

# LUCIFER.

VOL. XIV.

LONDON, JULY 15TH, 1894.

No. 83.

*The Theosophical Society is in no way responsible for any opinions, in signed or unsigned articles, that appear in this Magazine. Nor does the Editor necessarily agree with the opinions expressed in signed articles.*

## On the Watch-Tower.

IN next month's LUCIFER I shall have a few words to say on the accusations against Mr. Judge, which—before the present issue is in its reader's hands—will have been laid before a Judicial Committee of the T. S. The Committee will have spoken, and then my lips will be unsealed. Ever since I took the initial steps in this matter—now six months ago—I have kept silence, save to a few who had a right to some explanation of my action, and excepting two brief letters to the press defending my colleagues—Colonel Olcott in one case, Messrs. Keightley and Mead in another. For this silence there has been a deeper reason than the mere respect for the ordinary rule which forbids comments on, or pre-judgment of, a case laid before a proper tribunal. Anyone who has learned even the alphabet of Occult Science knows that all thinking and talking over a matter cause action on planes other than the physical; not only does the thinker and speaker cause such action, but everyone who by him is set thinking and acting causes another little vortex of activity; in this way, a perfect whirlwind is gradually produced on the astral plane, and the forces thus roused can be used by the Dark Powers for the assailment of all that is good. If in addition to these forces any others be added of combativeness, aggressiveness, partisanship, hot feeling, "righteous indignation," and so on—as alas! nearly always happens when opposite opinions are discussed—then the danger of their being used for disruptive purposes is very much increased. Calmness, serenity, indifference, gentleness, silence—these are the contributions to the astral plane that are needed when the gravest interests are endangered, and when the only thing that we servants of the GREAT LORDS OF PURITY AND COMPASSION can do in Their service is to make an atmosphere of calm in which They can work unimpeded. This I have striven to do so far as in me lay, knowing that the personal misconstructions

that arose were of infinitesimally small importance, and that the mistakes made by the public as to the real issues involved would all be cleared away when the Committee met, and meanwhile caused less mischief than would have been involved in the attempt to set them right—inevitably to be followed by controversy and increased whirl. On the whole, the Indian and European Sections have remained commendably quiet and steady under the long strain of suspense, have carried on their work with undiminished activity and devotion, and have thus aided not a little in making the best conditions available.

\* \* \*

#### CHANGES.

The transfer to India of the activity of Countess Wachtmeister, one of the oldest and most devoted workers in the Society, has brought other changes in its train. The Theosophical Publishing Society, slowly built up by her into a flourishing and solid business, has been by her transferred to Mr. Bertram Keightley and myself, and we have accepted the trust. Mr. Keightley is for some years to come likely to spend the summer months in England—the months during which propagandist work is suspended in India—and I, in my character of the Wandering Jew of the Theosophical Society, shall also be here annually for some months. At least, so it seems at present. We have appointed Mr. Faulding, an earnest Theosophist and a good man of business, as the business manager with full powers. Mr. G. R. S. Mead and Mr. Faulding will decide on the books to be issued. In visiting Australia and New Zealand, I hope to be able to open up some fresh channels for the dissemination of Theosophical literature, and so to considerably increase the Duke Street business. The devoted Theosophist who has worked there with the Countess, Mr. J. M. Watkins, is following the current that sets towards India, and the Countess and I hope to find him there to welcome us when we touch again the shores of the Holy Land.

\* \* \*

#### AN OLD FRIEND.

Speaking of the Countess reminds me of the splendid work she is doing in America. As though her visit to India had touched her lips with a live coal from the World's Altar, she is now lecturing in city after city to large numbers of people. In a letter received from her by the last mail, she tells me that she had given four lectures on

four successive days, to say nothing of holding in addition receptions for enquirers and persons interested in Theosophy. Everywhere she finds a warm welcome, and her devotion to the MASTERS' work, as well as her loving loyalty to H. P. B., make her a power for good wherever she goes. Many a loving thought must circle round her from all those she has taught and helped in Europe during her many years of unselfish work here; many friends also she made in India during last winter by her helpful sympathy and gentle wisdom; now she is making links in America, and will come back to India to renew her work there, bringing to it the benefit of widened experience and yet riper thought.

\* \* \*

#### FATIGUE IN METALS.

A correspondent, E. H. B., sends me the following interesting notes on fatigue in metals. Now and then the fact that "Matter" is essentially alive is forced on the attention of those much concerned in its manipulation, and although materialistic explanations are given of the phenomena observed, none the less does the Occultist see that the world is slowly accumulating experience which must result finally in the recognition of the truth that all "Matter" is the aggregation of tiny "Lives," and that the Lives cannot be treated as though they did not live. To-day some of these Lives may form part of a human body; to-morrow they may be building a vegetable form; or again, they may aggregate themselves as a grain of sand, or as the molecules of iron or steel. Wherever they go they remain Lives, subject to growth, to fatigue, to exhaustion, and they show the variability, the irritability, that are recognized as signs of vitality when occurring in more complex organisms. But to my correspondent.

\* \* \*

He says: "That admirable scientific monthly, *Knowledge*, has a very interesting article this month on 'The Fatigue of Metals.' It would seem that among modern engineers engaged in investigating bearing and breaking strains of metals, considerable progress has been recorded in the matter of our knowledge of the phenomena of stress. That which used to be thought inexplicable is to-day often a very simple matter. The cause of the break-down of various parts of machinery after years of satisfactory running, is briefly shown as 'fatigue.' The moment the regular strength or elastic limits of metals is exceeded, be the strain tensile or compressive, permanent strain commences, and sooner or later breakage will result. This is

why we often see apparently perfect cranks, axles, etc., condemned. Although no flaws are visible, they have had their day and are worn out. The article goes on to say that Prof. Kennedy some years ago demonstrated by many experiments that all metals possess recuperative powers after fatigue, if allowed to rest. Bars of iron and steel, strained in a testing machine beyond the elastic limit, and so weakened thereby that if they were tested again the following day they would take permanent set at one third or less of their former load, would, if allowed to rest for about two years be found not only to have recovered their elastic limit of strength but to have exceeded it, and to have become stronger than before in the direction in which they had been pulled. If the period of rest was materially shortened the restoration of strength was found to be incomplete. A rapid method of restoring strength is effected by heating to redness and cooling slowly, a process termed annealing, and regularly adopted to take fatigue out of chain cables, etc.

“Some interesting comparisons are given of human fatigue and some facts elicited by the vivisectionists, into which we need not go. A mere beginner in the study of self-knowledge will grasp analogies at once. The aspect of Karma as the human *annealer* is probably novel. In the case of the metals, no doubt the scientific explanation is correct that the molecules have been strained in their relations with one another and require time to repair the injury. But this fact ought in fairness one would think to go far to corroborate the teaching of *The Secret Doctrine*, that everything lives and is conscious, although not in human degree, or even perhaps in animal. The Force that binds the iron or steel molecules together must be intelligent to its own business, if it is capable of repairing injury, and the same thing may be seen in watching the marvellous way in which a tree goes to work to surround and cover in the wound made by the gardener. It is Time which hides facts from us; dismiss him as a factor in our investigations and we shall see mountains removed into seas.”

\* \* \*

#### THE TENFOLD LAW.

One of our Bombay brothers, Manmohandas Dayaldas, has written a useful little paper, suitable for distribution as a leaflet, on the principles of Sanâtana Dharma, or the Eternal Law. The love of all animated beings, it is taught in the *Mahâbhârata*, is the highest religion, and is described as Sambhava, the cause or origin of being, and thus the root of Universal Brotherhood in the fullest

and deepest sense. Vaivasvat Manu, to bring this about, laid down the ten principles of Sanâtana Dharma; they are:

- DHRITI: Fortitude.  
 KSHAMÂ: Forgiveness.  
 DAMA: Self-restraint.  
 ASTEYAN: Honesty.  
 SHAUCHAN: Purity.  
 INDRIYA NIGRAHA: Sense-control.  
 DHÎ: Knowledge.  
 VIDYÂ: Wisdom.  
 SATYAM: Truth.  
 AKRODHA: Freedom from anger.

These are the ten branches of the Kalpa Vriksha, the tree that satisfies all desires, by eating of which a man shall live for ever. Only by observance of this tenfold law can man win happiness or build a stable society. Let a man meditate daily on these ten things, and in his life daily practise them, and in him shall the tenfold faculties of the spirit be evolved.

\* \* \*

#### OCCULTISM AND CATHOLICISM.

*The Bombay Catholic Observer* is troubled in mind over the spread of Theosophy, and remarks that many are beginning to doubt, in consequence of the high claims put forward by the Eastern Religions and by Theosophy as the unifier of all faiths. It gives a list of the leading Theosophical serials and objects especially to the way in which in LUCIFER I urge that every man may "himself become Christ." *The Observer* argues that Occultism is not new—it never said a truer thing—and then refers to many of the magical feats of the past, in order to "bewilder all the modern Adepts of the Occult Sciences." Leaving apart the revered Adepts, Who are not likely to peruse the pages of *The Bombay Catholic Observer*, I may say as a very humble disciple that even I do not feel at all bewildered, because I have always been taught that there is nothing new in modern Theosophy. But I have sometimes urged my Christian brothers to look more deeply into their own religion and to recognize that it has its roots in the ancient Wisdom-Religion; and then further to try and regain the knowledge and powers that they have lost, they having become by that loss comparatively helpless in the face of scientific Materialism. "Greater works than these shall ye do," the CHRIST is reported to have said. But the Churches have lost the power to do works; their priests are no longer Magi.

Yet if they would return to the old Path, they would find the old powers.

\* \* \*

#### CITY FATHERS.

The City Council of Liverpool has not treated us well. Their Library Committee lent us a hall in which I had lectured several times before, and the Liverpool Lodge duly printed posters, etc., in the usual way. Five weeks after the letting, the Council cancelled it, regarding Theosophy as a heresy. The Secretary of the Lodge asked the Council to pay £5, to help in the expenses incurred by their action—action most dishonourable, it may be added. Sir W. B. Forwood asked if they were legally responsible—recognizing apparently no moral duty in the matter. It seems that we might recover legally and should probably obtain much more than £5; but my fellow Theosophists and myself feel that we prefer to suffer the injustice and the loss rather than stir up bad feeling by an appeal to law. It is better to suffer wrong than to stir up strife. *The Daily Chronicle* has a sharp leaderette on the subject, and it may be that the hesitating Council will mend its ways and not add injustice to bigotry.

\* \* \*

#### SCIENCE AND THE SECRET DOCTRINE.

*The St. Louis Republic* has the following:

Marshall Wheeler, one of the best known of the great army of Pacific coast scientists that have lately sprung up, claims to have discovered a "third principal motion of the earth," which is this: Every 20,903 years the globe changes its north and south poles on account of the attraction the earth has for its own magnetism. The sun, too, strongly attracts one of the poles and repels the other. This being the case, it only takes the short space of 20,903 years for the double attraction to careen it over to such an extent that it suddenly "flops" ninety degrees. Mr. Wheeler says that one of these grand "flops" occurred 6,000 years ago, at the time set down by the geologists as the "glacial epoch."

This would indeed be a tilting of the axis sufficient to account for any cataclysm. The period given is only 4,965 years less than the Sidereal year. "The axle of the Wheel tilted," says the Commentary on *The Stanzas of Deyan*, and the inversion of the Zodiac by the inversion of the Pole is a thing familiar enough to students of Esoteric Astronomy.

\* \* \*

#### WAKING TRANCE.

Evidence of the powers of the Soul when the body is entranced is constantly accumulating. The Rev. Dr. Sheldrake of Kentucky

has lately spoken of a member of his presbytery who would frequently go into a waking trance, and he gave the following account of the phenomena accompanying this state in the case of his friend:

While in this condition he would preach most eloquent sermons, but when he came out he could not remember a word that he had said. On one occasion a copy of the French Testament was handed to him to conduct family worship at the house of a well-known citizen of Frankfort. Although utterly ignorant of the French language, he read a chapter and then commented thereon at length in English. On another occasion, while in this condition, he remarked to his friends that a certain minister in Nebraska was in trouble, and that he had just written a letter to Kentucky detailing the circumstances. He then proceeded to give the contents of the letter, and his words were taken down by some one present. Two days later the letter arrived from Nebraska, and it was identical, word for word, with the one the minister had dictated while in the waking sleep.

\* \* \*

#### "MEDICINE" ONCE MORE.

Mr. Clarence Edwards has another interesting paper in *The Kansas City Journal* on the medas and "medicine" of the North American Indians. He tells how the young Indian, by fasting, prayer and seclusion, gains the illumination which shows him what is to be his "medicine," *i.e.*, his amulet. If anyone else knows it, it loses its virtue, and he must again seek help from "Those Above" for the finding of a new one. There is also a tribal "medicine" on which the welfare of the tribe depends, and the loss of which brings on them disaster. The following is interesting:

Nothing in recent years has been so marked as the decadence of the great mountain tribe, the Utes, since their loss of their tribal medicine. This was a small stone image, probably of Toltec or Aztec origin, which had been found by one of the old medas many years ago. The legend of the image is that the meda was fasting in the mountain for the purpose of obtaining power which would bring the tribe through a time of trouble and tribulation. While he was undergoing the necessary ordeal he displaced a bit of stone and uncovered the ancient relic. Of course his superstitious nature led him to believe that it was a direct gift from Those Above, and he took it to the village, where he was received with all the veneration possible.

Immediately following the discovery the fortunes of the tribe changed, and from a wandering band they grew to a rich and powerful tribe, which held sway over all the mountain region in Colorado and Utah. About ten or twelve years ago a small band of Arapahoes raided the village of Utes where the image was guarded, and, in plundering the camp, found the fetich and carried it away. The loss was soon discovered, and a powerful war party of Utes went in hot chase after the raiders. The Arapahoes were captured and every man killed, but the image was lost and never recovered. Note the sequel. Immediately following the loss the Utes began to have trouble. The White River Utes made war on the government and were sent from their reservation to Utah. Ourah, the great chief, died, and his band was divided up. The great tribe that once ruled all the mountains was divided into small bands and to-day is scattered and almost a remnant. The Utes

attribute all their misfortunes directly to the loss of the image, and if any of the prospectors should accidentally find the fetich in the mountains they could secure a greater fortune thereby than if they discovered a rich mine, for the Utes would impoverish themselves to recover the charm.

\* \* \*

#### ANOTHER WANDERING.

Soon after this number is in the hands of its readers, I shall sail from England for Australia and New Zealand, for a three months' lecturing tour. The lectures will be delivered during September, October and November, and I shall then leave Australia for India. I hope to be at Adyar for the Convention, and, if there is time enough, to visit two or three towns in Southern India on the way to Madras. Letters posted to me in August, September, and the first week in October can be addressed to me c.o. Mrs. Besant-Scott, 147, Wellington Avenue South, Jolimont, Melbourne, Australia. After that they had better be sent to me at the Theosophical Headquarters, Adyar, Madras, until the third week in December; I shall not receive any until I reach Southern India, but it will be easier to repost from Adyar than to take flying shots at me from a distance. I shall be going north from Adyar early in January, and letters posted after the third week in December had better be addressed to me c.o. Messrs. King and Co., Bombay. To repost from Adyar northwards means at least a week's delay, whereas from Bombay all parts of India can be easily reached.

\* \* \*

#### FAREWELL.

And so I again take leave of my editorial chair, relinquishing it once more into the capable custody of my dear colleague and friend, G. R. S. Mead. It is a rather weary life, this constant travelling from land to land, seeing always new faces and missing old ones. But since my work lies thus, there is naught to say, save that to work at all for the GREAT ONES is so priceless a privilege that no cost is too great to pay for it. No land is far-off for Them, no country foreign. And though my heart turns ever fondly to the INDIA sometimes trodden by Their sacred Feet, I am none the less INDIA'S child when I am carrying her ancient Wisdom to lands less fortunate, than when I breathe her beloved air. And so may the T. S. flourish in every land where true hearts serve it, and may all such hearts ever feel their oneness, however separated in time and space.



## The Fourfold Self's Three Vestures.

### INTRODUCTION.

THE doctrine of the fourfold Self and its three vestures is outlined in *Prashna Upanishad*, clearly stated in *Mândūkyā Upanishad*, and developed by Shankara in several treatises.

The leading thought of this doctrine is the unity of the Eternal and the Self. This Self is manifested in four modes. The first, outermost mode of the Self appears in waking life as PHYSICAL CONSCIOUSNESS, in the *physical vesture* of the gross body; enjoying outward things through "nineteen mouths"—five perceiving, five acting, five vital, and four inward powers; these inward powers are mind, reason, imagination, physical self-consciousness.

The second mode of the Self appears in dream life as EMOTIONAL CONSCIOUSNESS, in the *subtle vesture*, perceiving inwardly through nineteen powers; the subtle counterparts of the former physical powers.

The third mode of the Self appears in dreamless life as INTUITIONAL CONSCIOUSNESS, in the *causal vesture*; so called because it causes the two former modes of the Self to become manifested in a perpetual series of births and rebirths, and is thus "the womb of all (births)," "the inner ruler," who guides the series of births from beginning to end.

The fourth mode of the Self is ABSOLUTE CONSCIOUSNESS, the alone, lonely and pure; without a vesture, because nothing exists outside it, because it is the All, the Eternal.

Thus there are four modes of the Self—physical, emotional, intuitional, and absolute consciousness; and three vestures, the physical, subtle, and causal bodies; so that one may call this either a fourfold or a sevenfold classification.

With this short introduction, we may turn to the Sanskrit text.

### MÂNDŪKYA UPANISHAD (1-7).

The unchanging OM represents the All, and the expansion of this is: What was, what is, what shall be. All this is indicated by OM.

And the other, that is beyond the three times, is also included in OM.

All this is the Eternal; the Self is the Eternal; and this Self has four modes.

The WORLD-FIRE, the enjoyer of gross things through nineteen

mouths, sevenfold, outwardly conscious, standing in waking-life, is the first mode.

The RADIANT, the enjoyer of finer things through nineteen mouths, sevenfold, inwardly conscious, standing in dream-life, is the second mode.

When, reaching rest, he desires no desire at all, and dreams no dream at all, this is dreamless life.

The INTUITIONAL, whose mouth is direct consciousness, enjoyer of bliss, blissful, knowing uniformly and become uniform, standing in dreamless-life, is the third mode.

This is the All-Lord, this the All-Knower, this the Inner-Ruler, the womb of all, the emanating and withdrawing of beings.

Nor inwardly conscious, nor outwardly conscious, nor conscious in both ways, nor uniformly conscious, nor conscious, nor unconscious;

Unseen, unactionable, unseizable, unmarked, unthinkable; whose self is its own evidence; in whom the expanded world has ceased; the peaceful, benign, secondless; this they think is the fourth mode, this is the SELF, the end of knowledge.

---

The sentences of this *Upanishad* are so full of thought that a commentary might be written on every word; indeed, commentaries have been written on every word, and on these there are other commentaries, themselves again commented on.

The essence of all these has been summed up by Shankara; a few sentences of his, taken from *Tattva Bodha*, may make the thought underlying the *Upanishad* more clear.

#### TATTVA BODHA.

The Self is he who stands apart from the physical, emotional, and causal vestures; beyond the five veils; witness of the three states; whose own nature is Being, Consciousness, Bliss.

The *physical vesture* is made of the five elements fivefolded; is born through works; is the house where pleasure and pain are tasted; this vesture "is, is born, grows, declines, wastes, perishes;" these are its six changes.

The *emotional vesture* is made of the five elements not fivefolded; is born through works; is the instrument whereby pleasure and pain are tasted; the five perceiving, the five active, the five vital powers, mind and reason, are its seventeen parts.

The *causal vesture* is formed of the ineffable, beginningless illusion [of separateness]; it is the cause and source of the two former vestures; it arises through ignorance [of identity]; it is direct consciousness.

The three states are waking, dream, dreamless life.

In waking-life, perception is through hearing and the other

powers, sound and the other objects. The Self, while attributing itself thus to the physical vesture, is called the **WORLD-SELF** [physical consciousness].

The world that is beheld in time of rest, made up of impressions of what has been seen and heard in waking, is dream-life. The Self, while attributing itself thus to the emotional vesture, is called the **RADIANT-SELF** [mental consciousness].

Dreamless life is when I perceive nothing separate at all, and happily enjoy rest. The Self, while thus attributing itself to the causal vesture, is called the **INTUITIONAL-SELF** [spiritual consciousness].

The Absolute **SELF** is Being, Consciousness, Bliss.

Being is what stands through the three times—present, past and future.

Consciousness is the own-nature of perceiving.

Bliss is the own-nature of joy.

Thus let a man know his own Self as Being, Consciousness, Bliss.

C. J.

---

## States of Consciousness.

The mind is its own place,  
And of itself can make a Heaven of Hell,  
A Hell of Heaven.—*Paradise Lost*.

For the sake of the Soul alone the universe exists.—*Yoga Aphorisms*.

**I**T is a well-known fact that philosophers in all ages who have studied the nature of man have realized that happiness is not dependent upon outward circumstances, but upon character and mental condition, so that what a man has is of little consequence, the question is what he is; and however materialistic the spirit of the age may be, great writers like Carlyle and Emerson, who fearlessly teach the supreme importance of the inward life, are always listened to with respect. There are periods in the history of a race when the consciousness of inward teaching burns very dim, but it never wholly dies out, because it is kept alight from age to age by the unseen workers who desire no praise and no reward.

The study of the nature of man, then, is the study of the nature and meaning of different states of consciousness, and it is here that the mystery of being lies hid: a change of consciousness is a change from one state of being to another. What, then, is consciousness? It is the central fact of existence, it is that which is the cause of all matter, of all life. In other words, these are different forms of consciousness. All matter is made up of minute lives. Now, a life is not matter, therefore matter is composed of something which is not matter.

This is why the physical scientist cannot discover the ultimate constituents of matter.

It is also why we say that matter is *Mâyá*, a word which is often translated *illusion*, but which really means *a picture made by magic*. When we say that matter has no reality, we mean that it has no existence in itself but is simply an image of life, and consciousness its cause. The fact that we regard it as real shows the mighty power of the great Magician, who has woven the web of illusion. It is as though we were beholding a tragedy or a comedy, and the genius of the actors was such that they actually made the spectators believe that what they saw was life itself, and not merely a picture of life. The object of an actor is to make the play seem real, in order that the spectators may learn more fully the lessons which it has to teach; and the object of the great Magician is to make our material life seem real for a time, in order that we may assimilate more fully the experience which can be gained therefrom. But the play comes to an end, and then we see that though we have learned much from it, it has been only a picture of life, and not life itself. However much we may be carried away at the time by the genius of the actors, and however much we may have been absorbed in the play, forgetting all else, still, when the play is over, we emerge into another state of consciousness—the consciousness of what we call real life. The temporary illusion caused by the play has been a good thing, it has widened our knowledge and experience. Yet if we were to continue under that, after its due season had passed, we should be madmen, not reasonable beings.

So is it with the illusion which causes us to regard material things and our outward life as real. That illusion has its uses, for it causes us to gain experience and knowledge which could not be gained in any other way. In order to *know* anything you must *be* that thing. In order to understand matter you must *be* matter, or at least imagine and fully believe that your material condition is real. But this illusion will not always last. We shall awake from it and go on to other states of being, with wider knowledge and experience than were ours before entering the material stage of consciousness. There will come a time when we shall have had enough of the tragedy and comedy which is so engrossing as long as its real nature is not perceived, when we shall grow tired of the picture and want the real thing, when we shall say: "The pantomime is all very well for children; as for me I am a child no longer, and must and will discover the life which is real, however long and difficult the quest may be." As it has been a necessity of our being, of our growth, to pass downwards into the bondage of sense and the darkness of matter, so it will become a necessity to pass upwards again and free ourselves from these bonds and that darkness. The task may be a difficult one, but it must and shall be performed. He whose time has come finds no pleasure in the gorgeous phantasms

woven by the web of illusion; the necessities of his nature force him, whether he will or no, to obey the call which once heard no man can disregard: "*Let the dead bury their dead; follow thou me.*"

I cannot pretend to describe the states of consciousness passed through by him who has thus determined to gradually expand his consciousness beyond the bounds of sense and of matter. The beginning of the process is suggested in *The Voice of the Silence*:

Having become indifferent to objects of the senses, the pupil must seek out the Rājah of the senses, the thought producer, he who awakes illusion.

In other words, when he has decided that matter is unreal, the pupil begins to consider what is the cause of matter. Who is this arch-magician who has deceived us so successfully? How can we find him out and discover his secret? Now, as I said before, matter is composed of minute lives, and this is the beginning of the clue to the mystery. *The Secret Doctrine* says:

The same infinitesimal invisible Lives compose the atoms of the bodies of the mountain and the daisy, of man and the ant, the elephant and the tree which shelters him from the sun. Each particle is a life. Every atom and molecule in the universe is both life giving and death giving to that form.

"He who awakes illusion," then, is the sender forth of these minute lives. Anyone who wants to realize what is meant by the statement that matter is an illusion, cannot do better than ponder over the above passage.

