of yoga, but who rejoice to sweep it on one side as absolutely insignificant, whereas all the great Indian teachers without exception place these practices of spiritual meditation in the foremost place. Not but what it is admitted that even were this "rubbish" removed there would still be left gold of untold value. It is not to be supposed, however, that even the most enthusiastic student of eastern theosophy gives indiscriminate admiration and reverence to all of the Shruti; but that which he does plead for is that those who put on one side what after ethics is the most important part of practical religion—the experimental science of the soul—and who rule out the allegorical and veiled language in which this secret science is naturally set forth—secret because it can only be known by those who experience it in themselves, and naturally set forth because there is no other mode whereby to express it—that men of such moulds of mind should not be regarded as the right and proper persons to choose what meshed sieve should be used in the sifting out of the "rubbish." Misinterpretations there are undoubtedly, misunderstandings, glosses and errors, in these sacred texts; they have been commented on beyond patience, and sectarianism has disguised and disfigured the pure and primitive traditions of Áryan wisdom, but the scholarship of the nineteenth century has not yet developed sufficient intuition to sift out the true from the false in matters of the soul. None of us can presume to lay down the law in matters of religion, and a sifting out of the "rubbish" of the Upanishads according to our several existing prejudices would be premature and unwise.

THE "TWADDLE" OF THE UPANISHADS.

Let us take one instance of this sifting process. Professor Max Müller remarks with great frankness, "Much that is said in the Upanishads about the sacred syllable Om, seems to my mind mere twaddle, at least in its present form" (p. 115). And still in spite of this opinion, it is the lecturer himself who writes most impressively and instructively on language and thought, on the Logos theory and creation by the Word (see pp. 140-150). Surely it is not so

difficult to understand that just as articulate speech is the means employed by men to express thoughts and ideas and emotions, just as nature and the animal creation use inarticulate sounds to express their thoughts and emotions, so there are ideas and emotions too high for words. Why is it that hymns and music are employed in religious offices; why is it that the whole potency of the vedic hymns depends upon the rhythm and chanting; why is it that mantra-vidyâ, or the science of sacred invocations, is such an important branch of vedic study? Is it not that the potency of sound uttered and unuttered was well understood by the Rishis of old? They knew that the sacred syllable, the correct modes of the pronunciation of which were guarded so jealously, was the key-note of nature, was the seed of all speech, was the Word by which all things were made. Its physical utterance was the least efficacious mode of its sending forth, strange and marvellous though the results of such utterance were. "Creation by the Word" was not in the power of the Logos alone, but could be acquired by man in proportion as he shook off the impediments of the lower nature and put on the glory of the Self.

The lecturer has lucidly explained the theory of mental creation at the dawn of existence, has written most interestingly on "names and forms." Surely these primordial ideas and types evolved by the Word have their reflections in this gross world of ours? Surely each "thing" (or "think") in nature has its own "word," and it is by means of that "word" that the soul can get into what is sometimes called "sympathetic vibration" with the "soul of things"? It is said that the "language of the gods" is sound and colour, and if the ideas and types (nâna-rûpe), the existences back of things, the "creatures" back of phenomenal appearance are spiritual essences, it is not so difficult to understand why sound and colour are made so much of by the learners of nature's secrets. Let us, then, hesitate before we label as "mere twaddle" what we do not yet understand, or characterize as superstition what may after all be far more truly scientific than the present surface theories of material empirical research.

THE REAL VALUE OF THE BOOK.

But, perhaps, it is too much to expect from our scholars a sympathetic treatment of such tabooed subjects as yoga and practical

psychology; it may even be well that it is so, for on one point, at any rate, they are sound in judgment and determined in purpose, and that is to clear away the rubbish of diseased imaginations and the many superstitious growths that in all times have obscured the true purpose and methods of religion. Nevertheless the mystical side of religions—using the term mystical in its best sense—is to-day esoteric because the vast majority of men pay no attention to it; and esoteric, I take it, it will remain until we help each other to a better comprehension of the facts of life, and by kindly consideration and unselfish cooperation educate each other to a really balanced view of *all* the factors which go to form our complex human nature.

But the major part of Professor Max Müller's book is happily taken up with constructive work. It would have been almost impossible for such a series of lectures to have been given even twenty years ago. The strong and earnest pleading for a wider view of life, for the acceptance once more of the basis of the old Aryan faith, and for a friendly welcome to many ideas that run counter to the narrow religious views in which so many of us have been brought up in the west, rouse to enthusiasm the reader who has the ideal of a truly catholic religion in his heart. Every theosophical student in the west should study the Professor's sketch of the Vedânta, for in it he will find a clear exposition of many of the problems with which he is already familiar. Especially should those who mainly derive their information from H. P. Blavatsky's works, make themselves familiar with these lectures on the Vedântic system, so that on the platform and in conversation they may use the names of Max Müller and Deussen and Schopenhauer in support of their ideas when the name of H. P. Blavatsky is waved on one side. For it is the ideas that we desire to spread, we fight for ideas, and not for or against any person. It would take too long to refer to all the points of interest in the book under notice. Very excellent are the expositions on the concepts of a personal and impersonal deity, of the manifest and unmanifest Logos, on ethics and on karma and reincarnation.

THE "BACKGROUND" OF THE VEDAS.

Professor Max Müller twice refers to the traces of a distinct background to the Vedas, glimpses of a consistent doctrine, obscured by age but nevertheless imbedded deep in the most ancient strata

of these marvellous scriptures. This is precisely the claim of H. P. Blavatsky and those who instructed her. And now we have the strong endorsement of the scholarship of the learned Oxford lecturer, who writes:

“When we read the Upanishads, the impression they leave on our minds is that they are sudden intuitions or inspirations, which sprang up here and there, and were collected afterwards. And yet there is system in all these dreams, there is a common background to all these visions. There is even an abundance of technical terms used by different speakers so exactly in the same sense, that one feels certain that behind all these lightning-flashes of religious and philosophical thought there is a distant past, a dark background of which we shall never know the beginning” (p. 23).

And again, in speaking of the line of tradition set forth in the *Maitrāyana Upanishad*, he writes:

“All this shows a distant historical background, and however fanciful some of the details may seem to us, we get the impression that the life described in these Upanishads was a real life, that in the very remotest times the settlers in that beautiful and over-fertile country were occupied in reasoning out the thoughts which are recorded in the Upanishads, that they were really a race of men different from us, different from any other race, that they cared more for invisible than for visible things” (p. 58).

Yes, the first Āryan immigrants into the land of the seven rivers were surely different; they brought with them the tradition of the sacred science. But what of their comrades who remained behind? May it not be that they too retained that tradition also? May it not be that portions of that tradition may be recovered and compared with the “background” of the Vedas? Those who have studied the Stanzas quoted in *The Secret Doctrine* and the outlines of the system called the “Esoteric Philosophy,” for want of a better title, and who have also a knowledge of the Upanishads, see many reasons for holding such a view. Time and an acquaintance with the ancient scrolls in Tibetan libraries will show whether this claim is worthy of attention or a mere stretch of imagination. In this connection it is gratifying to notice that Professor Max Müller now gives as early a date as 1500 B.C. to the hymns of the *Rig Veda* (p. 27), and 1100 B.C. to the *Kathopanishad* (p. 49).

THE THEORY OF REINCARNATION.

In speaking of transmigration or reincarnation the lecturer writes: "It is well known that this dogma has been accepted by the greatest philosophers of all countries" (p. 93). And further on he takes up the subject again in a manner that is not to be distinguished in any way from that of writers in the present theosophical movement. How familiar is the ring of the following passage!

"One point is sometimes left in the dark, namely, how is it that we, who have no recollection of what we did in a former life, nay, who know nothing of that former life beyond its mere existence, should nevertheless be made to suffer for our former deeds and misdeeds. But why should we remember our former life, if we do not even remember the first two, three, or four years of our present life? The belief expressed by Wordsworth that:

"The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Has had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar,'

is possibly by this time a general belief; but the belief which is based on it, that our star in this life is what we made it in a former life, would probably sound strange as yet to many ears" (p. 167).

THE DOCTRINE OF KARMA.

And so, too, with regard to the idea of karma, the Professor writes most theosophically and understandingly.

"But whatever we may think of the premisses on which this theory rests, its influence on human character has been marvellous. If a man feels that what, without any fault of his own, he suffers in this life can only be the result of some of his own former acts, he will bear his sufferings with more resignation. . . .

"However sceptical we may be on the power of any ethical teaching, and its influence on the practical conduct of men and women, there can be no doubt that this doctrine of Karma (karman means simply act or deed) has met with the widest acceptance, and has helped to soften the sufferings of millions, and to encourage them not only in their endurance of present evils, but likewise in their efforts to improve their future condition" (pp. 165, 166).

But the lecturer does not stop here, he goes still farther and

speaks of national and individual karma, and of universal brotherhood, in precisely the same terms as our own writers.

"Now it seems as if some teachers of the Vedânta had felt that the Karman, or the acts for which we suffer in this life or for which we are rewarded, need not have been exclusively those performed by ourselves, but that the Karman may be of a more collective character, and that as we enjoy so many of the rewards of good work done by others, we may also have to bear the consequences of evil deeds done by others. This would lead to the conception of the human race as one body or one family in which the whole suffers when any individual member suffers, for we are all members one of another; it would account for the working of heredity or the perpetuation of acquired habits; nay, it would make us understand the meaning of the iniquity of the fathers being visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generations" (pp. 167, 168).

AUTHORITY FOR THE PUBLIC.

All this is excellent; it is a familiar theme to all members of the Theosophical Society, it has been written of by our members on many hundreds of pages more amply and fully before. But the public craves for the *cachet* of some well-known name, and we rejoice with great rejoicing that so honourable a champion of oriental studies has come forward and placed the stamp of his great influence upon the advocacy of the two great doctrines above referred to. If the ideas of karma and reincarnation could once be got into the heads of the western peoples, a new era of thought would dawn, and religion and philosophy would receive a new impulse. It is also a matter for great rejoicing that the advocacy of these ideas is conducted by Professor Max Müller without the least trace of dogmatism. The lecturer puts them forward tentatively, trusting to their "sweet reasonableness" to gain them a hearing. This is all very admirable, and we sincerely hope that the length of the veteran orientalist's life-span may be prolonged, so that he may contribute fresh light on these all-important tenets for the benefit of the many readers who have been brought to regard him as a weighty authority in matters of comparative religion.

G. R. S. MEAD.

THE BOOK OF THE AZURE VEIL.

(Continued from p. 49.)

EXPLANATORY.

THE creative Gods, as given in *The Popol Vuh*, are four; but they are invoked by ten names (nine Gods synthesized by a tenth, an Aurora, and collectively named the Plumèd Serpent), and are divided into two hosts, called respectively Twice Great Father of the Sun, and Twice Great Mother of the Moon, making seven solar Gods and seven lunar.

In the Great Sea of Space six of these Gods become manifest as an ever-increasing light, and are again synthesized by the Plumèd Serpent, the seventh, because enveloped in his Azure-and-green Halo. They constitute seven hosts of the "greatest sages." Then to two of these Gods, the Dominator (more literally, "He who is on High") and the Plumèd Serpent, comes the Word of the Deity—that Supreme who is never included in any enumeration of the Gods, and is never given any specific name. These seven are the Divine Man of the first Dawn. The Word calls into activity the threefold Electric Fire, Hurakan, by whom the creative work is carried on. The waters are drained, the earth spoken into existence; and the sacred mountains arise, velvety with cypress and pine, the life waters flowing in serpentine courses between them; all being accomplished by the threefold Fire, Hurakan, impelled by the power of meditation of the Gods. These mountains are symbolical of the life-centres of the earth; being mentioned later on as the seven volcanoes created at the dawn of the Aurora. In all this work but seven of the fourteen Gods are engaged; the other seven appear only when nascent man is to be ensouled, when all fourteen are named. Essentially there are only seven Gods, since they are generally given as solar-lunar couples.

The system is purely pantheistic, the creation taking place within, and all being for ever enveloped by, the halo of the Plumèd

Serpent. The same conception of the creation of the world is shown in the sculpture over the doorway on the east façade of an ancient temple in the ruins of Chichen-Itza, thus described by Dr. Le Plongeon:

"Effectively, in the tableau we see represented a luminous egg, emitting rays, and floating in the midst of the waters where it had been deposited by the Supreme Intelligence. In that egg is seated the Creator, his body painted blue, his loins surrounded by a girdle; he holds a sceptre in his left hand; his head is adorned with a plume of feathers; he is surrounded by a serpent" (*Sacred Mysteries Among the Mayas and the Quichés*).