Now, not only is the human body made up of minute lives, but this is the case with the other principles of man. And each separate life of each separate principle has a consciousness of its own, so that the different kinds of consciousness are most numerous and most difficult to disentangle. Each of the principles of man's nature is in health when the lives which compose it are acting in harmony, and it is diseased when the harmony is broken. The death of the body occurs when the harmony between the lives composing it is so seriously disturbed that it cannot be restored. The lives are still there, but the body as an organism has ceased to exist, because those lives have begun to act on the principle: *Each man for himself*, instead of acting in harmony one with another. Just so a nation would cease to exist *as a nation* if the people composing it were to refuse to agree on any form of government or on any common action with regard to common needs, though the persons composing it might still be living. For whether it is a nation or a man that is considered, the difference between a living body and a dead one is that the former is coördinated into a unity and the latter is not.

Now the lives that form one of the principles of a man react on the lives that form another, and thus form more complicated forms of consciousness. Our ordinary brain consciousness is a very complicated

affair, being caused by the interaction of all the lower principles. Though all the lives of all the different principles act upon it, still it is not generally conscious of the individual action of these lives, just as Parliament does not often take note of the opinions of individual voters, though the coördinated opinions of voters are an important element in the decisions of Parliament. One of the processes in the expansion of consciousness is that a man learns to transfer his consciousness from one of these particles to another, and thus become familiar with the experience of many of them; just as an able government will strive to discover the individual opinions of as many voters as possible. The more fully that a government understands the opinions of its various constituents, the more satisfactory will the government be. This is what is meant by the statement, so often made in Theosophic literature, that it is self-knowledge that leads to progress. The ruling power should know the opinions of voters; this does not mean, of course, that it need necessarily follow any of them. An Occultist learns to instantly transfer his consciousness from one plane to another in order to find out anything he wants to know. Man, the microcosm, is the image of the universe, the macrocosm; and each plane of man's being is correlated to the corresponding plane of nature. Therefore, by studying his own being he comes to understand nature; by controlling his own being he learns to control nature. The clue to all knowledge is self-knowledge, and the clue to all power is self-control.

The outcome of all this is that a man who wishes to gain spiritual power must first bring his will power into relation with his own thoughts, desires, and tendencies, and through them into relation with the world of thought, desire and tendency. This is the path of spiritual development for all. A man should be able to wish for a thing or to leave off wishing for a thing when his reason tells him it is wise to do so. But reason must not be deaf to the promptings of natural feelings; it must hear what they have to say and then judge. A government which will not listen to the individual opinions of its constituents sooner or later comes to grief.

And here comes in the difference between the healthy and the morbid asceticism, the true and the false. The morbid kind, which has been so much practised in India and by various religions in the West, strives to suppress natural feeling under the impression that all natural tendencies are bad. The healthy kind follows natural feeling when there is no reason for doing otherwise, but at the same time is not controlled by it. The *Bhagavad Gita* says:

Those who practise severe self-mortification not enjoined in the scriptures are full of hypocrisy and pride.

“The Scriptures” stand, of course, for the authority one has taken as a guide.

The right kind of government is where the constituents obey willingly the ruling power, and where an element which is out of harmony is brought into harmony by right teaching, not where the ignorant are slaughtered, or an apparent criminal condemned unheard. The case is the same with the human body and lower principles. We have to come to understand them and find out their real needs.

This absolute necessity that the nature of man should be understood before it can be consciously trained and developed is the reason why Theosophic literature gives such prominence to the teaching with regard to the seven principles. For to study and understand anything it must be analyzed into its constituent parts and each of these studied separately. Therefore the first step to self-knowledge is the study of the seven Principles of Man.

But the threefold division into body, soul and spirit is also very useful in studying the different states of consciousness. For these three divisions correspond to the three "Halls" or states of consciousness spoken of in *The Voice of the Silence*: the Hall of Ignorance, the Hall of Learning, and the Hall of Wisdom. The first of these, the Hall of Ignorance, corresponds to the body. It is the ordinary physical consciousness which acts through the brain, or, in other words, the waking consciousness. As long as a man imagines that there is no other consciousness than this, he is indeed in a state of ignorance. Yet it is, as it were, our normal condition at this stage of development, and we are all bound down by it. *The Voice of the Silence* says:

It is the Hall in which thou sawest the Light, in which thou livest, and shalt die.

The second, the Hall of Learning, that is to say, of probationary learning, corresponds to the Soul, *i.e.*, the lower astral and the kâmic principles. It is the dreaming consciousness. Every man has to pass through this Hall to reach the higher states. While he is in it, he is sensitive to the astral light currents, and falls a prey to them, unless he can raise his consciousness to the next stage. It is the region of psychic passion, mediumistic trance and lunacy. The more sensitive and refined a man's nature, the greater is the danger of this stage. Yet it must be passed though, unless the disciple remains in the Hall of Ignorance. *The Voice of the Silence* says:

If thou wouldst cross the second safely, stop not the fragrance of its stupefying blossoms to inhale. If freed thou wouldst be from the Karmic chains, seek not for thy Guru in those mâyâvic regions. . . . [In this Hall thou wilt] find the blossoms of life, but under every flower a serpent coiled. . . . [It] is dangerous in its perfidious beauty, is needed but for thy probation. Beware, Lanoo, lest dazzled by illusive radiance thy Soul should linger and be caught in its deceptive light.

Beyond this emotional stage, the land of chaotic dreams, lies the third Hall, the Hall of Wisdom, which corresponds to the Spirit. It is

the region of true spiritual knowledge, which a man will reach sooner or later, if he preserves his self-control while passing through the second stage. In this third Hall, says *The Voice of the Silence*:

All shadows are unknown, and . . . the light of truth shines with unfading glory.

And it goes on:

That which is uncreate abides in thee, Disciple, as it abides in that Hall. If thou wouldst reach it and blend the two, thou must divest thyself of thy dark garments of illusion.

Beyond these three states, which are called in Eastern Philosophy, Jagrat, Svapna, and Sushupti, is a state which is called Turiya, which is higher than any of them, wherein final unity of all things is realized.

In one sense the three correspond to (1) waking consciousness, (2) dream consciousness, (3) dreamless sleep. That is to say, each of the three states of consciousness is subdivided into three divisions, and there are nine states in all. Physical consciousness is divided into waking, dreaming, and dreamless sleep; clairvoyance into waking clairvoyance, dreaming clairvoyance and Kâma Loka; Devachan into the consciousness between lives, that between planets, and that between Rounds.<sup>1</sup> The Turiya state, which is higher than all, is the universal consciousness, that of Brahman.

Now all the three states of consciousness react on each other. Let us consider first the first-named division—physical consciousness, and the reaction on each other of its different divisions. These three divisions, as said above, are waking, dreaming and dreamless sleep. How do they react on each other? It is explained in *The Path for August, 1888*, that concentration of mind during waking hours tends to bring order into the chaos of dream life, and dream life in its turn reacts on the waking state by suggestions made to the consciousness therein. When these two states are confused and purposeless, the elevated experiences derived from the third state are mixed up and disturbed. If, on the other hand, these two states are purified and reduced to order, the man is able to bring back, with more or less clearness, some of the experiences of Sushupti into the waking state.

The article in *The Path* above mentioned says:

By right concentration a centre of attraction is set up in him while awake, and to that all his energies flow so that they may be figured to ourselves as a focus in the waking man. To this focal point, looking at it from that plane, converge the rays of the whole waking man towards Svapna, through which he can emerge into Sushupti in a collected condition. Returning, he goes by means of these points through Svapna, and then the confusion being lessened, he enters into his usual waking state the possessor, to some extent at least, of the benefits and knowledge of Sushupti. The difference between the man who is not concentrated and the

<sup>1</sup> The reader must always remember that each writer is responsible for his statements, and does not commit to them either the T. S. or LUCIFER.—Eds.



one who is, is that the first passes from one state to another through the imaginary partition postulated above, just as sand does through a sieve; while the concentrated man passes from one to the other similarly to water passing through a pipe, or the rays of the sun through a lens. In the first case, each stream of sand is a different experience, a different set of confused irregular thoughts, whereas the collected man goes and returns the owner of regular and clear experience.

Just as the divisions of physical consciousness react on each other, so do the three main divisions of consciousness. This is well explained in *The Key to Theosophy*, where it is shown that the kind of consciousness which a man experiences in Devachan depends upon the condition of the consciousness in his past life. When a man's life is actuated throughout by a clear and definite purpose, that purpose will react on the Devachanic state. A man who is a materialist, who believes firmly that he will have no consciousness after the death of the body, will pass through the Devachanic period as it were in a dead faint. By his own act he paralyzes the faculty that would have enabled him to become conscious after death. On the other hand, persistent concentration on the possibility of a high state of spiritual consciousness will bring about that state. Between these two extremes are all shades and varieties of consciousness according as the earth-life has been well-ordered or chaotic.

It has been shown that whether we are considering the small cycle of day and night, or the larger one of life and death, the cycle consists in a change of consciousness from the spiritual to the psychic, and through that to the physical. To the small cycle dreamless sleep is the beginning, dreams follow, then consciousness, and when the season for this is past the consciousness swings back again through dreams into dreamless sleep. In the larger cycle Devachan is the beginning, earth life the middle part of the cycle, and after earth life the consciousness sweeps back through Kâma Loka or some corresponding stage, into Devachan.

These same changes take place on a larger scale in the cycle of Root Races, the cycle of Globes, and the cycle of Rounds. In each case the cycle of changes in consciousness starts from the more spiritual, passes down into the most material, and then back again to the spiritual with added experience. The first Root Races and the last Root Races are the most spiritual, the middle ones are the most material; the first Globes and the last Globes are the most spiritual, the middle ones are the most material, and the same is the case with the Rounds. The fact that we are at the lowest or most material stage in each of the two larger cycles, since we are in the fourth or middle Round, and on the fourth or middle Globe out of the seven, accounts for the extremely material nature of our present consciousness and the difficulty we have in realizing the existence of the higher planes.

This continual change of consciousness in all the cycles from the

spiritual to the material and back again to the spiritual, appears to be what H. P. B. means by saying in *The Secret Doctrine* that

There is a continual evolution from within outwards and from without inwards.

For it must be borne in mind that the consciousness may, or rather must, be going "upwards" in some of the cycles and downwards in others at the same time.

It appears that our consciousness is rising at present, so far as the three large Cycles—Rounds, Globes, and Root Races—are concerned, since we are a little past the middle or lowest point in each. It is also probably rising so far as the cycle of Sub-Races is concerned, since we are said to be in the fifth Sub-Race, and this is beyond the turning-point.

Each century is also a cycle, and that is why the last quarter of each century, when the small cycle is rising to its most spiritual part, is chosen as the time most favourable for giving special help. The end of the present century is particularly a time of special striving, because there are two important cycles mentioned in *The Secret Doctrine* which are drawing near their close.

Taking one of the smaller cycles, the range of a man's life, anyone who is a student of human nature, and especially anyone who has studied children carefully, will be aware that there is here, broadly speaking, the same fall from the spiritual into the material, and the rise again later on into the spiritual with added experience. Speaking in a general way, the most material part of a man's life is between twenty and forty years of age. This materiality shows itself in different forms according to the character: in one it appears as great activity of the physical intellect, combined with disbelief in the existence of anything but material things; in a second, as devotion to money making; in a third as physical self-indulgence, and so on. This does not mean that a man of thirty is necessarily more material than a man of sixty, because the life cycle of the former may be on a higher range than that of the latter, and again the material stage of the latter may have so engulfed his whole being that he fails to rise out of it. But it *does* mean that, taking life broadly, the stages of the larger cycles reappear in the smaller cycle of human life. And the more powerful the character, the more strongly marked are these stages. They were recognized by the Brâhmans and unwisely formulated into a definite rule. First the student, then the householder, then the ascetic, then the Yogî.

I am not saying that this tendency to fall into matter in some form in middle life cannot be controlled; I am only saying that it is the general tendency. Neither, unfortunately, do persons always begin to rise after middle life out of material things. Often the material has gained too firm a hold upon them for them to be able to do so. There

are lives *and* lives. The lowest point reached in the life of one man may be superior to the highest point reached in another.

We have seen that all cycles of experience, both great and small, are made up of a series of changes of consciousness. The Great Law carries man onwards from one stage to another, whether he will or no. In each stage some new item of knowledge is added to the common experience, and all stages have their use and their purpose. But there comes a stage in development when man recognizes this use and this purpose, and he is then ready to begin the course of training which will finally enable him to do voluntarily that which he has hitherto done involuntarily—to consciously work with nature and thereby acquire the power of passing at will from one stage of consciousness to another. Those who have risen from the human to the divine stage of being have mastered these changes of consciousness which lie at the root of the nature of man. They still pass from one stage of consciousness to another, but they no longer do so by a natural impulse as in the case of ordinary persons, but of set purpose and to gain some definite end. One result of this is that there is a great economy of energy in their case, for nature's methods are proverbially wasteful, and a being who has assumed command of his transitions from one state to another can take exactly what he needs in each state and no more. Also he is independent of outward circumstances. He uses outward circumstances but is never impeded by them. No physical or astral conditions can prevent his reaching at any time any state of consciousness which he requires and any experience which is needed, and which has not been passed through physically, can be lived through in the mind. This power over one's own states of consciousness is Yoga, or union with God, for he who has gained it has attained to a Godlike state.

How, then, is this power gained? Like every other power, it is gained by practice. "Occultism masters the body," said a student roughly to a beginner. Yes, Occultism masters the body and the mind, but it does not master them all at once.

Then again it must not be forgotten that natural impulse, which has so far guided the student's changes of consciousness, is still exceedingly useful, and must continue to be so for some time to come. To ignore it, to try to do without it, or to fight against it is folly. The nurse must continue to act until the child has fully learned to do for himself that which the nurse has hitherto done. Let us be thankful that our nurse puts our bodies to sleep every night, since we have not yet learned, retaining consciousness, to do it for ourselves. Let us be thankful that material impulse continually causes modifications of the mind, for to be firmly fixed in one state of consciousness without power to move (whether the state is "high" or "low" matters not), is to be in danger of insanity. This is what Balzac calls *une idée fixe*. A

student who discards natural impulse too soon, runs the risk of being obsessed by an idea, and this obsession will prevent progress, however noble and elevated the idea may be in itself. I think it was H. P. B. who said:

You should master your mysticism, not let your mysticism master you.

How far natural impulse has to be followed is, of course, a question which has to be decided in each individual case. A wise teacher, teaching a class of *very young* children, and interrupted by the sudden appearance of a Punch and Judy show in the street, would send them to the window to watch it. For it would not be reasonable to expect them to give their attention to anything else while it was there. *Gaudemus igitur juvenes dum sumus*, as the song says. Who is to know that the Punch and Judy show will not prove more instructive than the lesson? The younger the children, the more carefully should natural impulse be followed in all cases where it does not evidently lead to harm. When the show is gone, they will return fresh and eager to the lesson, and they will readily yield obedience to the teacher in cases where it is necessary, because he does not impose unnecessary and vexatious restrictions.

A class of older children would, of course, be required to ignore the Punch and Judy show if a lesson was going on, otherwise they could please themselves. "When I was a child I spake as a child," etc. The teacher is the student, and the children are the various aspects of his nature which he has to train. "Learn to adapt your thoughts and ideas to your plastic potency," and do not mistake youth for depravity, for this is a fatal mistake often made by teachers. A teacher must rule, but he must not obtrude his authority where it is not needed, and where natural impulse would be a better guide. So must the student treat his own nature.

It is clear that the natural indications of the mind are most useful, and should not be interfered with without careful thought. Ignorant interference with them is more likely to bring on morbid states of mind than to conduce to progress. It is much more difficult to put a house in order when it is full of interesting things than when it is nearly empty. And students when they begin to work do not know what they have got in their houses. And while a spring cleaning is going on a house is less comfortable and useful than before the cleaning began. Some students are inclined to throw most of their furniture out of the window to save trouble, and others, on the contrary, cannot make up their minds to part with that which is evidently useless. Both extremes are unwise. A man must have materials to work with; yet, "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee."

The best preliminary for beginning to alter or hinder the modification of the mind is to watch one's own mental processes and notice the

extreme difficulty of attaining to what is called one-pointedness by Eastern writers. The only way for a beginner to hinder mental modification is to think at each moment, not only of the subject in hand, but also whether he is concentrating. Yet this is not one-pointedness, but two-pointedness. If he thinks only of the subject in hand, his mind wanders unconsciously; if he thinks also whether he is concentrating he does not attain to true concentration. When he knows what he is thinking about he can, with a little practice, think about what he chooses, but this is not one-pointedness, because the consciousness of self is still there, and what is required is to lose the consciousness of self and retain only consciousness of the matter in hand. If the subject on which the student is concentrating is more interesting to him than any other, true concentration can be reached, because the unconscious modifications do not arise.

But practice of this kind does not teach a student to govern his mind. The unconscious modifications, then, can only be prevented in two ways. (1) By a constant watch which prevents true concentration, distracting the student's mind from the matter in hand. (2) By choosing a subject of such absorbing interest that the mind is strongly attracted, and forgets for the time its habit of wandering. When I was a teacher I noticed that the most intelligent children were often the most prone to "wool-gathering," and precisely because they were the most interested in the lesson! Something said in class evoked a thought in their minds, and away went their attention on a self-produced train of thought, making them oblivious of the rest of the lesson. But when these children did not wool-gather they were just those who could give the best account of the lesson. This took place when the words of the teacher happened to be more attractive than any idea arising in their own minds, and the unconscious modifications did not occur. These changes are like going to sleep, or like those cases where the astral body leaves the physical unconsciously. The student is not aware of them at the time *and therefore cannot prevent them*. He only becomes aware of them afterwards.

There is a cause for these unconscious modifications. What is it? "Behind Will stands Desire," says the old Kabalistic maxim. But the desire is unconscious in these cases as well as the will. Hence the difficulty of regulating them. However, as was shown in the early part of this paper, thought and aspiration on the plane of ordinary consciousness will always react on what we call, for want of a better name, the unconscious planes. It is through aspiration beginning on the plane of ordinary consciousness and growing ever more powerful and more pure, that disciples may enter the path that leads to final emancipation. All changes of consciousness are brought about by the will acting consciously or unconsciously, and the will is moved by desire, and desire when become impersonal, when purified from all

sense of separateness, when transmuted into high aspiration, shall surely burst the bonds which bind the struggling Soul to earth, and shall set him free to aid the Elder Brothers of our race.

Hunger for such possessions as may be held by the pure Soul, that you may accumulate wealth for that united Spirit of Life which is your only true Self.

SARAH CORBETT.

---

## Fragments from an English Notebook.

If I do not keep step with my companions, it is because I hear a different drummer.—THOREAU.

### FIRE—CREATOR, PRESERVER, AND DESTROYER.<sup>1</sup>

**F**IRE is the fashioner, the soul, and the substance of all things; Creator of all forms, it abides within them, hidden, but ceaselessly toiling, permuting and transforming them, until at the final transfiguration it resolves them back into itself. Fire is the Heart of the Earth, the Heart of the Heavens, the Heart of the Great Sea. Fire was the primal Eden, the matrix where man received form; Fire was the God that fashioned him in its image; Fire, the tree that gave knowledge—and sorrow; Fire, the serpent that tempted him; and a flame of Fire at the eastward way affrights the outcast seeking to regain the Garden. “Thou hast been in Eden, the Garden of the Gods. . . . Thou wast upon the Holy Mountain of the Gods; thou hast walked up and down in the midst of the stones of Fire.”<sup>2</sup>

An undetached spark of the one Fire is the inner heart of each man. “The pure in heart see God.” This spark once purified, man may regain the seven-terraced mountain;<sup>3</sup> but such purification is of the inner life, not merely of the outer. Therefore I reverence those who have grown wise through dreaming dreams; I adore the Hermit of the Heart, the dream-giver, the flame of the inner life, the light of the inner wisdom.

\* \* \*

### STONEHENGE AN ANCIENT DRUIDIC CREMATORIUM.

The soul of the Companion had returned to the world of the pure Fire; on the morrow we would commit the deserted tenement to crematorial flames. Warily I slumbered. . . . I drifted back into past time seven twelve-months of the Gods. . . . A voice cried, “Look!” . . . and I beheld.

The sun hanging low toward the western horizon. A long pro-

<sup>1</sup> *Secret Doctrine*, ii. p. 114, *o.c.*; ii. p. 120, *n.e.*

<sup>2</sup> *Ezekiel*, xxviii. 13, 14.

<sup>3</sup> “I will cast thee as profane out of the mountain of God.”—*Ezekiel*, xxviii. 16.

cession wending slowly across a barren plain, a plain mournful with funeral mounds. The procession is headed by four stalwart men, carrying a rough bier slung on two strong poles; they come to a halt about fifty yards from a ring of massive grey stones, which stand upright and are joined only by stone imposts along the tops. From the entrance of this rugged, roofless structure comes forth a tall, white-robed man, with long grey beard and piercing dark eyes. Upon his forehead, fastened by a leather band about his head, is a plate of beaten silver, representing a fourth of the moon's disc, horns upwards, engraved with strange characters. A brilliant jewel, curiously set in gold, gleams upon his breast. The four men place the body of their dead friend upon the ground before the priest, bending reverently their heads in greeting. At a sign from the priest, their places are taken by four young men clad in white, while three others bring from a mud-plastered hut of stones, which faces the entrance, an oblong metal plate with handles, and a perforated cover about three feet deep, narrower than the plate. The metal plate is placed upon a large flat stone at the entrance of the hut, and the body gently transferred to it, without being uncovered, by the four young attendants, the priest waving his hands slowly in time to solemn words chanted in a soft musical tone, and interrupted only by the low wailing of the mother and other relatives of the dead man.

Iron rods are slipped into the handles, and the metal plate with its burden, borne by four, like the bier, within the inner ring of seven pairs of stones, each pair joined across the top by one placed transversely. Within this ring come only the priest, the seven neophytes and the small group of immediate relatives. All around, within the outer ring, press the crowd who had formed the procession.

Slightly sunk into the ground in the centre is a large flat slab of unpolished stone, blackened by many fires, and flanked by two narrower stones about two feet thick, with two deep grooves cut upon the inner surface. Into these grooves is slid the metal plate bearing the corpse, strewn now with flowers and leaves by the weeping friends and with herbs and strong-smelling wood-chips by the priest. The perforated cover is then placed over, while the young men bring from the hut at the entrance red-hot stones or balls of some combustible material, which are rolled under the body upon the slab beneath, and the whole covered thickly with small logs of wood and green boughs of various trees, handed in by the spectators without.

A heartrending shriek bursts from the poor mother, who has fallen to the ground in agony as the flames break out and the column of dark smoke rolls upwards, lit with shooting tongues of red flame amid the crackling of the branches. The tall form of the priest sways rhythmically, his grey hair lightly moved by the evening breeze, as he leads a chorus in which all join, save only the poor mother, who lies

prone beside him, clutching convulsively at the tufts of rough grass and the scattered branches. The song rises almost to a shout of triumph as the sun goes down behind the purple clouds at the horizon, sending long shafts of golden light into the clear, pale sky long after the radiant centre is withdrawn from sight, and lighting up with an unearthly glory the upper parts of the tall grey circle of stones. . . . Slowly the crowd disperses, and the hum of their voices grows silent in the distance; one by one the stars come out and the darkness descends down like a veil. Silently they raise the mother and bear her away to her deserted home.

Still the priest stands at his post, and he signs to the seven youths, who wait, to take each his place in the ghostly ring. The embers glow and crackle, and strange shapes appear in the cloud of smoke that still streams upwards, writhing forms of angry heat, glaring eyes amidst the red-hot ashes. The priest alone sees, a few feet above them in the air, the form of the dead man slowly take shape, while the fire-demons fight over it in the growing darkness. The red furnace glare takes the place of the calm, sunset rays, and long, ghastly shadows stream across the plain.

The pale, awed faces of the watchers, one or two of them almost overcome by the unseen terror that clutches their hearts, show out in strong relief against the rugged grey stones. Higher up shines another form, an etherealized duplicate of the demon-haunted one below, still glowing in lurid glare and smoke.

This one is pale, calm and placid, scarcely more distinct in the blue mist enfolding it than the fleecy cloud which hides the summer moon above.

Higher still—has the fleecy cloud descended, bearing with it a touch of silver moonlight? Or what is it that hangs translucent, formless, in mid-air?

The priest looks upward; he stretches both arms aloft. The fire-light dies away, the demons vanish, and the midnight breeze sighs through the bleak stones.

Out of the vast depths of the midnight sky he sees an immense form, made, as it were, of molten amethyst, radiating from within a soft effulgence of jewel-light that floods the heavens, though the stars still shine through its transparency. It is seated sideways upon a huge panther-like form of the same non-substance, the head thrown back, with right hand outstretched and eager gaze directed upwards to the Source of the inner Light, which touches brow and lip and breast from without also with a gleam, not of this or any other world.

What is the grey shadow that steals out from behind yonder pile?

With a yell of terror the black-haired youth nearest falls face downwards to the earth. The priest steps forward, as a broken sob



falls upon his ear. It is the poor mother, who could not leave the voiceless ashes of her son, and falls half fainting at the knees of the Sage, who soothes her gently, and bids her take comfort in caring for the poor lad who has fallen to the ground in some kind of fit induced by long fasting and the nameless fear that fills the weird scene.

At a sign, another youth fetches water from the hut and helps to restore his comrade, while the rest, summoned now by the priest, bear away the still glowing metal cover, deposit the ashes and a few charred bones upon a block of stone and take the hot metal implements to cool upon the large flat stone by the hut.

The priest himself collects the ashes so craved by the aching heart of the lonely woman, into three little stone jars prepared, and sends her home under the escort of the young men and their slowly recovering, but still trembling, companion. Alone he remains under the waning moon, keeping vigil till the sun shall fill the eastern horizon with splendour.

. . . The voice said: "The Fishers<sup>1</sup> do this to brighten their shells."<sup>2</sup> . . . Dwellers in the higher heavens, the Garden of the Gods, with self-shining forms of fire having the sheen of the pearl-enfolding shells, mother-of-pearl, opalescent, they take up the dark garments of flesh, and become fishers of men in this sad world of mortals, until the kindly flames free them from the taint of contact with earth and the profane outcasts. Yet few among men recognize these, the companions self-exiled, even though God has set his seal upon their foreheads.<sup>3</sup>

\* \* \*

#### ENGINEERING SKILL, NOT MAGIC.

Salisbury Plain, like the plain at Tiotihuacan called the "Path of the Dead," is a vast necropolis, a burial-place of the Druids of ancient Britain. Like the other stone circles on the island, the so-called Stonehenge was merely a place for cremating the dead, as shown by the solemn symbolism of its construction, its fire-blackened interior, and the many hundreds of tumuli, containing urns and ashes, that cover the plain for miles; over 280 of these tombs having been counted within a radius of a mile from the stones. The Arch-Druid of Wales

<sup>1</sup> "Behold, ye walk every one after the imagination of his evil heart. . . . Therefore will I cast you out of this [central] land into a land that ye know not, neither ye nor your fathers. . . . But the Lord liveth, . . . and I will bring them again into their land that I gave to their fathers. Behold, I will send for many Fishers, saith the Lord, and they shall fish them; and after will I send for many Hunters, and they shall hunt them from every mountain, and from every hill, and out of the holes of the rocks."—*Jer.*, xvi. 12-16. "And Jesus said unto them, Come ye after me, and I will make you to become Fishers of men."—*Mark*, i. 17.

<sup>2</sup> Owing to its silvery sheen, and play of colours, the shell is a symbol of the inner body of the purified man; hence the pilgrims of Europe, journeying to the Holy Land or other sacred places, wore each a shell attached to his cincture, and scallop shells in his hat. "I was in the spirit, and behold, a throne was set in heaven, and one sat on the throne. And he that sat was to look upon like a jasper and a sardine stone; and there was a rainbow about the throne."—*Rev.*, iv. 2, 3.

<sup>3</sup> "We have sealed the servants of our God in their foreheads."—*Rev.*, vii. 3.

was cremated at one of these stone circles a few years ago, as his son had been a few years before. Theories about magicians and giants to account for the erection of Stonehenge are wholly unnecessary. Magicians the old Druids certainly were, but giants they were not; nor was their magic needed to supplement the excellent stone-cutting and engineering displayed in the construction of Stonehenge. The stones were chiselled, fitted with mortice and tennon, by ordinary mallet and chisel; and instead of magic, the prosaic derrick was used to erect the uprights and place upon them the imposts, to form the trilithons—symbols of death and the perishable quaternary.

\* \* \*

#### THE BLACK ROAD OF PSYCHISM; AND THE WHITE WAY OF INTUITION.

Then the Aspirant, journeying toward the Underworld, having crossed the three rivers safely, arrived at a place where Four Ways met. One of these ways was red, another black; one was white, and the last was a yellow Path. And behold! he of the Black Way spoke: "It is me you must follow; I am the Way of the King." In this place, then, was the Aspirant ensnared. . . . "You shall be sacrificed," said the Princes of the Underworld. Then was the Aspirant sacrificed, and he was buried in a place called the Ash-heap.—*Popul Vuh*.

It is true that through psychic methods and the fostering of an *evil* spirituality—for there is such—vast powers on this plane may be gained. *On this plane*, in itself, there is nothing more powerful than the Black Magician. But he has to be that rare efflorescence—equally rare with the White Adept—the *perfect* devil. He is one in billions of the race. He never reaches the higher planes to command there; and his brief power is purchased with ages of agony. Now, ethics have a higher purpose than morality, or the quickening of fine intelligence. They are the first step in an absolutely scientific series. The multitude does not perceive this; and they who have not the instinct to see this, nor yet the power to attain to it, can get no further. A man may in one life attain by the psychic route—as such, unqualified by spiritual endeavour and universal motive—some gratification and *seeming* power. It is only seeming, for he is duped. It is not without admixture, even in this life, with hours of the darkest anguish. *This increases*. Insanity or other excess, even if only mental excess, results. In the post-mortem state reaction sets in, and unimagined suffering ensues; and his growth in future lives is retarded.

The true portal to the Path of Power is *right discrimination*, the kind that heralds and develops intuition. If concentration on the universal be practised and the heart cultivated into an altruistic love for humanity, as can be done by effort and will, a love so great that every cell tends to the universal—and every quick impulse, every deepest thought flies to that alone—then, because of quickened vibration of a higher order, *an interior illumination takes place*—a mystic

event never spoken of save in veiled language—and then, then only, the Disciple is accepted by the Master, because he has won and claimed his rights. Out of the powers of nature he has taken what he could. This path is shade-enfolded: it lies along the darkness, a shadow among shadows; it is unknown save to those who tread it, and each one treads it alone. At its end, he finds his companions, greater and less, and then he knows they have beckoned him on. None *ever* speaks of this path while he treads it, for he himself is in darkness: he is testing every step; he can give none with precision. He meets with giant obstacles, each must be passed; with glooms impenetrable, yet his own Soul must light up each, one by one. Awful horrors assail him; and of these the unseen, unfelt ones which arise within in the Soul itself, are far the worst; every one must be overthrown. No mere fictions these. Living men attest their reality. Of that strange path they cannot speak, other than to say—*it is there: it is within, not without*; it is to be found through the inner *intuition*, not through any psychic sense whatever. *Find it, ye who are at the Turning of Ways!*

THREE MLECHCHAS.

---

## The Rationale of Death.

ONE of the peculiar privileges of nineteenth-century Theosophy is to present to the Western world a natural, reasonable and scientific solution of some of the great problems which exoteric religions and philosophies have attempted, in vain, to unravel. Of all these problems, the most vast, the most important, and, at the same time, the most hopeless, is Death. In all ages of thought, the West by its keen sympathies with material existence, has placed itself, to a great extent, out of touch with all that lies beyond the narrow limit of sensuous life. In its attitude therefore towards the problem of Death it has been forced to play the coward; either shunning the subject altogether, or contemplating it with a morbid curiosity which fear has deprived of the necessary elements of calm, scientific investigation. The leaders of the earliest systems of Western thought appear to have shrunk from the utterance of their deepest intuitions on this subject. Death, for such of the Greek Philosophers as were not initiated, was dark with the veil of an inscrutable mystery. Plato, and those from whom he learned, dared not give out more than a vague suspicion of the real meaning of the great Secret. Some schools, like the Epicureans, fiercely denied the existence of a life after death, maintaining that its terrors could be removed by annihilation alone. Others, like the Stoics, concealed their true intuitions beneath a philosophy of

patient submission to the Unknown, which is as pathetic as it was wise. "Where is the hardship," asks Marcus Aurelius, in words which might form a worthy model for the best of our modern expressions of unfaith:

Where is the hardship if Nature that planted you here orders your removal? He that orders the first scene now gives the sign for shutting up the last. You are neither accountable for the one nor the other. Therefore retire, well satisfied, for he by whom you are dismissed is satisfied also.

St. Paul's very mystical dissertations on Death have been distorted into the Christian solution of the problem, with which we need not now concern ourselves, save to express a profound regret that so much truth has become overlaid with so much misconception. Upon the Christian hypothesis the thinking Western world was nurtured until its growing intelligence, unable to reconcile the true Mysticism of the great Apostle with the travesties grown up around his teaching, has fallen back into the Stoicism that hopes, but does not affirm. Yet neither of these great conflicting systems of Faith and Unfaith can show themselves consistent with their fundamental principles. The Agnostic attitude of quiet resignation to the Unknown, which conceals a sadness the more real that it is unconfessed, ought to have no place in a system which relegates all phenomena to the realm of natural law; and still more inexplicable is it that, among Christians, the fear of Death is stronger than among the professors of any other faith, notwithstanding that the crowning glory of their creed is to have torn the mask from the King of Terrors.

The fear of Death, Philosophers tell us, like the love of life of which it is the converse, is innate. But is this so? We can point to examples which prove the very reverse. Among the millions who are tutored in the hoary philosophies of the East, Death has no terrors. Says Sir Edwin Arnold:

They await Death, not as some of us do, like complaining prisoners under a tyrannical sentence without appeal, attending, with gloomy courage, the last day in this condemned cell, the flesh; but rather like glad children of a great mother, whose will is sweet and good, whose ways are wise, and who must lull them to the kind, brief sleep of death by and by, in order that they may wake ready for happier life in the new sunshine of another and a larger daylight.

It is not unreasonable to conclude that those whose beliefs deprive them of all fear or dread of the unknown, may have something to teach our Western Philosophers concerning the great problem whose terrors Religion serves only to increase, and whose real nature profane Science has owned itself powerless to investigate. To the East, then, we will go for light on this question of questions; to the profound truths of Eastern Occultism, which form the most magnificent contribution to the thought of the century which an age of progress has, as yet, been enabled to record.

What, then, is the real secret of Death? Can it be the intention

of Nature that mankind should be kept for ever in the dark concerning that which is among the commonest occurrences of daily life? May we not humbly put forth a right to know at least something of the nature of the event which, while it exercises the most important influence on our life and destiny, is, of all others, the completest and most inexplicable mystery? I answer that the time has come when, along with a truer insight into life, mankind is offered a truer insight into death—when an increase in the knowledge of natural laws proceeds *pari passu* with a wider acquaintance with those of the supernatural, if I may use, for a moment, a word which is now rightly passing into disuse. Death has been recently shown by Theosophy, and by writers who have trodden on Theosophical ground, to be no vague terror—no solemn arraignment before the bar of an inexorable Deity—no dismal slipping into darkness and silence—no sudden transition, from a world of sense, to a strange, inconceivable and unknown condition of Being; but a natural, scientific process, upon which the human condition is as inevitably dependent, as is the life of Nature upon the peaceful inactivity of night.

The time has passed for the elevation of Death into a theological dogma. Occult Science has now to show that the thing which was formerly called dissolution has, in reality, no existence at all, but is rather a manifestation of that inner and higher side of the Life Principle which can find no scope in a world of sense. Nature, we have said, depends for life as much upon the withdrawal as upon the presence of sunlight. This fact has been known for ages, yet we could not, in our blind stupidity, apply it to those higher realms of life, which we commonly imagine to be governed by laws and principles entirely foreign to those which form the facts of our small, earthly experience. Old Empedocles, 400 B.C., was wiser than we, despite our nineteenth-century conceit of wisdom. He says:

Fools think that that can become which never yet had an existing, or that which is can fade away and wholly disappear; but now unto you yet further the truth will I declare. By nature is no birth, of that which dies no complete destruction, nothing but mingling of parts and again separation of mingling. And this is the birth and the death so-called of the ignorant mortals.

In order clearly to grasp the Theosophical rationale of death, we must get first at the rationale of life. There is one Infinite, all-pervading Reality, which synthesizes and embraces its three aspects of Spirit, Soul and Matter, and becomes, on the plane of manifestation, the ancient conception of Universal Life. Breaking through the veil of the Unmanifest, It appears to us in a variety of gradually-expanding aspects, including among others, those phases of Nature which we have formerly considered "inanimate." But in Its unmanifested side—that aspect in which lie the Eternal Roots of Its Being—the One Principle is inconceivable. To us It is Life only after It has gone forth from

the awful depths of the Unknowable, and shown Itself in the countless transformations of the Kosmos which is Itself. The crowning heights of Life Spiritual are beyond the conception of Life mental. Of this Life in Its earliest phases one aspect only is revealed to us, which, being the very essence of Its nature, is less correctly an attribute than a synonym. This is Motion; Deity's

Only philosophical aspect; . . . the thrill of the Creative Breath (*Secret Doctrine*, vol. i. p. 2, *n.e.* p. 32).

In my humble opinion we have here a hint of the lines along which the solution of Death is to be found, and the hint is further confirmed by the following remarkable passage; obscure and inapropos at first sight, but capable, on careful examination, of offering very potent suggestions for our present line of thought:

As an eternal abstraction, [Motion] is the ever-present; as a manifestation, it is finite both in the coming direction and the opposite, the two being the Alpha and Omega of successive reconstructions (*Secret Doctrine*, vol. i. p. 3, *n.e.* p. 33).

Viewing the words "successive reconstructions" from the human plane instead of the cosmic, we come at once to the secret. The passage speaks of the death and resurrection of universes, the in-breathings and outbreathings which bring about the withdrawal and reëmergence of the Great Life which pulses through every atom of the Kosmos. But it may just as well refer to that lesser death and resurrection, and to those minor pralayas and manvantaras which come at the close of every human life. Read in this way, a wonderful light is thrown on the nature of Death. It is no longer a dissolution, but a "series of reconstructions," a "mingling of parts, and again separation of mingling," to quote once more the Occult thought of Empedocles. And not only does it lose at once its character of "cessation of life"; it becomes an actual continuation of that which it was said to destroy. For what is Life also but a "series of successive reconstructions"? What is the history of a single germ-cell but the replica, in miniature, of pralayas and manvantaras—the picture of the universe mirrored in an atom?

Seeing, then, that Death is as much an expression of the law of periodicity as Life—that the two, in short, are mutually related—we have to enquire into the noumenon of that law, since, if our logic be correct, it will be found to contain the secret which lies at the basis of Death.

Now *The Secret Doctrine*, in the passage just quoted, seems plainly to affirm that the cause of the successive reproductions of Nature, on all the planes of her Being, is Motion. And more than this; Motion is declared to be the Alpha and Omega of this periodicity—not the cause merely, but the beginning and the ending, the very nature of the phenomenon itself. In fact, what we recognize as a law, and place behind the recurrence of cycles, and the manifestation of the principle

of opposites, is none other than this same eternal attribute, the only analogy of the Unknown that is permissible to finite Intelligence.

Let us look at this principle of Motion from its highest conceivable aspect, and try to discover the profound philosophical meaning which the word is intended to convey. We read of its origin in the First Cause, or Unmanifested Logos. Says *The Secret Doctrine* (vol. i. p. 118, *n.e.* p. 143):

The first Cause is Infinite or Unlimited. . . . That which produces a limit is analogous to Motion.

Here is a definition of Motion, or its analogy, vibration, which will do for our purpose—"that which produces a limit." The very essence of limitation is change; the very essence of Motion is change in the form of alternation. But an alternation of what? What is it that alternates, and what are the alternatives? To put it briefly, I think we may say that Motion is an effort of the One Principle to show, in successive stages, and in alternate states of Being, the component parts of Its inscrutable nature.

However these alternate conditions may be defined—as the state which manifests through matter, and the state which apparently discards that vehicle, or substitutes for it another more subtle—two distinct phases of Spirit are involved, whose alternations appear to result in the perpetual regeneration and reproduction of the One Principle. The process, we are told, is analogous to a perfect circular motion; that which proceeds from the centre to the periphery being regarded as Spirit objectivized, feminine, and passive; that which reëmerges on the opposite side of the arc, and passes back from periphery to centre, becoming Spirit subjective, regenerated, active. Motion is the "One Life, Jivâtma." Viewed from one aspect, it is the Cause of that Fohatic Energy which starts into activity the Great Law of Cosmic Evolution. It is, in short, the eternal reproduction of Spirit from Itself, and through Itself, from whatever plane Its action is studied; whether in the successive evolution of universes, in the gyrations of the particles of a stone, or in the regularly recurring cycles of human birth and death.

Let us now apply this principle a little more closely to the subject in hand. All through life we—the reflection of Spirit—are generating, by means of material existence, fresh forces, renewed spiritual energy, larger experiences, greater fulness of life. If this be not so, then human life has no meaning. The imprisoned God sometimes rebels against his fetters; dimly realizing what he was, and what he might be, he loathes the chains which bind him down to earth. He forgets that his action in matter is merely one phase of the Law which is his very self. Through matter he is born again; the ills of life are his birth-throes, from which he will presently emerge, a completer and more glorious thing, by reason of this term of training in self-consciousness.

And then the pendulum passes its lowest point, and swings in the upward direction; the reactionary movement sets in; Spirit enters the second arc of Its circular motion; It is reborn into the liberty of subjective life, therein to develop the forces which objective life had painfully generated.

Death, then, is a movement of the One Life from the periphery to the centre. It is the inevitable result of incarnated existence. Away, therefore, in the light of a rational Philosophy, with the notion of gloom and despair that has unjustly branded Death as the King of Terrors. Away, too, for ever, with the popular religious misconception that it is an unnatural condition brought about through sin. Death is no more unnatural than life, and is regulated by laws as unalterable and as just as those which control the physical state, of which it is the necessary complement.

But this theory cuts both ways. If Death is not to be regarded as an evil, neither is Life. The Pessimism which extols the subjective condition, at the expense of the objective, and which is apt to regard the upward movement of the circle as true Being, and the downward as unnatural, evil and extraneous, may be true from a certain standpoint, but it must not be pushed too far. Neither Life nor Death are unnatural conditions; neither are evils; neither are unmitigated goods, else there would be no necessity for their incessant alternation. Both must be accepted with equanimity as necessary and complementary phases of the manifested action of the One Principle which embodies itself in human life. But Spirit does not only regenerate itself through the death of the body. Its incessant alternations, to which we have given the names life and death, can find their analogy also in the operations of Karma. Through every moment of his existence man is reproducing himself. *Pari passu* with the process that builds up the physical molecules, a still more marvellous work is going on, which results in the evolution of a spiritual being out of the essence of that which evolves. Mystery of mysteries! Ourselves are built out of ourselves the builders!

In the workings of this law, we may see, without straining our metaphor, the same ever-recurring series of deaths and resurrections, births and re-births; forces generated through matter; forces reacting upon matter, to be yet again reproduced by their own energy.

Karma represents a complete, unbroken circle of Spirit regenerated by action. It is not, therefore, difficult to carry the analogy into the common-places of daily life, and watch our death and re-birth in the events, thoughts and actions of an hour. We act; and force is thereby liberated. Sometimes we think the action dead, and straightway prepare a funeral. It does not die, but only completes its circle, and will presently return with a reactionary impulse proportionate to that which gave it birth.



We know nothing of the transformation process of an act once it has passed within the veil of the subjective. So each fresh moment records a death in body, mind and soul, as each new hour records a resurrection.

CHARLOTTE E. WOODS.

(To be concluded.)

p. 483

## The Veil of Maya.

(Continued from p. 298.)

### CHAPTER V (continued).

SIX months had passed since Julian and Gallia had sealed their friendship with a kiss.

Caia sat alone; the little figure was more slender than ever, the little face very thin and very white, there were big circles like bruises beneath the tender eyes. She bowed her head on her hands and sighed; for a whole month she had not seen her patrician lover. The old grandame had once spoken of him, spoken angrily and invoked a curse upon his head. She had been checked by a cry so pitiful that she had never referred again to Julian of Adullia.

Caia's gentle eyes gazed sadly through the open door; a shadow darkened the threshold—Julian stood in the doorway. He looked older; there was a restless light in his handsome eyes which little Caia had never called there. He entered, took the little hand and raised it to his lips—respectfully, gently, but, alas! no longer lovingly. The girl's cheek did not flush; in that gentle, cold homage she learnt the truth that the poor little child-heart had fought back with desperate strength till now.

"Hail to thee, dear Caia."

"The Gods bless thee and shield thee," said the child, softly and steadily.

"It is long since I saw thee, Caia."

"Aye, very long, noble Julian."

"I have thought of thee much—thou believest that?"

"I believe thee."

"And I have come to see thee now——" he hesitated.

"To say that thou comest nevermore, is it not so?"

"Caia, dear Caia, what shall I say to thee?"

"Thou wilt say, I think—nay, I will say it for thee, for I would save thee pain, and what is a little pang more or less to me?—'The shadow of another hath come between us. I love a noble lady, and I love not thee.'"

"Caia, forgive me, forget me. I am not worthy thee!"

"I do forgive thee, but I shall not forget thee."

"Aye, wilt thou, sweet, and wed a worthier."

"Ah!" she gave a cry, "not that! Ah, thou knowest not a maid's heart; thou should'st not have said that."

"Forgive me; but thou art so young, dear child."

"Am I so young? Sometimes I deem nay—sometimes yea. Too young, too foolish and little and weak to face this great world."

"Dear, wilt let me be thy friend?"

The girl smiled sadly and shook her head.

"Thou art deceived, noble Julian," she said; "thou canst not be my friend, for I love thee. Perhaps I am bold to say so, yet I think not so; for if I ceased to love, that love so lightly given, so lightly withdrawn, would be a shame to me. Now, may the Gods bless thee, and bless—her."

"Caia, I have wronged thee foully, but not so foully as to pledge to thee a false heart. Wilt thou scorn me?"

The child smiled.

Better her sun-parched leaflets  
On the sod,  
Since that dear death was giv'n her  
By a God.

"Rememberest thou? I prithee go now, noble Julian."

He knelt and kissed the hem of her white robe; then, his head bowed, his eyes on the ground, he left her.

Caia swayed, tottered and fell, striking her temple violently against a stone bench built into the wall.

Gallia sat before her mirror, richly robed. She turned from the contemplation of her charms, as Myrrha, her favourite slave, announced the presence of Julian.

"Admit him, Myrrha, and withdraw."

The girl obeyed. Julian entered; he was in festal array. He was pale, his eyes were gloomy till they lighted on Gallia, then they gleamed eagerly.

"Sweet Gallia."

"Ah, dear Julian," her smile was tender.

"Whither goest thou?"

"To the house of the mother of Lepidus; and thou?"

"To the palace."

"Thou'rt a favourite at court."

He did not answer; he took her hand.

"Gallia, thou knowest well that I love thee; to-night I do not tell thee aught that thou knowest not. Thou art my queen, my love, my life, to thee I have given my very soul. Gallia, wilt wed with me?"

Gallia smiled.

"And Caia?" she asked drily.

"'Tis a just reproach, but not from thee. Till I saw thee I loved her, though not as I worship thee, my life. I sinned towards her for love of thee."

"I thank thee. Had not the patrician pleased thee better than the plebeian it might have been Gallia thou hadst sinned towards. Go to! Thou didst dangle between fair-haired Caia and brown Gallia, doubtful which of the twain thou should'st bless. Didst think to soothe thy vanity with the tears of the patrician dame wept for thy marriage with the pretty singer? Thy arrogance deserves thy chastisement."

"Thou dost not love me?"

"No more than I value one of these flowers."

She tossed it, laughing, on the marble floor, and crushed it beneath her foot.

"Gallia! thou jestest!"

"Thou seest thou art not so easily able to turn the head of the patrician as of the little plebeian."

"Thou art but trying me. For thee I have wronged the sweetest, purest flower of Rome."

"Did I ask thee to do this?"

"Aye, thou didst. Didst not woo me to thy house, didst not suffer me to kiss thee and hold thee unproved in mine arms?"

"How long hast ceased to be the affianced husband of Caia? But a few hours. Till then thou wast hers, and I thy toy."

"Thou hast never been so. I swear I love thee with my whole soul."

"I thank thee, noble Julian. I prithee give me leave to depart."

"Thou shalt not go; thou hast deceived me."

"As thou Caia—true!"

"I against my will have wronged her. I would unlove thee if I could; but thou hast blighted two lives for thy sport."

"Farewell, I must begone. Lepidus waits me."

"Who is he that he should come between us?"

"He is—my future husband."

"Gods! thou'rt mad! 'Tis false!"

"'Tis true."

Julian stood with folded arms.

"This I deserve," he said, "though not from thee. Caia is as much above me, as I, I swear, am above thee. I have been cruel to her, I have never lied to her."

He left her, and plunging into the wild revelry of one of Nero's foul orgies, became oblivious alike of Gallia's mocking beauty and Caia's sweet, pale face. But the next morning the thought of his tender, childish love returned to him. He wished to see her, and now

that he was rejected of Gallia he thought he might do so. It was a selfish thought, but there is nothing so selfish as a man or woman in love; the most that can be expected in such a case is that he or she should be unselfish towards the loved one.

He walked to the poor dwelling and knocked. The old grandame answered him.

“Good mother,” said Julian, “is Caia within?”

The old woman stared at him momentarily, then she made answer.

“Yea, noble sir.”

“Can I see her?”

“Yea.”

Julian entered. The old woman hobbled towards the inner room.

“Enter, noble Julian.”

Julian entered. Upon a narrow couch lay a little white-robed figure, strewn with lilies; two little thin hands folded on the gentle breast, the sad eyes closed, a small livid mark upon one temple.

“Just Gods! What horror is this? She is not *dead*?”