In the chapter of *Popol Vuh* that follows, seven orders of Nature-sprites are created; being unable to speak the name of the Gods, or to invoke the threefold Fire, they are rejected; and the Gods then mould man out of red earth. He is a failure. Another attempt is made, but the second race is a failure, like the first. Then a fourfold man is created by the Sun-God and Moon-Goddess; the people of this third race are sexual, stupid and wooden, incapable of invoking the Gods.

POPOL VUH.

CHAPTER II.

AFTERWARDS they brought into existence the Nature-sprites of the mountains, who are the watchers over all the forest growths, the beings who dwell upon those mountains, deer, birds, lions, tigers, serpents, vipers, and snakes of brilliant colours, watchers over the trailing vines.

Then spoke he who engenders, he who gives being: "Should there be silence, inaction, when there is the shade of the trees and vines? Useless are these unless there are beings to watch over them."

Thus they spoke while quickening the vivification they were sustaining, and immediately deer and birds came into existence; whereupon they apportioned to the deer and birds their dwellings.

"To the river-banks, O deer! In the ravines you shall sleep, staying on the greensward, beneath the undergrowth; in the forests you shall multiply; upon four feet shall you go."

And it was done as it was told to them.

Then were apportioned equally the dwellings of the large birds and the small.

"On the tops of the trees and trailing vines you shall lodge, O birds; there you shall build your nests, there you shall multiply. You shall develop yourselves amid the branches of the trees and trailing vines."

Thus instructed, the deer and birds performed their task, and all went to their dwellings. Thus to the animate beings of the earth, he who engenders, he who gives being, distributed their habitations.

They being formed, then, deer and birds, he said to them, alike to these deer, these birds, by the organ of the Creator and Former, of him who engenders, of him who gives being:

"Cry, warble, now that the power of crying and warbling is given you; cause your language to be heard, each one after his kind." Thus was it said to the deer, birds, lions, tigers and serpents.

"Speak, then, our name; render adoration to us, your father, your mother. Invoke Hurakan, the flashing of the lightning, and thunderbolt which strikes, the Heart of the Heavens, the Heart of the Earth, the Creator, the Former, the Engenderer, the Giver-of-being. Speak, invoke us and salute us!" Thus was it said to them.

But it was not in their power to speak as man speaks. They did nothing but make inarticulate sounds, being unable to utter any form of language; each one according to his kind murmured in a different manner.

When the Creator and the Former perceived that they could not speak, they said one to the other: "They could not say our name, although we are their Creator and Former. This is not good." Then to the animals they said: "Behold, you shall be changed, because you are incapable of speaking. Therefore, we have modified our promise, because it has been impossible for you to speak. Your food and nourishment, your dens and dwellings, you shall have, but they shall be in the ravines and forests; for our glory is not perfect, since you cannot invoke us.

"There shall yet be beings, truly, who will be able to invoke us; we shall make them capable of obeying. Now do your task; as to your flesh, it shall be torn by the tooth"—thus was it predicted for them.

"Behold, then, your fate;" and this which was spoken to them

was at the same time notified to all the large and small Nature-beings on the face of the earth.

But they desired to try again their fortune, to have another chance; so they combined to contrive a new method of adoration. Yet as they could not understand each other's language, they accomplished nothing, and the attempt was a failure.

Thus it was that their forms were humiliated, and that all the wild animals now here upon the face of the earth were reduced to being killed and devoured.

Hence became necessary a fresh attempt to make creatures, by the Creator, the Former, him who engenders, him who gives being.

"Let us try anew; already comes the seed-time, for, behold, the Aurora! Let us create those who shall be our vehicles and nourishers. What can we do that we may be invoked, and that we may be made manifest upon the face of the earth? We have already essayed our first work and creature; but it was impossible for them to salute and adore us. Therefore let us try to make men, devout and reverent, to be our vehicles and nourishers."

They spoke. Then took place the creation and moulding of man. Of red earth they moulded his flesh.

They saw that it was not good; for he lacked solidity, was jointless, powerless, incompetent and mud-like; he could not revolve his head, his face was only sculptured on one side; his vision was veiled, and he could not look behind him; he had been endowed with the gift of language, but he was without intelligence: so he was dissolved by the water without being able to stand upright.

Then said again the Creator and the Former: "The more we try, the more incapable he is of walking and of reproducing himself. Let an intelligent being be formed."

They remade and destroyed again their work and creature. Then they said: "What shall we do that beings may blossom out who will be adorers of us, invokers of us?"

They said, whilst they consulted anew: "Let us say to the Sun-God, the Moon-Goddess, to the Air-tube Hunter of the Sleeping Animal, to the Air-tube Hunter of the Unsleeping Animal: 'We must try afresh to determine his destiny, the period of his formation.'"

Then took place the consultation with these fortune-tellers, the Great Mother of the Sun, and the Great Mother of the Dawn; thus are they called by the Creator and the Former, for those are the names of the Sun-God and the Moon-Goddess.

And the host of Hurakan hailed the Dominator and the Plumèd Serpent; and they said to the Sun-ruler, and to him of the Formation, who are the fortune-tellers: "It is time to design anew concerning the constituents of the man created, of the man formed, so that he may be indeed our vehicle and nourisher, in order that we may be invoked and manifested.

"Begin, then, your incantation, O you who engender and put forth into the world, Great Mother and Great Father, Sun-God, Moon-Goddess; cause the germination to be made, that the Dawn may whiten, that we may be invoked, adored and made manifest by the man outlined, by the man shadowed-forth, by the man formed, by the man embodied. So let it be done.

"Display your name, O Air-tube Hunter of the Sleeping Animal, O Air-tube Hunter of the Unsleeping Animal, two-fold Engenderer, two-fold Giver of Being, White-rayed One, Thorn-crowned One, He of the Emerald, the Jeweller, the Chiseller, the Architect, the Master of the Green-waving Planisphere, the Lord of the Azure Expanse, the Master of the Incense, the Ruler of the Ethereal City, Great Mother of the Sun, Great Mother of the Dawn; for thus you shall be called by our works and our creatures.

"Make your passes over your grains of maize, over your cork-tree beans, to foresee if what we are working at will come to pass, while we carve his face and his mouth out of wood." Thus was it said to the fortune-tellers.

At the moment for casting the lot, and saluting him who made the prediction with grains of maize and cork-tree beans, "Sun and Creature!" then said to them an old man and an old woman. But this old man was the master of the cork-tree beans, the Sun-God; and this old woman was the Sun-robed, the giver of form, the Moon-Goddess of Increase.

Then they said, at the moment when the sun stood in mid-heaven: "It is time for us to reach our decision; speak, and let us listen; then we shall tell whether the wood shall be cut and carved by the Creator and Former, and whether it shall be your vehicle

and nourisher, at the moment when the germination shall be made and when the dawn shall whiten.

"O maize, O beans, O Sun, O created being, generate other creatures." Thus was it said to the maize and beans, to the Sun and created being. Blush, O Heart of the Heavens, kiss not the lips and the cheeks of the Dominator, the Plumèd Serpent!

Then they made their forecast of the future: "It is in this way we must make your mannikins carved in wood, who talk and reason flippantly on the face of the earth."

"So be it," was the answer. In the same instant sprang into existence the wooden mannikin; men reproduced themselves, men reasoned; and these are the people who inhabit the surface of the earth. They lived and multiplied; they begat sons and daughters, mannikins worked in wood, but they had not heart or wisdom, nor memory of their Former and Creator. They led a useless existence and lived like the four-footed brute creation. They remembered not the Heart of the Heavens—and, behold how they perished. It was only a trial and experiment at making men, who spoke at first, but whose faces withered; feeble their hands and feet; they had neither blood nor nutrition, neither moisture nor fat; sunken cheeks were their faces, withered were their feet and hands, emaciated their flesh.

It was because they did not direct their thoughts to the overshadowing Father who bestows life. Such were the first men who existed in great numbers here on the surface of the earth.

ARETAS.

(To be continued.)

MODERN VAINGLORIOUSNESS.

ONE of the greatest changes of this changeful era is the altered view we are at last learning to take of the relations between modern western civilization and the civilizations of the past. The insular and vainglorious spirit which for so long has put occidentalism at the apex of all possible enlightenment and made all the ancients poor benighted fools, is fast succumbing before the wider views born of wider reading and exploration. Theosophy is in the vanguard of this movement for the destruction of modern conceit, for its mission is to replace the mushroom growth of our civilization and the rush-light of our science by the wisdom of the ages, which can now only be learnt by sitting at the feet of the ancients. A theosophical magazine has then two tasks to perform—one destructive, the other constructive. It has to blazon abroad the failures of the modern cult and to bring from every available source proofs of the superiority of ancient systems. For the former, we can refer to the scathing denunciations that appeared month by month when H. P. Blavatsky was editor—denunciations which I have humbly sought to echo in these articles on science. But we need not confine ourselves to theosophical magazines for proof that the world is awakening to a realization of its own futility. Turn to current periodical literature and you will always find tirades on the failings of modern society. The articles now appearing in this magazine on *The Popol Vuh*, that sacred book of ancient races in America, show that we need not scorn to look to our ancestors for the light we have not found ourselves. The translations, now so numerous, of the sacred books of Asia, show that there is a science which can replace our decaying science of the earth's outermost crust. In obedience to cyclic law the momentum of our precipitous fall into the abyss of materialism has carried us a little way up the ascending slope; for our material prowess has enabled us to come into touch with the founts of revelation, and we are enabled to wrest from the nations our martial

pride has subdued those secrets which are destined to annihilate that very pride. In rapid succession, as increasing toleration secures their due appreciation, do the prophesies of H. P. Blavatsky fulfil themselves, and every day brings some fresh proof of the weakness of the new and the strength of the old. All hail to the discomfiture of modern conceit!

THE FIVE ELEMENTS.

In the philosophy of the Upanishads will be found a scheme of natural science which avoids those faults of modern science against which war has so often been waged in these pages. The chief peculiarity of this system, as contradistinguished from modern science, is that it includes the study of the faculties of perception as well as that of the objects of perception, and studies the universe subjectively as well as objectively. Instead of judging nature from the standpoint of a particular group of senses, and thus making a partial and erroneous classification of phenomena, as does our science, it studies also the mind of man, dividing it up into several different states of consciousness, each of which presents a different idea of the universe. It takes the view that phenomena result from a blending or interaction of that which is within man and that which is without; in other words, that perception results from cooperation of what is subjective with what is objective. This view is familiar enough to western metaphysics, but is ignored by western science, which practically regards the subjective element as invariable, and attributes all variation in phenomena to matter. Hence, in the eastern system, the greatest importance is attributed to the study and culture of the mind and senses, for they are the channels through which the universe is perceived, they are mutable and changeful, and all their combinations and variations must be known in order that we may not be deceived by them.

The five elements of the Upanishads, with which Râma Prasâd in his *Nature's Finer Forces* has made us familiar, are therefore dual in their nature, being related to both mind and matter. The mind of man is divided into five senses or faculties, and matter is divided into five elements. The five states of the mind correspond to the five states of matter. It must here be borne in mind that this five-fold division is only a broad classification, and contains within itself innumerable subdivisions, all, however, on the same fivefold scale.

Thus there are five subtle senses and five gross senses, five subtle elements and five gross elements, and so on. The student will find in the *Oriental Department* of the American Section T. S., No. 16, a brief and lucid article on these seven principles, entitled "Life and Lives." In this it is said that the Logos, the active and creative God of the universe, has a double aspect. "The first aspect is positive, the forceful substance of manifestation; the second, negative, the abstract plan or outline of the unfolding, still latent, but soon to be manifested. These two aspects, the positive and negative, the active and passive, we may call the first Logos and the second Logos, in harmony with the Platonic idea. The first is the forceful evolver, the 'male Brahmâ'; the second is the abstract plan of manifestation, the invisible outline of universal law, the feminine voice, or 'Vach.' . . . Then from the union of these two, the Evolver and the Voice, is made manifest the fivefold outer Universe, and this fivefold outer Universe, together with these two, the Evolver and the Voice, forms the sevenfold cosmos, which rests in the unmanifest one, the Eternal."

And, remembering that each of these five elements is twofold—the subjective ones being called sound, touch, sight, taste, smell, and the objective ones ether, air, fire or light, water, earth—we obtain one key to that mysterious duodenary symbolized by the zodiacal belt. For we have now two parent principles and five pairs of minor principles, the whole making up the number twelve; which will remind astrologers of the following familiar table:

Leo is the house of the Sun.

Cancer is the house of the Moon.

Gemini and Virgo are the houses of Mercury.

Taurus and Libra are the houses of Venus.