The old woman gave a savage cry.

“Aye,” she screamed, “dead! my Caia! The Furies pursue thee for ever! Thou didst break the little tender heart, and kill the life in my child’s soul, till the blow that slew the body was the best mercy of the Gods. The words that made her swoon, *they* slew my Caia, not the stone against which she fell.”

“When—when?”

“She was dead when I found her, my little flower! Murderer! thou hast slain a babe and left mine age desolate. Thou and thy wanton hast killed my darling. What shall hinder me to curse—to curse——”

She fell to the ground in convulsions.

Julian did not heed her. He was staring at the white purity of the faded “Rose of the Briar.” He fell on his knees and hid his face in the soft draperies shrouding the slender figure. Dead! the tender child who had loved him. And it was no use to whisper that he was sorry. She was gone—it was over. He took one of the lilies that lay between the dead fingers, kissed the dead brow and turned away.

He lingered a few days longer in Rome and determined to go to Aduilia.

The games were being held at the circus. As he went forth he beheld Gallia driving thither. Her equipage was regal; it was her usual custom to go abroad in a closed litter, but now she displayed her beauty to all gazers, seated in a chariot drawn by four Arabian horses.

Julian turned away with a sigh. He had scarcely gone four paces when he heard a shriek of terror. Gallia’s chariot was returning at a furious rate of speed; the horses had taken fright at a train of elephants on their way to the circus; the charioteer had been flung violently

forth and lay dying in the road. Julian caught sight of the face of Gallia, drawn, ghastly, with despairing eyes and set lips. On flew the swinging chariot, till one of the horses fell, and horses, chariot and beautiful woman lay in a dust-smothered heaving heap.

Julian of Adullia remembered nothing till he found himself holding the woman he loved in his arms; she was senseless, one arm swung helpless and broken at her side, a deep cut was upon the drooping head, from which the blood welled and soaked the perfumed jewel-bound hair. Julian, white as Gallia herself, summoned a passing litter, despatched a slave for a physician, then walked beside the litter to the home whence Gallia had issued forth in the glow of health, in the June of womanly beauty, but half an hour previously.

The aged grandmother of Caia sat at home and wept the loss of her gentle granddaughter; the old woman's eyes, red with weeping, were sullen and savage. The compassionate neighbour who tended her entered.

"Joy, worthy mother, for thou'rt avenged. She is thrown from her chariot; her beauty hath fled, her lover hath left her; she is dead in body though her brain liveth; she curseth the hour of her nativity. Thy Caia is avenged."

"Juno, queen of heaven! Dian, patroness of virgins! I thank ye! Yet the wanton hath a soft couch, docile slaves, kinsfolk, dainty food, light, warmth, physician's skill. Would to the Gods that she might lie in some noisome cellar, hungry and cold, faint and sorrowful. Now will I go forth and taunt her; I will press home the iron into her soul."

She rose and passed out, a fiendish joy upon her witch-like face. She sought the house of Gallia and demanded admission.

"Tell the noble dame," she said, "that I bring her a medicine of great potency."

She was admitted. Gallia lay helpless on her couch, her form wasted by agony; colour and brilliancy had fled, her eyes were hollow and despairing, her hair had been clipped in order to dress the wound upon her head, one arm was bandaged. She turned piteous eyes upon the old woman.

"Greeting," she said. "Approach, for I cannot speak loudly; I am spent and weak. Thou bringest me a potion?"

"Aye, lady; but dismiss thy slaves."

"Begone, Myrrha, and take the rest with thee. Now for thy potion, good dame."

"I have distilled it well. Shall I tell thee of all that went to make it, ere I set it to thy lips?"

"Aye, kind mother."

"The dead heart of a pure maid, a heart that brake ere it stilled;

the drops she wept for her false lover; the tears wept by an old woman for her darling's pain, her bitter hate, her curse—these go to make the potion; now add to it thy pain, thy lost beauty. Thy fair limbs are shrunken, a helpless log thou liest; mayst thou so lie long! May the memory of thy joyful past add pangs to thy bitter present! Who loves the hollow-hearted wanton when her beauty goes?"

"Gods! Who art thou, thou cruel woman?"

"I am the grandame of Caia, who is dead of grief. It is thy turn, thou evil dame, to taste of cruelty. Taste thou! drink deeply! sicken at the draught."

"Myrrha, save me! Juno, have mercy!"

"Is that the voice of Gallia? Faint and hoarse! Julian gazed on the face of the dead Caia and it was fair, and so he pitied her; but thy face is foul."

"Get thee gone! I will not bear it!"

"Let the noble lady rise; let her put me forth by her own strength! Let her call; the voice of Gallia is as a silver bell."

The unhappy woman made a frantic effort to drag herself up by the unbroken arm, and sank back groaning.

"What aileth Gallia?" mocked the old woman. "Is she spent with weeping for Lepidus who hath fled, or doth she regret Julian whom she dismissed? Call him! He scarce will come, for thou'rt ugly, old, worn and shrunken. Julian will never seek thee more, and——"

"Thou liest, whosoever thou art," said a man's voice.

Gallia shrieked. Julian had flung back the curtain. The old woman laughed.

"Nay! she is humbler now," she cried; "she will haply entertain thee now. Look at her; is she fair?"

"Aye, for I love her. Go! Thou, by thy hatred, wrongest thy dear, dead child more than I have done."

The aged dame wailed woefully; she crossed the shining marble floor and went out. Julian knelt beside the helpless figure.

"Shudderest thou not at me? Nay! thou'rt glad."

"Glad at thy pain, nay, never!"

"Lepidus hath left me! I am maimed, hideous, alone for ever."

"Sendest thou me from thee, life of my life, that thou sayest alone for ever?"

"Nay, thou sendest thyself."

"Nay, I love thee."

"Dost thou love the cripple, helpless, paralyzed for life? Wilt thou forgive and be my friend?"

"Gallia, wilt wed with me, that I may ever be by thee to tend and cheer thee?"

She burst into tears.

"Lo! I cannot move, my beauty is gone, and I was never wise, nor

even good—not that a woman's goodness be much in the eyes of a man."

"Thou art Gallia; it is enough."

"O Julian! thou doest what I could never do were I thee."

"Because thou scarce dost love me, sweet, but thou wilt learn to love me more."

"Yea. Kiss me. The Gods shield thee."

He stooped and kissed the poor white lips, and, like a tired child, she nestled the bandaged head upon his shoulder.

It was the evening of Gallia's wedding day; she lay helpless on her couch, propped by the tender strength of the man who had given his life to her.

"Julian," she said, "I marvel at thee; I would give thy love now to have back my beauty and my strength. I hate pain; I love light, warmth, and luxury. I could not wed me to one sick, sorrowful and ugly. On what is poor and mean I have no pity. Now wherefore lovest thou me?"

"Because thou art Gallia."

The light from the west streamed on Gallia's face.

"Dear love," she said, "I repent my cruelty to thee; haply it had been better had I been plain and poor, for it is hard for a fair, rich woman to be good; haply too I should have learned to be more sorry for others. I should not have wed with thee; 'twas wrong to thee, though sweet to me."

"If sweet to thee, 'tis doubly sweet to me, for the Gods know I love thee."

She lay still, smiling. Suddenly her face changed.

"Hold me to thee," she muttered. "Do not leave me, husband. Something cometh upon me. Gods! is this death?"

"Nay, nay, my Gallia!"

A grey hue had gathered upon her face.

"Art thou there?" she gasped. "Yea, this is death! I cannot see thee!"

"I am near thee, O my beloved."

She gave a cry.

"Oh, I do not want to die! It is so dark, so cold, and I cannot bear pain and cold. I was happy with thee!"

"My wife! canst not see me?"

"Nay, it is dark. Kiss me! Art thou kissing me? Gods! my lips grow cold; I cannot feel thee. Thinkest thou we shall meet in the Elysian fields?"

"The Gods forbid else! But thou wilt live."

"Nay, I see the waters of the Styx before—before—— Julian! hold me! Ah—h—h!"

A shudder shook her frame, her head fell back, her bosom heaved with laboured breaths; they fluttered—stopped—recommenced—stopped again—and this time for ever.

Gallia the patrician had followed Caia the plebeian, and Julian of Adullia was left lonely to his life's end.

## CHAPTER VI.

### HAY, THE THIEF.

THE pillory stood in the market-place; it was a good spot—well chosen—for thereby evil-doers were the more thoroughly exposed to the reprobation of the virtuous.

There were two culprits expiating their sins on that bad eminence, one of the gentler, the other of the sterner sex. The woman was placed there for drunkenness; she had first been ducked for being a "shrew," and though it was a nice clear frost she still wore her dripping garments. She had stood there since noon; it was now near sunset.

The other sinner was very young; he might have been sixteen, certainly not more than seventeen, and his crime was robbing the hen-roost of the worshipful Justice who had condemned him. He was of medium height, and excessively slender; he looked like a gipsy, being very dark and having long, tangled, curly hair, enormous dark eyes and very white teeth. The face was small, oval, delicately-featured and deathly white; it was not handsome, but was to a certain extent winning; he looked very delicate, he shook with the cold, and he was incredibly shabby and untidy.

The sun set; the stalwart administrator of justice released the guilty ones. The mob hooted a little, not much—it was an every-day occurrence; the woman descended sobbing, her husband led her away.

No one claimed acquaintance with the gipsy; he too descended, he raised his arms and stretched himself slowly and rather stiffly, and winced as he did it. He had inaugurated his punishment at the whipping-post. Those were the good old days of Queen Bess of glorious memory, when things were not made too pleasant for offenders.

"Look to it that thou dost no farther ill, thou young knave," said the myrmidon of the law; "I warrant me thou'lt stretch a rope one of these fine days."

"Ah," said the gipsy, "I trow, good master, I have enough to serve me this day."

He walked away and vanished from the square; he lounged slowly along, it was very cold, and he was hungry. He hesitated, then he crossed the road and begged rather timidly of a portly passenger. The citizen scanned him.

"Thou impudent beggar," quoth he, "thou'rt just released from the pillory."



The boy looked frightened. "Aye, sir," he said faintly, "but I must live."

"I see not the need on't," retorted the other. "Thou'rt a thief, I trow. Let me catch thee begging in Lexminster streets again, and I'll send thee to gaol. Get thee gone."

He walked on; the boy waited till he was out of earshot, then cursed him volubly, sat down in a doorway and sobbed. He did not long indulge in this exercise; he checked his sobs, which had been tearless, shivered, coughed, rose and walked on. There was a baker's shop at the corner and freshly baked manchets were displayed there. The boy lingered near, gazed, and finally entered the shop behind a comely dame who purchased bread. He did not beg, he slipped a manchet from the counter and put it in the breast of his doublet, then he turned. The portly citizen was entering the shop, and had seen the action.

"Ho, there, a gipsy vagabond! Stop thief!"

The pilferer snatched up the tray of manchets, flung tray and all violently in the face of his betrayer, and ere he recovered from the shock pushed past him and ran like a deer. The cry arose behind him, "Stop thief!" Fortunately for the fugitive there were few passengers in the streets, it being very cold. The boy ran on, his heart leaping, his brain throbbing; he drew his breath with difficulty, for he was threatened with consumption, but terror gave him strength. Mercy, for such as he was, was unknown. To be taken meant the horrors of an Elizabethan prison—possibly gaol-fever; it meant the cart's-tail and the beadle's whip. After his morning's experience the thought turned him sick with dread—he ran like a hare. He turned down a narrow alley—it was deserted; at the end stood an inn, the shutters were closed, an oil lamp flickered over the door, it lighted an open window, a dark window, the only one open in the whole house. Faint, exhausted, sore as he was, he scaled the porch, scrambled on to the ledge, dropped into the room, and lay spent and half-suffocated upon the floor—safe! He was safe for the time being from his pursuers. He got his breath and sat up. The room was small, it was hung with tapestry, it was lighted by the lamp without. He peered cautiously round and rose; in the centre of the room was a bed, drawn out from the wall. The boy approached it, and recoiled with a cry. He was alone, yet not alone, for on the bed lay a corpse; it were sufficiently startling for an older person to find himself suddenly in such company. Gradually he steadied his shaken nerves and drew nearer. The face was uncovered—it was a young face, smooth, fair and handsome, the face of a lad little older, if at all, than the gipsy. The features were composed, the eyes closed, the hands folded, there was the faint inscrutable smile of the dead upon the lips. The living boy stared at the dead, he drew his breath in a sigh.

"It's your luck," he said in a whisper.

He stooped and scrutinized the face more closely. Suddenly he started; his quick ear had caught the sound of footsteps in the passage. He dropped to the floor and crawled under the bed. The key turned; two men entered.

"Good lack, neighbour, and ye know not who the young gentleman may be?"

"That do I not, gossip; he came but two days since and fell ill of the fever. A civil, comely young gentleman. My Cicely nursed him, and we summoned the leech, who let him blood; but he died at dawn this day. Little enow in his pockets—his clothes lie there yet. There is a packet of papers; but wot ye, good gaffer, I am no scholar, nor my Cicely neither; but to-morrow is market day, and the good Parson Luttrell cometh hither to see a cock fight; he is a learned clerk, as ye know—to him will I show the papers."

"A marvellous good thought, good host. Alack! 'tis a fair face. Poor lad!"

"Aye, sooth. A right straight and proper young gentleman. My Cicely wept sore for him. Will you walk, good gossip? Supper is ready, and mulled ale. 'Tis a shrewd air."

They departed, the key grated in the lock, the living boy crept from beneath the bed.

His was by no means an unimpressionable temperament, but hard necessity had made him reckless, and had rendered him impervious to considerations without the pale of practical well-being.

The quiet, inoffensive dead was preferable as a companion to the beadle and his whip; he was quite safe here for the night.

Alas! it must be spoken: he crept to the heap of clothes and searched the pockets; he transferred the money therein to his own. Then he came upon the packet of letters, there might be money there too; he took it to the window, there was no more money, but there were four legal looking documents, and an unsealed letter, directed:

"These to Master Anselm Barwick, leech," and an address in London.

The gipsy vagabond had learned to read; being keener than lightning he rapidly assimilated knowledge. He examined the documents, partly from curiosity, partly because the silent presence was affecting his over-strained nerves, and occupation was becoming a necessity.

One was a certificate of marriage between Richard Barwick and Dameris Allen, dated some twenty years previously, another a certificate of the death of Dameris Barwick, another of the death of Richard Barwick, dated only three weeks ago, the certificates of the birth and baptism of one Richard Barwick, son of Richard and Dameris Barwick,

this bore a date of seventeen years back. There remained but the letter; he opened it, it ran thus:

MYE DEERE AND HONOURED FATHER,—I, a synner nigh to departe (kind Iesu, have mercye onne mye poore soule), do adresse me to ye harte, ye wiche I wit well I have helpete to brake, beseching ye of your Xtian charitie to befriende mye sonne.

Ye sadde and sorrie plighte wherin I fiede, ye knowe too well. For many a yeere I gained mee mye dailie bredde in godlesse fashion, withe ye tayle of ye wiche I will notte greeve your soule. 'Tis twentie yeeres and more since I tooke to wyfe Dameris, chylde of Miles Allen, now deceased. Shee was in soothe a chaste and tenderre wyfe, ye more mye paine that shee died inne childe bed, in bearing mine onlie sonne, Richard. I have naught to leeve him save my blessinge, and nowe I wit well I drawe nigh to deathie, I feere me of hys fayte.

Hee is a goode and gallante youthe, and ever duteous unto mee, hys unworthie father; if of your love and forgivenessse ye will receive hym as a kynsman, I have charged hym to paye ye dutie hee hath ever payde to me, unto a worthier object, hys honoured grandsire. Hee is butte seventeen, but I dare swear as goodlye a youthe as ther is in alle Englande. I committe hym, therfor, to youre love, and will beseche ye of your charitie to pray for ye soul of your loving and repentante sonne,

RICHARD BARWICK.

The boy read the letter with some difficulty; he glanced at the bed; there, without doubt, lay Richard Barwick the second, the "goode and gallante youthe," ætat seventeen; and he had been a lonely orphan, on his way to pray the compassion of his only relative, who had never seen him, and might now never know of his existence.

Stay! Who had never seen him! The swift brain of the hunted, ill-used vagabond had given birth to an idea.

The lad on the bed was dead, beyond the reach of cruelty or kindness. No one knew of these letters save the homeless wanderer who held them; he was sixteen—nearly seventeen—he—he— Surely he could do it? It only needed a little assurance. He did no wrong to Richard Barwick; and as for Master Anselm Barwick, leech, perhaps he was a crabbed old fellow who would deny him after all, and if not so, what then?

If he was received, he meant to behave well; he would be good, quiet, obedient, docile, everything that a "goode and gallante youthe" ought to be to a venerable grandsire.

He sat and meditated; then he rose and transferred the money back into the original pockets, softly undressed, and dressed in the dead lad's clothes; it was rather gruesome, he shivered a little; then he put the packet carefully away, rolled up his own garments, took one more half fearful glance at the dead face, and climbing from the window fled from Lexminster in the darkness.

I. P. H.

(To be continued.)

f. 465

## The Religions of Ancient Greece and Rome.

### THEIR UNDERLYING PSYCHIC FACTS, THEORIES AND SPECULATIONS.

*(Concluded from p. 191.)*

THE history of Rome externally was analogous to that of the Grecian States. There seemed lacking, however, that accessibility to spiritual influence. The Roman paid heed scrupulously to the externals of religion, and even to augury and divination; but it was his study always to be practical and utilitarian. The national religion, more than elsewhere, included the machinery of government. Rome then, as now, had her Supreme Pontiff, her sacred college and an elaborate ritual of worship. These were above everything else, and it was long believed that the formularies of worship had exceeding influence with the Godhead.<sup>1</sup> In the public services these were often repeated, lest an omission or blunder should interpose to destroy their efficacy. Wars were undertaken, battles fought or avoided, according as the omens indicated. It was said by a Hebrew prophet:

The King of Babylon stood at the parting of the way, at the head of two ways to use divination; he made his arrows bright, he consulted with teraphim, he looked in the liver.

So, too, did the Pontiff at Rome, and it was believed that the mind of the Divinity was thus revealed. Only men of the priest-caste, the patricians, were regarded as thus favoured. The plebeians were not considered Romans, or permitted access to the worship. Even their marriages were decried as nullities and they had no rights before the law. The later kings of Rome had endeavoured to help them; two were murdered and one dethroned.

With other peoples religious faiths took form from their peculiar genius, but the Roman Commonwealth seems to have given no place to sentiment or imagination. Religion did not make Rome so much as Rome prescribed what should be religion. Fatherland was supreme

---

<sup>1</sup> The employing of "barbarous terms" in the ancient temples and initiatory rites is noticed by Porphyry. The various chants and invocations were in a "sacred language," not understood by the laity, as they were considered "profane," and therefore unworthy of participating. Thus the Sanskrit is now used in India, and Latin in the Roman Churches, after the same pattern. The Mithraic rites, which became well nigh universal, were characterized by a like practice. It would seem that the Hierophant, or initiating priest, had the "barbarous" or Chaldaic title of Peter, signifying the Expounder. This will seem to account for the tradition of the Apostle Peter at Rome, and the pretension of the Roman Pontiff to be Peter's successor. The "chair of Peter" at Rome was examined many years ago and exhibited astrological symbols and the Moslem creed.

above all Gods. The State was above all, and directed what divinities the people should worship, what rites they should observe, what oracles and modes of divination they should employ. The Bacchic worship was introduced from Greece, but as its rites were different from those already in use, and as it called into exercise the emotions and pointed out a spiritual life, it was speedily outlawed and prohibited as endangering the existence of the Republic.

For a time after the conquest of Asia Minor by Pompey the worship of Mithras was introduced and spread over the entire Roman world. This was an Oriental religion, taking its origin from Persia and the Euphrates valley, and many of its peculiar rites were carried into the succeeding religion.

It is no wonder that the Romans considered themselves a religious people above others. The Church was the State. There were more Gods than inhabitants. Every phenomenon of nature, every human relation, every person and place, every virtue, quality and even physical function had a superintending genius or divinity. Every pursuit of life, every festival, every diversion, marriage, inheritance and contract was regulated by a system which the Pontiffs had prescribed. This goes very far to explain the traditional gravity of Roman manners. There was nothing spontaneous, nobody free.

Philosophy finally interposed to break the chains which held fast thought and enterprise. Dropping the metaphors and symbols which were employed at the oracles and mystic rites, it essayed to enquire for truth in language plain to all, and to instruct in speech easy to understand. The conquests of Persia had made the learning of Egypt and India accessible to the world. The Ionian sages were first to receive and promulgate the Wisdom Religion. Pythagoras taught it in Magna Grecia; Anaxagoras and the Sophists in Attika. In the schools of Athens it received a European adaptation and was transmitted thence to other countries, to be preserved to later ages. Plato taught the epistêmê or over-knowledge, and that justice was superior to the laws of the State. The Philosophers who accepted these teachings became indifferent to public affairs, and were often persecuted as cherishing principles subversive of those upon which every ancient commonwealth had been founded. Zeno uttered this sentiment more distinctly than those who preceded him. He declared the individual man superior to the institutions; that the supreme merit was not to be a citizen of a country and existing for the State, but to be an upright man living in obedience to the Supreme Divinity. The hymn of Kleantes, acknowledging Zeus as Universal Father, declaring mankind to be his offspring and divine justice the ruler of all, became the religious creed of thinkers everywhere.

When Rome became supreme in Italy, she admitted the priest-families and nobility of the other countries as citizens and adopted

their tutelary Gods in her Pantheon. In this way came numerous divinities of similar name and distinct character, and the incessant round of festivals and other observances which Ovid enumerates in his calendar.

The assimilation of foreign religions, however, was but a part of the results. A cultured people, even in a subject condition, is certain to acquire a powerful influence over the less refined. The Roman over-lords were rude and barbarous. They began to succumb to Grecian ideas. It was impossible for conservatives like Cato to arrest the tide. Grecian art, Grecian learning and Grecian manners swept all before them. Philosophy had also its adherents. Choice souls adopted the lessons of the Academy; others accepted the Stoic doctrines; while in higher circles, even in the ranks of the priesthood, Epikuros had his followers. Grecian schools were thronged by pupils from the noble families of Rome.

The public worship was maintained with more scrupulousness than ever. It was openly declared that this was solely because it was necessary to keep the common people in order. But in their own circle the Supreme Pontiffs avowed their disbelief. Cicero represents Cotta as denying the existence of the Gods. As a *priest* he believed, but *his reason denied*. The elder Pliny, though he was credulous in regard to charms and omens, yet boldly affirmed that the belief in divinity taking part in human affairs, and the dream of existing after death, were foolish delusions. A century and a half before this Julius Cæsar himself did not hesitate to declare in the Senate Chamber that there was no future life, and Cato the Censor approved the sentiment. Yet both had held priestly offices, one as Censor and the other as Supreme Pontiff.

Thus had the ancient religions fallen into decay. Liberty of conscience took their place. The human soul was no more to be enthralled by local worship and patriotism, but was restored to its citizenship in heaven.

We have not given attention in this thesis to those phenomena and occurrences usually attributed to supernatural agencies. Classic literature abounds with them. We may by no means ignore them or consider them as extraneous matters. We may agree with Hannibal to prefer the counsel of intelligent men above the omens of an animal's carcass; but we would not contemn those phenomena which transcend the limits of the ordinary understanding. We esteem the facts and theories, however, as psychic, and as pertaining directly to the human personality and subjective character rather than to the notions which relate to marvellous occurrences. We do not quite consider a worship as being essentially a religion.

It is plain, however, that the underlying theory of the ancient faith—or perhaps we should say the faiths—of the former period was

spiritual. The spirits of the dead were regarded as active in supervising and shaping the careers of the living. This belief constituted every family and tribe a sacred band, and made every household tie a part of the religion. The fundamental law was indeed:

Thou shalt love thy neighbour or kinsman and hate thine enemy or person of another stock.

Out of the family grew the Commonwealth, invested and hedged about by the same sanctities. It was a Church including the State rather than the State having a Church establishment. This theory accounts for many of the customs and peculiar actions which later generations considered absurd and even ridiculous.

Thus the earlier religions were developed from the belief in the immortality of the human Soul. This is a belief founded in the nature of humankind, in the innermost recesses of our being. Its source is in the affections themselves; no one who loves ever believes or imagines any end of existence. It persists through every change of condition, and we all instinctively and intuitively expect a fuller, larger life. It rules all our convictions; infills our thought; it inspires veneration, our highest and noblest quality; it impels to the building of altars and temples for worship; it leads us to our greatest sacrifices, the parting with what we hold dearest. Love made the human race necessary to the Divine Being, and it makes God necessary to every Soul.