Aries and Scorpio are the houses of Mars.

Pisces and Sagittarius are the houses of Jupiter.

Aquarius and Capricornus are the houses of Saturn.

It is impracticable in these pages to give much information on this subject that would be really useful in showing the relation of these five elements to the universe as we perceive it, for the simple reason that, this science being mental as well as material, progress therein is a question of psychic development. Much can however be gleaned from *Nature's Finer Forces*, articles in *The Theosophist*,

and the Upanishads. In the latter will be found extensive categories of the things which belong to each element, and lists of the qualities of each element, a continuous study of which will gradually build up in the mind the ideas which are denoted by ether, air, fire, water and earth.

MR. BALFOUR'S APPEAL.

The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour's August address before the Psychological Research Society forms a fitting corollary to the remarks of Lord Salisbury before the British Association, noticed last month. Lord Salisbury dilated on the extreme limitation of modern science, which he compared to a small bright oasis of knowledge, surrounded on all sides by a vast unexplored region of impenetrable mystery; and his other remarks suggested that he was in doubt whether even the oasis was anything more than a mirage. Mr. Balfour invites science to extend its sphere and take in a little more of the desert, but is extremely doubtful whether the oasis-dwellers will be able to pursue the proposed work of reclamation with their old tools—the five senses. He cautiously hints at the existence of another tool, not yet known to the oasis-dwellers of science—a higher sense; but he fears very much that this new instrument will contradict the old ones and so render itself ineligible. How are scientists going to employ a new sense which contradicts what their old ones have told them? How can they discover a new country with a ship that refuses to sail on land? The answer is plain. The Psychological Research Society is boring a Channel Tunnel for them.

It would be all very well, says Mr. Balfour, if the new sense would only confirm what has been surmised through the use of the other senses; if clairvoyants, for instance, would see Prof. Hertz's electro-magnetic waves, and refrain from seeing unauthorized things. But they see things which do not dovetail with what is alleged to be already known, which is so much the worse for what they see. In the case of telepathy, for example, we do not find the same laws as to the square of the distance, equability of distribution, and so on, as we do in the case of "light," "sound," and others.

Mr. Balfour concludes with the following appeal to men of science: "I am desirous above all things of enlisting in our service the best experimental and scientific ability which we can command.

I have thought it best to endeavour to arrest the attention, and, if possible, to engage the interest of men of science by pointing to the definite and very simple experiments which, simple as they are, yet hint at conclusions not easily to be accommodated with our habitual theories of things. If we can repeat these experiments sufficiently often, and under tests sufficiently crucial, to exclude the possibility of error, it will be impossible any longer to ignore them, and willingly or unwillingly, all interested in science will be driven to help, as far as they can, to unravel the refractory class of problems which this Society is endeavouring to solve." He concludes that "there is strong ground for supposing that outside the world, as we have, from the point of science, been in the habit of conceiving it, there does lie a region, not open indeed to experimental observation in the same way as the more familiar regions of the material world are open to it, but still with regard to which some experimental information may be laboriously gleaned."

H. T. E.

DIVINE LOVE THE LIFE OF THE WORLD.

ON this side of the Ineffable—that purely ideal glory where all manifestation is melted in the one essence of Being; on the other side of the manifestations of Being, with their infinite variety of name and form—a principle is conceivable as the ultimate basis of cosmic duality. It may be described as the pulsation of cosmic life manifested in reawakening. When this pulsation begins in the womb of the Swan beyond time and space—when “what is at once the finite of the infinite and the infinite of the finite comes into being”—side by side with it is born the divine principle of love. The son, who is sound absolute, goes, as mystic occult works put it, into meditation and, through the power of that meditation, comprehends what the divine will wishes him to do, and becomes that will himself through the power of love, before he begins his usual cyclic task. Then what is absolute life in “the elder Oeahoo” becomes life and consciousness in “the younger Oeahoo.”

Thus love is the first manifestation, and can be recognized in its outward aspect as the life of the universe. Every cyclic story begins with the birth of this love or life. Concerning that awful mystery, within whose heart the life of what is later on to be the universe is vibrating, all knowledge is dumb and all Vedas shrink back, and in their mute and diffident recognition of the awful presence they are able to tell us only of the ecstasy of the love of their Lord, but nothing of what that Lord is. At the reawakening, wise ones say that the “I am I” of the son consists in the recognition of his father’s love which gave him being, or which became his life. Love is thus the life of the universe; the universe is brought into existence through divine love; is maintained through that divine love; and, in the retransformation of the universe into its own essence, sages recognize simply the highest love between the loving mother and her unknown lord—the crowning-point of

their greater union. So the world's story is a tale of love, and those who have known and experienced what it is to love know how much strength is required to stand before the altar of the goddess of love. Earthly as the family affections have become in these degenerate days of selfishness and materialism, there is yet within them something of the divine; and the follower of the Vedas recognizes in his family life even to-day the period of probationary learning for the aspirant, who would win a place for himself in the endless history—the time when “the sage of time's circle” goes to school, before he ventures to solve the riddle of his unknown parentage; and, meeting his compassionate mother, persists in his attempt to be nourished with her milk. For you must know that the mother in her compassion practises great deceit. In the earlier stages the child knows not the mother, and the cry of the spiritual child has to be repeated a thousand times before the mother takes the infant to her breast. The attempt to make the cunning virgin mother recognize in the pupil her loving son; the attempt to form a spiritual household where the mother is divested of her playful tricks, and not only appears as knowledge and love in all their purity, but shows the father without deceit, is more difficult than neglecting the mother altogether and standing in sight of the mute father. The true adept not only finds his father, but learns how to deal with the crafty mother. It is a fact also from the occult standpoint, that the father loves the first-born best, but the mother, the last-born. Yet the full adept is both “Ganapati” and “Subrahmanya,” and makes a perfect family of upright father, a loving mother and two lovely children—one dearer to the father and the other dearer to the mother. Mark the six facets of that golden gem: the younger son of the parentless would not destroy the Asura, Surapadma, but chose to have him as his vehicle, a tremendous power for good or for evil—which, if you do not control it, will swallow you up. The Tamil saying, “Cautious like Subrahmanya on his vehicle the Surapadma” has more meaning in it than will appear to the superficial observer. It is the ever-vigilant spiritual eye of the sage who must know how to adjust his seat even when the spirited vehicle—the divine life—flashes round all the expanse of shining ether in the twinkling of an eye. The true Royal Union begins with love as the power of thought and subdues the life which is its

aspect in a world of illusion. Life is no principle, and like the Self pervades all the other human principles. Where the worship with flowers is made with life at the feet of the mysterious Lord, the sage merges his self-consciousness in the infinite, and becomes incapable of assisting humanity. But the sage who would work with humanity still maintains his being in the triad of Self, soul, mind, clothed by life. All space teems with life, with conscious and semi-conscious beings, and it is the mastery of the life that gives the adept power to command not merely the lower forms of life, but also the higher spiritual beings, by virtue of the harmony which he establishes in himself by rightly wielding the sceptre of life. The author of *The Voice of the Silence* has thrown out hints for students of the real "knowledge of the divine germ" preserved under such secret symbology in the works of sages; and only students of the metaphysical and spiritual side of the "knowledge of three flowers" spoken of in Tamil occult works can rightly appreciate the value of the enormous concessions made at this cycle.

For real rules for true "worship of the Lord and his power" must for ever remain sealed to those who do not realize the purification which alone can remove all pollution from the heart and make the "sign of the Lord" in us pure as crystal itself. There is a popular saying that "the Lord delights in bathing," for as he is in the average man he lives among much dirt, and "you have much to play the washerman," as occult symbology puts it. It is only when the purification is complete that we can see our "inner God" in all his splendour; the "Lord" being pleased with our worship, shows us the chamber in which he dances with the seven sublime Lords singing to his dance; among others, Nârada playing upon the lute and Nandi upon his tabor. Then is the internal harmony complete and the kingdom of knowledge won. Great ones say that from first to last the path is one at once of intense enjoyment and of acute suffering. In the path of "divine progress" the adept does not become "one above colours," but ever in the presence of the "white glory" lives in the seven primary colours, amidst lords who practically carry on this world-drama. He begins his work with the "secret heart," the abode of the "world's mother." The prize he wins is the privilege of his mother's love, and the recognition of his princely rights in the grand spiritual kingdom. "Father, let thy

kingdom come," says the devotee; but the kingdom of heaven must be won by force; so that unless one sets to work in the spirit of Krishna's advice: "Fight for fighting's sake," one cannot get rid of the sin of the life in the personality. "The path of true love never did run smooth," said of earthly love, may, and with much fitness, be said of the "path of divine love" also.

For humanity is the great orphan whose suffering sages pledge themselves to alleviate. The disciple who hears the "doctrine of the two paths in one" aspires to find a place among beings who form the "secret heart" of mankind from which pours the life-blood that maintains the health of the body of humanity. They are called the "great assembly" in mystic occult works.

Round the resplendent throne on which are seated the "great father and mother," the chosen children of God who form the assembly sing with merry themes in merry strains the programme of the two eternities, the lesser and the greater, and in their dance to the music complete the histories of "the little and the great eggs." They question the pilgrim who he is, and out of pure love give him alms and feed him with nectar, if he knows how to beg "like Kankalanâtha on his skull." Then, and not till then, can he understand the true nature of almsgiving, and have doled out to him the alms of divine love which construct his newly-formed spiritual body. When the alchemy is complete, the baser metals lose their name and pure gold alone endures, and in its splendour illumines all the depths of being. When the "secret heart" is melted and transformed into pure gold, nothing endures but divine love in divine life, or divine life in divine love. The "flying sphere" (khechara gulikâ) will then attain its full potency, and the adept's compassion will then extend not merely to beings of this world but to all the seven—to the thousand and eight world-eggs, in the midst of which stands the priceless jewel.

Yet all this can be accomplished only when the disciple patiently follows the mother to her ten secret and brilliant chambers, in each of which she sits in crowned glory with her Lord. It is the black sin of having entirely forgotten our illustrious spiritual parentage which makes us grope in the darkness of unwisdom and submit to what we in our selfish fear consider our inevitable fate—to live and die in the dark. But the voice that honestly cries, "light, more

light," is at once answered by the compassionate mother who opens to us her secret palaces one by one. The purity of her virgin glory dazzles our eyes, and the spiritual child must be devoid of all earthly feeling who would reach the father through the kingdoms of the mother—none but the purest hearts are admitted into the tenth story of her mansion, whence amidst heavenly music that deafens our mortal ears we behold the white glory of the full noonday. Further beyond lie the regions of the sun, to which if the disciple passes he no more sees his mother coming forward as before, for now she stands modestly behind her Lord, from whom you may learn the secret arts by which to rule the kingdom which has now become entirely yours. Thenceforward you may reign till the "great day" closes, and the great master having mixed the seven tunes in one begins the hidden portion of his eternal music.

This is the path whose powers—those of divine love—are "creating, preserving, purifying, concealing and grace," the five powers that the Lord himself wields. It is by incessantly keeping to his practice, the path of love, that the Lord is able to carry on the programme of the lesser and the greater universes. Therefore all ye who would be happy and powerful like him, follow the path of love. Help on his work by losing yourselves in his law, by persistent love obtain the right to a place among the divine architects of the world, assist in the process of producing more selves out of the yet unworked material in universal space. Work up those semi-conscious and unconscious beings to conscious existence, that they may in time realize the true nature of divine love, arrest the action of all baser natures, and chase out of humanity all "dark" by the strength of your unbounded love, cultivate the "divine" to the fullest extent and let the "dark" die from want of material to work on. The five powers that you acquire in the practice of the Lord's royal path are for your use in following the path of love. Eternal matter is ever present in shining ether, and you have to assist the law of the loves of atoms by combining and tuning them in harmony. It is on the discovery of the just proportions that will produce a note distinct from, but harmonious with the rest, that the true skill of the adept depends. The man who has learnt to tune the transformations of his thinking principle in harmony with his divine nature, will also know how to make use of the same powers in the creation of

his children of the shining ether. It is the work of Nārāyana that you ought to do—the great art of preserving; but in the performance of that one act, you have to perform all the other four acts too, to make the preserving complete. Brahmā is the great adept who begins his father Vishnu's work, and the creation and preservation, to be of any real benefit, must be purged of their dross in the fire of Rudra—the principle of the killing of impurities; then the principle of the "great Lord" dries up and causes the alloy to disappear altogether by some mysterious means, and lastly comes Sadāshiva, who breathes the breath of divine love upon the finished work. Thus is the kingdom of the great mother and father won and maintained by their sons, and the traveller of the path of love has to do the same within himself, as without, until he becomes one with the divine principle of love and merges his individuality therein.

To conclude, there is nothing in the world so powerful and beautiful as love, nor is metaphysical speculation or mystic knowledge required to realize that the world can be happier with greater love established between man and man; and let it also be clearly understood that divine love is the only life essence by which the health of the great body of humanity can be efficiently maintained.

SHAIVA RĀJA YOGIN.

THE VEIL OF MÂYÂ.

(Concluded from p. 65.)

CHAPTER VII.

ANTON THE SCULPTOR.

THE monastery stood high upon the mountain pass; below nestled the little village. The brotherhood of Saint Ambrose was rich, the chapel of the order was famed for its beauty no less than the monks for their sanctity; the order was a perpetual stumbling-block to the devil, and many a wealthy pilgrim laid offerings at the shrine of the saint.

A pilgrimage had been led thither that day; the guest-house of the monastery was filled to overflowing. Mass was over, and through the cloistered courtyard paced both brethren and pilgrims. One of the last-named, a tall man with peculiarly piercing eyes, addressed an aged brother who passed by, telling his beads. The old monk hesitated; silence was the rule at that hour, both for brethren and laymen.

"We break rule, my son," he said. "We do ill to speak idly with profane lips when our souls should be silently communing with God."

"You rebuke me well, holy father," replied the stranger. "Yet I only asked who was he, kneeling yonder in the chapel, neither brother nor pilgrim by his dress; he, who passing through the court, departed from these holy walls, where doubtless no ill thing can enter."

There was a metallic ring in the voice.

"Indeed, my son," responded the monk, "you will do well to meditate upon that holy man; though he is of the laity, no brother of Saint Ambrose leads a saintlier life than he. It is well said amongst our peasantry, that Satan must needs fly this holy ground, as much through the presence of Anton the sculptor as from that of our reverend father, the Abbot himself."

"For my part," said the pilgrim, "I have never seen a holy man whom the fiend might not throw in a tussle, could he find the temptation the holy saint hugged to his soul, perchance deeming it his fairest virtue. I speak but of laymen, father," he added quickly.

"Your words ill beseem your holy dress, my son," said the monk, with some severity. "The saintly Anton, leaving his home but to

ascend daily to this chapel, has purified his life of every ill desire and mundane craving. His very art is dedicated to God; we know not indeed upon what great work he is now engaged; doubtless upon some specially holy task, for he daily prays with more fervour in our chapel, till his very soul be rent in his agony of supplication; moreover, this is likely to be his last work on earth, for his life fails apace, and his soul will shortly be summoned to glorify God in the company of the blessed saints in paradise."

"Where, holy father, does this artist saint sojourn?"

"His studio faces the great crucifix at the outskirts of the village below, my son."

"I will go thither; he dwells, then, beneath the shadow of the rood?"

"Even so, my son."

The pilgrim bent his knee for the old man's blessing, then vanished through the monastery gates.

Beneath the shadow of the rood, in a studio ascetic in its lack of comfort, sat Anton the sculptor; a slender, delicately-featured man, broad-browed, and with rapt, dreamy grey eyes. His grizzled hair was beginning to wear thin at the temples; the long, thin, nervous hands trembled. Drops stood on his brow, called thither either by weakness or by mental agony. The sculptor's chisel had fallen from his hand; his eyes dwelt upon his unfinished work.

From the pure, marble block the thin, skilful hand was slowly working forth the thought of the heaven-fired brain. A gracious figure of the Man-God, a Christ all human, all divine, in whom the sorrowful should see incarnate sorrow, the lover incarnate love, the saint incarnate Godhead.

Before the eyes of Anton shone the vision of what should be; a Christ whose divine features should draw new Magdalenes weeping to His feet; such as should purify the eyes of the foulest who looked thereon. Such a mighty manifestation of human genius wrought upon by the Spirit of Truth, as should make sinners stand mute, worshipping, enthralled, ere ever they should cry, "Behold the Man!"

Anton the sculptor drew his hand across his brow and grasped his implement once more; he worked on slowly, doggedly, with a strangely impassive look on his worn face. Again he laid aside the chisel, and sinking down, wiped the drops from his brow. Again he recommenced his work; this time he sooner relinquished the implement, and rested awhile longer—rose again, reeled, and clutched the marble for support. For awhile he stood motionless, then he slowly raised his eyes to the

unfinished statue, and fell on his knees with a cry, half groan, half shriek.

"Give me life, O God Whom I have served," he cried passionately. "Life! till I have wrought this to Thy glory. Have I not laid all earthly desires before Thy shrine? Is not the world as ashes in my sight? Wilt Thou slay me now? Give me life till my work be completed; then slay the worker as seems best to Thee."

There was silence in the studio, broken only by the sobbing breaths of the sculptor; he staggered to his feet and grasped his chisel, working for awhile with feverish energy; suddenly he paused and hid his face in his shuddering hands, for they would not do his will. His work upon that which was to be his masterpiece was bad, and the man realized it. He crouched at the foot of the half-sculptured block; the sun set, the moon rose, the wind whistled round the silent studio beneath the shadow of the rood.

There came a knock upon the panels of the door. Anton rose, dragged his shaking limbs to the portal, and threw it open. A tall man, clad in a pilgrim's garb, stood without.

"Forgive my intrusion, master," said a clear, metallic voice. "I am a pilgrim to the shrine of holy Saint Ambrose; the fame of the mingled piety and genius of Master Anton is noised abroad. I would willingly see the work of the genius, and suffer my soul to drink celestial wisdom from the saint."

"Sir," said the sculptor, "you do me too much honour; there is naught here of my work save," he faltered, "an unfinished statue."

"Aye," said the stranger; "the crowning work of a mighty genius. I may enter, master? Is it here, thy work?"

"It is here."

The stranger gazed. "The subject is——?"

"The Christ," responded the sculptor reverently.

The stranger shuddered; his face was grey, he turned to the sculptor.

"This will be your greatest work?"

"Yes—if——"

"If? Does the great Master Anton dream of failure?"

"Failure! I did not speak of failure, sir," said Anton coldly. "But my days are numbered; time may not be granted me——" his voice failed.

"What! Is this the recompense for a life of purity and devotion?" cried the stranger. "Is this the reward of having diligently fostered the highest faculties of man?—the intellectual and artistic life?"

Anton shuddered; the cry of his own yearnings seemed to speak in the metallic voice.

"No, Master Anton; this must not be. This shall never be! Fie! fie! now I gaze upon the marble block, I think I perceive the master's hand hath already lost somewhat of its cunning."

The artist shivered; the voice spoke on.

"Now it is well that I came hither! I have here a precious medicine. No life elixir, master, giving what the wise never desire—eternal life. No! but the man who drinks my medicine shall add to his span many a year, and each shall he enjoy in fullest vigour of intellect and skill of hand. Look, Master Anton!"

He drew forth a flask and held it before the eyes of the artist.

"Sip but one drop. Nay, sip! Does not the life course more freely through thy veins?"

"It does! My God! it does. Yet if this thing were evil?"

"Evil, master! Evil! and will give strength to pursue a holy work? Come! drink it to-morrow upon the altar steps; at the very shrine of holy Saint Ambrose."

"Sir," said Anton faintly, "I am poor; it was never my custom to barter the work I wrought for God's glory for riches. I cannot pay the price so great a gift merits."

The stranger laughed.

"I am a pilgrim," said he, "and have some pretensions to sanctity, Master Anton. I will give this draught from pure love of a holy life and consecrated genius. Drink it, and live, and men shall praise, and heaven bless the work of the mighty master, Anton."

"You will give me this priceless boon? God will reward you."

The stranger let his piercing eyes dwell on the face of the artist.

"True," he answered slowly; "for me, and for such as I am, there is—a reward."

He laid the flask in the artist's trembling hand, passed through the studio door, beneath the rood and up the mountain, towards the monastery. Anton hesitated. Should he wait till the morrow? No! he would first thank God, Who had answered his frantic prayer, and then drink. He placed the flask in his bosom, and knelt; he poured forth his very soul in praise, then rising, thrust his hand into his bosom; as he did so, there came a second knock upon the studio door.

Anton opened it. A young and comely man stood without, his face white, his eyes full of anguish; he held the fainting figure of a beautiful young girl on one arm, with his other hand he led a tiny golden-haired girl.

"For pity's sake, sir," he cried, "give us shelter. My wife, sick of a mortal disease, is on a pilgrimage to the holy shrine of Saint Ambrose, hoping that a miracle might be wrought and her life preserved. She has fainted; I dare not proceed farther."

"Enter, sir," said the artist courteously. He made way for his guests. The fainting girl was laid upon a rude couch. The sculptor summoned the village doctor, who exerted his slender skill in vain.

"The lady is dying," he murmured to the artist; "she will die at dawn."

The young husband heard the words. He fell on his knees beside the still form.

"Beloved!" he cried, in a voice of anguish. "Oh, my wife! my loved one! would God I could die for thee! Take aught that's mine and spare me her. My wife! my wife!"

The dying girl lay motionless, her ears deaf to the passionate cry. The doctor withdrew. The child slept, the girl lay with closed eyes, scarcely appearing to breathe. Anton laid his hand upon the young man's shoulder.

"Take comfort," he said gently. "She is going from you truly; but she surely goes to God, and thither you will one day follow her."

"Sir," said the other, raising a haggard face, "she who lies there holds in her soul all that is good in mine. When she goes, with her goes my better self, and the residue is accursed."

"Pray," said the sculptor, "that she may be preserved."

"Pray! Has ever a prayer of yours been granted?"

"Aye—but now."

"Then do you pray for me," cried the other. "Are you the holy Anton?"

"So they call me."

"Have mercy! Pray for me! If it be in your power to save her—save her!"

He sank down and buried his face in his hands. Anton knelt before the cross; he was faint and weak, but to-morrow he should be strong. He could not drink the elixir to give himself life, here in the presence of death. He strove to pray, but instead of the words of prayer there rose in his heart the frenzied husband's words, "If it be in your power to save her—save her!"

He held the means of saving her; he could give her years of life, and himself—death. He told himself that it was not his own life, but the life of his God-dedicated art which he desired to save. To him the elixir had been sent as by a miracle; perhaps it was Heaven's will

that this girl should die. Nevertheless, it troubled him that he for the first time could not pray. Suddenly he became aware of a monk of Saint Ambrose standing beside him; he rose bewildered.

"Brother, I did not hear you enter. There is one sick——"

"She is well," said the monk; "she is long dead."

"Dead?"

"Aye. Come forth with me, brother."

And Anton, marvelling, obeyed.

They stood not on the mountain side, but in the dingy streets of a great city. The monk opened the door of a tall house and passed up the stairs, they were dirty and dark. From open doors sounded laughter, quarrelling and snatches of ribald songs.

The monk passed on and up, Anton following till they reached a room lighted by a dim lamp. Within that room sat the travesty of a man—a man with pale face, red eyes and trembling lips; his shaking hand went forth towards a bottle, from which he continually replenished a glass.

Anton gazed with repulsion. Gradually he recognized the haggard, degraded face for that of the young husband who had pleaded—"If it be in your power to save her, save her!"

"He said well," said the monk; "the residue of his life was accursed. He was a man of brilliant parts; but he lacked the vigour to stand erect before the blows of affliction. With his wife went his better self."

"He had a child," said Anton faintly; "where is the child?"

"The motherless daughter of a drunkard," said the monk. "Come and see."

It was a brilliant room, the air heavy with perfume and the smell of wine. There were men and women there, laughing loudly. A girl, young, angelically fair, with flushed cheeks and over brilliant eyes, sat a little aloof from the others. Beside her was a man, who, plying her with wine, whispered in her ear. Anton started, he thought it was the stranger of the elixir; a second glance showed him that this was a younger man. His eyes laughed evilly, and were less keen.

"It is one of his kinsmen," said the monk, "and cast in a slighter mould than he."

"Is *this* the child?"

"Aye—the child!"

Anton shuddered.

"Come yet a little farther with me, holy brother," said the monk.

The room was gone, and they stood upon the mountain side.

Between heaven and earth there swung a mighty balance of gold, held by a hand of fire. The sculptor looked and fell upon his knees with a cry of rapture, for in one of the mighty scales there swung his perfected statue and weighed it down—the very statue of his vision, the ideal of the poet sculptor's fancy, that he had never hoped, strive as he might, to achieve. He knelt before his masterpiece; he knew that it was his.

"Lord," he cried, "behold the work of my hands that it is good!"

The monk stretched his hand towards the second balance. There fell from his fingers a flash of fire, then the balance sank lower—lower—and the shining purity of the Divine image swung high; but the low swinging balance was empty.