Joined to this belief in immortality was the conception that dæmons and divinities, human in character and quality, but superior in nature and endowments, existed everywhere, and controlled the various occurrences and phenomena of the greater world. It thus became a part of the policy of nations to seek to learn the will of these divinities. Oracles were consulted; and prophets as the spokesmen and interpreters of their utterances were rivals of the priests. Sometimes as in ancient Judea (*Jeremiah*, xxix. 26) the latter class were able to prohibit the others, but in the long run the more spiritual belief was certain to hold its own. The altars and public festivals were less regarded, and initiations were employed to develop entheasm and exalt the Soul into communion with Divinity. We would not admit that this was an empty delusion. These rites were the outgrowth of conviction and aspirations for a life higher than that of the senses. When the former worship had developed the superior faculty, its uses came to an end, and the spirituality which had sustained it was transferred to its successor. In the epopteia—the apocalyptic vision of the perfecting rite—doubtless men like Plato were brought, so to speak, face to face with God. Minds do not form such concepts except there is in them a core, a substratum of truth.

Despite the scepticism which came into view among the chief men of Rome, the introduction of Philosophy was productive of renovation. There was no violent breaking with the past, but the old rituals and

beliefs were left to those who found delight in them. As, however, men lost faith in the old religion, Philosophy was present to show them what was better. If Gods were no more to be found in rites and sacred observances, or in the phenomena of the external world, there was divinity in the human Soul itself. Says Seneca:

A holy spirit sits in every heart, and treats us as we treat it.

This is the belief which honeycombed the old religions of Greece and Rome and swept them like chaff off the threshing floor. It saved the Empire when that salvation was necessary for the world's welfare. We are assured that ten righteous men would have saved Sodom in her calamity, but she had them not. Happily for Rome, she fell not with the Cæsars, because there were still Antonines in reserve. Even in the revolutions of later ages, the same divine revelation has continued to restore, renew, and uphold—not a dogma merely, but spirit and life.

ALEXANDER WILDER, M.D.

---

## The Meaning and the Use of Pain.

[A lecture given at the Blavatsky Lodge.]

I PROPOSE to take for to-night a matter which is full of deep interest, I think, to everyone, as everyone comes in the way of it—the Meaning and the Use of Pain. First of all as to the meaning. You may remember that when I was speaking here, I think the last time, I tried to explain to you something of the nature of man and the way in which man's true Self, his innermost Self, was to be regarded as the man working in the different bodies or sheaths, and so manifesting consciousness in different ways. You may remember that I laid considerable stress on the fact that it is always the Self that is working, and that if we want to understand the human constitution we must realize that the spiritual Self lies at the root of all activities, and that the different characteristics of the activities depend not on a difference in the Self, but on a difference in the medium—or the qualities—through which it is at work. Now, I want you to start with that conception to-night, adding to it another which I think I mentioned previously, but which is essential for the work that I have to do now—to explain to you the meaning and the use of pain.

The spiritual Self is conscious on its own plane from the very beginning. Offspring of the Universal Consciousness, what else could it be? But as it descends into this manifested universe, and as it clothes itself in body after body, or in sheath after sheath, the eyes, so to speak, of the Self become blinded by these successive veils that it



wraps around it, and so when it arrives at the lowest stage of its manifestation—this physical universe in which we are—the Spirit has become blinded by Matter, and is no longer conscious of its own high destiny or of its own essential nature in the physical universe.

Now, it is this blinded Self, as we know, that comes into the manifested universe for the sake of learning and of gathering experience. Let us think of it for a moment as wearing those bodies that by this time must have become so familiar to you—the body in which it *thinks*, the mind or mentality; the body in which it *feels*, that we generally speak of as the “body of desire,” because feeling and desire are so very closely connected, and feelings of pleasure and of pain arise from contact with things from without which work on this body of desire and make it to be either attracted to or repelled from external objects.

Think, then, for a moment of the Self clothed in this body of desire, and blinded by it to its own real nature and to the true conditions in which it finds itself. It will be attracted by all sorts of external objects; attracted by those from which it gains the sensation of pleasure, repelled, of course, by those from which it feels the sensation of pain. So that coming into this world—of which it knows nothing, you must remember, for I am taking it in the very earliest stages of its experience—coming into this world of which it knows nothing, it will naturally be strongly attracted to that which gives it pleasure by contact, which makes it feel that which it recognizes as joy or happiness or content. Thus attracted to everything which appears to it desirable, it will often find that the gratification of desire is followed by suffering. Attracted by the desirable object, and without experience which would enable it to distinguish and to discriminate, it, as it were, flings itself towards this attractive thing, only knowing that it feels pleasure in the contact. Presently out of this contact, which was pleasurable, pain grows up, and by that pain it finds that it has flung itself against something that is not desirable, but repellent. And over and over and over again it will have this experience; constantly reiterated it will find this lesson, which is taught it by the external universe.

Let us take two very common animal appetites which, thus gratified and attracted by pleasure, turn into sources of pain. Let us take that of attractive food, which would work on the sense of taste, which is part of the body of desire; this food will attract the sense of taste, and the unconscious Spirit—unconscious, that is, on this plane as to the results that will follow—is run away with by this pleasure of contact; if I may repeat that old Eastern simile that I have used so often, that the senses are like horses that are yoked to the chariot of the body, and that carry away the Soul towards the objects of desire. It will gratify, then, the sense of taste to excess; it will pass into gluttony. The result of this gratification of the sense of taste without

experience will be the pain that will follow on the over-gratification. So again if it gratifies the sense of taste, say by over-drinking, by the taking of alcohol. There again pain will follow on the gratification of the immediate desire. And when this has been repeated over and over and over again, this Spirit—which as Soul is able to think—connects the two things together, connects the gratification of the desire with the pain which follows on that gratification, and in this way it gradually comes to understand that there are laws in the Universe connected with its physical body, and that if it comes into contact with those laws and tries to violate them, it will suffer as a result. It is just as though a person flung himself against an invisible wall and was bruised by the contact. Over and over again a person might thus fling himself, attracted by some object visible on the other side this invisible barrier; but if, every time, he bruised himself, he would learn to connect the going after that object with the pain which he felt. Thus there would grow up in his mind the idea of sequence, of cause and effect, of the relationship existing between the gratification and the suffering which followed after it; in this way there would become impressed on this infant Soul that is learning its lessons, that there is something in the world that is stronger than itself—a Law which it cannot break; a Law which it may endeavour to violate but which it cannot violate, and which will prove its existence by the suffering which is inflicted when the Soul flings itself against that barrier. And thus with object of desire after object of desire this lesson will be learned, until an accumulated mass of experience will gradually be gained by the Soul, and it will learn by pain to regulate its desires and no longer to let the horses of the senses gallop whithersoever they will, but to curb them and rein them in, and permit them only to go along the roads that are really desirable. Thus the lesson of self-control will be the result of this painful experience.

Now it may be said here, or thought, that after all we have this body of desire in common with the lower animal, and that the lower animal is in one curious way distinct from man: that it is mostly guided to the avoidance of this painful experience by what we call instinct; that while man has the experience constantly until he learns self-control, the animal by an innate inherited experience, as it has been called, which we speak of as instinct, is, to a very great extent at least, preserved from this experience of pain. And that is so. Observing the fact, we ask the reason. And the reason is not far to seek. First, I ought perhaps to say, in order to guard against possibility of mistake, that people to some extent exaggerate the force of instinct in the highest animals. In the lower animals the rule of instinct is fairly complete. In the higher animals it is less complete than in the lower, and some experience is often needed by them before the instinct becomes a thoroughly safe guide for them. And the

reason in their case, and the deeper reason in our own case, is this: that in man you have not only to deal with this body of desire—which, if it were alone, would be guided by an external law, which would direct it towards the objects that were healthful and health-giving and make it avoid the objects which were fatal or dangerous—but you have in man the coming in of the Soul: that is, of the individualized Spirit, which is not to be compelled by a Law from without, but evolved by a Law from within; it is not simply to be forced into conformity with outside Nature by the compulsion to which the mineral, the vegetable, and the animal kingdoms are subjected; it is no longer the case of evolution in the aggregate, of the collective evolution which, in order that it may take place effectively, must be under the control of an external Law. Man is to take his evolution into his own hands; his evolution is to be by experience and not by compulsion; for at this period of evolution Spirit has become individualized by the sheath of mind, and the accumulating experience of the reincarnating Soul is to take the place of the compulsory education of the lower realms in Nature.

And so it is the presence of Manas, or mind, in man that makes this element of pain so necessary a part of his education. He is able to remember, he is able to compare, he is able to draw this link of causation between the things that form the sequence of events; and just because he has this power of thought, of mind, he is able to take his growth into his own hands, that he may become a fellow-worker with Nature; not merely a brick as it were in her edifice, but a self-conscious builder, taking part in that building of the whole.

And so gradually by this education of pain, working upon mind through the body of desire, this knowledge of Law in the external Universe grows up. So that here the meaning of pain is hostile contact with Law, the effort to break Law that never can succeed; and the use of pain is the gaining of the knowledge of Law, and so the guiding and the education of the lower nature by the reasoning intelligence.

Let us pass from that view of pain to another. By pain this growing Soul has learned the existence of Law. The next use that is found in pain is a deeper one. By pain is rooted out desire for every object in the external universe, found, in the language of the *Bhagavad Gitâ*, to prove one of "the wombs of pain." Desire is that which draws the Soul to re-birth; desire is that which fundamentally causes the manifestation of the universe. It was when "Desire first arose in the bosom of the Eternal" that the germ of the manifested universe appeared; and so always it is desire that leads to manifestation—whether of the whole or of the part; and desire continually draws back the Soul over and over again to earth. Notice that it is desire which draws the Soul *outwards*, always outwards, to the external. And the education of the Soul consists in this passing out into the external,

gathering there all knowledge, and then by experience losing its taste for the external and carrying inwards the knowledge it has obtained. But suppose that objects of desire remained desirable, then there would be no end to the revolution of the wheel of births and deaths; then there could be no garnering, as it were, of knowledge, and no real evolution of the highest possibilities. For remember that human perfection is not the end of our growth; it is the end of the present cycle; but this is only the preparation for another, and those who become perfect men in the present cycle are those who, from the calmness of Nirvâna are to come out in the next period of manifestation no longer men to be educated, but Builders and Gods to guide the next manifested universe, passing on into that higher sphere of activity and utilizing there the experiences that here they have won. It is thus essential that these manifesting Souls that to-day are human but in future millenniums are to be Divine—it is necessary that they shall not only gather knowledge but shall also carry it back with them, and so make it part of their own future being; and in order that this may be done, desire must gradually change its nature until at last it vanishes away. The objects of the lowest external world must become undesirable to the Soul that has gained knowledge; the objects of each phase of the external world, subtle or physical, must become undesirable, everything must be become undesirable save the Eternal, which is the essence of the Soul itself: and so gradually the Soul learns by pain in the physical Universe to get rid of desire.

There is no other way in which desire can be conquered. You might, if there were no pain in the gratification of these external desires, you might by strong will hold back the horses and prevent them from galloping on that road along which you did not choose that they should go. But you want to do more than hold them back by force—that is a very elementary stage of the progress of the Soul: you want them no longer to *desire* to gallop after these objects; that is, you want to cut off the very root of desire, and that can only be by the objects that once attracted losing their power of attraction, so that they no longer can draw the Soul outwards; then the Soul, having exhausted everything that it can learn from the object, and having found it productive of pain in the end, no longer finds it desirable, but casts it aside, and carries away only the knowledge it has gained. For the Soul is like the bee that visits the flower; it does not need to remain always in the flower, it needs only the honey that the flower contains; when it has gathered the honey, the flower is no longer desirable to it. And when the Soul has gathered the honey of knowledge from the flowers of earth, then it is the use of pain that it no longer feels desire for the flower; it has gained from it all that is needed for the lesson, and the pain destroys desire and throws the Soul inward on itself. If you think it over at your leisure you will not, I think, be able to

invent any other way of really getting rid of desire. And unless you can get rid of desire for the things of the physical world, you will never feel the inner drawing, first to the things of the mind, and then to those of the Higher Life, which it is the very object of the Soul's evolution to make the experience of all that are born into the world.

But what other use has pain? We have found out two—the learning of Law and the gradual extirpation of desire. The next lesson that we learn through pain is the transitory nature of all that is not of the essence of the Spirit itself. In one of the many allegories of the Hindû Scriptures, you may read how the God of Death, looking at men and sorrowing over their sorrows, wept as he contemplated Humanity; and as the tears of Yama dropped upon the earth they turned into diseases and miseries which afflicted human kind. Why should the compassion of the God have turned into scourges for the torturing of man? These allegories are always worth thinking over, for always under the veil of the allegory is hidden some truth which reaches you the more surely because of the simile under which it is veiled. What is the God of Death? He is, as it were, the incarnation of change. Sometimes we hear of Yama as Destroyer; the truer word is Regenerator; for there is no such thing as destruction in the manifested Universe. Always that which on one side is death on another side is birth; and that which is change and which seems to destroy, is that which in another aspect is giving new form and new shape to the life which is seeking embodiment. And so Yama, the God of Death, is the great representative of change—the change which marks manifestation, the change which is in everything save in the Eternal itself; and inasmuch as he who is change incarnate weeps over men, it is natural that his tears should be the things that teach men the transitory nature of all that surrounds them. And these miseries and diseases into which turn the tears of the God of Death are the lessons which in guise of pain bring the most useful teaching of all—that nothing that is transitory can satisfy the Soul, and that only by learning the transitory nature of the lower life will the Soul turn to that in which true happiness and satisfaction must lie. Thus, the teaching of the transitoriness of all things is the object of these tears of Yama, and he shows the deepest compassion in the lessons that by pain he gives to human kind. For in this fashion, by disease and misery, by poverty and by grief, we learn that everything that surrounds us—not only in the physical world, but also in the region of desire, and in the region of the mind itself—that all these things are changing, and that in the changing that which is changeless may never find its rest. For at heart we are the Eternal and not the transient; the centre of our life, the very Self within us, is immortal and eternal, it can never change nor die. Therefore, nothing that changes can satisfy it; nothing over which Death has power can bring to it final happiness

and peace. But it must learn this lesson through pain, and only in that learning lies the possibility of final joy. Thus the Soul also learns the difference between the stages of transitoriness; very slow are these lessons in the learning, and many a life it takes to complete them. At first the Soul will not think of the Eternal being that in which it must rest; but it will learn to turn from the physical to the mental, to turn from the sensuous to the intellectual, because relatively the one is permanent to the other, and the happinesses of the mind are lasting as compared with the pleasures of the body. And in the slow course of evolution that lesson is learned long before the lessons of the Spirit are touched, and man becomes a higher creature when he has learned to dominate the animal side and to find satisfaction in the mind and in the intelligence, so that the pleasures of the æsthetic tastes overbear the pleasures of the body, and the pleasures of the mind and of the intellect and of the intelligence are more attractive than the pleasures of the lower senses.

Thus man is gradually evolving to-day, and the great work of human evolution at the present time—speaking of the average human evolution—is not the evolution of the Spirit, but this evolution of the relatively permanent as compared with the senses and of the body in which the waking consciousness of man is still so active. So that what man on the average needs to do is to turn his desires from the transient to the relatively permanent, and rather to cultivate the mind and the intelligence and the artistic side of Nature, instead of seeking the gratification of the senses which he has in common with the lower forms of animal life. And those are helping human evolution who are turning away from the life of the body and are training themselves in the life of the mind, who are seeking the relatively permanent; although in its turn it will be found to be transitory, still it is a step upward, it is the drawing away of desire from the body to the mind, from the senses to the internal organ, from sensations to ideas and images, and that is part of the experience of the indrawing Soul, which draws itself away from the senses and fixes itself for a while in the inner organ of the mind. And then that inner organ is also found only to give rise to things that are transitory. See, yet, how great is the gain; for conflict between men is over when the desire turns to the intelligence, to the inner organ instead of to the outer things of sense. The things of sense are limited; and men fight the one with the other in order to get their share of a limited quantity. The things of the tastes, the higher tastes, and of the intelligence are practically unlimited, and there is no conflict between men for them; for no man is the poorer because his brother is richly gifted artistically or intellectually; none has his own share diminished because his brother's share is great. And so humanity progresses from competition to co-operation, and learns the lesson of Brotherhood: that the richer you

are in intellect the more you can give and the less you need grudge, seeing that we are going upwards to the Higher Life where all is giving, and where none desires to seize for self. For in this middle region of intellect and of the higher tastes and emotions, there is no need for grudging; but all may share what they have, and find themselves after the sharing the richer and not the poorer for the giving.

But even then it is found that satisfaction does not lie that way, for still it is of the nature of desire. On this I pause one moment. On the realization of the principle that I am now going to put to you depends the whole direction of your life. If you seek gratification of desire you will never find happiness, for every desire that is gratified gives birth to a new desire, and the more desires you gratify the more open mouths there are which demand that they shall be filled. Says an ancient Scripture:

As well might you try to put out a fire by pouring upon it melted butter, as try to get rid of desire by filling it with the objects of desire

—a saying that is worthy your long and thoughtful consideration. For if happiness does not lie that way, then the great majority of people, especially in civilized lands, are on the wrong road to happiness: they will never reach it along the road they travel. And if you notice the demand of modern life, it is always for more of the same thing which is already possessed—that is, for the multiplication of the objects of desire, and so the continual increase of the longings which cannot be gratified. I might put it in a somewhat rough form which comes to my mind, because it was quoted to me the other day as an illustration of the way in which, with the narrowness of thought, this idea of more and more of the same thing comes out increasingly. You remember the story of the rustic who was asked what would make him completely happy, and he said, "To sit upon a gate and swing, and chew fat bacon all day." Then he was asked, "Suppose you could have something more to make you happy, what would you ask for?" And he said, "More swinging on a gate and more fat bacon." Now, that is a rough way of putting it; but it is essentially the answer the majority of people make. They may have a higher desire, I grant, than sitting on a gate and eating fat bacon; but the principle of their desire is the same as the principle of the rustic—that they want more of these things that they already possess, and that they do not realize that happiness does not lie in this increasing gratification of desires, but in the transmuting of the desire for the transitory into the aspiration to the Eternal, and the complete changing of the nature from that which seeks to enjoy to that which seeks to give. And if this be true, then in your search for happiness you had better consider on what line you are travelling; for if you be travelling along the line of the gratification of desire, then no matter how much you refine it, you

are travelling along a road that is practically an endless circle, and that will always leave you unsatisfied and never give you the bliss which is the natural goal of the spirit in man.

And thus after a while, by this absence of satisfaction, which is pain, the realization comes to the Soul that this is not the road, and it grows weary of change. All these outer objects of body and of mind lose their attractive force; weary of the change which it finds everywhere in the lower world, it no longer goes outward but it turns its face inward and upward. It went outward to the senses and failed; then it drew into the mind, but the mind is outward from the standpoint of the Spirit, and again it failed; always beaten back by pain, always beaten back by the dissatisfaction that is the most wearisome pain of all. And then, finally, it learns its lesson, and it turns away from that which is without, it turns within; and then it finds the beginning of peace, the first touch of real, of essential satisfaction.

And another use of pain, a more inner lesson now: for we have reached the point where the Soul has distinguished itself from the body of desire and even from the mind itself. And still it has not got outside the reach of pain, for yet it has not quite found its centre, it is only seeking it still; and although it knows that it is not the body, nor the senses, nor the mind, it still finds itself susceptible of pain that comes from within, of contacts that translate themselves as pain. And coming into contact with others—with the thoughts and the feelings and the judgment of others—it constantly finds itself pained by misjudgments and mistranslations, by unkind thoughts and unkind feelings; and if the Soul has by this time gained wisdom, as it must have done if it has followed the path along which we have been tracing it, then it will begin to ask itself: Why do I still feel pain? What is there, not in the outside, but in me that gives rise to pain? For it has now passed beyond the ignorance which makes this outer thing appear as the inflicter of pain, and it relates to itself the element that causes pain, and realizes that nothing can touch it save itself, which is in truth responsible for all. And if it feels pain the cause of pain must lie in itself, and not, after all, in the external object; for if the Soul were perfect nothing that is outside could avail to give it pain; and if it feel pain, it is a sign of imperfection, that it is not withdrawn wholly from the lower nature which is not itself. And then it begins to use pain instead of merely feeling it; and there is a distinction between the two. It is no longer at the mercy of pain, but it takes pain into its own hand as an instrument and uses it for its own purpose; when it finds this pain—we will say which comes from unkind action, or from misjudgment of motive or of conduct—the Soul takes the pain in hand as a sculptor might take a chisel, and with this instrument of pain it strikes at its own personality; for it knows that if it were not for this personality which is selfish, it would not feel the pain at all, and that it may use



the pain as a chisel to cut off this personal weakness, and so remain serene and untroubled amid the conflicts of the world.

For thus has it been with all those who have risen above personality, those great and liberated Souls Whom we speak of as Masters, and Who always work for the world, no matter how the world misjudges Them. It was said by one of Them: "We feel the slanders and the criticisms of mankind just as much as the heights of the Himâlayas feel the hissing of the serpents that glide around their feet." There is *there* no personality which can be hurt by misjudgment, no personality which can suffer by misconstruction. They bestow a blessing, and the man who receives it knows not whence it comes; in his ignorance he jeers or scoffs, or accuses the Masters unknowing what They are, and translating Them into himself as though he were They. Are They hurt? No; to the misconstruction They answer with pity, to the insult They answer with forgiveness, for in Them there is nothing that can be hurt by misconstruction; only They can feel pity for the sake of the one who is blinded and who cannot see—pity for the blinded brother who by his wrong thought is injuring his own Soul. The moon is not injured by anyone who would throw mud against it; the mud falls back on the one who throws it and soils his garments; the light of the moon remains pure and untouched by the mud of earth. And so, as the Soul is thus growing onwards to the light, it uses pain as an instrument to destroy personality and those subtle things of the personality that even the strong Soul may be blind to; it takes the pain as the most merciful of messages to tell it of its own weakness, of its own fault, and of its own mistake. For as you grow in knowledge you realize that your worst enemy is not the outside fault that you recognize, but the inner blindness that does not see the place of danger, and does not know that it does not see. When you fall, and know you fall, then the danger is but a small one; it is when you fall and know not that you have fallen that the enemies of the Soul rejoice. And if there comes pain from the falling then the pain is welcome; for that tells of the danger and may open our eyes to the slip that has been made. In that way pain, as I said, is no longer an infliction, it is welcome as a warning and as an instrument that the Soul may use; it is now the surgeon's knife that cuts away the spot of danger; no longer to be resisted as an enemy but to be welcomed as a friend.

And still pain has another use, now a matter of choice by the free Soul, the Soul that means to be strong, not for itself but for the helping of the world, the Soul that realizes that it has to live for others, and knows that it can only learn to live for others if it is strong in itself; then it will choose pain because only thus can it learn endurance, it will choose pain because only thus can it learn patience. Those who never suffer must always remain weak, and only in the stress and the agony of combat will the Soul learn to endure, though

the combat, remember, is still a sign of weakness. Were we strong we should not need to fight; but we can only gain the strength that shall not need to struggle in the agony of the struggle, for then gradually the strength will work itself into the Soul, and that which once was anxiety and struggle will gain the calm serenity of perfect strength.

And for one other thing the Soul will choose pain—that it may learn sympathy. For even the strong Soul would be useless if it had not learned sympathy. Nay, the strong Soul might be rather dangerous than anything else if it had become strong without compassion, and had learned to gather force while it had not learned to guide that force aright. For force that is only strong and not compassionate may trample instead of raising, and of all things *that* would break, as it were, the heart of the Soul that would fain raise. Strength, not having that touch of sympathy which is keener than all sight and is the very intuition of the Spirit, might be used for mischief and not for helping, it might injure where it desired to help, and might crush where it desired to lift. And so the stronger it is, the more eagerly will the Soul seek this lesson of pain in order that by feeling it may learn to feel, and that by its own pain it may learn how the pains of the world shall be healed; for otherwise we may not learn. Not from without but from within we have to be builded, and all the pains that we have in our imperfections are, as it were, the stones with which the temple of the perfect Spirit is finally built. Pain in the end there will not be; but pain in the building there must be; therefore the Disciple chooses the Path of Woe, because only by woe may he learn compassion, and only as he thrills to every touch from the outer universe will he, who is to be the heart of the universe, be able to send out responsive thrills of healing, which shall pass through all manifested life and carry with them the message of helpfulness and of strength.

Thus then for the uses of pain, though you might find many another. And though I have only taken out a few obvious and simple enough examples, yet they may be helpful in the telling. But is that the end? Is that the final fate of the Soul? Is pain to be anything more than a use? Is pain the natural atmosphere of the Spirit? They err who believe that sorrow is the end of things; they err who believe that pain and sadness are really the atmosphere in which the Spirit lives. The Spirit is bliss, it is not sorrow; the Spirit is joy, it is not pain; the Spirit is peace, it is not struggle; the essence and the heart of all things is love, is joy, is peace; and the path of pain is the path and not the goal, the Path of Woe is only the means and not the end. For out of that Ocean of Blessedness whence the Universe has sprung, spring love and peace and joy unceasing, and those are the heritage of the Spirit out of manifestation. Pain lies in the sheaths in which it is clothed, and not in its essential nature.

Never forget that in the struggle of life! Never let the pain blind your eyes to the joy, nor let the passing anxieties make you unconscious of the bliss which is the core and heart of Being. Pain is passing, bliss is eternal; for bliss is the inner essence of Brahman, the Self of all. Therefore as the Spirit goes onward, therefore as the Spirit grows freer, peace takes the place of struggle, and joy takes the place of pain. Look on the highest face: there is indeed the mark of pain, but of pain that is over and that has been changed into strength and sympathy and compassion, and a deep unending joy. For the final word of the Universe is Bliss; the final outcome of Humanity is rest, conscious rest in happiness. And all the messages of pain are in order that the Spirit may gain its liberation; the end is the end of peace, and the manifested side of peace is joy.