"What is this?" cried the sculptor, "this thing that outweighs the triumph of my art? The balance is void."

"That was a human soul," said the monk. "Did any man ever yet see the spiritual essence of the soul with fleshly eyes, however purged of earth?"

"Invisible!" said the artist, "and yet weighs down the balance thus?"

"These are the balances of God," said the monk solemnly.

The sculptor bowed himself to the dust. When he raised his head he started. Had he in truth slept? He was kneeling at the foot of the cross, the pale dawn-light flowed into the studio; there lay the dying mother, there the sleeping, golden-haired child, there crouched the figure of the man, and there the unfinished statue stood—eternally unfinished.

Anton rose, his hand in his breast, his face convulsed. The man groaned. Anton drew his hand forth and stepped to the couch.

"Rise!" he said. "Give your wife this. God has answered your prayer."

The man rose with a cry.

"Give her this—be quick."

The husband seized the flask and raised the dying girl. The door of the studio was flung violently open, the tall pilgrim stood there.

"Fool!" he cried, "O fool! your name and fame perish with you."

His cry was blended with another cry.

"Heart of my heart, thou livest!"

Anton the sculptor broke into a glad laugh.

"Lord," he cried, "the work I wrought weighed in Thy balance was good, and therefore I praise Thy name, but Thine, O God, is better."

And therewith he fell on his face at the foot of the unfinished statue.

In the chapel of Saint Ambrose lay a dead man, and a solemn requiem sounded from the choir. Near the bier knelt a young and blooming woman, beside her a man with a great joy and a great sorrow mingled in his eyes. The woman clasped a child to her breast over whom her tears fell.

"Alas!" she whispered, "he saved me—himself he could not save. And his great work unfinished. Ah! could he have been given life!"

The organ swelled out in a strain of triumph, and a pure, steady voice, with infinite gladness in it, rose, "He asked life of Thee, and Thou gavest him a long life, even for ever and ever."

But when the brethren asked each other whose was the voice that had thus rejoiced over the sculptor's bier, there was no one who could answer.

CHAPTER VIII.

DORIAN THE MAN.

WHEN Vivia Tryan woke from sleep at the conclusion of the sixth night, she was as one dazed. She had been utterly absorbed in the contemplation of the panorama presented to her spiritual vision.

These were the lives of Dorian; through these experiences he had passed; the wisdom of the Atlantean priestess was linked at last to high moral attributes and purged of dross. Purified, selfless, freed from illusions, made perfect through suffering, he stood.

Vivia at once longed and dreaded to see him. She rose and descended. Mr. Tryan was already downstairs.

"Stiflingly hot," he remarked. "I could not sleep last night. I never remember such a summer. There is a serious outbreak of English cholera in Green Street. Four deaths yesterday. I am afraid the cholera will spread if we do not have rain to cool the air, and colder weather afterwards. Mr. Dorian, who seems to be proof against everything, is there night and day. He is an extraordinary man that, and his power over the people is prodigious. He goes everywhere; into the thieves' kitchen, into places the police would scarcely visit singly, and where I can get no footing at all."

"I think Mr. Dorian gains his power because he is so sympathetic. He understands, he has been through it all."

"I should scarcely suppose he has been through a thieves' kitchen, and he has never known poverty. He is the second son of Lord

Lilston, and inherited £15,000 a year from Lady Kingsmill, and he lives in a working man's flat at 7s. a week, and neither tastes meat nor drinks wine."

Vivia went into the ugly formal drawing-room; she sat down and bowed her head on her hands. There was a ring at the front door, it opened, closed, then came a light tap on the panels, the drawing-room door opened. Dorian stood in the entrance smiling; he entered, Vivia rose and held out her hand mechanically; Dorian took it, and stood looking down at her.

"Has it helped you? I thought it would; now you see how it is with me. I remember."

"You remember all I saw?"

"And much more. But to attain such spiritual vision one must learn to see in all the pleasures and pains of life, illusion. Ion Dorian, Vivia Tryan—these are but the ripples upon the eternal lake of spirit. Do you understand now why lives are different? One born to apparent dishonour, another to equally illusory honour. 'The fashion of this world passeth away'; everything was of 'old time' and shall be again. Do you trace your share?"

"Yes—at first."

"You have rested long, for you were very tired. Vivia, will not life be easier to you now, now that you see in part?"

"I think so; but I am very weary."

"Try to think less of your own weariness, more of these others. To know as I know does not mean that love grows weaker as it is diffused. The horizon grows wider, the love more universal; but I need you as you need me. Illusion is over for me; always I remember, and watch your path as it is. Soon I shall only be able to touch you with my thoughts, for the end of Ion Dorian is near—I go."

"Shall you ever come again?"

"I do not know, but incarnate or discarnate, clothed in illusion, or garbed in reality, I shall serve ever, for this is life, truth and peace."

"But— Oh, forgive me! Was it worth while? You say you go, and you have worked but five years."

"If the thoughts of five seconds be, as they are, branded on the eternal records for ever, shall five years' work be of no avail. Take comfort, the end is near for you; of the time remaining build up a temple by word, thought, and deed, 'eternal in the heavens.' Try and learn not to enjoy, and your steps will be swifter on the path when you set fresh, untried feet thereon. Good-bye, you, who have wronged me

—whom I have wronged; you, who have made me suffer—whom I have caused to suffer; you, who have helped to teach and save me—whom I have taught and saved; for all things in heaven and on earth are dual, and no man liveth unto himself."

He laid his hand upon her head, and gazed steadily into her eyes.

"I am content," she said. "I have seen, and I know. Good-bye; I follow."

He smiled and left her, she heard the door close behind him.

That night the heat was stifling, Vivia Tryan lay on her bed sleepless; towards midnight sleep stole over her; she slept dreamlessly until it appeared to her that she was no longer lying in the hot close room, but standing on a mountain side. She was clad in her nightdress, her bare feet rested on the mossy turf, the purity and clearness of the air refreshed her languid frame. It seemed to her that she stood by a mountain lake, shining cool and grey in the dawn-light, on the bosom of the lake floated water-lilies which gave off a perfume that amazed her.

"I thought," she murmured, "that they had no scent."

She sat by the lake till there dawned a pink light in the east.

"The sun is going to rise," she said, and stood upon the bank and watched. The light glowed brighter and brighter, it lit the lake with an intense brilliancy. At length she perceived that the light came from the water; it, and the sky behind it, were a sheet of pure white heatless flame, for the breeze was cool and seemed to be breathed forth from the light. Behind her the darkness was intense; suddenly from the gloom flashed forth a ray of intense brilliancy, and mingled with the glory of the lake, of which she could not see the farther shore; and from the fire came a great cry of many voices, raised as it were in welcome, as when a victor returns in triumph to his native city. The musical cry died, and from the light she heard the voice of Ion Dorian call her thrice: "Vivia—Vivia—Vivia!" and therewith she awoke. A frightful storm was raging, the sky was lit by the blue electricity, the rain was descending in torrents, the thunder crashed and rattled overhead. Vivia sprang up.

"He is dead!" she said aloud. "Not in vain have you called me from the Eternal, for I will follow."

She leaned from the window, and let the rain soak her hair and nightdress, the lightning flash into her blinded eyes, and the thunder deafen her. Ion Dorian had gone. She never doubted it. The storm ceased, the wind blew freshly with healing on its wings over the tainted

streets. The dawn glimmered, the sun rose. Vivia went downstairs. Her father met her.

"What a frightful storm! This cold weather will do incalculable good, although the storm has done one frightful thing."

"It has killed Mr. Dorian."

"My child! How did you know? He was with the sick people till late; there was an alarm of Asiatic cholera. Then he returned to his home, and for some unknown reason remained out on the balcony on this model dwelling where he had two rooms, and the first flash struck him dead."

"Have you seen him?" said Vivia quietly.

"Yes. I have been out telegraphing to Lord Lilston, who was, I believe, angry because he did not turn his talents to his personal advancement, and indignant at this kind of hanky-panky he practised sometimes, and in which he sincerely believed. He looks perfectly calm; it is a beautiful face. Poor fellow! pity he was so erratic, for his influence was great and will live. Strange! Life and death alike dedicated to the people, for no doubt the storm that killed him was a splendid thing for the health down here."

Vivia Tryan left the house after breakfast, and entered the church. She knelt where Dorian had knelt seven days ago, and bent her head in thought which was prayer. As she issued from the church she encountered her father, with a tall handsome grey-haired man who appeared to be violently agitated.

"It's a most frightful thing," he said. "My poor son! Brilliantly clever! Might have done anything, and takes up notions which utterly destroyed his prospects, and preaches doctrines which made half the world think him a communist, and the other half quarrel as to whether he was a swindler or a lunatic. And this is the end!"

Vivia passed on, a sudden triumphant laugh broke from her lips.

"This is the end!—to serve ever," she said. "This is the end! The end I saw last night. To be Light eternal—Love everlasting—Service perpetual—Wisdom and Power for ever and ever! This is the end! Amen. So let it be, O Lord. Be this the end!"

A little ragged child darted across the road from a public-house, and stumbling, fell with the can she held. And Vivia knelt in the muddy street to kiss and comfort her.

I. P. H.

THE END.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF ÉLIPHAS LÉVI.

TRANSLATED BY B. K.

(Continued from Vol. XIV. p. 509.)

CI.

ONE of the important things which this devil of a Berthet has divined is this:

"The religious reform which we must accomplish consists in this:

"To restore to its true spiritual meaning all that has been materialized by the superstition of the false Catholics."

But the conclusion he ought to have drawn from it is that the dogma must remain intact, and, instead of that, the profaner brutally asserts that J. C. was the son of Joseph. Where did he get that, the fool? In history? History says absolutely nothing about it. In the Gospels? The Gospels say the exact opposite. But one may expect anything from a man who tells you confidentially that I am named Rivoil—a name, no doubt, dictated to him by some ingenious turning table.

Verba quæ locutus sum vobis spiritus et vita sunt.

Spiritus est qui vivificat. Caro non prodest quidquam.

Quod nascitur de carne caro est quod autem nascitur de spiritu, spiritus est.

Back, then, all those who desire to find, in the Gospel, realities of flesh and of blood.

O folly! beast-like human folly! . . . The great enemy of the reign of J. C. is the beast. St. John puts it magnificently in his *Apocalypse*.

September 24th.

CII.

LET us return to the number six.

It is contained wholly and with all its mysteries in the word בראשית.

The six days of creation explain this word letter by letter.

The first six chapters of *Genesis* complete this explanation.

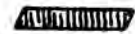
The six days of the week, the six secondary planets, the six angels whose leader is Michael are also related to these six letters.

The Beth, ב, represents hieroglyphically the heavens and the earth.



It also represents unity made manifest by number, and the simultaneous action of the Elohim. It represents Being made manifest in space and stability, and life made manifest by movement. It represents the spirit of God born upon the waters and the fecundation of matter by spirit.

Movement Stability



The Resch, ר, whose number is twenty, completes by Malkuth the binary of Chokmah.

It is the perpetuity of life ever renewing itself at the call of the divine word, as exhibited by the twentieth hieroglyph of the Tarot.

The Aleph, א, indicates the balance of universal equilibrium, the division of the day and of the night, the reign of the sun and that of the moon, the approaching struggle between Cain and Abel. It is related to Raphael, the angel of Mercury, represented in the Tarot by the *bateleur*.

Then comes Shin, ש, the mediating fire which is Od, Ob and Aour.

The horns of Moses and the fork of Satan.

Next the Jod, י, which is here the representative of Malkuth because of the number ten, whereof the mystery is seen in the tenth symbol of the Tarot.

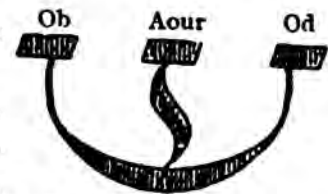
Then the Tau, ט, which is the completed work bearing the signature of God, a signature which should be written upon the forehead of man.

Faciamus hominem ad imaginem et similitudinem nostram.

Unto whom did God say *faciamus*?

To man himself whom he is about to make. For God will not complete man without man's concurrence!

September 7th, 1862.



CIII.

LET us continue our talk upon the mysteries of Beraschith.

First day of creation: The light; splendid and radiant unity.

Second day: The firmament, or the necessary separation between spirit and form, between the fixed and the volatile, between the heavens and the earth. Constitution of the balance of the binary.

Third day: Germination of the earth under the influence of the heavens. Generation begins with the revelation of the ternary.

Fourth day: The sun and the moon rule over the day and the night. Division of the seasons by the quaternary. Primitive quadrature of the circle.

Fifth day: Life manifests itself in the bosom of the elements; constitution of the kingdom of man in the number five.

Sixth day: The earth and the fire respond to the air and the water and give their living animals; the triangle which is the reflection of that of Jehovah forms itself in the soul of man and God says to him: *faciamus hominem*, for man must share in his own creation.

On the seventh day God rests: that is, the septenary being the perfect number, there remains nothing to be done after it.

September 22nd.

CIV.

FIRST Chapter of *Genesis*: The unity of God manifests and sums itself up in the unity of man.

Second Chapter: God completes man by woman and intelligence by the law.

Third Chapter: The serpent interposes as a third between innocent man and woman.

God interposes as a third between guilty man and woman.

Fourth Chapter: Adam and Eve beget Cain and Abel and from two they become four.

Fifth Chapter: Humanity sums itself up in the person of Seth who is the heir of Adam and Eve in place of Cain and Abel; one becomes the synthesis of four. It is the five in its whole power.

Sixth Chapter: Creation of political and religious humanity; beginning of the antagonism between the sons of God and the children of men.

Can you believe that all this is found thus arranged by chance? And do you imagine one can understand a single word of the *Bible* without having the key of the sacred numbers? And what will it be when with this key we open the depths of Ezekiel, of the mysterious and allegorical *Book of Tobias*, and above all, of that sublime *Apocalypse*, the reef whereon the genius of Bossuet and the sagacity of Newton alike foundered? There actually are people who believe a new revelation necessary. Let them wait until the old revelation is known and understood; and then we can see whether a new one is to be desired!

Let us hope that after six thousand years of ignorance and stupidity man will take a rest, and that God will say a second time: *iaï aour! fiat lux!*

Veni Creator Spiritus . . . tu septiformis munere . . . tu rite promissum Patris, sermone ditans guttura!

September 23rd.

CV.

I HAVE just been reading in *L'Opinion Nationale* a fragment from a brochure by M. Renan in which he declares that *as a savant, he does not believe* in the divinity of J. C. The naïve man! What can anyone believe as a *savant*? Is science a competent judge in matters of faith? What one knows is no matter of faith. What one believes on faith one does not *know*. Would M. Renan pretend to *know* that J. C. was not divine? It is as if a Christian *believed on faith* that the square on the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is not equal, etc. Thereupon long polemics in the above-named journal on the subject of a philosophical God—hypothetical and consequently irreligious, *i.e.*, outside of all religion. How does this conception of a God without religion and a religion without God strike you? Men are just there, now. It is true that in a certain little-known book, written by a sort of madman and entitled *La Clef des Grands Mystères*, the respective domains of science and of faith are clearly determined in a manner to put an end to all these misunderstandings, over which men have been tearing each other to pieces for the last three centuries and more—but what serious man would dare to admit he had read such stuff as that?

If faith has not the right to deny what science affirms, science can have no right to deny what faith affirms. But for that it is necessary that neither science nor faith should ever trespass on each other's domain. The religious solution lies there, and unhappily men will seek for it long enough yet without finding it.

September 25th.

CVI.

Genesis says positively that God created the moon to rule over the night, and it is useless, for the understanding of the sacred book, to enquire whether, in the name of science, one could not discuss its assertions. From the fact that we have nights without a moon, it by no means follows that the moon is not for us the star of night, as the popular phrase goes; and from the fact that in the polar regions they have only two seasons formed of a day and a night, it does not follow that the rest of the world is wrong in recognizing four seasons. Exceptions prove the rule.

Compare the six days of creation with the Nuctameron of Apollonius of Tyana and with that of the Hebrews, and you will see that these different Kabalistic calculations are of the same family, and that Moses, in developing the creative laws of the septenary, is not narrating history but revealing an eternal arcanum. The six days of Moses are

also the genesis of the mind whereof the chaos disentangles itself according to the progression of the numbers. The first seven chapters of *Genesis* contain the mysteries of the highest initiation. The *Prophecy of Ezekiel*, the *Book of Tobias* and the *Apocalypse* of St. John are Kabalistic books so complete and so perfect, that one could lose all others and yet retain the whole science, only with the help of these three. It is true that, to understand them, one must have understood the *Sepher Jetzirah* and the *Zohar*, a book the key to which is hidden in the hieroglyphs of Enoch.

September 26th.

CVII.

THE Vau represents God in nature, the idea in the word, Binah in Chokmah, the truth in religion, the spirit in the letter, the active in the passive, the man in the woman. It is the hyphen linking heaven to earth. It is St. Michael menacing the devil; Œdipus disputing with the Sphinx; Mithra stabbing the earthly bull. By hieroglyphic abbreviation, it is the sword of Michael and the dagger of Mithra. It is the magic head of the *Zohar* with its reflection. It is the six wings of the Cherubs of Ezekiel, the six days of creation, the six ages of the Church. Six is the number of man, it is the number of struggle, of labour, of liberty and of love. It is thus also by this number that the riddle of the Sphinx must be explained.

Six is Tiphereth: Beauty or the absolute Ideal. It is the woman clothed with the sun and having the moon under her feet, who cries out in the pangs of childbirth. It is the reflection of God in man and of man in God; the mutual attraction of the heavens and the earth. Under the empire of the septenary it is Grace and Love; but without the septenary, the six is rebellion and Anti-Christianism. The 666 is the antagonism of man in the three worlds. What shall be done to correct this accursed number? Simplify its terms and add together the three sixes, which will give you eighteen, then continuing the operation in the same manner by adding one to eight you arrive at nine, the number of prudence and of initiation.

Here we will conclude our studies of the number six.

September 28th.

(To be continued.)

INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT.

ESOTERIC SHINTOISM.

SIR,—Can you inform me whether the practical Japanese mind has ever given itself over to mysticism? There seems to be very little evidence that religion in Japan has ever had an "esoteric" side.—Yours, etc., M.A.

The dominant religion in Japan is Buddhism, of which several of the sects are exceedingly mystical. The Buddhism of Japan, however, is mostly touched with the indigenous Shintoism, which has an exceedingly strong "spiritualistic" side among the populace. The higher mystical side of religion and the purest psychology is taught by the Yamabusi, a community which is, unfortunately, fast disappearing. As to popular Shintoism, an interesting paper has lately (July, '94) been published in the *Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan* (vol. xxii. part i.), by Mr. Percival Lowell who in writing on "Esoteric Shintô," says:

"The Esotericism lies in the fact that there exists in Japan a cult of god-possession, or practice of divine trances, to an extent probably unequalled anywhere else, and of which not the least marvellous part is that it should have remained unrecognized so long. The possessions are genuine trances, and bear a sisterly resemblance to mediumistic trances elsewhere. Besides such temporary incarnations of deity there are miracles performed in the cult which also require the presence of the gods."

Mr. Lowell has also in a previous number of the *Transactions* written on the "Pilgrim Clubs" connected with what is the mother-cult of the Japanese race. The principal Buddhist sects grafted on this autochthonous Shintoism are the Shingon, Tendai and Nicheren.—EDS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE MAGICIAN OF LANE'S "MODERN EGYPTIANS."

REFERENCE has often been made in the literature of the Theosophical Society and in conversation between its members to the experiences which are narrated by Edward William Lane in his interesting work, *The Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians*, in regard to a magician who poured ink into a boy's hand, and then caused him to see persons and events formerly quite unknown either to the boy or to the magician. At the time great interest was displayed by the public both on account of the character of the writer and the mystery overhanging the subject, and some correspondence took place in the magazines of the day.

It is well, however, that it should be known that Mr. Lane himself, after making further trial of the so-called magician, entirely revoked his former declarations in regard to him, and had no doubt whatever that he had been deceived by the man acting in collusion with the interpreter—the latter taking the biggest share in the deception.

The explanation is given in an appendix to the third edition at the end of vol. iii., published by Charles Knight and Co., Ludgate Street, London, 1846. It is too long to quote in full, but the following will throw sufficient light upon the matter.

"This Osman Effendi, Mr. Lane told me, was a Scotchman formerly serving in a British regiment, who was taken prisoner by the Egyptian army during our unfortunate expedition to Alexandria in 1807; that he was sold as a slave, and persuaded to abjure Christianity and profess the Mussulman faith; that, applying his talents to his necessities, he made himself useful by dint of some little medical knowledge he had picked up on duty in the regimental hospital; that he obtained his liberty, at the instance of Sheik Ibrahim (Mr. Burckhardt), through the means of Mr. Salt; that in process of time he became second interpreter at the British consulate; that Osman was very probably acquainted, by portraits or otherwise, with the general appearance of most Englishmen of celebrity, and certainly could describe the peculiar dress of English professions, such as army, navy, or church, and the

ordinary habits of persons of different professions in England; that, on all occasions when Mr. Lane was witness of the magician's success, Osman had been present at the previous consultations as to who should be called to appear, and so had probably obtained a description of the figure when it was to be the apparition of some private friend of persons present; that on these occasions he very probably had some pre-arranged code of words by which he could communicate secretly with the magician. To this must be added that his avowed theory of morals on all occasions was that 'we did our whole duty if we did what we thought best for our fellow-creatures and most agreeable to them.' Osman was present when Mr. Lane was so much astonished at hearing the boy describe very accurately the person of Mr. Burckhardt, with whom the magician was unacquainted, but who had been Osman's patron; and Osman also knew well the other gentleman whom Mr. Lane states in his book that the boy described as being ill and lying on a sofa; and Mr. Lane added that he had *probably* been asked by Osman about that gentleman's health, whom Mr. Lane knew to be then suffering under an attack of rheumatism. He concluded therefore by avowing that there was no doubt in his mind, connecting all these circumstances with the declaration the magician had just made, that Osman had been the confederate.

"Thus I have, in Mr. Lane's words, not only with his consent but at his ready offer, what he has no doubt is the explanation of the whole subject, which he now feels to require no deeper enquiry, and which has been adopted by many as a marvel upon an exaggerated view of the testimony that he offered in his book before he had been convinced, as he now is, of the imposture."

In conclusion, it may merely be remarked that Osman Effendi's easy-going and plausible moral sentiment carried into practice has led to a great waste of time and labour based upon a consideration of what did not happen, and the whole incident may well be seriously considered by those who base their belief upon any kind of phenomenal considerations whatever, or allow them to hold an important place in their minds.

E. T. STURDY.

[Are we to suppose that Mr. Sturdy would have our readers believe that clairvoyance or self-hypnotism cannot be induced by some such physical means as above referred to? Granted that Osman Effendi and his confederate were cheats, surely there is sufficient evidence, without calling Mr. Lane's narrative into court, to go before the public with? It is somewhat surprising to hear that this particular instance has been made so much of among members of the Theosophical

Society, and we doubt whether they are really obnoxious to such a charge. The extreme of incredulity on such matters is as dangerous as the extreme of credulity. Let us all follow the middle path.—EDS.]

OCCULT ASTRONOMY.

IN reply to Mr. W. C. Rogers's enquiry on p. 344 of the June LUCIFER, perhaps the following may elucidate the points raised.

If the Greek alphabet be turned into numerals by allotting the first ten letters to the first ten numerals, and so proceeding with the tens and hundreds, the letters YHΞ will not make 608 by such an arrangement. But it is not unlikely that the Greek priests changed their letters as marks of notation, from the ancient Phœnician or Cadmian, by the introduction of the *episeimon bau* or *vau*, to make them suit the mystery contained in the sacred number 608 (*Anacalypsis*, i. 311 [Burne's ed.]), and we may see that they put the letter *vau* between ε and ζ, which brings H = 8, and *koppa* introduced between π and ζ makes Y = 400 and Ξ = 200 (see table in Chambers' *Cyclopædia*, article on "Notation," vi. 808). Then (Y = 400, H = 8, Ξ = 200) = 608. When I said that I had not seen the calculation from this published elsewhere (see LUCIFER, April, 1894, p. 106, note 2), this referred to the derivation of the solar year and lunar period from the 608 cycle—not to the derivation of that cycle from the Greek letters.

And the Egyptian word Phenn corresponds to the Greek word Phœnix (and the Irish Phennikshe), so that by the same alphabet (Φ = 500, H = 8, N = 50, N = 50) = 608 also, which therefore corresponds to Phœnix.

I presume Mr. Rogers had not a copy of the *Anacalypsis* available; for if he had looked up my references in April LUCIFER (pp. 105, 106), he would there have found the explanations sought. A careful perusal of the second, third, and fourth chapters of Higgins's work will fully explain all, but space need not be given to further explanations here. That there should have been an esoteric as well as an exoteric numeration among the ancients, appears to be quite in keeping with the spirit of the mysteries.