ANNIE BESANT.

---

## The Unknown Life of Jesus Christ.<sup>1</sup>

WE have heard many a strange legend about Tibet, but all pale into insignificance before the recital of M. Notovich, who not only asserts that a "Life of Jesus" is known among the learned of the Lâmaïst community, but even goes so far as to give a "translation" thereof. If it were not for the mention of certain names of repute in the Preface, there would be little in M. Notovich's volume to prevent the reader from regarding the whole matter as little better than a literary Parisian *blague*—very much *fin-de-siècle*; but the taking of such names in vain would argue an impudence so scandalous that no one who had anything to lose would venture to risk it—not even a Tibetan traveller.

Mgr. Platon, the well-known Metropolitan of Kieff, says M. Notovich, considered the discovery of this "Life" of the first importance, but dissuaded M. Notovich from publication on the ground that it would do him harm. One of the most trusted Cardinals at Rome also dissuaded publication, but (being "*au mieux avec le Saint-Père*") offered to see whether a "*récompense*" could not be procured for the traveller's labour—and notes. At Paris, Cardinal Rotelli gave as his opinion that the publication of such theologically revolutionary documents was premature. Finally, M. Jules Simon, finding the matter exceedingly interesting, sent M. Notovich to Renan, who expressed his desire to retain the notes in order to prepare a report thereon for the Academy. The notes, however, remained safely with the owner, who desired to have all the honour and glory of the thing himself and not share it even with an "Immortal"; nor is it stated whether they were ever sub-

---

<sup>1</sup> *La Vie Inconnue de Jésus-Christ*, par Nicholas Notovich. Paris: Ollendorff. 1894.

mitted to the careful scrutiny of M. Notovich's other advisers. It is to be regretted that the author did not entrust his notes to some competent editor, for his own knowledge both of things Oriental and the historical bases of Christianity is of the flimsiest description, and the "Life," as he gives it, is open to the gravest suspicion as having not the slightest resemblance to the style of any known Buddhistic or Brâhmanical sacred literature. Its style and diction and setting are of M. Notovich and a French translation of the *Bible*, not of the Âryan East of two thousand years ago. Moreover, the forgeries which the Brâhmanical Pandits passed off on Sir William Jones and Colonel Wilford are still in the memory of Orientalists, and M. Notovich may have been entertained in the same fashion by the friendly Lâmas of Himis and elsewhere.

Be it as it may, reviewers have so far fought shy of *La Vie Inconnue*, and the Orientalist world remains silent. So little is known of the Tibet of the Lâmas that if it were asserted by a traveller that fossils of the "missing link" were plentiful in the country, the negative could not be proved, though many unutterable things would be thought of the traveller.

M. Notovich fills up most of his book with his journey to Leh, the capital of Ladâk, the pages of his narrative being interspersed with illustrations taken from the photographs of a friend who had previously visited the Himâlayas, for the negatives of the "many curious photographs" he himself had taken were all unfortunately spoilt.

It was a Lâma of a monastery near the village of Wakkha who first put our adventurous author on the track of his treasure trove. M. Notovich listened with bated breath to the tale of the prophet Issa (Jesus), his tortures and death. Issa was the greatest of the twenty-two Buddhas and passed many years in the Sacred Land of the Buddhists. The Christians were in reality Buddhists. But all these things were kept secret by the Lâmas, and the sacred texts pertaining to the life of the prophet Issa were never shown to strangers. Elsewhere too he hears the same legend, but cannot obtain anything more definite. The original texts were at Lhâssa. Tibetan translations existed in some of the monasteries in Ladâk, but he could not obtain sight of them. At the famous monastery of Himis, however, where he witnessed one of the celebrated "mystery plays," he learned more details from the chief Lâma, who, in reply to his enquiries, said:

"The name of Issa is held in great reverence by Buddhists, though it is known to hardly any but the head Lâmas, who possess the texts which treat of his life. There has been an infinite number of Buddhas like Issa, and the 84,000 volumes which are still in existence, are filled with details concerning the life of each of these Buddhas. Few, however, have read the hundredth part of these volumes. It is the custom for each Lâma-student who visits Lhâssa, to present a copy of one or

more volumes to his own monastery. My Gonpa, among others, possesses a considerable number of such copies, and I read them in my moments of leisure. In these translations are to be found narratives of the life and acts of the Buddha Issa, who preached the Holy Doctrine in India and among the Sons of Israël, and was put to death by the Heathen, whose descendants adopted the faith he taught. This faith is yours.

“Great Buddha, the Soul of the Universe, is the incarnation of Brahma. He [whether Brahma or Buddha is not clear] remains almost ever in passivity, embracing all things in himself since the beginning of things. His breath gives life to the world, but he has left man to his own powers. At certain periods, however, he abandons his state of inactivity and clothes himself in human form so that his creatures may be saved from unavoidable ruin.

“During his life on earth the Buddha creates a new world for erring humanity, and then he departs to resume his universal existence and his life of perfect bliss.

“Three thousand years ago Great Buddha was incarnated in the renowned prince Shâkya Muni to sustain and spread abroad the doctrines of his twenty incarnations. Two thousand five hundred years ago the Great Soul of the World was again incarnated in Gautama, and laid the foundations of a new world in Burmah, Siam and various islands. Soon afterwards Buddhism began to spread in China, owing to the persevering efforts of the holy apostles of the doctrine. Under Ming-Ti of the Honi [p. 142; Hagne, p. 231] dynasty, about 2050, the people adopted the doctrine of Shâkya Muni.

“Simultaneously with the appearance of Buddhism in China, the doctrine commenced to spread among the Israëlites. Some two thousand years ago, the Supreme Being once more abandoning his state of inactivity was again incarnated in the first-born son of a poor family.

“When he had attained a certain age, the divine child was taken to India, where he remained until the age of manhood studying all the laws of Great Buddha who dwells for ever in heaven.”

Such are the outlines of this strange Buddhism, doctrinal and historical, and of the stranger legend of Issa, bristling with statements so startling to the student of accepted Buddhistic and Christian “history” as to reach to the very height of fantasy. Nevertheless, the Chinese dates and legends of Buddhism may still have as “historical” a basis as the accepted chronology and “history” based on the traditions of the Pâli texts.

In spite of his fuller information, however, M. Notovich could not get sight of the precious “*rouleaux*” which, if genuine, would lay the accepted foundations of Eastern and Western sacred history in ruins. Try as he might, the Lâmas would not disclose their precious MSS.

He was leaving Ladâk in despair, to carry back with him to Paris what could only be regarded by others as the recollections of a delirium, when he had the good fortune to break his leg—good fortune, for he was taken back to the monastery of Himis. His physical misfortune won the heart of the hospitable chief Lâma who in compliance with his entreaties brought to his bedside a copy of the longed-for documents.

Though M. Notovich's "translation" amounts to seventy-five pages of printed matter, he appears to have had but one day in which to take down the words of his interpreter's translation of the Lâma's Tibetan translation. This is very creditable for a man with a broken leg, and the Lâma and interpreter must have been most industrious; so much so that the former must have "cut chapel" on that eventful day—which thing, we are told by Babu Sharat Chandra Dâs, is a high misdemeanour.

"The two MSS.," says M. Notovich, "from which the Lâma of the monastery of Himis read all that related to Jesus, were collections of copies of various texts in Tibetan, translated from [Pâli] texts in the Library of Lhâssa, brought from India, Nepâl and Maghada, about 200 B.C. These texts were first brought to a monastery on Mount Marbour, near the city of Lhâssa, and this monastery is the present residence of the Dalai-Lâma."

The following *résumé* will give our readers some idea of the most salient points of difference between the strange legend of M. Notovich, called "The Life of Saint Issa, the Best of the Sons of Men," and the *Bible* legend. It purports to be the tale of Israëlitish merchants who related these things in Northern Sindh.

In the few pages of introductory narrative which starts with the Egyptian Captivity and brings Israël down to the Roman Conquest, the most remarkable point is the representation of Mossa (Moses) as the younger son of the Pharaoh.

It was in the days of the occupation of the land of Israël by people from the country of Romulus (Romèles) that Issa was born, and from his tenderest years the divine incarnation began to exercise his sacred mission.

At thirteen—the marriageable age of an Israélite—he was sought for by many as a son-in-law. But the ascetic promptings of his nature compelled him to flee secretly, and so he set out for Sindh with a caravan of merchants "in order to perfect himself in the divine word and study the law of the Great Buddhas."

At the age of fourteen, passing from Sindh, he dwelt among the Âryas, and, his fame going abroad, the Jains of Râjputâna and Punjâb craved his presence among them.

Thence he passed to Jagannâth, in the country of Orsis (? Orissa), where are the relics of Vyâsa Krishna (?). There he learned the Vedas

and how to heal by Mantras (*guérir à l'aide de prières*), expound the scriptures and cast out evil spirits.

For six years he dwelt at Jagannâth, Râjagriha and Benares. And now he began to preach the Vedas to the Vaishya and Shûdras (to whom it was not lawful to expound the scriptures, according to the Brâhmanical law), and entered into long discussions with Brâhmins and Kshatriyas (the Hindû "Scribes and Pharisees" of the time) and defeated their doctrinal exclusiveness by the catholicity of his teaching. Some of this teaching is given, and is replete with Christian Socialism.

The "white priests" and "warriors" thereupon resolved on his death, but, warned by the Shûdras, Issa fled to the country of the Gautamides (? Greek or French or what language) where Shâkya Muni was born. Here he learned Pâli and set to work to study the Suttas, and after six years was perfect therein.

He then quitted Nepâl and the Himâlayas, and journeyed on to Râjputâna and the West, preaching to divers nations the supreme perfection of man and man's duty to his neighbour, and denouncing the worship of idols. And many people believed on him and left their visible Gods.

And so he continued until he came to Persia, where he preached against the corruptions of Zoroastrianism and Sun-worship. He was accordingly brought before the Magi, who, after hearing his doctrine, determined that no injury should befall him, and so, setting him outside their city, they let him depart.

Then at the age of twenty-nine Issa once again set his foot on the soil of Israël, and found his nation in great misery and persecuted by its conquerors. Thereupon he began to preach from town to town the kingdom of the Heavens and the freedom of the spiritual life. And the people and rulers of Israël received his teaching gladly, but the Roman authorities suspected political agitation and revolution.

Therefore Pilate, the Roman governor, ordered the Jewish rulers to seize the preacher Issa and judge him in their temple. But the priests and wise men of Israël, when they heard the preaching of Issa, bade him go in peace.

Thereupon Pilate in wrath set his own spies upon Issa, but they could find no fault against him. So he continued to teach the people for three years, the text of some of his sermons being given. These are either entirely new or variants on the Gospel teaching.

Finally Pilate, fearing the too great popularity of Issa, had him seized and cast into a dungeon, where he was tortured to the extreme of suffering. Then the priests and wise men went to Pilate and prayed him to release Issa, as their great feast was approaching. But Pilate would not, and directed that Issa should be tried before the Court of the Ancients.

And two thieves were brought up for trial before Pilate and the

Ancients. And witnesses were called, and finally Judas, one of Issa's followers, gave his testimony. And Issa having blessed him, said: "Thou shalt be pardoned, for what thou hast said comes not from thyself." And then, addressing Pilate, he continued: "Why lower thy dignity by teaching thy inferiors to live in lying, when, even without that, thou hast the power to condemn the innocent?"

Hereupon Pilate in wrath ordered the death of Issa, but the Ancients of Israël washed their hands in witness that they were innocent of the blood of the Just.

So Issa was crucified between the two thieves, and his soul left him on the evening of the same day. And Pilate, in fear for what he had done, handed over the body of the Just to his relations. But on the third day he had the body of Issa removed and buried elsewhere, and so the legend spread that the Angels of the Supreme had come and taken it away.

The many discourses of Issa, which are omitted from the above *résumé*, are all marked with the spirit of the Gospel narrative, but differ widely from the usual setting of the Pâli Jâtaka tales of the Buddha.

If there really be any solid foundation for M. Notovich's narrative, it will be a very simple task to get at the root of the matter. Himis is easily accessible to the ordinary traveller, and even seems to have been reached by M. Notovich post haste. But until some more evidence is brought forward concerning the prophet Issa, it would be a useless task to point out the many inaccuracies and general looseness of diction, construction and information in M. Notovich's "yellow-back" *La Vie Inconnue de Jésus-Christ*.

G. R. S. M.

---

## Unpublished Letters of Eliphas Levi.

TRANSLATED BY B. K.

(Continued from page 334.)

LXX.

MARY is the human personification of חוכמה, Chokmah, the divine wisdom, or of the holy Shekinah, light made manifest by reflection. She is the female aspect of the Word made flesh, and shares by "assumption" in all the glories of J. C., *vir ascendit, mulier assumitur*: woman brings up (*educat*) man; but man brings up (*assumit ascendendo*) woman. Such is the mystery of the assumption of Mary, borne upwards in the ascension of J. C., by the bond of love between son and mother which cannot be broken. Mary is mother of God because she is the mother of humanity, which believes in God. By this title she is raised above the angels, not by her own strength, but by the merits of



her Son. An exaltation entirely divine and in which the flesh in no way participates: *caro non prodest quidquam*.

The Gospel says little of Mary, and her assumption is a tradition foreign to the Scriptures (*extravagans scripturas*). Her assumption may be considered as dogma and as legend. The dogma I have just explained to you. Let us not touch the legend. Legends are flowers that fade under the icy breath of criticism.

The assumption of woman is one of the great mysteries of humanity; it is the sanctification of love, and all the light of this divine mystery is hidden in the *Song of Songs*. That admirable poem, wherein Solomon exclaims: *Qua est illa qui procedid sicut aurora consurgens, innixio super sponsum?* Who is that loveliness rising to heaven supported by her well-beloved, like aurora announcing the dawn? Mary is a twofold aurora: that of the rising and that of the setting. Her love alone is alive in modern Christianity, which would be horrible if this tender mother did not hide it with her outspread arms and robe.

*May 30th.*

#### LXXI.

By proclaiming the Immaculate Conception of Mary, our holy father the Pope has proved to the religious world that humanity, of which he is the head, is the nursery of dogmas, and that his own function is to recognize them when they have blossomed, and to surround them with a protecting hedge like a faithful gardener.

The Catholic Church is organized humanity; it is the disciplined army of progress; it is preceded and followed by its scouts and lag-gards. What is an army? Is it a concourse of men of genius? Are all officers, Bonapartes? No. Any individual man may be a brute or a rascal. But they march together under the same discipline; they obey the hierarchy, and they are that almost divine thing called an army: *Dominus Deus exercitium*. So long as he fights with the army every soldier is a hero. When the strategical plan becomes confused, when the battalions become mingled together, when the orders are doubtful or contradictory, you will at once hear from all lips the *sauve qui peut* of Waterloo. There are no longer any soldiers, there are runaways.

Mary and Jesus were of a human nature exactly like our own—minus sin. That is the watchword of the Catholic army.

Mary and Jesus were persons and types.

What pertains to them as persons can be proved only by history, which is silent regarding them and leaves the field to legend. What belongs to them as types is the object of dogma and of faith.

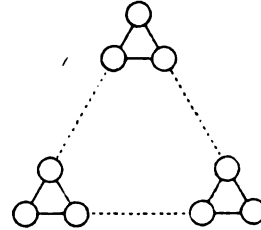
If, with Strauss, you ask me how it is *physically* possible to multiply five small loaves into shares enough for four thousand people, what answer can I give you? Are we still at Samson's "jawbone of an ass" changed into a fountain? At the sun made to stand still and at the

human voice of Balaam's she-ass? If so, let us read and read again the jokes, small in wisdom but full of good sense, of M. de Voltaire!

*June 1st.*

## LXXII.

THE ten numbers of the Sephiroth are found in the quaternary; for nine is reckoned as three only and the tenth makes four. Thus Wisdom, active Liberty and Omnipotence: Chokmah, Binah, Kether, are the Father; Gedulah, Geburah and Tiphereth are the Son; Nettah, Hod and Jesod are the Holy Spirit; Malkuth is the creation. We thus again find the tetragram, jod, hé, vau, hé.



There is nothing but light; but this light manifests itself by two phenomena; daylight and darkness, represented by the white and the black which are the affirmation or negation of light, but which are not colours. The colours are three in number which shine forth in the black or imprint themselves on the white. The black and the white are the unknown and the known: God and Man, equally mysterious in their synthesis whether positive or negative. The three colours on the black are the divine revelation: are the rainbow announcing to men the pardon of God. The three colours in the white are the summing-up of human knowledge. That is why the Scripture saith that God has made for himself a robe of darkness: for that light which the human eye cannot gaze upon fixedly soon appears black, as one can ascertain by trying to gaze upon the sun. Thus the black, the blue, the yellow and the red form the chromatic tetragram of God. The blue, the yellow, the red and the white are the chromatic tetragram of man. Then come the four primitive shades which form the chromatic tetragram of nature, inferior to man and influenced by human forces: the green light of the plants; the orange or fawn colour, the animal light; the violet, the metallic light, and the indigo mingled with the black of earth and the greenish blue of water.

Here end our studies on the quaternary.

*May 30th.*

## LXXIII.

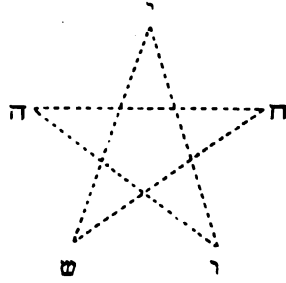
*Vidimus stellam ejus in oriente:* we have seen the Star of him who changes Jehovah into Jehoschuah, then Jehoschuah into Jehosuah, because from the Schema he drew the virtue of Zema. Let us study here the letter schin, ש. It is a dzaïn between two horns; it is the immolation of the *bouc émissaire*, for the dzaïn is the victorious sword; it is a tomb which opens and a glorious body which emerges therefrom; it is dzaïn freeing itself from schin.

Let us now add the schin to the four letters of the tetragram, placing it in their midst like the dzaïn between the horns of the schin,

and we have the pentagram of Zema, the son of Schema:  $\text{זדשזר}$ , which the Jews pronounce Jeskuth, replacing the final hé by the tau which is the hierogram of the cross, as if they would fain crucify the Son of God even in his very name, and which we pronounce Jézer, softening the schin as if it were a dzaïn as I have just explained to you.

The name of ia,  $\text{יא}$ , gives 15; that of vau,  $\text{וה}$ , gives 11; and  $11 + 15 = 26$ , then  $2 + 6$  gives 8, the number of Jesus.

On the other hand, 11 gives 2 and 15 gives 6; again, the number 8, the number of justice and equilibrated form. This great four-lettered name thus already contains the virtue of schin, and it is not a profanation but verily a realization to add it. The schin is the letter of the polarized fire: that is of universal magnetism;  $\text{שן}$  means the philosophic or electro-magnetic fire, and the book of Abraham the Jew was extracted from the *Aschmezareph*, one of the most Occult treatises of the *Zohar*. The Jews hide away the *Zohar* as much as they can, because it leads to Christianity by the knowledge of the schin. Frank relates that there once existed among the Jews a sect of Zoharists who all became Christians. You will know why when we come to the study of the *Zohar*, the book of books, and the splendour of splendours.



May 30th.

LXXIV.

WHY do you desire that I should make you descend into the dark caverns of Scheol wherein putrefy the yet living souls that earth has poisoned and which are doomed to the second death? Why do you ask me if they can live again? Naught of what has lived can die for ever. Nothingness can devour nothing, for it has no life. But let us leave to the outer darkness its secrets. It is there that emptiness grows solid like water that freezes; it is the realm of inexpressible suffocation. Imagine walls contracting ceaselessly and always upon a substance infinitely compressible but tortured with an immense desire to expand: a fulminating powder crushed so tight that it can never explode outwards, and which is conscious of its force crushed inwards and ground down, . . . and that without judges, executioners, in silence and solitude, fatally, as if in the midst of a desert you had caused to fall upon yourself a rock which slowly crushed you, in the immensity of a starless night, and in the solitude of the tomb.

The soul thus consumes itself; it is its own fire, it begets its demons and dissolves itself away in dreams of torture, and it feels itself in God outside of Him, that is, infinitely condemned by the very goodness of God whose love it has itself violated and changed into justice, so that

the very guarantees of freedom given it by the divine liberality are become the indestructible ramparts of death and impermeable reservoirs of eternal tears.

This is but the beginning of suffering. I am forbidden to tell you the rest.

A man belongs to the School when he loves lies, when he defends injustice and when he adores hatred.

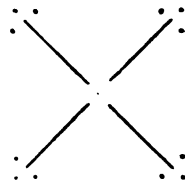
One falls thither also when he has lived a soulless life, a life altogether brutal and material. But these last sinners fall into it like drunken men into a gutter and are soon drowned therein.

*June 11th.*

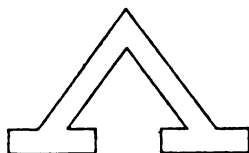
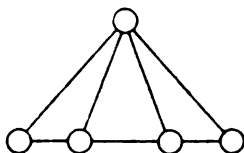
### LXXV.

THE Cross is a pentagrammatical sign, if one takes its arms as four and its centre as the radiating unity.

Arranged in this way it gives twelve as four, and thirteen as five: thirteen, the number of death and of immortality, the most mysterious of numbers, for like the Sphinx it devours those who do not comprehend it.



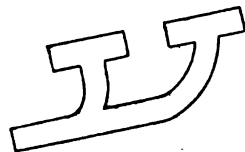
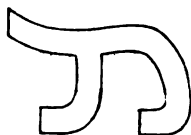
The triangle is also a pentagrammatical sign if one



gives to the binary all its virtue by multiplying it by itself; and you see forming itself the primitive and synthetic sign of the letter

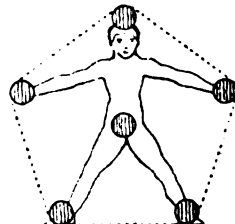
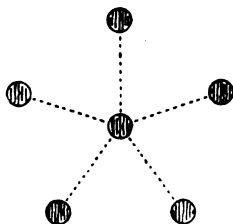
A, which is thus figured in the Estranghelo, which is the ancient Chaldean language:

If you turn this letter upside down you have the Hebrew *gnâin*, which represents the equilibrating law of the forces. You find in



this sign the rudimentary form of animality, ready to raise itself erect

and to walk on the two feet of man. It is thus that five becomes six, which is the number of man; *numerus hominus est*, for it is that of generation.



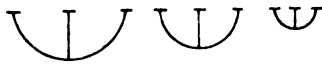
This number multiplied into 10, which is the created universe, or multiplied by this number, gives 60: add to that once

again the numerical sign of nothingness and you have 600: the exaltation of man's thought in the void. Add these numbers together (6 + 60 + 600) and you have 666, the number of the beast or of impiety. But if you take away the swelling zeros and add, you get  $6 + 6 + 6 = 18$ , the number of initiation and of dogma, the number of hierarchy and mystery. Add again without the zero and you have 9, the number of knowledge and of wisdom. It is thus that man purifies himself by detaching himself from the void and from the flesh after the coming of the Saviour, 8, into the world, 10. It is by understanding these calculations that one can find the key of the *Apocalypse* of St. John.

June 14th.

LXXVI.

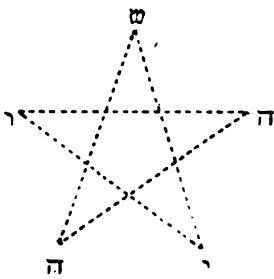
FIVE + 2, the great Hierophant plus divine wisdom, give 7, the triumphal and sacred number;  $5 \times 5 = 25$ , which again give 7. Five united to 4 (the Pope and the Emperor) give 9, the number of the Initiate; 9 by 4 and by 5 promises the reconciliation of Judaism with Christianity, of יהוה with יהושה by the consecration of schin, the *bouc* of Mendes, the *bouc émissaire*, saved on condition of being eternally sacrificed. The schin, represented in the Mosaic cult by the great golden candlestick, the image of the eternal threefold fire; the golden candlestick



which is seven and nine; for it is composed of three schins superposed, thus affirming the divinity, the



humanity and the physical reality of the Redeemer who was promised to be the light of the world. It is for this



reason that the sign is formidable to the spirits of error, for it takes from them the fire of hell, which is at once their torture and their weapon, to make thereof the fire of heaven which punishes and reduces them to impotence. We have more than once proved its efficacy. This sign, simply traced in pencil and hidden in the pocket of a visitor, put a stop to all Home's (the American medium's) phenomena, making

him tremble in every limb and entreat the people present to untie him and to show him the talisman which one of them must surely have. Finally he was shown the pentagram armed with the name of Jehosuah; whereupon he exclaimed against what he called a terrible sign of black magic, the infernal work of some powerful Sorcerer. This pentagram traced on the doors hinders evilly-minded lunatics from entering a house and keeps off the tendency to vertigo by an extraordinary magnetic influence; when gazed upon it restores strength and courage to weakened or downcast souls.