While upon the subject of my article on Occult Astronomy, kindly allow me to correct some slight typographical errors, into which my imperfect caligraphy has apparently misled your printers. Chrisnabouram is, on pp. 102 and 306, spelt Chrisnabonram, while on p. 310 Amrou is spelt Amron. Also, on p. 106, Phenu is printed for Phenn. But these, and the mistake of printing "Chursted" in place of "Olmsted" in note 1, p. 303, are trivial, and will not inconvenience anyone who looks up the references.

S. STUART, F.T.S.

View Road, nr. Roskill, Auckland, New Zealand.

REVIEWS.

EUGENIUS PHILALETHES AS A POET.

Secular Poems, by Henry Vaughan, Silurist; including a few by his twin brother Thomas ("Eugenius Philalethes").

THESE poems, which are selected and arranged by Mr. J. R. Turtin, of Hull, and published by him, naturally possess interest for all students of seventeenth century English verse. This alone, however, would not suffice to bring them especially under the notice of LUCIFER; but the volume contains eight pieces of verse by Thomas Vaughan, the mystic. Only one of these, however, appeals directly to students of mysticism, namely, "An Encomium on the Three Books of Cornelius Agrippa, Knight"; the others being of interest to admirers of Vaughan as showing his versatility.

The following extract from the above-named poem of forty-four lines will give our readers a taste of his quality:

"I span the Heaven and Earth, and things above,
And, which is more, join natures with their Jove.
He crowns my soul with fire, and there doth shine,
But like a rainbow in a cloud of mine.

"But I have found those mysteries, for which
Thy book was more than thrice-piled o'er with pitch.

"Heaven states a commerce here with man, had he
But grateful hands to take, and eyes to see."

The book is well printed and is priced at 3s. net.

O. F.

THE STUDY OF VICE.

By V. C. Lonakar, F.T.S. [Bombay; Ripon Printing Press, 1894.]

THIS seventy-nine page pamphlet purports to be an "Appeal to the Scientific World, Being a Scientific Exposition of the Study of Vice or Humanity in Vicious Aspect." It advocates Yoga as an antidote to vice, which appears to the writer as aggressiveness under different forms in all ranks of life. Mr. Lonakar deals with the subject chiefly in its Indian aspect, and makes out a good case for virtue as a

positive, but non-aggressive, force. The printing of the pamphlet is almost equal to that of a primordial type-writer.

O. F.

THE SPIRIT WORLD.

By Florence Marryat. [F. V. White and Co.; London, 1894.]

THIS is a continuation of Miss Marryat's previous plea on behalf of Spiritualism—*There is no Death*. It is more: various critics of that work are in their turn criticized, full instructions are given for the formation of circles, and much is said as to the utter inability of the Church to satisfy the spiritual cravings of all who dare think for themselves. Nothing new is said on the last topic, and it is to be doubted whether many will feel satisfied when told that Balaam's ass "was, of course, controlled for the time being by the angel who stood by it," or that a "white dove was materialized above His [Christ's] head." A dove that had "passed over," it is to be presumed!

The principal subject dealt with, however, is the phenomenal aspect of Spiritualism, and although the writer deserves much credit for her courageous espousal of an unpopular cause, and although it must be said that her account is brightly and interestingly written, one of the main lessons to be learned from her book is that the last thing most Spiritualists trouble themselves about is a philosophical explanation of the phenomena they witness. The stand is taken: "They [the 'spirits'] are the higher powers, we the lower. They the preachers, we the congregation." Elsewhere it is explained that, amongst other things, what the "spirits" want is soft singing, by all the sitters simultaneously. (Compare the teachings of the Esoteric Philosophy on sound in its relation to the astral light and the effect of the *magnetic breath*; also Keeley's experiments.) But "*why* is not our business to enquire; if the spirits did not wish it, they would not demand it." One reward of such obedience is that "my spirit friends are always ready to help and advise me in mundane matters—even as mundane as bulldogs—and in any difficulty I should take their advice in preference to that of any mortal." But neither science nor philosophy seem to have been dreamed of by either John King, Dewdrop, Abdullah-Ben-adad Penrudah Mahomet Abdullah, or the ungentlemanly spirit whose countenance could only be compared to that of a "decomposed Fagin."

The more refined amongst them occasionally rhapsodize a little on a biblical basis, but only under protest, as it were, and it would be difficult to conceive of a more materialistic description of a "spiritual home" than the following: "The house she was returning to on that

occasion was entirely built of roses. She said the walls were made of the heads of every kind of rose, piled up and squashed together. But she had lived in houses which looked like alabaster, and others like clear stones." The new Jerusalem at least promises to be more gorgeous.

Much that H. P. Blavatsky said as to the dangers of Spiritualism is corroborated by Miss Marryat's experience. She tells us how "fearfully weakened" are the medium's vital forces after a *seance*. She gives an instance of a young man who had insisted upon asking for the appearance of a friend who had drunk himself to death. At last this "spirit" appeared and continued to do so. "But from that time, from having been a sober, well-conducted young man," he became a drunkard, and before long had drunk himself to death too.

Those who seek proofs of immortality will not find them in this book, but those who simply wish to know something of modern Spiritualism could not do better than read it.

T.

NOVEL DISHES FOR VEGETARIAN HOUSEHOLDS.

"A Complete and Trustworthy Guide to Vegetarian Cookery."

By Mary Pope. [Percy Lund and Co: Bradford, The Country Press; London, Memorial Hall, Ludgate Circus, E.C.]

WE have here a number of receipts which will be found useful to vegetarians of fastidious taste, in search of a tempting and varied diet. Readers are cautioned against the inordinate use of pulse foods, these being too highly nitrogenous for daily consumption except by very active people. We may add a caution against the exclusive use of soft foods which do not need mastication. The use of uncooked fruits at all meals, especially at breakfast, is recommended; but for those unable or unwilling to follow this advice ample provision is made, and we have a great variety of receipts suited to various tastes and various circumstances. The list of soups and that of sandwiches (savory and sweet) are especially good. One advantage of the book is that it gives us experience at first hand, which is difficult to obtain in cookery, most people being, like a certain king, more ready to eat the cakes than bake them.

C.

THE BOTTOMLESS PIT.

By W. Stewart Ross. [London, 1894. 2s. 6d.]

THIS latest work of Saladin's is in the familiar strain, and needs no more description than to say that the author excels himself in his

satire, pathos, and lore. The proem describes in graphic language how an awful experience of a mother driven to madness at the thought of her unbaptized babe in hell, drove the author to register a solemn vow to devote his life to the task of knocking the bottom out of the bottomless pit. Unfortunately, even in these altered times, there is still enough of the old narrow orthodoxy left alive to render such a work of demolition necessary.

H. T. E.

LIGHT THROUGH THE CRANNIES.

By Emily E. Reader. [Hy. A. Copley; London, 1894.]

WE have received Nos. 1 and 2 of a new series of these excellent little parables, the first series of which was published in 1889. They are entitled, *The Voice of a Flower* and *The Search after Knowledge*, and, like the previous ones, consist of artistically told stories of life on other planets, amid strange beings, and concluding chapters on the teachings conveyed by the narratives. They are well worth many times the price asked for them, namely, 1*d.*

H. T. E.

MY DEAD SELF.

By William Jameson. [London: Chatto and Windus, Piccadilly.]

STORIES of this kind, where an attempt is made to combine instruction with amusement by dragging in a little theosophy are never very satisfactory. And in this case the theosophy is introduced so baldly, so *à propos* of nothing, as it were, that one cannot imagine its proving attractive to any reader but the most indulgent. The general tone of the book is wholesome, and free from conventionalism and cant. We cannot agree with the proposition that "a few white lies" are "woman's most ancient privileges," and do not affect her "intrinsic sincerity."

C.

THEOSOPHICAL ACTIVITIES.

EUROPE.

DURING the past month an increase of activity has taken place owing to the return of people from their holidays and the renewal of Lodge meetings that had been adjourned for the summer months. The attendance at meetings has increased and a crop of new lecture-syllabuses appeared.

The Bournemouth and Croydon Lodges have moved to better rooms. A new Lodge is (as we write) being formed at Norwich, where there is a nucleus of nine members, and the General Secretary is about to visit the groups at Bournemouth, Exeter, Bristol and Clifton. The Countess Wachtmeister lectured in Dublin on Oct. 5th, and will probably be back in England ere this appears, where she will be warmly welcomed by all.

The usefulness of the Headquarters' Library has been increased by the addition of a new room which the European Section has rented at 17, Avenue Road. It is devoted to the use of students, and smoking and conversation are not allowed in it. It is to be hoped that many members will avail themselves of this advantage.

The Dutch Lodge had the advantage of a visit from the General Secretary, who lectured and answered questions on Sept. 2nd and 6th. Regular work has begun again for the winter. From France we hear the encouraging news that *Le Lotus Bleu* has tripled its subscribers since March, and shows signs of still greater increase, and that the number of members in the T. S. is also on the upward curve. The fund for publishing *La Clef de la Theosophie* is nearly all subscribed, and a revised translation of *Les Sept Principes*, and a brochure on the commandments of Buddhism are about to be brought out. At Toulon *Le Petit Var* publishes articles on Theosophy by Dr. Pascal, and *La Nouvelle Revue* for September has printed an article by him on "The Theosophists."

INDIA.

From the September *Theosophist* we glean that K. Narayana-swamier's lecturing tour has been continued to Trivadi and Sheally,

and that R. Jaganathia has been lecturing at Gooty and doing other valuable work. Dinanath Ganguly of Berhampore, who has visited the Calcutta Branch, found it well organized and efficiently conducted. The *Kalpa* is likely to become an influential magazine under the management of Debendranath Goswami. The Bankipore Branch also does good work. The Rajah of Ramnad has joined the T. S., and it is hoped that his munificence will further the theosophical cause at Paramakudy.

Annie Besant and Bertram Keightley reached Colombo in the s.s. *Peshawar* on Aug. 13th, the former to undertake a three months' lecturing tour and visit the Australasian Branches, and the latter bound for Calcutta.

On Aug. 14th a meeting of the Ceylon Women's Educational Society was held at the Sangamita Girls' School, Colombo, to appoint Mrs. Lloyd, formerly matron of the Bow Club, East London, as Lady Principal of the school.

AMERICA.

From the September *Path* we learn that a new and vigorous branch with twenty-six charter members has been chartered at Buffalo, N.Y., being chiefly the result of Claude F. Wright's lecture-work there.

The Countess Wachtmeister paid a most successful visit to Kansas City, lecturing to crowded audiences on *H. P. Blavatsky and the Theosophical Adepts* and *Magnetism and Hypnotism*. One of the staunchest spiritualists proposed her a hearty vote of thanks. On July 22nd she went to Lincoln, Neb., and twice filled the Universalist Church, seating 500, to overflowing. She then visited Omaha and Sioux City, Ia., lecturing at the latter place in the Y.M.C.A. hall. Sioux Falls, S.D., Luverne, Minn., Minneapolis and St. Paul were also visited, a large church being taken at Minneapolis and about a thousand people attending. She reached Milwaukee on the 9th of August and Chicago on the 11th, where she presided over several meetings.

C. F. Wright has also been lecturing in many places, and exciting great interest in the local papers of the various towns. The rapidity and success of the movement in the United States excites the envy of slower and more stolid Europeans.

On the Pacific Coast Dr. Griffiths has been on lecturing tours with great success.

THE COLONIES.

Mr. Jos. Benjamin writes that the Hobart Town Branch, Tasmania, held its annual meeting on July 9th, with a fair attendance. President

and Secretary were re-elected, and the President gave an address on the past year's work. Though no great public interest has been aroused, a fair number of enquirers have been secured, and the members continue steadily to prepare themselves by study for future active work. No public lectures have yet been given, but one of the members introduced Theosophy at a debating society and met with considerable opposition. The Lodge looks forward to Annie Besant's visit, which will undoubtedly give the movement a new start in Tasmania.

The Sydney Lodge, Australia, sends a syllabus of lectures and other activities from June to September, which shows that the work is being carried on steadily if quietly.

Mr. Lewis Ritch of the Johannesburg Centre, South Africa, writes, under date Aug. 5th, that F. Kitchin, late of the Leeds Lodge, has proved himself an able ally. The group now numbers sixteen, and holds meetings on Wednesdays with very regular attendance, reincarnation being the chief topic under discussion. A lending library has been formed, containing a fair number of volumes, and more books have been ordered. Three newspapers have given notices. A subscription of 2s. 6d. a month has been started, and there is every reason for satisfaction at the progress made during the past four months.

THEOSOPHICAL
AND
MYSTIC PUBLICATIONS.

THE THEOSOPHIST (*Madras*).
Vol. XV, No. 12:—"Old Diary Leaves" tells of the exodus from America to India and the anxiety attending the preparations for that momentous move; also of the formation of the first English branch of the T. S. under the presidency of Mr. C. C. Massey. Under the head "Reflections," F.T.S. makes some brief but sensible remarks on the absolute necessity of duly balancing in one's character the three paths of wisdom, power and emotion, and distinguishing between true and false inspiration. "Clairvoyance" is continued from the German of du Prel in *Sphinx*. Râma Prasad's articles on the Sâmkhya Yoga are continued, dealing this time with the philosophy of perception or *pratyaksha*, and W. R. Old has an essay on Zoroaster and his teachings.

THE PATH (*New York*).

Vol. IX, No. 6:—"Mahâtâmâs," by J. H. Connelly, is a simple statement of what the writer believes Mahâtâmâs to be; "A Student's Notes and Guesses" draws a useful illustration of an occult truth from the working of a theodolite; "Nemesis," by Miss Hillard, is a delightful piece of writing, and further contains a lesson of great importance; "Faces of Friends" presents us with the portrait of E. T. Hargrove, who wishes to say that—(but enough; this is a personal question.—ED.). J. H. Fussell concludes his series of articles on "How to Study *The Secret Doctrine*," which deserves careful perusal. "The Colour of the Ancient Aryans," by K. P. Mukherji, is intended as a criticism of an article recently

noticed in *LUCIFER* and *The Path* on "The Red Rajputs," but it does not, in fact, touch on the subject. The "Literary Notes," by A. F., as usual afford most entertaining reading.

T.

TEOSOFISK TIDSKRIFT (*Stockholm*).

Vol. IV, No. 6:—Contains a *causerie* on Annie Besant, commenting on the favourable impression she made during her stay in Sweden; an excellent article on character as the outcome of Karma, by M. F. Nyström; "The Art of Consolation," from *The New Californian*; a story from *The Path*, and an account of the European Convention.

THEOSOPHIA (*Amsterdam*).

Vol. III, No. 29:—"The Highest Towers begin from the Ground," is an article by Afra on this Chinese proverb, quoted by Che-Yew-Tsang in *LUCIFER*. *The Key to Theosophy, Through Storm to Peace*, and other translations fill up the number.

SPHINX (*Brunswick*).

Vol. XIX, No. 103:—Contains an article on Giordano Bruno and Reincarnation, by Dr. Ludwig Kuhlenbeck, in which Bruno's reconciliation of the Catholic doctrines of post-mortem existence with the theory of reincarnation is discussed and supported by quotations from Virgil, Homer and others. A paper on "Karma in Christianity" supports the doctrine by many quotations from the Bible, and maintains that Jesus presupposed a knowledge thereof in his hearers. The Church Fathers are also made to bear testimony.

The rules and constitution of the German T. S. are printed, and other articles and translations make up this good number.

No. 104 has a sketch of Prof. Crookes, by Dr. Hübbe Schleiden, and a criticism of his work by Dr. Göring, among other articles and translations.

THE LAMP (*Toronto*).

Vol. I, No. 2:—Has on the front a woe-begone and menacing portrait of Annie Besant, with a short notice. Next follows an appreciative sketch of Madame Blavatsky's life, by F. E. Titus. "Scripture Class Notes" explains part of Paul's *Epistle to the Romans* from a theosophical standpoint. W. Q. Judge's article on suicide in *The New York World* is reprinted. Notes, reprints, and records of work make up the rest of the number.

THE NORTHERN THEOSOPHIST (*Middlesbrough*).

Vol. I, No. 11:—The editor expatiates on contentment, spiritual pride and false occultism, and consoles branches for slowness of material progress by reminding them that their main duty is to spread ideas—not make converts. A nurse writes on the duty of rising above remorse, which, however necessary for the newly-awakened conscience, is to the advancing self only a fetter binding him to his fault. H. P. Leonard has a few lines on divine alchemy; questions are answered, T. A. D. makes some jottings on various topics; and quotations and occasional matter fill the rest of the space.

THE VĀHAN (*London*).

Vol. IV, No. 3:—The questions this month are not very discrete, and some of the answers are calculated to bring this circumstance home to the mind of the enquirer. One person wants to know whether anyone is known to remember his past lives independently of his own claim to do so, which arouses a discussion on the laws of evidence. Another asks what has become of the far-progressed souls, and is told that, though

he does not recognize them, they may be among us all the same. A question as to the difference between desire and will elicits some various views.

THE THEOSOPHICAL FORUM (*New York*).

No. 63:—The first question asked is whether people enter Devachan as infants, and the answer is that the material notions of human growth have nothing to do with the soul, which dies not, neither is born; and a man appears in Devachan under a form which represents his real character, whether infantile or manly. Another question is on premature children and infants, whether they have Egos, and is answered in the negative. The query as to whether Masters suffer is decided in the negative by the editor.

SOPHIA (*Madrid*).

No. 8 of second year contains a multiplicity of translations. "Ancient Philosophers and Modern Critics" and H. P. B.'s celebrated article on "The Worship of the Planetary Spirits in the Roman Catholic Church" are continued. The Conference given by Annie Besant in Paris is translated into Spanish. H. P. B.'s story, the "Ensouled Violin," is given in part. The only original article which we perceive is one by M. Treviño on the "Keely Motors." Much space is given to detailed information respecting the Theosophical movement in Buenos Aires, under the auspices of Señor Don Alexandra Sorondo. The incarnation of a new thought form in the north of England is duly recorded. Information respecting the European Convention exhibits the pleasing manner in which Señor Don José Xifré recorded his recent sojourn in England.

No. 9 contains Maurice Fredal's article on Apollonius of Tyana. Translations are given of three articles by H. P. B. and Annie Besant's lecture in Paris.

THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST (*Dublin*).

Vol. II, No. 12:—"Excelsior" would appear to be the motto of this monthly,

whose standard is evenly maintained by all the articles of the present number. A touching human note is struck in "The Doomed City" and "The Man to the Angel" (poem). "How Theosophy affects one's View of Life" has the value of practical thought. "Notes by the Way" culls truth from recent scientific utterances. "Silence," "Conventionality," "Gleanings" and "Lotus Circle" vary the interest sufficiently. J.

THE AUSTRAL THEOSOPHIST
(Melbourne).

Vol. I, No. 8:—An excellent number consisting of original matter only. "The Hollowness of Materialism" is ably written, and evidently by one who has been through that phase of thought; Miss Edger's very useful essay on "The Study of *The Secret Doctrine*" is continued; "The Temple of the Lord," by Emma Richmond, expresses in simple language a great truth; Dr. Edelfelt commences a series of articles on "Psychometry," intended for enquirers; "Relations with the Masters" brings out very clearly that to regard a Master as a person is a fatal error—the Master not being that body, but the Self within that is able to shine forth, the Self that is in every man. T.

JOURNAL OF THE MAHĀBODHI
SOCIETY (Calcutta).

Vol. III, No. 5:—The Priest Zitsuzen Ashitsu contributes an interesting paper on Japanese Mahāyāna Buddhism, giving the four Vestures as in *The Voice of the Silence*, though under different names. Charlu Chandra Bose, writing on "The Later Developments of Buddhism," considers that "the influence of the Brāhmanical religion converted this system of philosophy (as originally taught by Gautama Buddha) into a dogmatic theory of beliefs, rites and ceremonies." H. Dharmapāla writes on "Buddhism and Christianity," and the number concludes with an appreciative notice of the King of Siam who has contributed £1,200 to Professor Max Müller's Oriental Publication Fund. T.

THE PACIFIC THEOSOPHIST
(San Francisco).

Vol. V, No. 2:—"The Devil," by J. A. Anderson, treats this concept as an example of the evolution of an idea, the idea of an *active* force in nature making for evil; which Theosophy reduces to the inertia of nature. "The Great Strike" deals with the relations of Theosophists to social agitations from the standpoint of non-separateness. It is interesting to note that the Aurora Branch, of Oakland, has opened commodious Headquarters, and "Among the Coast Branches" shows ever-increasing activity. The editorial remarks on cyclic and other crises are well timed. J.

THE THEOSOPHIC GLEANER
(Bombay).

Vol. IV, No. 1:—"A Step Further" begins the fourth volume of this very useful organ of the Bombay Branch. LUCIFER wishes it prosperity and an ever-increasing sphere of successful work. "Spiritual Culture" is a paper read before the Blavatsky Lodge, Bombay, and shows a spirit of commendable liberality. Some well-chosen reprints from *The Path* and other sources complete the number. T.

THE BUDDHIST (Colombo).

Vol. VI, Nos. 30-33:—The *Visuddhimagga* of Buddhaghosa Thera is continued at great length throughout these numbers. The constant repetition is exceedingly tedious. The installation of Mrs. Lloyd as Lady Principal of the Sanghamitta Girls' School is announced. A translation that promises well, of the *Sangraha Sutta*, by D. J. Subasinha is commenced. The Sutta deals with the duties of Buddhist ascetics. T.

THE UNKNOWN WORLD (London).

Vol. I, No. 2:—This magazine continues its original promise of success. It should appeal to many who have not as yet been reached by existing mystical publications. "The Foundation of Magic," "Stages in the Cognition of the World," are both of

uncommon excellence, but "Human Growth," by the Rev. R. W. Corbet, is perhaps the most suggestive, being indeed of real value. Who will not endorse the author's remark that "The real enemies of vital morality are conventional and sentimental moralists"?

T.

LE LOTUS BLEU (*Paris*).

Vol. V, No. 7:—Evidence is given of the existence of Irish ancestors in the progenitors of the conductors of *Le Lotus Bleu* by its present appearance in a bright green cover. The original articles consist of the continuation of Dr. Pascal's series of papers upon reincarnation. "Y." gives some meditations which are pleasingly written, and "D. A. C." expatiates on the distinctions between Theosophist and F.T.S. The remainder of the magazine consists of the usual amount of translations; *Occultism and Truth*, *Death—and After?* Countess Wachtmeister's *Reminiscences*, and Col. Olcott's *Old Diary Leaves* comprise a number in which we should be glad to see more original matter.

LOTUSBLÜTHEN (*Leipzig*).

No. 24:—Dr. Hartmann continues to show the same care in selecting his material, which is carefully graduated and chosen with thoughtful reference to articles which have gone before; so that each volume of the *Lotusblüthen* is fairly complete in itself, and make a coherent block of information for diligent students.

C.

HINDU PATRIKA (*Calcutta*).

Vol. I, Nos. 3, 4:—The editor has taken upon himself the stupendous task of annotating the *Rig Veda* in his own language, Bengali, with considerable perspicuity and sufficient accuracy. He is annotating the *Yajur Veda* likewise. The pages on the "Appreciation of Truth" are delightful reading, and those on the "Omnipotence of God and Independence of Man" are, we should think, more a criticism of Mr. Sen's book on the sub-

ject than an original article, still they have many features that cannot pass unnoticed. But a practical and instructive paper on the "Depreciation of Industry among the Hindus" is one we rarely meet with in popular journalism. The paper is well thought out and very ably written, and ought to be read by every Indian, who will obtain instructions in it of practical utility.

A.

OTHER PUBLICATIONS.

We have also received *The Coming Day*, in which the Rev. J. Page Hopps, with his usual though in general rare fairness, points out how Mr. Gladstone, in his recent criticism of Mrs. Besant's view of the Atonement, has really conceded all that Mrs. Besant claimed; *The Voice of Islam*, the latest result of Moslem activity in America, which attacks the Hindus, and perhaps not without reason, for their bigotry, but shows quite as great an intolerance in its turn for all things Christian; *The Prasnotara*, of which little can be said that would be flattering, except that the short article by T. W. on "Karma and Fatalism" is too good for the society in which it is placed; *The Palmist*, containing articles on "Lines," "Luna," and "Rules for Bazaars" (!); Nos. 1 and 2 of a series of pamphlets issued by the Charleroi Branch, the first giving *Observations Générales*, the second an *Introduction à la Théosophie*, both being exceedingly well suited for their purpose—public propaganda. The Charleroi Branch deserves the greatest credit for its perseverance in the face of difficulties, but its reward has soon come as these small pamphlets testify; *Book-Notes*, giving as usual much information as to the book-lovers' world; *A Rapid Résumé of the Jagat Gurni's Lecture at Madura*, is on spiritual development, Yoga, etc.; *La Haute Science*, vol. ii, no. 9, continues its translations of Jamblichus, etc.; *Sanmarga Bodhini*; *The Review of Reviews*; *Light*; *The Agnostic Journal*.

T.