June 16th.

## LXXVII.

THE pentagram is the Star of the Epiphany: *lumen ad revelationem gentium*. This Star which the Magi saw in the East, this Star of the absolute and of the universal synthesis, which gives a head to the four quarters of the world and embodies five times the ten Sephirothal numbers, gives to the sciences their absolute synthesis and opens to the aspirations of man the fifty gates of knowledge. This Star led the Magi to the manger of the ox and the ass in Bethlehem (the house of bread), that is of the lofty reason, of the humility of dogma, and of the calling of the humble and laborious to share in the symbolic bread: the sacrament of love and truth. The Child and the Mother make two, the Magi are three: Melchior, the king of light (from *melch*, king, and *aour*, light) who makes offering of gold; Balthasar, the high priest, whose name in Syrian means "guardian of the treasure" and in Hebrew "profound peace"; he comes bringing incense. And finally Gaspar or Gasphar, the believer, the man of the people, the restored sinner, the son of Ham reconciled, the black-faced Ethiopian, who comes to offer myrrh which is the remedy for corruption, the emblem of repentance and the perfume of death. The five personages thus explain the five rays of the Star. The picture of the mystery of the Epiphany is thus a marvellous pantacle, and the same thing holds good of all the symbolical pictures of our Christian legend. The book of God is written within and without, but it is still the book sealed with seven seals that none can open, that none can even look upon: *et ego flebam multum*, says St. John, *quia nemo dignus inventus est*. We still may weep with the apostle, no longer because none can read, but because so few even think of reading. Patience, however: the book is written to be read. We are at the dawn of the day of manifestation: Epiphania. The child of Bethlehem is scarcely two days born: *mille anni tanquam dies una*.

June 18th.

## LXXVIII.

THE fifth letter of the sacred alphabet is hé, the second letter of the mysterious tetragram. Thus the number of the name Jehosuah is that of the uncreated wisdom: Chokmah, that of the Church (*la papesse*), that of the doctrine and of the Law. It is thus that in the East, hé, where rises the sun, jod, one finds the radiant Star of the Epiphany.

The symbolic figure of the letter hé, which in the Tarot bears the name of the Pope, represents a high priest seated between the two columns, and served by two ministers on their knees, which gives the hieroglyphic explanation of the number five. The columns of the temple are Chokmah and Hod, the two ministers are Binah and Netsah, the high priest wears three crowns, which are those of Kether, of

Tiphereth and of Jesod, and he holds in his hand the triple cross of Asiah, of Jetzirah and of Briah. God, man and the three worlds, the natural, the spiritual and the divine, again form a magnificent pentagram.

Hitherto I have been telling you of the glories and the radiance of the five; I will also tell you of its dark aspect. Reverse the flaming star and you have the *bouc émissaire* of Mendes, the pantacle of Black Magic and the evil star of the Sorcerers, etc.

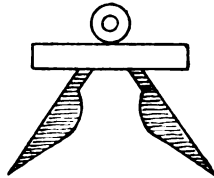
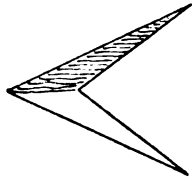
June 23rd.

LXXIX.

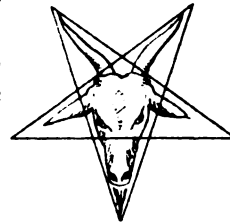
THE evil five is composed of two opposed to three, or dominating the three as in the pentagram reversed, which is a sign of war, *i.e.*, pikes crossed and intertwined one with another.



They are the unequilibrated forces which create obstacles by opposing one another. It is also the head of the *bouc émissaire*, and the typhonian scissors, twice repeated and opposed the one to the other. It is



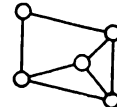
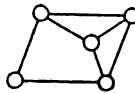
at once the sign of evil, and of the impotence of evil.



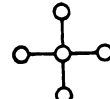
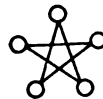
The evil five can also be expressed by an irregular square with an excentric point or by an irregular pentagram. In general the geometrical signs of pantacles when badly



made are diabolical signs, because they represent disorder and inexactitude.



Two opposed to three, or one opposed to four cannot be held to constitute an equilibrium: two opposed to three represent anarchy battling against hierarchy; one opposed to four is isolated negation, opposing to the riddle of the Sphinx, *une fin de non-recevoir*. One can only be associated with four, either in the cross or in the flaming star; that is, by sacrifice of the man-God. Schin, ש, must enter into Jehova, יהוה, in order to become the life of Jehosuah, יהושע.



It is for this reason that redemption is attached to a name which causes the knee to bow of all that is in heaven, upon earth, or in the hells, and which changes the curse of schin into the benediction of Jehova. For schin becomes the centre of the virtues of the tetragram.

The dead-wood of the tree of Edenic knowledge is become the living tree of the Cross, and hell has lost its weapons, death has lost its sting: *ero mors tua ô mors!*

June 25th.

LXXX.

In reply to your questions:

1. The Gospel is not history: it is legend and dogma. History is a science, and the whole Gospel belongs entirely to faith.

2. If the little pentagram helps you in your good thoughts, you do very well in wearing it.

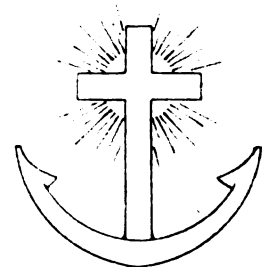
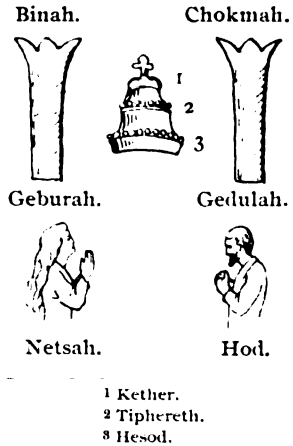
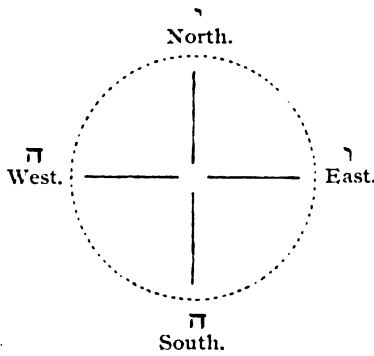
The rehabilitation of the schin is the history of the redemption and explains to us the folly of the Cross, *stultitia crucis*, 4 and 5.

It is in order to associate schin with jodhevaue that one must imagine the Star. One might, it is true, place it at the centre of the Cross, and that is what will happen hereafter: for the Star announces the Cross and the Cross will be the final transformation of the Star. Thus the Saviour must wear the appearance of sin in order to bind sin upon the Cross and cause to die Hell and Death.

The sacred fire of the Magi.

July 30th.

(To be continued.)



Transfiguration of schin.

I HAVE dreamed of the forms of a nobler existence  
 Than you give me here;  
 And the beauty that lies afar in the dateless distance,  
 I would conquer and bring more near.

BAYARD TAYLOR.



## Kalki Purana.

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

(Continued from p. 320.)

### CHAPTER IV.

Sûta said:

1. THEN Kalki, who shone as the sun in the midst of the assembly, full of Dharma, began to expound to the king the Dharmas dear to the Dvijas.

Kalki said:

2. In the destruction of Brahmâ by Time,<sup>1</sup> in Pralaya, into Me contracted [or, drawn in],<sup>2</sup> I alone am in the beginning, nor any other—not this product of mine.

3. At the end of the great Night, out of me the Âtmâ,<sup>3</sup> the support of the resting worlds, the Non-Dual, was produced that He might frolic Virâj the Lord—<sup>4</sup>

4. The thousand-headed Purusha, the thousand-eyed, the thousand-footed. From His Body was produced Brahmâ, whose mouth is the Veda, the great Lord.

5. Through the upâdhi of Jîva,<sup>5</sup> through Amsha and My own Prakriti and Mâyâ, was he: he, the upâdhi of Brahman, all-knowing. Governed by the Veda that is My voice,

6. He evolved all classes of Jîvas, through Kâla, Mâyâ, Amsha.<sup>6</sup> Devas, Manus, Worlds, with Prajâpatis,<sup>7</sup> the Lord,

7. My Amshas<sup>8</sup> in manifold upâdhis, produced by Mâyâ and having qualities. The worlds with the upâdhi, Devas, objects mobile and immobile,

8. Are My Amshas, produced by Mâyâ, and in Laya<sup>9</sup> enter into Me. Those Brâhmans are My Body and My Self, who by knowledge

<sup>1</sup> See *Vishnu Purâna*, bk. i. ch. ii.; when the qualities are in equilibrium and spirit detached from matter, "then, the form of Vishnu which is Time abides."

<sup>2</sup> At the dawn of things, the out-going energy of Âtmâ manifests, brings worlds into being; as it returns from the circumference of the manifested universe, it is indrawn to the Self again.

<sup>3</sup> Âtmâ is the Self, the One.

<sup>4</sup> The universe is often spoken of as the sporting, the Lîlâ, of the God—as it were His pastime. Virâj is the Radiant one, the first-born. Of Vishnu also it is said, that He "sports like a playful boy." *Vishnu Purâna*, bk. i. ch. ii.

<sup>5</sup> Jîva is Âtmâ embodied.

<sup>6</sup> Time, illusion, part; *i.e.*, the energizing part of the God.

<sup>7</sup> The generating forces in manifestation.

<sup>8</sup> My parts, individualized by the upâdhis.

<sup>9</sup> At the dissolution of the universe.

9. Dedicate to Me right actions, Yagnya, Adhyâyana, Kriyas,<sup>1</sup> praising Me with Tapas, Dâna and Kriyas.

10. The Brâhmans that know and teach the *Vedas* are My highest form, think of Me and gladden Me, not thus the Devas.

11. Therefore are these<sup>2</sup> born of the Brâhmans, and the beings of the three worlds nourished. The worlds are My bodies, and for their nourishment this boon to the Brâhmans.

12. For this I, of pure Sattvaguna,<sup>3</sup> prostrate Myself to them; so also they, the support of the worlds, worship Me the all-pervading.

Vishâkhyâpa said:

13. Tell me the characteristics of a Brâhman, and what the Bhakti<sup>4</sup> paid by him to Thee, by which the words of the Brâhmans become pointed as arrows by Thy grace.

Kalki said:

14. As Îshvara the *Vedas* proclaim Me, unmanifest and differing from the manifest. The *Vedas* in the mouth of the Brâhmans reveal manifold Dharmas.

15. The Dharma of the Brâhmans consists of perfect devotion to Me, by which I, the Lord of Shri,<sup>5</sup> am well-pleased, and incarnate from Yuga to Yuga.

16. The wise ones say that the thricefolded thread, of three twined threads slowly drawn out by a woman having a husband, is the Yagnya-sûtra,<sup>6</sup>

17. Three such with a knot, as sanctioned by the *Vedas* and the Rishis, worn from the neck to the middle of the navel, running over half the back.

18. This for the *Yajur Veda* knowers; the injunction for the Sâmagas<sup>7</sup> is that the Yagnya-sûtra should be worn up to the navel. The Yagnya-sûtra worn on the left shoulder gives strength.

19. A Brâhman should wear on his forehead the bright mark of three lines of cowdung-ashes, reaching the hair of the head and forming a part of Karma;<sup>8</sup> also a mark of earth, sacred ashes, or sandal.

20. That which is made the breadth of a finger is called Pundra. Thrice made it is called Tripundra. It is the seat of Brahmâ, Vishnu and Shiva; by the sight of it sins are destroyed.

21. In the hands of the Brâhmans are Swarga and Hari, the *Vedas*

<sup>1</sup> Acts of worship.

<sup>2</sup> The *Vedas*.

<sup>3</sup> The quality of goodness, of purity, without admixture of passion or darkness.

<sup>4</sup> Devotion; the word implies the deepest love and self-surrender.

<sup>5</sup> A name of Lakshmi, signifying prosperity.

<sup>6</sup> The thread of sacrifice, the sacred thread.

<sup>7</sup> The chanters of the hymns of the *Sâma Veda*.

<sup>8</sup> Religious ceremonies.

in their speech, the Tirthas<sup>1</sup> and Rāgas<sup>2</sup> in their body, the threefold Prakriti in their Nādīs;<sup>3</sup>

22. Sāvitrî in the cave of the throat, in the heart the Brahman-consciousness; in the midst of their breast Dharma, and in their back Adharma.

23. Gods on earth are the Brâhmans, O King! With worship and respectful salutations and good words [are they to be greeted]. Proficient in the four Âshramas, they promote the Dharma that is Mine.

24. Even though youths they are dear to Me, versed in knowledge and austerity; to fulfil their words many Avatâras are made by Me.

25. [For him who] has heard the great excellence of the Brâhmans, all sins are destroyed, the evils of Kali removed, and he is freed from all fear.

26. Having thus heard the words of Kalki, which destroy the evils of Kali, the pure-minded and most excellent of the devotees of Vishnu prostrated himself.<sup>4</sup>

27. When the king was gone, in the evening, the wise parrot conferred by Shiva, after roaming about, appeared before Kalki in the evening and praised Him.

28. Then Kalki, smiling, addressed thus the parrot that was praising Him: Welcome be to thee! from what country art thou come? what hast thou eaten?

The parrot said:

29. Hear, O Lord! my words that are full of interest. I journeyed to the island of Sinhala, in the midst of the ocean.

30. Hear the most pleasing and wonderful story of the virgin-daughter of the king Vrihadrata,

31. Born of his wife Kaumudî, pleasant to the ear, destroying the sins of all, as it happened in the island Sinhala, inhabited by the people of the four castes;

32. Splendid with ranged cities of palaces, mansions glorious with jewelled and crystal walls and with plants of Svarga;

33. Filled with women of the Padminî class,<sup>5</sup> beautifully appalled, and of lakes with lotuses and swans;

34. The banks of its lakelets swarm with humming bees, they are adorned with lotuses, white water-lilies and jasmine blossoms, with divers kinds of lotuses, creepers, and forests and pleasure-grounds.

35. Of this land the most mighty and valiant Vrihadrata is king. Of him Padmâvati is the virgin daughter, fortunate and widely famed.

<sup>1</sup> The sacred river-spots to which pilgrimages are made.

<sup>2</sup> There are six primary Rāgas, or musical modes.

<sup>3</sup> Vessels of the body exoterically, and channels for certain forces mystically.

<sup>4</sup> In the sense of taking leave.

<sup>5</sup> The first of four classes into which women have been divided from the sex standpoint in the so-called erotic science; the name is derived from Padma, a lotus.

36. Fair, none equal to her in the world, one like her is difficult to obtain on earth. She awakes desire and love. She is amiable and exquisitely formed.

37. Like Gaurî,<sup>1</sup> she the beloved and much-respected, with her maidens and companions, was wholly worshipping Shiva, performing Japa<sup>2</sup> and meditating on Him.

38. Knowing this beautiful girl to be the incarnation of Lakshmî, the wife of Hari, Hara<sup>3</sup>—well-pleased with her—appeared to her in person with Pârvati.

39. Finding that Shiva had come to her with Gaurî to bestow on her a boon, she stood before him modestly bending her head and without speaking.

40. Then said Hara: O fortunate maiden! Of thee is Nârâyana<sup>4</sup> the husband. Gladly will he wed thee. There is no other prince worthy of thee.

41. Any human being on earth who shall long after thee through Kâma,<sup>5</sup> shall that instant be transformed into a woman of the same age.

42. Devas, Asuras, Nâgas, Gandharvas, and Châranas,<sup>6</sup> the moment they seek to enjoy thee will also be changed into women,

43. Save only the God Nârâyana, desirous of marrying thee. Therefore abandon thine austerity and repair to thine excellent house of pleasure.

44. O Kamalâ!<sup>7</sup> consort of Hari! be not troubled: be thou spotless of heart. Having thus conferred the boon, Hara with Pârvati disappeared at once from the spot.

45. Realizing that the boon conferred by Hara was consonant with her wishes, disclosing her inmost heart, Padmâ the beautiful one, with radiant countenance, prostrated herself before Soman,<sup>8</sup> and returned to her father's house.

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

The Bestowal of the Boon by Hara.

(To be continued.)

---

By the knowledge of three things will all evil and death be diminished and subdued; their nature, their cause, and their operations. This knowledge will be obtained in the circle of happiness.—*Triads of Bardism.*

<sup>1</sup> A name of Pârvati, the Shakti of Shiva.

<sup>2</sup> Mental repetition of a mantra.

<sup>3</sup> A name of Shiva.

<sup>4</sup> He whose abode is the waters: Vishnu.

<sup>5</sup> Desire, the animal side of love.

<sup>6</sup> Gods, Demons, Snakes, heavenly Minstrels and Choristers. The Nâgas or Snakes, serpents of wisdom, were mysterious beings that play a great part in the Occult history of the Kosmos.

<sup>7</sup> An epithet of Lakshmi.

<sup>8</sup> An epithet of Shiva.

## Correspondence.

### OCCULT ASTRONOMY.

To the Editors of LUCIFER.

MR. W. C. ROGERS cannot have experienced any serious difficulty in the verification of the fact that  $YH\Sigma$  is the equivalent of 608. The whole subject has been worked up by Dr. Wynn Westcott in his work on Numbers (page 50), and according to the formula which he has given, I have had no difficulty in arriving at the following result:

$$\begin{array}{r} Y = 400 \\ H = \quad 8 \\ \Sigma = 200 \\ \hline 608 \end{array}$$

It is difficult to see that any other result could be arrived at.

Yours very truly,

C. CARTER BLAKE, D.Sc.

## Reviews.

### A SHORT ENQUIRY CONCERNING THE HERMETIC ART.<sup>1</sup>

MOST cordially do we welcome this third volume of *The Collectanea Hermetica*, which Dr. Westcott is reproducing. These volumes will do much to convince students of Occultism that they cannot afford to neglect the writings of Western Mystics. Those to whom the Alchemical symbology and style are more comprehensible than those of the Eastern systems will find here a valuable aid. In the preface we are informed that *The Short Enquiry* was first published in 1714, and is written with especial reference to a work called *The Aesch Mezareph*, which connects physical Alchemy with the Kabalah. The author, whose treatise is aptly summarized in the preface, argues for the truth of Alchemy on the ground of the universal agreement, as to essentials, of writers widely sundered by time and space; urges us to judge the doctrines by the positive evidence of those who have investigated them, not the negative testimony of those who have not; and insists on the absolute necessity of pureness of life in an Alchemist, as well as an inherent capacity to understand symbolism. He warmly advocates secrecy and allegorical teaching, as shown by the quaint quotations he makes from other authors, of which the following is a specimen:

"Nor let any expect," saith ye, "Comfortable Doctrine in our Books, who know not the true Keys, by which our Matter is brought forth from Darkness into the Light: For verily tho' we write for the Inlightening a true Son of Art, yet also for the fatal Blinding of all such Owls and Bats, who cannot behold the Light of the

<sup>1</sup> By "A Lover of Philaethes," edited by Dr. Wynn Westcott. London: Theosophical Publishing Society. 1894. Price 2s. 6d.

Sun, nor can endure the Splendor of our Moon. To such we propound rare tricks, suiting to their sordid Fancy: To the Covetous, an easie way without Expense: To the Hasty, Rash and Unstable, multiplicity of Distillations."

The writer is very discursive, passing from topic to topic and quoting numerous authors; but, though difficult to summarize, it is plain that his constant theme is the necessity for taking the Alchymical symbology in its highest sense. For instance, speaking of the Gold and Silver, he says:

And as the Author of the Way to Bliss has not only told us (among many others) where the Seed of Gold lies, viz., in Gold; but how it lies, viz., This Seed of Gold is his whole Body loosened and softened in his own Water; there is all your stuff and Preparation. So he hath also, with the same Candor, shewed us the Water in which it dies, and with which 'tis raised.

About the Fire we read as follows:

This Fire has lain hid from many, a long time after they knew the Field in general, where the Seed was to be Sown. The fiery Furnace of Philosophers, says one of them, lay hid from me long; but after I knew this, and how it was fitted to its proper Vessel, after a few days I beheld the admirable Brightness of our Water, which, being seen, I could not but be amazed.

"S. S. D. D." has a most instructive "Introduction to Alchemy," preceding the text, in which the power of the will and the imagination is dealt with.

H. T. E.

#### UNORTHODOX PARIS.<sup>1</sup>

A REALLY interesting and brightly written little volume, somewhat after the manner of Maurice Davies' *Heterodox London* on the scale of a miniature. It lacks, indeed, something of his thoroughness, which is replaced by a slight element of the true Parisian *blague*, as might be expected in a book which first saw the light in the form of articles contributed to the *Figaro*. But M. Bois has also something more than his prototype to offer us. He has a real touch of mystic insight and sympathy, as well as the keen perceptions and brilliant *apperçus* of a French nineteenth-century *littérateur*. Hence his book is valuable as well as interesting in that it depicts a phase of development of French mental life and religious thought which usually escapes our notice from this side the Channel.

B. K.

#### THE POET AS SAVIOUR OF HUMANITY.<sup>2</sup>

SPACE does not permit our giving any analysis of this poetical presentation of a rather French conception of Esotericism, which is illustrated with exceedingly pre-Raphaelite drawings of a still more recondite character. In a good many respects exception might be taken to the poet's presentation of the contrasted forms of Occultism as he understands them; more especially to his very arbitrary embodiment of the selfish spiritual ideal as Apollonius of Tyana and of the unselfish ideal as Jesus of Nazareth. This is the more curious since there is reason to suspect the existence of a very close relation between the two teachers—closer indeed than anyone would expect.

M. Jules Bois, however, assuredly merits cordial recognition on our part as one whose aims are in full accord with our own; for he recognizes that the true goal and purpose of spiritual growth and development should be the service of all that lives: the noblest, most all-embracing ideal the mind of man can conceive. It is therefore very

<sup>1</sup> *Les Petites Religions de Paris*, by Jules Bois. Paris: Léon Chailly, Editeur, 8, Rue Saint Joseph. Price 3fr. 50.

<sup>2</sup> *La Porte Heroïque du Ciel: Drame ésotérique*, by Jules Bois; *idem*. Price 3fr.

sincerely that we recognize in him a fellow-worker on noble and elevated lines, even though differing from him on many matters, and especially as to the relative value of work on the physical and work on the inner planes of being.

B. K.

#### CAN WE MEASURE LIFE?<sup>1</sup>

ON opening this book it was with the hope of at last finding some solution of the ever-recurring problem which has puzzled and baffled so many—that of finding an instrument which should bear the same relation to the manifestations of the life-force in the human body that the reflecting galvanometer bears to those of electricity. But alas! the hope was vain. Dr. Baraduc's work contains much elaborate and often suggestive theorizing, based upon very careful and detailed observations with an instrument invented by Dr. Fortin and called by him the *Biomètre*. This instrument is simply our old friend the light copper-needle delicately suspended in a glass globe over a glass bobbin wound with fine wire. The deflections of the needle, on approaching the hand (say), are taken as indicative of the vital tension at the moment. The observations are interesting—or rather might be if they were reliable. But alas! no precautions were taken to eliminate the influence of convection and other air currents within the glass globe, nor to show that the observed deflections of the needle were due to "vital" force at all.

B. K.

#### THE MYSTICISM OF PARACELSUS IN THE LIGHT FROM THE EAST.<sup>2</sup>

THIS is another of Dr. Hartmann's valuable contributions to the modern literature of Mysticism. Its author must be too well known to the readers of *LUCIFER* for anything from his pen to need special recommendation. The present pamphlet, however, being in German is less meant for our English-speaking public than as an attempt to find entrance for Theosophical ideas in the Fatherland.

It is valuable, moreover, for the general student as bringing out with really wonderful clearness the absolute identity of mystic teaching in West and East; and as showing by practical demonstration how immense is the help which the Western student can derive from the study of Mysticism as expressed in the Eastern teaching.

B. K.



ANIMATED beings have three states of existence: that of inchoation in the Great Sea, or lowest point of existence; that of liberty in the state of humanity; and that of love, which is happiness, in heaven.

All animated beings are subject to three necessities; beginning in the Great Sea; progression in the circle of inchoation; and plenitude in the circle of happiness. Without these things nothing can possibly exist but God.—*Triads of Bardism*.

<sup>1</sup> *La Force Vitale: notre corps vital fluïdique, sa formule biométrique*, by Dr. H. Baraduc (de Paris). Georges Carré, Editeur, 58, Rue St. André des Arts.

<sup>2</sup> *Theophrastus Paracelsus als Mystiker*, by Dr. Franz Hartmann.

## Theosophical Activities.

The President-Founder arrived in Paris, where he met Annie Besant and Miss H. F. Müller, on June 12th, and presided at the lecture given by the former in the beautiful hall of the residence of the Duchesse de Pomar on June 13th. The party then returned to England, and after a brief stay in London the President-Founder left for Germany, to endeavour to found there a Lodge of the T. S. in concert with Dr. Hübbe Schleiden. He returned to London on July 4th, to arrange with the Secretaries of the Indian, European and American Sections for the holding of the Judicial Committee on July 8th.

### INDIAN SECTION.

There is much activity in the Indian Section despite the hot weather. Mr. K. Narayanasvami has taken advantage of the rising of the Courts—he is a Pleader—to visit a number of the Southern Indian Branches, and a new Branch has been founded at Udumalpet in consequence of his visit.

A Centre has been organized at Panier, Punjab, and the Punjab, thanks to Bro. Rai B. K. Laheri, is showing a much increased activity in Theosophical work. At its capital, Lahore, a good class has been formed, and since February last it meets twice a week. The class is studying the *Bhagavad Gītā* and *The Seven Principles of Man*.

On White Lotus Day a life-size photograph of H. P. B. was unveiled at Bangalore, and on the same day at Hyderabad a free T. S. library was founded, under the name of the Annabai Library.

Among the useful activities of this Section is one initiated and much encouraged by the President-Founder—the founding of Hindû Boys' Associations under the auspices of the Branches. Several new associations have been started, and are in a flourishing condition; they aim especially at the revival of Aryan morals, as may be seen by the pledge taken by the members of the Patna Association: "I shall speak truth even at the risk of my life. I shall never take intoxicating drink in any shape. I shall never take an unlawful gain. I shall never take animal food. I shall not take the life of an innocent (probably harmless) creature, be it the lowest form of life." The boys study Sanskrit text-books of religion and morals, including the *Bhagavad Gītā*.

It is pleasant to see in many of the Branch reports the notice of increased activity and hopefulness since Annie Besant's visit.

### EUROPEAN SECTION.

The European Convention meets as these pages are being issued, so no notice of it can appear till next month.

### GREAT BRITAIN.

The Blavatsky Lodge has had lectures from Mrs. Cooper-Oakley, R. Machell, Annie Besant, and Hon. O. Cuffe, and the discussions have been a little livelier than usual. The President-Founder took the chair on the Thursday he was in London, and was warmly greeted. The Saturday meetings (for members only) have suspended their sessions for the summer months.

The Margate Lodge was chartered on June 14th, the President



being J. H. Smithwhite, Secretary Mrs. Holmes; Miss L. E. Talbot, Henry Adams, and Miss Ada Milner complete the quorum of five. The Secretary's address is 39, High Street, Margate.

The Manchester and Salford Lodge has become absorbed into the Manchester City Lodge. All enquiries should be addressed to the Secretary, Mrs. Larmuth, 24, Eccles Old Road, Pendleton, near Manchester.

The Liverpool Lodge has had a gratuitous advertisement, owing to the City Council having seen fit to countermand the permission given six weeks previously by its Library and Arts' Committee to use the Picton Lecture Hall, the circumstance having occasioned some discussion in the papers. On June 7th Brother Hayden delivered the first of our advertised lectures at the Rooms; subject, *Ideals*. On the 14th and 28th the *Secret Doctrine* study was continued. At the meeting on June 21st—the Thursday following Mrs. Besant's three lectures in this city, which were well attended—we had a debate on "Practical Theosophy," and twenty-five strangers and enquirers came to the meeting and appeared interested and pleased, several taking part in the debate.

The Bradford Lodge has, like its elder brother the Blavatsky Lodge, found its closed meetings rather desultory, and has called a council to propose remedies. In the open meetings a graduated course of lectures in elementary Theosophy has been arranged for the benefit of visitors.

At Birmingham Walter Old has lectured to audiences of sixty-one and sixty-seven in the Lodge.

At Middlesbrough the attendance at lectures has been good, interest has been aroused, and press-notices inserted.

The North London Lodge gave away many syllabuses at Annie Besant's lecture at Myddleton Hall, and as a consequence more enquirers have flowed in. They have taken a larger room, in the Myddleton Hall, which is next door to the Wellington Hall, in Almeida Street, Upper Street, Islington. The press reports of the meetings are really excellent.

The Chiswick Lodge will in future meet at Adyar Studio, Flanders Road, Bedford Park, Chiswick.

The Glasgow Centre has profited by a visit from Annie Besant on June 24th, whose three lectures were cordially welcomed, in spite of the emptiness of the town at the week's end in summer.

G. R. S. Mead has now returned to work after his enforced absence, and all his friends will be glad to hear of his restoration to health.

#### SWEDEN.

The steamer, which carried Mrs. Annie Besant and her travelling companion Mr. Bertram Keightley to the Scandinavian shores, had an exceedingly rough and stormy passage, and arrived at Gothenburg some twelve hours late.

Two lectures had been advertised, one for Sunday and one for Monday, and all the tickets taken in advance, but the first one had to be postponed owing to the late arrival of the steamer. The second on Monday, at 6.30 p.m., was a great success; the subject being, *Man's Nature, Origin and Destiny*.

Immediately after the lecture Mrs. Besant and Mr. Keightley left by train for Stockholm, followed thither by some of the Gothenburg members, going as delegates from their Lodge to the Convention at Stockholm.

The Convention assembled at twelve a.m. in the lecture-hall of the Working Men's Institute—a newly-built, very pretty and pleasant hall, in a central situation. Members and delegates from most of the

Swedish Lodges, as well as from Norway and Finland, were present, and also some visitors interested in Theosophy.

The President of the Scandinavian T. S., Dr. G. Zander, opened the proceedings with a hearty greeting to all present, and some remarks on the great importance of last year's Parliament of Religions, where, for the first time since Theosophy was put before the Western world, it had been allowed to make itself heard before representatives of all the great world-religions as an independent Philosophy. He closed his address with an eloquent appeal to the feeling of universal brotherhood and asked the members to give their most unselfish and untiring efforts to the great work—the uplifting of humanity from the bonds of ignorance and selfishness.

The President then addressed himself in English to Mrs. Besant, wishing her heartily welcome to our northern lands and telling her how glad we all were that she had come.

In reply, Mrs. Besant remarked that the branching off of the T. S. in so many different countries and nationalities was an expression of the same law, which rules the evolution of the universe with its many different worlds and humanity with its many different nations, every one of them having its special task to perform, its special note in the symphony of the evolution of the whole.

The President then turned with some words of welcome and greeting to Mr. Keightley, who in reply expressed the best wishes of our brethren in India for the success of our gathering.

Dr. Zander was then elected chairman by acclamation, and on his proposal Messrs. Zeuersten and Alrütz were nominated secretaries to the Convention.

From the reading of the annual report it appeared that the Swedish Branch of the T. S. had been, during the last year, reorganized, and that it now formed a Scandinavian Sub-section of the European Section of the T. S. Under this Sub-section were embraced ten independent Lodges, viz., two in Stockholm, one in each of the Swedish cities Gothenburg, Lund, Kulmer, Orsbro, Helsingborg and Nyköping, and one in each of the capitals of Denmark and Norway, Copenhagen and Christiania. In Helsingfors, the capital of Finland, there existed a fairly strong centre for Theosophical activity, and considerable interest was evinced in that quarter, but owing to political difficulties no Lodge had been able to form itself.

During the year 104 new members had joined the Scandinavian T. S., which had now 327 members. Numerous papers had been read at the meetings of the Lodges, to most of which the public had had free access. A Swedish Theosophical Publishing Company had been founded in Gothenburg on the initiative of the Countess Wachtmeister, and a Norwegian one in Christiania. *Teosofisk Tidskrift* has continued as before, with nine issues annually, and eleven issues have been printed of a translation of *The Secret Doctrine*, by H. P. Blavatsky—a vast labour indeed, which is being executed in a really masterly manner and without any remuneration whatever by Dr. Kellberg. Mrs. Besant's manual, *Reincarnation*, has been translated and printed in Norwegian.

A telegram was by unanimous vote despatched to the Countess Wachtmeister, expressing the thanks of the assembled Convention for all she had done for Theosophy in Sweden.

On the second day, from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. was devoted to affairs, discussion and passing of rules, reading of treasurer's report, electing of executive committee, discussing the best modes for propaganda among the labouring class, of the best means to carry on literary activity, and so on. During this Mrs. Besant held a private reception, where a great many persons had the privilege of a private talk with our beloved guest.

The same evening Mrs. Besant gave her first public lecture in the

lecture hall of the Royal Academy of Science. Her subject was *Theosophy and its Teachings*, and although she spoke in a foreign language, which is not generally known in Sweden and hardly ever used in society, she was listened to, almost breathlessly, by an audience of some 500 persons—far more than we had ever dared to hope for, in view of the foreign language' as well as the "dangerous" nature of the subject.

After the lecture some 200 persons, members of Convention and others, assembled for a "standing" supper at the Hôtel Continental, and some pleasant hours were passed in conversation.

The morning of the third day was devoted to the reading of papers, by philosophical candidate R. Eriksen, of Christiania, on *The Ethics of Theosophy*; by Dr. E. Bogren, of Helsingborg, on *Theosophy and Young People*, and by Mr. M. T. Nyström, of Stockholm, on *The Higher and the Lower Ego*.

The President then turned to Mrs. Besant, who, accompanied by Mr. Keightley, had arrived during the reading of the last paper; he begged to thank her for all she had done to enlighten us, to warm and to strengthen us to see and fulfil our duties towards the T. S. and humanity. He asked her to bear our fraternal and grateful greetings to our devoted, enlightened and untiring brethren at the London Headquarters.

Now followed the final address of the President, which he closed with this truly inspired passage:

Oh, that every one of us could show in his life that he is a Theosophist not only in name, that he has grasped not only with his mind, but also with his heart the great theosophical truth, that it is far more blessed to give than to take—to give, not only of our superfluity, but of that which we need and which thus is a real sacrifice. . . . If something is now to be effected in the service of Theosophy, we must demand much from our members. It is not an army, but only a small vanguard of volunteers, who enter into the ranks of the Society in order to fight its fight and make the sacrifices which now are necessary. We are all able to work in some manner for the furthering of the spirit of brotherhood, and all may help with their mite to spread the message of Theosophy. And behind the vanguard there grows up gradually an army, embracing the deep layers of humanity, and which will go forward with irresistible power. . . .

Such is the future of the T. S., to which I look forward. And in the hope that this expectation may be soon realized, I declare this our first annual Convention closed, heartily thanking all and everyone for what they, each in his own measure, have contributed to the sowing of the good seed, while no one thinks of reaping any harvest for himself, but only has in mind the great harvester, humanity.

Major H. Cederschiöld then asked permission to express to the chairman, Dr. G. Zander, the deep-felt gratitude of the Convention, not only for his leading of its proceedings, but also for his never-tiring and never-failing willingness to make sacrifices for the Theosophical movement from its very first appearance in Scandinavia. Finally Mrs. Besant spoke on the special mission of the Scandinavian Theosophists in their own countries and uttered a wish that the Theosophical teaching may be presented on a broad, liberal and tolerant basis.

In the evening at 7 p.m., Mrs. Besant gave her second public lecture on *Adepts as Facts and Ideals*, in the same hall as before. It was now quite crowded with an audience of over 600 persons, who listened with the same eager attention to the lecturer and greeted her with a storm of applause after she had finished.

Friday, May 25th, at 9 a.m., Mrs. Besant went to Upsala, the old university town, accompanied by a dozen members of the Stockholm Lodges. Her lecture in that town on *Death and after Death*, which took place at 1 p.m., was given to an audience consisting of university professors, ladies and students—a very critical public. Nevertheless Mrs. Besant "took hold of them," as is her wont, and hearty applause was given her at the close.

From Upsala the party returned to Stockholm, where Mrs. Besant and Mr. Keightley had barely time enough to pass from one train to another and to bid farewell to the many members who had assembled at the station.

Saturday, May 26th, on her return to Gothenburg from Stockholm, Mrs. Besant gave the postponed lecture on *The Brotherhood of Humanity*. The hall was crowded, and the applause still more enthusiastic than at the first lecture.

There is not the least doubt that Mrs. Besant has created in Scandinavian lands an opinion to the advantage of Theosophy and its teachings, which none other than she could have effected. The local press has had long and ample accounts of the proceedings of the Convention and Mrs. Besant's lectures and—with the exception of some clerical organs—the papers have been almost unanimous in their praise of her eloquence. And more yet, the teachings she has advanced have met with quite unlooked-for sympathy and have generally been treated with far more consideration and respect than has ever before been the case.

As to Mr. Keightley, he has shown himself so kind, so considerate and helpful to many of us, who are all more or less beginners in comparison with him, that we regard him as a very good counsellor and elder brother, and we hope earnestly to see him once again amongst us.

The Smedjebacken (Sweden) Lodge was chartered on June 19th, and is the eleventh Lodge of the Scandinavian Sub-section. The members are: Nils af Ekenstam (president and secretary), Fröken Laura Hessler, Gustaf Weibull, Ingeborg Ling and Fröken Louise Weibull.

C. S.

#### AMERICA.

*Report of the Toledo Theosophical Society since its formation by Mrs. Besant in December, 1892.*—The Toledo Theosophical Society is the result of a reading-club, organized in October, 1889, by Mr. John M. Wheeler, for the purpose of Theosophical study. For three years the members met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler until, in December, 1892, after a lecture by Mrs. Besant, a Branch was formed under her direction, with twenty-six charter members. Nine members have since been added, making the number thirty-five; one has been removed by death, and two are doing excellent Theosophical work in other parts of the country, but still hold their membership in the Toledo Branch.

Weekly meetings are held in Lotus Hall which are always well attended and notices of which appear regularly in the papers. This hall was dedicated in September, 1893, by Mrs. Besant, who at the same time unveiled a portrait of Madame Blavatsky, which now hangs upon its walls. Prof. Chakravarti of India was also present and addressed the meeting. The Branch has a library of thirty volumes, to which *The Path* is added. A *Secret Doctrine* class meets every Sunday afternoon, in which there is much interest. The Branch sustained a severe loss in the passing from the physical of its first President, Mr. John M. Wheeler. His energy and enthusiasm, however, were so impressed upon its members, that there has been no flagging in the good work. In January last Mrs. Wheeler was elected to succeed her husband.

KATE F. KIRBY, *Sec.*

EMILY S. BOUTON, F.T.S., *Pres. pro tem.*

#### AUSTRALASIA.

##### AUSTRALIA.

*Sydney.*—White Lotus Day was observed by tastefully decorating the meeting room, and the holding of a special meeting and the reading of selections from *Bhagavad Gita*, *Voice of the Silence*, and *Light of*

*Asia.* There were about fifty present, and short addresses were delivered by the President and Vice-President.

The Annual Meeting was held on May 14th. The report and balance-sheet were read and adopted. The following executive were elected: Pres., G. Peell; Vice-Pres., T. H. Martyn; Treas., C. H. Starkey; Hon. Sec., A. A. Smith; Librarian, Mrs. M. A. Minchen; Assist. Librarian, Mrs. Willans; Seventh member, E. W. Minchen.

A. A. SMITH.

[This notice was in type ere a second was received. One notice only should be sent from each Branch.—EDS.]

#### NEW ZEALAND.

*Auckland.*—Things Theosophical are still progressing, slowly, it may be, but yet steadily. During the past month two events have taken place which may have considerable influence on the Theosophical movement in this place. The first I shall note is the removal of the Rev. S. J. Neill, F.T.S., from Thames to Auckland, where his residence is to be in the future. He intends to conduct religious services on Sundays on undenominational lines, and to what extent these will influence the cause of the White Brothers here time will have to tell. The second event is the result of a private meeting of a few members which took place on Saturday evening, May 12th, at which the question of our duty to the young amongst us was considered. The result arrived at was that a Lotus Circle is to be formed, to meet on Sunday afternoon for an hour, and different members will have charge of the class for a month in turn. If the numbers who attend increase sufficiently, or youths widely different in ages show an interest in the work, it will probably be necessary to have two or more classes held simultaneously, and in that case a fresh disposition of workers will have to be made. One great defect felt is the lack of literature suitable to young children. This will probably come in time, but at present it is a want keenly felt.

The following are the doings of the Lodge during the month: On April 20th, at an open Lodge meeting, Mr. S. Stuart read a paper on *Thoughts on the Deity and on Man*. On Sunday evening, April 22nd, in the Choral Hall, Mr. C. W. Sanders lectured on *The Harvest of Life* to a good audience. On April 27th, open Lodge meeting, Mr. W. Will read a paper upon *The Curse of Separateness; What is It?* On May 4th, open Lodge meeting, Mr. C. Ansell read a paper on *The Philosophy of Mysticism*. On May 6th, Sunday evening, in the Choral Hall, Miss L. Edger, M.A. lectured to a very large audience on *Theosophic Conceptions of Christ*; and on May 11th, at an open Lodge meeting, Mr. W. H. Draffin read a reprint paper upon *Why do we not Recollect our Past Lives?* At all the meetings a good deal of discussion took place. Lotus Day was observed on May 8th, and several members who have not attended our meetings recently were present on that occasion.

W.

#### HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

A class is meeting every Wednesday evening in Foster Block, Honolulu, for the study of Theosophy, and is now using as text-books Mr. Judge's *Ocean of Theosophy* and A. Besant's *Seven Principles of Man*. A Theosophical Library has been started with over one hundred volumes in it, and is open to the public from 2 to 4 p.m. on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Much interest is being shown, and the class is growing rapidly in numbers.

# Theosophical

AND

## Mystic Publications.

THE THEOSOPHIST (*Madras*).  
 Vol. XV, No. 9:—"Old Diary Leaves" this month gives a delightfully vivid sketch of H. P. B. in the Lamasery; those who have lived with her will recognize the quaint ways that made her so fascinating in the midst of her greatness, and the record brings again the pang of the loss of a much-loved personality. S. V. E. gives some translated extracts from a French article on "The Occult Properties of Precious Stones." W. R. Old writes on the "Ethical Basis of Theosophy," and Râma Prasad continues his articles on the Sâmkhya Yoga. "The Occult Brotherhood and the Koran" contains some valuable extracts referring to the existence of Masters, and these should be read in connection with Dr. Leitner's recent contribution to *The Asiatic Quarterly*, on what might fairly be called Esoteric Mohammedanism.

### THE PATH (*New York*).

Vol. IX, No. 3:—"The Real Basis of Astrology," by G. E. Wright, is welcome on account of its being far clearer than the usual attempts to "explain" this (to the uninitiated) profoundly Occult science. James M. Pryse is the "Face of a Friend" to all who have met him, and should be to the many others who only know him through his work for the T. S. But the photograph, though life-like, is ancient. "Moon's Mystery and Fate," by William Brehon, is highly suggestive if readers will keep the thought of correspondence before them. Have not we our own "moons"? Has not every reincarnating entity its moon? Further, does not every thought and act, every cause set going by us, outline in little this teaching of the earth's and moon's

relationship? "A Student's Notes and Guesses" are to be continued, and promise well. This first number deals with the serpent as a symbol. "Literary Notes" and "The Mirror of the Movement" close a number not up to the average mark of *The Path*.

### THE THEOSOPHICAL FORUM (*New York*).

No. 60:—A question as to why, when commencing to conform to the rules of a Theosophic life, things previously easy become difficult, is simply and clearly answered by the editor. One might epitomize the reply by saying, "As is the effort (when made personally) so is the reaction." C. F. W. vouches for it that in the case of the Siamese twins two Egos had charge of the combination. W. Q. J. replies as to Karma being retaliatory, as well as the editor. A verse in *Matthew* is next explained; then the order of the principles and the obligations of members of the Theosophical Society. A slip in *The Ocean of Theosophy* is corrected by the author.

### THE PRASNOTTARA (*Madras*).

Vol. IV, No. 41:—"Prediction," "Bhakti," religious ceremonies performed for the dead, give rise to questions to which replies are offered. The difficulty in selecting a religious teacher is dwelt on at some length.

### THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST (*Dublin*).

Vol. II, No. 9:—"Notes by the Way" are to the point. "Meditation" consists of notes from a lecture by Mrs. Besant, given at Harrogate. "A Strange Awakening," by Æ., is brought to a fitting conclusion. Countess Wachtmeister's address

at the San Francisco Convention is reprinted from *The Pacific Theosophist*. "A Philosophy of Life," by J. Duncan, shows service based on the idea of unity as life's proper aim. Useful "Gleanings" from *The Path* and other sources on "The Potency of Sound," "Practical Theosophy," and "Notes about Books" complete the issue.

THE AUSTRAL THEOSOPHIST  
(Melbourne).

Vol. I, No. 5:—"The Searchlight" brightly and ably deals with contemporary Theosophic topics. It is pleasant to note that a paper of such standing as *The Age* opens its columns to Theosophists. "Modern Mystics and Modern Magic" reviews Mr. Lillie's book of that title. "Spiritual Progress" is a reprint of an article by H. P. Blavatsky. "William Q. Judge," by M. B. S., is an appreciative notice of Mr. Judge's life and work. "Is Coöperation Possible?" "The Change that Men call Death," by Mrs. Cooper-Oakley, and "Hereditry and Occultism," by H. Coryn, are all uncommonly instructive articles on the subjects well described in their titles. "Activities" seem to increase weekly.

JOURNAL OF THE MAHÁBODHI  
SOCIETY (Calcutta).

Vol. III, No. 2:—It is satisfactory to note that the Páli MS. brought over by Bro. Dhammapala has been pronounced by Prof. Rhys Davids, to whom it was submitted, to be of very great interest. It deals with Dhyána, and Buddhistic psychology. There is much in this number worth reading.

THE NORTHERN THEOSOPHIST  
(Middlesbrough).

Vol. I, No. 7:—"The Editor's Remarks," besides dealing with topics of local interest, cover a wide field of Theosophic activity. "Passing Notes," by H. T. E., are "writ sarcastic," but contain truth for all that.

SOPHIA (Madrid).

Vol. II, No. 6:—Theosophy in Spain continues to be well represented by its "Revista Teosófica." G. R. S. Mead's "Notes on Nirvána" are concluded, as is also H. P. Blavatsky's "Have Animals

Souls?" There is no original work in the number before us, but the excellent translations well supply its place.

THEOSOPHIA (Amsterdam).

Vol. III, No. 26:—"Afra" opens as usual with a useful editorial. The other original article is on the subject of "The Hierarchies," carefully compiled from *The Secret Doctrine* and other works of a kindred nature.

THE SPHINX (Braunschweig).

Vol. XIX, No. 101:—The July number is rather a good one, and unusually full of Theosophy pure and simple. There is a good article by Dr. Hübbe Schleiden on Max Müller and Esoteric Buddhism; a nice paper dealing with Annie Besant in India and a translation of one of her articles, with an appreciative running commentary by L. Delius. A beginning is made of a translation of M. C.'s *Idyll of the White Lotus*, and there are the usual "Notes and News" at the end. A readable and interesting number, and less technical than is sometimes the case.

LE LOTUS BLEU (Paris).

Year V, No. 4:—The chief article is the report of Annie Besant's lecture, given on June 11th, in Paris, on "What is Theosophy?" Dr. Pascal's article on "Reincarnation" is now commenced, and bids fair to be one of the most important contributions to the literature of the subject. Col. Olcott's articles on the phenomena of H. P. Blavatsky, the Countess Wachtmeister's *Reminiscences*, and *The Theosophical Glossary* are translated, and conclude a very interesting number.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE LONDON  
LODGE T. S.

No. 20:—"Masters of Wisdom," by Bertram Keightley, states that the idea of evolution is the greatest event in this century's intellectual life; that, while scientific Evolution is material and speaks of a purposeless war of dead atoms, the true Evolution is spiritual, dealing with units of consciousness—or monads—instead of atoms. Masters are defined, and the reluctance to believe in them ascribed to materialism and religious narrowness; but it is shown that analogy, logic, and universal testimony

establish an *a priori* case in favour of the physical frame. The information given is correct—we do not pledge ourselves to every detail—and has never before been put publicly into print. We advise all who are really students to get the pamphlet and study it carefully.

exist, and the statements of Madame Blavatsky, Col. Olcott, etc., are considered. The paper concludes with replies to some objections, and is certainly as adequate and concise a little pamphlet as could be put into the hands of an enquirer. In remarks introductory and supplemental Mr. Sinnett adds his personal testimony, and those of others he knew.

No. 21:—"Vehicles of Consciousness," by W. Scott Elliot. This is one of the most important pamphlets issued in recent years, and contains a mass of information on the various "astral bodies" in which the Soul may work when out of

We have also received the following and regret that want of space forbids fuller review: a tract on *The Spiritual Nature of Man*, by W. A. Bulmer; *The Theosophic Gleaner* (Bombay); *The Light of the East* (Calcutta); *The Theosophic Thinker* (Bellary); *Mrs. Annie Besant in Bombay*, Supplement to *The Theosophic Gleaner* of April, 1894; *La Haute Science* (Paris), to which Emile Burnouf is now contributing a translation of the *Rig Veda*; *Book-Notes*, containing many interesting announcements in the book-world; *The Viveka Chintamani*; *The Pacific Theosophist* (a most unfortunately partisan number).

---

## Our Budget.

### BOW CLUB.

			£	s.	d.
Plumstead Centre (additional)	-	-	0	3	6
Anon	-	-	0	10	0
Brighton Lodge	-	-	0	10	0
			£1	3	0

### PROPAGANDA FUND.

E.	-	-	-	-	-	£2	0	0
----	---	---	---	---	---	----	---	---



THE H. P. B. PRESS,  
42, Henry Street, Regent's Park,  
LONDON, N.W.  
(Printers to the Theosophical Society.)